

come, and I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord of hosts; the silver is mine and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts; and the glory of this house shall be greater than the glory of the first, saith the Lord of hosts." (Agg. 2, 8, 9, 10.) With what love, with what reverence, with what gratitude, did not the faithful in Israel, receive these sacred words? How those who were still young felt confident, that before they were gathered to their fathers they should see the glory of the Lord entering once more into the temple? They expected a more wonderful manifestation of divine power against their enemies, or more divine goodness towards themselves, than ever tabernacle or temple exhibited. They live for years; they descend into their graves: they leave this word of hope as a rich deposit in the hearts of their children. The next generation look for the coming of Him who is to restore the glory of the temple; and generation after generation, living in almost forgetfulness, or in increasing diffidence of the prophecy, drop into their graves. Yet the word of the Lord cannot fail, and is fulfilled.

How, my brethren, and when?

The temple has been embellished, almost rebuilt by Herod; silver and gold have been added to it in lavish abundance, yet the glory of God will not come. At last, one day there enters in at the gate of the temple a group of humble and poor artisans, such as might come any day to the baptismal font of this church, bringing their child with them. They bring the offerings, prescribed for the poor, two turtle doves that have to be offered for the purification of the poorest of beings. The rich ones pass them by, or say, "How poor they are, how miserable they appear." At that moment, there enters in a venerable old man, who has prolonged his life beyond the ordinary span of man's career, feeding entirely upon hope, upon the hope of that one hour. Simeon comes near, and takes that child in his arms. In that instant the light of prophecy, extinguished for hundreds of years in Israel, darts again from his eyes; and, with his hands trembling with emotion, bearing that child in them, he raises him in the centre of that temple, and pronounces the evening song of the Church for ever, the dying aspiration of every saint. And while they that are around him are wrapt in astonishment, as they hear him with quivering lips speak those marvellous words, as they wonder at the bright gaze of his illumined eyes, they think that the last stage of failing intellect is coming over him, and they tremble for the fate of that child that he holds in his hands. And what is his thought? What is it he sees? Oh, not the gold, not the silver of the temple. That silver is dim, that gold is pale. Dim is the silver as it would be before the rays of a brilliant moon in the presence of the chastest of virgins; and the gold is pale and dull as it would be if confronting the sun; for the Sun of Justice is in his hands. There to his sight are angels flying to and fro: there are seraphim and cherubim flitting coruscations of glory, through the glowing vault, and of the flashing pillars of the temple; and the curtains wave to and fro with the fanning of angels' pinions. Then that glory increases; and there comes a vision to him, such as Isaiah or Ezekiel witnessed. The glory of God Himself is, in all its brightness, come into that temple; and those mysterious animals are running to and fro around His throne, and Simeon seems to hear spoken of that child that he bears in his hands—"This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." Oh, in that hour, the glory of the temple is incomparably greater than it was by whatever God had bestowed upon the temple of old. In what? In that child on whom many are gazing, and see not there but what their eyes tell them, an infant, a babe—in that helpless one whom they are inclined to jeer, and whom they see thus almost frantically embraced by that old man—in Him who they think may grow up to be a carpenter like his reputed father, or may be after all but the child of poverty and misery that has to creep through a world of sin—in Him, the despised and little one, is the glory of the temple of God! And hence we have this rule laid down, that if there was a greater glory of the temple than God bestowed upon His temple in the Old Law, it was to be given in only one way, it could be bestowed only in one way—by the presence of the humanity of our Lord hidden and unknown, except to those who love Him, and are beloved by Him, to those who in heaven and on earth adore Him. This is the key to the whole mystery. If God intended the temple of His dear and loving Church to have a glory which was to eclipse the foregone temple by the majesty it should contain, it could only be done by the presence, not for a moment, but at all times, under all circumstances, of that same divine infant, of that same God incarnate, of that same living Saviour who alone could give to the second temple a glory beyond the first.

The presence of God, then, not as manifested in the Old Law by the greater intensity of His providential action, but as He was manifested in His second temple by His real presence in His existence in the flesh, is the glory of the temple of the New Law, and forms the first ground of that adoration and devotion which we should pay towards the institution which secures to us these blessings.

And, my brethren, it is even so. The Catholic comes into the church, not merely because he hopes that whereas these walls have been raised for the purpose of prayer he shall therefore find within them some peculiar manifestation of the divine mercy, but he comes hither because he feels and knows that there is present over his Saviour, by a necessary law which pervades, if I may so speak, the whole of the New Testament. For remember how through the prophet God treats of the change which has taken place in the dispensation of His mercy. Speaking through the prophet Baruch, He says—"This is our God; and accounted in comparison with Him. He found out the ways of knowledge and gave it to Jacob his servant, and to Israel his beloved. Afterwards He

was seen upon earth and conversed with men." (Bar. 3, 36-38.) From that moment, whatever had been attributed to God in the awful, and I may say, abstract conception of Him, was to be referred to that same God incarnate, and for us made man. What in the Old Law had been bestowed through the ministrations of angels, we have received directly from Him.

Of His fulness we have partaken; from Him we have received wisdom, and light, and grace, and salvation. It is to Him that our love is to be directed. He has been pleased to come as God made-man, in order that we might be able to contemplate the Divinity in a form most lovely to us, and in which we might truly admire it. We have no longer to think of redemption as of an unknown and not understood blessing, which God at some time or other, would dispense to His people. But the whole of salvation, redemption, and sanctification, together with whatever is necessary for our obtaining this eternal salvation, we see and hold entirely, and in a manner incorporated in Him. He not merely represents them, but He is the reality of all these things to us. Hence, it may be said, that in whatever way adoration in the Old Law was given to God in the abstract, it is now given to Him. It is His name that is to be called upon. It is in His name men are to believe. It is in His name alone men can be saved; and though He is one with His heavenly Father and with the Holy Spirit, and though we adore always God one in three persons, still, all that relates in the dispensation of grace to us, we contemplate in Him our Mediator and Saviour. And therefore it is, that while we admire and almost envy that familiarity of love to which He admitted so many when He was here upon earth, we have the assurance that His love is so impartial that whatever He did for them, He will do likewise for us.

Thus the Catholic looks not upon the presence of God in his temple as merely the watchfulness of general superintendence extended to himself, but as the true and real presence of the Lord who, in His humanity, dwells still among men. The Catholic comes into the church not only because he thinks the presence of God is suffused generally through the place of prayer, but because he knows that that presence is centred locally and distinctly in one spot in which dwells his Incarnate Saviour. Hence, when you see Catholics assembled, in the church, it is not to turn their faces in different ways; it is not that each one thinks that in whatever direction he is pleased to look, there will be a certain amount of blessing vouchsafed from the sacredness of the place. Take a centre in the tabernacle on the altar, and you may draw a radius to the eye and the heart of every Catholic in the church who knows where it is that, according to the teaching of his Church, the God-made-man, the Lamb who taketh away the sins of the world, resides; and towards that spot it is that his first act of true adoration is turned, and towards that his eyes and his lips are directed, as the one pours forth its tears and the other its prayer. And he believes the homage he thus pays to that presence of his Lord is a reality, and not a form. If he prostrates in prayer, it is because he adores God, where he believes Him to be, as truly and really, as if he had gone with the shepherds to Bethlehem, and had fallen down before the cradle or the manger, or as if he had been with John or Magdalene on Calvary, and his eyes fixed upon the cross. And when it is not an act of humble adoration, but some expression of child-like love that is displayed, Catholics all know that they are received with gentle forbearance and indulgence, with tenderness and paternal love. The flower put on the altar by the poor child, begged perhaps from a richer neighbor; or the lights made to burn as God ordered in the sanctuary, or the trifling offering that is presented, though it may provoke a smile on the part of him who has to receive it,—all these we believe to be as truly given to God as acts upon which a kind and gentle eye rests with pleasure, as was the widow's mite cast into the treasury, who went away, after depositing it without knowing that her Saviour's lips had spoken her praise. It is a reality referred Him to in the Blessed Sacrament,—a reality that reposes on this ground of the sure and real presence of our Lord in these divine mysteries, and in that presence as perpetuated for the express purpose of giving a glory to the temple of God, and permitting to the faithful a far higher privilege than was the lot of the most faithful in Israel. For, in truth, my brethren, there was nothing which they knew that truly we do not see far more; and whatever might have been the ecstasy of that holy Simeon, it is not greater than devout and truly holy souls now feel in the sacramental presence of their Lord. For the eye of faith is keener than that of prophecy, and the least one in the house of God is, by the possession of the gift of faith, greater than John the Baptist, the greatest of the prophets.

But, my brethren, you will ask, if we thus come into the temple of the Lord, and thus worship Him, where shall we find those places in which His feet have stood, there to adore Him? Oh, my brethren, the Catholic Church teaches at once where and in how many places these sacred spots are to be found. Go across the sea, and behold the Catholic procession issuing forth from the temple of God. See the Lord of glory, the Lord of hosts borne upon a triumphant car, such as all that this nation lavished for the greatest of her heroes is not able to rival in magnificence and beauty. See it borne through the streets of Seville, and Cordova, and Cadiz, upon a car of solid silver, high as the pillars of this church, preceded and followed by priests and religious bearing tapers, and singing hymns and psalms of praise; while the faithful on every side are prostrate with their faces to the ground or kneeling in attitudes of deep adoration. And why? Because they are adoring the very ground on which the footsteps of the Lord are treading. They contemplate Him in faith going forth thus, and no longer confining the riches and glory of

His presence to the temple raised to His honor. He is carried forth through the public streets, and through the very lanes and fields of the neighborhood, that blessing may come everywhere, and that there may be no spot which is not holy to the Catholic heart; and that the Catholic religion may have such sacred places as were Horeb and Mamre in the eyes of a Jew.

But, you will say, "It is only when grand and magnificent processions thus accompany the presence of the Lord, and only in Catholic countries, that this great boon is bestowed upon the faithful, and they acquire that right to adore Him without the temple that belonged to the Jew?" No, my brethren; in the very streets of this metropolis, how few of those who are not Catholics understand that there goes forth every day from the porch of almost every church and chapel in this city, one of the priests to console the infirm and the dying who believe in this divine mystery. He is obliged to conceal that treasure which he bears with him. He walks unnoticed through your thoroughfares the equipage of the rich passes by him, and heeds him not, or, perhaps, a look of contempt is darted at him from its window. But he is bearing a much richer, and more powerful, and more noble One than even the greatest of the crowned monarchs of earth. He whom he holds in secret and in silence on his bosom will one day judge them. And so strong is this faith in Catholic countries that, when the Blessed Sacrament is taken to the sick with decent pomp, if the sovereign meets it, he descends from his carriage, gives his place to the priest, and walks himself by the side of the procession. The Queen of Spain on meeting the Viaticum going to the sick has lately done so. But here it is not to be expected. And so the priest goes on his way. He is met and perhaps jostled by a contemptuous crowd, some of whose hearts are filled at that moment with thoughts of vice, or of ambition, or of hatred, or some other wicked passion, or who go recklessly and heedlessly on in the course they are following, for it is to them the path of pleasure. But the poor old woman who sits with her little stall of fruit at the corner of the street sees the priest go by, and recognises when she marks his recollected look, and no answer is given to any salutation, and no hand stretched forth to greet a friend, that he, with eyes cast down and lips perhaps gently moving, is alone worshipping what he bears. She knows that the priest is taking the Lord of Glory to one as poor as and perhaps more suffering than herself; and she adores the ground over which the steps of the Lord are treading, and she speaks the words which David spoke. And on the priest moves; and at last he turns aside into some alley, where the passers by wonder that any decent person can enter. He makes his way through obscure and deserted passages, he threads the mazes of unclean courts, and then plunges suddenly into a dark cellar, or crawls up the steps of some half-broken ladder, leading to a wretched garret. And he enters in. Good God! what do we see? Not the temple of the ancient law, not the sanctuary in which God sat upon the ark of the covenant, is to be compared in that hour to that abode of misery and wretchedness, into which the Lord of Glory has entered,—has come surrounded by all the splendor and majesty of His heavenly court. That place has become as sacred as Bethel, or Horeb, or Mamre. Whatever is noble, whatever is beautiful, whatever is glorious, whatever is divine—all in that hour is there. And there are angels adoring in wonder and love; and seraphim singing their song of "Holy, holy, holy," around the poor and paltry table on which that Lord is pleased to recline. And there is joy, and there is bliss, and there is paradise itself. Heaven has come down to visit the most wretched abode of earth!

O England, if thou wert but Catholic, and couldst comprehend what this blessing is, thou wouldst know that as death enters in a generation into every house and almost into every chamber in it, so there would enter also into each that Lord of Life; and thou wouldst thus find that in the course of thirty or forty years there would not be a place in which man dwells that would not be consecrated far beyond the most chosen spots of pilgrimage of the Old Law, by a real and true treading of God's footsteps there.

Can the Divine mercy, can the Divine goodness go further? Can we conceive any further condescension still in store? We have seen the Lord of Glory enter into this humble temple, but there is a tabernacle prepared in it for Him which not all the gold, and silver, and purple of the ancient sanctuary could ever equal. And where is it? In that abode of misery and wretchedness? Yes; in it there is a tabernacle into which that Lord of Glory wishes to enter, in which He longs to be enshrined. There in that corner upon that heap of straw, there is a victim of sorrow, perhaps oppression, sinking fast into the grave. There have been tears of penitence; there have been words of confession; there have been accents of pardon; bright rays of hope vouchsafed to it. That heart is pining for one gift more before it loosens the spirit that is within it to go and fly into the bosom of God, God himself is the gift. The tabernacle is opened; those parched lips are parted, and the Lord of Glory enters in. Angels' wings fan that fevered face; loving cherubs look smiling into those glazed eyes; the spirit flies, and the soul makes its appearance before the tribunal, bearing stamped upon it the seal of salvation.

Oh! my brethren, will you not love, will you not adore an institution which gives God to you in this manner, which makes Him present to you in such wonderful ways; which makes Him approach you with so much tenderness and love? Will you not look to the hour when you may adore Him most solemnly in this His temple, and prove to all mankind; that so far from being ashamed of a dogma which thus gives you your God, it is your happiness, it is your consolation, it is your hope, it is the salvation of your souls. God increase in you this love and tender-

devotion to His adorable sacrament! It is the most precious evidence of His love; it is the surest mark of the predestination of our souls!

## CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

**CATHOLICITY IN NEW YORK.**—For some time past the Archbishop of Cincinnati has been buying up Protestant churches at a great rate. The Archbishop of New York appears to be carrying on the same business. We are indebted to the New York *Protestant Churchman* for the following instance: "**ZION CHURCH SOLD.**—We understand that the large stone edifice of Zion Church in Mott street, in the vicinity of Five Points has been sold to the Roman Catholics for the sum of \$30,000. 'If the Corporation of Trinity Church had appropriated this amount to retain Old Zion as a Protestant Episcopal Mission Church in that neighborhood it would have been a good deed, and shielded us from some reproach.' So said a poor man, a layman of our communion, a few days ago, and no one could gainsay its truth."

Another Protestant paper, the *Puritan Recorder*, seems to apprehend that Catholics are about to get entire control of one side of New York. It says—"The Roman Catholics of New York are taking pretty complete possession of the eastern side of the city, there being no less than nine churches east of the Bowery. The population is mostly foreign origin. One of them, the Church of the Holy Redeemer, cost \$60,000. Another church for this denomination will be soon commenced, on 42nd street, to cost \$30,000, and a magnificent Cathedral is also soon to be commenced, to cost not far from \$500,000. This is to be the largest church edifice in the United States, having a length of 300 feet. It will be built of cut stone, in the Gothic style of architecture."

**MARTYRDOM OF A PRIEST IN TONQUIN.**—The last number of the "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith"—91st No.—contains a detailed account of the martyrdom of the holy missionary, Father Jean-Louis Bonnard, in Western Tonquin, on the 1st of May, 1852. The narrative, which is given in a letter from Monseigneur Retord, Bishop of Acanthus, and Vicar-Apostolic of Western Tonquin, to the director of the Seminary for Foreign Missions near Paris, is most deeply interesting. It appears that the martyr, who was a native of Lyons, a neighborhood, which has been fertile in saints in all ages, and an élève of the Foreign Missions, was still a young man, and had been only a short time on the Tonquin mission, where he had received the charge of an extensive parish from the prelate who recites the account of his martyrdom. He went to a certain village, at the earnest invitation of a few Christians there, to administer the divine rites of religion; but he was not long there when the place was surrounded by soldiers, by order of a Mandarin, and Father Bonnard, with two young natives (his catechist and a young pupil who served Mass) were captured and carried off to the chief town of the district. Here he underwent repeated examinations, but, of course, no confession could be extorted from him that would implicate any of the villages that had harbored him, or the people who had embraced Christianity; and his young companions were equally firm. At length the European priest was condemned to die, by virtue of the edict to prevent the introduction of Christianity, and his execution took place on the 1st of May last, in the midst of great parade of military power. The execution, and some of the occurrences which immediately followed it are thus described:—

"The site selected for his death was about one league and a half below the city, and near the stream. He walked the whole of this space on foot, carrying his cangue and his chain, which he held aloft in one hand, whilst he marched with heroic courage and an air of superhuman contentment. When he reached the place for execution, his hands were pinioned behind his back; they were compressed so tightly that blood flowed from them. Moreover, the mandarins had forgotten to bring the instruments necessary to sever his cangue and break his chain; they took, at least, one whole hour to go in search of them, and our dear martyr remained all this time on his knees, erect and steady as a pillar; he had received the bread of the strong a few instants before leaving his prison; how could he swerve and tremble? He prayed with ardor, keeping his eyes raised towards heaven."

"When his cangue and chains had been removed, the mandarin presiding at the execution alighted from his elephant, and proceeded to arrange his hair whilst addressing some words to him that nobody ever heard. The martyr, likewise, spoke a few words to him, which nobody has been able to report. When the mandarin remounted his elephant, the cymbal clanged three times, and the head of our friend fell beneath the sword's stroke; the executioner beheaded him with one blow of the sabre. Our Christians were only able to collect a little of his blood, for the officers drove off, with rats, all those who ventured on approaching. The Pagan soldiers appropriated to themselves the new dress which Rev. Mr. Bonnard wore when going to execution; as to the under garments which he still retained at the moment of his death, and which was saturated with blood, the Pagan soldiers divided it among each other, with the view of selling the pieces to the Christians. They also made away with three rings of his chain, and the iron rivets of his cangue. Several among them dipped paper in his blood. They also cut his beard, his hair, and a portion of his pantaloons; they still continue to offer these objects for sale."

The letter continues to state, that the mandarins brought the body of the martyr several miles down the river in a boat, and, having put the head in a bag, and fastened it under one of the arms, they tied a large stone to the body, and threw it into the water. The Christians had watched their proceedings, and, when they had departed, a young Christian dived, and found the body of the martyr at the depth of twenty-five feet. It was instantly raised, and buried in a few days afterwards amidst the prayers of his