

"It is to be hoped that so learned a nation as England will not always remain under this seduction. The respect they entertain for the Fathers, and their curious and continual researches into antiquity, will bring them back to the doctrines of the first ages. *I cannot believe that the Chair of Saint Peter, from which they received their Christianity, will always be the object of their hatred.* The time of vengeance and illusion will pass away, and God will give ear to the prayers of his Saints.

The Right Rev. Dr. Baggs, Bishop of Pella, and V. A. of the Western District in England, departed this life at Prior Park, near Bath, on the morning of the 16th of October last. His Lordship had resided for many years in Rome, where he was Rector of the English College, was appointed by the Holy See, in 1844, to succeed the late Bishop Baines. Dr. Baggs was a prelate of the most amiable dispositions, and was universally respected for his piety and zeal.

ALL SOULS' DAY.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF M. VICOMTE WALSH.)

Concluded.

Under the marble cross which extends its arms over the rich—under the black wooden cross which protects the grassy grave of the simple villager, Religion pronounces the same words when the day of All Souls arrives. Attend and hear.

Blessed are those who sleep in the Lord!

The Lord will speak, and the dead will hear the voice of the Son of God.

He who hears his word, and believes in him, passes from death to life.

The hour cometh, and all those who are in the tomb will hear his voice; and those who will have done good will arise into life, and those who will have done evil will arise to their condemnation.

When this last hour shall come, the hour at which God has resolved to awaken the elect from their sleep, a voice shall issue from the throne, and from the very mouth of the Son of God, which will command the dead to come to life. *Ossa arida, audite verbum Domini!* "O ye dry bones, listen to the word of the Lord!"

At the sound of this all-powerful voice, which will make itself heard in a moment from the east even to the west, and from the north to the south, the entombed bodies, the dry bones, the cold ashes and insensible dust will be moved in the hollows

All nature will begin to be moved, and the sea, and the earth, and the abyss, will prepare to render forth their dead, whom they imagined they had swallowed as their prey, though they had received them only as a deposit, which they were faithfully to restore at the first command; for *Jesus, who loves his own even to the end,* will take care to collect together before him, from all parts of the world, their own precious remains. We must not be astonished at this wonderful care, for it is written, *that he sustains the whole universe by the word of his might.*

The whole vast extent of the earth, and the entire immensity of the world are only as an atom before his eyes; he poises on his finger the foundation of the earth; the entire universe is in his hands. And he who so well knew how to discover our bodies in nothingness itself, from whence he has drawn them by his word, will not suffer them to escape from his power in the midst of his creatures; for this matter of our body is not the less his, because it has changed its name and form. Hence he will know how to collect together the scattered remains of our bodies, which are always dear to him, because he once united them to a soul which is his image. Into whatever corner of the universe the law of changes may have cast our remains, he will preserve them there, and though the violence of death should reduce them even to nothing, God will not lose them on any account; *for he summons that which is not with the same facility as that which is. And Tertullian had reason to say that nothingness belongs to him.**

I ask, with confidence, is there any worship under the sun that knows how to console death so well as the Catholic? Ah no! not one. It is true that other religions besides ours require a belief in the resurrection of the body. But this is all. They do not say, that the living can hasten the bliss of the dead; whilst we, Catholics, by our prayers, and by our great sacrifice of expiation, deliver the souls of those whom we bewail. The friendship of a Protestant can do nothing for his departed friend. The friendship of the Catholic is not arrested by the marble of the tomb. It removes, if I may say so, the earth which has been thrown upon the coffin to liberate the friend whom it regrets. We have already said that in our belief we prolong our affections even in despite of death.

Hence the *Day of the Departed*, is one of those feasts which the people comprehend best: In our Churches, around the catafalque, in the cemeteries, amongst the sumptuous monuments and the graves where the long grass and the blue mallows shoot up, we behold them praying with a sadness min-