

the verse taken from a later portion of it: "The Lord is the portion of my inheritance and of my chalice; it is Thou that wilt restore my inheritance to me."\* These loving words the candidate repeats at the dictation of the Bishop; while the tonsure is being given, as if prolonging the strain of the psalm which has gone before, and harping upon a favorite note, "Tu es qui restitues hæreditam meam mihi." With what especial force must those sweet words strike on the hearts of those, our lately reconciled brethren, whom the Church, if she so please, may now, or hereafter call into her service! Exiles from their true home, nay, "outcasts of the synagogue," their Lord has taken them up, "pater meus et mater mea dereliquerunt me Dominus autem assumpsit me;" "Dominus pars hæreditatis meæ et calicis mei; Tu es qui restitues hæreditatem meam mihi!"

After a short prayer that he "the hair of whose head" through (pro; for the sake of) divine love, has been laid aside, may remain always in the love of God, and without spot for ever;" the choir begins the antiphon of the following psalm, in which the Church, now in her own person, pronounces the words of maternal benediction upon the child whom she has thus adopted into her closer embrace, and reminds him into what kind of privilege she has elected him.—"The earth is the Lord's, &c. . . . who shall ascend into the mountains of the Lord, or who shall stand in His holy place? The innocent in hands and clean of heart. . . . He shall receive a blessing from the Lord and mercy from God his Saviour," (these are the words of the antiphon,) . . . . Nor is the concluding portion of that triumphant psalm less appropriate; where the angels in parted companies, like the two sides of a choir, discourse with one another in notes of jubilation, upon the entrance of the King of Glory within the heavenly portals. For the Church on earth is the mirror, however dim, of the Church in heaven; and our Lord who vouchsafes to be represented by the weakest of his members, is imaged (and all such images have a most momentous reality) in His entrance into His Glory, by the admission within the Sanctuary, which is the terrestrial court of heaven, of each one to whom the Church opens her sacred gates. What a marvel is this Book of Psalms! How rich in its resources, how manifold in its provisions! No event is there, apparently, in the incalculable order of Divine Providence, no event ecclesiastical, national, domestic, personal, for which it is not possible to find a "proper psalm." In joy and in sor-

row, in thanksgiving and in fear, in war, and in peace, in times of refreshing, and in times of death in life, at the hour of death, and even after death — here is the treasury of the rich things of God, the giver of piercing shafts, the mirror of the Church and of the soul, in which the Christian seems to find his own case anticipated, his own needs expressed, the unknown depths of his heart fathomed, his scattered thoughts brought into shape, his stammering lips gifted with utterance.

The 23rd psalm ended, the Bishop proceeds to invest the candidate with the garment of his estate. In practice, the use of the surplice is not absolutely restricted to ecclesiastics; it is often worn by boys not yet tonsured, and by those who take part in the duties of the choir in parish churches. But such things are rather forced on us by our necessities than consistent with the strictest views of ecclesiastical propriety. At any rate, ecclesiastics alone wear the surplice of right; in the case of others, it is a matter of toleration and indulgence.

The words in which the Bishop confers the surplice, presents one of those instances of the vivid application of Scripture for which our offices are so remarkable. "Induat te Dominus novum hominem qui secundum Deum creatus est in justitia et sanctitate veritatis." A fitting introduction indeed, to that state which may be truly called the paradise of the Church, as the Church is the paradise of the world!

We have scarcely left ourselves the space for going, as could be wished, into the sequel of this wonderful series. We need hardly acquaint the reader, certainly not, if he be a Catholic, that there are four minor, and three sacred orders in the Church, the Tonsure as we have said, being not an order, but a state; and the Episcopate although in one point of view, a distinct order, as involving distinct powers, yet being in this enumeration, regarded merely as the plenitude of the priesthood. How many of the orders are to be accounted sacramental is one of the vexatæ quæstiones of theology; that the priesthood is so is "of faith;" that the Diaconate is so, is certain though not of faith; and again it is certain that in one sense, all the seven orders are sacramental, as making one sacrament, the "Sacramentum Ordinis" represented in the priesthood in which they all conspire. Thus the Office of the Ostiary or Door-keeper, is to guard the Sanctuary from irreverent intrusion; the symbol of his function being the keys of the Church, by which he is to admit the faithful, and exclude the heretic, and excommunicate. Here, again, we are reminded of the decay of discipline; but the very existence of such offices amongst us, is a solemn lesson, and

\*We quote in English because we are engaged with a translation; but we owe the reader an apology for depriving him of the original, the spirit of which so oratorates in the best English rendering.