

ceremonies, under pretence of supporting an entirely spiritual religion, which is impossible, must be an infidel at heart. But what can be said in justification of the absurd inconsistency of our separated brethren, who blindly attack the ceremonies and public worship of the Catholic church, with the Scriptures in their hands, and many, if not all of their own religious usages, loudly condemning them for that of which they accuse others as a crime and a reproach?

“Foolish rigorists in religion,” says even Diderot himself. (Essay on Painting) “do not understand the effect of external ceremonies on the people. They have never seen our veneration of the cross on Good Friday, nor the enthusiasm of the multitude on the feast of Corpus Christi—an enthusiasm which sometimes steals even on my own heart. I have never seen this long train of priests in their sacerdotal robes, these young acolythes, clothed in their snow-white surplices, girdled with blue cinctures, and scattering flowers before the holy sacrament—this crowd which precedes and follows them in religious silence—so many men with their foreheads bent to the earth:—I have never heard that grave and pathetic chant intoned by the priests, and most affectionately re-echoed by an infinite number of voices of men, women, young girls and boys; but my entrails have

been moved, my heart has bounded within me, and the tears have gushed into my eyes. There is a something melancholy and sombre in it, which I may feel, but cannot describe. I knew a Protestant painter, who lived for a long time in Rome, and who acknowledged that he had never seen the supreme Pontiff officiating in St. Peter's, surrounded by his cardinals, and the Roman prelates and clergy, without becoming a Catholic in his heart * * *

“Suppress all sensible symbols, and you will behold us reduced to a metaphysical gallimaufry, which will assume as many ridiculous shapes and forms as there are heads.” Every man of candour, observation, and experience, must agree in the justice of these remarks.

If ever a mystery of divine love deserved a grateful, solemn, and triumphant celebration on earth, it certainly is that of the Eucharist. What wonder ought it be if all human wealth were expended, all human ingenuity exerted, all human talent employed, to give every possible eclat to this glorious commemoration? Were the whole world to combine in the devout and splendid solemnization of this feast, would it not fall infinitely short of the majesty, wisdom, and most loving condescension of him, who, from his earnest desire to be united to us, and to abide on earth for ever with his church, humbled himself so low as