

of the rain and tempest of the preceding night, formed behind the cupola a sombre and dark background, which admirably set off that crown of fire which the Eternal City offered to the Queen of the Universe. O night more beautiful than the day! O pavilions of light, kindled to illuminate the festival of Our Mother! O Queen of the Heavens! what crown more beautiful can the earth offer to you?

Such has been the festival of the 8th December at Rome, or rather such has been a part, the most feeble perhaps, of that imperishable *fête*. For the rest: that is only the first day; it is the commencement of the *fêtes*. On the 10th, another solemnity attracted to St. Paul's, outside the walls, the whole of the Holy City: the Pope, assisted by two hundred Bishops and all the Clergy, went there to consecrate the Church of the Apostle of the Gentiles, the dedication of which is thus allied to the triumph of the Queen of Heaven. On the evening of the same day the Academy of Arcades held in the Capitol, in the great hall of the Senate, a solemn sitting, in which Cardinal Wiseman celebrated the recently defined mystery; and the next day, the 11th, the Academy of the Immaculate Conception had announced a sitting not less brilliant in the Church of the Holy Apostles, to *fête* the glorious privilege of which it bears the name, and in which it has always professed the belief. Triduums are held in the majority of the churches. In fine, it is a festival without end, and indeed the people cannot weary of singing the glory, of celebrating the victory, of the great and powerful Queen of Earth and Heaven. And that festival, commenced in Rome, will be continued throughout the entire world. The bell of St. Peter's will set in motion