

Huge columns supporting the lofty, groined ceiling,
 The walls hung with paintings THE PASSION revealing!
 The altar with flowers and rich ornaments dressed,
 The shrines of the martyrs that under it rest!
 The large life-like carving of Christ crucified,
 With the thorns, and the nails, and the lance in his side!
 The portrait of Heaven's Queen lovely, benign,
 Crushing the serpent with power divine!*

The statues on each side the altar, so mild
 Of Mary the Virgin with Jesus her child!
 The figures of Saints and winged seraphs of love--
 All raising the mind to the glories above!

At the foot of the altar a prelate so holy,
 Is striking his bosom and bowing him lowly;
 "Confiteor Deo"—to Heaven confessing,
 And God, through his Saints, for mercy addressing,
 Ere he presume before Him to appear,
 In whose presence e'en angels tremble with fear!
 Again to renew for the dead and the living,
 That sacrifice one, all-atoning, life-giving,
 Which Jesus on Calvary, covered with blood,
 Himself Priest and Victim—once offered to God;
 To appease His dread justice, to save a lost race,
 To gain for man mercy and pardon and grace!
 'Round the steps of the sanctuary young acolytes kneeling,
 Like angels they seem, yet as sinners appealing,
 Hearts softened, eyes moist, to their Father in Heaven,
 That the faults of their youth be in mercy forgiven!

Down the nave and the aisles, in silence adoring,
 The faithful are mingled promiscuous, imploring
 The Father of mercies to pity their race,
 And their sins through the blood of the Lamb to efface!
 Each suppliant too, has his own special grief,
 Each feels his own burden, and begs for relief.
 Here a mother is weeping—she prays for her son,
 Who doubtless left home like the prodigal one;
 There, a daughter's bewailing the loss of her mother,
 A sister begs grace from above for her brother;
 A widow, here, offers her orphans to God,
 Begs the Father of Orphans to lighten the rod
 Of her bitter affliction! A blushing young bride
 There fervently prays for the spouse at her side!

* It is unnecessary to remark, that this is not intended to imply that the Blessed Virgin is not one of God's creatures, or that she has any *Divine attribute*, or power not received from God. Of course not; but that she is that highly favoured being—the most exalted of creatures—to whom God alluded in Paradise, "*whose seed should crush the serpent's head.*"

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