



VOL. IV.—No. 202.

DUNEDIN: FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1877.

PRICE 6D.

ST. PETER'S AT ROME.

But lo! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome,
To which Diana's marvel was a cell—
Christ's mighty shrine above his martyr's tomb.

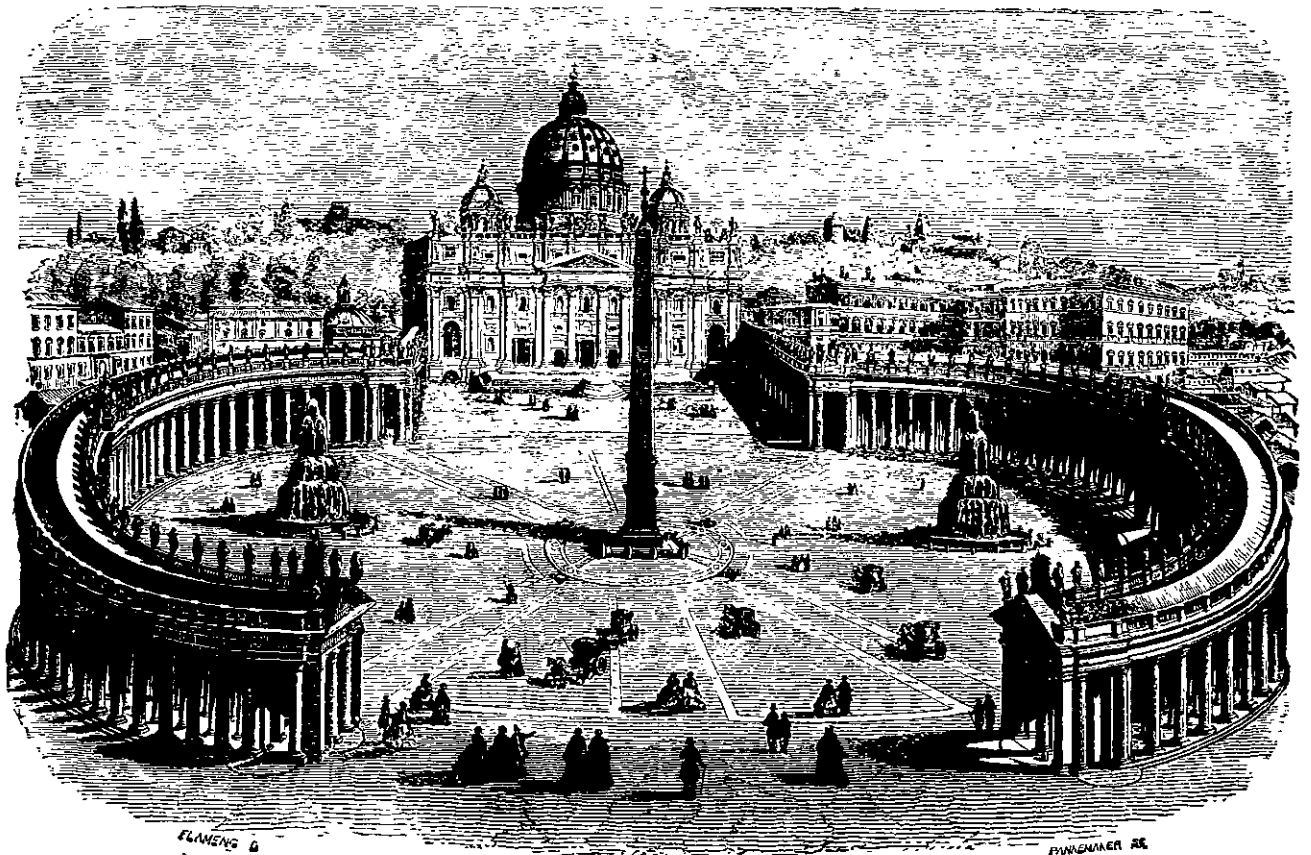


HAT Catholic can look unmoved upon the mightiest temple of his faith—the Great Basilica of St. Peter's. A fane which, were this possible, might be said to be worthy of Christianity itself, and which is only not so because to build such an one would be beyond the powers of mankind. But here has been done all of magnificent that earth is capable of performing, all that colossal genius could conceive, or the wealth and power of Christendom in centuries accomplish.

strains of martial music, and the sunbeams fall upon marble pavements dyed in a thousand colors by the stained glass of the windows; when gold and jewels are flashing in the lights of the altar, and the ceremonies of the Church are being celebrated in all their majesty amidst the most gorgeous surroundings, the humble worshipper will not be dazzled by the magnificence, nor overcome by the outward splendor, but in his heart will rejoice that all this is being done in honor of Him who stood neglected in the chill Judgment Hall all night, and on the morrow when He had been scourged, lacerated, and cruelly insulted, was led away bearing on his mangled shoulders the cross that He might be put to an ignominious death.

*Dômes mystérieux, solennité sacrée
Quelle ame en vous voyant est iamais demeurée
Sans doute ou sans terreur*

Thus chants de Musset; and if it be true that the sacred domes of God, and the solemn aisles, are filled with a mysterious awe where-ever they exist, how much more overcoming is that gigantic



In contemplating the grand ceremonies, and noble shrines of the Church there is consolation to the faithful heart, for what true Catholic can look upon the sufferings of the lowly Saviour and not long in his inmost soul to see reparation in some sort made for them. It was a heavenly inspiration that directed that the "Servant of the Servants of Christ" should be the guide and venerated father of kings, and that He who had been despised and maltreated by the very off-scourings of humanity, should be openly honored on earth by all that is most high and royal. When choir answers to choir, and the lofty arches of some great cathedral resound with the

pile which to every sacred association joins magnitude unequalled, and is only prevented from utterly confusing the mind by its very immensity.

*Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
And why? it is not lessened; but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal*

There is nothing there by whose littleness greatness may be measured, and even as the motion of the earth cannot be perceived,