

their *Te Deums*, their *Pater Nosters*, and their *Ave Marias*. You enter the convent at the sound of the vesper bell, and a thousand white-veiled nuns are kneeling around you, and gorgeous music lends enchantment to the vesper hymn. Every where in the streets you meet the cassocked priest, and often the imposing procession, while the multitudes uncover their heads as it passes. In short, to an American, accustomed to the simplicity of our modes of worship, the most prominent feature in European lands, save in the glorious fast-anchored isle, — and even there to great extent, — is, that in spite of the most imposing externals, the whole is little more than heartless formality — a wretched substitute for the bread of life. Yet when he sees how firmly rooted is this system in the pride and prejudice, the worldly interest, the interests of despotic governments, and a swarming priesthood, and how it is woven into the very texture of society, he cannot but feel that little short of a miracle will be required for effecting a revolution. With what deep interest, then, after only a few weeks of such observation in those lands, will the heart of the Christian American turn towards his own country! In the hallowed language of our gubernatorial proclamations, he will exclaim, “God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!” Save her religion from the base alloy of formalism, superstition, and intolerance. Save her system of education from the blighting touch of aristocracy and priestcraft. Save her free institutions from the savage ferocity of the ignorant and unprincipled many, and the grinding oppression of the despotic few. Save her, for the sake of the country. And God save that whole country, for her own sake, and the sake of the world. For to save her is to save the world; and to lose her is to lose the world.

It needs only a short pilgrimage through the old world to