

oken-spirited—a
ess and the abuse
when I attempted
but I did not ex-
so sullen, and
antagonistic to
these, and with
the lack of that poten-
I confess to you
my courage alike

ing so touching to
—they were so
the speaker, so
ously said—that
to put out her
in token of sym-
at impossible, she
at feeling:

"You say 'nearly',
must not let me think
thing in this
try, even, to do
er worth doing;
at once see the
it is a great priv-
to make them,
then, even if the
you mean only
it cannot be but
their confidence at

re assure myself
," he answered;

the little power to
or their benefit;

are not withheld—
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ve me a great deal

I cannot press a
ly poor. I have
the rent of almost

that my income is
out of this in-

heavy debts. This

o margin for the
we wished to make

improvements that

is ever to become

Christian man can

said help you?" said

strength your

to accomplish your

htly. "What is

," he asked, "in
to help? God, no

without it when He

usually He works

of which it is one

! Yes, money

It would build

men and women to

ish industries that

ving people to earn

seas for it; it would

wilderness blossom

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l do for; I should

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early boyhood I

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er before my eyes:

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I expected, before

it; and I returned

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money." And this

which he desired to

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vaguely pondered.

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sciously yielded to its broadening in-

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vision was vouch-

I am sure he said it.

"That impetuous,

vehement, loving heart was not likely to count pain or death when it was a question of rejoining his Master by his Master's own road. Yes, it must have been with a joyous heart that he stood here and looked out over the imperial city, which was to be the seat of his power unto the end of time—even if he did not foresee all that we know."

"History is mad or finds its meaning here," quoted Tyrconnel, looking toward that majestic dome which rises above the tomb of him who suffered an ignominious death on the height of Janiculum. "Some phases of human thought I can understand, but what I cannot understand is how any mind capable of reading or understanding history can be blind to the part which the See of Peter has played in it—can fail to see the supernatural element thus introduced into human affairs, and which cannot be explained on any human ground whatever. He who reigns in the Vatican yonder, whom not even an infidel and usurping power dares to touch, has no more material strength than the poor Jewish prisoner dying here. And, with few exceptions, this has been the case with the long line of Pontiffs—a fact to which history offers no parallel. And yet there are people for whom this has no meaning."

"And I was one of them only yesterday," said Cecil, with a touch of humility in her voice.

"No," said Tyrconnel quickly: "you were one of those who did not think at all—on this subject, I mean. When you began to think, you saw the truth in its completeness."

She smiled a little. "At least," she said, "I am glad that it was at the feet of St. Peter I was brought to understand his Catholic and Roman faith. And this being so, I think I might ask him to obtain a great favor for me. I will make a pilgrimage to his tomb for the purpose."

"Let us go now," said Kathleen quickly, "and we will ask altogether for you. I am always glad to go to St. Peter's. Come."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE SYNAGOGUE AND THE CHURCH.

In "Christ and His Time," now publishing in the *National Magazine*, occurs the following passage, showing how the synagogue was used as a cradle of Christianity:

This separation of the Jews from everything in Jewish about them naturally bound them the more closely to one another, and strengthened their love of Israel and her religion. Wherever a number of Jews settled, if there were enough of them, they built a synagogue, and there worshipped Jehovah with the same songs and prayers and the same Scripture readings as were used that day in the synagogues of Palestine.

Here, in the midst of the splendid temples of heathen darkness, of superstition and idolatrous rites, the Jew preserved all the lofty and hallowed forms of his divinely inspired worship. In the drunken gaiety of Alexandria, and amid the mad rush of life at Rome, the Jews observed their Sabbaths and feast days in the face of opposition, and oft-times of bitter persecution. On these days their shops were closed, and the deriding populace could hear in the synagogue the chanting of the solemn hymns, the reading of the Scriptures, and might even pause to listen to a sermon by the rabbi or by some passing priest, who had been invited in to speak to them, as St. Paul often was.

These synagogues were scattered as far and wide as the Jews themselves, and they served as so many mission stations, already built and preparing in a hundred ways for the introduction of the gospel, soon to be brought to them by the missionary disciples of Christ.

It was to these synagogues that St. Paul and his co-workers went directly on reaching a new city, and though they were often rejected and their teaching scorned, they were always given at least one hearing, and were frequently received and believed. Without these synagogues up and down the wide Roman world we cannot see how Christianity could have been given to the Gentiles without an immeasurably greater struggle and delay. This was a decided factor in the fulness of time.

The Jews of the Western dispersion were much more ready for Christianity than those of Palestine or of the Eastern dispersion. In the West, however persistently they had resisted Hellenic culture, they had unconsciously yielded to its broadening influence, and instead of looking backward into Jewish history for their towers of the medieval castle of San Angelo ber; and the vastness

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UNDYING QUALITIES OF IRISH CATHOLIC FAITH.

To day I attended a Catholic funeral, and in the house of sorrow I witnessed scenes of grief and affection for the departed one, marked by emotions of sincerity such as can be displayed only by the true Celtic Catholic race.

The occasion was not one of anything peculiarly affective, for the dead man had reached the age of eighty four years, and previous bodily weakness had prepared him for the grave, and no doubt, "resignation had gently sloped the way." Yet his aged widow and faithful companion of fifty five years of married life, stood broken-hearted beside the coffin, and was joined in her expressive wail of grief by her children and grand children, sons in law and mourning relatives. Some of the little tots that stood around wished to be lifted up to see grandpa, and as unconscious innocence gazed at the placid features still in death, they exclaimed that he was asleep. Although this idea of the little children meant nothing, in their simplicity, beyond the stillness that comes of natural slumber, it conveyed to the mature understanding a vivid notion of the repose of the soul that awaits the soul of the good and well prepared Christian after death.

With the exception perhaps of the first outburst of sorrow that follows the heart of the first shock of death, none is so affecting as that which takes place on the leave taking before the coffin lid is finally fastened, and on the removal of the corpse from the house. The tokens of sorrow I saw to day were of the genuine stamp and could not be mistaken for the counterfeit or pretended kind, and they are creditable to humanity, for they furnish clear proof that the young and surviving generations of true Christians cannot part from their dead without bestowing upon them every mark of final affection, reverent respect and tender love. This is the most generous sentiment in nature and it arises from the well ordered affections of the heart which is wounded by the cruel thought of death and separation, which remove from us a valued and beloved companion and friend. If the victim is tender in years we grieve the more that unrelenting Death should execute his stern decree so early, and if old in years, we naturally review the long decades of friend ship and association, and we treasure up the memory of the pleasure and happiness we have enjoyed in the long companionship; and when we realize that all this is at an end the natural feelings are well-high overcome with grief, and we can hardly reconcile ourselves to the changed conditions and to the thought of putting the body of the beloved ones into the cold grave to become a prey to maggots and worms. Our souls recoil with horror at the bare thought of being shut out from life and conversation, and we seem to think it an aggravation of the calamity that has fallen upon the dead that our sympathies and regrets and lamentations can be of no service to them. In the woeful condition in which death has placed them, the tribute of our love and fondness doubly due to them: but none of those things can affect the fate of the departed. It is precisely for this reason that the Catholic Church turns her attention to what is of real importance in their situation, namely, the awful futurity which awaits them. While the tender spiritual mother carefully ministers to the wants of her children in life, she cares for them even beyond the tomb. While she fortifies them by her sacred rites and anoints their bodies immediately before death, she also bestows her precious ministrations upon the lifeless corpse before it descends into the grave, in the sure faith that it will rise again at the sound of the last trumpet.

To day we had striking illustration of the sacredness with which their duty to the dead is performed in the Catholic Church, for the officiating priest came fifty miles to perform the sacred burial functions, and the remains of the deceased were carried to another town in order that they might rest in consecrated ground.

This undying faith of the Irish Catholic people in the saving truths of their religion, and in the scrupulous care of the Church for her communicants, living or dead, that consists their hope and consolation, and at the same time robs death of half its terrors.

In the instance which gave rise to these thoughts the consoling power of the Catholic religion was seen, for while all seemed to be sorrow and mourning at the house of death itself, when the lifeless remains were brought into the church and placed before the altar, and Mass for the dead was celebrated, it relieved the minds of the sorrowing friends and their consolation grew apace when they heard the priest from the altar steps discourse of the true end of man, of his destiny for a better life, his sure hope of heavenly reward if he had merited such by the goodness of his works. And as many Protestant friends and relatives were present he took pains to dwell upon the consoling doctrine of purgatory. He spoke learnedly and clearly of the Church Militant, the Church Suffering and the Church Triumphant; and he dwelt forcibly upon the sacred belief in the existence of that purifying place which some teachers have called "the vestibule of heaven," but which is in reality that terrible abode of cleansing fires which prepares the non-sinner for heaven.

Prominent Business Man of Peterboro Cured of Eczema.

Mr. Thos. Gladman, bookkeeper for Adam Hall, Esq., stove and tinware dealer, Peterboro, writes: "I was suffering from Eczema on my leg, and at times the itching was something terrible; tried many eminent doctors and was pronounced