

broken-spirited—a
ness and the abuse
as I said, oppo-
but I did not ex-
so sullen, and
antagonistic to
these, and with
ck of that point
I confess to you
my courage alike

ing so touching to
s— they were so
n the speaker, so
ously said—that
to put out her
in token of sym-
ing impossible, she
at feeling:
you say 'nearly'
must not let them
rest thing in this
to try, even, to do
er worth doing.
at once see the
it is a great priv-
I to make them
I then, even if I
n you mean only
I cannot be but
their confidence at

re assure myself
I answered:
e so little power to
or their benefit.
re not withheld—
ral cases, one or
me a great deal
I cannot press a
I have
the rent of almost
my income is
and out of this in-
debt. This
no margin for the
re wished to make
improvements that
is ever to become
Christian man can

ould help you?" said
strengthen your
to accomplish your

thly. "What is
" he asked, "in
" help? God, no
ithin it when He
usually He works
of which it is one
ful. Yes, money
It would build
men and women to
ish industries that
ving people to earn
e instead of being
seas for it: it would
beardness blossom
do not lead me to
d do: for I should
y dreams are so
early boyhood I
things: I saw the
erates, hopeless pov-
er before my eyes:
forth in sorrow and
rom the land which
sionate devotion:
t that some day I
n at least could not
or the better. I
ing employment for
it, of well-culti-
omfortable cottages,
anished from one
nd. And then I
hey which would be
about this change-
her side of the world
to myself, so that
the opportunity
ust be my pardon
gment—this man
n empty hands more
es had ever accom-
e she could frame
her rush of feeling,
at of the church and
"Oa, what a scene!"
deep, soft sigh of de-
against the para-
and looked out over
lay before them—
ts of ancient Rome—
ratus, palaces and
rpts. Martin covered
towers of the medie-
castle of San Angelo
bar; and the vastness
ing above the crowd.
Bergo: while the
ful outlines of St.
out against the
ound of the distant

id see at his feet
ere to die," said Tyr-
ust have been a mar-
at that day, and more
to the eye of faith
ure. Was a vision
of the glory of that
ntures in which his
rule with unques-
all the kingdoms and
th of the light pour-
this centre over the
e shrine and refuge
ve to the oppressed of
tion, if so, he might have
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 rejoicing 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 mean- ing here," quoted Tyrcannel, 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 Tyrcannel 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 un-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 gales of Alexandria, and amid the mad rush of life at Rome, the Jews observed their Sabbaths and feasts 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 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 fullness 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 hope, as the Jews did, they were looking forward toward a new day for Israel.

But they were looking. They were Hellenic in language and manners, but they were one withal in their hope of a coming Messiah. Like a guiding star, this hope rose above them, lighting them on, until the time should come when it should rise and stand over Jerusalem and guide them all from the islands of the sea and from the distant edges of the earth back to Palestine, a conquering and victorious nation. They carried this hope wherever they went, making many converts to their religion, and waking an almost universal longing in the hearts of men, to whom the gospel of Christ came as a complete fulfillment.

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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 the anything peculiarly afflictive, 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 real peacefulness that awaits the soul of the good and well prepared Christian after death.

With the exception perhaps of the first outburst of sorrow that fills the heart on 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 filial 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 more than that unrelenting Death should execute his stern decree so early, and if old in years, we naturally re- member the long decades of friendship 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-nigh overcome with grief, and we can hardly reconcile ourselves to the changed conditions and to the thought of putting the body of the beloved one 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 fellow-feeling seems 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.

It is 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 discuss the course 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 in reality that terrible abode of cleansing fires which prepares the non-mortal sinner for heaven.

We don't know what impression the clear argument, from reason and from Holy Writ, may have made on non-Catholic minds, but it seems a strange

THE DECAY OF FAITH AMONG NEW ENGLAND PROTESTANTS.

Remembering a notable paper on Catholicity in New England contributed to the *Pilot* by the Rev. A. M. Clark, C. S. P., two years ago, we read with special interest his article on "The Revolt from Calvinism in New England," in the *Catholic World* for March. Father Clark knows this section of the country well. A New Englander of mature years, he has himself experienced the "revolt" he describes so forcibly, and has been a keen observer of its consequences in many lives.

When the kindly and equitable nature of the New Englander finally revolted against the terrible distinct ively principle of Calvinism—that "God died only for the elect and for those whom He had predestined to eternal life without any will of their own"—an essential of the Congregational creed of his inheritance, he could not become an infidel. Ministers suspected of heresy were tried by their fellows; but the trial of disputed points of faith in the alembic of public discussion was much more widespread, and had more to do with the multiplication of sects among the children of the Pilgrims and Puritans.

With Predestination, the old New Englander had also held firmly to two great principles of Catholicity, the mystery of the Trinity and the Divinity of Christ. The religious upheaval resulted in large accessions to the Universalists, from those who simply gave up Predestination; and to the Unitarians from those who rejected faith in the Blessed Trinity and the Divine Christ as well; though many remained outwardly steadfast to the "Profession of Faith," who inwardly entertained on the subject of salvation opinions more honorable to God and comforting to man than those implied in said Profession.

At best, however, little enough was left of the positive religious truth which old fashioned Congregationalism retained from Catholicity; and of this, what withstood rationalism was in many cases undermined by superstition in the form of Spiritualism.

Says Father Clark:

"Besides those who profess Spiritualism as a religious belief, there are thousands of others who belong to the various non-Catholic bodies, and who practice the same superstitions that Spiritualists teach. There is not a town of any considerable size, where the descendants of the New Englanders dwell, which has not its medium or clairvoyant, who gains a good living off the credulity of the superstitious. This practice of consulting the dead, and following the advice given by the mediums has been the commonest cause, and the most fruitful one, in bringing men to forget the Catholic teachings, especially in respect of the moral law, which were implanted in New England by the early settlers and held intact for over two centuries.

"Whatever one may believe about the spirits whom they consult; whether they are really spirits or only the imaginations of some person with a mild form of hallucination, the fact of the matter is that this superstition has been and continues to be a means of drawing away from any definite teaching in matters of faith or morals. And it has left them with nothing to hold on to but a slender thread binding them to a world of folly, and, if what they say be true, to a land of spirits indeed, but of spirits each one of whom must be little less than an idiot."

In illustration of Father Clark's descriptive term, we recall a clairvoyant who, after the death of a famous poet in Boston a few years ago, showed copies of verses alleged to have been written by him in the spirit-land.

"How he had deteriorated!" cried a friend of the late fastidious literary worker, at sight of the vulgar doggerel. Father Clark's assertion about the prevalence of Spiritualism and kindred superstitions in New England may seem sweeping to non-residents who ordinarily credit this section with a high average of general culture. But culture is not of necessity a protection against superstition; and we know but too well, that it is not only nor chiefly

THE PENNIES OF THE POOR THAT ENRICH CLAIRVOYANTS, YEA, AND "WITCH DOCTORS" IN THE ATHENS OF AMERICA.

The final element enumerated by Father Clark, in the destruction of positive belief among the New England Protestants is Catholicity. Strange as this may seem at first, a little reflection will show the force of his argument.

Father Clark maintains that directly the people of New England by law allowed the Catholic Church to exist, then, logically they ceased to protest, and should have joined it. We quote:

"The Church stood forth as her own witness to them: its doctrines were no longer unknown to at least to thinking men, and yet they came not within her pale. One of them a few decades dead, in reply to the question 'Why do you not believe the Divinity of Christ?' replied, 'Because the whole system of Roman Catholicism would follow.' Another not less famous remarked to some one when he came to him, announcing this discovery of truth in the Catholic Church, 'What, have you just found that out? I have known that for forty years;' and yet he never became a Catholic."

We could easily match these citations from our own experience.

Father Clark alleges no cause for the unwillingness of such men to enter the Church. What was, what is the hindrance? Is it pride of intellect, or pride of social position, inherited racial antagonisms, or an uneasy apprehension of the moral curb to which he who would be a true Catholic must subject himself?

Father Clark complains of the round-about route by which New England converts ordinarily get into the Church. They turn their backs upon it in the first instance, and try almost every conceivable fad and ism, before they are convinced that Catholicity alone can satisfy their minds and hearts. Neither is he disposed to make much of conversions numerically, although on the steady influx many a man of distinction is carried.

He would rather have us Catholics see the work that remains for us to do among non-Catholics; and that, after all, is more to the profit of our cause than a vain-glorious reckoning of our still comparatively small conquests.—Boston Pilot.

A Grateful Nobleman.

To the astonishment of every one and to the delight of the Duke of Norfolk, his only son and heir, whose early boyhood was marred by imbecility, deafness, dumbness and blindness, as well as by physical weakness in other respects and who was universally pronounced altogether beyond the reach of medical science, appears to be shaking off and growing out of the various ailments by which he was so sorely afflicted. He is recovering sight, intelligence and physical strength, the progress in this respect having been so rapid and so phenomenal that the young Earl of Arundel is able to take long tricycle rides along the public roads in the neighborhood of Wimbledon common, where he is spending the winter in a beautiful house taken for him by his devoted father. The latter ascribes the miracle worked in his only son exclusively to Divine intervention and as a response by Providence to the numerous pilgrimages which he has undertaken with the poor boy to Lourdes, as well as to the prayers of Pope Leo and of good Catholics in all parts of the world.

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