

blood, affinity, and legitimate friendship. In the exercises of faith and piety, by which we work out our salvation, we are so particularly assisted and encouraged by the labours and prayers of those God has placed near us, that our affection for them can only be satisfied in the Heart of Jesus, the furnace of Divine love. When we shall have been admitted to the glory of His Vision face to face, when we shall have seen His Heart unveiled and burning with infinite love for us and for them, when "we shall have become like Him, because we shall see Him as He is," shall we cease to love our dear ones left "mourning and weeping in this valley of tears?" Say not so: for, the voice of humanity, as witnessed even by pagans, cries for recognition to the departed; non-Catholic professing Christians, too, though strongly opposed to our practice of honouring and invoking the Saints, give abundant testimonies of better Christian instincts, when, under circumstances that allay prejudice, they fully acknowledge that the Angels are looking at us with affectionate interest, and that the Saints are our loving spectators.

Tacitus, a pagan, invokes his departed friend: "Bring us back, O Agricola, from vain regrets to a lively contemplation of thy virtues;" Virgil thus speaks to a deceased baker who had endeared himself to all around: "Be favourable and propitious to those whom thou hast left behind;" so Cicero, Plato, and others, all pagans, yet, heedful of the voice of nature and without a tinge of idolatry, proclaim that we do not wholly die.

Non-Catholics, rather Puritans, too, than "High Church," when deeply moved, forgetful of prejudice, could be quoted in numbers to testify, that the Angels and the departed are lovingly interested in us. That the Angels read our unspoken thoughts, "we knew the secret flight of his retiring hours;" that they inspire "both thoughts and feelings;" that they afford us assiduous help; that the dead may share "the ministry of Angel power;" such writers as Wesley, Watts, Spenser, Southey, Dickens, and others, testify in passages of prose and poetry, singularly beautiful, but too long to be inserted here.