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See, the autumnal sun is throwing his last rays upon the broken arches and desolate pillars of the pride of Vespasian.
Page 201.

144.

Dunigan's Home Library, vol. 1

1

ZENOSIUS;

OR

THE PILGRIM-CONVERT.

BY THE

REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.,

AUTHOR OF "ALETHEIA," "ST. IGNATIUS AND HIS
FIRST COMPANIONS," ETC., ETC.

"Aliter admonendi sunt sapientes hujus sæculi, atque aliter hebetes. Sapientes quippe admonendi sunt ut sciant amittere quæ sciunt. Hebetes quoque admonendi sunt ut appetant scire quæ nesciunt."—
Sti Gregorii Pap. de curâ pastorali. Admon. VII., Tert. pars.

"Unteach the learned; the unlearned teach."



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Dedication.

TO MOUNT SAINT MARY'S SEMINARY.

My second *Alma Mater*!—cherished 'mountain,'
To memory sacred, to affection dear:
A solitude—but watered by the fountain
Of science pure, and piety sincere:
Whose rugged rocks and beauteous vales are filled
With reminiscences that cannot fade:
Home of bright friendships! never to be chilled
Or darkened by Life's wintry cold or shade.
To thee—myself a pilgrim to thy shrine,
Where my youth worshipped—I now dedicate
This pilgrim-convert's story—and to thine:
A heart-felt tribute, although small and late.
And may thy sons, far scattered though they be,
Reading "ZENOSIUS," drop a passing prayer for me.

P R E F A C E .

WHEN La Harpe, one of the most illustrious *savants* of the last century, became a convert from Infidelity to the Catholic Church, he was asked how it was possible that he could have taken such a step? His answer was: *J'ai cru quand j'ai examiné; examinez aussi, et vous croirez.*¹

The cause of the prejudices existing against the Catholic Church may be traced entirely to the neglect of investigating her claims to truth. And this is daily proved from the fact, that no sincere mind ever undertook to study the subject, but became convinced, that the only resting place from the infinite caprices and nameless errors of Sectarianism, is to be found in her bosom——

I had written thus far, when a friend, still entangled in Protestantism, entering my study, found me engaged in writing.

“What are you composing now?” he asked.

“A new work on my favorite topic,” I replied. “I style it *Zenosius*.”

¹ I have believed after having investigated; do you, likewise, investigate, and you will believe. *Treatise on the Fanaticism of the Revolutionary Language*, p. 166, printed in 1797.

“ A fancy name, I presume—”

“ No, a classic one. From the Greek word *ξένος*, which signifies a pilgrim. My hero, disenthralled from the chains of Sectarianism, makes a pilgrimage to Rome, where he is—”

“ Well, do not be severe on Protestants,” he urged, interrupting my sentence.

“ With their persons, and, if you choose, their sincerity, I have nothing to do,” I responded; “ but as regards their errors and schism, what compromise can be made with them ?”

No candid reader will, I believe, charge me with an intolerant, or even illiberal disposition. Much less will he blame me for calling things by their right names, especially when he considers with what little ceremony or regard our Church is branded and condemned by Protestantism. Have we not seen the incredible presumption with which a Presbyterian Convention have decided, that Catholics are not even Christians, inasmuch as our baptism is not valid!¹ And do not ministers of the Episcopal Church (against whose adherence to Prelacy, Presbyterians are as much opposed as both are to us) unite in the indecorous and unchristian vituperation? The following extract from an “ Exhortation” recently de-

¹ Truly the *influence of the Holy Spirit had forsaken these men*, when they issued this anathema against the Church of Christ. What do they mean by the *validity* of a sacrament which they do not regard *essential*!

livered by an Episcopal clergyman, who holds a high rank in the community, and from whose gentlemanly character and liberal principles better things were expected, will vindicate any retaliative language of mine from the charge of unprovoked severity :

“ For this word Protestant, in the abstract, I have no particular liking, and should rejoice from the heart to see the day when it can safely be laid aside. But that will be only *when the Church of Rome has given up her false doctrines, her superstitious and idolatrous practices, and laid down her arrogant and unfounded claim of the Papal supremacy.* With Dr. Hook, the distinguished vicar of Leeds, I agree in judgment, that ‘ it is well to have a term by which we may always declare, that while we hold in common with the Church of Rome all which she has that is Catholic, Scriptural, and pure, we protest *forever against her multiplied corruptions.*’ ”

And, again, lest the former passage might not be sufficiently charged with acrimony, he bursts forth into this imprecation :

“ For myself, if ever I advocate doctrine or sentiment, or sustain measures or movements in the Church, which shall tend to bring back upon us the *corruptions and superstitions of Romish degeneracy*, or to check the moving wave of civil and religious liberty which shall one day spread itself over the earth, as the waters

cover the sea, 'let this right hand forget its cunning, and this tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.'"¹

The present work is not controversial, but explanatory. Its scope is to elucidate the spirit and character of the Church;—to portray, in the person of Zenosius, the movement which is going on among eminent and pious Protestant Churchmen—towards Rome. In which, besides those who have already made their peace with the Church, may be numbered many others, who, having the disposition, "are waiting only for the propitious moment" to follow the example of their more favored brethren.

The Roman Catholic Church, despite the combined opposition of all Sectarians, continues to extend her spiritual dominion even in this our native republic. She has opened her gates to thousands of American converts, who, under her heavenly teaching and influence, will prove themselves to be exemplary Christians, and incorruptible citizens.

¹ It will hardly be believed that the *Rev. Dr. Wainwright* is the author of the "Exhortation," from which these sentences are extracted.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
CHAPTER I.—The Labyrinth of Error—Zenosius rescued— Eirene, the Angel of Peace.....	11
CHAPTER II.—The Village Chapel—The Venerable Priest— The Woes of Infidelity—The Blessings of Reli- gion and Faith.....	16
CHAPTER III.—Zenosius at Home—The Tears of Euthalia— A Struggle of Love and Duty—Zenosius returns to the Man of God—Catholic Faith—Its Charac- ters—Its Necessity—Its Consolations.....	33
CHAPTER IV.—The Solitary Meditation—The Prayer—The Jubilee of a Converted and Believing Heart	56
CHAPTER V.—Protestant Inconsistencies—The Brilliant Ap- parition—Zenosius, the Pilgrim, must leave his native land—He must see Rome	62
CHAPTER VI.—The Heart-rending Separation—The Fading Cross—The Farewell—The Last Letter	84
CHAPTER VII.—Zenosius in the Capital of England—The Genius of Saint Paul's—The Genius of West- minster Abbey.....	94
CHAPTER VIII.—Zenosius musing, like Minutius Felix, on the Seashore—Another Wonderful Instructor— The Roman Catholic Church the Church of the Anglo-Saxons	103
CHAPTER IX.—England under interdict—Ierna's Woes and Exultation	128

	Page.
CHAPTER X.—Struggle of Life and Death in the Land of Charlemagne—Zenosius at the Foot of the Alps—A Noble Greek—The Oriental Schism—Mohammedanism—Judaism.....	133
CHAPTER XI.—The Alpine Monastery—The Peaceful Night—The Stormy Day—The Apposite Essay	148
CHAPTER XII.—The Catholic Church the Parent of Charity—Her Solitaries—Descent into the Plains of Lombardy—The Greek Count develops the Sanctity of the Church.....	166
CHAPTER XIII.—First Glimpse of the Vatican—Zenosius at the Shrine of St. Cecilia—The Capuchin Friar—The Consecrated Soil and Hallowed Atmosphere of Rome	184
CHAPTER XIV.—Rome the seat of the Popes—The Blessings of the Papacy—The Litany <i>Della Consolazione</i> —Objections against the Popes—Storm and Calm..	196
CHAPTER XV.—The Sabbath Morning on the Seven Hills—One Faith—One Sacrifice—The Capuchin's Discourse in the Basilick of Saint John Lateran—Chains and Glory.....	210
CHAPTER XVI.—The Synagogue and the Church—The Fall of Solyma—Night on the Sabine Hills	227
CHAPTER XVII.—The Ælian Bridge—The Tomb of Paganism—The Vatican—The Promise of Christ to Peter and his Successors—The Capuchin's Last Words to Zenosius—Their Separation.....	251
CHAPTER XVIII.—Zenosius finishes his Task at the Tomb of the "Fisherman"—Receives the Blessing of the Father of the Faithful—Returns to his Home—Euthalia a Vestal of Religion—Rest in the Peace of Rome	274

ZENOSIUS.

CHAPTER I.

THE LABYRINTH OF ERROR—THE LOST ONE RESCUED —EIRENE.

Dædalus ingenio fabræ celeberrimus artis
Ponet opus, turbatque notas et limina flexu
Ducet in errorem variarum ambage viarum
. implet
Innumeras errore vias, vixque ipse reverti
Ad limen potuit. *Ovid.*

When Heresy, in cunning arts well skill'd,
Essay'd a rival edifice to build,
With darksome passages and zigzag walls,
A thousand mazes twisted round the halls:
So crooked, so entangled, that, in vain,
The vestibule he labor'd to regain. *Paraphrased.*

“THERE is a mental labyrinth, more darksome and tortuous than that of ancient mythological renown: one, through whose ambages no human guide can be found to direct the lost and weary wanderer; through whose dense gloom no earth-lit torch can penetrate with certain rays. Once involved in its

mazes, and you are inextricably bewildered. The mind reels with a fatal vertigo, and the heart throbs with a pulse of wretchedness, for which no remedy can be found—save one! In that sad labyrinth have my steps been woven. The tracks they have made were inward and onward; and even those were so covered with the cloud of perpetual darkness which broods around, that they ceased to be visible to the natural eye. Wo! wo! to him who trusts to mortal power to rescue him from that awful doom! He will confide in it in vain—he will sigh for liberty in vain—he will look for the precious light of heaven, and pant for the delicious atmosphere of peace, in vain. He will linger away his life in the never-ceasing, tiresome, wasting effort of threading his path out from the tomb-like horrors of that eternally winding, twisting, zigzag labyrinth—and will drop down, melancholy and exhausted, and die amid the gloom of his errors. That labyrinth is Sec-tarianism.”

Such was the soliloquy of Zenosius, who had found that one and only remedy which can administer security to reason, happiness to the breast. Long had he been entangled in the mazes of Sectarianism—in the midst of which he felt his mind oppressed with doubt, and his conscience torn with sorrow and remorse. Through every phase of error had he passed, on his devious route. He had gone through the dense shadows of skepticism; through the doubtful glimmerings of half-revealed, half-obscurd Christianity; led on, now by fallacious reason, now by uncertain and disagreeing teachers, and then again by capricious impulses, and incoherent phantasies. He was led on, indeed, but only to be perplexed in thicker entanglements, only to be ushered into deeper gloom, until a drear, a fathomless abyss, yawned under his tottering feet. There, in that dreadful position, clasping his hands, with intense emotion, and flinging himself upon his knees,—while all the sorrows and

terrors of his soul poured themselves out in a torrent of tears,—he burst into prayer : “ God of light, of truth, of peace ! direct, teach, quiet one so darkly and so sad ! Give me to know thy church ! Wherever it may be found, thither will I—a faithful and humble pilgrim—bend my way, no matter how far off the goal, or what sacrifices must be made to gain it. Thou alone canst liberate me from the woes into which I am plunged. Reveal to me thy will ; and let that will be done on earth, as it is in heaven ! ”

He had hardly ceased before he perceived, standing by his side, a form all radiant with a halo that was evidently not of earth.

“ Be not alarmed, Zenosius. I am Eirene, —the angel of peace. Thy prayer is heard. From the realms of Truth I have been sent down to free thee from thy errors, and guide thee through this weary labyrinth, into the straight, bright path of religion. Arise ! Come into day ; even into the meridian lustre of heaven’s own sun. Break asunder the

entangled mazes--be free in the freedom of the sons of God."

She spoke, and forthwith, as if by a talisman from above, Zenosius stood redeemed from his lorn and captive condition. Freshly and long he breathed in the pure air of an unchained atmosphere: and as, in rapturous strains, his heart gave thanks for the priceless boon—"Rest thee till morn," Eirene said, "when on the wings of Aurora I will come down again, and tell thee what to do."

CHAPTER II.

THE VILLAGE-CHAPEL—THE VENERABLE PRIEST—
THE WOES OF INFIDELITY—THE BLESSINGS OF
RELIGION AND FAITH.

What wonder then if I, whose favorite school
Hath been the fields, the roads, the rural lanes,
Look'd on this guide with reverential love ?

. Rich in love

And sweet humanity, he was himself
To the degree that he desired, beloved.

Wordsworth.

NIGHT faded before the first dawn of the morning. It was spring-tide. Creation was clad in verdure and flowers, fresh with aromatic dew, and beauteous as when first blooming and blushing in Eden's groves. Zenosius had arisen with the earliest light, and sat musing on the banks of a calm stream that glided near his mansion—musing on his wondrous liberation from darkness and error ; musing on the holy end for which his being, henceforth, was to be devoted—musing on the glorious blessings which were in store for him, under the guidance of his celestial instructress.

In the midst of his meditations, Eirene, as she had promised, stood before him.

“Zenosius,” she called him by name, “I have come to accomplish thy happiness. As the ‘*Jew of Jews*,’ the down-stricken persecutor of Tarsus, was sent to be instructed by the servant of Christ, Ananias, so must thou betake thee to a priest of the Most High, by whom thy mind will be illumined, and through whose influence, from thy mental vision shall drop the scales of delusion which have made thee blind.”

“Where doth that holy man abide?” Zenosius asked; “at what altar doth he minister? Angel of Peace, though seas must be crossed over ere I find his dwelling; and though the sweetest relations of life must be rent and cast aside, in order to arrive at his tabernacle of Truth and Light, I am ready.”

“As yet thou wilt not have far to travel,” replied Eirene. “In the village of —, the white spires of whose churches thou seest in the distance glittering under the

matin-beams, his home is to be found. Nay, even now, yon steeple crowned with the graceful Cross, which *till now* distinguishes from all other shrines the one where Christ's true worship is performed, will be the beacon to thy steps. Enter that;—simple, humble as it is, compared with the grander piles of wealthier and worldier congregations:—and, having knelt in prayer, before the altar, say to the priest that Heaven directed thee to him.”

Zenosius obeyed. There was but one edifice—and a lowly one in sooth, situated on the skirts of the village—that was graced with the emblem of man's redemption, the cross. Its doors were ever open to the passing stranger, as well as to the fervent parishioner. When Zenosius arrived, mass had just been finished. The tapers were yet glimmering on the altar, modest but neat; and at its foot, the venerable Priest—an aged and exemplary man—seemed absorbed in devout prayer. Touched with a reverential sentiment, and

overcome with a nameless emotion, such as before he never had experienced, Zenosius threw himself upon his knees, and gave vent to his aspirations in the following strain :

Oh, that my eyes might stream with tears !

Oh, that my heart might burst with grief !

My sins, more numerous than the hairs

Upon my head, awake my fears—

Conscience knows no relief.

There is a load upon my breast,

A burden weighing down my soul :

Relieve me, O my God, oppress'd,

To thee I look for peace and rest ;

O thou my grief control !

Ah ! I had lost thy promised Heaven,

And merited eternal wo :

Still may that paradise be given—

Still far away despair be driven—

I hope—*thou* wilt bestow.

Pardon, O Lord, thy erring child,

Who to his Father comes again :

Forget not 'twas the world beguiled,

Whose false, but winning pleasures, smiled—

Pleasures so brief and vain.

Pardon! if not for my own sake,
Remember Him who for me bled :
That Cross must shield the sad and weak,
Disarm thy ire—nor let thee wreak
Thy vengeance on my head.

When the Priest withdrew from the chapel, Zenosius followed, and presenting himself to him, said : “ Man of God, the meshes of Sectarianism, in which for so long a time I had been entangled, now broken asunder by the grace of Heaven, my soul has escaped from error, and to thee have my footsteps been directed, that I may receive the lessons of instruction preparatory to my being admitted into the bosom of the TRUE and ONLY Church.”

In the person of the Priest, grace, ease, urbanity, and dignity, were singularly blended. As Zenosius spoke he wept, and extending his arms, with paternal affection and heartfelt sympathy, embraced the stranger-convert.

“ My son, thou art greatly blest ; wel-

come, welcome to me!"—and he mingled his tears with those that continued to course down the cheeks of Zenosius. "Enter," he resumed, "my small but peaceful dwelling, and I will impart to thy hungry soul the spiritual nourishment of truth. Happy they who hunger and thirst after justice, for they shall be filled. Favorites of God are they, who, impelled by the yearning of conscience, seek after that peace which the world cannot give, and find in the tents of Jacob—in the sanctuary of the church of Christ—that bliss of heart which thousands of years spent in the tabernacles of Sectarianism could not afford. Enter."

The door of the humble dwelling opened, and received into its asylum the delighted pilgrim, now in pursuit of instruction. The situation was delicious—the scenery romantic. From the porch, to which they repaired, for the purpose of beginning the all-important disquisition, a vast horizon stretched, clear, bright, and beautiful, embracing, in its

circumference, hill, dale, stream, and forest. Birds were chirping on the boughs of the trees that grew near, and cattle were browsing, in the fresh shade, over the verdant fields. No place, no hour, no scene, could be more appropriate for the investigation of the subject which Zenosius desired first to have treated by his venerable teacher.

“Amid these quiet and blessed haunts of religion,” he said, “thou wilt speak to me, O Priest of God, of the priceless advantages and blessings of faith, and of the woes and mischiefs of irreligion. In my career to the tabernacle of Rome, I would start from the first elements of Christian wisdom, which I pray thee develop in our present conversation.”

The venerable Priest, invoking the blessing of the Holy Ghost, began: “My son, the unbeliever’s state is that of continual contradiction — with himself: he gropes through a fatal inconsistency. Deeming himself enlightened, he is lost in darkness:

fancying himself guiltless, he is stained with iniquity. To the inadequate standard of human Reason he refers every thing: to the infallible tribunal of Faith, nothing. He boasts that he is an enlightened being—that his Creator is no lover of religious darkness. He regards faith as the refuge of low and craven minds; while those of a high and magnanimous character hold all things in subjection. They soar to the heavens on high; they dive down into the abysses below; they range from sphere to sphere. To such minds, he asserts, obscure mysteries are a degradation, and faith is a chimera.

“ But in this, the infidel labors under a strange and lamentable hallucination. Because his reason cannot comprehend the secrets of the physical creation—the simplest phenomena that exist around him. The numberless schools of infidelity—propagated under different denominations—are in contradiction with one another. Deism, Pantheism, Materialism, possess no homogene-

ous qualities. Zeno, Epicurus, Anaxagoras, Spinoza, Voltaire, Rousseau, know but one character of sympathy, and that is the infernal sympathy of evil spirits warring against the Truth—nay, some of them even against the Supreme Creator. These, led forward by the blind impulse of mere nature, destroy human liberty, by reducing man to the condition of an automaton; or, by making him a machine, which, wound up by the hand of destiny, continues to move and act only till it runs down. Consequently, they recognise no difference between Virtue and Vice. In the former there is nothing praiseworthy; there is nothing punishable in the latter.

“I am aware that the masters of these schools of infidelity do not openly declaim against the virtues of religion. They would, on the contrary, fain persuade their disciples of their sublimity and importance. Their vaunted maxim is, that society should be made happy: that a tenor of moral recti-

tude should be pursued: that honesty, equity, right, should flourish and prevail. These are, indeed, the lessons of their theory, but this theory is contradicted and trampled upon by their inconsistent practice.

“The unbeliever never can be brought to understand, much less to carry out, in his habitual conduct, the *necessity* of virtue, piety, and good works. He cherishes no such conviction: and where such conviction does not act upon the human will and passions, what check can be applied to the caprices of the one, and the impetuosity of the other? Without it, there is no motive for uprightness, charity, or common honesty—much less for the sweet yet rigid morality of Jesus. The heart, unrestrained and unchastened by that conviction, reckes not either the heavenly allurements of Mercy, or the terrible denunciations of Justice. It is swayed by self-interest, by self-indulgence, by self-gratification. The mind, untutored by its influences, is estranged from that divine and

holy spirit by which the face of the earth has been changed, the altars of the passions have been demolished, and the idols of nature annihilated. That spirit which has regenerated the moral constitution of man ; which has taught him how to adore the true God ; to curb his own licentious propensities ; to sacrifice his pride ; to reduce into proper subjection his towering reason ; to cultivate peace, union, charity, with his fellow-beings ; to entertain no false esteem of himself ; to prefer obscurity to fame, humility to adulation, meekness to revenge, due mortification to unlawful indulgence ; to detach his affections from all that is perishable, and centre them in that which is immortal ; to regard death as merely a quiet slumber, and the grave as a sacred resting-place, whence he shall, at the appointed day, arise to sleep no more.

“ The unbeliever has no fellowship with Jesus, who pronounces blessed the meek, the clean of heart, the pure in spirit, the

merciful, and whose counsel is, that we should be perfect even as our heavenly Father is perfect. Nor with Paul, who declares that the wrath of God is revealed against all impiety and injustice. Nor with James, who warns all sinners to cleanse their hands and purify their hearts ; and who exhorts them to turn their laughter into mourning, and their joy into sorrow, and to be humble and penitent in the sight of God. Nor with Peter, who commands us to be sober, and hope, perfectly, for that grace which is offered at the revelation of Jesus Christ, as children of obedience, not conformed to the former desires of ignorance. Nor with John, who exclaims : We have seen, and do bear witness, and declare unto you the eternal life which was with the Father, and hath appeared unto us : God is Light, and in Him there is no darkness. Nor, in fine, with Jude, who cries out : Behold, the Lord cometh with thousands of his Saints to execute Judgment upon all, and to reprove the un-

godly of all the works of their impiety, whereby they have done impiously, and of all the hard things which sinners have spoken against God.

“ His fellowship, on the contrary, is with a Petronius, a Lucretius, an Ovid, a Julian, a Voltaire, a Rousseau, a Bayle : with men who, having thrown off all obedience to the Creator and his religion, gave themselves up, with unbridled license, to Error and Vice ; and who, when, as St. Paul remarks, they deemed themselves wise, became fools and hateful to God. Philosophers in name, indeed, but enemies of wisdom ; and workers of iniquity ; who, not having the justice of God, did not understand that they who do such things are worthy of death ; and not only they who do them, but they, also, who consent to them that do them.

“ The effects of Infidelity, my son, have proved terribly fatal to society and the world. Hence the overthrow of governments, the destruction of altars, the demoli-

tion of temples, the profanation of all that is most sacred and dear to country and religion. Hence the Gospel of Christ has been discarded and ridiculed, while books teeming with impiety have been substituted in its stead. Hence public morals have become relaxed, depraved—licentiousness unbounded sways the world—the barriers of equity and right are thrown down—the pillars of the public weal are shaken—and universal confusion and anarchy prevail.”

“Nevertheless, have not the principles of religious conviction always lingered in the human heart ?” asked Zenosius.

“They have, my son,” responded the Priest. “Its light might have been obscured, its torch might have shed but a faint and flickering ray, still it could not be altogether extinguished. And this remark extends not only to the ancients, but, likewise, to countless multitudes now removed afar from the sacred influence of Faith. While the world is all brilliant, and its pleasures

are fresh and fragrant ; while Fashion strews her flowers along the path of her giddy votaries ; while Youth, crowned with the chaplets of life's fairest morning, and Health, decked in roses, sport away the stern convictions of reason and reflection, religion is surrounded by no charms—the awful truths of the Gospel, the necessary dogmas of the church, occupy no portion of the mind's attention. The joys and glory prepared for the virtuous believer in the realms of immortality are destitute of the power of appreciation and value, while the sorrows and torments that await the impenitent and skeptical in the abyss of perdition present no terror, and awaken no dread. But as the sun of life verges towards its decline, as the flowers of beauty and vanity decay in the spreading twilight of approaching death, then it is that the true efficacy of Faith is experienced ;—then does the troubled heart, the melancholy mind, seek a refuge—a safe and consolatory refuge—in the arms of Religion.

“The infidel cannot be happy : for, to him the essential constituents of happiness are wanting. He possesses neither present good, nor the hope of a future life. He does not tend to the *summum bonum*—the infinite source and end of all bliss ; or entertain the least sentiment of gratitude — which should be expressed by prayer and adoration—to the Infinite Being, in whom he lives, moves, and has his existence. Chained down to the grovelling earth is that immortal spirit destined to soar on high to the realms of immortality ; deprived of its most glorious attributes ; shorn of its grandeur and beauty ; confounded among the dull and material things that perish. Upon the deep gloom that shrouds its prospects, the star of Hope cannot dawn. Hence, no balm for the wounded, broken heart ; no peace for the guilty and tormented conscience.”

“Dreadful condition of the impious,” exclaimed Zenosius. “Clearly now do I perceive and deeply feel, that in the sanctuary

of Religion only can the wo-stricken heart find an asylum from misery and remorse."

"True, my son," continued the Priest; "on the bosom of faith—as on a pillow of heaven—can the aching brow of sorrow repose in peace. Hast thou ever considered the awful contrast between the man destitute of faith, and him who humbly believes, and sincerely fulfils, the doctrines and commandments of God? The former is lost, as it were, in the wilderness of life, without a solitary ray to guide or cheer his dreary pilgrimage. He may possess every worldly comfort—he may be rich, esteemed, honored; nevertheless, he feels in his soul a void which all the pleasures and honors of the world cannot fill up. The latter may be poor, may be neglected, may be despised below, and yet his heart and mind enjoy perpetual peace. For, they are fixed not on the corruptible things of this miserable life, but on the imperishable crown prepared for his brows in heaven—where his treasure

no man shall take from him; where the robber cannot enter; and where God himself shall be his exceedingly great reward. Thou, my son, hast been led to the path through which this boon can be reached. Resolve to pursue it. This evening, and I will meet thee again."

CHAPTER III.

ZENOSIUS AT HOME—THE TEARS OF EUTHALIA—A STRUGGLE OF LOVE AND DUTY—ZENOSIUS RETURNS TO THE MAN OF GOD—CATHOLIC FAITH—ITS CHARACTERS—ITS NECESSITY—ITS CONSOLATIONS.

Do thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind,
By which such Virtue may in me be bred,
That in thy holy footsteps I may tread.

Wordsworth.

After this first interview with the learned and venerable Priest, Zenosius felt his mind greatly composed. The excitement which sudden and violent transitions naturally cre-

ate had subsided : and, with calm and serious deliberation, he now determined to continue his study of the Catholic church. Instead of returning immediately home, he wandered into the groves that shaded, with their dense foliage, the neighboring valley ; where, by the side of a ravine which precipitated itself, with no little violence, from the impending hills, he spent the remainder of the morning in reading and meditation. Several books of instruction, the works of eminent Catholic divines, had been recommended to him, in which the doctrines, spirit, and economy of the ancient Church were solidly and copiously explained. These, with the eager avidity of one yearning after truth and piety, he devoured, filled with admiration at the treasure he had discovered, and astonished at his having lived so long without knowing and understanding its value. “ I deemed myself well-informed, yea, even learned, in all other matters,” he mused ; “ how passing strange that I now find myself so

perfectly ignorant in this particular!" How many others, who, if they would conscientiously look into the matter, would wonder to find themselves in the same condition with this sincere and interesting convert!

On reaching home, he was met by his sister, a lovely girl just blooming into womanhood, but whose naturally guileless mind and ingenuous heart were, unfortunately, under the captivity of Sectarianism. Euthalia—this was her name—had observed a notable change in her brother's appearance. She had seen, during some months previous, that he was agitated by strong impulses, and appeared in a state of mental perturbation. She had, in vain, endeavored to sooth him, now by sweet words, now by the kindest tokens of sympathy and affection, and, in fine, by every means which the gentle love of a sister could devise for a noble and faultless brother.

"Thou art more composed, Zenosius,"—she accosted him with a tone of endearment

—“ what change has been effected, and by whose blessed power ?”

“ The gloom hath passed away not only from my brow, Euthalia, but, what is yet more consoling, from my heart,” responded Zenosius. “ The light of heaven’s own countenance hath smiled upon me. The snare is broken, in which I was held in slavery, and I am free ! The sorrow that preyed upon my breast was occasioned by a two-fold cause. The one is entirely removed : and the other—oh ! *thou* canst remove it.”

“ Speak what it may be, brother,” she exclaimed, embracing him with emotion, “ and though my life should—”

“ Be not too precipitate, Euthalia,” he interrupted her.

“ Explain, Zenosius.”

“ The first cause of grief was the sad circumstance of my being entangled in the errors of Sectarianism—”

“ What ! errors !—Sectarianism !” incoherently and impassionately she cried.

“Soft, Euthalia; be not alarmed—be not overcome—hear me: the first was my own misfortune in being held fast by the toils of error;—and the second is, now—having broken through them myself—the dreadful thought that thou, thou, my only sister, art still their victim.”

During several minutes Euthalia was silent. Never was there a more violent and yet more quiet struggle in the breast of a gentle maiden, than in hers. She conquered, however: and reviving, as it were, from a sudden prostration of mind and body, she kissed Zenosius, wept, but said nothing. For, although thunderstruck at the change that had come over her brother's mind—although prejudice against the Catholic Church was identified with her ideas of religion and piety—still Zenosius was the idol of her affections; and she resolved never to allude to the subject which to him now seemed the consummation of happiness, but to her was a source of perennial aversion and alarm.

Pity, in sooth—yea, and more than pity—that such pure and gentle hearts could be so lamentably imbued with the spirit of hostility to a Church which has raised woman from degradation to the highest acme of refinement and honor.

The evening now began to close upon the beautiful landscape that varied and adorned the surrounding country. Impatient for the enjoyment of a second conversation with the Priest, Zenosius, as had been arranged, repaired to the chapel. The man of God was awaiting his arrival, and joyfully greeted him back to these solitary retreats.

“If human science,” he accosted him, “is said, with justice, to court silence, heavenly science hath ever dwelt amid the noiseless recesses of the solitude. It is in remote scenes like this, my son, that contemplation muses in undisturbed serenity. The spirit of God is here—and his smallest whisperings can reach the listening ear of the soul.”

“Mine is open, venerable Father,” re-

plied Zenosius ; “ and if eagerness to drink in the copious draughts of celestial truth be a token of sincerity—”

“ Thou art, indeed, sincere,” added the Priest : “ and, at this peaceful hour, while the shadows from the hills are increasing as they fall, I will continue the theme which was left unfinished this morning.

“ Sectarianism—and in this word I include all the denominations of Protestantism—cannot be agreeable to God, who is the essence of unity, and the perfection of consistency. If all the theories which human caprice has engendered under the appellation of religion, could be acceptable to Heaven, there would be no reason why we might not adopt, at pleasure, the systems of Mahommed, or Ali, as well as the law of Moses and the gospels of Jesus. In such a supposition, Venus might be adored under the grottoes of Ceilan ; Foe in the pagods of China ; or the Serpent in the barbarous temples of Malabar. The Brahmin in In-

dia, the Bonzee in Japan, and the Iman in Persia, would have a paramount claim to the exercise of his superstitions : nor would it be of any material consequence, whether I should prostrate myself in prayer with the Dervis of Constantinople, adopt the novelties of Luther in Germany, or swerve from the doctrines and centre of Catholic orthodoxy with the Church of England.

“Sectarian theories are all essentially different ; consequently they cannot be equally true, or equally pleasing to God, who is eminently one, and whose eternal Oneness can sanction but one object of religion. But differing theories have different objects : the Theist acknowledgès but a single God ; the Polytheist many deities. The Pantheist recognises a God whose nature is terrestrial—the Epicurean another whose characteristic attribute is stupidity. The true God has but one will—the revelation of which will is infallible truth : and of that revelation, as well as of the proper understanding and de-

velopment of it, the Holy Roman Catholic Church is the only depository.”

“In that blessed Church, as in a safe haven after dreadful storms, have I found a refuge,” said Zenosius.

“It is safe,” continued the Priest, “because it is unchangeable. As God knows no mutation, so his church must be immutable. There is no security, then, in the systems of Germany, England, and the nations of the North, which were not known or dreamed of, some few centuries ago. They must, therefore, be innovations; and I need not say in what capacity Luther, Calvin, and Henry VIII. are to be regarded.”

“To say the least, they cannot be ranked among the apostles of the primitive and immutable Church,” observed Zenosius.

“Of that Church,” added the Priest, “which is and always has been true in her belief, holy in her morals, and perfect in her worship. By whose commandments every vice is condemned and proscribed, every

virtue recommended and enforced: and whose obligations extend not only to the external, but also to the internal; affecting and governing the heart and soul, and producing a homage of both—the only homage that is acceptable to God, who must be served in spirit and in truth.

“Highly important consequences are to be deduced from these fundamental principles, which I pray thee, my son, to impress deeply upon thy memory. The first is, that if true Religion raises man to God, man cannot raise himself to the Eternal. Therefore true religion is the effect of divine grace, which ennobles a mortal being and unites him to his Creator. Secondly, Since religion comprehends the relations between men and the Deity, and the Deity is incomprehensible, therefore religion must be a revelation emanating from Him who alone is acquainted with his own attributes, and with the nature and essence of the human race. Thirdly, Religion being an emanation from

God, it is not distinct from him. Fourthly, If religion be not distinct from God, religion can be but one; and must be necessary, eternal, unbounded by space or time. Religion is the Church: therefore the Church is identified with infinite wisdom, infinite power, infinite beneficence, infinite mercy, and omnipotence. She is the depository of true doctrine, the standard of celestial perfection, the basis of indefectible duration.

“The necessity of believing in this church is evident from the fact, that her Divine Founder has made faith the first condition requisite for salvation: *He that believeth shall be saved, he that believeth not shall be condemned.*¹ The characteristic, therefore, of a Christian is, that he be stamped with the seal of Faith; that he believe in *all* the doctrines Christ has taught, and practise *all* the duties which he has prescribed. Hence the indispensable obligation of all men to inquire after those doctrines—to *try them-*

¹ Mark, chap. xvi., v. 16.

selves, according to the language of Saint Paul, *if they be in the Faith.*¹

“Faith is the note by which the just man is distinguished from the impious: which imparts life to the former, and will rise in judgment against the latter. *The just man liveth by faith*, the Holy Ghost declares through the mouth of Saint Paul:² *and without faith it is impossible to please God.*”³

“Thy explanation of this great subject is most satisfactory, Priest of Heaven,” said Zenosius. “But may I hope, before it is concluded, to hear something touching the characters of true Faith?”

“Thou hast anticipated, my son, what I was on the point of adding,” the Father replied. “It is a study of high importance. It is a subject as inexhaustible as it is sublime and essential. Yes, the characters of Faith are such as can apply only to the Catholic—in no manner to the Protestant. The Cath-

¹ 2 Cor. chap. xiii., v. 5. ² Galat., chap. iii., v. 2. ³ Heb. xi., v. 2.

olic alone can make an act of faith. The Protestant cherishes merely opinions, which are as various as the minds that entertain them. Our creed depends not on opinions—has nothing to do with the caprices of the human mind. Our faith is *solid, profound,* and *fruitful* in *good works*—which three characters I will now explain.

“First, as regards the solid characters of faith, this arises from its not being of human origin, and, therefore, it is not such as could admit a shadow of doubt, or the least vacillation of the mind. Because its foundation rests on the divine Word.

“It should be here remarked, that our belief on the assertions of another depends upon two things: on the conviction that he is not deceived himself, and that he has too much integrity to deceive us. Hence we assent more satisfactorily to the authority of a learned man, than to that of an ignorant person: we rely more implicitly on the assertion of a virtuous, than of a vicious, indi-

vidual. According to these principles—which are universal and indisputable—it is manifest, that God is deserving of infinite faith ; of a *belief*—to make use of the expression of Saint Augustine—*worthy of Himself*. For, being essentially Truth itself, he cannot know things otherwise than they exist ; and being Goodness itself, he could not manifest them otherwise than he knows them to be. Therefore, we are infallibly secure from error, in believing his revelations.”

“ I see, with this view of the subject, the motives on which the Catholic establishes his faith,” observed Zenosius.

“ They are very different from those generally attributed to them,” continued the Priest. “ We are Catholics, my son, not because we have been born in the bosom of the Church ; not because we have imbibed our convictions with our mothers’ milk ; not because we are induced to believe by the example of those around us ; not because

we are persuaded by the zeal, and urged by the arguments, of the ministers of religion ; but the true motive is—or should be—because God has revealed our faith to his Church, and, through the medium of that Church, to us.”

“ What, then, is the best reply a Catholic can make, when asked why he believes as he does ?” inquired Zenosius.

“ The best and only reply to such a question is, because the Church, the infallible interpreter of the Word of God, has taught it, and demands my assent,” responded the Priest. “ Christ, the founder of that Church, communicated his mysteries and doctrines to the Apostles ; the Apostles transmitted them to the Church ; and the Church has delivered them to us. So that, with a satisfaction which is able to allay every rising doubt, may we console ourselves with the words of Saint John : *The only begotten Son who is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared.*¹

¹ John, chap. i., v. 18.

“Under a grievous delusion, therefore, are those pretended wise men, who regard the system of Catholic faith as a violence offered to the human intellect; and who would fain prefer the taper-like flickering of natural science, to the deep and majestic obscurity in which the tenets of religion are shrouded.”

“Rash mortals!” exclaimed Zenosius; “in the vain conceit of knowing more than others, they only prove their own folly!”

“Yes,” continued the Priest, “and while they flatter themselves that they are in the light, darkness, in effect, encompasses their path. Whereas, from the deep cloud, in which our Faith, like our God, hath made its dwelling-place, there emanates a lustre which displays the knowledge of heavenly things, while it discloses the grounds on which that knowledge reposes.

“The Catholic, then, not only believes—but, unlike all Sectarians, believes without a doubt, with much peace, and supernatural

consolation. In the language of Saint Paul : *He is filled with all joy and peace in believing.*"¹

"The truth of this I now experience, since I have burst the trammels of Sectarianism," said Zenosius.

"Nowhere, save in the bosom of the Mother-Church, can a sincere Christian repose, my son. Because his rest is not broken by any anxiety or solicitude : for his faith, as I have shown, is solid. It is, moreover, profound. That is to say, it is not superficial, or obscure, or confused ; neither is it of a too inquisitive or curious character. In sailing between the dangerous shoals, of examining the nature of faith without venturing to plunge into its abysses, we require a supernatural pilot. We must be guided by Reason on one side, (*rationabile obsequium,*) and by Humility on the other. We must not presume to interrogate our Divine Legislator, like the Pharisees of old, and

¹ 1 Rom. chap. xv., v. 13.

daringly inquire : how is this ! how can it be ! Faith is the boon of the simple-hearted, not of the arrogant and vain.

“ But, on the other hand, Catholic faith does not fetter the intellect, or chain the faculties of reason. No : that intellect may have full scope, it may and should reflect, compare, and, in some degree, judge. Reason, too, although it will never be able to comprehend the mysteries in which the dogmas of religion are enveloped, will, nevertheless, acquiesce in them, and adore the supreme majesty of their author, whose being is infinitely above the capacity and understanding of mortal man.”

“ Is a Catholic bound to know all the mysteries of Religion ?” asked Zenosius.

“ He should make himself acquainted with the principal mysteries of faith,” replied the Priest ; “ those, for instance, contained in the Creed ; and especially the Trinity and the Incarnation. That in the Godhead there are three persons, each per-

fectly distinct, and yet all forming but one and the same Eternal Being. That the second person assumed the nature of man, was conceived by the Holy Ghost, and born of the Virgin Mary : and uniting one person in two distinct natures, offered himself a victim, on the Cross of Calvary, for the salvation of the human race. *Now this is eternal life*, exclaimed the Redeemer himself through Saint John, *that they may know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.*"¹

“ And yet, how many are there who profess to know God, and know him not !” sighed Zenosius. “ Like myself, ere Heaven’s mercy was extended to my erring mind, they are ignorant of his Church, and of the true spirit of religion which animates its body.”

“ Too many, Zenosius, fall under the awful rebuke uttered against the Hebrew people by the mouth of the prophet Isaiah,”

¹ Chap. xvii., v. 3.

responded the Priest : “ The ox hath known his owner, and the ass his master’s crib, but Israel hath *not known me, and my people hath not understood.*¹ Alas ! what avails all other knowledge, if man is ignorant of that way which leads to *Truth and Life !* What boots it to be able to scan the firmament of Heaven, to plunge into the depths of Nature, to measure the expanse of the Universe, to descend into the chambers of Ocean and explore his hidden treasures—of what value, I ask, my son, are all these sciences, if we be ignorant of our Creator, and of his sovereign will ? And yet thousands devote their talents and their researches to those human studies ; and so few to the only true wisdom—of finding out and fulfilling the Almighty’s will—that the prophet Osee, excited by a holy indignation, did not hesitate to exclaim : *There is no knowledge of God in the land.*²

“ Besides these two characters of Cath-

¹ Chap. i., v. 3.

² Chap. iv., v. 1.

olic faith, there remains another, which is produced and preserved by them. I mean that of fecundity. True faith must be fruitful. Like the moon shining through the night, and imparting a salutary influence to the earth, it enlightens the darkness of the Mind, and sheds a holy energy upon the Will. It is not merely a theoretic, but a practical, virtue. *Faith*, writes Saint Paul, *which worketh through charity*.¹ Without this *working*, faith is void, and cannot claim the divine appellation; in the language of Saint James, *it is dead*.²

“ True faith, like a good tree, proves itself by its fruits: it regulates the whole conduct of man, inspires him with a love of God; a horror of sin; a purity of intention and action; strict justice in his relations with his fellow-beings; disinterested views; genuine charity; sincerity, sobriety, magnanimity, prudence, hospitality, compassion, and all the other virtues that adorn and sanc-

¹ Galat., chap. v., v. 6.

² Chap. ii., v. 17.

tify the Christian. Of this character alone is that faith which will secure our salvation : any other, instead of being useful, will only add a deeper dye to our guilt, and a deadlier wo to our sentence on the judgment-day. *I know you not!* will be the terrible reply of the Judge of the living and the dead, to the vain professions and ostentatious declarations of those who content themselves with crying out, *Lord! Lord!* They may rehearse their deeds of human benevolence and human virtue—the hungry they had fed, the naked they had clothed, from worldly motives—but after all their pompous expostulations will be thundered forth this woful anathema : *Depart from me, I know you not whence you are.*¹ For, destitute of those supernatural virtues, humility and fear of God, the fruits of practical faith, no matter what else they may have to offer in their commendation, they will not be recognised as the followers of Him, who will be satisfied with

¹ Luke, chap. xiii., v. 25.

nothing less than the heart. In the language of Ezechieel, *They will descend into Hell with their weapons.*¹ The arms which are taken on the field of battle are reputed the most glorious trophies, the richest spoils, that can be exposed amid the ovation of victory. And nothing will contribute more to the disgrace of the wretched Christian, and the infernal triumph of the enemy of his soul, than to fall into their hands with all his arms about him. Those arms with which he might have conquered! *This is the victory which overcometh the world—our faith.*²

“ Let these truths take a due hold of thy convictions, my son. By the grace of Him whose ways are inscrutable, thou hast been called into the pale of the true Church—the Church which has discarded from her holy communion all Schismatics and Sectarians; and back to whose arms—the arms of a pitying and forgiving mother—so many

¹ Ezech., chap. xxxii., v. 27. ² 1 Ep. St. John, chap. v., v. 4.

are daily returning, especially from the ranks of Episcopalianism.

“It is now late. Over the spire of the chapel, see the placid moon is shining, in whose silvery beams glistens the rood of salvation. Hie thee homeward.” And he placed a sealed letter in his hands.

“Yea, venerable Father,” said Zenosius, thanking him as his dearest benefactor—“but permit me, if it be only for one short minute, to throw myself again at the foot of the altar, ere I quit these sacred precincts.”

CHAPTER IV.

THE SOLITARY MEDITATION — THE PRAYER — THE
JUBILEE OF A CONVERTED AND BELIEVING HEART.

The fetters of my tongue do thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of thee.

Wordsworth.

HE bends, in adoration, near the tabernacle.
See him alone, covered from the view of the

world, while one only lamp burns palely over the sanctuary. There is no eye upon him—the solitary, the heavenward-rapt convert—save the eye of God. There he pours out afresh the deep streams of compunction and thanks. What a change! What pencil can depict it? What tongue can tell it? Lo! the effects of divine grace, which hath wrought a wondrous, an almost miraculous contrast, between Zenosius a Protestant, and Zenosius a Catholic. In the profound chambers of his own heart he muses, he meditates, he prays intensely: “Having at last, by Heaven’s propitious favor,” these were his sentiments, “formed a correct idea of faith, and been introduced into the Holy Catholic Church, it is my duty now to act according to its spirit, and be governed by its maxims. The faith I have received, is the *faith of God*.¹ It emanates from God, as from its eternal principle, and tends back to him, as to its ultimate consummation. A

¹ 1 Thessal., chap. i., v. 8.

divine faith—fruitful in its character—producing good works that will be acceptable to Him from whom it derives its mysterious efficacy. In contemplating the physical world, I behold, under the influence of the sunbeams—a merely natural light spread over the surface of creation—the herbs shooting forth in green luxuriance, the flowers blossoming and shedding their sweetness on the air, the fruit ripening amid the sweet foliage of the parent tree. How beautiful to the contemplative eye, how instructive to the reasonable mind, this spectacle in Nature! And will it be said, that my soul, enlightened, invigorated, enriched by the supernatural light of faith, would produce nothing, present naught to the eye of Heaven—no prospect which it might smile on, no flowers of virtue, religion, repentance, no fruits of prayer, meditation, self-denial, humility! Shall it be that the soul can lie desolate and barren—like the rock in the ocean, on which the day-beam wastes itself away, while it is forever

lashed and chafed by the tempest's surge ! No ; I will prove myself—with the aid of God, who has brought me into the *admirable light* of truth—worthy of the unspeakable favor. But yet not in myself, not in my own frail energies, do I put my trust. No, my God ! in thee is my confidence, and I shall not be confounded ! Through thy mercy I have acquired that gift, which, of my own endeavors, I could not have obtained. Human efforts could not achieve the victory, which faith requires, over the mind, the intellect, the will perverse, and the propensities uncurbed. Much less could human nature exercise the duties prescribed by supernatural faith. From thee, O Almighty Master of the heart and mind of man, must proceed the light necessary to guide us onward to the Church, the energy necessary to enter into its portals, the grace sufficient to comply with all its requirements. I implore thee to extend thy hand to me : my heart is before thee—thou knowest its past

sorrows, pains, and guilt. In the presence of this thy tabernacle, I dedicate it to thy service ; its sorrows will be solaced, its pains sweetened, and its guilt pardoned.”

That last interview with the venerable Priest, and this last visit to the rural chapel, were never effaced from the memory of Zenosius. On the contrary, both were impressed with ever-ardent affection upon his heart. Some days later, he indulged his holy reminiscences in the following lines :

The lamp burns lonely o'er the shrine :

Sweet flowers upon the altar blush :

Oh ! what a privilege is mine—

Not to approach the burning bush,

But near the tabernacle bend,

Where Christ still loves me to the end.

Saviour, who on the tragic eve

Of that dark day that saw thee die,

Didst deign thy flesh and blood to leave—

Blest food of immortality—

I own thy presence and thy power,

And hail the rapture of this hour !

Oh! the touch'd heart repentant yearns,
With holy prayer and longing vows,
For thee—who, when the Son returns
Kisest the care-drops from his brows :
Receive me back—so long astray,
And banish all despair away.

Here, at this still and twilight shrine,
My firm resolve do I renew :
Make all my future being thine—
And graces o'er my pathway strew.
This earth no longer charms, for me—
There is no beauty, but in thee.

Burn on, then, lone but watchful light ;
Thy never-dying vigils keep :
Oh! praise the Lord by day and night,
When earth is busy or asleep :
And all ye blossoms, breathe to heaven
Your odorous thanks for me—forgiven!

CHAPTER V.

PROTESTANT INCONSISTENCIES—THE BRILLIANT AP-
PARITION—ZENOSIUS MUST LEAVE HIS NATIVE
LAND—HE MUST SEE ROME.

“I must see Rome, also.”

Acts, chap. xix., v. 21.

ZENOSIUS was eager to peruse the letter, which, at the moment of parting, the Priest—his devoted instructor—had put into his hands. Retiring to his library, where he was wont to pore, for long continuous hours, over his books, he opened the pages and read the following contents :

“My son, the more firmly to ground thy convictions in the faith of the ancient Roman Catholic Church, I have deemed it proper to call thy attention to the inconsistencies of Protestantism ; which I have comprised in this note, and upon which I advise thee, in thy leisure moments, carefully to reflect.

“The first is, that Protestantism now adopts

the name which it once held in horror—that of *Catholic*. It separated from the ancient, universal religion, and designated its members by the appellation which well becomes them, that of *Protestants*. They acknowledged, in the first instance, that they were mere *Protesters* against what existed universally before them: now they affect the ancient title, and would fain turn us into a protesting community—thus inverting the original order, and thrusting themselves before the nineteenth century as *Catholic*, when in the sixteenth, that name was visited with vengeance by the dominant power of the English Church. Catholic, forsooth! what pretension can they have to the prerogative which that word implies? When the Reformation was but a germ in the heart of Luther—who stood alone against the whole world, as he himself boasted—where was their Catholicity? How could their sect be *everywhere*, when it was confined to the apostate monk of Wurtemberg and a few of

his ever-wrangling disciples? Even when it penetrated into England, how could it be considered *Catholic*, when it was not spread entirely over the surface of that small island? No, it is an inconsistency of a most palpable nature to style Protestantism *Catholic*. Catholic Protestantism is an anomaly. The terms contradict each other—when referred to doctrines of Christianity. For, evidently, that which protests against certain dogmas recognised, even now, by a majority of Christians, cannot be *Catholic*: much less, infinitely less, was it so in the origin of the schism which tore them off, as a useless branch, from the great trunk of the tree of orthodoxy: and the legitimate branches of that tree are not only deprived of their unalienable and glorious title by Sectarians, but are taunted with the ridiculous soubriquet of Romanists, Papists, &c. But still the artifice is as little successful, at the present time, as it was in the age of Saint Augustine, when, as he testifies, the same was

practised. For, let a stranger inquire for the Catholic Church, in any city, and even Protestants themselves would point not to their own temples, but to that where the altar and sacrifice are to be witnessed. The cross peering above the surrounding houses, proclaims the temple of God, and the grim statue of the Patron-saint, standing like a time-worn sentinel in the outward niche, indicates the faith of those who venerate and invoke the blessed spirits in Heaven. Here Peter presides. And 'whosoever is attached to Peter,' once exclaimed St. Jerome, 'to him do I adhere.'

“The second inconsistency is, that they separated from the ancient Church on account of doctrines which they now admit. The great ground of erecting a *reformed* religion was the dogma of indulgences. This was the font and origin, the *fons et origo* of their complaint. Not the abuses, but the dogma itself. But, this mighty objection is now done away with : and after thousands

of the rigid reformists—that is to say, the deadly enemies of Catholicism—have labored, by writing immense folios, to show the superstition and irreligion of indulgences, the organs of Protestantism, with incredible inconsistency, are not, now, unwilling to admit them in their primitive acceptation and legitimate use, while they declaim, with very little Christian spirit, against their monstrous consequences. Why, then, did not the first reformers confine themselves to the task of remedying abuses? If the dogma was not improper in itself, it was their duty not to destroy it because it might be abused, but to provide, as far as possible, that the passions of men should not exert their baleful influence on divine institutions.¹

¹ The following is the language of the "Churchman," in the number for Friday, the first of May, some few years ago: "a doctrine (purgatory as defined by the Council of Trent) not repugnant to reason, agreeable to antiquity, and believed to be countenanced in Scripture and recognised in the liturgy of the Church," &c. Again, concerning the invocation of saints: "Because the Church of England asserts that there is but one mediator of *redemption*, does she deny that all the members of Christ's body . . . may be mediators of *intercession*?"—And still

“The third inconsistency is, that they once rejected some of our doctrines by misrepresenting them—now they represent them properly, and adopt them as their own. For instance, the veneration paid to the crucifix and Scriptural representations, not to say any thing of the saints. There was a time when crosses were levelled to the ground—steeple were hurled down because adorned with the image of the crucified one—sanctuaries were rifled and profaned, on the same account; and why? because they said the cross was an emblem of popery, a sign of idolatry, and not to be exposed in public places. Now the cross is seen looming on the spires of Protestant churches. Their altars, as they style them, are decorated with it—and Protestant bishops do not hesitate to keep that once-deemed idolatrous image in their libraries and studies: nay, in a neighboring town, to erect it on the roof of a dwell-

against this *idolatry*, the Church of England has entered her *protest!*

ing, to designate it as the sacred mansion of a dignitary of the Episcopal Church. Moreover, they have rejected the invocation of saints, and still they retain their festivals in the reformed calendar. Hence we find that a bishop of that denomination is to confer the *rite* of confirmation in one church on the festival of St. Péter; in another, of St. Paul; in a third, of St. John the Evangelist. And I would humbly suggest to the Right Reverend Prelate, that those festivals are much more appropriate for the confirmation of his flock, than Good-Friday!—a day of mourning and lamentation in the ancient Church.

“The fourth inconsistency is their contradictions among themselves. The very distinction between High and Low Church is sufficient to indicate the existence of such contradictions. Some adhere to the ancient school of Jeremy Taylor, Dr. Montague, Archbishop Laud, &c. Others reject them as savoring too strongly of popery, and

cleave to the more independent theology of modern polemics. And this not in merely secondary matters, but in dogmas the most grave and important. And divines thus disagreeing in matters of faith are, nevertheless, recognised by the same bishops, exchange pulpits, and administer the communion to the people. What, then, becomes of unity? and without unity, what is Christianity? Certainly the opinions of some Churchmen are *toto cælo* different from those of many others; and the creed of the Bishop of one diocess is by no means in accordance with that of another Prelate. And yet all are Episcopalians—all members and Doctors of the same Church—all perfectly united when there is a question of opposing the religion from which their ancestors severed themselves, three hundred years ago. It were useless, after what has been said, to allude to the Oxford tracts, which by some theologians of the Episcopal Church are regarded as heretical, and by others de-

fended as orthodox. Among Catholics there are no such dogmatical contradictions.

“ The sixth inconsistency is their affectation of ancient orthodoxy—their pretended reverence for the testimony of the Fathers—and, at the same time, acknowledging that they began in the sixteenth century in opposition to the doctrines which their forefathers had handed down to that era ; and boasting, through their coryphæus, Martin Luther, that they cared not a fig for Augustine or Jerome ! The confessions of the former testify to the customs of his age, and vindicate the sanctity of the mass which he offered for his deceased mother Monica. And the latter expounds the sacred Scriptures which he translated into Latin very differently from the Protestants who now claim the Fathers as their own !

“ The seventh inconsistency is their admitting the authority of the Council of Nice—and adopting the Athanasian creed, on the

subject of the Trinity,—a council which was held under the acknowledged supremacy of the Pope, and they cast aside, with contempt, the authority of that of Trent, which was convoked, celebrated, and brought to a happy termination, by the same power. Unitarianism is far more consistent in rejecting the one and the other. For, the divinity of Christ was vindicated by the decision of the former ; although the Arians were as unwilling to receive it, as Protestants are to be governed by the decrees of the latter. At that period, when the whole world was agitated and divided by the controversy concerning the *consubstantiality* of the Son with the Father, the tribunal of a general council was the *suprema lex* : but when Lutheranism and all its impious consequences were spreading desolation over the Christian world, a general council was nothing—no tribunal whatever—in their estimation.

“The eighth inconsistency is, that they reject infallibility, and, nevertheless, con-

sider no religious communion orthodox but their own. What right have they to condemn the Catholic Church, when, by their own concession, they may possibly be in error? They anathematize all Sectarians—and all Sectarians, in their turn, hurl back the anathema, with as much ground of authority as they possess. If they are not infallibly certain that the Pope is not the visible head of the Church, that transubstantiation is an error, that auricular confession is a superstition—then, it is possible that all these dogmas, against which they so boldly protest, may be true. The Catholic believes them to be true. He, surely, has as much reason to adhere to his belief, as the Episcopalian has to reject it: and, as according to the doctrine of the latter, there is no tribunal on earth competent to pronounce *infallibly* on the disputed question, it must necessarily be referred to the tribunal of God in the day of judgment. But why does he, under these circumstances, take upon

himself to *protest* against what may possibly not be false? Why does he charge us with the vilest and blackest errors, because we refuse to resign what may possibly be found true? I contend that the Episcopalian, acting up to the acknowledged principles of his Church, has no right to express any thing but an *opinion*: he can only say, I *think* I am in possession of truth; I *think* others are not. And merely able to think or imagine—for he dares not say that he is *infallibly* certain of any tenet—he is guilty of a palpable inconsistency, besides a breach of common Christian charity, when he not only attacks our creed and our priesthood, but has the presumption to misrepresent and denounce the one, and heedlessly to insult the other.

“The ninth inconsistency is, their finding fault with us for styling ourselves ROMAN, while they designate themselves as ENGLISH: we belong to the Roman Catholic, they to the English Protestant, Church.

And because the centre of our unity is where St. Peter established it, and where it existed ages before this continent was discovered, they accuse us of being subject to a foreign Head, and rank us among the enemies of civil and religious liberty. But they do not, in the mean while, choose to remember, that their xxxix articles were decreed by a British Parliament, and that, in consequence of the American Revolution, which gave Independence to our glorious Republic, bishops of the cis-Atlantic English Church were not, until very recently, allowed to preach or officiate on the other side of the water. They were thus virtually cut off from the Anglican communion : and, rejected from that body, and *protesting* against ours, where was their Catholicity then ? But, it seems, a compromise has since been graciously made ; and the good Episcopalians of the United States claim to belong to the Church of *England*, just (in a general way, however) as the Catholics

belong to that of Rome. I say only in a general way—for, while they persevere in retaining the name, they, by no means, submit to the dogmatical decisions of the Parliament, which, however, originally professed to be the source of all Protestant orthodoxy. Whereas, we, having no connection whatever with Rome in its temporal government, religiously adhere to the ecclesiastical or spiritual jurisdiction which it legitimately exercises throughout the universal world. In this sense we are *Roman Catholics*: a title of which the early Fathers were not ashamed.

“ The tenth inconsistency is, that they derived orders from our Church—and now disclaim her power as schismatical. Either that Church, before the Reformation, was true, or it was false. If true, then all separation from her pale is unjustifiable and anti-scriptural: if false, then they received orders from a false Church; and—all these orders emanating from Rome—if Rome had not the authority to confer them, then there

are no orders in the Protestant Church. Augustine, the apostle of England, derived his mission and orders immediately from the Pope. Besides, he was a monk. The succession of Bishops was kept up, after him, until the days of Henry VIII. Therefore, if the Episcopal Church has orders, it is indebted for them to that see, to which, in a spiritual sense, we continue, and shall ever continue, to be subject. While Protestants have broken asunder the chain, and have fallen into the depths, to say the least of it, of doubt, uncertainty, and darkness, with regard to the most important of all points—valid ordination.

“ Lastly, they profess the charity of Christ, and are, nevertheless, bitter enemies of their fellow Christians. This is a serious charge—a grievous inconsistency: but, the writings of their ministers, and the spirit of their pulpits, sufficiently support and evince the fact. The desks of their Churches, which ought to be devoted to the instruction

of their people—the inculcation of morality, and the defence of truth—are, with scarcely an exception, converted into *rostra* of flip-pant declamation, and unwarrantable attacks upon the character of our religion and its priesthood. The Editors, too, of Journals ‘devoted to the interests of the gospel and the Church,’ appear to imagine that those interests are advanced by the violation of all charity, and the prostration of all good breeding.¹

¹ There are papers so vulgar and insignificant, that no sensible or well-bred man would regard any thing which appears in their columns: but the organ of Episcopalianism in New York bears upon its name a character of respectability, and Christian decorum. And, yet, I venture to assert—and the assertion will be proved from facts—that the charity of Christ, which should embrace all *individuals* if it cannot cover all creeds, was never more set at naught than in the passage I shall now cite from the “Churchman” in the number above referred to. It must, however, in justice, be remarked, that the tone of that journal has recently undergone a singular change. But it has not *retracted* its past misrepresentations.

“The authorized teaching of the Church of Rome has never been, in the eyes of enlightened Protestants, the great objection to her communion. On the contrary, they have complained, and with reason, of her systematic craft and treachery, in keeping her authorized teaching as ground to fall back upon in controversy, and yet sustaining in practice a system of corruption and abuse, to which her authorized teaching, however exceptionable, affords

“On this subject, I am loath to comment. We are assaulted with such astounding charges, couched, too, in such infuriated language, that a calmly-thinking and well-disposed mind could hardly believe it possible for the tongue of a minister of the gospel of charity to give expression to them. The religion of an à Kempis and a Xavier—of a Fénelon and a Bossuet—of a Sir Thomas More, a Fisher, a Friar Bacon—of innumerable saints and worthies of the past and the present; a religion which preserved the doctrines of Christ during so many ages—which sent its missionaries into every part of the

but little support. It is thus that Roman Priests (for we speak not of her laity) show their lubricity in argument. If the known corruptions of their Church—corruptions that have driven from her the most enlightened portion of Europe, and have shaken Christendom to its centre—and the infamous opinions of her divines—opinions that have extenuated and abetted every species of iniquity in Church and state—are assailed, they disclaim all, and indignantly demand to be judged by the authorized formularies of their Church: and if their opponent follows them thither, he finds a living body, which, but for a mouth full of curses, would present no very frightful exterior, and which shows scarce a trace of the ligaments that bind to its back the loathsome corpse of corruption. The living body is Catholicism, the loathsome corpse is Popery.”

world, and spread abroad the light and blessings of Christianity and civilization—a religion, which checked the headlong course of Mahomedanism and barbarism, during the middle ages—a religion now professed by the most powerful and illustrious monarchs, as well as the most enlightened people in all climes—this religion accused of shaking Christendom to her foundations on account of the infamous opinions of her divines—her own innate and overgrown corruptions—this religion the parent of every species of iniquity! this religion a monster! *with a mouth full of curses—and a loathsome corpse of corruption bound to its back!* Really, such gross and revolting charges must raise a blush on the cheek of every thinking and ingenuous Protestant. Catholics are amazed. And when, in a paroxysm of controversy, Editors and Preachers, forgetful of common sense as well as common decency, rave, at random, against a church and its doctrines, of which they know nothing, and which they

will not condescend to study, they excite the contempt of all liberal men, of every denomination ; while the Catholic, in witnessing all this unchristianlike manœuvring, is more and more convinced of the inconsistencies of Protestantism, and the uncharitable dispositions of many of its ministers.

“ Error should, certainly, be combated : but not with the arms of the flesh : not with impetuous abuse, not with passionate declamation against one another. If the Protestant believes our faith erroneous, let him confine himself to argument, to solid reasoning, to scriptural authority : but in all let him beware lest he violate charity, *which speaketh not evil*. The Catholic, though stimulated by violent provocation, though confident of possessing the truth, is infinitely more tolerant and forbearing than his enemies. He stands on the defensive merely : and, in not one case out of a thousand, does he ever make an offensive attack, either in his pulpit or his journals, upon any denomi-

nation. And, in condemning and refuting error, he will always be careful not to hurl his anathemas against any *individual*, whether heretic or Jew. Error is an odious object. The persons of men are sacred and dear to all in the sight of faith. But Protestantism, viewed in the example given by not a few of its leaders, would fain sweep from the earth, with the besom of destruction, *imaginary* error, and all men, no matter how sincere and good, professing that error. They alone have a right to judge—they alone can claim the truth. And their religion alone has been productive of no mischief, and of every blessing—while that of the vast majority of Christians is the scourge of the world, and fit only to be thrust, with the apocalyptic dragon, into the deep abyss.”

While engaged in meditating on these strange inconsistencies of Protestantism, he heard a voice : “ Zenosius !”

On turning to the direction from which it

proceeded, his eye fell, once more, upon his heavenly guide, Eirene, who stood near, brilliant and lovely in light and smiles.

“Hail, angel of peace!” rising on his feet, with emotion, he exclaimed.

“Be calm—sit thee down, Zenosius: I come to deliver to thee the will of God, which must be still farther accomplished. Thus far, thou hast done well—thou hast been faithful to the inspirations and graces of the Most High, and tell me, art not thou a changed being? Hath not thy soul tasted, for the first time, some drops of that balm of Elysium, which is never permitted to fall upon the parched and withered soul of the impious and unjust? Those first drops are, indeed, delicious, but what are they compared with the torrents of delight which are yet in store for thee?”

“Am I, then, to be more happy?” asked Zenosius.

“Thou art to be so; but, like the son of Tharè, of yore, thou must leave the land

of thy nativity, and go forth from the midst of thy kindred and friends. And as Paul, in the mid-career of his apostleship, declared, that *he, too, must see Rome*,¹ so is it ordained, in the eternal designs of Providence, that thy pilgrimage must not cease, until thou shalt have obtained the blessing of the Vicar of Christ, at the shrine of the Apostles."

"I am ready," said Zenosius, resolutely ;
"when must I depart ?"

"Forthwith," replied Eirene,—and disappeared.

¹ Acts, chap. xix. v. 21.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HEART-RENDING SEPARATION—THE FADING CROSS
—THE FAREWELL—THE LAST LETTER.

—— The broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity:
Dear child! dear happy girl! if thou appear
Heedless—untouch'd with awe or serious thought,
Thy nature is not, therefore, less divine.

Wordsworth.

No time was lost. It is the decree of Heaven, that the pilgrim must, incontinently, quit the sweet and familiar scenes of home, must tear himself from every natural tie—even from his only sister Euthalia,—and hasten onward to the goal of his spiritual career. Euthalia! oh, with what harrowing grief will she not be pierced, in being torn—for the first time—from that brother to whom her young heart clung; and knowing, meanwhile, whither he was tending with irresistible rapidity. Gentle girl! little doth her mind see into the mysterious future!—a future pregnant with wondrous designs,

fraught with the workings of a divine power, which, as yet, she dreams not of, much less foresees !

“Thou art resolved to leave me, then, Zenosius ; me—” her voice sank and was choked amid her sobs, while tears burst, in torrents, from her eyes.

Zenosius wept. The pure fountains of nature are not dried up by the influence of grace. No, no ; they are rendered sacred. Tears as they flow from the Christian soul are truer and holier than the sorrows of the unresigned and unbelieving. His tears sparkled with a brother's love, while they were chastened and made more sacred by the love of God.

“Euthalia,” he firmly said, “to say thou art the dearest object to my heart on earth, would be but a common-place avowal—well, well thou knowest it. From our childhood's earliest morn, have we cherished the wreaths of affection which then we wove out of the sweetest and freshest blossoms of love—

our hearts have been and were but one : they glowed with the same aspirations, they throbbed with the same pulsations of joy or grief. To leave thee—" the struggle between nature and grace became so violent in his breast, that he could not continue.

"Leave me!" exclaimed Euthalia ; "this, indeed, of itself, might be borne with. But to go, to sever thyself from the shrine of our father's creed—"

"Enough, Euthalia ; but if thou lovest a devoted, a parting brother, make me one promise."

"I promise, I promise," she passionately returned, clasping him in her arms.

"Thou rememberest the declaration of Christ : *Every one that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother . . . for my name's sake, shall receive a hundred-fold, and shall possess life everlasting.*¹ It is for his name, that I make the sacrifice. Take this letter, and after I shall have been

¹ Matth., chap. xix. v. 29.

launched on the deep, open it, read it, and comply with my last request.”

Euthalia pressed the letter to her bosom, and, overcome with excitement, withdrew to give vent, in private, to her anguish.

The ordeal was now over. Zenosius has triumphed over himself, and over the most powerful antagonist of the human heart.

The hour for his departure is here. The ship in whose care he is to peril the tempestuous ocean, hoists her magnificent sails, and glides, as though buoyant with life, down the broad and beauteous bay. Gradually fades from his vision the vast and populous metropolis. The highest spires shrink in the dim distance, until they appear like so many undefined lines in the misty horizon.

As Zenosius stood musing on the prospect—agitated with human feeling, and yet sustained and soothed by heavenly aid—the last object which he could descry, as the sun went down, was the glittering cross upon the giddy steeple. On others the same glo-

rious emblem had peered to the sight, but distance now veiled them in cloud; for they were smaller, and not half so elevated. Steadfastly did he rivet his gaze upon it, with an expression, at one time, of delight, and, then again, of pensive meditation. Delight, to perceive the noble city crowned with the Saviour's cross; and pensiveness, to reflect that not only the churches of the ancient faith, which but recently were distinguished by that "sign," now owned the veneration it deserved, but those of sectarian creeds, repentant of their past disrespect, and atoning for having been ashamed of the glory of Christianity, have reared it on the summit of their proudest monuments. "A strong and consoling proof," he mused, "of the Catholic Church. For, Protestantism began its work of profanation in England by throwing down the cross, which Protestantism, three hundred years later, is raising up again. The enemy of the ancient Church, consequently, acknowledges that she was right

in preserving that cross; and if she was right in that particular, so was she, also, in every other regarding doctrine and morals.”

As Zenosius was losing sight of the land, he sang his farewell in these strains :

“ The hills of my native land grow dim,
The mist is gathering o’er them ;
The breezes are raising their ocean-hymn,
And the ship exults before them.
Whither ! oh whither am I bound,
Adrift to-night on the seas profound !

“ The angel of God my way will guide
Through the dark and stormy waters ;
He will waft me where truth and peace abide—
Religion’s mystic daughters.
Oh ! in their tents my heart will repose,
And my spirit forget the world’s cares and woes.

“ There glimmers afar on the barren coast,
A light from the lonely tower ;
Thus the light of hope, when needed most,
Will beam on my darkest hour.
O Father Almighty ! beneath thy care,
On land or on ocean, why need I fear ?”

“ He is, then, really gone—Zenosius, my dear, my only brother ;” thus sighed Euthalia, as she opened the letter which he had left, as a sweet legacy, behind. “ Well, whatever may be his sad delusion in this case, in the breast of mortal never beat a truer, fonder heart than his ; never was the human soul animated by purer motives or by nobler impulses. Perhaps, when on the spot to which his enthusiasm has driven him, his mind may change : and what he now deems may be the term of his aspirations, peradventure may prove the contrary. Yet, Heaven protect my brother—‘ *Romanist*’ or Protestant, he will be my dear Zenosius still !”

As the tears coursed, in showers, down her cheeks, she read its contents :

“ Euthalia, from our cradle, through infancy and childhood, up to this day, we have been trained and educated together. No pains have been spared to open to our

minds the richest stores of knowledge : we have drunk together at the font of Helicon, and have culled not a few flowers from Parnassus' groves. But, alas !—although thy pure heart hath not yet learned to acknowledge what mine hath felt and feels,—the waters of religious instruction, in which our souls were bathed, issued not from the source of truth ; were mixed and sullied with the sediment of human passion and error. The fountains of Protestantism flow from *broken cisterns*, always gushing forth, but wasting themselves away upon the mind and heart. They have been turned aside from their original direction ; from that which was traced out by the finger of the Church's founder ; and are, therefore, no longer any portion of those *waters that spring up unto life eternal*.

“ I am aware, Euthalia, how unpalatable to thy soul this declaration will prove. The time is not long past, when mine would have shrunk from it with no less repugnance than

thine. But Heaven hath taught me better : the divine light of truth hath shone around me—the voice of Jesus whom I persecuted hath spoken to my heart—and no longer can I close my eyes to that light, or seal my ears to that voice. For a time, indeed, I struggled against conviction. I flattered myself that Providence, having placed me in my position, would not immediately require me to abandon it. I felt all the sacrifice that the change would demand. Upon my troubled mind, in formidable confusion, rushed a thousand obstacles—my pride, my associations, my family—thou, Euthalia, thou —— But then, the terrible monition of Him who alone is to be dreaded—for He can cast both body and soul into Gehenna—thundered upon my memory, and startled my sluggish conscience : *He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me.*¹

“ Resolved, at any sacrifice, to disenthral

¹ Matth., chap. x. v. 37.

myself from the toils of error and human respect, I went, as directed, to the Priest of the village, whose paternal sympathy soothed my melancholy spirits, and whose zeal and instruction opened to me the portals of the venerable Catholic Church. I am now at rest. No more doubts harass my mind, no more clouds hang over my path, no more solicitude preys upon my conscience. I have learned God's will; and in conformity with his inspiration, I am on my pilgrimage to the eternal city, amid whose consecrated scenes I will catch, I trust, the spirit of the hallowed past, become imbued with the influences of the sacred present, and prepare the necessary viaticum for the awful future.

“Euthalia, thou hast made a promise—and while the foaming surges are dashing about the frail ship on the high deeps, it will be my sweetest solace to know that thou wilt comply with it faithfully. Go then, gentle sister, go, Euthalia, to the man

of God, the Priest of the village-chapel—
converse with him, hear his voice, and listen
to the language of truth and wisdom which
he will address to thy candid heart. This
is all I ask—this is the last wish of thy ten-
der and loving brother.”

CHAPTER VII.

ZENOSIUS IN THE CAPITAL OF ENGLAND—THE GE-
NIUS OF ST. PAUL’S—THE GENIUS OF WESTMIN-
STER ABBEY.

Oft have I seen, ere time had plough’d my cheek,
Matrons and sires—who, punctual to the call
Of their loved Church, on fast and festival
Through the long year, the House of Prayer would seek.
I see the places where they once were known,
And ask, surrounded even by kneeling crowds,
Is ANCIENT PIETY for ever flown?

Wordsworth.

WEEKS passed, and Zenosius reached the
capital of the English empire. Straightway
he wandered towards the famed citadel of

Protestantism—the abortive imitation of the wonder of the Christian world—and found himself near St. Paul's. His eye fixed itself upon the statue of the first female head of the English Church, (a presumptuous and arrogant title, he thought, which Elizabeth claimed,) presiding, in colossal dimensions, over the churchyard. And, while intent upon profound considerations on the schismatical pretensions of the Church of England, and the fatal consequences that have followed from the misnamed Reformation, the Genius of Protestantism, issuing from the massive portals of the temple, stood by his side. The figure of this being was not bright, his countenance seemed sad and dejected, and he sighed heavily. In his shrivelled hand he held a few links of a broken chain. At his feet a roll of parchment, still red with blood, was partly disclosed, on which a catalogue of numberless martyrs of the ancient faith was written—at the head of which stood FISHER and SIR THOMAS

MORE. Other documents were strewn about him, containing PENAL LAWS : and Zenosius caught, by accident—for the Genius sought to conceal it with a blush—the name of POOR IRELAND.

Zenosius, summoning courage, accosted the apparition : “ Who art thou ? ”

“ The Genius of this place,” he answered in a half-suppressed tone.

“ How long since thou hast held dominion here ? ”

“ Ever since this magnificent cathedral—the pride of Protestantism—was erected.”

“ Three hundred years ago,” uttered Zenosius, laying a lengthened emphasis upon every word.

“ Yes, three eventful centuries.”

“ And before that epoch, where wast thou ? ”

“ I then acquired my existence ; ere then, neither St. Paul’s nor I had being. Nevertheless, think not that *Romanism* swayed the ancient Saxons. No, they were Protes-

tant; and from that Protestant ancestry the bishops of England have derived their succession. I hold in my hand the sacred chain—”

“It is broken,” retorted Zenosius.

“Thou art, then, a *Romanist*, stranger.”

“By the grace of God, a Catholic,” he firmly answered; “an unworthy convert from schism and error to the old Church of Rome: *but no Romanist.*”¹

“Thou, too, gone over—where will this calamity end!” exclaimed the Genius. “Already hundreds of the best and wisest have forsaken St. Paul’s, to kneel before the

¹ Formerly *Papist* was the soubriquet of the faithful child of the Church. English Protestantism adopted this vulgar term from the coarse and violent Protestantism of Martin Luther. Puseyism has, lately, modified the nickname into *Romanist*; claiming for itself, of course, the glory of *Catholicity*, and repudiating the appellation of Protestant, it stamps us with the local characteristic of *Romanists*: as though we were not under the dominion of the œcumenical visible Church of Christ, but merely of a schismatical branch of it, over which the Pope exercises a limited sway at Rome! To all their pretensions we reply in the words of Tertullian, (*De Præscriptionibus*, cap. 36:) “Si Italiam adjaces, habes ROMAM, unde nobis quoque auctoritas præsto est—ubi PETRUS passioni Dominicæ adæquatur.”

altars of St. Peter's—" and, in an instant, he vanished.

Zenosius approached the door, and surveyed the interior of the church—a vast, but deserted pile. White walls, naked and neglected—statues of philosophers, statesmen, and poets—but no altar, no emblems of faith, no characters of a House of God, could his earnest view discover. "This material edifice," he thought, "is a perfect representation of the Church of England—without priests, sacrifice, religious memorials, or apostolic worship—" and he bent his way to Westminster Abbey.

When he reached this venerable relic of Catholic times, the mid-day sun was shining upon its hoary turrets and battlements. It frowned, in antique majesty, solemn, religious, and grand, surrounded by the fragile edifices of modern days. "Sacred monument of blessed ages!" exclaimed Zenosius, "erected by the munificence and art of Catholic England, and spared by the fury of rapine

and destruction, to stand, in the desert of degenerate years, a pillar to mark the glory of the past. That sun of heaven which now streams through these stained glasses, has during many a century—even before the Reformation—illumined its dim aisles and awful vaults.”

Musing thus, with sacred respect, he entered its fretted gates ; when, from the chapel of the seventh Henry, crowned with a halo of streaming light, bearing the crucifix in one hand, while the other grasped a chain that hung from heaven, issued the Genius of the Abbey. Zenosius fell upon his knees.

“Fear not,” the Genius mildly said ;—“since the foundation of this monastery have I dwelt here. Once, ere this land had been tainted with most fatal errors, the abbots, and knights, and monarchs, who lie under these lone and silent monuments, worshipped in these chapels, according to the rites of the ancient Catholic Church. Then the altars, which have since been removed,

smoked with incense, and gleamed with lights, while the unbloody sacrifice was offered. That sacrifice hath here ceased. Cold and formal services—as strange to the manes of the old dead, as they are spiritless to the generation that now witnesses them—have been forced into these desecrated walls. The grim statues that lie stretched upon the stone—mailed, crowned, or mitred—seem to look sad at the change that hath come over the Abbey, where they chose to be interred, that the *Requiescat in pace* might be forever repeated over their tombs, and the mass of *requiem* offered for their souls.”

“Why dost thou continue to abide amid such desecration?” asked Zenosius.

“God hath so willed,” he returned.

“Perhaps his wisdom may have yet some mighty object in view. Time, as he drives on his years, destroys, it is true; but occasionally fills up again the void left in his rapid course. Who can tell—”

“I am here to watch over the sarcophagi

of the Catholic dead: and to witness, long ere their resurrection, that of the Catholic Church again in England, where she hath found a temporary tomb. As on the primitive martyrs, the sword of persecution fell fatally on her—and this Abbey, erst her splendid trophy, is now her vasty mausoleum. But it will not always be thus. The sorrows of Hell cannot hold her, nor can she see corruption. The morning-star of her resurrection begins to dawn—the orient on high is breaking with beautiful vistas of promise and hope.”

“ May they soon be realized,” sighed Zenosius. “ But recently, and her extermination would have been to my soul as joyful a triumph as are now her glorious anticipations. And my own loved country!—”

“ Thou art then among the many who have thrown aside the spiritual cerements, and burst into the light and life of faith?” asked the Genius, exultingly.

“ I am.”

“Happy youth!—and comest thou from afar?”

“From beyond the broad Atlantic seas, under the guidance of heaven, my journey hath been, and here my pilgrimage hath but commenced. After pondering over the monuments of England’s blessed ages, (for from England my own ancestors have sprung,) and contrasting her present isolated position with that which she held when in communion with the universal Church, to Rome must I wend my way.”

“In Rome—in the faith, the discipline, the worship, of old Rome—thou wilt blend with the holy and the faithful of all past ages. Go in peace.” And the Genius disappeared.

CHAPTER VIII.

ZENOSIUS Musing, LIKE MINUTIUS FELIX, ON THE SEASHORE—ANOTHER WONDERFUL INSTRUCTOR—THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH THE CHURCH OF THE ANGLO-SAXONS.

——— O venerable Bede!

The saint, the scholar, from a circle freed
Of toil stupendous, in a hallow'd seat
Of learning, where thou heard'st the billows beat
On a wild coast, rough monitors to feed
Perpetual industry. Sublime Recluse!
The recreant soul that dares to shun the debt
Imposed on human kind, must first forget
Thy diligence, thy unrelaxing use
Of a long life, and in the hour of death,
The last dear service of thy passing breath.

Wordsworth.

ZENOSIUS, having visited the principal monuments of that island, which, in days of old, was so eminently Catholic, but which now groaned under the numberless woes of schism and sectarianism that pressed her down, chanced to stray along the solitary seashore. The winds were high, and the billows rolled their foamy crests against the

desolate beach. Night was coming on—when an aged personage passed nigh, and inquired “whether he was not a stranger in these parts?”

“From a very great distance—even beyond the seas,” replied Zenosius. “Pray, who mayest *thou* be?”

“A plain clergyman, on an errand of duty. A poor fisherman lies ill upon yon crag, and I have been to minister to his departing spirit.”

“A clergyman—of what church? can I be permitted to inquire?”

“Of the Church of ancient England, which was planted in our island by the successors of the apostles, and whose doctrines and discipline are, despite the revolutions of ages, preserved inviolate and entire.”

Zenosius seized his hand, and thanked God for having thrown in his way so favorable a means of pursuing his investigations into the history of the primitive Church of England.

“Heaven hath sent thee to me, revered minister of truth,” said Zenosius. “I am a new, but grateful, member of that venerable Church—a convert—”

“God bless thee, young stranger. My home is not far off—come, spend this stormy night under my roof, and, perhaps, I may be able to afford thee some instruction with regard to thy important researches.”

Zenosius, remarking, that this interview resembled that of Minutius Felix and Cœcilius of yore, cheerfully accepted the invitation, and accompanied his reverend guide. The presbytery was situated on an eminence, from which the ocean stretched into boundless distance. The sun had already gone down into its fathomless chambers, and the stars glittered—infinite in number, and intense in lustre—over the deep.

“A new theory has, of late, been invented,” the Clergyman remarked, “by which the modern Churchmen of the established religion endeavor to justify their schismati-

cal position. They have laid claim to the title of *Catholic*, and pretend that their creed was the creed of England, before *Romanism* overspread the island. And they have gone so far as to declare, that *we*, and not *they*, are the schismatics. That we have separated from the primitive Apostolic Church, not they. Now, in order to test this matter, I will deem our evening well filled up, by examining the records of history, and by contrasting the tenets believed and practised by our Saxon fathers, with the novelties and protestantism introduced by the Reformation."

"A most useful inquiry," said Zenosius; "the very point which I have long desired to have an opportunity of thoroughly studying."

"It should be premised, that Christianity was introduced into England first under Pope Eleutherius, in the second century—and again under Gregory the Great. She owes her conversion, therefore, from idola-

try and barbarism to Christianity and civilization, to the Popes. From the missionaries who came from Rome she learned the doctrines of Rome; which doctrines were identified with Christianity—constituted, in fact, the essence of Christianity. And, consequently, the Reformation, by throwing off those doctrines of Rome, materially affected the very substance of Christianity. Let us see what those doctrines were.

“First, *the Supremacy of the Pope*. From the history of the Evangelists we learn that, among the companions of Jesus, Peter was particularly distinguished by his heavenly Master. That precedency of honor and jurisdiction, which has been denied to him by the skepticism of modern polemics, was readily conceded by the more docile piety of our ancestors: whose sentiments are plainly and forcibly recorded in the works of their most celebrated writers. ‘The prince of the Apostles, the shepherd of all believing nations, the head of the chosen

flock, and the first pastor of the Church,' are the titles by which they commonly describe him: and to him they are careful to attribute, as a 'peculiar privilege, the power to bind, and the monarchy to loose in heaven and on earth.' Nor did they conceive the dignity which he enjoyed, to have expired at his death. The same motives, to which was owing its original establishment, pleaded for its continuance; and the high prerogatives of Peter were believed to descend to the most remote of his successors. The bishop of Rome was pronounced to be 'the first of Christian bishops; the church of Rome, the head of all Christian churches.'

“Impressed with these notions, the Anglo-Saxons looked up to the Pontiff with awe and reverence; consulted him respecting the administration of their church; and bowed in respectful silence to his decisions. His benediction they courted as the choicest of blessings: and to obtain it, was one of the principal motives which drew so many

pilgrims to the threshold of the Vatican. No less than eight Saxon kings, besides crowds of noblemen and prelates, are recorded to have paid their homage in person to the representative of St. Peter: and those who were deterred by reasons of policy, or the dangers of the journey, were yet careful to solicit by their ambassadors, and to deserve by their presents, the papal benediction. Highly as they prized his friendship, so they feared his enmity. The dread of his resentment struck terror into the breasts of the most impious: and the threat of his malediction was the last and strongest rampart which weakness could oppose to the rapacity of power. The clergy of each church, the monks of each convent, sought to shelter themselves under his protection: and the most potent monarchs, sensible that their authority was confined within the narrow limits of their own lives, solicited, in favor of their religious foundations, the interference of a power, whose influence was

believed to extend to the most distant ages. Of the bulls issued at their request by different popes, several have descended to posterity, and are conceived in terms the best calculated to strike with religious awe the minds of those who are predisposed to receive such impressions. In them the Pontiff usually asserts the authority which he exercises as successor to the prince of the Apostles; separates from the communion of the faithful the violators of his charters; and threatens their contumacy with the punishments that befell Dathan, and Abiron, and Judas, the betrayer of the Lord.

“ Secondly, *Seven Sacraments*. The religion of the Anglo-Saxons was not a dry and lifeless code of morality. A spiritual worship, unincumbered with ritual observances, has been recommended by philosophers, as the most worthy of man, and the least unworthy of God: but experience has shown, that no system of belief can long maintain its influence over the mind, unless

it be aided by external ceremonies, which may seize the attention, elevate the hopes, and console the sorrows of its professors. Among our ancestors, religion constantly interested herself in the welfare of her children: she took them by the hand at the opening, she conducted them with the care of a parent, to the close of life. 1. The infant, within thirty days from his birth, was regenerated in the waters of baptism. As a descendant of Adam, he had inherited that malediction, which the parent of the human race had entailed on all his posterity. To cleanse him from this stain, he was carried to the sacred font, and interrogated by the minister of religion, whether he would renounce the devil, his works, and his pomps, and would profess the true faith of Christ. The answer was returned by the mouth of his sponsor; he was plunged into the water; the mysterious words were pronounced; and he emerged, a member of the church, a child of God, and heir to the bliss of heaven.

2. As he advanced in age, the neophyte was admitted to participate of the celestial sacrifice. In the eucharist he received the body and blood of his Redeemer : and the mystic union bound him to his duty by stronger ties, and gave him a new pledge of future happiness. 3. Should, however, his passions seduce him from the fidelity, which he had solemnly vowed to observe, penance still offered an asylum, where he might shelter himself from the anger, and regain the favor of his Creator. These were styled the three great sacraments, by which the souls of men were purified from the guilt of sin : there remained four others, which, though of inferior necessity, were considered as highly useful to the Christian, amid the dangers to which he was exposed in his pilgrimage through life. 4. At an early period he was presented to the bishop, and, by the imposition of his hands, received the spirit of wisdom and fortitude, to direct and support him in the combat with his ghostly en-

emies. 5. If his inclination led him to the ecclesiastical state, the sacred rite of ordination imparted the graces which were necessary for the faithful discharge of the clerical function. 6. If he preferred the bond of marriage, his marriage was sanctified by the prayers of the Church, and the nuptial benediction. 7. But the bed of death was the scene in which the religion of the Anglo-Saxons appeared in her fairest form, attended with all her consolations, the friend and the guardian of man. At that moment, when every temporal blessing slips from the grasp of its possessor, the minister of Christ approached the expiring sinner; awakened his hopes by displaying the infinite mercy of the Redeemer; listened with an ear of pity to the history of his transgressions; taught him to bewail his past misconduct; and, in the name of the Almighty, absolved him from his sins. As the fatal moment drew nigh, the extreme unction prepared his soul to wrestle for the last time with the

enemies of his salvation. The directions of St. James were religiously observed: the prayer of faith was read over the dying man; and his body was anointed with consecrated oil. To conclude the solemn ceremony, the eucharist was administered, as a viaticum or provision for his journey to a better world. Thus consoled and animated, he was taught to resign himself to the will of his Creator, and to await with patience the stroke of dissolution.

“ Thirdly, *Mass in the Latin tongue.* Both the mass and the canonical service were performed in Latin. For the instruction of the people, the epistle and gospel were read, and the sermon was delivered in their native tongue: but God was always addressed by the ministers of religion in the language of Rome. The missionaries, who, from whatever country they came, had been accustomed to this rite from their infancy, would have deemed it a degradation of the sacrifice, to subject it to the caprice and va-

riations of a barbarous idiom ; and their disciples, who felt not the thirst of innovation, were proud to tread in the footsteps of their teachers. The practice has been severely reprobated by the reformed theologians : but it was fortunate for mankind, that the apostles of the northern nations were less wise than their modern critics. Had they adopted in the liturgy the language of their proselytes, the literature would probably have perished with the empire of Rome. By preserving the use of the Latin tongue, they imposed on the clergy the necessity of study, kept alive the spirit of improvement, and transmitted to future generations the writings of the classics, and the monuments of profane and ecclesiastical history.

“ Fourthly, *Invocation of Saints*. Among those who claimed the peculiar veneration of the Anglo-Saxons, a high pre-eminence was given to the virgin mother of the Messiah. That her influence with her Son was unrivalled, might be justly inferred from her

maternal dignity ; and the honors which were paid to her memory, had been sanctioned by her own prediction. Her praises were sung by the Saxon poets ; by their preachers her prerogatives were extolled ; and the principal incidents of her life were commemorated by the four solemn festivals of the nativity, the annunciation, the purification, and the assumption. After the Virgin, the next rank was occupied by St. Peter. The belief that he had been raised to the dignity of prince of the Apostles, and that to his custody was intrusted the keys of the kingdom of heaven, was deeply impressed on their minds, and strongly influenced their conduct. Clergy and laity were equally solicitous to secure his patronage. Altars and churches were dedicated to his memory ; pilgrimages were made to his tomb ; and presents were annually transmitted to the church which had been enriched with his earthly remains. Particular honors were also paid to the saints, Gregory and Augustine. To the charitable

zeal of the former, and the laborious exertions of the latter, the Anglo-Saxons were principally indebted for their conversion to Christianity: the affection which these prelates had formerly testified for the natives, could not be extinguished by their removal to a better world: they were, therefore, revered as the patrons of England; their festivals were celebrated with extraordinary solemnity, and the aid of their intercession was confidently implored. Equally prompted by hope and gratitude, each particular nation honored the memory of its apostle; and the bishops Aidan, Birinus, and Felix, were severally venerated as the protectors of the countries which had been the theatres of their piety, their labors, and their success.

“Fifthly, *Festivals*. ‘The festivals of the saints,’ observes an Anglo-Saxon manuscript, ‘are established, that we may obtain the benefit of their prayers, and be excited to the imitation of their virtues.’ These were

the great objects of the veneration which our ancestors paid to departed sanctity. But in the creed of modern historians, to offer any species of religious honor to a created being, is a deadly act of idolatry. When they contemplate the Saxon invoking the patronage of the saints, their piety is, or affects to be, alarmed : and they exclaim, in the language of horror and indignation, that the worship of the Deity was supplanted by the worship of his creatures. But a short acquaintance with ancient literature will prove, that our ancestors were too well instructed, to confound man with God. They knew how to discriminate between the adoration due to the Supreme Being, and the honors which might be claimed by the most holy among his servants : and while they worshipped him as the author of every blessing, they paid no other respect to them, than what was owing to those whom they considered as *his* favorites, and *their* advocates. Whoever shall attentively peruse the works

of the Saxon writers, or the acts of the Saxon councils, from the era of their conversion, to what is deemed the darkest period of their history, will observe this important distinction accurately marked, and constantly inculcated. When the poet sang the praises of his patron, he sought neither to interest his mercy, nor deprecate his justice: to obtain the assistance of his intercession, to be remembered by him at the throne of the Almighty, was the sole object of his petition. If the preacher from the pulpit exhorted his hearers to solicit the prayers of their more holy brethren, he was careful to inculcate, that they should adore God alone, as their true Lord and true God. If the Christian, when he rose from his bed, was accustomed to beg the protection of the saints, he was yet commanded in the first place, to worship with bended knees the majesty of his Creator. These distinctions were too easy to be mistaken. The idea of intercession necessarily includes that of de-

pendence : and to employ the mediation of his favorites, is to acknowledge the superior excellency of the Deity.

“ Sixthly, *Veneration of Relics*. With the invocation of the saints is naturally connected the veneration of their remains. The man who had been taught to respect their virtues and to implore their patronage, would not hesitate to honor their ashes with a decent monument, and with a distinguished place in the assembly of the faithful. In the book of the apocalypse, the martyrs are represented as reposing beneath the altar ; and, before the death of its author, we behold the Christians of Rome offering the sacred mysteries on the tombs of the holy apostles Peter and Paul. When the martyr Ignatius had been devoured by the wild beasts of the amphitheatre, the fragments of his bones were collected by his disciples, and carefully conveyed to the capital of the east, where the Christians received them as an invaluable treasure, and deposited them with honor

in the place appropriated to the divine worship. Succeeding generations inherited the sentiments of their fathers: the veneration of relics was diffused as far as the knowledge of the gospel; and their presence was universally deemed requisite for the canonical dedication of a church or an altar. With this view, Gregory the Great, as soon as he heard of the success of the missionaries, was careful to send them a supply of relics; and scarce a pilgrim returned from Gaul or Italy, who had not procured, by entreaty or purchase, a portion of the remains of some saint or martyr. But the poverty of the Saxon church was quickly relieved by the virtues of her children; and England became a soil fertile in saints. Scarcely was there a monastery that did not possess one or more of these favorites of heaven: their bodies lay richly entombed in the vicinity of the principal altar; and around were suspended the votive offerings of the multitudes who had experienced the efficacy of their

intercession. In the hour of distress or danger, the afflicted votary threw himself at the foot of the shrine with an avowal of his unworthiness, but expressed an humble confidence that the Almighty would not refuse to the merits of the patron, what he might justly deny to the demerits of the suppliant. Success often attended these petitions: the clergy of each community could appeal to a long list of preternatural cures, owing to the intercession of the saints, whose bodies reposed in their church; and the crowds of visitants, whom these miracles attracted, added to their reputation and importance.

“Seventhly, *Purgatory*. From the severity of the penitential canons, they had learned to form the most exalted notion of the justice of God, and of his hatred for sin: compensation they considered as necessary to atone for the transgression of the divine, as well as of human laws; and, while they trembled lest, at the hour of death, their satisfaction should be deemed incomplete, they

indulged a consoling hope, that the residue of the debt might be discharged by the charity of those who survived them. To secure the future exertions of his friends, was, in the eyes of the devout Saxon, an object of high importance : and with this view numerous associations were formed, in which each individual bound himself to pray for the souls of the deceased members. Nor were these engagements confined to the communities of the monks and clergy : they comprehended persons of every rank in society, and extended to the most distant countries. Guilds were an institution of great antiquity among the Anglo-Saxons ; and in every populous district they existed in numerous ramifications. They were of different descriptions. Some were restricted to the performance of religious duties ; of others the professed object was the prosecution of thieves, and the preservation of property : but all were equally solicitous to provide for the spiritual welfare of the departed

brethren. As a specimen of their engagements, I may be allowed to translate a part of the laws established in the guild at Abbotsbury. 'If,' says the legislator, 'any one belonging to our association chance to die, each member shall pay one penny for the good of the soul, before the body be laid in the grave. If he neglect it, he shall be fined in a triple sum. If any of us fall sick within sixty miles, we engage to find fifteen men, who may bring him home; but if he die first, we will send thirty to convey him to the place in which he desired to be buried. If he die in the neighborhood, the steward shall inquire where he is to be interred, and shall summon as many members as he can to assemble, attend the corpse in an honorable manner, carry it to the minister, and pray devoutly for the soul. Let us act in this manner, and we shall truly perform the duty of our confraternity. This will be honorable to us both before God and man. For we know not who among us

may die first: but we believe that, with the assistance of God, this agreement will profit us all, if it be rightly observed.' The same sentiments are frequently expressed in the numerous letters addressed to St. Boniface, the apostle of Germany, and to Lullus, his successor in the see of Mentz, by abbots, prelates, thanes, and princes. Of many, the sole object is to renew their former engagements, and to transmit the names of their departed associates. 'It is our earnest wish,' say the king of Kent and the bishop of Rochester, in their common letter to Lullus, 'to recommend ourselves and our dearest relatives to your piety, that by your prayers we may be protected till we come to that life which knows no end. For what have we to do on earth but faithfully to exercise charity towards each other? Let us then agree, that when any among us enters the path which leads to another life, (may it be a life of happiness!) the survivors shall, by their alms and sacrifices, endeavor to assist

him in his journey. We have sent you the names of our deceased relations, Irmige, Norththry, and Dulicha, virgins dedicated to God: and beg that you will remember them in your prayers and oblations. On a similar occasion we will prove our gratitude by imitating your charity.'

“Now, which of the Churches, at the present day, retains these doctrines of the ancient Saxons? Which admits the supreme jurisdiction of the legitimate successors of Eleutherius and St. Gregory? And which has substituted, in their stead, a youthful and giddy Queen?

“Which vindicates and administers seven Sacraments, in conformity with the practice of our ancestors? And which, having rejected seven, hardly deem the two others essential?

“Which has perpetuated the sacrifice of the Mass—and the authorized invocation of Saints, and prayer for the Dead? No one can, for an instant, be at a loss to reply:

and, consequently, no one can hesitate to conclude that the Roman Catholic Church—and not the Protestant—is the Church to which our venerated ancestors belonged—the true Apostolic Church, to whose bosom all, who have, unfortunately, departed from her communion, are bound to return, with hearty compunction for the schism they have occasioned or have encouraged.”

Zenosius followed the learned ecclesiastic in his copious and lucid exposition, with wrapt attention, and merited admiration. He wondered to meet so great a personage in this remote and barren region—almost on the verge of the Ocean’s shore : one so plain, so unaffected, and yet so grand and wise. But even that extraordinary wonder ceased, the instant he was informed that his venerable instructor was no other than the immortal Doctor Lingard.¹

¹ See his History of the Anglo-Saxon Church, *passim* : and particularly the fifth, sixth, eighth, and ninth chapters, from which the above has been taken.

CHAPTER IX.

ENGLAND UNDER INTERDICTION — IERNA'S WOES AND
EXULTATION.

How beautiful your presence, how benign,
Servants of God! who not a thought did share
With the vain world!—

If there be prophets on whose spirit rest
Past things, reveal'd like future, they can tell
What Powers, presiding o'er the sacred well
Of Christian faith, this savage Island bless'd
With its first bounty.

Wordsworth.

“LAND of the Bedes, the Alfreds, the Dunstons, the Anselms, the Becketts—land whose fertile valleys once echoed to the chant of the monk, and the glad and sacred peal of the Abbey-bell, mingling with one full chime and chorus, in the praises of God, thou art now cursed with an awful, melancholy silence of both. The majestic cathedrals, reared by the piety of Catholic ages, bewail, in solitary stillness, the desecration which they have been doomed to undergo: their ivied battlements and Gothic

arches, their inward decorations, and their outward structure, tell a tale of the past which confutes and shames the innovations of the present. The track of desolation is left deeply furrowed on every spot and monument, once hallowed by the spirit of Catholic faith. Thou art an unconnected link in the chain of Apostolicity. When bound to the See of Rome, the blessings of the Apostles Peter and Paul were thine. Thou didst then participate in the privilege of being numbered among the faithful children of the Vicar of Christ. Thou now art pining, as it were, under an *interdict*,¹ which will not be removed until thou dost penance for the deadly scandal thou has been giving, during three hundred years, to the other nations of the earth." Thus thought Zenosius, as he crossed the channel, pursuing his pilgrimage to the gates of Rome.

The English Church, it may be here added, has not only been schismatical and heret-

¹ Faber.

ical, but to this sin she has added that of opposing the truth,—she has persecuted it. Having apostatized from the faith which Augustine preached to Ethelbert, under the spreading oaks of Thanet, she enacted the most sanguinary and proscriptive laws against Englishmen who should conscientiously adhere to the ancient doctrines. I am loath to evolve the cruel documents, or even allude to the horrible results. England has blushed at her own excesses, and, ashamed of the blood which the sun of the nineteenth century exposes, in full glare, to the eye and indignation of the civilized world, she has labored, of late, to wash it off from her escutcheon with the tears of bitterness.¹

¹ Dr. Bridgewater, in a table published at the end of *Concertatio Ecclesiæ Catholicæ*, gives us the names of about twelve hundred, who had suffered death for their faith, before the year 1588; that is, before the greatest heat of the persecution; and yet declares, that he is far from pretending to have named all, but only such whose sufferings had come to his knowledge. In this list there are three archbishops, (taking in two of Ireland;) bishops consecrated, or elected, eighteen; one abbot; four whole convents of religious; thirteen deans; fourteen archdeacons; sixty prebendaries; five hundred and thirty priests; forty-nine doctors of divinity; eighteen doctors of the law; and fifteen masters of

But although the work of the executioner is done, the gibbet she erected is standing yet, in her sister Isle—a monument of everlasting shame ! Because the disciples of St. Patrick would not abjure the creed which that holy missionary brought from Rome—the same which Augustine preached, at the head of his procession of monks, to the admiring Saxon monarch—they have been overwhelmed with national misery. Their bright hearts have been clouded with sorrow, their buoyant and free spirits have been chained ; the lovely land, which they cherish with a passionate patriotism, has been laid waste and made desolate ; and exile—even in the wildest and most distant regions of the earth—where their consciences might be free, was more desirable than the ruined hearth and desolation of home. Ierna !¹

colleges ; one queen ; eight earls ; ten lords ; twenty-six knights ; three hundred and twenty-six gentlemen ; and about sixty ladies and gentlewomen. Many of these died in prison ; and several under sentence of death.

¹ Newton asserts that Orpheus of Crotona, in his poem called the *Argonauts*, and Aristotle, in his History of the World, (dedi-

thine hath been a terrible ordeal, but thy triumph is more terrible to thy oppressor. Arise, Isle of Saints! shake off the dust! cast down thy manacles—rear up thy demolished altars—strike thy harp to song of jubilee and glory—thy captivity is at an end—thy ovation is at hand. Thou wast Catholic in thy woes, thou art still Catholic in thy exultation!

Then raise to Him whose mighty nod
Scatter'd thy enemies—raise to God
The hymn of Gratitude and Love—
A new hymn—to thy God above.
O Adonai whom we adore,
Lord! great and glorious is thy power:
With thee the foe that dares contend
Shall yield, and perish, in the end.¹

cated to Alexander the Great,) make mention of Ireland, which they call Ierna.—*Chron. Introduc.*, p. 5.

¹ Canticle of Judith.

CHAPTER X.

CONFLICT OF LIFE AND DEATH IN THE LAND OF
 CHARLEMAGNE—ZENOSIUS AT THE FOOT OF THE
 ALPS—A NOBLE GREEK—THE ORIENTAL SCHISM
 —MAHOMMEDANISM—JUDAISM.

Paris, sur ta Montagne un Saint Temple s'élève
 Digne de toi, digne de Sainte G n vi ve :
 Tardive pi t  !

Anon.

Quid dulci s quam habere quocum omnia audeas sic loqui ut
 tecum ?

Cic. de Amicit. cap. 6.

AUTUMN had now succeeded to the brief, but fruitful and beauteous summer. And Zenosius hastened his journey through the fair realm of France, pausing, but for a short time, to contemplate the tombs of Rollo and Richard *C ur de Lion*, in the venerable cathedral of Rouen. In the gay and giddy capital he delayed not. And his eyes merely fell *en passant* on the hoary turrets of *N tre-Dame* : a time-worn and solemn edifice, which throws a sacred and awful shadow of antiquity upon the brilliant gewgaws of the

present that surround it. What heart like that of our pilgrim-convert could brook the ruins with which the infernal power of Infidelity, under the pompous title of Philosophy, has strewn the land of Geneviève and Charlemagne? And yet France must not despair. The germ of faith, which, planted by the hands of her primitive Apostles, sprang up in such wondrous luxuriance, and produced such abundant harvests, in bygone days, is still deep in the soil. Notwithstanding the blighting influence that pervades, it swells anew, and, ever and anon, shoots, with primeval energy, through the earth. Perhaps another struggle between Faith and Infidelity—and it will be the last. And then, with universal jubilee and thanksgiving will the choirs of that Church—the eldest daughter of Rome—swell the sacred pæan!

Mors et vita duello confixère mirando.

In marvellous conflict Life and Death have met.

Zenosius was now at the foot of that tremendous mountain which stands up like an

everlasting barrier between the olive-fields of Italy, and the vineyards of France. The snow-clad summits were enveloped in clouds, which occasionally gave way before the bright autumnal sun, that was rising magnificently over them. It was a glorious morning : but many as glorious a morning has broken over the wanderer, amid these Alpine solitudes, to set in storm and desolation. Yet has he one certain source of consolation : it is, that should he be overtaken by tempest on its trackless brow, there was a shelter, a refuge, and a home already prepared for him by the spirit of Catholic charity, in the monastery of the Great Saint Bernard.

His only companion was a Greek nobleman, who, he rejoiced to be informed, was in communion with the Holy See ; from whom he derived much interesting and useful information, concerning the Oriental Schism.

“ For the first time in my life, I am to enjoy the pleasure of treading on the consecrated soil of Rome,” he remarked.

“Thou art not, then, a disciple of the Patriarch?” returned Zenosius.

“No; before the schism of Michael Cerularius, my ancestors were subject to the spiritual jurisdiction of the Pope, and my family have ever adhered to the centre of Catholic unity. For we clearly perceive, in the separation of the Greek from the Latin Church, a schismatical character, which, alas! seems indelibly impressed on the former. The perpetuity of one only Catholic and Apostolical Church is clear, from the very symbol which the Greeks have preserved. *I believe in one Holy, Catholic, and Apostolical Church.* And since this symbol could never be, at any time, erroneous, the one Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church could not have perished.

“Now that Church existed before the separation; the Greeks themselves acknowledged its authority, and believed all its doctrines. Consequently it must continue, since

the separation, either among the Greeks or Latins. But, when the Greeks separated from the Latins, the Latin Church did not undergo the slightest change, but continued the same in point of dogma and discipline. Therefore it cannot be denied that the true Religion of Jesus Christ existed in the Latin, or Roman Church : otherwise it could not be found in the Greek Church, which had been united with the Latin by the profession of the same faith. If, therefore, the Latin Church was the true Church previously to the separation, it is evident that it has continued and has not changed—and must still remain the true Church.”

“ Thy reasoning is conclusive, Count,” said Zenosius ; “ and thy noble family have acted not only generously, but consistently, in retaining the primitive faith.”

“ It hath cost us dearly to preserve that faith,” returned the Count. “ But so much the more precious is it in our consideration—so much nearer to our hearts. For we

have not forgotten the memorable saying of the wise man : *What doth he know that hath not been tried?*¹ The value of true faith can be appreciated duly by no one who hath not suffered for it."

"The Greek Church changed, therefore," remarked Zenosius; "and a Church that could change is not the spouse of Christ."

"Yes, they renounced the communion with the Holy See," said the Count, energetically: "that communion which their ancestors had honored as the focus and centre of Catholic unity. They venerate the authority of the seven first General Councils, and must be forced to admit that in them the primacy of St. Peter was solemnly recognised; and not only in the most ancient, but in those touching the epoch of their schism.

"In withdrawing from the Latin Church, they abandoned the ways in which their fathers walked—which had been traced out

¹ Eccles., chap. xxxiv., v. 11.

by an Athanasius, and a Chrysostom—who always honored, in the See of Rome, the primacy of Peter. Again, they have lost the Catholic character, expressed in the creed, which, it is undeniable, the Latins have retained. Their schism is confined to certain parts of the East; while, in others, several Greek Churches are still united with Rome, and concur in forming the one Catholic Church spread over the entire world.”

“Have the modern schismatic Greeks much veneration for the primitive Fathers of the Church?” inquired Zenosius.

“They have; and not for the Oriental only, but, likewise, for the Western. And by the testimony of those Fathers, are they condemned. Because all of them revered the authority of the Holy See, and were subject to its supremacy. The Greeks, therefore—my unhappy countrymen—are cut off from the trunk of the ancient Church; form but a withered branch of the great tree that covers the whole world with its shade

—stretching from river to river, from pole to pole—and that still bears, as in its earliest existence and primeval vigor, innumerable and life-giving fruits.¹ With the Church of England, they are guilty of schism; but they possess other advantages which that Church has foregone. They have an undoubted succession of orders; administer validly, though illicitly, the sacraments; and consecrate the body and blood of Christ on their altars. Both are equally bound to return to the centre of unity, to submit to the jurisdiction and supremacy of Rome, and, thereby, atone for their dreadful sin, and arrest the fatal and wide-spreading influence of Sectarianism and Infidelity.”

“Thou hast made the subject of religion an especial study, Count, it would appear,” remarked Zenosius. “Instruction on this most essential of all sciences is the object that hath brought me so far from my native land.”

¹ See the Cardinal Gerdil's *Caractères de la vrai religion*.

“It hath been my favorite pursuit,” he returned: “and the farther I travel, and the more I see and learn, the more profoundly are my convictions of the divinity of the Roman Catholic Church rooted in my mind. My travels throughout Asia have been extensive. I have spent years among the Mahomedans, and have resided among Jews. I am familiar with the Alcoran and the Talmud—”

“I rejoice at this circumstance,” said Zenosius: “perhaps thou wilt not object to let me share some of thy information touching the one and the other. We are not yet half way up the Alpine heights, and what more interesting beguilement of the tedious ascent could we have recourse to, than the discussion of these religious questions?”

“None,” subjoined the Count; “and, with great willingness, will I communicate to you my impressions concerning the monstrous systems of Mahomedanism, and the

present condition of the Synagogue. *His utere mecum.*

“ I cannot but see in Mahommedanism demonstrative proofs of evident falsehood and imposition. Its founder, in order to show that the Alcoran is worthy of belief and confidence, says : *That it is the truth, confirming all that is contained in the Book of the Jews.* He was obliged to use such language, since he boasted of his intention to restore the ancient Religion of the Patriarchs. Now, it is evidently false that the Alcoran confirms the book of the Jews. Every thing in that book, as well as in the religion of the Patriarchs, refers to one only Messiah, who was to bring all nations to the knowledge of the God of Israel : that after the advent of that Messiah, the ancient sacrifice should cease, in order to be replaced by a new sacrifice, which should be pure, *clean*, and offered in every quarter of the world, to the name and honor of the true God : and more than six centuries (before

the birth of Mahommed) witnessed the accomplishment of this by the preaching of the Gospel. It is the Gospel, therefore, and not the Alcoran that is '*truth*,' and that confirms what is written in the book of the Jews.

“ Moreover, the Alcoran is full of manifest and palpable errors. For example, in confounding Mary, the sister of Aaron, with Mary, the mother of Jesus Christ. It contains absurd errors, contrary to morals and the worship of the Most High. It allows an idolatrous and superstitious worship, which the Arabs were in the habit of practising on the mountains of Ararat and Marva. It permits its followers to deny God through fear of death. It excuses revenge, provided it does not exceed the injury received. It asserts that God will not punish rash oaths. It confers on masters an infamous power over their female slaves. It makes Paradise not a region of holiness and light, where God is loved and enjoyed—but a place of sensual

pleasures, where the passions will be uncontrolled.

“Mahommed confesses that Jesus Christ is the Messiah, and the Word of God: but Jesus Christ had established a Church in which all truth was to reside until the consummation of time. Consequently, the confidence which the Mahommedans repose in their Prophet must lead them not to believe in him—since, if he stated the truth, Jesus was the Messiah, and the Word of God: then, any alteration made in the Church established by the Messiah must be a falsehood: but Mahommedanism has altered it; therefore—the Prophet himself being the judge—Mahommedanism is false.”

The Count reasoned with precision and force. The conclusion, flowing from premises that were undeniable, was irresistible. And although Zenosius had made the subject no ordinary study, still it now burst upon his mind with a new and brilliant light. He looked, with admiration, upon his learned

and noble companion, whose manner was as elegant as his conversation was profound.

“With respect to the Synagogue,” the Count resumed, “few words will suffice, especially as we are fast approaching the monastery.”

“I see the hospitable pile on the very apex of the icy mountain,” observed Zenosius.

“We have been favored with a pleasant day, and a right good sled. The roads, too, are hard as marble,” added the Count. “But, touching Judaism: we well know, that, in its origin, it was a divine religion. Every thing connected with it had reference to the promised Messiah, figured and predicted, in a variety of manners, in the ancient Testament. All the prophecies have been accomplished in the person of Jesus Christ. The Jews, therefore, are under an indispensable obligation, in virtue of their own sacred oracles, to examine the truth; in which examination, they should consider two things:

first, that the Messiah was to teach all nations the knowledge of God ; secondly, that the coming of the Messiah was to be followed by the desolation of their race, and the cessation of all Jewish worship. Now, after the advent of Jesus Christ, the Jewish nation was dispersed, the temple destroyed, and the ancient sacrifice abolished. The most learned of the Rabbis, cited by Bossuet, have acknowledged that the cessation of the supreme authority, which happened in the time of Christ, was a certain sign that the Messiah had appeared. Consequently, the very law of Moses, and the divine Scriptures, also, which the Jews still hold in veneration, offer unequivocal proofs that the children of the Synagogue are in error—and sufficient motives to induce them to emerge from the darkness in which they have, during eighteen hundred years, been, so lamentably, buried.¹ Time forbids me to continue any farther development of this great subject ; for lo !

¹ *Caractères de la Vrai Religion.*

the *traineau* has stopped before the gates of the monastery. We are on the highest peak of the mountains, surrounded with eternal snow, and magnificent desolation. See how terribly grand is the sunset, amid these tremendous crags and precipices! And, methinks, from its going down in yon faintly-descended mist, a storm is brewing around us, which, when it comes, with the blessing of Providence, we may defy, under the sheltering roof of this asylum of religious charity.”

CHAPTER XI.

THE ALPINE MONASTERY—THE PEACEFUL NIGHT—
THE STORMY DAY—THE APPOSITE ESSAY.

Hope guides the young : but when the old must pass
The threshold, whither shall they turn to find
The hospitality which that house bestow'd ?

Wordsworth.

. . . . But holy is the feast
He keepeth : like the firmament his ways,
His statutes like the chambers of the deep.

Idem.

IN effect, the doors seemed to fly open, as though by instinct, to receive the weary wanderers, ere the night should mantle the icy roads in darkness. The dogs, which had been out on their errand of search, through the pathless snows, among the wild and almost inextricable fastnesses of the Alps, had already returned, and given notice that strangers were near. Faithful and half-reasoning animals ! which seem trained, by the care of Christian charity, to partake of the admirable spirit that animates the solitary inmates of these walls. An aged monk

received them ; who, from his earliest manhood, had abode in this wilderness, aloof from the view of the world, as well as from its enjoyments ; devoted to religion, by the vows of his order, and sacrificing his life to the safety and comfort of the lost and hopeless : of men, who, mayhap, when their danger is over, are not only thankless for their heroic kindness, but revilers of the Church that gave birth to and fosters such perfection. An abundant board was spread before them, a comfortable fire was kindled to warm them, and soft beds were prepared on which to repose their exhausted frames, and sleep in peace.

They slept. But when the night had passed, a storm, which the Count's keen vision had espied in the misty evening horizon, was raging, with tremendous violence, around them. In dense and rapid flakes the snow was falling, and the cavities of the mountain were rebounding with wild and uproarious reverberations.

“Thou hast proved a true seer, Count,” remarked Zenosius. “The storm hath come, in all its fury, and how should we have fared, last night, if this blessed asylum had not been opened to admit us?”

“This asylum is yours, as long as the tempest rages, and longer, if ye choose,” said the venerable monk. “This day ye will be compelled to spend here. Perchance towards night it may cease, and the snows, which freeze as they fall, and become a solid mass of ice, will not impede your journey on the morrow. Be at home. Our little chapel is there—our humble library here—and the monastery is at your service.”

The day was spent in useful and edifying conversation, and reading. With the following apposite essay Zenosius was particularly delighted, especially as it was read aloud by the Count, with Christian unction, and courteous elegance:¹

“From the infancy of the world, man has

¹ From the *Essai sur l'Indifférence*.

witnessed the miseries of his fellow-man : but many a century elapsed, before he even thought of relieving them—of rescuing him from their oppression, and of meliorating the condition of human nature. Though he might have experienced some vain sentiments of pity for his suffering brethren, where do we find that he made the least exertion to remove or alleviate them? Among the ancients, we cannot discover a shadow of an institution in behalf of the unfortunate. Neither Philosophy nor Paganism ever wiped away a single tear from the eye of sorrow, indigence, or orphanage ;—ever attempted to sooth the woes of the miserable ; provide for the wants of the wretched ; or to administer solace to the mourner. Though pity was enthroned, by the Creator, in the human heart, it was exiled thence by false philosophy—and Stoicism usurped her seat. Hence Seneca does not hesitate to style compassion, ‘the vice of weak minds.’ ‘Weep not with those who weep,’ was one

of the maxims of Marcus Aurelius, and a precept common to the Stoic school. Even Virgil asserts, that a wise man feels no compassion for indigence—neither envies the rich, *nor pities the poor.*

“ How contrary this cold and selfish maxim to the sympathies of Christian charity ! Alas ! is man, then, so callous to his own wants and woes, as not to pity them in his brethren ? Does not nature teach him, when he weeps amid his own miseries, to weep for those of others ; and when he seeks to remove his own, not to forget *theirs* ? No ; the greatest miracle wrought by Religion on the heart of man, was to soften it, and make it feel for miseries not his own : and this triumph over the selfishness of nature no one can deny, who looks abroad over the Christian world. It strikes every eye, if it does not subdue every heart.

“ Come, follow the paths of the Religion of love ; trace her, in her heavenly career, and you will behold her, everywhere, giving

glory to God, and peace to men. You will see her coming forth from the bosom of God, with every blessing for the children of earth. Charity and Hope accompany her on her way, one pouring out comfort, consolation, relief of every kind—the other kindling up lights in the dark places, over ruins and graves, and dispersing the shadows of death itself, with the flambeau of immortality. Yes, follow Religion—and number, if you can, the benedictions which she showers upon the children of men, the works of mercy which she occasions, the feelings of pity which she awakens; the poor she relieves, the orphans she cherishes, the widows she supports, the sick she nurses, the dying she consoles and resigns to their agony, the dead she buries, and forgets not in her prayers.

“When pestilence lays desolate the land, and hurries, like a destroying angel, from house to house, strewing the dying upon the dead—there will you find the tender, fear-

less, persevering charity of religion. When philosophy will have flown to the mountains, and left the hearth and the home all waste and ruin, she, sweet guardian of the helpless, clings to the desolation, rescues as many as possible from the scourge, and consigns its victims, with all the rites of Christian sepulture, to the tomb.

“ In the third century, a great part of the Roman empire was ravaged by the plague. The Pagans, forgetful of their friends and brethren, took to flight, and left those who were infected to die without relief. A dreadful persecution was, at this period, raging against the Christians—and yet, instead of rejoicing at the visitation which afflicted their enemies—instead of entertaining any sentiment of complacency at beholding their persecutors persecuted, their tormentors tormented—instead of leaving them, when forsaken by their nearest and dearest friends, the disciples of Christianity, the members of that mystic body, whose

head is Charity, continued among them, nursed the sick, devoted themselves to their service, watched by them, felt for them, prayed for them, died for them—avenging themselves, in this heroic manner, on the very enemies of their religion.

“How many examples of this kind do not the annals of the Church record! The charity of Christians caused the sages of Paganism to blush. ‘It is a subject of shame for us,’ thus wrote the Emperor Julian to Arsacius, Pontiff of Asia, ‘to behold the Galileans, besides their own poor, taking care of ours also.’

“Christianity did not degenerate, her energies and vigor did not become decrepit, with age. Her annals are stored with the services which she has bestowed on mankind, in every century. They have accumulated with years, and, like the streams that fertilize the earth, waft increased blessings in proportion as they expand with time. The spirit of charity, which produced such

wonders, in the primitive ages, still continues, in our own times, to give birth to others not less striking. But a few years since, when the city of Malaga was infested with the plague, and the streets of that capital were strewed with the dying and the dead, an association of religious men was formed, who scoured the city, giving notice, by the ringing of bells, which they carried for the purpose, that they were at hand to attend, nurse, and serve, the victims of the plague. Almost all of them fell martyrs to their charity.

“ But let us dwell no longer on these particular examples—with which volumes might be filled—let us pass over the history of a Charles Borromeo; what could I say of him, that would be adequate to his heroic deserts! what could I say of a Vincent of Paul, who, in times of calamity, afforded nourishment, it may be said, to entire provinces; whose boundless charity extended beyond the seas, to the shores of Madagas-

car, and the forests of the New World, and who alone seemed charged with the duty to relieve all human misery. Such a man is a prodigy of himself; in his heart seemed centred all the rays of divine charity, and heavenly benevolence — which, emanating from the Sun of Justice and Religion, scattered themselves abroad, to enlighten, warm, and sooth the cold, dark, afflicted spirits of men. He, alone, might force any age to believe in Christianity, and practise virtue.

“ Cast your eyes upon the durable establishments, the generous and permanent benefactions, of Religion. Those solitary asylums of innocence and repentance, which nations will more and more learn to regret—those peaceful retreats for misfortune—those magnificent palaces for indigence. Who has erected them? who endowed them? who provided for every department of their wants and cares? Religious charity. When philosophy ruled, they were destroyed. Human reason has ever been ungrateful to that

religion and faith, which have done so much in favor of humanity.

“ And, with what profusion has not Christianity multiplied those touching institutions, so eminently social ! Their number is almost infinite—equal only to our miseries. Here, behold the daughter of Vincent of Paul visiting the infirm old man, dressing his disgusting wounds, and speaking to him of heaven : there, see her caressing, with a mother’s feelings, the forlorn orphan, and pillowing on her bosom the aching brow of the abandoned child. Yonder, the Sister of the Hospital, assisting, consoling the sick, forgetting herself, and lavishing on them, by day and night, the most assiduous and heartfelt attentions. We saw the religious of the Great St. Bernard fixing their abode in regions of perpetual snow, devoting their lives, amid the awful solitudes, and eternal winter of the highest Alpine mountains, to rescue and save the lost and way-worn traveller. Contemplate the brother of the *Bona Mors*,

bending over the couch of the departing, smoothing the spirit's exit, and directing it to heaven: and, then, laying the mortal spoils at rest, in the consecrated earth.

“ By the side of those chivalrous knights, those ‘praying soldiers,’ as they are sometimes called, who almost alone protected Europe from Moslem subjugation, to the religious of the Order of Mercy, carrying about him, in triumph, captives whom he has not chained, but whose chains he has broken, and whose redemption he has achieved, by exposing himself to a thousand dangers, and incredible fatigues. See the Priests of religion, and brethren of every order, bursting asunder, with superhuman virtue, ties the most dear, bonds the most natural, and going forth, with great joy, to water with their sweat, and sprinkle with their blood, countries afar off, regions savage and inhospitable, with no other hope, no other desire, than to rescue from ignorance, barbarism, crime, and misery, people unknown to them.

After having fertilized, with his sweat, the uncultivated hill, and sterile field, the laborious Benedictine, retired in his little cell, wrought, with untiring industry, in the no less barren field of history and ancient law. To the Jesuit, education of youth, pulpit oratory, missionary tact, and every useful work, were peculiar and familiar. His zeal embraced all, sufficed for all. The humble Capuchin traversed the plains, aiding the pastors in their holy functions, descending into the caverns of the earth, and the depths of the prison-cell, to carry the word of peace to the victims of human justice. Emblems of the hope of which they were the ministers, they accompanied, to the end, the unfortunate penitent about to be executed, participating in his anguish, animating his sinking courage, and fortifying him at once against the terrors of punishment, and the horrors of remorse. Their hands, which have grasped the victim with compassion at the inflexible tribunal of man, will not let go

their hold of charity, until they have placed him at the foot of the tribunal of a merciful God.

“But would you turn your eyes from this melancholy scene, and fix them upon a spectacle no less pleasing than amiable?—Contemplate the guardians of infancy, those angels of charity, who devote themselves to the Christian education of indigent children. Teaching them the elements of a plain and solid education, and grounding them in the lofty principles of true philosophy—the fear of God; forming their tender hearts to religion, teaching the young idea to shoot out in virtue, instructing them in all their duties, inculcating maxims the most important and consoling, preparing them for their calling on earth, and for their destination in Heaven. This is the subject to which our attention should be most particularly directed in these days, when we are called upon to co-operate in this ministry of religion, charity, and humanity. We should remember that religion is the

ground-work of the education of the people. Without religion, they will be taught nothing of that which is most important to society, and most essential for themselves. They would be ignorant of the great duties which they owe to men, and their immortal and magnificent destination hereafter. They would know nothing of their fellow-men, and their glorious expectations, which even death cannot extinguish. They would vegetate, like mere weeds, or at most, brief flowers, in the garden of life, either possessing no spiritual fragrance, or, certainly, not emitting through society the odor of sweetness. Religion confers civilization, refinement, greatness. She nourishes the poor with the food of truth, as well as with bread—teaching them ‘that not on bread alone doth man live.’ She causes the human intellect to expand, and assume a sublimity which nothing else can impart. The simplest child in his school is grounded more truly in real philosophy, than the pretended sages of

impiety ; and ‘ can,’ in the language of an eloquent writer, ‘ with the catechism in his hand, confound the vanity and pride of Reason.’

“ I should never end were I to enter into all the details of Christian charity. Penetrate into the bosom of families, interrogate the members of them, and they will reply : See what enmities have been appeased, what heart-burnings have been cured, what evils have been prevented, by her heavenly influence. Oh, how many broken hearts have been healed—how many wasted spirits have been renewed—how many scalding tears have been wiped away—how many hearths, which otherwise would have been desolate and dark, have been lighted up again, and rendered cheerful and blessed, by Charity !

“ Alas ! the philosophy of the world is callous to the sufferings of the distressed, and deaf to the appeal of poverty and orphanage. Is it a beggar, famished, like the

wretched Lazarus, conjuring the rich man to give him, at least, the crumbs from his table? philosophy styles him a vagabond, and a nuisance. Is he hungry, is he covered with rags? 'Let him work,' it exclaims. Christian charity pities him, succors him, and, if he is able to labor, procures him employment. She does not disdain to hold communion with the poor; she knows that Christ, her founder, is represented by them. She does not spurn away the orphan, she remembers the saying of the Redeemer: 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' She pours oil into the wounds of the sufferer, she seeks for the children of the desolate widow, and places them under the maternal protection of religion. She gives what she can: her mite, if she can spare no more—a cup of cold water—a tear!

“As Christian charity is to endure forever, so shall there always exist in the world objects upon whom it may be exercised. The Redeemer remarked that ‘there would

always be poor among us.’¹ There will always be widows, always orphans, and, consequently, the appeal of charity will never cease : it will be heard at all times—it will ring in the ears of the rich—it will shake the heart of the feeling—it will shriek amidst the noise of the revel, and the songs of the festival—it will alarm the gay, and the thoughtless, and the worldly—it will write upon the wall, in the bright hour of the dance and the pageant, letters of mysterious import, such as were traced, by the finger of vengeance, on Balthazar’s halls. There will always be poor, that there may always be pity—and mercy—that the words of Christ may have effect : ‘ Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.’ ”²

¹ Mark, chap. xvi., v. 7.

² Matth., chap. v., v. 7.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH THE PARENT OF CHARITY—
HER SOLITARIES—DESCENT INTO THE PLAINS OF
LOMBARDY — THE GREEK COUNT DEVELOPS THE
SANCTITY OF THE CHURCH.

—— Within his cell,
Round the decaying trunk of human pride,
At morn, at eve, at midnight's silent hour,
His penitential cogitations cling,
Like ivy round some ancient elm—
 . . . a fair growth they bring
For recompense—their own perennial bower.

Wordsworth.

—— No doubt that golden cords
Of good works, mingling with their visions, raise
The soul to purer worlds.

Id.

“WHERE can such institutions, where such perfection be found,” thought Zenosius, “except in the Catholic Church! Protestantism does not understand the nature of them, cannot appreciate the elements of which they are composed. They are the offspring of faith—living, energetic, and ever-ardent faith,—which has no dwelling-

place save in the sanctuaries of the ancient Church, and in the hearts of those goodly and devoted ascetics and solitaries, who, leaving all things, have followed their divine Master, while they exercise an eminently social and hallowed influence, by their deeds of charity, and their habits of prayer, over the world they have forsaken." In the monk, who presided over this monastery, amid the everlasting winter of the Alps, he contemplated the personification of charity, disinterestedness, and virtue.

For many a year his home had been
Amid these solitary wilds ;
Watching the tracks of weary men,
And rescuing them from death.

Thrice happy he—that goodly monk,
His is the peace Religion gives ;
Remote from worldly cares and broils,
The hopeless he relieves :

Then tells his beads, and prays his prayer—
Sojourning here but for a while :

For having run his godly race,
He'll rest in Heaven's own smile.

Having assisted at mass, (how awfully solemn the sacrifice in this vast and eternal temple of the God of winter!) Zenosius left the monastery accompanied by the Greek Count, and the descent down into the plains of Lombardy commenced. The morning was not clear, but the snow had ceased, and the cold was intense.

“We have had an opportunity of witnessing the realization of that attribute of the Church, by which she is characterized and distinguished from all sects,” remarked the Count. “However depraved mankind, however degenerate this age, there is, nevertheless, preserved in the Catholic Church the principle and action of sanctity.”

“O holy Church!” Zenosius exclaimed; “spouse of Christ, without stain or wrinkle—fair as the moon, beautiful as the sun, and strong as an army in battle array! Too

highly favored he who hath been cradled on her bosom, but yet more privileged the poor wanderer into strange ways, whom the mercy of Heaven conducts into her holy tabernacles. Thine, Count, was the former blessing—mine the latter grace !”

“ I understand thee ; thou art a convert,” returned the Count. “ Thou hast been led, by the sweet impulses of grace, into the path and sanctuary of truth and faith. The portals of holiness have been unbarred, and all their brightness and beauty have burst upon thy ravished sight.”

“ Beauty always ancient and always new ! too late have I known thee !—may Euthalia, too, my darling sister Euthalia—”

“ Be not overcome with feeling—one of the sweetest and most certain effects of true faith is to lull the excited emotions of a troubled heart, and inspire a holy calm into the purified conscience of a penitent.”

“ Thou, just now, didst allude to the sanctity of the Roman, Catholic, and Apostolic

Church," said Zenosius, with recovered composure. "Some development of this fine subject will be extremely gratifying to me. Pardon my importunity, noble Greek, but, as Providence hath associated me with thee, in this our romantic and lengthened journey over the Alps, I feel emboldened to be somewhat obtrusive and exacting."

The zealous and accomplished Count assenting, with cheerful and elegant readiness, entered, immediately, on the topic.

"Sanctity is one of the characteristic marks of the Church. Sanctity in its head, Christ Jesus; sanctity in its doctrine, morals, sacraments; sanctity practised in an heroic degree, by many of its members.

"In the first place, Jesus Christ has been styled, by St. Paul, the head of the mystic body of the Church; by whom it was formed, and in whom all the members are bound together in the closest ties of union. But this Head of the Church is the divine Word, who was begotten of the Father from

all eternity, ('ante luciferum genui te,') 'in the splendors of the saints.'¹ He is the Holy of Holies, in whom, in the most eminent perfection, was found, according to St. John, the plenitude of grace and truth—and the fulness of his sanctity is diffused through the whole Church. 'Of his fulness we have all received,' writes that same beloved Evangelist.²

“Examine the sanctity of faith which he has communicated to the Church. From the bosom of his Father he hath brought down upon earth the treasure of celestial doctrine, comprehending mysteries the most august, commandments the most sacred, counsels the most perfect: and he has sent the Holy Spirit to teach, and maintain all truth, promising to be with us to the end of ages. Hence the deposite of faith hath been preserved inviolable, transmitted from the Apostles and their successors down to our own times. The Church to whom this ce-

¹ Ps. cviii.

² John, chap. i. v. 16.

lestial treasure hath been committed, this divine deposite hath been intrusted, must, therefore, be decorated with the glorious attribute of sanctity.

“ The sanctity of faith would not be sufficient to render holy the Church composed of individuals, sinful in their origin, liable to fall into every crime, and surrounded with innumerable frailties and passions, if to these evils Christ, the head of the mystic body, had not provided an effectual remedy. In the language of the Apostle, he has loved the Church and given himself for it, that he might sanctify it ;—yes, he purifies it in the waters of the word of life—he effaces iniquity, and confers those graces which convert sinful men into perfect saints. ‘ He washes the flesh,’ says Tertullian, ‘ that the soul may be clean ; he anoints the flesh, that the soul may be strengthened ; he shadows it, by the imposition of hands, that the soul may be enlightened ; he feeds it with his body and blood, that the soul may be nour-

ished.' In the last of these sources of sanctity, mentioned by Tertullian, behold the excellence of the eucharistic sacrament! Behold, on our altars truly present and living, under the symbols of bread and wine, the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. There all may receive him—all may partake of his gifts, his graces, his riches—all may find a remedy for their weaknesses, an antidote for their passions, an augmentation of justice—there they may feast upon his goodness, and become, in the language of Scripture, inebriated in the torrent of his pleasure.¹

“But this is not all. The views of Jesus Christ, for the sanctification of his Church, do not stop here. He is pleased to sacrifice himself upon our altars in a spiritual manner—a holy and immaculate victim, a true and mystic oblation—offering himself perpetually to his eternal Father, renewing, in an unbloody manner, his passion and his death,

¹ Ps. xxxv.

and thus imparting to his Church the most perfect degree of sanctity. This was the belief of the primitive Christians, inscribed on all the monuments of the earliest ages, and recorded and defended in the works of the most ancient fathers; discovered in the construction of those venerable basilicks erected by the first Christian Emperor of Rome—some of which are still standing, amid the ruins and desolation of paganism, triumphant chroniclers of the faith of gone-by ages. Hence I reason thus: The sanctity of the Church is derived, in great measure, from the sanctity of her worship and her sacrifice. Her worship—tending to God alone—is holy. The sacrifice of her altars is more holy, not only than those of the Judaical covenant, but the most holy that can possibly be imagined—since it offers to the Father, not the blood of animals, but his only Son, a spotless and divine victim, in the mystic sacrifice of the mass. Who, therefore, can tell the infinite degree of

sanctity to which the Church is borne, the ineffable and divine light with which her sacred altars are irradiated, upon which is offered so august a sacrifice? How beautiful are thy tabernacles, O Jacob! how lovely are thy tents, O Israel!—but how infinitely more holy, venerable, and glorious, are thy altars, O Church of the Redeemer!

“The sanctity of the Church is derived not merely from the doctrine, sacraments, and sacrifice of the new law; but there must be found within her pale, a visible and practical holiness in, at least, a portion of her children: and this, too, in an eminent degree, and of a character which cannot be mistaken. She must, consequently, produce great saints, who will cultivate all kinds of virtues, and who, by their perfection, will throw the lustre of edification upon all around them. This may be easily demonstrated. Christ promised to send, and accordingly did send, the Holy Spirit, who is to remain forever in the bosom of the Church,

to exercise his power, and diffuse his gifts. That Spirit is styled Holy, because he is the author of holiness. He inflames, with the fire of charity, the hearts of the faithful—sheds a divine energy upon them, by which they may practise the most sublime and difficult virtues. This holy charity cannot remain inoperative in the Church—and there being always a multitude of faithful souls disposed to receive the divine impressions, it necessarily follows that there must, at all times, exist a multitude of saints in the Church.

“ We have only to read the annals of the Church, to behold the names of countless saints to whom she has given birth. In the first age, we find that almost all were saints—insomuch that the terms Christians and saints became, in some sense, synonymous. Even the jealousy and malevolence of the pagans could not allege any crime against them; their virtues were acknowledged, admired, and envied, by their very enemies.

How many millions of martyrs cheerfully laid themselves down on the altar of persecution, and shed their blood in vindication of their principles and their consciences! The mystic fold was crowded with holy pastors—the deep bosom of the solitude contained a countless number of holy anchorites—the sanctuaries of religion were adorned by infinite choirs of virgins—there have flourished numberless just men of all conditions, the tenor of whose lives was modelled after the divine precepts, and finished according to the exact rule of Christian perfection.

“It is true, that, after the persecutions ceased, and the Church began to be tranquilly diffused throughout all nations, heroic sanctity became less frequent. I will even admit that scandals—wide-spread and lamentable—occurred. But peruse the history of the Church in all ages, and you will find that saints were not wanting; among whom even Calvin, in his Institutes, does

not hesitate to rank Cyprian, Augustine, Gregory, and the luminary of the middle ages, Bernard. And what is most worthy of observation is the fact, that there has always flourished a greater number, in proportion to the corruption and darkness of the times; because then the Church stood more in need of their salutary influence and shining example.

“ And, at the present period, it is imperatively incumbent on the faithful to become saints. I do not pretend to assert, that sinners are all excluded from the visible pale of the Church; this was the error of the Novatians, Donatists, and Pelagians—an error evidently contrary to the Holy Scriptures: for the figures under which the Church militant is represented, in the sacred pages, are, at one time, a field, in which the cockle is confounded with the good grain—then, a net, in which all kinds of fish, good and bad, are taken—and again, a banquet, to which all, of every description,

are, indiscriminately, invited. For, although sinners—and, therefore, infirm and sickly members—yet, having faith, inoperative though it be, they are united to the mystic head. This union does not, however, affect the sanctity of the Church, which she claims by so many admirable titles. Nay, sinners themselves render manifest, by their justification, the efficacy of the means contained in the bosom of that Church, by which they pass from a state of iniquity to grace and reconciliation. And their conversion from evil to good—and their advances from righteousness to perfection, are solemnly urged, and universally required. ‘You shall be holy, for I am holy,’¹ exclaims St. Peter, addressing the faithful in the name of God. And the Redeemer himself exhorts us, through St. Matthew, to aspire to the holiness even of the Most Holy—‘Be ye perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect.’² And let it not be imagined, that this is a mere counsel adapt-

¹ 1 Pet., chap. i. v. 16.

² Matth., chap. v., v. 48.

ed to the ministers of the temple, and the inmates of the cloister. It is a precept binding all Catholics, of every condition, and profession in life. All are commanded to aspire to sanctity. If they do not, they may, indeed, retain the name, but they live in open contradiction to the spirit, of Catholicity. And what is the character of that sanctity to which we are bound to direct our energies? It is divine charity—the friendship of our Creator, which consists in obeying the precepts of the gospel, in loving God above all things, and our neighbors as ourselves. This is the general definition of sanctity; and from this no follower of Christ can be exempted. But to arrive at the perfection of holiness, as far as that can be attained, demands sublime virtues, heroic exertions; and they only, in whom these prerogatives are to be found, can be entitled to the immortal honors which are paid to the memory of the saints. For Catholics, therefore, in general, the observance of the com-

mandments of God and the Church, is all that is necessary. 'If thou wilt enter into life,' said the Redeemer himself to the young man, who inquired what he should do to be saved, 'keep the commandments.'¹ God, therefore, exacts holiness of us all; that is, he requires that we should be in friendship with him, and observe his commandments. He requires that we should be faithful and punctual in the discharge of each of our various duties; and they only, who, after examining their consciences, find that they do every thing in their power to fulfil those duties, to avoid grievous defects, to preserve their consciences pure and undefiled—they only, I repeat it, can be numbered among those who, even in the wide and general acceptance of the term, are saints. While they who violate their duties, dishonor the holy Church, and render it a proverb and a fable to the unbelieving. God is a tender father, whose providence is extended over us all;

¹ Matth., chap. xix. v. 17.

and we are his beloved children, whom he desires to render holy. He loves all alike with perpetual charity; and, moved to pity at our helpless and miserable condition, draws and attracts us, as it were, to himself—giving graces to all, holding out to all the same inducements, and promising to all the same rewards. It is his holy will that all should be saved. ‘*He will,*’ says the Apostle, ‘*have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth.*’¹ By the effusion of his blood, and the agonies of his death, Christ has redeemed from the infernal powers all the children of the kingdom—acting with no partiality towards any people or tribe, but emancipating, alike, Jew and Gentile, Greek and Roman—in a word, all the nations of the earth.

“He is infinitely beneficent and liberal in conferring all his graces, general and special. ‘*He enlighteneth every man,*’ the Apostle St. John assures us, ‘*that cometh into this*

¹ 1 Tim. chap. ii. v. 4.

*world.*¹ He stimulates all to noble exertion. He urges all to rally round his spiritual banners. He sheds upon all the influences of the divine Spirit—enkindles for all the sunlight of faith—opens to all the fresh fountains of the sacraments—offers for all the unbloody sacrifice—delivers to all his vivifying word—displays to all edifying examples—extends to all the custody of guardian angels. To all he imparts exterior impressions, interior inspirations, proportionate graces. He gives to his ministers, zeal—to governors of nations, vigilance—to judges, equity—to parents, mutual fidelity and affection—to children, obedience. He gives to the rich, charity—to the poor, patience—to the great, humility—to the lowly, submission. Find me, if you can, a state of life without its appropriate graces—its necessary lights—its celestial favors. Show me a state of life for which the means of salvation are not at hand; for which the

¹ John, chap. i. v. 9.

doors of the churches are closed—the sanctuary is locked—the mysteries are not celebrated—the sacrifices are not offered. Show me an individual to whom God is not clement, benevolent, holy, and impartial. ‘*Every man,*’ we are told by the Apostle, ‘*hath his proper gift from God; one after this manner, and another after that.*’”¹

CHAPTER XIII.

FIRST DIM GLIMPSE OF THE VATICAN—ZENOSIUS AT THE SHRINE OF ST. CECILIA—THE CAPUCHIN FRIAR—THE CONSECRATED SOIL AND HOLY ATMOSPHERE OF ROME.

Let not your radiant shapes desert the land :
 Michael, and thou, St. George, whose flaming brand
 The Dragon quell'd; and valiant Margaret,
 Whose rival sword a like opponent slew ;
 And *rapt Cecilia*, seraph-haunted queen
 Of harmony.

Wordsworth.

FROM his accidental, or rather providential, association with the Greek Count, du-

¹ 1 Cor. vii. v. 7.

ring the passage of the Alps, Zenosius had derived no little instruction or edification. Within the gates of the capital of Lombardy they parted:—the nobleman lingered among the monuments and classic scenes of a city in whose episcopal chair had sitten an Ambrose, in early times, and a Charles Borromeo, in more recent. Our pilgrim delayed not. His destination is Rome, and he must not tarry by the way. He journeys onward, attracted, as it were, by an irresistible magnet, towards which all his affections pointed and tended, with trembling and eager avidity.

He draws nigh. From the summit of a hill he catches a glimpse—clouded and distant, it is true, but yet a first glimpse—of the dome of the Vatican. An utter stranger, on the desolate waste of Campagna, yet feeling none of a stranger's loneliness—for, within the venerable gates of Rome his Mother dwelt; not, indeed, his natural, but his spiritual, his ecclesiastical Mother—the

Holy Catholic Church—*Sancta Mater Ecclesia*. He knows how tenderly he will be received to her bosom, especially as he had, for so long a time, been ignorant of her mercies. He is now among her sons, she will love him as a son; and, with a lavish bounty, will bestow upon him her graces and benedictions.

He stands, at length, on consecrated ground—in the walls of Rome. And, as he cast his eyes around the scene so varied, so hallowed, and so wildering to his excited mind, Eirene, that blessed angel of peace who ever watched by his side, again appeared and said :

“Zenosius, thou knowest me : I am with thee still—”

“Holy angel, like Raphael by the side of Tobias, I find thee, in my need, a guardian and a guide. Eirene, speak.”

“Enter yon church, and after praying before the tomb of the Saint under whose auspices it is dedicated, thou wilt meet another

friend. Ere thou quittest Rome, thou shalt see me again." Thus having spoken, she vanished into thin air.

The Church to which he was directed was one of the most ancient in Rome, having been originally built by Pope Urban I. about the year 230, and repaired by Pascal I. in 821. It was sacred to the virgin-martyr Cecilia, whose relics, translated from the cemetery of Calixtus, lie under the altar, encased in gold, silver, and crystal. As Zenosius advanced to the portico of this venerable temple, he could not but indulge in salutary musings. "Here," he thought, "is a church which has been dedicated to the worship of God, according to the faith and rites of the Catholic Church, ever since that period which even sectarians hesitate not to denominate the *golden*. The faith taught in its hallowed walls, so many centuries ago, is still taught here—the worship and rites then practised, are still practised. And thus, in very deed, I find myself, almost visibly

and tangibly, united in communion with the primitive Christians. Their religion was pure and true—ours is identical with theirs; consequently, in embracing the faith of Rome, I have only gone back, as it was my duty to go back, to the faith of the Apostolic ages.”

Approaching the altar, he surrendered his heart to meditation and devout prayer; and, with indescribable fervor, recited the following hymn in honor of Saint Cecilia, which a peasant boy had handed him, at the shrine of the blessed martyr.

“Rome gave the virgin martyr birth,
Whose memory hath fill'd the earth:
And in the early dawn of youth,
She fix'd her heart on God and Truth.

“For, though Valerian had sought
To make her his—she yielded not:
But, strengthen'd by an angel bright,
To heaven she pledged her solemn plight.

¹ Ego, Valeriane, in Angeli tutela sum, qui Virginitatem meam custodit, &c. (*Brev. Rom.*)

“ Then, from the world’s bewildering strife,
In peace she spent her holy life ;
Teaching the Organ to combine
With Voice, to praise the Lamb divine.

“ But, jealous of her Virgin dower,
The Prefect, clad with threatening power,
Bade her, forthwith, her Faith deny,
And with the pagan rites comply.

“ Most firmly did her heart withstand ;—
She smiled upon the fell command
To plunge her in a bath of fire,
There to be tortured—and expire.

“ But there the VIRGIN felt no pain ;
Though night and day did she remain :
When, fired with vengeance, with a blow
The Lictor laid the MARTYR low.¹

“ CECILIA, with a two-fold crown
Adorn’d in heaven, we pray, look down
Upon thy fervent votaries here,
And hearken to their humble prayer.”

¹ Eo in furore concitatus est (Præfectus) ut eam in ipsius ædes reductam in balneo comburi jusserit quo in loco, cum diem noctemque ita fuisset ut ne flamma quidem illam attingeret, &c. (*Ibid.*)

He had hardly finished reading this hymn, when a Friar of the Capuchin order, with a hoary beard flowing to his breast, and a figure and deportment which bespoke, at once, the man of lofty character, under the coarse and unseemly habit of an humble religious, addressed him :

“ I see thou art a stranger in this our metropolis of the Christian world. Command me while thou tarriest among the tombs of the saints, and the monuments of the past.”

“ Thou art too kind, venerable father,” returned Zenosius ; “ yet, as thou hast condescended to make the offer of thy services to me, a pilgrim from a far-off land—”

“ I was not mistaken—come, then, my son, and follow me.”

They left the shrine of St. Cecilia together, and proceeded to the Grove of Egeria, where, in sight of the broken statue of the goddess, amid the sear and hoary trees nodding over the waters that yet leap from the

fountain, they passed the day in antiquarian Christian researches.

“Rome,” said the Friar, “is, beyond doubt, a city of martyrs. Every mound, without the walls, may be said to cover some body, while the stones of the city press upon innumerable remains. Truly hath Prudentius sung :

“Vix fama nota est, abditis
Quam plena sanctis Roma sit ;
Quam dives urbanum solum
Sacris sepulchris floreat.

“Fame scarce can tell the treasures which
Lie hidden in the walls of Rome ;
How blest this glorious soil, how rich
With many a sacred, unknown tomb.

“This reflection is calculated to inspire, with religious awe, the sincere Christian, who comes to contemplate, with sentiments of faith, the vestiges of those times of trial and persecution, when the most painful and shameful death was considered glorious by

the champions of the Cross, whose memories the Catholic Church reveres. Their number surpasses all calculation. The Poet whom I just now cited, in an address to his friend Valerian, asserts that,

“———— Within the walls of Rome,
We see the ashes of unnumber'd saints :
If thou wouldst learn their names or titles all
Engraven on their tombs—I cannot tell :
For, entire nations of the Just have been,
By impious fury, immolated, when
Troy's offspring, Rome, her ancient gods adored.
Yet, there are monuments on which the name,
Or some inscription still may be descried.
But of the greater part, the marble mute
Gives to our anxious questions no response.
And I myself remember to have seen
No less than sixty bodies in one fosse.
Their names are known to no one but to Christ,
With whom, in endless friendship, they are join'd.¹

“ These blessed martyrs were held in the highest veneration by the surviving Chris-

¹ *De Coronis*, Hymn xi.

tians ; and their relics and blood were, with tender and sacred care, gathered and preserved. Of this Saint Hilary bears testimony, in his work against the Emperor Constantius :¹ ‘ Everywhere,’ he declares, ‘ has the blood of the martyrs been saved, and their venerable bones offer daily a new testimony.’ And Saint Gaudentius : ‘ We keep their blood, which is a proof of their martyrdom.’²

“ When one of their brethren was arrested, and carried to the place of execution, in defence of the Catholic Faith,—the Faith of Rome,—thousands, bound to him by the ties of one common creed, and one universal bond of fraternal charity, followed him, offering every office of kindness, evincing every token of respect, actuated by the purest sympathies of religion. This beautiful trait in the primitive Catholics of Rome

¹ Sanctus ubique beatorum martyrum sanguis exceptus est, et veneranda ossa quotidie testimonio sunt. (Cap. 8.)

² Tenemus enim sanguinem, qui testis est passionis. (Page 339, Edit. Card. Quirin.)

did not escape the due commemoration of the sacred muse of Prudentius :

“ Then might you see whole cities, oft,
 In anxious hurry, gathering round :
 Beneath the martyr, strewing soft
 Sweet herbs, and dressing every wound.

“ *That* Christian hastes the gash to kiss
 Deep made by rough and iron claws ;
 Nor feels aught of repugnance : *this*
 To lick the purple blood that flows.

“ Many their linen garments steep
 With oozing blood, which carefully,
 As a protection blest, they keep,
 And leave to their posterity.¹

“ Thou hast come, then,” continued the Friar, “ to the cemetery of the martyrs. The very atmosphere of Rome is redolent with the sweet odor of sanctity, which will linger in it, in spite of ruin and change. Thou breathest it—and thy yearning spirit, re-

¹ *De Coronis*, Hymn v.

freshed and invigorated, must feel its blissful influence. The pontifical See, surrounded with the tombs of martyrs, confessors, and saints of every age, as well as with the ruins of pagan grandeur and magnificence, stands, before the nations of the earth, a sublime and imperishable beacon of truth—a beacon, erected by omnipotent power on the shores of the ocean of time; on which, strewn with the fragments of human institutions, it casts a steady and inextinguishable light, which is destined to blend in heaven with the ‘splendors’ of eternity.”

CHAPTER XIV.

ROME THE SEAT OF THE POPES—THE BLESSINGS OF THE PAPACY—THE LITANY DELLA CONSO LAZIONE IN THE COLOSSEUM—OBJECTIONS AGAINST THE POPES—STORM AND CALM.

Thou, mighty Rome, through whose sonorous aisles
The stream of sacred liturgy still flows,
And stays not day or night its tuneful course,
And Eucharist incessant, and the springs
Of meek austerity, O art thou not
Upon our insular pride, and ribald tongues,
Our wide-spread heresy and worldly pomp
And weak presumptuous poverty of faith,
On this, our humble and disjointed Church,
O art thou not most visibly avenged!

Faber's Sir Lancelot.

THIS first conversation being concluded, the amiable Capuchin conducted Zenosius to visit the principal monuments of Rome.

“Whithersoever we direct our steps,” he observed, “the eye falls upon trophies of Catholic victory over paganism and error. The very columns, and triumphal arches—to say nothing of the Colosseum, the Pantheon, and the temple of Vesta—bespeak the fostering and protecting care of the Ro-

man pontiffs. For, not only have they been converted into religious purposes, but they have been rescued from the destruction of time, and the rapacity of invasion, by the power of their influence. Yes, this is the home of the Popes—the successors of Peter and Clement—the visible heads of the Church—the Fathers of the Christian world. This is the dwelling-place of that wonderful succession of Pastors, whose vigilance, zeal, munificence, and piety, have been celebrated, not only by Catholic eulogists, but likewise, by Sectarian and even Infidel admirers. ‘If the papal power,’ writes an eminently distinguished and prejudiced author, of the former class, ‘had not been adapted to the condition of Europe, it could not have existed. We have only to look at the Abyssinian and Oriental Churches, to see what Europe would have been without the Papacy. *It was morally and intellectually the conservative power of Christendom: politically, too, it was its savior.* For, in all

probability, the West, like the East, must have been overrun with Mahomedanism, and sunk in irremediable degradation, if, in that crisis of the world, the Roman Church had not roused the nations to an united and prodigious effort, commensurate with the danger.”¹

“Acknowledgments of this kind, forced, by facts, from the very reluctant, though, in this case, manly concession of so great a writer, should be regarded as a sufficient confutation of the slanders and misrepresentations so flippantly alleged against the Papal See,” remarked Zenosius.

“I will not forget to strengthen these admissions of an enemy of the Catholic Church, by another, emanating from a more subtle and elegant foe of Christianity itself: ‘The perpetual correspondence of the Latin clergy, the frequent pilgrimages to Rome and Jerusalem, and *the growing authority of the Popes*, cemented the union of the Christian

¹ Dr. Southey.

republics, and gradually produced the similar and common jurisprudence, which has distinguished from the rest of mankind the independent and even hostile nations of modern Europe !¹

“The general and enduring blessings, which, before the Reformation, were spread over the Catholic world, must be referred rather to the Papacy, than to the Popes, individually considered. The divine founder of the Church never contemplated the impeccability, or even infallibility, of the individuals, apart from their office and the high functions they were destined, as a body, to discharge. As the Church is the source of all sanctity and grace, independently of the merits or demerits, the virtues or vices, of her lawful ministers, so the Papacy is the conservative principle of Christianity, although some of the incumbents in the chair of Peter may not have left on the page of history the character of virtue, and moderation, and

¹ Gibbon, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, chap. xxxvii.

piety, by which the majority, however, have, unquestionably, been renowned. Let not the enemies of Rome, therefore, declaim, in exaggerated misrepresentation, against this or that Pope—Gregory the Seventh, or Alexander the Sixth. This declamation can have no more weight in the disparagement or condemnation of the Papacy, than that of the Infidel—who does not see exemplified in many of the avowed disciples of Christianity the virtues it inculcates—against the whole scheme of divine Revelation.

“But as to the special objections which Sectarianism has urged against the sovereign Pontiffs, if a brief review of them would be agreeable to you, perhaps this would be as favorable a moment as any other, to take them into consideration.”

“I pray thee not to pass them over, excellent Father. Ere I have the honor of kneeling at the feet of the Vicar of Christ, teach me to revere, more and more, the ex-

alted dignity and primacy which I honor and believe.”

“ Come then, my son, and let us repose— as we converse—under the shadow of the Colosseum, which has witnessed the sack of Rome by more barbarians than Attila, and whose time-honored walls, in their ruined grandeur, could they speak, would add their voice in commemoration of the majesty and sanctity of the Papacy. See, the autumnal sun is throwing his last rays upon the broken arches and desolate pillars of the pride of Vespasian. The Litany *Della Consolazione*¹ is chanted on the spot where the gladiators met in sanguinary contest, and Polycarp of Smyrna was devoured by wild beasts ! Let us join in the canticle of triumph !”

“ Hail, Mary, hail ! O maiden mother, hail !
In thankfulness I lean upon the thought

¹ There is a chapel in the Colosseum dedicated to the Blessed Virgin ; it belongs to a confraternity called *Della Consolazione*, who, at stated times, perform their religious exercises in it.

Of thy mysterious chastities ; unsought
 Comes the sweet faith, thy prayers can never fail
 In that high heaven where thou hast been assumed.
 And with this hope my spirit newly plumed
 Strives upward, like a weary dove in sight
 Of her last refuge, steering by the light
 Wherewith thy name hath silently illumed
 The church below

I, on penance cast,
 Till patient yearning should retrieve the past,
 May bless thee for the succor of thy ray.

Hail, Mary, hail !

Hail thou that art the haven of the heart,
 Accessible in lower moods—a veil
 Obscuring not, but gifted to impart
 New aspect of the Cross, though sin erase
 That sign from heaven, before our downcast eyes,
 Which fall on thee, its sweet reflection lies
 Like a soft shadow, in a moonlit place.

. . . . O wondrous mother, pray
 To thy dear Son who does our sins away.”¹

Their devotions being concluded, the Capuchin resumed :

¹ *Faber's Sir Lancelot*. The reader must remember that the Rev. Frederick William Faber is *Protestant* Rector of Elton.

“ Our adversaries, seeking, it would appear, in every circumstance connected with the customs of Rome, objections against the Head of our Church, close their eyes upon the precedents which existed in the ancient covenant, and which were regulated by Jehovah himself.

“ The very title is obnoxious to them—and they accuse him of arrogance in assuming the epithet of *Summus Pontifex*—supreme Pontiff. And, nevertheless, this very title was given to the Jewish High Priests by Almighty God, as we read in the book of Leviticus: *The Lord said unto Moses: the High Priest, that is the Priest greatest among his brethren, . . he shall not uncover his head.*¹ The title is frequently repeated in the books of Maccabees, and in the gospels, in the words *Summus Sacerdos*—supreme Priest. If, then, this epithet was permitted in the old law, why not allow it in the new? Especially as the Pontiff of

¹ Chap. xxii., v. 10.

the latter is much more excellent, and greater, than the High Priest of the former.

“ They object to the pomp and splendor of the Pontifical vestments. And yet we know that the Pontiff in the Old Testament, by the peculiar institution of the Almighty, wore purple, hyacinth, golden bells, and other ornaments on his sacred garments—a golden tiara on his head—twelve gems on his breast—and two precious stones set in gold on his shoulders. Why do they not find fault with all this luxury in the Synagogue of the Hebrews, before they lavish their censure on that of the Vatican. David’s expression : *I loved the beauty of thy house*, is a much more proper motto for Christians, than the hypocritical cant of Judas : *why all this waste ?*

“ They object to his wealth and temporal power. But without reason. For it is manifest, that the Jewish Pontiff was much more wealthy—and this by the appointment of Heaven. He received the tenth of the

tithes of the Levites : the first-fruits, first-born creatures, and offerings of all the people. Surely if the Pope were to receive annually the tithes of all the Christian world, and the tenth of the tithes of all ecclesiastics and monks ; if he were to receive the first-fruits and offerings of all the faithful, he would, perhaps, be somewhat richer than he now is. If, then, God wished the Pontiff of the Old Testament to be thus enriched, why should the Pontiff of the New be envied the title which he possesses.

“ They object to the authority which he exercises in the Christian Church. Here they resemble the Hebrews who brought against Aaron a similar accusation. But God declared, by the interposition of his miraculous power, that he wished the people to be obedient to him. What do we desire ? We cannot all be superiors—it is necessary that some one should preside ; if he be the Roman Pontiff, why do we molest him ? It is in consequence of our blindness and infirm-

ity that we are always prone to find fault with something.

“ They object to his glorying in the succession of Pontiffs in the Roman Church. But this is no fault. For, in the Old Testament, likewise, the succession of High Priests was preserved, and, by a special miracle, confirmed by the Almighty. He willed that the succession should be continued in the tribe of Levi, and should not be transferred to the other tribes. And to preserve the memory of this, in a most solemn manner, he caused the rod of Aaron, and of no other tribe, to sprout forth of a sudden. They who institute a new ministry, not in due succession as recognised by the Church, resemble Jeroboam, who appointed Priests not of the tribe and succession of Levi. (See 3 Kings 12.)

“ They object to the celibacy of the Catholic priesthood. Have they examined the discipline of the ancient Jews on this head? Let them read the law concerning Priests

when engaged in the functions of the altar, and as the Catholic Priests are daily in the discharge of their most holy functions, let them not be condemned for *perpetually* observing a regulation prescribed, at times, by the founder of the Ancient Testament. Saint Paul has left an advice, which should not be forgotten by the members of the sacred ministry to which he belonged: *I would* (writes that Apostle) *that you were all like myself. I say unto the unmarried and widows, it is good for them if they thus remain, even as myself.* And he assigns this cogent reason: *He who is without a wife, is solicitous about the things which are of God.*¹

“Would that the opponents of the supremacy of the Roman Pontiffs could be induced to seriously consider the fallacious grounds of these objections,” said Zenosius. “Would that they could be persuaded to sacrifice—as by the aid of God’s grace I have done—vain prejudice to solid argument.”

¹ 1 Cor., chap. vii., v. 7. See Becanus, *Analogia*, &c.

“False impressions,” subjoined the Friar, “are a fatal obstacle to the advancement of truth. Ere its dominion can be extended, they must be destroyed: and it is only by patient research, and impartial reasoning, that Sectarians will be induced to cast off, as erroneous and pernicious, what they were once—even as thyself—taught to cherish as salutary and undoubted. And besides investigation, besides conviction, courage is required to overcome human respect, to triumph over public opinion, and to sacrifice notions and misapprehensions, which were identified with their earliest education and associations. Sectarianism hath, indeed, been lashing the wild passions of the world into a violent storm of prejudice and hostility against the Mother-Church! But that storm—like the hurricane on the ocean, that sweeps, with terrific rapidity, over the raging deep and wastes itself away—must be succeeded by tranquillity and calm.

Comes there not, when the storm is o'er,
A beauteous, bright tranquillity ?
When the wild winds have hush'd their roar,
Is there not peace upon the sea ?

The Holy Catholic Church, which hath survived all the revolutions of eighteen centuries, will flourish on, and be victorious over the powers of earth, and the *gates of hell.*"

CHAPTER XV.

THE SABBATH-MORN ON THE SEVEN HILLS—ONE FAITH—ONE SACRIFICE—THE CAPUCHIN'S DISCOURSE IN THE BASILICK OF SAINT JOHN LATERAN—CHAINS AND GLORY.

Odelon.—Oui ; aussi, loin d'être anges, ne sommes-nous que des créatures douées de sens, et vivant dans un monde physique et accommodé à ces sens. Ne nous servons-nous pas des choses et des moyens extérieurs dans toutes circonstances où le simple raisonnement ne suffit pas ? Pourquoi donc repousserions-nous, dans le cercle de la religion, un moyen si propre à exciter des sentimens religieux ?

Baron de Starck, Entretiens Philosophiques.

It is Sunday morning. And sweetly does it smile, from the chambers of the glowing east, upon the glittering domes of the City. Deep and solemn is the sound of innumerable bells, swinging their mingled peal over the Seven Hills. The streets are thronged with early worshippers, pressing to the holy sacrifice of the altar. What a pleasing and consoling spectacle ! All are children of the same Catholic Church—there is here no discordancy of feeling, no diversity of opinion : the

minds of all are filled with the same divine principles and convictions of faith, and their hearts animated by the same religious devotion. Blessed unanimity, which, before the spirit of disorder insinuated itself in the breasts of the misguided and deluded, reigned over the whole world, and made all Christians, of all nations, one harmonious and happy family. O, that the day may soon arrive, when that truly Catholic unity may again prevail : when schism being laid aside, and repented for, by those who have been guilty of it, the lost and wandering sheep, hearing the voice of the good shepherd, will return to the fold, and the halcyon days of primitive Christianity will be restored to the earth, so long afflicted by dissensions, and torn by heretical feuds.

On leaving the Colosseum, last evening, an arrangement had been made by the venerable Friar, to meet Zenosius in the Basilick of Saint John Lateran, where a splendid celebration was to take place, and a discourse

on the external worship of the Catholic Church, to be pronounced by himself. Zenosius, at the stated hour, repaired to that ancient church, joined, with ardent devotion, in the sublime and beautiful ritual, and listened, with rapturous satisfaction, to the sermon of the Capuchin, who spoke in the following terms :

“ Man is composed of soul and body, of intellectual and sensible faculties, of external and internal relations. As he is bound to refer his entire being to God, his supreme master, therefore, it follows, as an undeniable consequence, that besides *internal*, there is due to God *external*, worship. Hence the construction of churches—hence sacrifices, prayer, canticles, altars, and the whole train of sacred functions, which constitute the apparatus of exterior worship. And yet these rites and ceremonies, so venerable and so important, have excited the opposition of not a few, as superstitious and unwarrantable. In vain do we unfold the parchments

of antiquity, and exhibit the testimony of the Fathers of the primitive times, vindicating the majesty of our temples, the splendor of our altars, the pomp of our festivals, the joyous peal of a hundred bells ringing in exultation, while the long and glittering procession bears through the streets of our gorgeous capital the consecrated host. There are, in some countries, and more especially of late years, numberless Christians who regard such outward displays as idle, and even derogatory from the sublimity and dignity of true religion. But the Catholic, after a profound investigation of the subject, is convinced, that external worship was always practised—and he is led to the conclusion : that **THE EXTERNAL WORSHIP OF THE CHURCH IS NECESSARY TO KEEP ALIVE BOTH RELIGION AND MORALITY.** By external worship, I mean a language of action, ordained to represent, in a sensible manner, the dogmas and maxims of religion ; with the conjunction of certain ceremonies and formulas of prayer

containing a compendium of the principal articles of faith. Now, such worship is necessary : for, man, a material and corporeal being as he is, hath need to be supported by sensible signs, in order to measure the greatness of things which he sees not, by those which he sees. Take away the support of sensible signs, and he will see nothing that is spiritual. Give him but an imperfect sign of an invisible object, and of that he will form but an imperfect idea. For this reason it is, that sovereigns appear arrayed in majesty and glory, in order to impress on the minds of their subjects a great idea of their dignity. So it is with the Eternal Sovereign of the World, whose attributes form the object of our faith and practices. A temple is a permanent sign, which makes us remember the majesty of God. An altar is a sign by which we are reminded of the gratitude we owe him, and the sacrifice of our goods and persons we should make to his service. The sacred

functions, celebrated with magnificent apparel, and harmonious canticles, indicate the greatness of the Being to whom they are offered. The whole Liturgy is but a constant allusion to the dogmas and moral of revealed religion. The veneration paid to the saints, those friends of God, but the ultimate term of which is the Divinity himself, attracts, with great utility, the attention of the faithful: and the brilliant virtues with which they have illumined the Church, present a stimulus for their admiration and imitation. The sacred images which are exposed to the respect of the people—not, indeed, as if containing any virtue in themselves—are so many glorious memorials of the heroic sanctity of those whom they represent. The solemnities and festivals of the Church are wisely distributed among the different seasons of the year. The principal points of the life of Jesus Christ and his most holy mother, and the anniversary of the happy passage into heaven of the Apostles, and the

most famous heroes of Christianity, are celebrated with becoming pomp, calculated to animate the faithful to thanksgiving, compunction, and perseverance. Even the funeral ceremony, which brings before the eyes the sad procession wending its measured way to the consecrated cemetery, there to consign the remains of a Catholic, amid prayer and solemn lustration, to the peaceful grave, awakens in the pensive soul a profound conviction of the nothingness of the present, and the incalculable importance of the future.

“ Who, then, will deny that the ceremonial worship of the Church is not only a strong support of Religion, but, likewise, a powerful means of propagating it. How many instances are there not of individuals in view of the sacred functions, rising from sin to grace? How many from the darkness of Infidelity have passed into the light of Faith! History abounds with such examples. And could it be otherwise? If,

by means of material signs, Idolatry was preserved through so many ages, with infinitely more reason do similar signs conspire to the perpetuation of the true religion? And, in effect, what is it that has thrown into oblivion so many errors of past centuries? As soon as the Church began to represent the Saviour of the World in the arms of his mother, there was heard a universal cry, *Mater Dei*—Mother of God—and all the errors against the humanity of the Word were hushed in silence. The form of baptism, in the name of the Most Holy Trinity, and the doxology at the end of every psalm: *Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, &c.*, confounded all the subtleties of Arianism. The people understand the language of action, better than that of reason. Figures, symbols, things materially expressed, enter more easily into their minds, and there take a deeper root. The very sacraments, are they not material practices? The laver of baptism, which remits original sin;

the bread and wine, changed into the body and blood of Christ ; the imposition of hands, which confers ordination ; these constitute an essential part of true religion.

“ Hence, from the earliest period of her existence, the Church instituted and practised external ceremonials. The magnificence of her temples—the pomp of her sacred functions—the public veneration of the remains of her martyrs, and of pictures representing the deeds of her champions in the faith, and the lugubrious ceremonies with which she inters her dead, can be traced up to the first ages, and continued even during the most calamitous times of the persecutions, when the Christians fled, with their worship, into the caverns and catacombs of the earth. From the most ancient and authentic monuments, we learn, that they used lighted candles, incense, flowers ; and on the tombs of some of the martyrs erected altars, and offered the sacrifice according to the rites which have been trans-

mited to us. They regarded the rites of this exterior worship as so necessary, that they assembled together to celebrate them, notwithstanding the prohibitory decrees of the Emperors, and in imminent danger of their lives. And so essentially identified with the substance of religion were these external objects of worship considered by the enemies of the Christian name, that their first attacks, when their power prevailed, were aimed at the altar and the sanctuary. They reeked their vengeance on the sacred images and venerable reliquaries,—prostituted the holy vessels,—interdicted the august solemnities,—and laid bare and desolate the holy places where the Priests of the Most High once offered their sacrifices, and propitiated the ire of heaven when excited by a guilty people.

“It is the boast of the Catholic Church to maintain an habitual regard for religious convictions, by means of external signs. And ample proof might be adduced, that the energy of the former is essentially weak-

ened by the subtraction of the latter ; and there is introduced into the mind, in their stead, a disposition of moral lethargy, and religious misbelief. With the destruction of external worship, the vigor of religious influence hath always withered, and impiety hath sprung up with its pernicious effects. Under this conviction it was, that our ancestors in the faith, during those ages of piety and munificence, which, alas ! seem never again to be hoped for, reared to the clouds the spires of so many cathedrals, each crowned with the emblem of salvation—the Cross peering to the heavens. Within their venerable precincts, God was adored, and the saints invoked. Niches were filled with statues—walls were covered with paintings—altars were raised of massive stone, decorated with Christian munificence—and the sacrifice of the Mass was offered amidst the glare of waxen lights, and the clouds of fragrant incense, and the solemn chant of Priest and people.

“The moral effects of these ceremonial practices must strike, with admiration, every impartial observer, and every reflecting reader of history. They kept the faithful bound together, as it were, by a chain of external relations, and inspired them with sympathy and good-will. They added lustre to the conduct of the great and the intellectual, while they softened and refined the hardy manners of the rude and unlettered populace. These functions grew out of Christianity, and as Christianity is Charity, so they were fraught with the spirit of holy charity. All tended to fraternal love—and the grand scope of all was the encouragement and exaltation of the virtues. In what other exercises, or places, did the faithful mingle together as much in the character of brethren as in the churches? where did they derive such ideas and convictions of right, duty, truth, as amid the circumstances which surrounded them, in those consecrated walls? What could have supplied their places? I

will ask. Not the pageant and distraction of the theatre; not the gayety, the vanity, and the festal assemblage of ball or banquet. No; it was under the massive arches of the churches, in presence of the altar, amidst tombs and mausoleums, sacred images and hallowed statues, among which the venerable memories of ancient faith and practices were preserved and cherished, that men were made to act as men, and Christians to observe the duties of Christians. There the Prince learned to govern his people with wisdom and moderation—there the people were taught submission and order. There all met on an equal footing. The eternal attribute of man's nature—freedom—was there vindicated. For, all artificial distinctions of the world being there dispensed with, while all alike knelt in prayer before the sanctuary of the Most High, the humblest peasant felt the dignity of his being—and the mightiest Monarch his insignificance before Heaven. Both cast up their eyes to the same crucifix,

partook of the communion at the same altar, were elated with the expectation of the same future rewards, and terrified at the menaces of the same future punishments. Hence pride was humbled—humility raised up—hope nourished—contrition awakened—and virtue, of every description, encouraged and enforced.

“ Even pilgrimages, which the pen of disingenuous history hath delighted, it would seem, in describing as immoral and pernicious, were productive, when considered through a proper medium, of happy and religious consequences. For, while devout travellers met together in thousands at the shrine of the Apostles, or at any other place to which they might have been attracted, they met to extinguish hatred, pardon injuries, strengthen social affection, form friendships, distribute alms-deeds, and become intimately associated with the ministers of Religion, by whom they were comforted in their sorrows, counselled in their doubts,

and encouraged in their virtues. Crowds of devoted pilgrims, coming together from every nation, united as brethren in Jesus Christ, and all their national predilections and local antipathies were sacrificed, in the midst of pious exercises, on the altar of love and peace. From the centre of devotion to which they were drawn, they departed, back to their various and distant homes, renewed in fervor, quickened in piety, and strengthened in faith.

“ And do we not ourselves, when we assist at some solemn celebration of the Church, experience the salutary effects of external worship? Doth not the majesty of our ceremonies—every one bearing upon it the venerable impress of antiquity—excite in our breasts a sentiment of intense devotion? When we remember that our ancestors, during all past ages, revered them with a holy and profound conviction, and regarded them as necessary aids and inducements to the sincere homage of the heart, without which

they—and we—are perfectly aware, that they would degenerate into mere superstition. Yes, the external rite resembles the human body : which is formed with admirable proportions, and moulded by the infinite skill of the Maker, but which is nothing without the soul that animates and warms it. So the splendor and magnificence of our external worship must be animated by the spirit of true devotion—must tend to the Omnipotent, whom alone we adore. For, otherwise, in the language of Christ : *The flesh profiteth nothing ; it is the spirit that quickeneth.*"¹

At the conclusion of the service, the Capuchin invited Zenosius to visit the ancient church of St. Peter *ad Vincula*, which was erected in the fifth century, under the pontificate of Gregory the Great.

“ Before concluding thy pilgrimage at the tomb of the Apostles,” he said, “ it will be instructive for thee to view the shrine where are preserved the chains wherewith the Chief

¹ John, chap. vi., v. 64.

of the College was bound. Thou wilt there impress more deeply on thy soul what Christ once solemnly inculcated on his disciples, that the way to everlasting life is a thorny and narrow way, beset with temptation, and strewn with sufferings. There, too, the unspeakable triumph of the Church over the Synagogue will strike thy mind with awful admiration. One of the lowliest members of the latter—an unlettered and unknown fisherman—hath been the instrument of the complete prostration of her pride and glory, and of the miraculous elevation and consolidation of the power of the former. A Jew, taught and inspired by the Son of Joseph, sees his master crucified, and glorified—contemplates the completion of all his predictions—forsakes Jerusalem, which was destined to be reduced to desolation—establishes his abode, and erects his spiritual throne, amid the glare of Rome;—Rome, which, changed from the capital of pagan superstitions into the centre of Christian

unity and faith, is, eighteen hundred years after his death, the seat of his successors, and the metropolis of the Church.”

“Thou hast made mention of the Synagogue,” returned Zenosius, “in connection with the Church. Is there not a close and striking analogy between the one and the other? Some further explanation on this subject would be thrice welcome, Father.”

“It shall not be withheld from thee, my son.”

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SYNAGOGUE AND THE CHURCH—THE FALL OF SOLYMA—NIGHT, THE MOON ON THE SABINE HILLS.

Edouard. Je suis tellement confondu de ce que je viens d'entendre, que je n'y trouve aucune espèce de réponse à faire.

Baron de Starck.

“HAVING made this subject a long and separate study,” the learned Capuchin con-

tinued, "it will not be deemed arrogance on my part to accede to your wishes, and communicate to you the result of my reading on this question. In the Synagogue, as in a Republic, three things are to be considered. First, the collection of men in it. Secondly, the external government. Thirdly, the internal affection by which the members are united to their superior, as their head. The two former are *visible*. The third is *invisible*. For, with our eyes we see the members and the head, the external polity and government; but we cannot see the internal affection which each one hath, or ought to have. In the Synagogue, there was a *visible* collection of Jews—there were, likewise, sacrifices, sacraments, external ecclesiastical government, purifications, oblations, and similar Mosaical ceremonies."

"There is a strong resemblance between the Synagogue and the Christian Church," remarked Zenosius. "It is easy to perceive the mother and the child."

“I would rather say, and the *Catholic Church*,” observed the Friar, emphatically. “The Catholic and Christian Church is the same, and, during sixteen hundred years, the distinction now made was unheard of. That this is the belief of all who preserve any veneration for antiquity, is certain, as they claim the glorious epithet. As to the resemblance between the Synagogue and the Church, on the subject of *visibility*, it must be discovered by any careful observer. Christians constitute a visible body—the government of the Church is *visible*. Her prelates teach, exhort, govern, judge, punish, administer the sacraments. They are all bound together by internal faith and charity. Thus, with as much propriety do we say, the Synagogue was, and the Church is, visible, as we say thy glorious Republic is visible to the whole world.”

“I do not think there can be much cavilling on this first character,” added Zenosius—

“ ——— On the hill sublime
The city, destined to survive all time,
Was founded, visible to every eye,
Tow’ring, through ages, to its kindred sky.

“ But there is another, and a much more difficult point, extremely worthy of our investigation. It is, whether the Synagogue *ever erred in faith.*”

“ A truly important topic this,” remarked the Friar. “ For if it ever did, I am sure, in that respect, it would have been but a poor prototype of an *infallible* Church.”

“ And yet, if I am not mistaken, the Lutherans and Calvinists maintain that it did fall into error. Is it not true ?” asked Zenosius.

“ They do maintain this point,” he replied. “ And in order to substantiate their opinion, they adduce four different epochs when, they say, the Synagogue erred. First, in the time of Moses, when Aaron and the people adored the golden calf.¹ Secondly,

¹ Exod., chap. xxxii. v. 4.

in the time of Elias, when that prophet alone remained faithful, as he himself complains.¹ Thirdly, in the time of Isaias and Jeremiah, when Israel did not know God.² Fourthly, in the time of the passion of Christ, when the whole Synagogue expired with all its ceremonies.

“ Now, it is not true that the Synagogue erred in the time of Moses ; but only a part of it. For Moses, the Levites, and the Priests, remained faithful, as appears from Exodus,³ where it is stated the sons of Levi were true to their God. And the sons of Levi numbered twenty-two thousand.⁴

“ The second assertion, that in the time of Elias and Jeremiah it erred, requires a distinction. For two different kingdoms appertained to the Synagogue : one of Judah, and the other of Israel, which consisted of ten tribes. The latter fell from the true

¹ 3 Kings, chap. xix. v. 14.

² Isaias, chap. i. v. 3. Jerem., chap. ii. v. 13.

³ Chap. xxxii. v. 25, 26.

⁴ Numb., chap. iii. v. 39.

faith from the beginning, under King Jero-boam, and began publicly to adore idols; and in this state they continued until the captivity.¹ Nor did they *all* fall into idolatry For Elias tells us, that when he imagined he was the only true adorer of God, he received an answer from above, assuring him that there were *seven thousand* men in Israel who had not bent their knees to Baal.

“In the kingdom of Judah, it was different. For some of its kings were good and faithful adorers of the true God; others were wicked and idolatrous. But in the temple of Solomon, the use of sacrifices always continued until the Babylonish captivity, as we learn from the second book of Macchabees,² where it is related that the priests of that time hid the fire taken from the altar in a valley, where there was a deep and dry well. That is to say, the fire sent down from heaven, which the priests used in the

¹ 3 Kings, chap. xii. v. 19, and 4 Kings, chap. xvii. v. 22, 23.

² Chap. i. v. 19.

daily sacrifices—and that fire was preserved in the temple until the Jews were carried away into Persia.¹

“It is true that the Synagogue expired in the time of Christ—not, indeed, by swerving from the true faith which it had always held, but because then it was repudiated with its ceremonies and sacrifices; and in its place was substituted the Church of Jesus Christ. There are five things to be considered in the Synagogue. First, the Mosaical law. Secondly, the prophecy concerning Christ. Thirdly, the priesthood and legal sacrifices. Fourthly, the supreme judiciary power which resided in the High Priest and the council. Fifthly, the infallible assistance of God annexed to that power. When and how they all expired, if it be not encroaching too much upon your patience, I will explain.

“The Mosaical law, with regard to its obligation, was abrogated at the death of

¹ Levit., chap. ix. v. 24.

Christ, as St. Thomas teaches.¹ For then it lost its power of obligating;—for then *the veil of the temple was rent asunder*, and then Christ declared, *Consummatum est*—All is consummated. Whence it follows, that before that event, the Mosaic and Evangelic laws were both in vigor: after it, only the Evangelical law.

“The prophecies concerning Christ were manifold. Some respecting his coming into this world; others respecting his doctrines and miracles; others respecting his death and resurrection;—of course, they all expired when those events were fulfilled which they foretold.

“The legal sacrifices were abrogated by the death of Christ. And this particularly with regard to the bloody sacrifices in which animals were offered. For they were the figures or shadows of the bloody sacrifice by which Christ was to be immolated on the altar of the Cross. At the approach of

¹ 1, 2, quæst. 103, etc.

this sacrifice, it was necessary for the others to expire ; as, at the approach of the light, darkness disappears. The supreme judiciary power, with the divine assistance attached to it, doth not seem to have entirely expired at the same moment ; but successively, and, as it were, by parts. For, it is certain that Christ possessed greater judiciary power, and a more plentiful assistance of God, than the high priest in the Old Testament, according to the text of St. Matthew : *All power is given unto me in heaven and on earth.*¹

“ The divine assistance was gradually withdrawn ; as can easily be proved in those councils which were celebrated, after the nativity of Christ, by the pontiff and priests.

“ There were principally three. The first, in the time of Herod, when the Magi came to Jerusalem. The second, at the time Lazarus was raised to life, to inquire what was

¹ Chap. xxviii. v. 18.

to be done with Christ, who was working such miracles. The third, at the time of the captivity of Christ, when he was sentenced to death by Caiphas. In the first, the divine assistance continued entire; in the second, it was diminished; in the third, altogether withdrawn. The decision of the first, which specified the place where Christ was to be born, according to the prophets, was *infallible*. *But they said to them: in Bethlehem of Juda, &c.*¹ The High Priest Caiphas, in the second, declared that Christ should be put to death, to prevent the whole Jewish nation from perishing.² In one respect, indeed, he erred; in the other, he did not: for, he spoke partly from hatred, in a human manner, and partly from the inspiration of God. He erred when he adjudged the innocent one to be guilty of death—but not when he predicted that Christ was to die for the salvation of the people. When, in the third, *the Priests sought false wit-*

¹ Matth., chap. ii. v. 4.

² John, chap. xi. v. 47, 51.

nesses against him,¹ who accused him of crimes, and when sentence of death was pronounced against him—*He is guilty of death*; the assistance of God was entirely withdrawn from them, and they were inspired by the father of lies.”²

“It is not difficult, then, to remark the resemblance between the Synagogue and the Church,” said Zenosius. “Nor should it shock the feelings of *Christians* to see the latter laying claim to the prerogative which existed in the former.”

“Especially,” added the Friar, “as all acknowledge, that the Synagogue was the figure of the Church, and the figure should not be more perfect than the thing figured. In many points was the Church represented by the Synagogue. As the Synagogue was established by Moses, so was the Church by Jesus Christ; the one the servant, the other the immaculate child, of God.”³ As

¹ Matth., chap. xxv. v. 59.

² John, chap. viii. v. 44.

³ Hebr., chap. iii. v. 5, 6.

Moses was the first visible head of the Synagogue, so was Jesus Christ the first visible head of the Church he established on earth.¹ As the Synagogue, after the death of Moses, was always governed by a visible head, viz. the High Priest, so, likewise, was the Church, after the death of Christ,² by the Roman Pontiffs. As the Synagogue had sacraments, sacrifices, and other ceremonies, so also hath the Church the same. As the Synagogue was visible in its external government, so likewise is the Church in hers.

“ And, besides, Moses was the figure of Christ:—the analogy is remarkable under many points of view. Both were born in a foreign land: Moses in Egypt; Christ in Bethlehem. Moses was placed in a basket; Christ in a manger. Pharaoh persecuted Moses and the infants of the Hebrews in Egypt; Herod persecuted Christ and other infants in Bethlehem. Moses led the people forth from the land of bondage; Christ

¹ Eph., chap. v., v. 23.

² John, chap. xxi. v. 17.

from the slavery of the Devil. Moses led them through the Red Sea; Christ leads his through baptism. Moses was the Mediator of the Old Testament; Christ of the New. Moses gave the ancient, Christ the new, law. Moses fasted forty days; so, likewise, did Christ. Moses instituted seventy elders; Christ, seventy disciples. Moses sent twelve spies into Egypt; Christ, twelve apostles into the whole world. Moses wrought miracles with his wand; Christ, many more with the wood of his cross."

"The details of this analogy are singularly striking, indeed," observed Zenosius, "and though I had often perceived the general resemblance, never did it present itself to my mind as completely as at present. I should now like to hear in what manner the Church may be considered more perfect than the Synagogue."

"This can be done without much difficulty," returned the Friar. "For the Synagogue was the mere handmaid, the Church

is the spotless spouse, of Christ.¹ The former was to be rejected in the end; the latter was never to be set aside.² The Synagogue had Prophets and Priests, through whom God spoke; the Church speaks directly through the incarnate Word, Jesus Christ.³ The Synagogue was confined to Palestine; the Church is CATHOLIC, that is to say, spread over every part of the world.⁴ Thus it is evident that while the Synagogue was a faithful prototype of the Church, it was far less perfect. WE are living in the light—the full meridian light—which arose from on high; the Jews were *under a cloud*, and only tending towards the accomplishment of the great things prefigured by the ancient law. If, therefore, the Synagogue was ever VISIBLE and INFALLIBLE, it follows, *à fortiore*, that the Church must be so likewise.

¹ Gal., chap. iv. v. 31.

² Isaiah, chap. liv. v. 4.

³ Heb., chap. i. v. 2.

⁴ Mark, chap. xvi. v. 15. Rom., chap. x. v. 18. See Becanus, *Analogia*.

“The discussion of this analogy between the Jewish Synagogue, which in its origin was divine, and the Catholic Church, which has been substituted in its place, brings to my mind a poem written by a foreign missionary, on the destruction of Jerusalem, which I cannot forbear to repeat to thee; and I do it the more willingly, as I have, ere this, discovered that thou hast a cultivated mind, as well as an upright heart.”

“No one can be more fond of the sacred muse than I am, Father,” responded Zenosius; “and a theme of this grand and terrific character, I feel, is worthy of the most lofty strain.”

The Capuchin then recited the following lines:—

“From the high tops of Sinai
The voice of God resounds:
The earth is shaken—and the sea
Swells o'er its ancient bounds:
Throughout the plains afar, deep rolls
The thunder, roaring round the poles.

“ Whence comes this uproar from the sky—
This elemental noise ?
God speaks—and from eternity
All things obey his voice :
Dark Erebus his proud head bends,
As earth the eternal vengeance rends.

“ He sounds amid the astonished air,
Amid the fleeting wind,
And not a whisper, far or near,
Is heard, of any kind,
Save that which breathes of vengeance dread,
While Sion bows her trembling head.

“ ’Tis time to avenge the ancient crime—
The perfidy which hung
The Just One on the Cross—’tis time—
Heaven’s wrath on old and young
Must soon be spent—the Sun shall fail,
And Nature, once again, shall quail !

“ Armies in numerous ranks arrayed
Are sometimes not the sign
Of triumph—oft their power displayed
Is struck by wrath divine—
And like a flock of sheep they’re driven
Before the dreadful ire of Heaven.

- “ As if amid the April air—
 The zephyr’s gentle breath—
A whirlwind, fraught with fell despair,
 Should rage and scatter death ;
So suddenly did wrath o’erwhelm
The fated, lost JERUSALEM !
- “ Her garments rent—her figure lorn—
 Sion’s sad daughter weeps :
And well in sackcloth may she mourn
 As ruin o’er her sweeps ;
And as she thinks of ages blest—
The foeman’s sword is at her breast.
- “ The ways of Sion, dark and lone,
 So pompous once and bright—
In solitary sorrow groan,
 ’Mid desolation’s night :
The Princess is a captive now,
The widow’s wreath is on her brow.
- “ Gone is the fire that burn’d within
 Her breast that once beat high :
Pale on her cheek her once fair skin—
 Tears swell her once meek eye.
Ah me ! how changed—her joy is spent ;
Her fate—are grief and banishment.

- “ Where is the pride of Solyma ?
And Jacob’s glory, where ?
Gone from the scene—their brilliant day
Is wrapt in darkness drear :
And ruin’s mantle folds their pride—
Their power and loveliness have died.
- “ The aged men—their hoary hair
Sprinkled with ashes—lie
Prostrate upon the earth—and there
Bound with rough fetters, sigh :
The virgins squalid, in their grief,
Weeping around, know no relief.
- “ Where, wretched Solyma ! is now
The blossom on thy cheek ?
Where now the bright and healthful glow
Which late thy joy did speak ?
The Rose that lately bloomed upon
Its stem, hath withered in the sun.
- “ The wreath hath perished which, of late,
Thy scented hair entwined :
Thine eye—once joyous, seems by fate
Made miserably blind :
For, now no more doth it behold
The heavens that looked so bright, of old.

“ The famished Babe puts forth his tongue
 Craving the longed-for food :
But finds less favor than the young
 Beasts of the solitude.

In vain they scream—no hand is there
To rescue, snatch them, from despair.

“ Beneath the battering-rams, now fall
 The august citadels ;
And the once formidable wall—
 While blood in torrents swells—
And, raging with unyielding ire,
Sweeps o’er the whole, avenging fire.

“ No longer in the waters calm
 Of blest Probatice,
Doth sickness find a healing balm :—
 That too hath pass’d away ;
But from its banks the mingled cry
Of wo, is echoed to the sky.

“ No longer do the spreading groves
 Of sacred Olivet
Invite the wanderer, as he roves,
 To rest his wearied feet ;
Upon their branches swinging high,
The wretched victims groan and die.

- “ The hallowed temple, where, of yore,
For countless ages past,
The sons of Judah loved to adore,
Is mid the ruin cast !
That gorgeous, venerable pile,
Is now a heap of ashes vile.
- “ He who the fatal sword escapes,
By flying from the foe,
Is whirled amid the flame that sweeps
O'er the wide scene of wo :
And on the Father's bosom lie
His gasping children—and there die.
- “ Vain is the mother's loud lament,
Her daughter's shrieks are vain—
The vows of priests are vainly spent ;
To hear Heaven will not deign.
Earth with the countless victims groans,
And the air echoes with their moans.
- “ All things are riven by the wrath
Of the Eternal—who
Passeth in vengeance—and his path
Is strewn with mighty wo :
And in one dreadful ruin fall
The altar, city, temple—all.

“ The bulwarks totter—vain their strength—
Their ancient strength gives way ;
And lo! the splendid Queen—at length—
Of nations, without sway.

The sea with every plague allied,
Rolls o'er the land its vengeful tide.

“ The tiger, mid the desert wild,
Roaring for human food,
Is not as cruel—nor defiled
With the foul stain of blood,
As are the foes of Sion dread,
Piling with heaps on heaps, the dead.

“ For the ETERNAL hath his arm
Bared with relentless wrath ;
He fills the nations with alarm—
And from his quiver hath
Drawn forth the arrows of his might
'Gainst those who once were his delight.

“ There are who, with malignant pride,
Insult the fallen state
Of that once glorious Queen—deride
Her melancholy fate—
Laugh o'er the woes of her who wore
The sceptre of the world before.

“ And as the exulting passer-by
Looks on the captured Queen,
He raises a malignant cry :
How glorious hath she been !
But now Jerusalem lays low
Upon the earth her conquer'd brow !

“ Where now are the prophetic songs
Sung by her fathers old ?—
Which banished with their nations' wrongs
All darkness—and foretold
The pride of Jacob and his race
In this once blessed, now cursed place !

“ Where now the rock immoveable,
The temple which was deem'd
Eternal ?—oh what tongue can tell
What bloody torrents streamed,
Because the impious dared to rise
Against the counsels of the skies.

“ No human hand profane hath been
The cause of all these woes ;
E'en Titus, when along the scene
His marvelling gaze he throws,
Declares his innocence—and shrinks
Aghast, as on her fate he thinks.

“ No—rend the dark mysterious veil—
Which hangs o'er Israel's fall,
And while with horror ye turn pale—
God's JUSTICE shines through all.
Learn, mortals, as her fate you read,
To adore the Eternal—and to dread.”¹

The effect of this sublime recitation on the heart of Zenosius—amid the massy ruins of the pagan metropolis, and the gorgeous monuments of Catholic Rome—in sight of the arch of Titus, and the arch of Constantine—may be, without difficulty, conceived by the reader, capable of grasping the mighty subject, and of appreciating the majestic flow of versification in which it was couched. He could not, without effort, restrain his emotions.

Night now closed over the scene. The young moon's crescent hung over the Sabine mountains, as in the days of Numa and Hostilius. The Tiber rolled along its

¹ This admirable poem is an original translation from the Italian of the Rev. S. Santelli, formerly a missionary in Michigan, and now in Corsica, his native island.

muddy waters, which were hardly tinged with the silvery beams, as when the lyric Poet sang of the inundation of its banks, and the undermining of the temple of Vesta. Silence reigned on the hills, and in the city: and Zenosius parted with his venerable friend, to meet, on the morrow, in the Vatican, at the shrine of St. Peter and St. Paul.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ÆLIAN BRIDGE—THE TOMB OF PAGANISM—THE VATICAN—THE PROMISE OF CHRIST TO PETER AND HIS SUCCESSORS—THE CAPUCHIN'S LAST WORDS TO ZENOSIUS—THEIR SEPARATION.

Unum cæteris præponi necesse est ad evitanda schismata et ad dissentiones tollendas Imo ipsi duodecim Apostoli vix satis inter se convenissent, nisi unus cæteris præfectus fuisset.

Cowell, quoted by the Baron de Starck.

It is necessary that one should be placed over the others, in order to avoid dissensions and schisms The union among the Apostles themselves would not have been so strong, if one had not been appointed to preside over the others.

As Zenosius wended his way, early in the morning, towards the Basilick of Saint Peter—where his pilgrimage was to be concluded—he paused on the Ælian Bridge¹ to contemplate the tomb of Hadrian; which he could not help regarding as the tomb of paganism. For, that mighty mausoleum of the Roman Emperor is now, and has been, during many past centuries, the strong for-

¹ Now called the Bridge of *St. Angelo*.

tress of the Roman Pontiffs. And it was over this monument that the angel of God sheathed the sword of Heaven's wrath against the capital which was to be blest, through future ages, as the sanctuary of his mercy.¹ Musing upon the wonderful destiny of this city of the Pagan Emperors once, and now of the Catholic Popes, he finds himself in the magnificent court of St. Peter's. Gladly leap the fresh and exhaustless fountains into the air. Proudly, like a solitary column left to stand alone in isolated grandeur, rises up the Egyptian obelisk. Beautifully sweeps, on either side of the area, the semicircular range of marble columns: and the eternal Basilick itself—the wonder of the world—the pride and glory of Rome—the enduring monument of Catholic faith, and Papal munificence—rears

¹ During the time of a fatal plague that laid desolate the city under the pontificate of Gregory the Great, that holy Pontiff caused processions to be made through the streets; and is said to have beheld an angel sheathing his sword over Hadrian's tomb—to signify that the vengeance of the Eternal was appeased.

to the clouds her golden dome, and pierces the heavens with her triumphant cross. Thousands of persons—prelates, priests, canons, monks, nobles, plebeians—were hurrying in and out of the massive and magnificent portals. From the crowd issued his faithful guide—the meek and earnest Capuchin.

“Father, I am here!” exclaimed Zenosius; “unworthy to approach so nearly the threshold of that temple, whose doors have opened and shut upon millions of faithful adorers.”

“Art thou not, now, a faithful adorer?” asked the Friar. “Yea, my son, the more tardy thou hast been in receiving the gift of faith, the more fervently dost thou cherish, and dearly appreciate, the august boon. Lo! after all thy wanderings, the calm resting-place of thy anxious soul. Lo! the termination of thy pilgrimage. Thou hast reached the *limen Apostolorum*, to-day: to-morrow thou shalt kneel at the feet of the Father of

the Christian world, and receive his apostolic benediction. But, previously to thy obtaining this new and invaluable favor, sit thee down with me under the colossal statue of Constantine the Great, and listen to my final instruction. Thou readest, inscribed on the everlasting stones, the words and promise of Christ to Peter and his successors: TU ES PETRUS—*Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.*¹

“When the Founder of the Church addressed these memorable words to the fisherman of Galilee, he laid the foundations of that edifice which is to be immortal—he established that more than earthly throne, in which is to continue, to the end of time, notwithstanding the vicissitudes of human events, and the uncertainty of human life, a succession of Pontiffs, the representatives of Peter, and of Himself. The individuals

¹ Matth., chap. xvi. v. 18.

who are chosen to occupy that throne and to govern the Church, may, like all other mortals, be removed by a common destiny—must, like the lowest of human kind, yield to the inevitable and inexorable sentence of death. But, if they are mortal, the person whose place they hold is immortal; the dignity which they enjoyed is everlasting; the Church, the administration of which is in their hands, is to flourish to the ‘consummation of ages.’

“Yes, though the Prince of the Apostles was doomed to die—though, like his divine Master, he ended his life on a cross, when Linus ascended his chair, Peter lived in his successor. And after ‘speaking through the mouth of Leo’ when alive, He still presides, with his spirit of supremacy, in the vacant chair; and will act, and speak, and govern, in the person whom Providence shall destine to wear the tiara.

“This extraordinary pre-eminence has been admitted in all ages. For, to hold the

next place, in the scale of dignity, to the Roman see, was a privilege for which Antioch, and Alexandria, and even imperial Constantinople, contended. And to the decision of the Roman Pontiff, the wisest men have yielded with respect. Without his approbation, the combined wisdom of councils, no matter how respectable for the learning of those who composed, or how powerful, on account of the patronage of the great who supported, them, could have no effect, nor claim the submission of the Christian world. Without the approbation of Leo, the great predecessor of the present venerable incumbent of the Holy See, the decisions of the Council of Chalcedon, which was composed of six hundred bishops, would have been null and void: nor could the favor of princes, or the authority of the senate have rendered them of any value. Without the approbation of the sovereign Pontiff, the Councils of Rimini, Africa, Antioch, Constantinople, Milan, Seleucia, and the second

of Ephesus, would have been not only not binding on the faithful, but could not even have claimed the title of legitimate. And how far does this authority extend? Is it circumscribed by the Tiber, or the walls of Rome? Is it acknowledged in one kingdom, in one nation only? The sovereign Pontiff among the Persians could not give laws to the cities of Egypt; nor could the Pontiff of Egypt give laws to the Persians. Even the Roman Emperors, who, it is well known, united the diadem of the Prince with the tiara of the Priest, could not exercise their pontifical power over the Sarmatians, Germans, Sicambrians, Gauls, and other people who were subject to their crown: they could give laws, in matters of religion, to the Roman people only. But, of the Chief Pastor of the Christian Church, it may in truth be said, in the language of S. Bernard: 'His jurisdiction extends to the limits of the earth.' He not only numbers under his spiritual authority more than

under his temporal sway; but, in regions the most hostile to his prerogatives, and to the religion of which he is the head, there are to be found multitudes bending to his power, and submitting to his supremacy: and of these, there are thousands among the Gentiles and the Turks. There never was a sovereign, whose dominion was recognised and respected among people so far apart, and regions so various and so different. Where is the dignity that can be compared to that of the Roman Pontiff! without considering the splendor of his court, and the titles, offices, prelacies, which depend upon his nod, 'like the branches from the tree,' to borrow the idea of St. Cyprian, 'streams from the river, rays from the sun.' And even the princes of the world have deemed it an honor to receive their crowns from his hands. When Stephen, Prince of Hungary, and Bolislaus, Duke of Poland, contended for the regal crown, their dispute was referred to, and decided by, the then

reigning Pontiff, Sylvester II. From the hands of the sovereign Pontiffs, were received the crowns of Scotland by Edgar, of Russia by Daniel, of Poland by Wenceslaus, of Portugal by Alphonsus, of France by Clovis. What shall I say of Desiderius, King of Lombardy, and Pepin of Gaul? Did they not deem it an honor, while they were circling their brows with the fillet of temporal glory, to kneel and reverence the spiritual pre-eminence of Stephen and Zachary, the vicars of Christ.

“Far be it from me, to place in the hands of the Popes a temporal supremacy over the kingdoms of the world. I do not mean to defend the abuses of the power and influence of some who filled the throne of the Vatican; but I contend, that the very fact of their having been called upon so often as umpires in the contentions of monarchs, and of having, by their decision, so frequently effected what otherwise could not have been accomplished but by blood and desolation,

speaks the sublime dignity which they were acknowledged to possess, and proclaims the veneration and profound respect that were justly paid to their character.

“ But, how did they acquire this influence, and this extraordinary respect? Was it by usurpation? If we examine the subject seriously, we shall be convinced, that the Pontifical authority resembles the vast ocean, which, without transgressing the bounds, which, in the beginning, were traced out for its waters, is enriched by the voluntary contributions of rivers, be they near or remote, be they grand or small. What the Pontiffs possess, they did not acquire by force of arms, but are indebted for all to the spontaneous bounty of princes and people. And if, sometimes, it became necessary to have recourse to arms, it was, like Abraham, to defend their own, not like Holofernes, to usurp or molest another's. What was it, then, that induced so many nations, while free in every other respect, to become sub-

missive to the Pontifical Chair? What moved the heart of Constantine, the successor of Augustus, the Antonines, and the Trajans, to lay his diadem at the foot of the altar? to yield to the successor of a Fisherman, the magnificent, and far-famed metropolis of the Empire, and of the World, the seven-hilled Rome! What induced so many kings, of France, of Spain, of Germany, of England, of Italy, of Portugal, to cede whole provinces, to found so many monasteries, to erect so many churches, to endow so many establishments, all of which were so many columns supporting the throne of the Vatican? Were they actuated, could they have been actuated, by temporal motives? Was it to obtain the favor, to secure the protection, of the Roman Pontiff? But, what compensation could they have expected for the grants which they made? Or, if interest could have impelled the benefactors of later ages, can it be supposed that such could have been the motive of those of the primi-

tive times, when the Head of the Church was to be found, not amid the splendors of a throne, but concealed in the caverns of the earth, lingering amid the gloom of a prison, or condemned to the labors of the mines? And still, at those very times, and under those humiliating circumstances, the most splendid patrimonies were offered them by the faithful, and the most glorious tokens of veneration and submission were given by distant monarchs. Eleutherius, notwithstanding the calamities of the period at which he lived, was honored by an embassy from Lucius, King of Britain: and Fabian received the homages of the two Philips, Emperors of Rome. Who could have inspired the nations with this respect for the sovereign Pontiffs, but God alone! Was it not his right hand that established so vast, I might say, so boundless an authority, in so short a time! and a power so new and extraordinary, in times so adverse! And when the powers of the world rushed to arms,

and the powers of darkness joined in the war, against this authority, to annihilate this throne, what arm but that of the Eternal could have supported it for so many ages, while the proudest monuments of human art and human glory, have crumbled in ruins around it?

“ The preservation of the Pontifical dignity, during so many ages, revolutions, and disasters, must be accounted one of the greatest of miracles. For, if it be true, that no authority has ever been so much honored by the world, it is equally true, that none has ever met with more opposition. Its opposers, too, were generally the most potent of monarchs. In the first ages, they were the emperors of Rome ; then the emperors of the East ; afterwards the kings of the Eruli, the kings of the Ostrogoths, the kings of the Lombards, and the kings of the Saracens. Against the Roman Pontiffs a perpetual warfare has been carried on : often have they been stripped of their possessions ;

often have they been abandoned and opposed by those whose loyalty and submission they could not have questioned. Princes, their children, prelates, their brethren, have sometimes conspired, with their enemies, against them. They have been attacked by innumerable sects, in all centuries : by the Novatians, the Donatists, the Arians, the Priscillians, the Nestorians, the Albigeois, the Hussites, and others of a more recent date, which I need not mention. And yet, after so many adversities, so many revolutions, so many calamities, the Pontifical authority, which, says St. Augustine, 'ever flourished,' still continues to flourish unimpaired and unabridged. The more vehemently it was attacked, the more vigorously did it resist ; the more tyrannically it was oppressed, the more free and triumphant did it rise : and, having been more than forty times driven from the throne of their metropolis, more than forty times did the Pontiffs return with renovated glory, additional power, and in-

creased majesty. They have humbled the refractory, subdued the fierce and embodied passions of entire nations, intimidated monarchs, and checked the depredations of barbarians.

“It must not, however, be dissembled, that on the throne of the Vatican, as on the chair of Moses, there have sat some few men, unworthy the character which they enjoyed, and the dominion which they exercised. Men, if you choose, ambitious, avaricious, vindictive. But this circumstance, instead of being a derogation from, is, on the contrary, a confirmation of, the dignity of the Catholic Pontificate. For, if not only its enemies, with arms in their hands, and calumny on their tongues, and malice at their hearts, but its own possessors could not, by their vices, obscure its lustre, or weaken its power, is it not a manifest and wondrous mark of the never-failing protection of Providence? Had all the Pontiffs been virtuous and sinless, the preservation

of their dignity might be attributed to moral prudence, human reason, or political artifice : but as this is not the case, must not that throne be founded on an eternal rock, against which neither ‘the gates of Hell,’ conspiring against the Pontiffs, nor the Pontiffs themselves conspiring with the gates of Hell, could ‘ever prevail.’

“But, if it cannot be denied, that some of the Pontiffs were not free from vices, it is a fact which the acute researches of history cannot controvert, that no Pontiff ever taught error, and that no sect ever produced a Pontiff. And is not this a triumphant argument in favor of the Pontifical character? When we retrace those ages, when the Hydra of heresy, more fatal and more formidable than the Lernean monster, had penetrated into the cloister, the sanctuary, and the palace : when we consider how the election of the Popes had been clogged by the interference, and usurpation, of the Emperors, and how, after their elevation, they had been

tempted by bribes, menaced with the sword, and condemned to exile. And yet, during the lapse of eighteen centuries, never could they succeed in raising to the throne of the Vatican, an Iconoclast, a Nestorian, an Arian, a Priscillian, or any other Sectarian—a privilege of which Rome alone can boast. For, while the most venerable and ancient patriarchal chairs were enveloped in the gloom of error, the pure, undiminished, ethereal, lustre of truth, has ever beamed on the chair of St. Peter. If Vigilius, the Eutychean, at the instance, and under the powerful ægis, of the Empress Theodora Augusta, attempted to grasp, by force, the sacred Tiara; if the gallant Belisarius, the conqueror of the Goths, offered himself as the instrument by which to accomplish his object; and if the ambitious Deacon succeeded in hurling from his seat the venerable Sylverius, and forcing him, an exile, into the island of Palmaria, still, while Sylverius lived,—though far from the metropolis,—in him resided the char-

acter, in him existed the spirit, of Peter. Vigilius was an Anti-Pope—a Simon Magus. When Sylverius died, the chair, though occupied by Vigilius, was vacant: and the conclave assembled to appoint a successor. Impelled by the iniquity of the times, or rather directed by that spirit which meant to afford to posterity a monument of his protection over the Chair of Peter, the Cardinals, regularly and solemnly, elected Vigilius. What was the consequence? Did he persevere in his errors? did he instantly issue from the centre of religion a bull in favor of the Eutycheans, of whom he had hitherto been the fautor, and the representative? No;—behold the finger of God! No sooner was he invested with the legitimate character and authority, than he launched anathema against the sect which he had promised to support; and not content with doing so by letter, he went in person to Constantinople, retracted his past errors, and, with a courage truly Pontifical, declared,

that he was ready to wash them away, by the effusion of his blood. This was not all: he excommunicated the Empress, and deserved to suffer the hardships of exile and imprisonment in defence of the true Faith.

“ This is but one, yet a noble instance, of the triumph of the Pontifical character over the intrigues, and passions, and errors of men. I might adduce many others: I might show you a Gregory the Great, who, promoted through the influence of the Emperor Mauritius, with his characteristic intrepidity, vindicated the rights, the liberty, the independence of his See. I might show you a Felix the Second, who, exalted by Constantius, condemned him, as an Arian, with an unbending intrepidity. I might show you a Leo the Fourth, who, though indebted to the Emperor Lothaire, resisted his pretensions, with a noble independence. I might name no less than nine Pontiffs, chosen from the East by the favor of the Oriental Emperors, with the view of rendering

the Latin Church subject to the Greek, but no sooner were they on the Roman chair, than they maintained, with alacrity, and enforced, with perseverance, the pre-eminence, the supremacy, of the Roman See.¹ I might name a Pius VII., over whose urn the Genius of Rome still bends in sorrow, who, after having placed the crown on the brows of the Emperor of France, dared to stand firm under his menaces, to oppose the boundless ambition of that despot, and merited, like Peter, to be imprisoned for the Church: manifesting to the world, that the spirit of fortitude and of wisdom still supports the truth, breathes into the bosoms of the Pontiffs, even at this day, and will continue to abide with them forever.

“Everywhere doth the language of the Founder of the Church resound among us: ‘Thou art Peter, and upon this rock,’ &c. But, with thee, my son, who hast mused amid the ruins of Pagan Rome, it penetrates, at once,

¹ The substance from *Segneri*.

the seat of feeling and conviction. The rock on which the Capitol reared its columns, in the days of Tully and of Flaccus, now stands like a fragment after a wreck. The *immobile saxum* hath been moved amid the earthquake of human things, and scathed by the lightning of ruin. The Colosseum hath been dismantled by the hand of depredation. The Arches of the Emperors frown in awful decay. The Temples of Jove, 'the Thunderer,' and the 'Avenger,' are traced only by a solitary, and dilapidated column. The tombs of the Scipios, the mausoleum of Metella, the pyramid of Cestius, remain partly in ruins, partly entire, black with the rust of years, and almost covered with shaggy ivy. The immortality which Paganism had promised to the glories of her metropolis hath proved—like every thing human—perishable. Amid this scene of heathen desolation, there hath continued to flourish, through time, and there still flourishes, at this day, over the wreck of ages, the throne

which was established by Peter, in which have sat, and reigned, his successors, without interruption, down to Gregory XVI."

Having concluded, the Capuchin embracing Zenosius, said :—" I bid thee an eternal adieu, young pilgrim-convert. If my conversations with thee have been productive of any beneficial effect, all I ask, in return, is that thou wouldst remember me, when far beyond the Atlantic waters, in thy fervent prayers. Let thy mind be ever swayed by a docile submission to the Catholic faith. Be obedient to thy Holy Mother. Forget not that the spirit of submission, which hath animated the faithful, is, and hath been, the universal, and ever-blooming germ of unity and perpetuity. This spirit, it is true, can exist only where there is a continual evidence of truth—where there is an unceasing voice of divine authority. For, destroy that evidence, drown that voice, and the consequence must be doubt and discord. Look around, and thou wilt be convinced that

there is no harmony, no unity, no consistency, among sects that have thrown off the yoke of authority—which is *sweet indeed*—but which, nevertheless, requires that the pride of man should stoop. That pride will disdain to stoop, should the error prevail that every man hath a right to think and act for himself, with as much freedom in religious, as in worldly, matters. Division broke up the great masses of heresy, which, for a time, astounded the world. Composed of the disorganic elements of human passion and caprice, they dissolved and went to pieces as those elements changed and dropped apart, until, amid the ruins of past ages, hardly a fragment of those once formidable structures can now be discovered. The elements of Catholicity, on the contrary, are unchangeable, everlasting: and these elements constituting the essence of the Church, she must necessarily be, and must continue to be, what she was in the beginning—in the days of the Apostles themselves.”

Zenosius kissed the venerable Friar, and they separated,—to meet no more.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ZENOSIUS FINISHES HIS TASK AT THE TOMB OF THE
 “FISHERMAN”—RECEIVES THE BLESSING OF THE
 FATHER OF THE FAITHFUL—HIS RETURN TO HIS
 HOME—EUTHALIA A VESTAL OF RELIGION—REST
 IN THE PEACE OF ROME.

Tu vero gaudebis, post tenebras lucem videbis.
 Et signum Crucis splendebit in gloria lucis.
 Cum fide, et lege, UNUS PASTOR, cum UNO GREGE.

Cited by Baron de Starck.

Thou shalt rejoice to see the light, when darkness hath pass'd by,
 And through that light the Holy Cross will beam upon thine
 eye:

Then on the earth one only faith, one only law, shall reign,
 One only Pastor, and one flock, shall bless the world again.

NEVER came to the threshold of the Apostles a more fervent convert than Zenosius, who now bends down, in lowly and prostrate orison, near the gorgeous, and ever-brilliant

confessional. His task is done! With profound faith, he recites the creeds of the Apostles, and of Athanasius. He pours out the rapture of his heart—its thanks, its gratitude, its resolves—in a stream of bursting tears: tears of heavenly delight, such as the penitent, the converted experience and evince, but which it is not given to earthly language to express. He hath the consolation, which, according to the declaration of one of the earliest Doctors, the monarch who ruled the earth and sea esteemed the greatest he could enjoy—*that of resorting to the tomb of the Fisherman*.¹ He bends his head before that tomb, where the head that bore the diadem, in more pious ages, *humbly bowed before the remains of Peter*.² His faith is deeply rooted in his soul, and he prays that all who have strayed, with him, from the fold of truth, may abandon their errors, and return, with him, to the Holy Church, who extends her forgiving hands

¹ St. Isidore.

² St. Augustine, Ep. xlii.

from the Seven Hills, to encourage and welcome them back. Oh, what pencil might portray the burning fervor of his heart, that glowed upon his impassioned brow, when he invoked the grace of God, through the intercession of the "Fisherman," in behalf of his dearly-cherished sister—his own Euthalia. Incessantly did he repeat his obsecrations, and shed his tears, for her conversion. Be of good cheer, Zenosius, the prayer of the Just availeth much!

The following strain, in which, on retiring from the shrine, he gave vent to his convictions and feelings, will tell how profound were the former, how intense the latter:

O God! while round us foams the tide
Of error, spreading ruin wide,
In whom, in whom shall we confide,
But in thee, God of might!
One only column, strong and high,
Whose base the rock, whose cap the sky,
For time built and eternity,
Arrests and cheers my wavering sight.

Around it, raging winds may blow—
The rains may beat upon its brow—
The waves may dash and fret below—

That column stands sublime :
For thou hast, with almighty hands,
Erected it—not on the sands,
But on the rocks, where strong it stands,
Unshaken to the end of time.

Oh! may we cleave—while others fall
With their frail pillars, earth-made all,
And vainly for assistance call—

Oh! may we cling and cleave
To Truth's firm column, reared to save
Thy children, when the errors rave
Around it, from a fatal grave ;—

O God! protect us—we believe.

On the succeeding day, his hopes were consummated, and his joys attained their perfection. He was admitted to the presence of the Father of the Faithful ;—he bowed his filial head before the august representative of Christ, and the legitimate successor of Saint Peter. With benignity was he received,—with affection embraced,

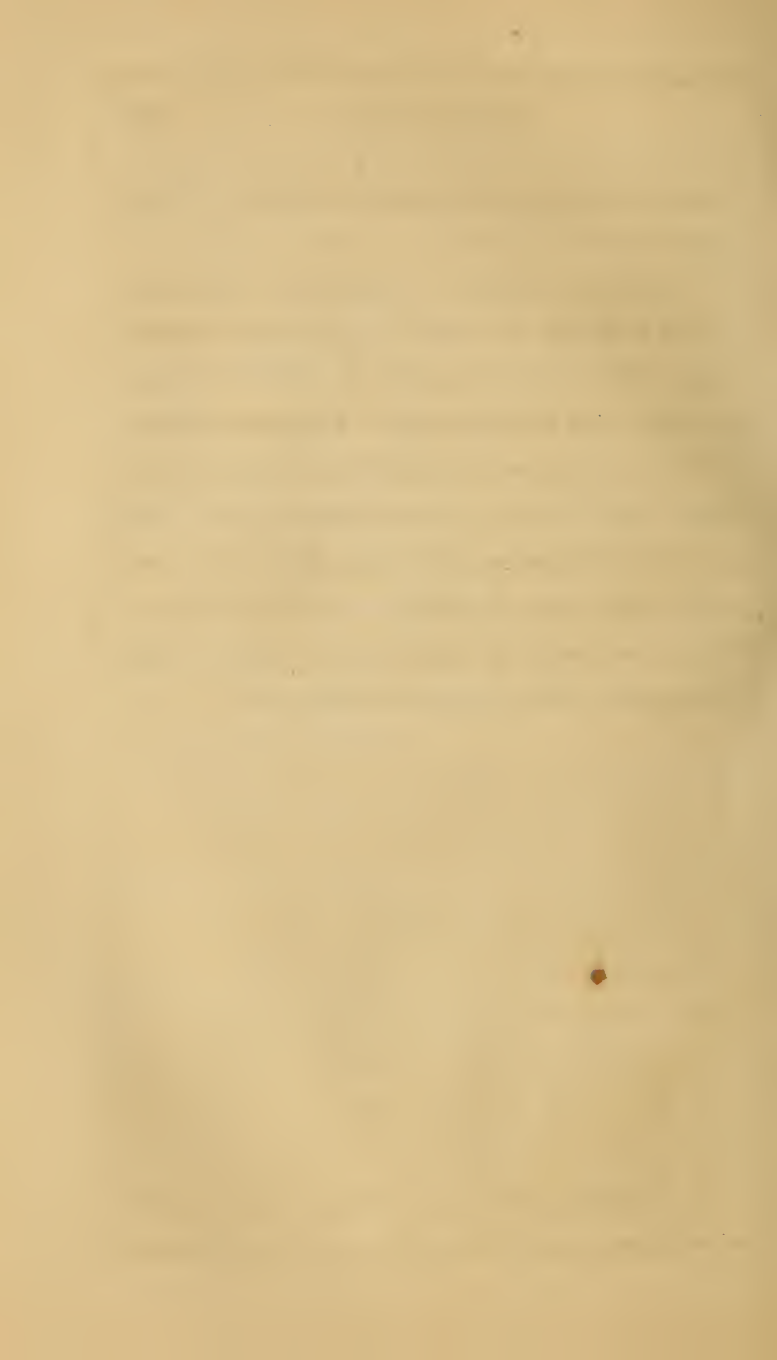
—with mercy pardoned for his past errors. “Would to God,” the Pontiff feelingly said, “that all the deluded children of the Reformation would act with a courage and sincerity similar to thine, my beloved child; would come and throw themselves into the arms of him, unworthy though he be, who hath been constituted the visible head of the Church, and the centre of unity. My blessing be with thee. Return to thy native land, and be an example and an encouragement to thy well-disposed, and thy truth-seeking countrymen.”

He returned; and when the green hills and smiling vales that surround his home, saluted his exulting vision, Eirene, appearing again, spoke:—“Zenosius, thy work is done. Thy fidelity hath been remunerated. Thou hast found the ‘precious gem.’ And, that nothing might be wanting to render thy happiness complete, thy fair and loved Euthalia is, likewise, at rest—not only a convert to the ancient Catholic faith, but a

vestal of Religion—a devoted Sister of Charity.”

“Blessed Sister!” exclaimed Zenosius. “Her destiny is that of perpetual perfection! She hath, then, been faithful to her promise, and God’s grace. Immortal thanks to Thee, Father of mercies, O fountain of Light and Truth! Not alone have I, but my dear Euthalia, likewise, hath been rescued from the labyrinth of Sectarianism. We have both, at last, found REST IN THE PEACEFUL TABERNACLES OF ROME.”

THE END.



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