

The face of day ; far less His countenance,
Who is the very sun. Nãth'less,¹ in life,
When I looked forward to my purgatory,
It ever was my sölace to believe,
That, ere I plunged amid th' avenging flame,
I had one sight of Him to strengthen me.

Angel. Nor rash nor vain is that presentiment ;
Yes—for one moment thou shalt see thy Lord.
Thus will it be : what time thou art arraigned
Before the dread tribunal, and thy lot
Is càst forever, should it be to sit
On His right hand, among His pure elect,
• Then sight, or that which to the soul is sight,
As by a lightning-flash, will come to thee,
And thou shalt see, amid the dark profound,
Whom thy soul loveth, and would fain approach—
One moment ; but thou knowest not, my child,
What thou dost àsk : that sight of the Most Fair
Will gladden thee, but it will pierce thee too.

Soul. Thou speakest darkly, Angel ; and an awe
Falls on me, and a fear lest I be rash.

Angel. There was a mortal,² who is now above
In the mid glory : he, when near to die,
Was given communion with the Crucified—
Such, that the Måster's very wounds were stamped
Upon his flesh ; and, from the agony
Which thrilled through body and soul in that embrace,
Learn that the flame of the Everlasting Love
Dóth burn, ere it transform.

¹ Nãth'less, nevertheless.

² Mortal, St. Francis of Assisi.
The feast of his Stigmata, which
commemorates the fact that the

marks of the five wounds of our
Lord were miraculously imprinted
on his flesh, is celebrated by the
Church on the 17th of August.

VI.

105. THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS.

PART FOURTH.

ANGEL. We now have pãssed the gate, and are within
The House of Judgment ; and whereas on earth
Temples and palaces are formed of parts
Costly and rare, but all material,
So in the world of spirits nought is found,
To mould withal and form into a whóle,
But what is immaterial ; and thus
The smallest pörtions of this edifice,
Cornice, or frieze, or balustrade, or stair,
The very pavement is made up of life—
Of holy, blessed, and immortal beings,
Who hymn their Maker's praise continually.

Soul. The sound is like the rushing of the wind—
The summer wind—among the löfty pines ;
Swelling and dying, echoing round about,
Now here, now distant, wild and beautiful ;
While, scattered from the branches it has stirred,
Descend ecstastic odors.

Angel. They sing of thy approaching agony,
Which thou so eagerly didst question of :
It is the face of the Incarnate God
Shall smite thee with that keen and subtle pain ;
And yet the memory which it leaves will be
A sóvereign fëb'rifüge¹ to heal the wound ;
And yet withal it will the wound provoke,
And aggravate and widen it the more.

Soul. Thou speakest mysteries ; still methinks I know
To disengage the tangle of thy words :
Yet rather would I hear thy angel voice
Than for myself be thy interpreter.

¹ Fëb'ri füge, a medicine used to relieve fever.

Angel. When then—if such thy lot—thou seest thy Judge,
 The sight of Him will kindle in thy heart
 All tender, gracious, reverential thoughts.
 Thou wilt be sick with love, and yearn for Him.
 And feel as though thou couldst but pity Him,
 That one so sweet should e'er have placed Himself
 At disadvantage such, as to be used
 So vilely by a being so vile as thee.
 There is a pleading in His pensive eyes
 Will pierce thee to the quick, and trouble thee.
 And thou wilt hate and loathe thyself; for though
 Now sinless, thou wilt feel that thou hast sinned,
 As never thou didst feel; and wilt desire
 To slink away, and hide thee from His sight;
 And yet wilt have a longing eye to dwell
 Within the beauty of His countenance.
 And these two pains, so counter and so keen—
 The longing for Him, when thou seest Him not;
 The shame of self at thought of seeing Him—
 Will be thy veriest, sharpest purgatory.

Soul. My soul is in my hand: I have no fear—
 In His dear might prepared for weal or woe.
 But hark! a grand, mysterious harmony:
 It floods me, like the deep and solemn sound
 Of many waters.

Angel. We have gained the stairs
 Which rise toward the Presence-chamber; there
 A band of mighty Angels keep the way
 On either side, and hymn the Incarnate God.

Angels of the Sacred Stair.
 Father, whose goodness none can know but they
 Who see Thee face to face,
 By man hath come the infinite display
 Of Thine all-loving grace;
 But fallen man—the creature of a day—
 Skills not that love to trace.
 It needs, to tell the triumph Thou hast wrought,
 An Angel's deathless fire, an Angel's reach of thought.

It needs that very Angel, who with awe,
 Amid the garden shade,
 The great Creator in His sickness saw,
 Soothed by a creature's aid,
 And agonized, as victim of the law
 Which He Himself had made;
 For who can praise Him in his depth and height,
 But he who saw Him reel amid that solitary fight?

Angel. Thy judgment now is near, for we are come
 Into the veiled presence of our God.

Soul. I hear the voices that I left on earth.

Angel. It is the voice of friends around thy bed,
 Who say the "Subvenite" with the priest.
 Hither the echoes come; before the Throne
 Stands the great Angel of the Agony,
 The same who strengthened Him, what time He knelt
 Lone in the garden shade, bedewed with blood.
 That Angel best can plead with Him for all
 Tormented souls, the dying and the dead.

Angel of the Agony.

Jesu! by that shuddering dread which fell on Thee;
 Jesu! by that cold dismay which sickened Thee;
 Jesu! by that pang of heart which thrilled in Thee;
 Jesu! by that mount of sins which crippled Thee;
 Jesu! by that sense of guilt which stifled Thee;
 Jesu! by that innocence which girdled Thee;
 Jesu! by that sanctity which reigned in Thee;
 Jesu! by that Godhead which was one with Thee;
 Jesu! spare these souls which are so dear to Thee;
 Hasten, Lord, their hour, and bid them come to Thee,
 To that glorious Home, where they shall ever gaze on Thee.

Soul. I go before my Judge. Ah!

Angel. Praise to His Name!
 The eager spirit has darted from my hold,
 And, with the intemperate energy of love,
 Flies to the dear feet of Emmanuel;

But, ere it reach them, the keen sanctity,
Which with its effluence, like a glory, clothes
And circles round the Crucified, has seized,
And scorched, and shriveled it; and now it lies
Passive and still before the awful Throne.
O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe,
Consumed, yet quickened, by the glance of God.

Soul. Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be,
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep,
Told out for me.
There, motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn—
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,
Until the morn.
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,
Which ne'er can cease
To throb, and pine, and languish, till possess
Of its sole Peace.
There will I sing my absent Lord and Love;
Take me away,
That sooner I may rise, and go above,
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day.

Angel. Now let the golden prison ope its gates,
Making sweet music, as each fold revolves
Upon its ready hinge. And ye, great powers,
Angels of Purgatory, receive from me
My charge, a precious soul, until the day,
When, from all bond and forfeiture released,
I shall reclaim it for the courts of light.

Souls in Purgatory.

1. Lord, Thou hast been our refuge: in every generation;
2. Before the hills were born, and the world was: from age
to age Thou art God.
3. Bring us not, Lord, very low: for Thou hast said, Come
back again, ye sons of Adam.

4. A thousand years before Thine eyes are but as yesterday:
and as a watch of the night which is come and gone.
5. The grass springs up in the morning: at evening-tide it
shrivels up and dies.
6. So we fail in Thine anger: and in Thy wrath are we troubled.
7. Thou hast set our sins in Thy sight: and our round of
days in the light of Thy countenance.
8. Come back, O Lord! how long: and be entreated for Thy
servants.
9. In Thy morning we shall be filled with Thy mercy: we
shall rejoice and be in pleasure all our days.
10. We shall be glad according to the days of our humiliation:
and the years in which we have seen evil.
11. Look, O Lord, upon Thy servants and on Thy work: and
direct their children.
12. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and
the work of our hands, establish Thou it.
Glory be to the Father and to the Son: and to the Holy
Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be:
world without end. Amen.

Angel. Softly and gently, dearly-ransomed soul,
In my most loving arms I now enfold thee,
And, o'er the penal waters as they roll,
I poise thee, and I lower thee, and hold thee.
And carefully I dip thee in the lake,
And thou, without a sob or a resistance,
Dost through the flood thy rapid passage take,
Sinking deep, deeper, into the dim distance.
Angels, to whom the willing task is given,
Shall tend, and nurse, and lull thee as thou liest;
And Masses on the earth, and prayers in heaven,
Shall aid thee at the throne of the Most Highest.
Farewell, but not forever! brother dear,
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow;
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow.

Abridged from REV. J. H. NEWMAN, D.D.

VII.

106. THE HOLY SOULS.

THERE is no peace to be compared with that of the souls in Purgatory, save that of the saints in Paradise; and this peace is ever augmented by the inflowing of God into these souls, which increases in proportion as the impediments to it are removed. The rust of sin is the impediment, and this the fire continually consumes, so that the soul in this state is continually opening itself to admit the Divine communication. As a covered surface can never reflect the sun, not through any defect in that orb, but simply from the resistance offered by the covering, so, if the covering be gradually removed, the surface will by little and little be opened to the sun, and will more and more reflect his rays.

2. So is it with the rust of sin, which is the covering of the soul. In Purgatory the flames incessantly consume it, and, as it disappears, the soul reflects more and more perfectly the true sun, who is God. Its contentment increases as this rust wears away, and the soul is laid bare to the Divine ray, and thus one increases and the other decreases until the time is accomplished. The pain never diminishes, although the time does; but as to the will, so united is it to God by pure charity, and so satisfied to be under His Divine appointment, that these souls can never say their pains are pains.

3. On the other hand, it is true that they suffer torments which no tongue can describe nor any intelligence comprehend, unless it be revealed by such a special grace as that which God has vouchsafed to me, but which I am unable to explain. And this vision which God revealed to me has never departed from my memory. I will describe it as far as I am able, and they whose intellects our Lord will deign to open will understand me.

4. The source of all suffering is either original or actual sin. God created the soul pure, simple, free from every stain, and with a certain beatific instinct toward Himself. It is drawn aside from Him by original sin, and when actual sin is afterwards added, this withdraws it still farther, and ever as it removes from Him its sinfulness increases, because its communication with God grows less and less.

5. And because there is no good except by participation with God, who to the irrational creatures imparts Himself as He wills, and in accordance with His Divine decree, and never withdraws from them, but to the rational soul imparts Himself more or less, according as He finds her more or less freed from the hindrances of sin; it follows that, when He finds a soul returning to the purity and simplicity in which she was created, He increases in her the beatific instinct, and kindles in her a fire of charity so powerful and vehement, that it is insupportable to the soul to find any obstacle between her and her final end; and the clearer vision she has of these obstacles the greater is her pain.

6. Since the souls in Purgatory are freed from the guilt of sin, there is no barrier between them and God save only the pains they suffer, which delay the satisfaction of their desire. And when they see how serious is even the slightest hindrance which the necessity of justice causes to check them, a vehement flame kindles within them which is like that of hell. They feel no guilt, however, and it is guilt which is the cause of the malignant will of the condemned in hell, to whom God does not communicate His goodness—so that they remain in despair, and with a will forever opposed to the good will of God.

7. It is evident that the revolt of man's will from that of God constitutes sin, and so long as that revolt continues, man's guilt remains. Those, therefore, that are in hell have passed from this life with perverse wills, and their guilt is not remitted, nor can it be, since they are no longer capable of change. When this life is ended, the soul remains forever confirmed either in good or evil, according as she has here determined. As it is written: *Where I shall find thee*, that is, at the hour of death, with the will either fixed on sin or repenting of it, *there I will judge thee*.

8. From this judgment there is no appeal, for after death the freedom of the will can never return, but the will is confirmed in that state in which it is found at death. The souls in hell, having been found at that hour with the will to sin, have the guilt and the punishment always with them, and although this punishment is not so great as they deserve, yet it is eternal. Those in Purgatory, on the other hand, suffer the penalty only,

for their guilt was canceled at death, when they were found hating their sins and penitent for having offended the Divine goodness. And this penalty has an end, and the term of it is ever approaching. O misery beyond all misery, and the greater because man in his blindness regards it not!

9. The punishment of the damned is not, it is true, infinite in degree, for the all-lovely goodness of God shines even into hell. He who dies in mortal sin merits infinite woe for an infinite duration; but the mercy of God has made only the time infinite, and mitigated the intensity of the pain. In justice He might have inflicted much greater punishment than He has done. Oh, what peril attaches to sin wilfully committed! For it is very difficult for man to bring himself to penance, and without penance guilt remains and will ever remain, so long as man retains unchanged the will to sin, or is intent upon committing it.

10. The souls in Purgatory are entirely conformed to the will of God; therefore they correspond with His goodness, are contented with all that He ordains, and are entirely purified from the guilt of their sins. They are pure from sins, because they have in this life abhorred them and confessed them with true contrition, and for this reason God remits their guilt, so that only the stains of sin remain, and these must be devoured by fire. Thus freed from guilt, and united to the will of God, they see Him clearly according to that degree of light which He allows them, and comprehend how great a good is the fruition of God for which all souls were created. Moreover, these souls are in such close conformity to God, and are drawn so powerfully toward Him by reason of the natural attraction between Him and the soul, that no illustration or comparison could make this impetuosity understood in the way my spirit conceives it by its interior sense. Nevertheless, I will use one which occurs to me.

11. Let us suppose that in the whole world there were but one loaf to appease the hunger of every creature, and that the bare sight of it would satisfy them. Now man, when in health, has by nature the instinct for food; but if we can suppose him to abstain from it, and neither die nor yet lose health and strength, his hunger would clearly become increasingly urgent.

In this case, if he knew that nothing but this loaf would satisfy him, and that until he reached it his hunger could not be appeased, he would suffer intolerable pains, which would increase as his distance from the loaf diminished; but if he were sure that he would never see it, his hell would be as complete as that of the lost souls, who, hungering after God, have no hope of ever seeing the Bread of Life. But the souls in Purgatory have an assured hope of seeing Him and of being entirely satisfied; and therefore they endure all hunger and suffer all pain until that moment when they enter into eternal possession of this Bread, which is Jesus Christ, our Lord, our Saviour, and our Love.

ST. CATHARINE OF GENOA.

CATHARINE FIESCHI was born at Genoa of noble parents in 1447. She was married at an early age to Giuliano Adorno, and after a long widowhood, died at Genoa in the city hospital, which she had superintended for many years, on the 14th of September, 1510. Of her writings a competent critic, the Very Rev. I. T. Hecker, C. S. P., speaks thus: "Her Spiritual Dialogues and her Treatise on Purgatory have been recognized by those competent to judge in such matters as masterpieces in spiritual literature. Saint Francis of Sales, that great master of spiritual life, was accustomed to read the latter twice a year. Frederic Schlegel, who was the first to translate St. Catharine's dialogues into German, regarded them as seldom if ever equaled in style." The feast of St. Catharine of Genoa falls on September 14.

VIII.

107. PARADISE.

[From the *Paradiso*, Canto XIV.]

FROM center unto rim, from rim to center,
 In a round vase the water moves itself,
 As from without 'tis struck or from within.
 Into my mind upon a sudden dropped
 What I am saying, at the moment when
 Silent became the glorious life¹ of Thomas,²
 Because of the resemblance that was born
 Of his discourse and that of Beatrice,
 Whom after him it pleased thus to begin:

2. "This man has need (and does not tell you so,
 Nor with the voice, nor even in his thought)

¹ Life, here used in the sense of whom the poet describes as accompanying himself and Beatrice through some of the heavens.

² Thomas, St. Thomas Aquinas,

Of going to the root of one truth more.
 Declare unto him if the light wherewith
 Blossoms your substance shall remain with you
 Eternally the same that it is now ;
 And if it do remain, say in what manner,
 After ye are again made visible,
 It can be that it injures not your sight."

3. As by a greater gladness urged and drawn
 They who are dancing in a ring sometimes
 Uplift their voices and their motions quicken ;
 So, at that orison ¹ devout and prompt,
 The holy circles a new joy displayed
 In their revolving and their wondrous song.
 Whoso lamenteth him that here we die
 That we may live above, has never there
 Seen the refreshment of the eternal rain.

4. The One and Two and Three ² who ever liveth,
 And reigneth ever in Three and Two and One,
 Not circumscribed and all things circumscribing,
 Three several times was chanted by each one
 Among those spirits, with such melody
 That for all merit it were just reward ;
 And, in the luster most divine of all
 The lesser ring, I heard a modest voice,
 Such as perhaps the Angel's was to Mary,
 Answer:

5. "As long as the festivity
 Of Paradise shall be, so long our love
 Shall radiate round about us such a vesture.
 Its brightness is proportioned ³ to the ardor,

¹ Or'ison, a prayer or supplication.

² The One and Two and Three, the Holy Trinity.

³ Its brightness is proportioned, that is, the glory of the saints in heaven varies in proportion to the ardor with which they love God, and this ardor is measured by the

clearness of their vision of God, which vision, again, is proportioned to the merits they acquired on earth. But after the resurrection, "when, glorious and sanctified, our flesh is reassumed," their glory will be still more enhanced, for then will increase whatever amount of the light of glory is freely bestowed

The ardor to the vision ; and the vision
 Equals what grace it has above its worth.
 When, glorious and sanctified, our flesh
 Is reassumed, then shall our persons be
 More pleasing by their being all complete ;
 For will increase whate'er bestows on us
 Of light gratuitous the Good Supreme,
 Light which enables us to look on Him ;
 Therefore the vision must perforce increase,
 Increase the ardor which from that is kindled,
 Increase the radiance which from this proceeds.
 But even as a coal that sends forth flame,
 And by its vivid whiteness overpowers it
 So that its own appearance it maintains,
 Thus the effulgence that surrounds us now
 Shall be o'erpowered in aspect by the flesh,
 Which still to-day the earth doth cover up ;
 Nor can so great a splendor weary us,
 For strong will be the organs of the body
 To every thing which hath the power to please us."

6. So sudden and alert appeared to me
 Both one and the other choir to say Amen,
 That well they showed desire for their dead bodies ;
 Nor sole for them perhaps, but for the mothers,
 The fathers, and the rest who had been dear
 Or ever they became eternal flames.
 And lo ! all round about of equal brightness
 Arose a lustre over what was there,
 Like an horizon that is clearing up.
 And as at rise of early eve begin
 Along the welkin ¹ new appearances
 So that the sight seems real and unreal,
 It seemed to me that new subsistences
 Began there to be seen, and make a circle
 Outside the other two circumferences.

upon each by God, "the Good Supreme." Still, the body itself, reunited to its soul, will be so strengthened that "so great a splendor" will not weary it.
¹ Wel'kin, the vault of heaven.

O vëry sparkling of the Holy Spirit,
 How sudden and incandescent¹ it became
 Unto mine eyes, that vanquished bôre it not!
 But Beatrice so beautiful and smiling
 Appeared to me, that with the other sights
 That followed not my memory I must leave her.
 Then to uplift themselves mine eyes resumed
 The power, and I beheld myself translated
 To higher salvation with my Lady ônly.

DANTE ALIGHIERI.

DANTE ALIGHIERI, the greatest of Italian poets, perhaps the greatest uninspired poet of the world, was born in Florence, May 14, 1265, and died in Ravenna, Sept. 14, 1321. His chief work, the *Divina Commedia*, was written at various intervals during the last nineteen years of his life. The literal subject of this poem is described by its author as "the state of the soul after death simply considered. But if the work be taken allegorically, the subject is man, as by merit or demerit, through freedom of the will, he renders himself liable to the reward or the punishment of justice." It is divided into three parts—Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise. Each of these parts consists of thirty-three cantos, in allusion to the years of our Lord's life upon earth; for although there are thirty-four cantos in the Hell, the first is merely introductory. This poem has been the subject of study, comment, and unstinted admiration in every age since its production. Between the invention of printing in 1436 and the year 1500, twenty editions of the *Divina Commedia* were published in Italy. The first translation was into Spanish, and was made in 1428. The first complete English translation was made by Boyd in 1802. Cary's version was published in 1814; Longfellow's between 1867 and 1870. There are also separate translations of the *Inferno*, or Hell; Dr. T. W. Parsons of Boston having issued an excellent one in 1867.

¹ In can dës'cent, to become of a glittering whiteness.

- Abast*, 294.
Aberration, 258.
Abnormal, 267.
Aboriginal, 396.
Adoertence, 197.
Affirmation, 259.
Albertus Magnus, 256.
Alembic, 340.
Alien, 391.
Allege, 91.
Allegiance, 248.
Alpenstock, 382.
Alternative, 247.
Ambition, 250.
Amica mea, 185.
Amor meus, 169.
Amphictyons, 243.
Anathema, 195.
Anchorites, 316.
Angelical, *The*, 320.
Angels, 132.
Antedate, 155.
Antenna, 161.
Apathy, 143.
Apology, 390.
Apostles, 316.
Apostolical, 310.
Apotheosis, 403.
Appreciate, 100.
Appreciatively, 197.
Apse, 102.
Aquatic, 342.
Aqueous, 340.
Aqueous Rocks, 343.
Arancarias, 345.
Archon, 393.
Arid, 188.
Ascertainable, 273.
Association, 333.
Atheistical, 207.
Audible, 97.
Auricular, 123.
Austerities, 112.
Basilica, 101.
Bayard, 355.
Benignly, 112.
Bimana, 342.
Blasphemous, 207.
Bonheur, *Rosa*, 157.
Boom, 297.
Boreas, 207.
Bow, 90.
Bow of Promise, 158.
Breviary, 103.
Bulls and Bears, 124.
Bumptious, 356.
Buonarotti, 334.
Buoyancy, 95.
Burns, *Robert*, 149.
Bush, *The*, 355.
Cambrian, 344.
Campanile, 102.
Canonization, 260.
Canon Law, 112.
Cape La Hogue, 290.
Capuchins, 151.
Caricatured, 393.
Cater, 171.
Catiline, 244.
Cenobites, 316.
Cenotaph, 147.
Centennial, 355.
Chaos, 253.
Chastisement, 143.
Chimera, 258.
Chimerical, 136.
Claude, 156.
Ethics, 198.
Clerical Abuses Bill, 431.
Cognizance, 135.
Columba mea, 185.
Commentator, 347.
Compromising, 308.
Concupiscence, 195.
Conglomeration, 124.
Conservatism, 273.
Consistory, 260.
Constructively, 272.
Contemplated, 295.
Cosmologist, 339.
Cosmopolitan, 285.
Coup d'œil, 99.
Cozens, 459.
Crises, 271.
Culpably, 400.
Cartins, 128.
Cycle, 383.
Dante, 150.
Dea Roma, 403.
Decatur, *Stephen*, 294.
Degradation, 149.
De la Chetardie, 327.
De la Salle, 325.
De Noailles, 327.
Deteriorated, 308.
Devonian, 344.
Dialects, 134.
Diplomatist, 213.
Disfranchise, 392.
Diversified, 91.
Dogma, 195.
Earneſt, 270.
Eclat, 320.
Effects, 315.
Element, 310.
Elicit, 197.
Elizabethan, 365.
Empirical, 305.
Enceladus, 279.
Ennu, 189.
Ephemeral, 322.
Epoch, 349.
Equilibrium, 95.
Ermine, 266.
Ethics, 198.
Eulogium, 100.
Evviva Gesu, 427.
Evviva Maria, 427.
Exaggerate, 100.
Exasperation, 267.
Exorcism, 196.
Explicitly, 197.
Extraordinary, 143.
Febriſuge, 461.
Financial, 124.
Forensic, 401.
Formosa mea, 185.
Fossils, 344.
Fourth Lateran Council, 395.
Franklin, *Sir J.*, 229.
Frenzy, 95.
Fribble, 270.
Ganges, 132.
Genius, 300.
Gentiles, 134.
Glory of the Saints, 470.
Graphic, 93.
Gunwale, 294.
Harbinger, 152.
Harrow, 356.
Harvey, *Wm.*, 124.
Hawser, 298.
Heresiarch, 138.
Hierarch, 387.
Hobbies, 123.
Holds, 396.
Homily, 200.
Horizon, 143.
Humanities, 112.
Humboldt, 341.
Hypothesis, 347.
Ichthyosaur, 345.
Iguanodon, 345.
Ilissus, 148.
Implacable, 144.
Improvises, 266.
Inanimate, 164.
Incandescent, 472.
Incisive, 271.
Incommensurate, 201.
Incredulous, 112.
Indispensable, 99.
Indomitable, 112.
Inestimable, 99.
Inherent, 150.
Inspidity, 143.
Intriguing, 308.
Intrinsically, 196.
Intraversion, 451.
Intuitively, 401.
Inveterate, 273.
Invidious, 243.
Invincibly, 399.
Jaundiced, 196.
Julian the Apostate, 102.
Juridical, 134.

INDEX TO NOTES.

THE FIGURES REFER TO PAGES WHERE THE WORDS ARE TO BE FOUND.