

The Greek Purgatory.

Purgatory ; doctrinally, practically, and historically opened

William Barrows

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THE Christian Church of the first centuries was trained much in the Grecian school. This will not seem strange to one who considers the wonderful language and varied literature and masterly authors in that school. It led the thinking world, and gave many leading fathers to the church. These, first educated in their own Grecian theology, naturally carried many of their views with them into their new theology. But of such results we shall give more full notice by-and-by. Now we propose to notice the theory, teachings, and literature of the Greeks concerning purgatory.

In showing the prevalence of the purgatorial system in the various sects and shades of the Grecian schools of philosophy, a reference here and there will be sufficient. These references, however, can be properly introduced only by certain poetic photographs of that middle kingdom, taken by Homer centuries before Greece could boast of a philosopher. [1]

When Ulysses had gained his prayer to leave the hated island of Circe for Ithaca, his home, the enchanting goddess said to him,

“ But ye have yet to make
Another voyage, and must visit first
The abode of Pluto, and of Proserpine,
His dreaded queen, and there consult the soul
Of the blind seer, Tiresias.”
“ There into Acheron are poured the streams
Of Pyriphlegethon, and of that arm
Of Styx, Cocytus.
“ Offer there thy prayer
Fervently to that troop of airy forms,
And make the vow that thou wilt sacrifice
When thou at last shalt come to Ithaca.”

Ulysses and his company departed with sorrow and forebodings on their voyage and visit to the under world. They at length arrive at a land and people of

“ Eternal cloud
And darkness. Never does the glorious sun
Look on them with his rays when he goes up
Into the starry sky, nor when again
He sinks from heaven to earth. Unwholesome night
O'erhangs the wretched race.”

When they had landed, Ulysses offered the sacrifices prescribed by Circe.

“ When I had worshipped thus with prayer and vows
The nations of the dead, I took the sheep

And pierced their throats above the hollow trench.
The blood flowed dark ; and thronging round me came
Souls of the dead from Erebus—young wives,
And maids unwedded, men worn out with years
And toil, and virgins of a tender age
In their new grief, and many a warrior slain
In battle, mangled by the spear, and clad
In bloody armor, who about the trench
Flitted on every side, now here, now there,
With gibbering cries, and I grew pale with fear.”

Homer was the first photographer who traversed that horrid region and took pictures from the grim walls of its Tartarian caverns, or caught originals from the living as the shadowy ones glided about over the plains of asphodel.

Let us open this Homeric portfolio of pictures from the original purgatory, glancing at single faces or groups of figures as they happen to come to us.

When Ulysses left the Isle of Circe, in the hurry of the early morning, one of his friends, heavy with wine and half awake, fell headlong from the flat roof of the palace and broke his neck, and so was lost from the company when they embarked. Surprised to meet him there in the realm of Pluto, Ulysses said,

“ How earnest thou,
Elpenor, hither into these abodes
Of night and darkness ? Thou hast made more speed,
Although on foot, than I in my good ship.
I spake ; the phantom sobbed, and answered me,
‘ Son of Laertes, nobly born and wise
Ulysses, ’t was the evil doom decreed
By some divinity, and too much wine,
That wrought my death.’ ”

The type of purgatory, and specially the cause of entrance here brought out, are not exclusively pagan or papal.

“ And then the soul of Anticleia came—
My own dead mother, daughter of the King
Autolycus, large-minded. Her I left
Alive what time I sailed for Troy, and now
I wept to see her there, and pitied her.
. . . . She knew me suddenly,
And said in piteous tones these winged words :
‘ How didst thou come, my child, a living man,
Into this place of darkness ? Difficult
It is for those who breathe the breath of life
To visit these abodes, through which are rolled
Great rivers, fearful floods.’
. . . . I longed to take into my arms
The soul of my dead mother. Thrice I tried,
Moved by a strong desire, and thrice the form
Passed through them, like a shadow or a dream.”

We give samples from the portfolio in variety, so that the impression may be average of that strange abode.

“ Then saw I Leda, wife of Tyndarus,
Who bore to Tyndarus two noble sons—
Castor, the horseman ; Pollux, skilled to wield
The cestus. Both of them have still a place
Upon the fruitful earth ; for Jupiter
Gave them such honor that they live by turns
Each one a day, and then are with the dead
Each one by turns
And Mæra I beheld, and Clymene
And Eriphyle, hateful in her guilt,
Who sold her husband for a price in gold.”

But the catalogue of Ulysses, culled from the census-tables of Pluto’s kingdom, is a long one, and he wearies, as the hours go by, in his minstrel story.

“ But vainly might I think to name them all—
The wives and daughters of heroic men
Whom I beheld—for first the ambrosial night
Would wear away.”

His audience, however, will not be denied.

“ Now say, and frankly, didst thou also see
Any of those heroic men who went
With thee to Troy, and in that region met
Their fate ? A night immeasurably long
Is yet before us. Let us have thy tale
Of wonders. I could listen till the break
Of hallowed morning, if thou canst endure
So long to speak of hardships thou hast borne.”

Thus encouraged and urged, Ulysses continues his personal narrative of the tour of purgatory. It would seem that souls of women had crowded most about him, as curious and importunate. Now the scene changes.

“ When chaste Proserpina had made the ghosts
Of women scatter right and left, there came
The soul of Agamemnon, Atreus’ son.
. He knew me at a look,
And wailed aloud, and, bursting into tears,
Stretched out his hands to touch me ; but no power
Was there of grasp or pressure, such as once
Dwelt in those active limbs. I could not help
But weep at sight of him.”

Agamemnon had been slain at a banquet, by the treachery of his wife Clytemnestra ; and when Ulysses asks for the cause of his death, he states the fact most practically. The Roman purgatory is famed for its good preaching by some of its sad inmates ; but for force and beauty few of them exceed the old Greek warrior in this :

“ I heard Cassandra’s piteous cry,
 The cry of Priam’s daughter, stricken down
 By treacherous Clytemnestra at my side.
 And there I lay, and, dying, raised my hands
 To grasp my sword. The shameless woman went
 Her way, nor stayed to close my eyes, nor press
 My mouth into its place, although my soul
 Was on its way to Hades. There is naught
 That lives more horrible, more lost to shame,
 Than is the woman who has brought her mind
 To compass deeds like these—the wretch who plans
 So foul a crime—the murder of the man
 Whom she a virgin wedded. . . .
 Therefore be not compliant to thy wife,
 Nor let her hear from thee whatever lies
 Within thy knowledge. Tell her but a part,
 And keep the rest concealed.”

The ghost of Achilles is met by our underworld wanderer, and Ulysses congratulates him upon the fact that he is ruler over those vast regions of the dead. But this sad reply is made from his phantom lips :

“ I would be
 A laborer on earth, and serve for hire
 Some man of mean estate, who makes scant cheer,
 Rather than reign o’er all who have gone down
 To death.”

Ambition has no ends to gain in that dark land ; the business rather is to make amends for sins and errors here, and so pass on to a better estate. Yet the great warrior is comforted with what is told him of the prowess and victories and wide fame of his son.

“ The soul of swift Eacides
 Over the meadows thick with asphodel
 Departed with long strides, well pleased to hear
 From me the story of his son’s renown.”

It was an unfortunate interview when Ulysses and Ajax met ; for they had not come together face to face since their mighty struggle for the arms of the dead Achilles. In that contest Ajax was defeated, and in the delirium of his disappointment he slew the sheep about the camp, supposing they were the partisans of his successful rival. When recovered from the frenzy he saw his mistake, his mortification was intolerable, and he ended it with his life in suicide, and so hastened to Hades. But his anger died not in the grave.

The old pagan theology was orthodox in that a man takes his character with him to the nether world.

“ The other ghosts of those who lay in death
 Stood sorrowing by, and each one told his griefs ;
 But that of Ajax, son of Telemon,
 Kept far aloof, displeased
 Then I spake in soothing words,
 ‘ O king, draw near,
 And hear our voice and words, and check, I pray,

The anger rising in thy generous breast.
I spake ; he answered not, but moved away
To Erebus, among the other souls
Of the departed.”

Some cases of terrible retribution are sketched, as when a master, with a few lines, puts on the canvas a face that speaks.

“ And Tityus there I saw—the mighty earth
His mother—overspreading, as he lay,
Nine acres, with two vultures at his side,
That, plucking at his liver, plunged their beaks
Into his flesh ; nor did his hands avail
To drive them off, for he had offered force
To Jove’s proud wife, Latona
.
And next I looked on Tantalus, a prey
To grievous torments, standing in a lake
That reached his chin. Though painfully athirst,
He could not drink ; as often as he bowed
His aged head to take into his lips
The water, it was drawn away, and sank
Into the earth, and the dark soil appeared
Around his feet ; a god had dried it up.
And lofty trees drooped o’er him, hung with fruit—
Pears and pomegranates, apples fair to sight,
And luscious figs, and olives green of hue.
And when that ancient man put forth his hands
To pluck them from their stems, the wind arose
And whirled them far among the shadowy clouds.

Then I beheld the shade of Sisyphus
Amid his sufferings. With both hands he rolled
A huge stone up a hill. To force it up,
He leaned against the mass with hands and feet ;
But, ere it crossed the summit of the hill,
A power was felt that sent it rolling back,
And downward plunged the unmanageable rock
Before him to the plain. Again he toiled
To heave it upward, while the sweat in streams
Ran down his limbs, and dust begrimed his brow.”

It is not needful to follow our Ulysses farther—the Gregory the Great of the Greeks—through these dark and doleful and ghostly regions. We have seen enough to recognize the original purgatory, though it be as simple and bald and barren compared with that of the papist, as is Faust’s printing press when compared with Hoe’s. Let us leave the region with Ulysses for the upper air.

“ Now there flocked
Already round me, with a mighty noise,
The innumerable nations of the dead ;
And I grew pale with fear
. Hastening to my ship, I bade

The crew embark, and cast the hawsers loose.”

And so the first tour of Purgatory, whose record is extant, was made and ended.

The doctrines and teachings of Pythagoras, on the theory of preexistence and purgatory, had their influence, direct and indirect, on all the religious and philosophical systems immediately surrounding Christianity at its introduction. His long residence in Egypt made him familiar with the theories of that primitive land concerning an anterior existence. That he afterwards spent some years among the Magi admits of doubts, though Prideaux is very confident : “ That Pythagoras was in Egypt, and from thence went to Babylon, and learnt there a great part of that knowledge which he was afterwards so famous for, is agreed by all.” [2]

With a mixture of Egyptian, Indian, and Zoroastrian philosophy, he brought back to Greece, as its leading teacher there, the theory of preexistence, and an eternal transmigration of the soul from body to body. He even declared that he retained a clear remembrance of that former state through which his soul had come into the present one. His system was pioneer to the Stoic and Platonic, though Plato carried it out more into details, and shows its power in the Christianity of the new Platonists and Schoolmen, [3]

Plato in his Phædrus says that if a soul in the society of the gods delights itself in nectar and ambrosia more than in the contemplation of truth, it grows sluggish and heavy, and falls to the earth, and takes to itself an earthly body, more or less gross, according to its previous grade. In his Politicus he advances the idea that after ten thousand years of degradation in the body, then souls will be restored to their primitive state among the celestials. He also quotes, in Cratylus, the saying of Orpheus, that “ the human soul is here in punishment for sins committed in a preëxistent state.” The body is a prison where the soul is kept in custody till it has suffered sufficiently for its faults.

Empedocles, the Pythagorean, also held, like his Samian master, that souls are here in wandering and exile from God, because they sinned in heaven and were cast out to occupy mortal bodies. And Plutarch in his Isis and Osiris, makes Heraclitus say, “ My soul anticipates her departure from this prison, and beholding, as it were, an outside world through the windows of the body, it seems to recall that region from whence it came down to be enclosed in this mortal body of flesh and bones and blood and nerves.”

Plato also, in his Phædo, speaking of that home of unfallen souls, says they there breathed light as we do air, and drank a water purer than air. Being now fallen, he says in his Phædrus, those least debased and sinful are found in the bodies of philosophers, but the more thoroughly apostate in the bodies of despots and very degraded men.

In his Phædo Plato puts into the mouth of Socrates a description of the world of purgation, sufficiently like to be the original of that of the papist. Indeed it will be seen, after reading our summary from Plato, that some of the Roman-catholic authors whom we have quoted are well nigh open to the charge of plagiarism of language as well as ideas.

The interior of the earth, he says, is full of caverns, communicating with each other by underground passages. Among these are hot and cold springs and great rivers. Some of these rivers are of water and some of fire ; some are pure and others dirty and muddy. These all have their confluence into Tartarus, and then flow out of it again in their own channels.

Their influx and efflux is as respiration in the living creature. Among them three are conspicuous. One of these is Acheron, which, flowing under ground for a long distance,

enters, at length, the Acherusian Marsh. Here vast multitudes of departed souls are congregated, and having been detained a longer or shorter time, according to their deserts and sentences, they depart to live an earthly life over again in the race of animals.

Another of these rivers is the Phlegethon, or the Burning River. It is a river of many branches, that burst through in different places, wherever they can find or force a way. Its main stream flows into a fiery lake that boils constantly with water and mud ; thence, by long compass under ground, it empties itself into the deepest parts of Tartarus. The third river is the Cocytus, the River of Sorrow. This in its course makes first the Stygian lake, the dismal abode of hate and fear and grief. After many additions, in its long and circling wanderings under ground, it also empties itself into Tartarus.

This being the arrangement of the middle regions for the departed, Plato goes on to say, that when spirits arrive, they are first examined, and then sentenced. Those who have lived a life of tolerable uprightness go to the Acherusian Marsh, where they remain long enough to suffer the punishments appointed for their expiation and expurgation. After their sins are expiated they are absolved and released for happier regions. .

If any in sudden passion have done violence to father or mother, or have taken human life in excessive anger, or have committed any other great yet expiable or “ venial” sins, and then truly repented during the rest of their lives, they are sent down into the lower abodes of Tartarus. When they have been in its circling and tormenting waters and fires for a twelve-month, they are thrown into the Acherusian Marsh, where in the mixed assemblage of souls they find those whom they have injured. These they entreat to be content with the sufferings they have endured, and permit them to leave the dismal and sorrowful place. If the prayer is granted, they escape their miseries at once. Otherwise they take the circuit and sufferings of Tartarus again, and again try the clemency of those whom they wronged. And so on and on, and with some for painfully long cycles, till indulgence and absolution are perfected, when they take joyful and returnless departure.

If, however, any are found burdened with very great sins, as unjust homicide or sacrilege, and have exercised no repentance, their sins are unpardonable or “ mortal,” and under stern decision they are thrust down into the lowest, deepest Tartarus, never to come up and out again.

To this account of the purgatory of the Greeks, Plato adds, “ It is not for a wise man to declare that the description I here furnish of the region and conditions of souls after death is true. But it must be believed that something like this is true concerning them.”

In another connection, though in the Phædo, he says that souls going to the regions of the dead carry nothing with them but the education, manners and character of this life, and that these predetermine the the state there. If the soul be impure from the vices and crimes loved here, good souls will flee from it, and leave it lonely and unguided. So it is necessarily abandoned to wanderings and sorrows that will both punish and purify it. At its appointed time, when its purgation is completed, it escapes.

In his Republic Plato unfolds the same theory of purgatory in his story of Eras, a Pamphylian. He was slain in battle, and when about to be buried, on the twelfth day he revived and gave an account of a wonderful tour that he had made through the lower regions. He witnessed the judgment day of the gods, and the division of the multitude of souls as they came in at death. The good were admitted at once to the abodes of the blessed, while the bad

were sent downward, doomed to the long and sorrowful wandering of a thousand years. Then there was a regathering of the two divisions, the whole assembly were instructed and exhorted, and each soul was left to its own choice of its future life and state. [4]

We have here, from the Grecian system of eschatology, all the elements of the papal purgatory, if we except certain amplified details. Here is the middle region in the earth ; the tormenting fire and water; here the multitude of souls, recently from the regions of the living, awaiting their primitive and purgating cycle of suffering ; their times are limited by their deserts and by the facility with which pardons may be earned and obtained ; here are constant indulgences, absolutions, and departures for the happy land ; here are sins “ venial” and “ mortal” and the hell of the hopeless ; and here, in the Pamphylian, the system of tours to and from that doleful region. We need only the thousand years between Plato and Gregory the Great, to perfect, from pagan mythology, the grand papal system of purgatory. It can all be accomplished without aid from the Apocrypha, or the distortion of the canonical Scriptures. The Grecian material is so abundant and apt, and the pagan structure so complete, that originality of thought and plan must be denied to Gregory for the huge imposition.

The Roman Purgatory.

WE shall naturally look for the antitype of the Romanist’s purgatory in the theology and mythology and under-world of the pagan Romans. Christianity but slowly at first, and only in part finally, supplanted paganism at Rome and in the empire of the Latins.

Singularly and dangerously the apocryphal chair of St. Peter was placed in the beginning at the very gateway of a half-obsolete purgatory, and the jingling of his keys was a sound not unfamiliar on those old hills of the Cæsars. Christianity found that underworld as one discovers an old mine with its shafts and tunnels and chambers and crumbling machinery, and skeletons now and then.

With a church through whose membership there were largely infused pagans Christianized and Christians paganized, how natural and easy to revive and adopt the classic theory of the spirit land, and renew the machinery and working of the inherited mine in those caverns of retribution. Moreover there was at the same time and place, as the popular poem of the age, the *Æneid* of Virgil, the traveller’s guide to these lower regions, the hand-book of judgment for the world to come.

As we open this volume here and there, for our historical purpose, the reader will note that the purgatory of the Romans has not been more enlarged and improved and perfected under nominally Christian hands, than their arts or sciences or agriculture. Indeed the purgatory of Virgil has changed less than his plough under the hand of his improving successors.

Æneas asks permission of the Sibyl to visit his father Anchises in the spirit land.

“ One thing I ask of thee. Since here ’t is said
The gateway opens to the lower world,
And that dim, shadowy lake, the o’erflowing tide
Of Acheron, that I may, face to face,
Meet my dear father.”

The Sibyl marvels that he should desire to float twice over the Stygian lake, and twice see the gloomy realms of Tartarus, once now alive, and hereafter again when dead. But she grants the request, with the solemn lesson of all religions and ages :

“ Easy the way
Down the Avernus ; night and the gates
Of Dis stand open. But to retrace thy steps
And reach the upper air, here lies the task,
The difficulty here.”

With rites and sacrifices duly observed, Æneas, under the guide of the Sibyl, seeks the descent to Hades.

“ Through shadows, through the lonely night they went,
Through the blank halls and empty realms of Dis.
. Suffering and Death
Inhabit here, and Death’s own brother, Sleep ;
And the mind’s evil Lusts, and deadly War,
Lie at the threshold, and the iron beds
Of the Eumenides ; and Discord wild,
Her viper-locks with bloody fillets bound.
Hence downward leads the way to Tartarus
And Acheron.”

By-and-by they come to Cocytus, the horrid stream, and to the Stygian lake, over which Charon, the squalid and grim boatman, is to ferry them and all the dead. Here a strange sight meets our hero.

“ Down to the banks
Comes rushing the whole crowd, matrons and men.
Great heroes, boys, unwedded girls, and youths,
Their parents saw stretched on their funeral pile.”

Only a part of them the stern ferryman will admit to his boat, because they have not had burial rites.

“ No one may pass
Those dreadful waves, until his bones repose
Within a quiet grave. A hundred years
They wander, flitting all around these shores,
Until at last they cross the wished-for lake.”

It is with much difficulty that Æneas, because a living man, can be passed over. But the Sibyl is with him, and he bears a golden bough as a charm, and Charon consents and sets them across the lake, and on the confines of the spirit land proper.

“ Then, as they entered, voices wild were heard,
Shrieking and wailing—souls of infants robbed
Of all their share of life, snatched from the breast,
And sunk by cruel fate in gloomy death.
Then next were those by accusations false
Condemned to suffer death
. Next come
The places where the sad and guiltless souls
Were seen, who, hating the warm light of day,
Wrought their own death, and threw away their lives.
How willingly they now, in the upper air,

Their poverty and sufferings would endure !

.
Here those whom tyrannous love with cruel blight
Has wasted, in secluded paths are hid,
And sheltered round about by myrtle groves,
Not even in death their cares are left behind.”

And so Æneas wanders about in those ghostly-realms, meeting now the injured Dido, who justly refuses to speak to him, “ with defiance in her mien,” and now meeting old and famous Grecian warriors and others.

“ To right and left
The spirits crowd about him, not content
Merely to see him, but they needs must wait
And hover round his steps, and know what cause
Has brought him hither. But the Grecian chiefs
And hosts of Agamemnon, when they see
The hero and his glittering arms that flash
Across the shadows, tremble with great fear.
Some turn and fly, as to their ships of old
They fled ; some raise their voices, and their shouts
Die without sound within their gasping throats.”

Farther on our two travellers come to the inner Tartarus, but do not enter, though the Sibyl explains it.

“ Groans from within were heard ; the cruel lash,
The clank of iron, and of dragging chains.
.
Here those who cherished hatred during life
Towards their brothers, or who lifted hands
Of violence against their parents ; those
Who ’gainst their clients schemed and practised fraud ;
Or those who brooded o’er their hoarded wealth,
Selfish and solitary, nor dispensed
A portion to their kin—the largest crowd
These formed ; or those who for adulterous crimes
Were slain
Here one is seen, who for a golden bribe
His country sold, and fixed a despot’s throne ;
And for a price made laws, and then unmade.
. All had dared
Some dreadful crime, succeeding where they dared.
Nor if I had a hundred tongues, a voice
Of iron, could I tell thee all the forms
Of guilt, or number all their penalties.”

Leaving this region of punishment and agony and despair on their left, they turn to the Elysian plains,

“ The pleasant realms
Of verdant green, the blessed groves of peace.
. Here the bands are seen

Of those who for their country fought and bled ;
The chaste and holy priests ; the reverent bards
Whose words were worthy of Apollo ; those
Who enriched life with fine inventive arts ;
And all who by deserving deeds had made
Their names remembered.”

Æneas is now in the department of his venerated father, Anchises, to meet whom he has taken this long and perilous underworld tour. On inquiry for him, they are led to a hilltop whence there is a broad outlook over the shining fields of the blessed.

“ Anchises there,
Down in a valley green, was noting all
The souls shut in, destined one day to pass
Into the upper light.
He, when he saw Æneas, o’er the grass
Coming to meet him, stretched his eager hands,
His cheeks bedewed with tears, and from his lips
These accents fell, ‘ And art thou come at last ?
That filial love I counted on so long,
Has it now overcome the arduous road ?
My son, is ’t granted me to see thy face,
And hear thy well-known voice, and answer thee ?
Thus in my mind I hoped and guessed, indeed,
And numbered o’er the intervening times,
Nor have my anxious wishes been deceived.’ ”

Æneas is greatly moved to see and hear his aged father, and responds,

“ ‘ Grasp now my hand, my father, grasp my hand
In thine ; withdraw not from thy son’s embrace !’
Thrice round his neck he strove to throw his arm
And thrice the shadow flitted from his grasp,
And vanished like a winged dream away.”

While Æneas and Anchises are conversing and strolling they come to the river Lethe, and see an innumerable number of souls about its banks. Æneas inquires who they are and what their future may be, and is informed that they are destined for other bodies, are in a transition state, and by-and-by will appear among mortals again. This is a great surprise to Æneas.

“ ‘ O father, can we think that from this place
Any exalted souls to upper skies
Return to enter sluggish frames again ?
Why so intensely do these hapless ones
Long for the light ?’ ”

These questions lead Anchises to explain the origin of the soul and its entrance into bodies of different grades, human and animal. By these it is more or less tainted.

“ Nor e’en when life’s last ray
Has fled, does every ill depart, nor all
Corporeal taints quite leave their unhappy frames,
And needs must be that many a hardened fault

Inheres in wondrous ways. Therefore the pains
Of punishment they undergo for sins
Of former times. Some in the winds are hung,
Suspended and exposed. Others beneath
A waste of waters from their guilt are cleansed,
Or purified by fire. We all endure
Our ghostly retribution. Thence a few
Attain the free Elysium's happy fields,
Till Time's great cycle of long years complete,
Clears the fixed taint, and leaves the etherial sense
Pure, a bright flame of unmixed heavenly air.
All these, when for a thousand years the wheel
Of fate has turned, the Deity calls forth
To Lethe's stream, a mighty multitude ;
That they, forgetful of the past, may see
Once more the vaulted sky, and may begin
To wish return into corporeal frames.'

.
Anchises, having thus addressed his son,
Together with the Sibyl, leads them on,
And through the ivory gate dismisses them.
Back to his ships the chief pursues his way;
Again beholds his comrades ; then sets sail
Towards Caieta's port. The anchors now
Hang from the prows ; the sterns stand on the beach."

How very like all this to the authors and purgatorial itineraries of the tenth, fifteenth, and even nineteenth centuries ! With a few changes from classic to saintly names, one could be easily pardoned the mistake in supposing he was reading a papal instead of pagan Roman poet. For there is more than parallelism and suggested likeness ; there is approximate identity of idea and theory, and method and results. Further historical developments will show parental relations between the old pagan and the coming papal purgatory.

- [1] The quotations from Homer are from Bryant's Translation.
- [2] Connexion, sub anno, 486.
- [3] Morell, His. Philos. Introd., p. 28.
- [4] Plato's Republic, Book X.

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