

Jesus said to his disciples Whom do you say that I am?

Simon Peter answered and said Thou art Christ the Son of the living God.

And Jesus answering, said to him: Blessed art thou Simon Bar-Jona, because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my Father who is in heaven. And I say to thee: that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

And I shall give to thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed also in heaven.—S. Matthew xvi. 15-19



"Was anything concealed from Peter, who was styled the Rock on which the Church was built, who received the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the power of loosing and binding in Heaven and on earth?"—TERTULLIAN Præscript. xxi

"There is one God, and one Church, and one Chair founded by the voice of the Lord upon Peter. That any other Altar be erected, or any other Priesthood established, besides that one Altar, and one Priesthood, is impossible. Whosoever gathers elsewhere, scatters, whatever is devised by human fancy, in violation of the Divine Ordinance, is adulterous, impious, sacrilegious"—St. Cyprian Ep. 43 ad plebem.

"All of them remaining silent, for the doctrine was beyond the reach of man, Peter the Prince of the Apostles and the supreme herald of the Church, not following his own inventions, nor persuaded by human reasoning, but enlightened by the Father, says to him: Thou art Christ, and not this alone, but the Son of the living God.—St. Cyril of Jerusalem, Cat. xi. 1.

Calendar.

- SEPTEMBER 9—Sunday—Within the Oct XV alter Pent 2d Sept Holy Name of Mary g d com of Oct & S Gorgonius M.
- 10—Monday—St Hilary P C d dom Oct.
- 11—Tuesday—St. Nicholas of Tolentine C d com of Oct & SS Protus & c Mm.
- 12—Wednesday—St Boniface I V P C dou 29th May sup
- 13—Thursday—St Felix I P C dou 30th May sup.
- 14—Friday—Exaltation of Cross of our Lord J C g d c Oct.
- 15—Saturday—Oct of Nat of B V Mary com, S Nicomedes M.

PROCESSION AT MONTREAL.

To the Editor of the New York Freeman's Journal:

MONTREAL, August 7th, 1849.

DEAR SIR—I see in your paper of Saturday last, an extract from a correspondence of the St. John's News, having reference to the Cholera in Montreal, and the means employed by our Bishop and the people to obtain a remission of the sentence which has been pronounced upon our city in punishment of its sins. What this writer says is very good and very fair for a Protestant, but he says nothing of the two processions to the *Bon Secours* Church, to implore the intercession of the patroness of our city, and this want I am about to supply. If I was silent on the subject before, it was because I wanted to see the faith of our people justified and their hopes realized, well knowing that such would be the case, and if I had written an account of these processions during the few days while yet the cholera did remain, there would have been many a voice to shout in impious derision, "Where is their God?" as they shame not to assert that "the Romanists have been praying to their Gods, of whom the greatest is the Virgin Mary!" So they would have shouted out with senseless exultation, "So the great God of the Papists is deaf to their prayers!" Now, therefore, that the fearful epidemic has all but disappeared from amongst us, I may tell your readers of these interesting processions, the last and greatest of which took place on last Sunday two weeks. I am almost sure that there were not less than twenty thousand persons walking in this procession—rich and poor, old and young, male and female—all anxious to render homage to the Mother of God, and all uniting, as they walked along, in the touching prayers which the Church addresses to her illustrious patroness. After going around to visit some others of the churches, the procession returned to the *Bon Secours*, and the scene at that moment was one which the mind cannot easily forget. It was a lovely evening and a lovely sight, when the grey soft summer twilight faded into night, and that vast multitude knelt in front of the quaint old church, lighted up and wreathed with flowers as for a joyous festival. Above was the cloudless sky, where Mary sits enthroned beside her divine Son, and below at the end of a long, long vista of glittering lights and over hanging haughts, was seen the statue of that Mother of Mercy, reminding the thousand, thousand supplicants of her many claims to their confidence. The church is situated with its back to the river, and at the foot of a steep hill, there called from the church *Bon Secours* street, and all the way up to where that street goes out on Notre Dame street, was thronged with a dense multitude, who knelt without other covering than the blue dome of

heaven. The church being of small dimensions was occupied almost exclusively by the different religious communities.

Yes, that correspondent, from whom you quoted, albeit that he professes himself no friend to our Church, said well and truly that it is in times of pestilence and contagion that the beauty of Catholicity shines out in its full lustre—making manifest the faith of the people, and the self-forgetfulness and undistinguishing benevolence (or rather charity) of the clergy and the religious communities at large. It is pleasant and consoling to receive such admissions as these, and they speak well for the candour and liberality of those who make them, but how much more deeply would these truths sink into the minds of right-thinking men of all religions, could they see for themselves the minute and practical illustration of Catholic faith and Catholic piety as exemplified in the daily, (aye, and nightly,) lives of our clergy. Could they follow the Catholic priest into the chamber where the pestilence is busy, and see him stand during the dead hours of night by the bed of the agonized sufferer, watching and praying for an interval of relief that he may administer the aids of religion to the departing christian, soothing by his presence and by his kind words the anguish of the last struggle, and bending over the ghastly face where death in his most revolting form is already visible—fearless for himself, the minister of God thinks only of the soul which is about to depart, bending all the energies of his mind to prepare it for that awful change.

Then, when they behold frail and delicate woman—the living personification of Catholic purity and Catholic charity—watching day after day, and night after night, by the deathbeds of the poor and the wretched who have no other friend, nursing them and tending them with fond solicitude while life remains, and when death has done his work performing the last sad offices of humanity, and preparing the poor disfigured body for its last long sleep, and this, too, when the nearest relatives of the dead (if any they had) would shrink from the revolting task. What impartial Protestant that saw such sights as these could fail to acknowledge—"This, indeed, is the charity that comes from faith; the charity that belongs of right to the chosen servants of God."

And yet we live in the midst of people whose hearts are so hardened by blind and obstinate prejudice, that even as the Egyptian King of old refused to acknowledge the power which, in his very presence, wrought wondrous miracles, so do they persist in denying the *miracle-working faith* of Catholics. So it is that we see these sensual, worldly-minded sectaries calling on each other to avail themselves of the good example of the Romanists, who pray so publicly and so devoutly that *their God* may avert this public scourge. "Let us, then," say they, pray to our God—the one true and living God—that He may spare us!" So absurd is this ranting that it were idle to comment upon it. Such rignarole calumny is below contempt, even below the vile effusions of Murty Sullivan or Thresham Gregg, and being so, we leave it where it deserves to lie.

Believe me to be, Mr. Editor, very respectfully, &c ,

HIBERNIA.

NATCHEZ, July 12.

"The Right Rev. J. J. Chance, Bishop of Natchez, greatly beloved and esteemed by the congregation worshipping in the Cathedral of St. Mary, as well as all religious people in Natchez, after an absence of more than fourteen months, on his tour to Rome, arrived at Natchez on Thursday evening, last week, in excellent health and spirits, on Sabbath

morning, according to previous notice, gave a sketch of his travels, and of the state of Roman affairs, to a large and deeply attentive assembly in St. Mary's Cathedral. The views of the learned and urbane prelate differ considerably from those generally entertained in this country respecting Roman affairs, but coming as they do from so good a republican as Bishop Chance, who has had, moreover, the advantage of being an eye witness and participator in the scenes he has described, his statements are worthy of publicity, and will command deep attention wherever the Bishop is known. I will attempt only a brief sketch:

"With the feelings of an exile returning from banishment, of a pastor returning to a flock from which he had been separated nearly fifteen months, of a father returning to his dearly beloved children, the Bishop said he came again among us, and thanked God that he once more breathed the balmy air of freedom in a free and unoppressed land. He had been a visitor to countries where he was received with open arms of friendship, love and respect, not on account of title or station, but because he enjoyed the nobler birthright of being an American citizen. The old would crowd around him, lamenting that they had not in early life accomplished their desires of emigration to the United States, where liberty existed not in word only, but in truth and deed, while the young would express their solemn determination to become American citizens and leave Europe, the land of murder, rapine, violence, and wrong, for ever.

"When he reached Paris, the Bishop said that all was tumult and revolution, and the balls flew thick around his head on that awful and mournful day on which the sainted Archbishop of Paris poured out his heart's blood in hearing the flag of peace and unity to the unfortunate destroyers of each other's lives. This solemn sacrifice not only gave the Bishop a name and a praise in every noble and good man's mouth in every land on earth, but also seemed to have a most miraculous effect in staying the torrent of civic blood, which, up to that moment, had been poured out like water on the streets.

"When Bishop Chance reached Rome, he found that holy man Pope, Pius the Ninth, obstructed in his great designs of governmental amelioration, and in his favorite project of dis severing the Pontifical States from Austrian dominion and interference.—Anarchy, murder, and rapine raged through the "Eternal City," not caused by Roman people or citizens, but by the hordes of banditti, fugitives from justice, who had fled from various parts of Europe to the milder and more paternal government of Rome.

"The Bishop declared that all the public edifices, St. Peter's the Vatican, the chapels, the libraries, the museums, and ancient halls of statuary, and painting—all that was worth seeing and preserving in Rome—as well as the right of soil—all belonged to and was the undisputed property of the Roman Catholic Church all over the world. St. Peter's was built by the benefactions of the entire Catholic Church, the palace of the Pope, and the offices and halls of his thousand secretaries who aid in accomplishing the immense business of a church, which numbers in its communion two hundred millions of members—all was Catholic property, and these strangers, sojourners, adventurers, and vagrants in Rome—the stray socialist and communist from France, and the off-scourings of infidelity in general—had no more right to rise, take possession, and drive out the Papal authority, than the people of the District of Columbia have to rise, drive away President Taylor and his cabinet, seize and hold the capital and

government offices, the navy yard and arsenal. Should the inhabitants of the District of Columbia ever do this, every one of the States would be under the obligation to rise in arms, put down the insurgents, and restore the government to its allotted place again. So are all the Catholic governments of Europe under the same obligation to take their own property out of the hands of robbers and murderers, and replace the servants of their own church again in the sphere of their allotted duties."

CLAPHAM—THE REDEMPTORISTS

"Truly, Clapham is now a favoured spot: from sunrise to sunset the faithful adorer can visit the Blessed Sacrament in the present small chapel of the Redemptorist Fathers; weekdays as well as Sundays none need absent themselves from the Holy Sacrifice: for there being always several Masses, will suit all people and all classes. And who would like to begin a day of either labour, pleasure, or ease, without sanctifying at least some part of it in the house of God? Twice in the week there is that Holy Devotion of the Rosary of our Blessed Lady, and once Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament; and to those who love the latter, they had better visit St. Mary's on Saturday or Sunday evenings, and hear for themselves what can be only compared to angels' music: and the incense, the beautiful incense, that ascends like the prayers of the just to throne of God,—all these helps, they comfort the strong and strengthen the weak. But there is something more yet: the youth of all classes are provided for here in the excellent Convent of Notre Dame, there being three schools under one roof—the boarding-school, the day and poor school. Nor is St. Anne's House to be forgotten, where Retreats are given to people in the world. Many, perhaps, do not know that such a blessing exists. In this house people can retire for a time to meditate upon eternal truths, to return to duties long since neglected, to consider uninterruptedly and before God their vocation in this world and by other spiritual means and instructions secure to themselves eternal life.

Truly, Clapham will be ere long a truly Catholic place. Those whose employment takes them daily to London, can here combine business, health, and religion with no trouble; and houses are so pretty and so plentiful that they seem to invite the Catholics to take them.—*Corresp. of Tablet.*

CATHOLICITY AND PROTESTANTISM

All we ask is, that for the honor of Protestantism, the arguments which truth ever furnishes in spontaneous growth should be employed under the only true spirit of christianity, that the truth will run and be glorified, walk and not faint. Let the works of Protestantism prove the superiority of her faith—and let her challenge Catholicism to a contest of good works. This is the only true mode of testing the truth. We should greatly rejoice in beholding such a contest. How would the earth soon blossom as the rose! How would sin and poverty be speedily banished, and every home a paradise!

The Catholics can show more devotion to the faith and the teachings of the church than can the Protestants. Behold each Catholic church! How it is crowded oftener than on Sundays merely, and how thick do the worshipping flock stand upon the very pavements about the doors with hats off and head bowed in the hot sun, all absorbed in the service! What Protestant church can present such a spectacle of religious devotion!

But there is a late instance of bad spirit and false argumentation that has been employed.