

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 xv. 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 Proserip xxii.
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 a new Priesthood established, besides that one Altar, and one Priesthood, is impossible. Whosoever gathers elsewhere, scatters. Whosoever is devious by human frenzy, 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.

- DECEMBER 10—Sunday—Second of Advent.
- 11—Monday—St. Damascus I P C Doub com &c.
- 12—Tuesday—St. Melchias P M Doub Sup com &c.
- 13—Wednesday—St. Lucia Virg M Doub com &c.
- 14—Thursday—Translation of the H House of Loreto G Doub from the 10th this month.
- 15—Friday—Octave Day of the Conception Doub.
- 16—Saturday—St. Eusebius D M Semid.

Select Tales.

THE CROSS AND BEADS.

OR, KATHLEEN KENNEDY.

COLONEL TEMPLETON, after his short interview with Mrs Dowser, stepped into his gig, and rode out as usual, to pay a morning visit to his tenants and commune with them, on the saving truths of the Gospel.

In the box of the vehicle were deposited sundry copies of the Old and New Testaments bearing the words "Kildare-street Society" stamped on their covers; and by their side a number of controversial tracts, under different titles, viz. "Antichrist Exposed," "Romanism Defeated," "The Man of Sin cloven down by Five Blows of the Holy Bible," "Popish Idolatry," "Dairies of Piety," "Primroses of Devotion," "Dahlias of Faith," &c., &c., all written in a simple, easy style, to suit the humblest capacities.

The good man, as he rode along, felt very happy. He was laboring on a great mission,—journeying, like another Barnabas, (the difference being only perceptible in his estate and mode of travelling,) to convert the gentiles to faith. It was a happy, blissful reflection; and then, if his thoughts turned back for a moment to the busy metropolis he had so lately quitted, why it was only to congratulate himself the more, in having exchanged the haunts of vice, and infamy—the vortex of aristocratic corruption—for the quiet, retired little vineyard of souls intrusted to his care. "The Bible," he whispered to himself, complacently, "might be regarded as the seed, and the pamphlets the little watering-pots of religion." And he drove on the faster for the thought.

In the fields, on either side of the road as he passed along, he saw his tenants busily employed at the harvest—some reaping, others housing or stacking their grain. Children of tender age, were to be seen here and there, gleaning the few ears of corn that lay on the field after the reapers; and others still younger, seated in groups round small peat fires, roasting in the hot ashes their little feasts of new potatoes. These hardy children had no foolish trumpery of dress, like their proud little brethren of England, to cover the extremities of their persons—no, they had been taught from their cradles, like the free Indians of North America, to look upon freedom from such embarrassments as a privilege of their race. How very pleasant it was for Col. Templeton to reflect, that all these children he saw in groups around him, might, in a certain sense, be considered his own property! Certainly. Was not the soil his own—and did he not propagate them on it? Did he not force them, as we might say, on that nutritious esculent, the potato? Could not the potatoe be regarded as a sort of manure for the growth of human flesh? Had then he had another cause for self-grati-

lation; for what was his object in raising them?—not the lust of riches.—not the sordid motives that influence the black slave owner,—no, it was the glory of God and of England. They were destined to glorify their Creator, under his guidance, by walking in the pure light of a reformed gospel, and a retrenched and purified faith, and to glorify England by contributing a portion of their labor to the support of the most magnificent oligarchical government in the world, and a portion of their blood to fight the battles of an empire, the proudest and most powerful the sun ever shone upon. Surely such reflections were enough to make any man's heart glad, so the colonel raised his head higher, and trotted on at an accelerated pace.

When about three miles from the village of Donegal, he came in view of a small hut, or hovel, built on the roadside, on a barren moor, and of very wretched appearance. This hut was scarcely ten feet square, very low—so low that a boy of sixteen could not enter without stooping,—built of round rough rocks, and covered with green sods. An aperture cut in the roof served for a chimney, the door was made of willow twigs, platted close together in the style of a wicker basket, having its interstices filled with mud to keep out the cold, and the window was a round opening, from which a stone was taken, in the side wall, and through which the bottom of an old hat was visible. It was the habitation of Kathleen Kennedy, one of Mr. Ebenezer Good-soul's converts. Whether that gentleman was correct in placing her as he did to his account with the Kildare-street Society is yet to be seen, but certain it is, she was poor enough to be converted. The colonel alighted, fastened the reins of the bridle to a stunted tree on the roadside, and approached the house.

Against the gable of the hut, four or five children (the eldest of whom could not be more than seven years) were busily engaged building a little stack of half-saved turf, that lay scattered about the premises. The two eldest had apparently taken charge of the structure, for while they prepared and laid on the material, the younger ones were hurrying to and fro in the capacity of servers or attendants. It was no matter of surprise to Colonel Templeton, to observe how cheerfully they performed their work, notwithstanding the inconvenience they must have felt from the long pointed tatters of their dress, that now, saturated with the bog-water through which they passed occasionally, flapped heavily against their legs and sides. No, it was the proof of a hardy race, and of a patient, enduring people. It was refreshing to think how inured to privations these children would be in after years, when their country called them away to fight its battles amid the snows of the Canadas, or under the broiling sun of the Indies. With what pride could England point to the future heroism and fortitude of these children, and with what pride would their own hearts be hereafter filled, when, returning perhaps from Canada, or Afghanistan, they received a smile from their sovereign, and three pence half penny a day from their country, as an acknowledgement of their services! Happy children of the white slaves of the north!—fortunate starvelings of a beggarly race!—innocent progeny of brutalized, dust-kissing, scorned, and branded helots!—ye little knew what a glorious influence you might yet exercise over the destinies of the British empire!

Within the threshold of the hut, and on the floor, sat an infant muzzling a potatoe. Opposite the child, and but a few yards beyond the hovel, its mother was busy washing in a stream

that ran murmuring and rippling by the wayside. The child had now eaten as much of the potatoe as satisfied his present cravings of hunger, and began to throw it on the ground and catch it up again in the wantonness of a playful spirit, laughing merrily at the sport. Beside the boy lay a little lean dog, watching the child intently, and licking his lips, as the precious morsel rolled over close to where he squatted. At length, the child's excitement increasing, it threw the potatoe on the ground with more violence than usual causing it to roll over within the dog's paws. The little starved animal, no longer able to withstand the temptation, caught up the potatoe, and run away round the house with its long tail between its legs, evincing by its cowardly and precipitate flight the consciousness of having done a very dishonest, as well as disreputable act. The child, robbed of its plaything so suddenly, screamed, and cried bitterly to its mother, as if in appeal, against this daring injustice. The poor woman ran over immediately to pacify the infant, and taking it up in her arms, said, as she rocked it to and fro—

"Hush, *alanna!* hush, *asthore machree!*—shure I'll get another for ye, dear; hush now, an' I'll bate that nasty Piper."

"Well, honest woman," began Colonel Templeton, who had followed her to the door unobserved, and whose voice so near and sudden seemed to startle her not a little—"how long has this hut been standing here?"

Kathleen courted humbly and respectfully, as turning round, her eye rested on the richly dressed gentleman before her, but she remained silent, being somewhat confused at the question.

"When was this cabin built?" he again demanded.

"It's up about three weeks after last Candlemas, sir." (Hush, hush *asthore!* she added in an under tone—here, Bridget—hush *alanna!* bight—here, take the wean till I spake to the gentleman.) "Indeed, then, sir, it was the good neighbors God reward them, gathered up here and pit it together for us, awhile after Candlemas last."

"And where did you live before that time?" "Down there in Minadreen, sir, av ye iver wur in it."

"And who was your landlord?"

"One Colonel Templeton, av ye iver heard tell av him, but I'll warrant ye did, barrit ye'r a stranger in these parts."

The colonel nodded. "An' indeed, sir, a snug decent bit of lan' we had, till misfortune overtook us; but shure it's thankful we ought to be whatever comes; may be it's our desavin, may be it's all for the best."

"And where is your husband—is he living?" "He's livin' yet, 'am tould, Goodness be praised for his mercies; but 'am afeard it 'ill not be long." Her voice trembled slightly as she spoke.

"Is he sick?" "Sick enough, sir; they say the doctor's give him up."

"Ho! then he's not at home?" "Noa, noa sareer, sir, he's not. Poor fella! he's far away from us with the cowid strangers, that cares little about him, maybe."

"Where?" "In jail, sir," replied Kathleen, raising to her eyes a corner of the tattered handkerchief that covered her shoulders. "Go into the house, Bridget—go in dear, an' bring the childer along with you. Go in, an' don't be gapin' at the gentleman, without a totther to cover ye."

"And why is he in jail, my good woman, eh—Bibbeniam, I suspect?"

"Noa, indeed then, sir, he niver meddled or made with it, since the priest spoke agin it—not sayin' but many's the time, sir, he was provoked hard enough to join them."

"Have you ever seen Colonel Templeton?" "Niver, sir, but I know he's very rich, an' wudn't miss a trifle to a poor body."

"Perhaps not, if the poor body were deservin'."

"As to that, sir, I don't know; but iv poverty makes us desavin av charity, mercy knows we have enough of it here. If Providence don't send us some help afore many days, we'll have to beg our bit an' our sup through the country lake the rest o' the poor creathurs that's goin'." But there's some hope afore us yet, sir; we musn't despair till the last. I was tould, when the colonel 'id come he'd bring somethin' to relieve me in my distress. God grant it. Many's the prayer I prayed in the dead o' the night when the childer 'id be sleepin' about me, for that hour to soon reach us."

"If you long to see Colonel Templeton, be he now before you?" "You, sir?" ejaculated Kathleen.

The colonel bowed, and smiled patronisingly. "Oh, hierna!" exclaimed the poor woman, terrified at the thought of having spoken so long and so familiarly in such a presence. "I beg yer honor's pardon," she added, while her voice trembled with agitation—"I beg yer honor's pardon for bein' so bowld as to—"

"As to what?" inquired the colonel, observing her hesitation.

"As to spake to yer honor in regard to the Agent an' the Proctor."

"But you have told me nothing but the truth—have you?"

"Noa, indeed, yer honour, more nor if the book was in my han'."

"Who told you of my coming here to comfort you in your misfortunes?" "The Bible Reader, sir."

"Which of them—Mr. Good-soul?" "Yes, yer honor."

"Ah! your name is Catharine Kennedy?" "Yes, yer honor."

"All these children are yours—are they?" "Yes, yer honor, an' two more that died when eight days old."

"Mr. Good-soul was right, my good woman. I have brought you a present—a very valuable present indeed." The colonel stepped over to the gig.

Kathleen raised her eyes to heaven, and crossed her hands upon her bosom. She could not speak; but the big tears rushed out, and trickled down her pale cheeks. They were the tears of unspeakable gratitude—a far sweeter and holier tribute than the lips of angels could offer. "Go in—go in, Bridget dear, *ahasky!*" she muttered at length, as she wiped the drops from her eyes; "go in, an' bring the childer with ye—that's the colonel himself, *asthore!* and God be praised, he has somethin' with him to relieve us. Go in, an' I'll let ye see it all when he goes away."

The good man having taken a parcel of considerable size from the vehicle, carried it in his arms carefully, and stooping low, entered the hut.

Having placed his goodly person on something resembling a chair, he requested Kathleen to approach him.

With joy beaming in her careworn but still handsome face, (for Kathleen Kennedy was once the beauty of her native village,) her heart