



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 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 Prescrip. xiii.

There is one God, and one Church, and one Canon founded by the voice of the Lord: Peter. There is any other Altar erected, or a new Priesthood established, besides that one Altar, and one Priesthood, is impossible. Whosoever regards it otherwise, scatters whatever is devised by him in irony, in violation of the Divine Ordinance, is ad herens impius, sacrilegious.—St. Cyprian Ep. 43 ad pium.

All of them remaining silent, for the doctrine was beyond the reach of man, Peter the Prince of the Apostles and the supreme head of the Church, following his own invention, not persuaded by human reasoning, but enlightened by the Father, says to him: Thou art Christ, and not this man only, but the Son of the living God.—St. Cyril of Jerusalem. Cat. xi. 1.

CALENDAR.

- June 18—Sunday—Trinity Sunday Doub. II class.
19—Monday—S. Juliana of Falconeria Vir Doub. Sup. com. &c.
20—Tuesday—S. Silverius P M Doub Sup
21—Wednesday—S. Aloysius of Gouzaga Conf Doub.
22—Thursday—Corpus Christi Doub I class.
23—Friday—(Vigil.) of the Octavo Semid.
24—Saturday—Nativity of St. John the Baptist with Oc. Doub I class.

HOLY WEEK IN EDINBURGH.

We beg to direct the attention of our Scotch readers to the following description of the Holy Week in Edinburgh.

[The following details reached us, last week, too late for insertion. We should be sorry to withhold them, as they will have lost little of their original interest.—Ed. Tab.]

Although somewhat late, I may perhaps be allowed to say somewhat of our celebration of Holy Week, and of how the Holy Church now walks in the open day among us, her northern children. Is it not a happy thing, when the south of Europe is being shorn of its glories, when the golden candlestick is being broken, and the braided raiment rent, that even we, the so long rejected ones of the north, should be allowed to take up the note of praise and acquire strength among the Churches, that we may assist in handing down the herloom of solemn rites to future times.

On Palm Sunday Saint Mary's Church was crowded. The Holy Guild of St. Joseph attended in full numbers, and in their solemn attire. Their procession swept from the side chapel into the west-end of the church, up the centre space, in a stream as striking from length as from all its insignia of stave and cross and banner.

The palms were blessed with the prayers of the Church, sprinkled with the holy drops, and fumed with the cloudy incense. The Bishop's seat was then first moved to the centre of the altar, from whence Bishop Gillis distributed palms to all the Clergy and clerks, and then down to the rails of the sanctuary, from whence he did the same to the members of the Holy Guild of St. Joseph, several members of the Brotherhood of St. Vincent of Paul carrying palms to all the people.

The procession, in which the Guild Brethren joined, then moved off in solemn array, to the Cloister Chapel, and the "Gloria Laus" having been sung, returned again to the Church, the Sub-deacon striking the door with the Cross, according to the rubric of the day. From my own knowledge of the impression produced on several of my Protestant acquaintances by such holy rites, I can gladly bear testimony that not a few of them deem our Catholic palm symbols at once graceful and sacred. They ask for fragments as gifts of friendship and pious relics. May they receive a blessing with them and soon come and obtain them as a right, in quality of true children of the One true Church, and directly from the hands of true Bishops of that Church. After the distribution of the palms his Lordship from the altar delivered an eloquent and affecting address to his flock, in which he dwelt on the principle of mutual dependence, as the means which the Catholic Church held out to fill up the chasm by which the classes of society are so unhappily separated; of that principle of Catholic charity by which the poor, the Church's legacy, would be cared for, and the existing anarchy set right. His Lordship concluded by calling upon the honorary members of the Holy Guild, whose leader was cast among the higher walls of life, to come

forward and adopt the special attire of their humbler Brethren, the ordinary members, and to join them on Maunday Thursday in carrying the canopy over the Blessed Sacrament when being removed to the Cloister Chapel, thus publicly to testify the bond that united them, as an example to others, that they might go and do likewise.

At the conclusion of his Lordship's discourse High Mass, Coram Episcopo, was sung by the Reverend Mr. McKay.

On Maunday Thursday, though in the land of Knox, we were defrauded of no part of our heritage of ecclesiastical services. The Holy Guild again attended. Their Warden and three honorary members, wearing the guild robes and insignia, were permitted to bear a beautiful canopy over the Blessed Sacrament, as it was slowly borne down the Church, thence into the Cloister Chapel. Four of the Brethren of St. Vincent of Paul attended as Torch-bearers, and thus the Hidden Lord, the Bread of Life, was borne to the Altar of Repose. There a deputation of the Holy Guild watched day and night, to commemorate their Saviour's dereliction and by ceaseless service to make reparation for His wrongs.

The Altar of Repose itself, placed at the extremity of the long, low-arched Cloister Chapel, was very beautiful. The sanctuary was partly veiled from the kneeling multitude by curtained draperies. Thus, as if through the doorway of a sacred tent, the glowing Altar was perceived. Countless waxen tapers shown steadily from among a thousand flowers, and in front of the Tabernacle—as it were in place of the great stone rolled before the sepulchre—hung a large circular shield, stiff and solid, with diamonds, emeralds, and almost every variety of jewels, the temporary offering for the holy season of the ladies of the congregation. Kindled as it was by the surrounding lights, it poured out its colored rays from the represented tomb of the Just One, as if to recal the words of Isaac, that His sepulchre would everywhere be glorious.

Beneath the Altar lay a beautifully executed and effectively lighted figure of the entombed Saviour, while on either side stood vases of young freshly sprouted wheat, the ancient symbols in the Church of resurrection, and more particularly of the Rising of the Bread of Angels. From before the Altar the crowded worshippers were addressed in the evening, with the most pathetic earnestness and solemn force by their venerable senior Bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Carruthers, the very tones of whose voice inspired love and reverence in the hearts of his flock.

In the afternoon of Maunday Thursday we had indeed a revival of the olden time in its best features. From among the poor Catholic men of Edinburgh the Society of St. Vincent of Paul had selected and clothed thirteen, whom they now brought before their Bishop for the ceremony of the Maunday.

It is impossible to do justice to the discourse of Bishop Gillis on this occasion. Standing before the Altar, he expounded the mysteries of Gospel lore, and the law of rule and dignity of power within the kingdom that God became man to found. We can sincerely say they were among the most effective and touching words we ever heard, and when he descended, and with mitred head slowly and in decent order knelt before each poor brother of the Lord Jesus Christ, and repeated before our eyes the wondrous acts of his Divine Master, of Him whose authority he hath, washing and kissing the feet of the poor and the unknown, there was a sense of the reality of the facts of the Gospel narrative, of all that was done eight hundred years ago, and of the Saviour's continued presence with and in His Church, that

no controversial theology could inspire, no written text convey. The Church triumphed in the proof of her wisdom in teaching by all methods, by rite and ceremonial as well as by exhortation and discourse.

On Good Friday was celebrated the "Mass of the Presanctified"—the Church in mourning, and the very pictures and crucifixes veiled. We have never heard Palestrina's "Passion" so given as on this occasion. His Lordship, Bishop Gillis, intoned the words of our Saviour—the choir those of the Jews, and the Scribes and Pharisees—the Rev. Mr. McManus those of Pilate, and the Rev. Mr. McKay chanted the narrative. Then followed Tenebrae in the evening, with the Lamentations, chanted with the same deep feeling and perfect skill.

But I forgot to mention that the Blessed Sacrament had been brought back from the Altar of Repose to the High Altar of the Church for the Mass of the Presanctified in the same beautiful procession as before. The Warden of the Holy Guild and the honorary members then sat within the sanctuary among the acolytes, their robes of ancient style harmonising well with those of the Bishop, Priest, and Deacon. Then came the solemn exhibition of the Cross—the thrice-entoned "Ecco lignum," and the laying of it and the image of the Crucified on the Altar steps. First the Bishops, and then the Clergy, prostrate on the ground, kissed the holy emblem of redemption. Then in solemn succession the members of the Holy Guild advanced into the sanctuary two and two, each couple prostrate together for a brief moment. Finally, after the conclusion of Mass, the Clergy presented the Crucifix to the congregation, kneeling in succession at the rails of the chancel.

On Holy Saturday the whole service of striking the light at the Church porch was given, and then the procession of Clergy and acolytes entered the temple. Thrice the Deacon, bearing the newly-kindled flame, knelt in the way up the Church, and intoned the solemn exclamation, "Lumen Christi!" Yes, on the day, placed between that of the sufferings of the Saviour on the cross for us, and that of his bursting the tomb and conquering death, well may the children of the Kingdom murmur to themselves, or exclaim aloud in astonished worship, without word or comment, "Light of Christ, Light of Christ!"

The inspiring tones of the "Exultet" followed, with the Blessing of the Paschal Candle, and High Mass and Vespers of the day.

The glorious services of Easter Sunday most nobly crowned the whole. The Church was thronged to suffocation. We were delighted to observe present several Protestants of note, and apparently in quite a reverential spirit, however great the Scottish prejudice in favour of Puritanic baldness and against the Church's principle of offering up Art and Beauty to God.

The reappearance of the Holy Guild in still greater numbers than on the previous Sunday, the Pontifical High Mass, the Bishop's address, the bursts of organ and of choir, the throng of brodered robes about the Altar, the shining lofty mitre, the golden crozier in Episcopal hands, and the upward-whirling wreaths of incense before the Altar of the New Law—all this is now freely witnessed in the capital of Protestant Scotland, and all this is, by many of the better informed at least, gladly allowed to the Spouse of Christ on the day that gave us a hope beyond earth, and that saw the conquest of death.

In the evening the Vespers of the Festival were solemnly chanted, after which Bishop Gillis again addressed the congregation, and the soul-stirring services terminated with the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

It only remains to be observed that a circumstance of peculiar local interest was this year added to the celebration of Easter Sunday here, in the collection recommended by the Bishops, and liberally answered on that day at St. Mary's, in behalf of the unemployed operatives of the city.—Correspondent.

THE JESUITS OF NAPLES.

Mr. Percival Ward, an Anglican clergyman in the diocese of Salisbury, now in Italy, has published at Naples an enthusiastic appeal in behalf of the Jesuits, from which we extract the following:

On the morning of Friday the 10th inst., a mob of about one hundred and fifty young men presented themselves at the entrance of the college in the Largo di Mercatello armed with pistols and sword-sticks, crying, 'Morte ai Gesuiti,' and demanding the instant dismissal of the pupils. The Provincial of the college went down to them and said, that if the people of Naples wished the departure of the Jesuits, they would go at once, for they did not desire to press their services on an unwilling people. They then obliged him to sign a paper, that they would all go the next day.

After this he assembled the Fathers for his last sermon to them, but he was too much affected to proceed with it, and only told them that the time seemed come for them to obey the command of their Lord, 'When they persecute you in one city flee unto another;' and he was going on to give them advice as to their future course, when the whole body of young men, together with some of the National Guard, rushed tumultuously into the room, where they were met together, and took possession of the whole building, treating its inmates with the greatest insolence. The report of the disturbance having been spread, many of the parents arrived about this time, and took away their own sons and those of their friends and acquaintances; so that they were all very shortly after this safe and clearing of the college.

About this time Signor Tofano, the Prefet of Police, arrived from the King's Council; he went up to Padre Cappellone and taking him by the hand, said, 'Ah! in what difficulty and danger do I see you! I can only advise you to provide each for your own safety in the best way you can, and leave the college one by one instantly.' The Father replied, 'Why, what have we done? Why does the King expel us? Signor Tofano answered, 'It is not an order of the Council, only my advice to you.' While this conversation was going on, some of the young men who were looking on at a little distance, came forward with the utmost violence threatening Signor Tofano with death, if he did not instantly dismiss the Jesuits. The Prefet then retired, and the Padri were left to the surveillance of the National Guard. Some of them attempted to go out, but they were driven back by the scoundrels, as though they were prisoners. In this state I myself saw the College, having with some difficulty obtained permission to pay a visit to my friend within it. The gates were strongly guarded, and the corridors were filled with armed men and the Reverend Fathers in the most unseemly confusion. All the beautiful order and propriety of that once tranquil and holy house was destroyed. Still, among those Reverend Fathers, I can bear witness, that not one clerk was blanched with fear, nor did one word of anger escape their lips; the same calm, collected, and gentle manner, which had ever marked them in prosperity, distinguished them now. And so they passed that night in the midst of danger and