

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? — FERTULLIAN PRÆSCRIP. xvi. There is one God, and one Church, and one Chair founded by the voice of the Lord Jesus 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. Whatever is devised by him in this way, 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 Jerusal. Cat. xi. 1.

Calendar.

- December 7—Sunday—Third of Advent.
18—Monday—Expectation of Delivery of B. V. M. G. Doub.
19—Tuesday—Stigmata of St Francis Doub from 17th Sept.
20—Wednesday—St. Brigitta's Widow Doub from 8th Oct (Ember Day.)
21—Thursday—St. Thomas Apost Doub II class.
22—Friday—St. Teresa V Doub from 15th Oct (Ember Day.)
23—St. Francis Xavier C Doub from 3rd Dec (Ember Day.)

Select Tales.

THE CROSS AND BEADS.

OR, KATHLEEN KENNEDY. (Concluded).

Do you know what the Bible is? Yes, your honor, it's the Word of God. True; and this holy book is put into your hands by the owner of this estate,—by your landlord,—the proprietor of the site on which this house is built, and built, too, without permission either of myself or my agent. Do you understand me? Yes, yer honor. Well, you refuse to accept the Word of God from one, without whose permission this house would not remain standing twenty-four hours longer. I know that, yer honor; but shure you wadn't turn us out again on the wide world, sir? O my God! my God! you wudn't do that. Listen, woman. Am I listenin', yer honor. This hut is an eyesore on the estate; it would not have been built in this public place—you understand me? Well, will you receive the Holy Bible? Shure I can't read a blessed word, yer honor; I niver learned to read in that way at all, sir. In what way do you mean? Why, out of a book, sir, seein' I niver got any schoolin'. And how else can you read, pray? It's little I can read any way, yer honor—am a poor ignorant creathur. Little! can you read at all, woman—eh? Not a much, yer honor. And what is that much, may I ask you—eh, what is it? Only the cross, yer honor," replied Kathleen, looking towards a miserable bed in the opposite corner, at the foot of which a brass crucifix was suspended. Read the cross," repeated Colonel Templeton; why such an expression I surely never heard before. Yes, sir, the priest made us learn to read it when we're young. When you're young? Yes, sir; iz niver got any schoolin'. Ah! And what do you mean by reading the cross? Why, it's goin' over in our own minds all our blessed Lord done for us. All he did do for you? Yes, yer honor; we see it all there plain afore us," and Kathleen pointed to the image. On the crucifix? Yes, sir: we can read 'most every thing there. Can you, indeed; how so, pray?

Why, yer honor, if we begin at the soles of his feet, an' go up to the crown of his head, we'll see all he suffered an' how well he loved us all at once, yer honor; far sooner nor we cud read it in a book. The weans there can read it now, all but the two young one. And what benefit, my good woman, do you derive from reading the cross, as you term it? Oh, bedad, yer honor, only for that, iz poor creathurs cudn't live at all; so we cudn't. Why, when we luek at him there, we see our blissted Saviour, stripped almost naked lako ourselves; when we luek at the crown o' thorns on the head, we see the Jews mockin' him, jist the same as—some people mock ourselves for our religion; when we luek at his eyes, we see they wor niver dry, like our own; when we luek at the wound in his side, why we think less of our own wounds an' bruises, we get i'thin an' i'thout, every day av our lives. An' then, yer honor, seein' we're jist like our blissted Lord, why it comforts us, it makes us someway thankful, that our lives is like his own. Oh, indeed, yer honor, only for that we wudn't do at all; maybe it's tempted to murder, an' rob, an' steal, we'd be, when the hunger bites us. An' then, in regard i' tacin' the childer, it's far easier. If I hear one o' them cursin', or takin' His holy name in vain, to point up to the Saviour's lips, on the cross there, nor be luekin' for't in the Bible, even set in case I cud read. Unfortunate woman," said the colonel, solemnly; you depend for salvation on dead works, and you want the faith by which alone you can deserve it. Maybe so, yer honor," replied Kathleen, not understanding the colonel's observation. I mean," repeated the colonel, "you want faith—that is, you do not believe on Christ. Believe on Christ, yer honor. Yes; you do not put your whole faith on him—you don't depend stidiently on the merits of the great atonement. You want faith to regenerate you. Oh, musha indeed, yer honor, I'll warrant that's true enough; I strive to do all I can for my poor sowl, but shure when we do our best it's only jist the name iv it we do after all. Its doin' penance for our sins we'd be all our lifetime, if we only jist thought what sufferins we cost our blessed Saviour himself. You don't understand me, woman," interrupted the colonel. Don't I, yer honor? No. Do you know what spiritual regeneration is? Feen a know I do, yer honor. Poor woman—you are greatly to be pittied. True for you, sir, an' them five helpless childer at my feet, and my husband in jail dyin'— Stop, woman, I did not allude to your corporal, but your spiritual wants. No, Sir. Well, do you understand what is meant by justification by faith? Feen a know I do, yer honor. Nor what gospel light is? Not a word, yer honor. And what do you know of religion—nothin'? Not a hap'orth, yer honor, barrin' my cross an' my beads. Woman—woman, this is downright idolatry. What benefit is that piece of brass to you? Why, yer honor? Why it can neither speak, hear, nor understand you. An' shure the Bible can't either, beggin' yer honor's pardon.

It can teach you to save your soul. Bedad, I think the cross teaches me better; it speaks to me far plainer, so it does. Maybe as yer honor says, if one cud read the Bible it id be best; but sure iz poor ignorant creathurs that cau't read, our cross an' our beads is a the comfort we have. Wretched woman," exclaimed the colonel, shaking his head solemnly, an' layin' his hand upon the Bible, "if you could get some pious Christian to read this holy book for you, the cross and the beads would soon be abandoned. Is it give them up entirely, sir? Yes, forever. Oh, bedad," said Kathleen, smiling at the colonel's loose notions of her religious prepossessions; "we cudn't do that at all, sir. You speak as a child does of its playthings—your religion is all in the fancy. An' what id we do night or mornin', when we hadn't the cross an' beads to say our padareen partouls—our prayers I mean, yer honor. Oh fegs indeed yer honor, we cudn't part with them at all, at all. Here occurred a very sudden interruption to the colloquy, that quite disturbed the good gentleman's equanimity. Bridget, in the simplicity of her heart, suspected from the latter part of the conversation between her mother and the colonel, that the stranger came to take away the cross and beads, and in order to prevent what she believed to be an act of the most sacrilegious impiety, had stealthily removed them to a place of concealment. Whilst doing so, she communicated her suspicions to her young brother. The child, disregarding the great man's authority, stole over quietly behind where he sat, and lifting a long pole, called in Irish parlance a wath, let it fall with all its momentum, on the bare bald head of the unconscious colonel. Oh, heavens!" roared the good man, starting from his seat, "what's that? Put him out, mammy, put him out!" cried the child; "he wants to take away the cross an' beads. Oh, mammy dear, don't let him take them—don't mammy. Kathleen whipped the child as a matter of course, and then turned to implore her landlord's forgiveness. Colonel Templeton kept rubbing his head for a minute or two, muttering at the same time sundry very equivocal blessings on the violator of his sacred person, and then bending down, requested Kathleen to see if there was not a severe contusion. What are you doing Kathleen Kennedy?" said a voice almost at her very ear. Kathleen looked up. Why, goodness be near us! Father Domnick dear, is that you? Father Domnick," repeated the colonel, turning round quickly, and staring at the priest. I was riding by, colonel," said the priest, bowing low, and endeavouring to suppress a smile—and happened to look in just as the blow fell. But a mere trifle, sir, observed the colonel. I stepped from the road to make you my respects, sir, and offer my assistance if necessary. I assure you, colonel, it should be seen to—it must have been a severe blow. I thank you, sir; it's of no consequence. Kathleen," said the priest, "is there any extravasa—I mean any appearance of blood about the part, or any swelling—what? Oh, bedad, yer reverence," replied Kathleen, "it's a'most as big as an egg a'ready. How unfortunate! I would recommend cold lotions, colonel, for the present; and when you reach home, a little burnt brandy and Chili vinegar will be the best liniment you can apply: be

careful, however, not to expose the contused part to the cold. Good-morning, colonel. Am happy to find the accident is, after all, but trifling. Good-morning. As Father Domnick was turning his horse's head from the door, he stooped and whispered a word or two in Kathleen's ear. Very well, my honest woman," resumed Colonel Templeton, tying up the parcel; "I cannot tarry any longer. You have spurned the Gospel from your door—it's time the messenger should leave also. Remember, however, this hut must be thrown down immediately—perhaps to-morrow. It cannot remain standing here a disgrace to the whole estate. Oh, for mercy's sake yer honor, don't drive me an' my childer out again on the cowlid world. A wretch who rejects the word of God," retorted the colonel, "deserves no commiseration. Don't put me out, yer honor, till Ned's time is up in jail, an' then we'll lave it in a thousand welkims. Peace, woman—you deserve no pity. Don't leave me in anger," entreated Kathleen, following her landlord to the road. Maybe if I did take the Bible, ye'd do somethin' for poor Ned? If you accept the Holy Bible," replied the colonel, in a kinder tone, "and conform to the doctrine it teaches, I shall feel a pleasure, as well as consider it a duty, to relieve you from your present afflictions. Be shure it'nt out be any harm, yer honor," innocently inquired Kathleen, "to say my prayers on the beads? Beads! you must abandon all such superstitious habits, attend church regularly, and learn the higher, the nobler doctrine of justification by faith. In one word, my honest woman, you must be a Protestant to obtain my patronage. Wudn't it do, yer honor, to go to church for two or three Sundays, like the rest o' the converts? Woman," exclaimed the colonel in an angry tone, "your language is offensive. I humbly ax yer honor's pardon, I didn't mane to vex you, sir. Well, will you conform to the Protestant faith? I'll do any thing yer honor wants me, for the sake o' poor Ned an' the childer. Miserable, deluded being! it must not be for your husband's, nor your children's, but for your sowl's sake. Yes, sir, sartintly; I'll do any thing to please yer honor. Not to please me, woman, but your Creator. Human respect, nor worldly interest, can have no part in your conversion. No, sir, I'll do whatever you tell me, yer honor. Here, then, is the sacred book. Have it read for your spiritual instruction as often as possible. You will find it a true friend amid all the troubles of life. Try to obtain the indwelling of the Spirit. Av course, yer honor—sartintly. And now, Catharine, I shall expect you to come to the Moor, for garments for yourself and your children, to-morrow evening, and to appear next evening at the Methodist meeting. Mr. Sweetsoul preaches on the occasion. The colonel entered his gig. Thank ye, honor," said Kathleen, making an humble courtesy; "and after that, maybe yer honor 'o do somethin' for Ned. Oh, yes, I'll think of that," responded the landlord, cracking his whip. Good-morning Catharine, and don't forget your Bible. Kathleen returned to her miserable cabin.