

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.



'Is the Church likened unto a house? It is placed on the foundation of a rock, which is Peter. Will you represent it under the figure of a family? You behold our Redeemer paying the tribute as its masters and after him comes Peter as his representative. Is the Church a bark? Peter is its pilot; and it is our Redeemer who instructs him. Is the doctrine by which we are drawn from the gulph of Sin represented by a fisher's net? It is Peter who casts it; Peter who draws it, the other disciples lend their aid, but it is Peter that presents the fishes to our Redeemer. Is the Church represented by an embassy? Saint Peter is at its head. Do you prefer the figure of a Kingdom? Saint Peter carries its keys. In fine, will you have it shadowed under the symbol of flock and fold? Saint Peter is the Shepherd, and Universal Pastor under Jesus Christ.' S. Francis of Sales. Controv. Disc. 49.

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CALENDAR.

MAY 7—Sunday—II after Easter C doub Sup
8—Monday—Apparition of Michael the Archangel
9—Tuesday—S Gregory N. nzen B C
10—Wednesday—S Antonius B C Semid
11—Thursday—S Alexander I P M doub Sup
12—Friday—S Nereus, Achilleus and Domitila M M Semid
13—Saturday S Stanislaus B M Doub in Brev 7th of this month.

TEACHING CATECHISM IN ROME.

Benedict XIV. provided in every possible manner for the careful instruction of children in the rudiments of Christian doctrine. A very artful and singular institution to this end, that took rise in his time, still subsists in Rome, though not in its original splendor and vigor. It appears, though, to be in a way to gain its primitive state. In every parish there is a clergyman appointed for the Catechism, besides the parish priest. The names and conduct and progress of all those who attend it, Sundays and holidays, must be carefully noted down, and those parents who neglect to send their children find this an obstacle to having their petitions sanctioned and signed by their parish priest. Once a year—the second Sunday after Easter—a solemn debate takes place, in this manner. Three of those who in the parish-disputes have distinguished themselves, are sent to Santa Maria del Pianto. A solemn debate there takes place, and he who conquers all the others is proclaimed Emperor; he has his court and attendants, is vested with the imperial robes, wears the crown and bears the sceptre. The three carriages of the Cardinal-Vicar, accompanied by soldiers, receive him and suit and bear him in triumph to his own parish church. There he is met by the parish priest, in state; and there he awaits, in state, for three days, the visits of all who may come to see him. he goes to visit the Cardinals, from whom he receives presents, and is presented to the Pope, from whom he is allowed to ask a *grazia*, or favour. His reign lasts for a year, and he has privileges to favour those who are preparing for the parish debates.

The females, to the number of ninety, who have distinguished themselves in the Catechism (which is taught them in the same churches, but by hangings divided from the boys,) are entitled to a marriage jointure of thirty dollars.

In many parishes there are funds for the rewarding of those who excel in the Catechism. Clothes, &c. are given to the poor boys who have learnt it well, and at the Minerva, fifty dollars are given as a "date" to the females. It is singular enough to see these debates, which take place at various times among the Catechism-taught children. I saw one that took place in St. Peter's. Six or seven youngsters were divided in two files, and placed against one another, standing erect upon two benches, surrounded by the crowd of their less diligent companions, and their parents, if they chose to be present,—their teachers, and whoever had chosen to come into the church.

One begins on one side and asks a question from his opponent, who must answer it immediately, and then propose the hardest question he can to be answered by the other. In this manner they run over all the heads of the Christian doctrine and it is admirable to see with what presence of mind and quickness of recollection these little Italians answer, and then find out, immediately puzzling queries. In this state of anxiety and attention and mental labor they

move continually from right to left and left to right, like statues fixed on wires, their little eyes closed, or turned up in intense expectation and pensiveness. Their short and sudden questions, sung out loudly in the harmonious Italian, ring through the church, and then the long answer is rapidly heard followed by another question in a triumphant tone. Now and then "error" is cried out by some opponent against the questioned one who has blundered, or the questioner who delays too long in hunting out a difficult query. Whoever has "error" cried out against him the third time, steps down bashful and conquered from the bench of disputation, and leaves the battle to the remaining boys. These drop off one by one, and the last couple generally have the warmest contest, until, amidst the rejoicings of all present, the happy one is left alone, and comes down to be rewarded for his diligence and triumph in his victory. One can easily fancy what a spur to boys this institution must be. Their young ambition aims at the glorious seat of the Imperial Conqueror, who very often, from this circumstance in his boyhood, attains to public offices in after life. I heard it related of the great and ingenious statesman, Gonzalvi, that when the Emperor of Austria was in Rome, in 1819, he made use of the little Emperor of Catechism to amuse and at the same time wittily ridicule his Imperial Majesty. A visit was announced to the Emperor from an Imperial guest, when there was ushered into the presence of the Austrian monarch a fine boy, wearing his crown and robes, with sceptre in hand, who drew up towards him with dignified step, and was very well received by the smiling monarch, who did not dismiss the little Emperor and his train without bestowing upon each of them, as a token of his pleasure, a very pretty gift.—*Boston Observer.*

PROTESTANT FESTIVALS.

We cup the following article from the New York Churchman, an Episcopalian paper. It will give our readers an idea of the loving communion that exists between the sects, and of the veneration one has for the feasts of the other

NEW ENGLAND.

Rev. and Dear Sir,—You, who know me to be a Churchman, in the strictest, fullest sense, will be somewhat surprised, doubtless, to hear me say that I have just this moment returned from the celebration of Forefathers Day! This is now being whipp'd into a great day, among the Puritans of New England. Whether fast or festival, it behoves me, poor Churchman, not to say, perhaps. But true it is, that the descendants of these very persons, who complain'd so vehemently of the Anglican Church, for requiring of her Clergy the strict observance of Christmas and Ash Wednesday, Good Friday and Holy Thursday, and who, on that account, came to the shores of New England for conscience sake, and, before they could enjoy its fullest rights and blessed immunities, were compelled to remove some such impediments as our Roger Williams, by exile and banishment, and poor helpless Quaker women, by hanging, because the one refused conformity to their requisitions, and the others made faces at their Clergy! and refused to stay banished! The very descendants of these persons are now attempting to intercalate another day into their sparse calendar, consisting of 'Sabbath' and Thanksgiving day!

But, to the business in hand. I am now in one of the villages in the interior of New England, where there is a large society of professing Christians, who call themselves Congregationalists; and another, almost as numerous, of Me-

thodists. Great preparation has been making for some days for this celebration of Forefathers day. As there is no Church here, and very few Church people, I was glad of an invitation from my host, who is a very kind man and good Christian, I doubt not, to attend this *fete* of the Puritans. I shall give a very brief account of what I saw and heard, as full showing how truly, indeed, fact is often stranger than fancy. And so strictly and plainly do I adhere to the very incidents of that celebration, that I verily believe its chief officers will not only recognize the picture but will vouch for its unvarnished truth.

There is, then, a Common Pleas Court in session here this week, and Saturday of this week is Christmas, the anniversary, as all Puritans will almost need to be told, of the revelation of God to man in the flesh; the object of our faith; the sum of all our hopes; the pattern of our lives, and our final Judge. But not one word is said or thought of any commemoration of *that day*, by no means! Why, that is mere Popery! The good people here think it awful that the Chief Justice, and some few members of the bar, who are Churchmen, wish the Court to be adjourned on that day! The majority of the people, who are either Dissenters, or Deists, exclaim against any such mummery as keeping Christmas! They would sooner give up any other day to the Judge, almost, than that one! He told some of them, *in banter*, that if they would give him that day to attend church in a neighbouring town, and to dine with his family, he would stipulate to hold Court *the next Sunday*, but some of them almost thought it profanity to compare Christmas with Sunday!

But there was a general turn out to Forefathers Day. The gathering, or "meeting," was in one of the old fashioned, barn-like looking *officina parentis*, which are so common, so grim, and ghost-like, all over New England. It was crammed to suffocation—six or eight hundred at the very least. When I entered, the service had begun, the choir, with every variety of pipe and string, from a bazon to a fiddle, and voices from the piping treble of boys just entering their teens, to the harsh, broken bass of forty, were performing, *misericorde*, not to say *horrible auditu*, one of the chants in our *Evening Service*, concluding it with the *Gloria Patrie*. This done, a tall, gaunt man, with a most stentorian voice, made a prayer for the edification of his audience. It was certainly heard as far, if not as high, as any prayer ever uttered by any one, within the sound of my ears. This done the choir struck into a very ecstatic anthem, which brought the lazy loiterers to their feet, who, during the prayer, had sat gazing listlessly about the house, criticising the attitude of those who knelt, or even covered their faces, as "Wishing to be seen of men!" "Some poor Methodists!" and such like churitable speeches.

But next came the address, as everything which is written is here denominated. But this beggars all description. It was a mixture of conceit and self-complacency on the one hand, and of bitterness and blasphemy against all religions, in general, except the Puritans, and the English Church in particular, on the other hand, taken mostly from Neal's History of the Puritans, and the shreds and patchwork of Mr. George Bancroft, while a Cabinet Minister at Washington, now a Foreign Minister at the Court of St. James! *et olim, me piget meminisse*, an Unitarian minister! But it sufficeth that the end did come, and then the end was known, which was indeed more grateful to his hearers than any other subdivision of his piece.

Then followed a prayer, which was an invoca-

tion, or apostrophe, to the goddess of Liberty; and by a singular coincidence, if it were not premeditated, the choir sung an ode to Freedom. "Safely dwell," *et cetera*. The choir were then told to sing the Doxology, and they struck up in the words, "Be thou, O God, exalted high," to the tune of Old Hundred, which shows the idea a Puritan choir have of a Doxology!

Thus endeth this strange bundle of absurdities. Comment is needless. If you think it will be useful it is at your disposal.

x.

THE IRISH COLLEGE IN PARIS.

On Tuesday the deputation visited the Irish College, and were most enthusiastically received by the whole house.

After paying their respects to the Revd. Dr. MacSweeney, and several of the Rev. gentlemen at the head of this fine establishment, the deputation were received at the main entrance by the Superior, Prefect, professors and students of the College. The cheering was loud and hearty—the good old Irish hurrah broke forth many and many a time—and at last when it subsided, Mr. Smith O'Brien, Mr. Meagher, and Mr. O'Gorman, addressed their young countrymen in the most eloquent terms—called upon them to keep alive in France the sympathy which their mission had awakened; and, in alluding to the identification of the clergy with the revolution, called upon them all to unite, heart and soul, in a movement which, like that of France, of Berlin, of Vienna, should be sustained in Ireland with the heroism which those great scenes had taught all nations to cherish and exhibit.

It was, indeed, a delightful and most interesting scene, and your friends may well feel proud and happy in having received so marked a testimony of high respect and religious sanction.

Mr. O'Brien, having been invited to dine with M. Lamartine yesterday in his family circle, had had the satisfaction of witnessing a circumstance which, we trust, is no violation of propriety to record. Madame Lamartine wore upon the occasion an Irish tabinet—a compliment which we have reason to believe was intended as an indication of her feelings towards Ireland.

The *Church and State Gazette* gives a list of the Bishops in the Establishment for the purpose of showing their literary labours. We make the following extracts:—"The Archbishop of York is not an author in the public sense of the word. The Bishop of Bangor of a 'View of Regeneration in Baptism.' The Bishop of Carlisle has published nothing. The Bishops of Lichfield and Chester are in the same condition with regard to literature. The Bishop of Manchester is unknown to the reading world. The Bishop of Norwich has only published a 'History of Birds.' The Bishops of Worcester, and of Sodor and Man, have published only their 'Charges.' The Bishops of Bath and Wells, and of Chichester, are not known as authors beyond the publication of charges or sermons. The Bishop of Exeter is an extensive pamphleteer. The Bishops of Rippon, Rochester, and Salisbury, have not aspired to riches in the literary temple of renown."

ANOTHER PROTESTANT ADDRESS.—A very important address, I hear, which has emanated from the chiefs of the Protestant party—not to be confounded with Mr. Ferguson's—is now in progress of signature. The object is, to demand the presence of the Imperial Parliament for two months each year in Dublin, for the transaction of Irish business.—Correspondent of the *Daily News*.