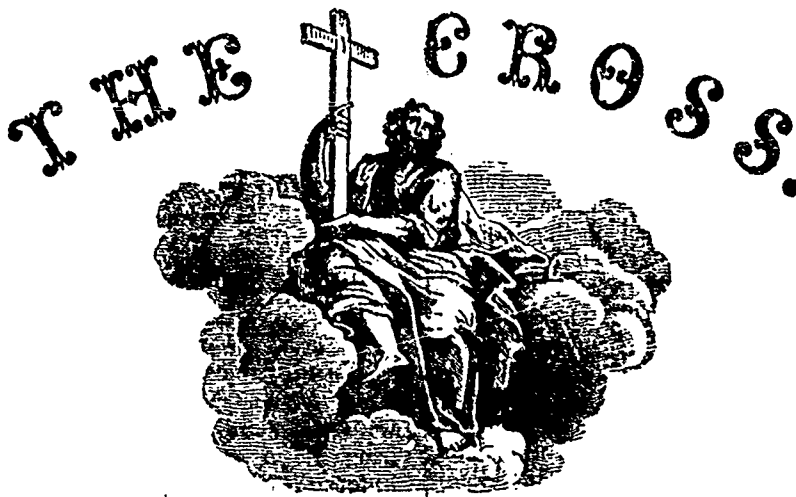


JESUS said to his disciples. Whom do you say that I am?

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 Proscrip. 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 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, ascribable."—St. Cyprian Ep. 43 ad plebsm.

"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 Jerusol. Cat. xi. 1.

Calendar.

- OCTOBER 14—Sunday—XX. aft Pont 3rd Oct Maternity of B V M g dou com of the Sunday sup.
- " 15—Monday—St Teresa V Joub.
- " 16—Tuesday—St Mary Magd de Pazzi V d 3d June.
- " 17—Wednesday—Saint Hedwiges Queen widow sem.
- " 18—Thursday—St. Luke Evang doub 2 class.
- " 19—Friday—St Peter of Alcantara C doub.
- " 20—Saturday—St. John Cantius C doub.

UNHOLY ALLIANCES.

No truth is more certain nor more necessary to be frequently meditated than that the life of man upon earth is to be a continual warfare. There are enemies within and without; within and without one's country; within and without the Catholic Church herself; and, the worst of all, within and without the breast of every man, even of the best. It is therefore the trial of him that would fight well, to know on which side and when to make war, when to rest passive, and where to seek for appropriate allies.

In the management of a man's own personal character and conduct, he will find evil passions that court alliances with him under fair professions, of moderation, or of zeal, or of something else, and which display the ugly hideousness of their tendencies only when they have long gained secretly the complete mastery of the soul of their wretched possessor. It is only then that he who is the slave of passion is carried away from all the proprieties of his most solemn professions, and commits follies, and gives scandals that make even those most anxious to excuse him turn from him with blushes and abandon him to his self-sought infamy.

The same rule holds in public life and its relations. The Lamennais', and the Venturas, and the other men who, in narrower spheres, have first been good, and then made their noise, and at last fallen from their estates as Priests or as Religious, have not taken their fatal leap at once. They have commenced, we may suppose, with intentions ordinarily pure. Then they have been flattered, and puffed up by the flattery. Then they have sought to be flattered, and made this the end of their exertions. In such a frame of mind it is not so strange that they seek out new paths that they may be distinguished. Presently they come in contact with the just proprieties, or with the good order of society. If they are subjects of a monarchy they pay servile court to

kings and fawn around the steps of nobles. If they live in Republics they strive to fan the flame of an excited democracy, that they may bask in the heat of its favour—not forgetting meanwhile to seek the solaces that they can gain for the rich. But all these which they seek at the instigation of the same passions, the courts of kings and nobles, the popular voice of the people, and the favors of the rich, when sought universally and on principle, can be had only at a price

Then comes the rapidity of the descent. Then comes the perplexity of "reconciling Catholicity with the spirit of the age." They have lost the noble freedom of those who, seeking first God and His justice, take it for granted that with them all else that comes or happens will be well. These unfortunates, on the other hand, let their Catholicity be the thing taken for granted—calculate as if they had no power to forfeit their name as Catholics or religions, any more than the awful responsibilities of having assumed the name, which indeed they cannot escape; and so try every way in which to betray the God of Heaven to their new found idol.

Good men and bad are from time to time alike, subjects for the praise of the world. But the difference between them is that in the hour of trial in the hour when "the world will love its own," and will hate those who are not its own—then the good man takes his part. Then we see how little he holds by his reputation. Then we see how little he cares for the world or its opinion, any farther than that he may not give it scandal, or lose an opportunity of doing it good.

And then, too, is the hour for the corrupted and the depraved. This is Judas' hour. "What will you give me, and I will deliver Him unto you?" Judas must have his coin. If he can pick it from the Lord's treasury it is good for him; if he cannot he will sell his Lord rather than not have it. Judas must have his revenge, and if Peter looks on him with suspicion he will betray Him whom Peter loves. Judas must have his companions, and if the Apostles disown him he will go over to the Jews and Infidels.

But the lesson to be learned from this is, that the world will forever corrupt those that become its companions. Its very friendship is called enmity with God; and no man can make up his mind to stay friends with it at all hazards without losing his character as a Christian. The way of the Cross is the sole way of life, and the history of Jesus Christ and His

Apostles and Saints ought to be all of use at the same time, our example at our meditation.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

(From the New York Freeman's Journal.)

THE INFLUENCE OF CATHOLICITY OVER THE HUMAN RACE.

Man may, as generations gone by have done acquire power and dominion and wealth; but yet it is only under the great mantle of Catholicity that the soul of man can find real happiness during his mortal career. Though he may extend his territories and increase his wealth; though he may progress in the science of investigating nature in all her wondrous works, and though he may receive the praise and the admiration of the whole world, yet all is nothing without riches bestowed by the spirit of the Catholic Church, and those are humility of soul and self-abnegation.—Having these, we are prepared for the coming of Him who "came unto His own, and His own received Him not." Having these, the Divine words will be accomplished in us—"Every one that humbles himself shall be exalted."

These reflections owe their origin to my recent converse with the people of the modern Babylon—London. Though we may talk of England's injustice and of her cruel treatment of poor Ireland, yet in London we find the highest degree of moral civilization, and at the same time the most frightful blindness as to the only means of man's real happiness. The vast multitude of the Londoners are, whilst daylight shines, occupied in a constant current of trade and amusement. In the mercantile circles one rapid torrent of commerce is going on. Millions of money changing owners in the short space of six hours: ships discharging their cargoes from all parts of the world, and taking in their exportations for every quarter of the universe; foreigners coming in by every gate of that vast emporium of all nations to wonder at the metropolis of the Queen, upon whose dominions the sun never sets. The hour of fashion has arrived and all the splendid vehicles of the nobility are in motion. Though the regal regions of the West-End a throng of those gorgeous pageants may be seen moving along. All is life and splendor. Throughout all this scene just described, no poor one of Christ dare hold out his hand to solicit an alms from the passing member of commercial or fashionable life. No! The sun that enlivens all the splendor of London, must hide his brilliant rays in the far western ocean, before gover-

ty dare show its face in the public streets of the British metropolis. The fetid atmosphere of the cellar and the garret must be imbibed during daylight by those whose means of existence is the gift of benevolence. And oh! what a scene London presents under gas-light. Those resorts of commerce and fashion during the day are now empty of their daily occupants. The rich wine is regaling the wealthy occupant of the splendid mansion; and he who during the day was telling over his profits in the counting-house, is listening to the cheering strains of music in his drawing-room, and sipping of his goblet of generous beverage. But where are the poor—the tens of thousands of London poor all this time? * * * * *

As in every other part of the world, so in London there is a day called Sunday, or the Sabbath. And from an early hour of the morning the whole city is preparing for the day's prayers and amusements. The barbers at work, the hair-dresser is at work, the old clothes man is in his stall driving his trade; the gin shop, tired of Saturday night's revel, is closed. At seven the bells of the various churches strike out their invitatory peals, and you may see some persons walking into the "place of worship." But the hour has not yet arrived for London's worship. The sun must have been telling the glory of the Creator, enlivening all those splendid beauties of creation, and cheering the hearts of the simple and the pure before the London worship begins. Eleven o'clock comes and then for "Worship!" The streets are thronged with all the gaiety of holiday dress. The well dressed female struts along, exhibiting all the perfections of the dress-maker's skill; her hands embrace a gilded book, which seems to contain her whole devotion! 'Tis too manifest from the clean appearance of the edges that the sacred treasure is seldom intruded upon. The prayer is in the book! Service is over, and then again the streets of London are full of joyous passengers (?) The gentlemen, whom I may seem to have forgotten, are occupied in the safe conduct of the ladies to their respective homes. A sanctimonious cant of countenance indicates the interior man. That sweet placid feature, so peculiar to the peaceful-minded Christian, is not to be discovered in the face of the London "worshipper." No, no! His religion is too mechanical. 'Tis a mole of lending gravity to the scene of life, and not a step to the joy, the glory of heaven. The evening of