



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 behold our Redeemer paying the tribute as his master, 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. 42.

CALENDAR.

MARCH 26—Sunday—III of Lent Simil
27—Monday—Office of the Day Siml
28—Tuesday—S Sixtus III Conf doub
29—Wednesday—Office of the Day Siml
30—Thursday—Office of the Day Siml
31—Friday—Five Sacred Wounds of our Lord J. C. Great Doub
APRIL 1—Saturday—Office of the Day Siml

FRANCE.

PARIS.—COMMEMORATION OF O'CONNELL.—On the 18th inst. (as was briefly mentioned in last week's TABLET) took place the long expected commemoration of O'Connell in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. The whole of the space between the great door at the entrance of the cathedral and choir, had been enclosed, but towards the centre, amongst the pillars of the nave and the opposite the pulpit, a reserved portion was left off, and hung with black, for Mr. John Russell and the members of the Chambers of Deputies who should attend the oration. Long before half past twelve, he was appointed for the commencement of the service in the enclosed space, the aisles, and the galleries above them, were crowded to the doors. After the Mass, Father Lacordaire ascended the pulpit, in the full habit of a Dominican, with a black cassock, flannel habit, and black skullcap. His oration (which occupied an hour and a half in delivery) was to the following effect:—

THE FUNERAL ORATION.

Beati quiescent et sicut iustitiam, quoniam ipsi saturati sunt.—St Matt., ch. v. 6.
My Lord—Gentlemen,
I shall say nothing of the words which you have just heard, and which were uttered for the first time by Him who brought forth into the world so many new words. I shall say nothing of them, because they will be echoed throughout the whole series of my speech, and because at every word, in every phrase, in every motion, you will say unto yourselves, without any interference on my part "Happy are those who are hungry and thirsty of justice, for they shall be filled." And indeed, this multitude now before me, with this high expectation, this solemn anticipation of every heart, are they anything else than the justice which comes down from Heaven to visit a man whose stormy life was far from hoping such unanimous, such immediate gratitude at the hands of the present age, nor even of future times? And this man, who thus commands over a posterity that hardly dawns upon his tomb—who is he, may I ask? Through what spell has he thus commanded justice? Is he a King, who has laid himself down by the side of his ancestors, after reigning gloriously over his people? Is he a conqueror who bore unto the very extremity of the earth the power of his arms? Is he a lawgiver, who established a new nation upon the chaos of beginnings or of ruins? No, no—he is nothing of all that—he is more than all that: he was a man who was neither a prince, nor a captain, nor the founder of an empire, but who, as a simple citizen, swayed the rod of power more successfully than Kings, gained more battles than conquerors, and wrought more than any of those who usually receive a mission, either for destruction or edification. His country bestowed upon him the appellation of Liberator! and were we to take that name in a limited sense, still it would be splendid enough to justify the extraordinary honours which we now offer him—to explain why Rome, the mistress of every august glory, opened her basilicas to his relics; and why, tho' a stranger as he was to our country, these sacred and patriotic walls of Notre Dame witness even now the admiration which still clings to his tomb. It would be quite enough, do I say, that he should

have been the liberator of an oppressed country to justify all that Rome, France, and the whole world think of his memory and do to exalt it.—But I shall not confine myself to this view; it is by far too narrow for him, for your own expectations, and for the thoughts which are teeming within my heart. I wish to show you that he marked out a place for himself among the greatest liberators of the Church and mankind. I shall therefore pass by, as it were, the ideas suggested by the word "country," and which are neither sufficiently extensive nor exalted for our subject. I open the most extensive scene over which human memory can range—the scene of the Church and of mankind itself.
O my God! the Father of all justice, I thank Thee because in times like these which witness so much injustice, thou dost allow my lips to utter the praises of a man of justice, whose long and agitated career never cost one drop of blood, nor even a tear; and who, after stirring more men and nations than we can find in any history whatsoever, went down into the grave pure of reproach, and without fearing that any living creature should ever raise his tombstone and call him to account, nay, not for a single action, but for a misfortune. I thank Thee, O God, that such is the object of this assembly, and I thank Thee, also, for that justice which thou hast promised unto every man, and which I am now about to grant in thy name and in the name of Christendom, to Daniel O'Connell.
From the very first days of the world there has existed in the world a Divine light, a Divine charity, a Divine authority, a Divine society.—From the primitive fields of Eden to the tallest summit of Arrarat; from Mount Arrarat to the "rocks of Sinai;" from Sinai to Mount Zion and the Calvary; from the Calvary to the Vatican-hill God, never ceased to be present and active upon the face of the earth. And it would seem as if this reign of light, of charity, of authority, issued forth from above; as if this union of souls through God and in God, our common Father, ought to have met with unanimity here below, or at least not to have encountered either an enemy or a battle to fight out. But we are here below in the land of struggle, and to this necessity did God subject himself; he consented to give us his own life, as far as it was wound up with ours; to be judged by us, and, consequently to be accepted by some and repelled by others. This sacred warfare is as old as the world, and will last as long. But among its numerous vicissitudes we observe two periods and missions important above all others—the period of persecution and the period of deliverance; the mission of the persecutors and the mission of the liberators. Whenever the world is more than usually tired of God; whenever it is tired of hearing his name pronounced or deems God rather too powerful; then the world makes an effort against him, and as its reason is too feeble to repel God through the single strength of the soul, it has recourse to the material order of things; it overthrows, burns, and kills every being which bears the Divine stamp, until satisfied with the silence of the waste it has wrought around, the world imagines that, at the very least, if it has not conquered, a few days of truce and triumph have been won for its cause. But God is never more powerful than in days like these; he shoots forth, as it were, from among the ruins by a sort of germination, which no one can understand; or rather mankind, ailing through his absence, returns towards him; just as a child calls his father from the domestic hearth from which the latter had exiled him. Justice, truth, and eternal order resume their rights over man's conscience, and an age of deliverance

succeeds to an age of persecution. And then we see some man such as Providence secretly prepares within the all-powerful mystery of his councils: for instance, Moses who delivered the people of God out of the hands of Egypt; or Cyrus, who brought them back from Babylon to the fields of their native country; Judas Maccabeus, who defended their national independence against the successors of Alexander; and at a later period Constantine, Charlemagne, Gregory VIII; Constantine, who gave religious liberty to the Christians; Charlemagne, who maintained against the Greek Emperors, against the barbarian monarchs, and against futurity itself the independence of God's Vicar upon earth; Gregory VIII., who freed the Church from the mortal grasp of feudalism; illustrious names, indeed, the greatest in the world! And perhaps you may think that when I thus utter these names, I really show a certain want of ability, and that I run the risk of blotting out the name of the man whom I am bound to glorify. For my part, gentlemen, I have no such fear, and you will yourself tell whether I am mistaken.
Open the map of the world, and do observe at both extremities the two groups of islands that go by the name of Japan and Great Britain.—Just follow the tracks of the different nations that spread over this line, measuring nine thousand miles; mark Japan, China, Russia, Sweden, Prussia, Denmark, Hanover, England, and Ireland. In vain do you number and number again; among all these numerous kingdoms, there is not one in which the Church of God enjoys her inalienable liberties, not one in which her Word, her Sacraments and assemblies are not humiliated and enthralled. What! so many nations altogether despoiled of the holy independence belonging to the children of God. What! among these two hundred millions of men, we meet with no hearts bold enough to maintain the rights of conscience and the dignity of a Christian! Ah, yield not to such an error, gentlemen; God never left truth without her martyrs, without witnesses, who served even unto the effusion of blood; and, as in this case, the scandal of oppression was heightened by its extent, its devotion and its rigour.—God in his turn, wrought also a new miracle in the history of martyrdom. Men, and whole families had been seen, who died for their faith, and who left, as the only remnant of such a grand spectacle, their mutilated relics and their imperishable memory. But no one had ever seen a whole people, living in a state of martyrdom,—whole generations linked together by one common earthly country, and transmitting the inheritance of faith through an hereditary torture—no such thing had ever been witnessed. God both willed and did this thing;—and he willed it in our times, he did it in our times. Among those nations which I just now showed fettered one to another in one common space, and in one same spiritual slavery, there is one that spurned the yoke, one which, though materially enslaved, still preserves the freedom of the soul. One of the proudest powers of the earth has wrestled with that nation in order to drag it along into the yawning abyss of schism and apostasy. But though devoted to a war of extermination, it has been overcome without betraying the courage of military prowess or the courage of faithfulness to God. The benefit of its native land by a gigantic system of confiscation, it has continued to cultivate for its oppressors the land of its forefathers, and in the very sweat of its brow has it found bread sufficient to live with honor, and to die in the arms of faith. Famine so, it endeavoured to snatch away even that bread of bitterness, and the nation simply raised toward Heaven eyes, which accused not

Heaven. Neither war, nor spoliation, nor famine, have succeeded in bringing this people to ruin or to apostasy; their oppressors, however mighty, have been unable to extinguish life or duty within their hearts. At length, as the direct and most cowardly dagger cannot stab for ever, tyranny sought for some weapon more lasting than steel, and in this martyred nation we have come to see verified the prophecy of St John; in which, he says:—A time will come when no man will be to buy or sell unless he has the sign of the beast, viz., apostasy, marked on his hand and on his forehead.
This people was, therefore, at one blow, despoiled of every political and civil right. Every being that is born possesses an innate right.—The very stone itself, inanimate as it may be, brings with it into the world a law that protects and ennobles it; it is under the guardianship of a mathematical of an eternal law, that forms but one same thing with the essence of God, and does not allow us even to touch it—yea, were it a mere atom, without obliging us to respect both its force and its right. In this way does every being, whatever may be its weakness, come into the world with a due share of the power and eternity of God, and still more so does man—man, a being which both thinks and wills—the elder son of the Divine intelligence and will; so that to deprive man of his native right is such an heinous crime that a very stone, could it be deprived of its innate right would accuse the despoiler of sacrilege and parricide. But, then, what name shall we give to those who deprive a whole nation of its right? Well, this has been done to the heroic people whose torture and firmness I now recall to your memory. Nay, more; this hereavement of right, this legal murder of a nation, has not been established in an absolute, but in a conditional way, so that any member of the nation, or the nation itself, could always redeem their public and civil death by apostasy.—The law said—You are nothing; but apostatise, and you shall become something. You are slaves; but apostatise, and you shall be free. You are dying of hunger; but apostatise, and you shall be rich. What a temptation, gentlemen! and deep indeed, was this calculation, if conscience was not still deeper than hell! Do not fear anything for the martyred nation; for two whole centuries has it risen superior to this seduction, and raised to God its placid hands, saying within its heart—"God doth see them, and us; they shall have their reward, and we shall have ours."
I will not name that dear and sacred people, gentlemen—a people stronger than death itself. My lips are neither pure nor glowing enough to name them, but Heaven knows them; the earth blesses them; every generous heart opens to them a country, a kind love, an asylum.
O, Heaven, who doth witness, O, earth that doth know—O, you all, who are both better and more worthy than I am, do name that country—yea, name it, and exclaim—Ireland!
Ireland! Such was her fate, gentlemen, when the nineteenth century opened, and was inaugurated by two thunderbolts, of which the one burst upon the New World, on regions almost unknown, and the other upon our own country.—These two thunderbolts of Providence served as an admonishment for the oppressors of Ireland; they began to suspect that a reign of justice and liberty was dawning upon the conscience of man through such memorable catastrophes; and whether from fear, or from a feeling of compassion, we cannot tell, they slightly loosened the fetters which bound the life of their victim.
Among the several rights which were then re-