

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 PRÆSCRIP. xvii.

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 human frenzy, 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 Jerus. Cat. xi. l. A

Calendar.

- August 13—Sunday—IX after Pent III Aug Octave day of the Transfiguration.
- 14—Monday—St. Hieronimus P C Doub Sup Com, &c.
- 15—Tuesday—Assumption of the B V M Doub I class with Oct (Holiday).
- 16—Wednesday—St. Roch C Doub.
- 17—Thursday—Octave Day of St. Lawrence Doub com, &c.
- 18—Friday—St. Hieronimus C Doub in Brevary 16th of this month com.
- 19—Saturday—St. Fidelis of S. Maring M Doub.

ANNALS OF THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

Extract of a Letter of the Rev. Father Lavigne, Oblate Missioner of Immaculate Mary, to the Rev. Father Vincent, of the same congregation.

Longueuil, near Montreal, September 15, 1846.

REVEREND FATHERS,

It is in the first days of May that the navigation becomes open on our beautiful rivers of North America; then, also, is the time when the Missioner to the savage equips his canoe and resumes his adventurous course across the lonely waste. This year, the season coming in earlier than usual, and permitting us to anticipate the accustomed epoch of our departure, I found assembled at Temiskaming all the Indians who frequent this station. I cannot express to you the joy which manifested itself at my arrival among these good neophytes. Scarcely disembarked they came to my rendezvous. My Father, said they, we were very much in dread that you would not return before we had separated for the fishing; but because you have come, and that we remain here six days still, we will have time to purify our souls. From this moment they had no other occupation on hand but that of their religious exercises and making preparation for the divine Mysteries.

Some hours after my arrival, they came to apprise me that a heathen was in danger of dying. I ran in haste to the place and found him lying on the ground in a miserable hut of reeds. I asked him if he had any idea of our holy religion. After a moment of silence, he turned towards a Canadian who accompanied me, and with a smile of derision told me, that my religion was only an imposition and the black-robes jugglers. In desolation at seeing the end of this unhappy man approach with such woful dispositions, I redoubled my visits and my prayers, and the Father of Mercy suffered himself to be moved by the blood of his Son, which I offered up to him with this intention. The next day, after Mass, I returned to this heathen, until then so obstinate; the happy thought struck me of examining the wound which caused him so much suffering. He uncovered it to me; what a hideous spectacle! A cancer had eaten away all the flesh from off his foot and leg; gangrene had set in, and emitted a stench so disagreeable that his cabin had to be separated from every other habitation. A kind of wild moss, of a grayish colour, was the only covering he could make use of. I cleansed the sore, and applied a remedy to it which seemed to give him relief. This simple act of attention affected him; he testified his acknowledgment to me; from this moment he showed himself disposed to listen to me; and this man, so far estranged until then from our holy Faith, wept bitterly that he had not been instructed in it sooner.

The following day I was at the little chapel, when a messenger came to announce to me that the poor invalid was at the point of death. I flew to him; I called him; he turned his deadened eyes towards me; I presented him my crucifix; he kissed it affectionately, and with a sinking hand endeavoured to make the sign of the cross. What more had I to wait for? I baptized him. The water of regeneration had scarcely flowed down his forehead, when, heaving a great sigh, he appeared to revive. From this day, he experienced a marked alleviation, which, notwithstanding, did not deceive him as to his approaching end. Father, said he, I do not know how to express my joy at having been washed in the water which blots out sins. I give thanks to the Great Spirit for that he has had mercy on me. I know that there remains to me but a short time to live, but until my last breath I wish to love God and detest my bad conduct. His dispositions become every day more perfect. I saw him melt even to tears every time that taking hold of my crucifix I explained to him the sufferings of the Saviour; he seemed then to forget his own, although they were very acute; at no time since his baptism had I heard him complain of his afflictions. I had given him a cross and a medal; he put the first by his side to have it always before his eyes; the second he kissed often, imploring Mary. Since then, I had been informed that he had died in a predestined soul two days after my departure from Temiskaming.

On quitting the station, we encountered a series of long and painful journeyings which we could only surmount after a number of days. A mistake of our guide, and almost continuous rain, retarded very much my arrival at Lake Abitibi. I was in dread that a much longer delay would oblige the savages to scatter. Indeed, at some distance from the station, I met a good number, who, weary of attending on me, and in want of provisions, had proceeded to cast their nets into the neighbouring lakes. They retraced their steps to follow me; and when we arrived at the fort, they hastened, some to erect their tents, already folded up for their departure, others discharged gun-shots in all directions, to announce my presence to their brethren scattered through the forest.

It was in the new church that the Mission was opened. This little temple, twenty-five feet broad, by thirty-five long, is the first monument erected to the Cross upon this idolatrous land; thanks to the generosity of the Hudson Bay Company. The men attached to the station had themselves cut the timber that was necessary, and had brought it by dogs, in the midst of a thousand difficulties. Our Indians were no less rejoiced than their Missioner, to possess at last the holy hut of prayer. Nothing is more edifying than to see them congregated together, the men on one side, the women on the other, a rosary or a book in their hand, and so taken up with their religious exercises, that it seems almost impossible to distract them.

I wish I could describe to you, what their joy was when I told them that the guardians of prayer (the Bishops) thought of them and sent them black-robes, that the inhabitants of the great cities of Quebec and Montreal recommended them to God as their brethren; and that the praying Christians on the other side of the great water (the sea) contributed by their alms to equip my canoe, and to build their sacred hut. Black-robe, replied an old man, as yet a heathen, touching on this topic, you have told us what the good people on the other side of the great water think of us; do they know where

we are? And why should they not know? I myself knew, since I have come to find you. You, too, have traversed the great waters. Yes, my children, I have traversed them on your account. I said to myself, I will have, perhaps, much to suffer; but I am going to teach the prayer of the Great Spirit to men who do not know it. These were my thoughts on leaving my country, and on embracing my mother and my mother wept. At this word of my mother, a number of voices cried out, What, you then have a mother whose she dwells beyond the great water; she wept, and you left her! You do not love her. No words of mine could make you understand how much I cherish my good mother, I love her more than myself, but I love our souls more, because of the Great Spirit. Then, taking my crucifix in my hand, I explained to them how much a soul has cost the Son of God, and I added, I will no more see my mother on this earth, but I will rejoice to see her in heaven; and it is to conduct you there that I have come. Follow my counsels, which mark out for you the path. This conversation, without reflection, I spoke, perhaps, a little too much regarding myself, produced a happy impression. The single idea, that for their sakes I had left my aged mother, opened for me a passage into their hearts, and God made use of it more than once to move them.

During the fifteen days that I passed at Abitibi, I instructed and baptized ten adults. I admitted a still greater number into the rank of catechumens, and they would have participated in the same happiness, if the want of provisions had not compelled me to shorten the time of the Mission. These people, preserved until now from contact with the white races, are they who console us most by their fervour. You can judge of it by one trait. Upon a hillock which overhangs the lake, a cross had been planted by the venerable M. de Bellefeuille, on the day when, for the first time, he preached the Gospel there. The piety of our savages has attached them to this humble monument, which recalls to mind the birth-place of their new faith; from the dawn of day until evening they come in turns to prostrate themselves at its feet. I have beheld flowing there plentiful tears of repentance and love; as to myself, I cannot express to you what was the emotion of my heart, when witnessing these natural effusions, I heard ascending from the centre of the tents spread along the sides of the hill, the solemn and pious song of our savages. Ah! my joy would have been too exquisite if so many heathen tribes did not appear to me in the distance, where heresy has taken the initiative, and truth has not yet visited!

Accept, &c.,

LAVIERLOCHERE, Oblate Missioner of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

BISHOP HUGHES' LETTERS.

In reply to "Kirkton," alias the Rev. Nicholas Murray, D.D., of Elizabethtown, New Jersey.

LETTER III.

DEAR SIR—

You tell us that "ignorance is the parent of papal devotion;" (second series, page 86) How was it then, that ignorance produced so contrary an effect upon you? You appear to have been rather a good boy, when you said your catechism at nine or ten years of age. But at eighteen, your mind was a "perfect blank as to all religious instruction." Could ignorance be greater than this? How is it, then, that instead of the Catholic Saint which your rule of "papal devotion" should have led us to expect, we find you

at that period of your life, as you have taken pains to tell us, "an infidel?" It seems that from ten to eighteen years,—as your "ignorance" grew more, your "devotion" grew less—proving that, at least in your case, "ignorance is not the parent of papal devotion," but rather of infidelity.

I insist, as you perceive, on determining the state of your intellect at the period of your fall from the faith. Your subsequent acquirement of knowledge and education, I have no wish to question or deny. But the public will be naturally interested in ascertaining the condition of your mind, at the critical period, for you, when you rejected the Catholic Church and embraced infidelity. A life so important to the philosophical and theological world as yours, requires to be divided into distinct and successive epochs, and to have each of its periods considered separately from the others, if one would do justice to the whole.

First then we must leave out the Presbyterian education which you have acquired since you became an infidel at the age of eighteen. Secondly we must leave out the education of the Catholic catechism which you had forgotten. Thirdly we must leave out any knowledge which you might have derived from Catholic devotions, for you tell us that you said your prayers "in Latin which you did not understand"—(page 33.) Fourthly we must leave out all instruction by hearing, for you tell us "you never heard a sermon preached in a Catholic Chapel in Ireland; nor a word of explanation on a single christian topic, or doctrine, or duty"—(page 29.) Now according to your own statement this was the condition of your mind when you left the Catholic Church:—and I doubt whether christendom could furnish one other instance of such mental nudity—such utter destitution of all christian knowledge.

And now, forsooth, your Reasons for leaving the Church! What reasons? The existence of reasons in such a mind, on such a subject, is a metaphysical impossibility. Reasons necessarily imply comparison; comparison necessarily supposes knowledge of the things compared; but in your case, as we take it from your own pen, there was no knowledge of the things compared, and therefore there could be no comparison, and, therefore, no reasons,—that is to reasons for a mind in the condition of yours, as you have described it.

But you had, you say, "common sense." I doubt it. "Common sense" is by no means so common as you seem to imagine. If you take the term to signify the general opinion of the age and country you live in at the time, it is evident that your renouncing catholicity and becoming an infidel, was not, and could not be called, an exercise of "common sense." If, on the other hand, you mean the intrinsic faculty of the human mind by which a man decides mentally according to the evidences of the case, it is equally clear in your case, common sense had no evidences to act upon; and although I do not deny its existence in the abstract, yet its agency could have had nothing to do with your real or imaginary conversion. Tell an African beneath the Tropics about ice, of what avail will his "common sense" be to him in determining the truth or error of your statement.

But supposing he admits the existence of ice, will his "common sense" enable him to determine any of its properties? Not at all. His "common sense" is just as likely to decide that ice will burn, as that it will chill, the hand, or other part of the body to which it might be ap-