

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 upon 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 plobem.

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.

- JUNE 4—Sunday—Within the Octave, St. Francis Caracciolo C. Doub.
- 5—Monday—St. Ferdinand, King and C. Semid.
- 6—Tuesday—St. Norbert, B. C. Doub.
- 7—Wednesday—St. Anicetus, P.M. Doub.
- 8—Thursday—Octavo of the Ascension, Doub.
- 9—St. Leo IX, P. C. Doub Sup from the 19th April, com, &c.
- 10—Saturday—Vigil of Whit Sunday, Semid (Fast day.)

CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE LATE BISHOP BAZIN.

The Catholic Advocate has received a private letter from Vicennes, giving the following deeply affecting particulars respecting the lamented death of Bishop Bazin.

Bishop Flaget will have received before the arrival of this a telegraphic announcement of the death of our new but dearly beloved Bishop. On Sunday last he was severely attacked with inflammation of the lungs, and although he had the unremitting attendance of a most able physician of his own country, the disease did not yield for a moment; and this morning at about half-past six o'clock terminated his useful career. The disease was produced by the Bishop's zealous and unremitting labours with his flock during the whole of Lent in the confessional and the pulpit.

From the beginning of his attack, he expressed doubts of his recovery, but was perfectly resigned and cheerful; and when hope had fled, he entered upon the arrangement of his affairs with entire tranquillity, himself directing. He was continually surrounded by his afflicted clergy, and soothed by the watchful care of the Sisters of Providence who so tenderly loved him. The day before his death, he received the last sacraments at the hands of the Very Rev. Mr. De Saint Palais, who addressed to him a short exhortation affecting in the extreme, in the presence of the clergy, seminarians, collegians, sisters, servants and other attendants. After the reception of the sacraments, he, in his turn, addressed to them in a distinct whisper, an exhortation of the most affecting tenderness, and then pronounced his episcopal benediction. He afterwards called them one after another to his bed-side, and after many words of thanks and exhortation to each, he dismissed them in turn with his blessing, not forgetting his physician or any who had served him. When the arrangement of his affairs was completed, and the moment of his death approached, he was in every sense prepared to die. He remained sensible to the last, pressing frequently the cross to his lips, and having several times, whilst the prayers of the agonizing were offered up, pronounced the sweet exclamations: "Jesus, Mary, Joseph," he expired without a struggle. He suffered during Holy Week, it is true, but Easter was to him, we cannot doubt, a day of bliss and joy with his Lord. In his first address to us, on the afternoon of his consecration, Bishop Bazin expressed to us his desire, if necessary for our spiritual good, to die for us, and, as his Vicar General remarked to us this morning at Mass, heaven accepted the sacrifice. His short ministry among us has been such as to attract the veneration of his people, and his death has left the many who learned the beauty of his character in desolation, and has produced throughout the whole city the most profound regret. The press of Saturday's paper was stopped to pronounce his eulogy, and although not of our communion—detrain me to re-

late traits of his endearing kindness and affability. Had he lived, he was destined to win every heart in this community, as he had already commanded the public esteem.

His life was one of continued instruction to all who enjoyed his pastoral care, but his death is one of undying edification to all who had the rich privilege of beholding it. Its sweet odour will never cease in this community.

FUNERAL OBSEQUES OF BISHOP QUARTER.

Some time before the hour appointed for the commencement of the services the Cathedral was filled to overflowing, by the flock of the late Bishop, and by a large number of citizens belonging to the various denominations of the city. The Church was appropriately hung in mourning; the altar, the railing enclosing it, the gallery, the windows, and the various decorations, pictures, &c., being hung with black cloth.

The service commenced by the impressive chanting peculiar to the Catholic forms of worship, which was followed by requiems for the dead, sung by the whole number of clergymen present. The effect was exceedingly solemn and inspiratory of devotional feeling.

The funeral oration, preached by the Rev. Mr. Feely, of Peoria, was marked by a depth of pathos and feeling which had a very apparent effect upon the assemblage.—The Rev. gentleman dwelt upon the virtues of the deceased Prelate: his labors of love; his world-wide benevolence; his continual devotion to the Church of which he was an enthusiastic member, and whose interests he considered identified with those of the human race, the world over. The devotion of the Bishop to the suffering of his flock while he was pastor of a portion of the fold during the continuance of that dreadful scourge the Cholera, in New York; the same devotion carried out and extended, as the sphere of his usefulness became enlarged here; received its need of praise. Indeed, the many mementos left by the Bishop of his untiring zeal in this city, are so many testimonies of his regard for the interests of religion, morality, and for the diffusion of intelligence.—Among these may be noticed the College of St. Mary's of the Lake; the establishment of the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy; and many other works of a religious and secular character. Indeed it was the untiring industry and devotedness to the duties of his calling, we understand, that were the cause of the unexpected decease of Bishop Quarter, who has thus been taken away, doubtless by a wise dispensation of Providence, from the sphere of his useful labours.

Upon the conclusion of the discourse the eloquent divine offered up a prayer: the assembled clergy chanted the requiem; and bearing lighted tapers in their hands: the clergy and a portion of the congregation, among them a number of beautiful little girls, followed the remains to the crypt, prepared for them underneath the Cathedral.

Altogether the scene was a most imposing one; serving to remind all persons present, of the shortness of life, the certainty of death; and that all—the young, the middle aged, and the old—should prepare for the great change that they must one day undergo.—Chicago Democrat, April 19th.

We learn that the Roman Catholics have purchased the lot on Turnbull street, north of the City Printing Office, where they intend to erect a large stone Church, their present edifice being altogether too small for their accommodation.—Hartford Curiant Conn.

COMMUNION OF INDIANS AT EASTPORT.

Eastport and its environs is far behind the age of American progress. We had the pleasure last Sunday to assist at divine service in the Catholic church. It is like all our churches, too small for the congregation, though small, it is truly beautiful, every thing around and about it manifests a laudable zeal. The congregation, composed of white citizens and Indians of the Passamaquoddy tribe, edified us much. The pastor has all the external appearances of a vegetable sage, whilst he possesses a freshness and vigor natural to his years; he aims more in his sermons at giving solid instruction than pleasing his hearers. The most pleasing moment had at length arrived, the communion cloth being prepared, the squaws, who were accepted, few invisible to the congregation, came from the vestry and passing through the sanctuary in single file, knelt before the altar at the communion table, and thus file after file came forward, and then disappeared, until we counted 61. Then came the Indian men, 28 in number, their countenance and gravity convinced every one present, that they were well persuaded of the act which they were then performing, our enthusiasm was so great, that we addressed the stranger next us, can Protestantism boast anything like this, he shook his head in the negative. The whole number of communicants as near as we could estimate was one hundred and fifty-seven. This was, indeed, as we understand an extraordinary scene, and was effected by the indefatigable efforts of their zealous pastor. In our passage to St. Andrew's we had the pleasure of conversing with the gentlemen to whom we addressed ourselves in church he proved to be a Protestant. We referred to the scene, his words were few and worth notice. "The church in which such scenes take place, must certainly meet the approbation of heaven." We have many reasons to think that this man will soon be numbered among the Easter Communicants in the Catholic Church.—Corresp. of Catholic Herald.

ANNIVERSARY REQUIEM FOR O'CONNELL.

The grand anniversary Requiem for O'Connell took place on Tuesday, 16th May, in the Church of the Conception, Marlborough-street.

Ten Bishops and upwards of 500 Priests were present on the solemn occasion.

The windows of the church having been tastefully veiled by Mr. Crookes, of Sackville Street, the interior wore the sombre hue so well in keeping with the spirit of the melancholy "dirge" which the Catholic Church chants in her Office for the Dead. The shut-out day was replaced by lamps and tapers. No change was made in the usual arrangements of this splendid temple of religion but what was necessary for the accommodation of the Prelates and the Clergy. Directly in front of the high altar was the usual bier surrounded by lighted tapers, on each side of which ran seats in triple rows, extending from the altar to about the middle of the nave, for the clergymen who were to take part in the ceremonies. At the extreme end of these, were placed chairs fronting the altar for the accommodation of the Prelates. When we entered the church, a little before eleven o'clock, the aisles, galleries, nave, tribune, and sanctuary, were filled with the Clergy, members of the Corporation, and a most respectable assemblage of the people, among whom the higher classes constituted the vast majority.

The choir conducted by Mr. Glover, was exceedingly efficient. The "Dies iræ," always

sublime in its solemn pathos—was peculiarly affecting. During the performance of this splendid composition an incident occurred, which for a short time filled the church with tumult and alarm. Mr. Joyce had commenced a trombone solo with the awful words "Tuba Mirum," and all the audience were hushed, when a maniac burst into loud cries, as if organically moved by the irresistible influence of the music; the effort to eject him produced a rush and some creaking; and mingling with the tumult, were heard, borne on the voices of a quartett, the appalling words "Cum vir justus sit securus." The choir continued—the cries of the maniac continued—the alarm increased, when the Very Rev. Dr. Miley appeared before the altar, and with outstretched arms calmed the multitude.

We may here mention a legendary anecdote connected with the composition of this last of Mozart's works, which was yesterday performed with such marked success for the first time in Ireland. It is related by his wife:—A stranger came to the great composer and offered him a stipulated sum for writing a requiem. The contract was concluded, and Mozart set to work. He had not far advanced when a fancy seized him, which all his efforts could not banish, that he was writing his own requiem. This produced a melancholy feeling, which induced him two days before the stranger was to return, to learn all he had composed. He mentioned the circumstances to his wife, and she laboured to remove the gloomy impression. The stranger came again, and Mozart again went to work. The requiem was completed. The stranger called no more. Mozart died, and his fearful forebodings was fulfilled. His immortal work was performed for the first time over his remains.

The middle gallery, immediately under the organ gallery, was set apart for the use of the family of the departed Liberator. We noticed present Messrs. Maurice, J. J. Morgan, and Daniel O'Connell, with several ladies, members and relations of the family.

At Eleven o'clock precisely the Nocturns and Matins for the dead commenced. His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin presided. The chanters were the Rev. Dr. Laphen, the Rev. Mr. Mulaly the Rev. Mr. Dunn, professor, Carlow College, and the Rev. Mr. Harrold, Athy.

The three lessons were read by the Right Rev. Dr. Keating, Bishop of Ferns, the Most Rev. Dr. Slattery, Archbishop of Cashel, and the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin.

When the Dirge was concluded, the Requiem commenced, the Right Rev. Dr. Whelan Bishop of Bombay, acting as Celebrant, the Rev. Mr. Fay, Meath-street, as Deacon, the Rev. Mr. Murphy, Marlborough-street as Sub-Deacon, and the Rev. Mr. M. Keogh, SS. Michael and John's as masters of the ceremonies.

The choir consisted of one hundred artists, vocal and instrumental. It was divided into two parties, one occupying the south and the other the north gallery. The effect of this, though increasing the arduous task of the conductor, was magnificent at that portion of the "Dies iræ" which commences with the words "Confitebor tibi maledictis," when division answered division.

At the close of the celebration of the most sacred mysteries, the Very Rev. Dr. Miley ascended the pulpit, and delivered one of the most beautiful and eloquent discourses we ever heard. We regret we cannot give it in full, and certainly it would be unjust to a composition so noble, and perfect in all parts.

After the absolution and the last impressive requiescat in pace, the people, Clergy, and Prelates slowly withdrew from the Church. In many a bosom of that vast assemblage there was