

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. xvi.

"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. 13 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 Jerusal. Cat. xii. 1.

Calendar.

December 24—Sunday—Vigil of Nativity.  
25—Monday—Nativity of our Lord Jesus Christ Doub II class with Oct.  
26—Tuesday—St Stephen first Martyr Doub II class with Oct.  
27—Wednesday—St John Apost and Evang Doub II class with Oct.  
28—Thursday—Holy Innocents M M Doub II class com &c.  
29—Friday—St Thomas of Canterbury B M Semid com &c.  
30—Saturday—Of the Octave (office as on the Sundays within the Octave.

Poetry.

From the Southern Literator Gazette.

GLORIA TIBI DOMINE!

BY LELIA CAMERON.

Darkly round my drooping head  
Hangs the cloud of human woe;  
Weary is the path I tread,  
Gathering blackness as I go;  
Still I faint on the way,  
For my trust is fixed on Thee—  
On the cross my hopes I stay—  
Gloria tibi Domine!

Few and ill have been the days  
Of my sojourn here on earth,  
Soon are spent life's fleeting rays—  
Quickly joy succeeds to mirth.  
Brightest joys are tinged with gloom,  
Sweetest pleasures soonest flee;  
But I look beyond the tomb,  
Gloria tibi Domine!

Life deceitful is at best,  
Thorns are hidden 'mid its flowers;  
Here I find not peace, nor rest—  
O'er me still the storm cloud lowers.  
But along this thorny road,  
Jesus bore the Cross for me;  
Suffering here he long abode,  
Gloria tibi Domine!

What though earthly hope may fail,  
Friends prove false, and kindred die,  
Human succour naught avail,  
In the hour of agony!  
Keener pangs, our blessed Lord  
Bore in dark Gethsemane—  
Ever be his name adored,  
Gloria tibi Domine!

Nothing want I here on earth,  
While my saviour proves my friend;  
All things else are little worth—  
On His love my hopes depend!  
Love like His, divinely great,  
Never can forgotten be:  
Meekly I His coming wait,  
Gloria tibi Domine.

When my earthly race is o'er,  
And this weary, aching head,  
Free from pain for evermore,  
Peaceful slumbers with the dead—  
Joyful shall my spirit rise,  
Through a priceless ransom free,  
Singing, as it upward flies—  
Gloria tibi Domine!

PERSISTENCE.—"In vain we do good, if we cease its practice before the end of life, as in a race it avails not to run speedily for a time, if we halt before we reach the goal."—St. Gregory.

Select Tales.

THE IRISH LARORER'S BLESSING.

A True Story.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

I was on a visit at the city of Washington in the year 1841, to witness the inauguration of a new President. Early in the month of March, the weather was for a day or two, was springlike—and the morning of the 1st of the month one to early rising. I was in the house of a friend, at a point opposite to and distant from the Capital, northwest, indeed, from the President's house. Sitting one morning at my window, before sun-rise, I looked out upon the city in front, and the country around. All was silent as death. In the distance, the majestic Senate House rose broad against the clear eastern sky; and near at hand, the other public buildings commanded attention.

While I was surveying the quiet scene, I saw a labouring man turn the corner of a neighboring street, and come directly in front of the window, from which I was looking. The man was very coarsely dressed, and was evidently a bricklayer, or a bricklayer's labourer. Having taken a stand, he looked carefully up and down the street, as if anxious to meet some one, or to ascertain whether the coast were clear for some depredation. This induced me to open the chamber window, that I might the better mark his conduct, which had certainly something very suspicious in it.

The man leaned against a poplar tree, and having once more gazed about, he passed his hand rapidly from his forehead to his breast, and muttered a few words which I was unable to hear. At length I caught a few words, they were evidently devotional—though apparently a part of no prescribed ritual. Having paused a moment, he renewed his devotions; and now I could, from a knowledge of the prayer which he was repeating, easily follow him; he was addressing himself to the Blessed Virgin, and when he had concluded his earnest request that she would be his advocate, and pray for her poor servant,—he humbly and in less set phrase commended to the care of the "Blessed Mother," his wife and little ones, that she might be blessed with health and strength to endure her lot—and they grow in the faith into which they had been baptised. The poor man looked again as if anxious for the approach of some one. But no person appeared,—and he commenced anew his solitary exercise. The Lord's Prayer, and a "Hail Mary" followed—and then was commenced an offering by the devotee, of life and person to the Lord. He asked that what he had endured of evil, as well as what he had of power for good, might be an offering acceptable,—and the very day's work before him, the toil that knew little remittance and small rewards, was laid upon the altar to be, if not accepted, at least blessed. Then came thanks for mercies—and one especially—I could not understand what was meant, as I could not hear all that he uttered, but it was evident that he considered himself the object of some special consideration from heaven, and asked for strength from above to be sustained in his new course.

The language of the man was certainly simple, but there was an unction about it that awakened in one a deep interest in his fate.—He started at length, as his eye caught the person of another laborer emerging from a distant street. He turned half round from him, blessed himself with the customary gestures, and then joined his companion in toil and passed cheerfully on. I heard his laugh rising clear and

strong across the open lot, as if he had never thought of sacred matters.

Alas! how unjust are many to that class of men—how many think because, in public, they join in the amusements and share the hearty laughs of those of their own station in life, that hence they have no fixed habits of devotion—no need of acknowledging their dependence on God and of softening their hearts by prayer. I learned more than one lesson from the poor laborer. I came, from his conduct, to understand better the character and appreciate the devotion of those who toil from sun to sun. And I have often since been led to my duties, by a recollection that the bricklayer's assistant found a moment amid all his toil to lift up his heart and his voice to God, and though he had no time to bend before the consecrated altar, yet, standing in the temple not made with hands, and lifting up his heart to his Maker, there could be no doubt that his prayers were laid on that altar above, an acceptable offering to the Father and friend of the pious poor. As the poor man closed his devotion and passed away, there seemed to spring up a new light in the east, and the lofty Capitol stood bathed in the splendour of the rising sun.

The incident that I have mentioned made a much deeper impression on my mind, than any narrative of it can make upon the minds of those who may read it. I felt anxious to know the history of the person—but especially was I curious to know, what favour or blessing it was for which he was so grateful, and why he so earnestly asked grace with a particular reference thereto.

In the latter part of May, in the following year, I was on business at Washington, and at the house of the same relative, with whom I sojourned on my former visit. Straying towards the Potomac, late one afternoon, I found a little boy suffering from a fall which he had had—and as his parents lived within a few squares of my kinsman's house, I volunteered to help him home.

I found the boy's mother at the door, directing a young woman in her labors of milking a cow, while a host of children in the house, the yard, and the well-tilled garden, showed that the blessings of plenty were not limited to what was to be consumed,—there was an abundance of consumers.

"Your little boy," said I, "has met with an accident, and required some aid to get home."

The mother sprang towards the lad, and ascertaining that his hurts were not serious, she directed her attention to me, hurrying out her thanks that I had given attention to her boy, and then apologizing for the trouble that he had caused.

Assuring the fond mother of my happiness in being even of so trifling a service to her child, I turned to depart.

But the heart of an Irish woman is the seat of gratitude and kindness, and the Irish mother must at least acknowledge, if she cannot repay, a favor to her child.

"You are from the old country!" asked the woman, evidently with a wish to detain me.

"Does my speech betray me?" I asked.

"I should think," said the woman, "that you are from Ireland. I rarely fail in detecting a native of this country, though he may have left very young."

I did not remove the impression from the mind of the woman; it seemed to please her, that she owed the favor to one of her own countrymen, and her pride was a little elated at her success in detecting the tones of the Emerald Isle in my voice.

"You seem to be in a thriving way here, madam!"

"Yes, for poor folks." "Your husband, I should think, labors as well yourself, to keep things so comfortable."

"We have both labored—but not until lately have we felt the reward."

"What is that?"

"I think it is Temperance in part."

"Your husband then is a member of the Temperance Society?"

"Yes, sir, more than a year, James, myself, and all the children, old enough to understand a pledge, have taken it—and a blessing has followed us."

"But Temperance alone, my dear woman, has not done all this for you?"

"Why, sir," said the woman gaining confidence, from a small cross on my bosom—"intemperate people are not very attentive to religious duties of any kind, and a resolution to perform so important a duty, as to avoid intemperance, will generally encourage one to look to other duties."

"And your blessings have then flowed from the practice of religiosity?"

"From an attempt to practice them," said the good woman with humility.

"Here comes Father," shouted one of the boys.

"It is James," said the woman.

And she introduced me to her husband, with a narration in ten words of the event which brought me there.

When James had taken off his hat, I discovered in him the very man, who the year, before had edified me by his devotions in front of my window.

I shook hands with the wife and husband, kissed half a dozen of the youngest children, and left the house, under a shower of blessings and thanks, from the mother, and of good wishes from the father.

I had learned then the special grace for which the laborer prayed, the grace of resistance to temptation, and I had seen the results of honest industry, pursued under the blessings of that God, in whose sight the poor Irish Catholic, offering to Him the homage of his labor and of his life, is more acceptable than the rich worldling who trusts in his riches, owns no relationship with the poor, and proffers no obedience to heaven. The offering of the hard-handed laborer, made in solitude and in the bleak air, had been accepted. The blessing he asked for had been bestowed, and his humble dwelling was the abode of comfort and of peace, where religion sanctified to us inmates every dispensation of Providence, whether of chastisement or of joy.

A BEAUTIFUL CUSTOM.

The Creoles of New Orleans have a beautiful and touching custom of decorating the tombs of their departed friends and relatives with wreaths and flowers on All-Saints Day, (1st of November.) On this day, from early morning until night, large crowds may be seen wending their way towards the Catholic cemeteries, of which there are four at the back of the city. A correspondent of the Charleston Courier thus notices the manner in which this custom is still kept up in that city:

"On approaching them, we were first attracted by the mute appeals of the beggars, who had taken their position for the day at the corners of the streets, whilst the side walks around the walls of the cemeteries were crowded by the itinerant fruit and cake vendors. On entering the gates, the crowded walks gave it more the appearance of a city of the living than that of the