

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 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 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 PLEADING, 220.

"There is one God, and one Church, and one Chair founded by the voice of the Lord Jesus Christ. That any other Altar be erected, or any other Priesthood established, besides that one Altar and one Priesthood, is impossible. Whatsoever 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 head 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 thou alone, but the Son of the living God.—St. Cyril of Jerusalem, Cat. xi. 1.

Calendar.

- Dec. 23—Sunday—IV Sunday of Advent.
- " 24—Monday—(Fast) Vigil of Nat of Our Lord J C
- " 25—Tuesday—Nat of our Lord J C doub 1 cl with oct
- " 26—Wednesday—St. Stephen, first Martyr, doub 2 class with oct
- " 27—Thursday—St John Apos & Evan doub 2 class with oct
- " 28—Friday—Holy Innocents Mm doub 2 class with oct
- " 29—Saturday—St Thomas of Canterbury BM doub by a recent decree.

INSULTS OFFERED IN GUERNSEY TO THE CATHOLIC DEAD.

From the Tablet.

Rather more than a year ago, we felt it our duty to call public attention to acts of extreme cruelty exercised by certain Protestants in Guernsey on a dying Catholic, whose sex and whose utter helplessness might have protected her against any ordinary tormentors. But the persons and others in whose power this dying woman, in consequence of her poverty, unhappily fell, had the fiendish cruelty to close the gates of the hospital against the friends who desired to soothe her last moments; and they beset her dying bed with Exeter-Hall arguments in the vain hope of wearying her out and making her apostatise when just within reached of her crown. But she remained steadfast to the last; those holy unseen companions, the angels and saints who hovered around her, were more mighty than the ministers of heresy. For the short time that the ears of that Catholic Christian were troubled with the clamour and disorder of false tongues, she now listens to the sweet, eternal music of heaven, and only remembers those who troubled her death-bed, to pray that they may be pardoned, and no longer wander about, barking at the sheep of the True Fold.

The people of Guernsey, or rather their Ministers, seem resolved to keep up the character they earned by the acts of cruelty, which we have adverted, and they have shown this by a late proceeding of still greater stupidity, if not of barbarity. The event alluded to was recorded at some length by a correspondent in last week's TABLET, but we need no apology for giving a connected summary of it in this part of our paper, and for offering afterwards such remarks as may suggest themselves.

On Friday November 16th, a French vessel, the *Epe*, Captain Mehuet, bound from Cherbourg to Havre, was wrecked on the west coast of

Guernsey, on the shore of Vazon Bay. With the exception of one man, all on board perished, to the number of thirteen, and among these were a Belgian lady named Madame Du Jardin and her two children. The survivor stated to the Rev. Eugene Connaty, Catholic Priest of Guernsey, that all the deceased were Catholics, and consequently the Priest recommended them to the prayers of the Faithful, and made preparation for their Christian interment. Behold the unity of the Faith! These Catholics were washed by the waves on the rocky and desert shore of a heretic country; but although utterly unknown, their brethren in the Faith did not neglect to pray for their souls, as if they had lived from childhood among them, and all pious care was taken that the offices of the Church should be said over their remains. More could not have been done had the mothers of the dead been there to see that due honour was paid to those whom, living, they had loved so dearly. But the fate of these strangers, wrecked on a foreign coast, naturally touched the hearts not only of the Catholics in the island, but of all persons who had the common sentiments of humanity. The funeral was fixed for the Sunday (Nov. 18th), and a great concourse of people assembled to shew respect to the dead, to give them reverentially that only hospitality which the dead can ask for, or receive. "The English, Irish, French, and Guernsese men generously contended to bear the bodies to the grave." The laws of the island required the bodies of those shipwrecked to be buried in the parish on the coasts of which they are found. Vazon Bay is in the parish of St. Mary de Castro, and accordingly to the churchyard of that parish, commonly called the Catel, the procession set out. It must have been a very touching and beautiful sight, on that wild desolate shore, where the ill-fated ship had struck, to behold coffin after coffin, borne in solemn procession, the Priest of a foreign country, but of the same religion, heading the long line of mourners, to render to the departed the last rites of the Catholic Religion. As we have said, the people did what they could, and humble as many of these unfortunate dead might have been, the French, English, and Belgian flags waved in honour over their remains.

So far all was well. Outside the gate of the churchyard, the Catholic Priest read the Office appointed by

the Church. The parson, who, favoured by the law, holds in his possession the desecrated shrine of St. Mary de Castro, would not suffer the Catholic service to be read in "his" churchyard. With this insult the Catholics would easily have put up. So long as the dead were buried like Christians, as they were, with the ancient Office of the Catholic Church read over them, like their ancestors from the days of St. Denys down to St. Louis, from St. Louis down to the martyred Archbishop of Paris, it matters very little indeed whether a Rev. Mr. Maingy chose to shut a gate in the face of a Catholic Priest, or whether he chose to open it. All that was a matter of courtesy.

However, no sooner was the Catholic service concluded, than this Reverend James Maingy, who represents the State-Church in the parish of St. Mary de Castro, had the audacity to come forward and insist that the Catholic dead—yes, the children of Our Holy Mother the Church, Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman—should be taken into His State-Church conventicle, that he might read his Protestant prayers over them! Catholic reader! is it not enough to strike you dumb?

It was not to be supposed that the Catholics who had accompanied the procession could stand this. The deepest feelings were outraged at the very notion of such profanation. They rushed forward (they would have been cowards had they not done so), seized the coffin which the Protestants had laid hold of, and attempted to lower it into the grave. A violent scuffle ensued between the Protestants, the constables, and the Catholics; and for all the pain, the shame, the passionate disgust which such a scene must have created in the minds of all persons of common sense and decency, the Rev'd. Mr. Maingy is responsible. To reason with so silly a man as he evidently is, would have been useless: the Catholics had no alternative but to use force to save the bodies of the dead from insult. They succeeded in removing one coffin from the churchyard. Meanwhile, the parson and his myrmidons had got the rest into the church, and there he read over them, with what satisfaction is best known to himself, the Protestant service. The whole affair, which had commenced at three o'clock, was not over till six. The Catholics then interred, amidst a driving rain of a November night, the coffin they had removed—which was

that of the captain. Mr. Maingy perhaps did not like the turn things were taking; at all events, a night's rest sobered the Rev. gentleman's zeal for giving Catholics Protestant burial, for next day (the 20th), when another of the shipwrecked sailors was buried, he did not venture to face the party of determined men who accompanied the funeral procession. In fact, so deeply irritated were the French and Irish Catholics in the island, that on the following day—when the last corpse was to be interred—the military authorities actually held an extraordinary parade at the depot (Fort George), to hinder the Catholic soldiers from being present at the funeral. Parson Maingy by this time was of course conscious of his false position, and the funeral passed off like any other Catholic funeral.

THE LATE DAY OF THANKSGIVING.

Some of our contemporaries have been pleased to observe that the Catholics of this kingdom did not respect the Royal proclamation, by which a day of general thanksgiving was kept. It was made a matter of complaint, that we should treat with apparent disrespect the commandments of the Privy Council in relation to a subject which we deny to be within their jurisdiction to meddle with. On the whole we were gratified to learn that we were not employed in the same public ceremony and at the same time with the heretics among whom we live. It was objected to us that we alone were disobedient to the civil power, when Anglicans and Baptists, Jews and Methodists, agreed together to render homage to those injunctions which we hold it to be a sin to respect.

The learned correspondent of the *Times* went, it seems, to St. George's where every Thursday evening is given the Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament. Lest the concourse of the Faithful there should appear to the worthy gentleman to be gathered together in obedience to the Queen's precept, care was taken that the sermon should prove the means of dissipating so pleasant an illusion, but he departed nevertheless in the full persuasion that Mass was celebrated at eight o'clock in the evening. Such is the enlightenment of the nineteenth century, and such is an individual's knowledge of a whole system which he denounces and rejects.

Dr. Shute Barrington, the Protestant Bishop of Durham, has gained