

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?—TERRULLIAN Praescrip. xxii.

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 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, left 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. Cal. xi. l.

Calendar.

- December 31—Sunday—Sunday within the 1849. Oct St Sylvester P C Doub. om.
January 1—Monday—Circumcision of our Lord Doub II class.
2—Tuesday—Octave of St Stephen Doub.
3—Wednesday—Octave of St John the Apost.
4—Thursday—Octave of the Holy Innocents Doub.
5—Friday—Vigil of the Epiphany com.
6—Saturday—Epiphany of our Lord Doub I class.
7—Sunday—Sunday within Octave
8—Monday—Of the Octave Semid.
9—Tuesday—Of the Octave Semid.
10—Wednesday—Of the Octave Semid.
11—Thursday—Of the Octave Semid.
12—Friday—Of the Octave Semid.
13—Saturday—Octave of the Epiphany.
14—Sunday—II Sunday after Epip II Name of Jesus Doub II class com St Felix M.
15—Monday—St Paul Ist Martyr Conf Doub. Comm of St Maurus Abt.
16—Tuesday—St Marcellus P M Sem.
17—Wednesday—St Anthony Abbot Semid.
18—Thursday—Chair of St Peter at Rome Great Doub. Comm St Pauli, Ap and St Prisca V M.
19—Friday—St Canute M Semid ad Ibitum. Comm of SS Marius and Comp M.
20—Saturday—SS Fabian and Sebastian M M Doub.
21—Sunday—III Sunday after Epip St Agnes V M Doub.
22—Monday—SS Vincent and Anastasius M M Semid.
23—Tuesday—Desponsation of the B V Mary Great Doub. Comm of St Joseph and St Emerentiana V M.
24—Wednesday—St Timothy B M Semid.
25—Thursday—Conversion of St Paul Comm of St Peter.
26—Friday—St Polycarp B M Doub.
27—Saturday—St Vitalian P C Doub Sup.
28—Sunday—IV Sunday after Epip St John Chrysostom B C Doub.
29—Monday—St Francis of Sales B C Doub.
30—Tuesday—St Felix IV P C Doub Sup.
31—St Peter Nolasco C Doub.

Select Tales.

From the Boys' and Girls' Catholic Magazine. GERTRUDE WERNIG; OR, THE BOQUET.

BY MISS MARY C. FINENEY.

The morn had scarcely smiled in the East, or the laborers gone forth to their daily toil, when Gertrude Wernig threw open the casements of her poor cottage on the banks of the Rhine, and called her young brothers to kneel around their little oratory and perform their morning devotion with her. Soon afterwards she arranged several bouquets of rare flowers in a basket and took up her straw hat. 'What are you going to do with all those pretty flowers dearest sister,' said Aloysius; 'will you not give us our breakfast before you go away? we are very hungry, for you remember we had no supper last night.'

'Alas! my brother, I have none to give you, but continue to pray to our Blessed Mother, and I hope to bring some food on my return.' So saying, she embraced them all and then departed.

Gertrude was just sixteen years old: she possessed great energy of character, though fragile and delicate in appearance. She was meek, humble, and of exalted piety; she had early learned lessons of self-denial, and to endure privations; for her excellent parents, though they

had once been affluent, by a succession of events (which the worldly would call misfortunes) had been deprived of their possessions, and had struggled for many years to procure bread for the children. Her mother had now been dead nearly a year, and her father had but recently followed his beloved partner to the tomb, leaving Gertrude to provide for her three young brothers, the eldest of whom, Joseph, was scarcely nine years of age.

As Gertrude proceeded on her way through the thick and dark forest to a castle, about five miles distant, and where she hoped to sell her flowers, her heart sunk within her when she reflected that she might be disappointed and forced to return without food to her famishing brothers, at that moment the sun burst joyously through an opening in the trees, and her eyes rested on the glittering cross of a small church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. She was ashamed of her want of confidence in God, which, however, was but momentary, and she entered the holy place, to ask for grace and strength. After making an humble and profound act of adoration to the Blessed Sacrament, she selected the most beautiful bouquet her basket contained, and placing it in a vase at the feet of the statue of the Mother of God, which stood on a pedestal near the altar, she exclaimed: 'Most Holy Virgin! I have nothing to offer you but my love and this bouquet of flowers—like the poor shepherdess who loved you so much, I wish I could crown you with a diadem of gold and precious stones; but, alas! I am a poor desolate orphan, seeking bread for my starving brothers, yet deign to accept my simple offering. Show that you are our Mother, and aid me in this hour of my distress. She recited some prayers, and particularly the 'Hail Mary,' which was ever on her lips, and rising up comforted, she proceeded on her journey.

On arriving at the castle, the porter rather roughly demanded what she wanted, but after gazing at her for some moments, it seemed as if her youth, gentle manners, and the tear that stole down her sad and beautiful face touched his heart, for he added more kindly. 'I suppose you want to sell those flowers to the Countess?' On her replying in the affirmative, he told her to sit down in the hall and he would take them to his lady, though he believed she had more flowers than she knew what to do with. After a short time had elapsed, he returned and bade her follow him.

She was ushered into a splendid library, where sat the Countess Rosenberg with an old man, deformed and meanly dressed. The lady beckoned her to approach. 'These are very beautiful flowers,' said she, 'I have none such of my own collection. Where did you procure them?' Gertrude stated that her father was fond of rare flowers and had taught her how to cultivate them. 'He planted these in our happy days,' continued she, as a tear fell on the flowers whilst she bent over them.

'What do you ask for them?' inquired the Countess.

'Whatever you please to give.'

'Then you are not acquainted with their value.'

'No, replied Gertrude, but God will bless you if you purchase them for even enough to procure a few loaves of bread.'

'Sit down,' said the Countess kindly, 'for I perceive you are much exhausted, and tell me your history.' Gertrude glanced towards the old man, who had seemed impatient while she was speaking, at which the Countess only smiled and bade her commence. Gertrude related the history of her parents, their death, and her pro-

sent painful situation. She concluded by saying, how happy it would make her could she procure some work, by which means she might be enabled to support her brothers whom she could not leave, and who were too young at present to do anything for themselves.

'But have you no relatives who would assist you?' inquired the Countess. 'I have heard my father speak often of his elder brother who was deformed and very eccentric,' replied Gertrude, lowering her voice as she again glanced towards the old man, who now sat apparently unmoved by her discourse; 'but,' continued she, 'he had not heard of him for so many years, that we have long believed him dead. My father wrote so often to implore his assistance, he felt assured that had he been living he would have aided us, though he was rough, odd tempered, and affected not to love anything in this world.'

'Do you remember him?'

'No, Madam I never saw him, for he left his native place when I was an infant. I have often regretted that I did not know him for I am sure I should have loved him because he was afflicted.'

At that moment the old man pinched the lap dog of the Countess, and set him to howling, at which she only smiled.

'Well,' said she at length to Gertrude, 'I feel much interest for you—I will now pay you the real value of your beautiful flowers. Here are six bouquets: I wish, however, you had brought seven, for I love that number. The next time you come bring me that many.' Gertrude blushed as she replied, 'I have but a certain quantity of flowers, and to bring you that number I must make the bunches of a smaller size.'

The old man looked steadily at her, as he suddenly remarked, 'You brought seven bouquets from home—what have you done with the most beautiful of them all?' Gertrude was astonished, for how could he have known this, but replied without hesitation, 'I have no need to conceal that I offered that to the Blessed Virgin, and I have resolved always to offer her the most beautiful of my flowers.'

'You did well,' replied the Countess, and now tell me your name.' As she pronounced it, the old man suddenly rose and left the library. The Countess then bade her go to the housekeeper and get some breakfast, and also fill her basket for her brothers. The agitated yet happy girl took her leave, and on her return home, gladdened the hearts of her loved ones, who ran to meet her.

Some short time after this, one beautiful morning, Gertrude called her brothers, saying: 'Come let us go to the forest to spend the day. We will take our dinner, our work and some books.' Let us go to the ruined hut beyond the church,' said Joseph, 'it is a beautiful spot.' They soon made their arrangements and set out. Having arrived at the church, they entered, and spent some time in prayer, and each left a little bouquet in honor of their Blessed Mother. They then repaired to the hut, but were surprised to find the old man had taken possession, and who seemed at home. 'What brings you here, said he, do you come to insult my poverty? Your cottage, miserable as it is, is not half so wretched as this.' Gertrude explained, that she thought the place deserted, and apologized for her intrusion. 'Yet,' continued she, 'as we have come so far, will you not permit us to stay awhile with you?'

'I have no food to offer you,' returned he, 'and I do not believe that either you or your brothers can desire the company of a cross, broken-hearted, deformed old man.'

'Indeed,' she replied, 'we would be very happy to share with you the dinner we have brought, and if you are unhappy, endeavor to comfort you—do permit us to stay.' 'Well,' said he, ungraciously, 'since I cannot get rid of you, I suppose you must remain.'

Gertrude then unpacked her basket and took out some work, whilst the boys amused themselves in different ways; but the old man only found fault with every thing they did: even their efforts, as well as those of Gertrude, to entertain him, seemed only to irritate him the more. Their patience, good temper and respectful manners, however, appeared to soften him, and as he rose to leave the hut, Gertrude observed the tears rolling down his face. Joseph at length besought him to return and partake of the refreshments they had spread on an old bench, and he consented. 'Why do you stare thus at me,' said he, angrily, as he observed Gertrude's eyes, filled with tears, fixed on his face.

'Pardon me,' she replied, 'but I was thinking of my uncle, and wishing that he had been spared to us, if such were the will of God.' 'I suppose you regret the gold he would have brought you?' 'My sister regrets no such thing, I am sure,' replied Joseph, 'she is sorry because my uncle was afflicted and would have loved and served him, and our Gertrude is so good that he would have loved her.' 'You have truly said, dear Joseph,' she replied, 'I would have tried hard to make him love me.' The old man made no reply, and as they were separating, Aloysius turned to him, and said, 'I like you though you are a little cross—I wish you would come and see us,' and Gertrude seconded the child's invitation; but he turned away in silence, and they then left the hut.

Gertrude could not define her feelings towards the old man; she compassionated his sufferings, his deformity and his apparent desolation and poverty; and she thought that though he was not the uncle she regretted, yet still he resembled him, and her heart yearned towards him. Gertrude saw in his countenance something that reminded her of her father, and she might have almost believed him to be her uncle, only that when she mentioned her name, he would have known her.

For some months the Countess regularly purchased Gertrude's flowers, and also supplied her with work, but one day when she went to the castle, she found only the housekeeper, who informed her the Countess had gone to Paris at a few hours' notice and would not return for some months. These were sorrowful tidings for poor Gertrude; she loved the kind and noble lady, and it was with great delight she listened to her instructive discourses. Besides this loss, where would she now procure work and food for her brothers? 'But,' said she at length, 'since God gave her to me for a friend in my great need, he will not now forsake me, nor let my innocent and helpless brothers perish!' The kind hearted housekeeper was very sorry she could not assist her, as her lady had given her no orders to that effect, at which she wondered, since she had seemed so interested for Gertrude. On her return home, the poor girl found her brothers much pleased by a visit the old man had paid them, and who promised to come again.

The next week proved very rainy; violent storms of wind and rain kept the orphans close prisoned in the cottage, and the boys said they feared the old man would be deluged and suffer dreadfully in the rained hut. 'I wish he could come and live with us,' said Aloysius, 'for only think, dear sister, he taught me how to work

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