

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. xlii.

“There is one God, and one Church, and one Altar 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, 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.

Calendar.

- APRIL 1—Sunday—Palm Sunday som.
- “ 2—Monday—Monday in Holy Week.
- “ 3—Tuesday—Tuesday in Holy Week.
- “ 4—Wednesday—Spy Wednesday.
- “ 5—Thursday—Holy Thursday.
- “ 6—Friday—Good Friday.
- “ 7—Saturday—Holy Saturday.

MEETING AT WATERFORD—AID FOR THE POPE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TABLET.
Waterford, March, 1849.

Dear Sir—This Catholic city has not neglected to take a leading place in the Christian gathering, to cheer, by expressions of duty and affection, our Holy Father in his exile. A requisition, signed by a large body of the Clergy and laity, was presented to our venerated Bishop requesting him to convene a meeting for that purpose. His Lordship most cheerfully complied, inviting all the Catholics of the Diocese to attend. The meeting was held on the 2nd inst, in our spacious cathedral. The Bishop was unanimously called to the chair, and expressed his concurrence in the objects of the meeting, and his devotion to the Chair of Peter, at considerable length. A series of resolutions and an address, breathing a right Catholic spirit, were carried with great fervour and unanimity. I hope to be able to send you a copy of them. Several gentlemen addressed the very large assembly with most happy effect. I am sorry that my time and memory allow me only to give a very meagre sketch of their observations. Unhappily, we have no Catholic reporter here. The notice that has appeared of the meeting is incorrect, and most unsatisfactory. The very Rev. Dr. O'Brien and Rev. J. Sheehan showed the antiquity and legality of the temporal authority of the Holy See; the justice and mercy with which it has been administered; the advantages it has brought to Rome; how indispensable it is now to its very existence, the importance of the independent temporal sovereignty of the Holy See, not only to the better government of the Church, but to the peace and security of all Christian States, and the happiness of all people.

The Mayor, J. Kent, Esq., expressed in very eloquent terms the sentiments of the Catholic portion of the community over which he so worthily presides—their devotion to the Holy Father's person and authority, their sorrow at his afflictions, and their anxious desire to cheer him by their duty and affection, and to assist in relieving his temporal difficulties. J. J. Aylward, Esq., urged with forcible language the propriety of a contribution to the Papal fund. He defended it on the part of the Irish against the universal sneerer, Lord Brougham and his copiers. There is no complaint made by his lordship and his fellows against the poor Irish for being obliged to pay year after year so many thousands into the coffers of that establishment, full-grown into the moral and physical deformed dimensions of its originator, which does not love them, nor respect them, nor pray for them, nor bless them. Why, then, be so angry at the voluntary contribution of a Catholic people, the more meritorious by reason of their poverty, to the Vicar of Christ, the Head of His spotless Church, their Father and benefactor, the continual source of love and benediction to them? Rev. O. Kent and other speakers warmly and eloquently recommended the purposes of the meeting. Rev. J. P. Cooke reminded his Catholic neighbours that in contributing to the relief of the wants of the Holy Father, they were not sending their money to a

stranger, but to one of their own family, the first and nearest and dearest member of it. Indeed, it is now more the discharge of a long accruing debt than a purely gratuitous donation. In reply to those Catholics who speak slightly of the utility and importance of the temporal sovereignty of the Holy See, he read part of the protest lately made by the Holy Father at Gaeta, and remarked that for Catholics at least such an express and supreme authority should be decisive on the subject. Thus ended the most important and enthusiastic meeting held in this city for many years. The collection will take place through the Diocese, I believe, on St. Patrick's Day.

ADDRESS TO HIS HOLINESS POPE PIVS IX
Most Holy Father—We, the Bishop, Clergy, and Laity of the united Dioceses of Waterford and Lismore, in humble, dutiful, and affectionate reverence at your Apostolic feet, offer our sincere condolence in your present sorrows.

Some time ago we had to express our grief and indignation at the insult offered to your Sacred authority by a foreign army, but far were we then from imagining that in so short, or in any time, there should be such cause, as there now is, for far more bitter grief, and deeper indignation, at the impiety, ingratitude, and rebellion of your own loved subjects: of that people on whom you, unsolicited, bestowed favours so great and so unexpected, that their wonder and gratitude for them seemed then to many almost as extravagant as every upright mind now pronounces their senseless, wicked, and unnatural abuse of them to be. Oh, Rome! once “mistress of nations, city of perfect beauty, model and joy of the whole earth, how thy gold hath become dim, and thy finest colour changed!—Thou hast sinned a sin, therefore hast thou become unstable. All who honoured thee despise thee now, because they have seen thy shame!”

But, Most Holy Father, we shall not speak of scenes that you would wish blotted from the remembrance of Heaven and earth, we shall not add to your “weeping for the desolation of your people, whilst the enemy prevails against them.” We prefer being the messengers of comfort, bearing the assurance, that, if one city has, in God's secret and just judgements, been allowed to fail in its love and duty to its best of Fathers, and most rightful of Sovereigns, and thus to tarnish for a time the honour and glory and spotless fame of so many ages, the world-wide City of God on earth is true to you, and is obedient to you, and loves you, and grieves with you; and that its prayers will prevail against the spirit of iniquity, and will soon bring back the once Holy City to obedience to its lawful and beneficent Sovereign, and to its own blessed pre-eminence and influence amongst Christian nations.

Even in this land of sorrow and affliction of every kind, your griefs, most Holy Father, are felt as our own. Your Apostolic virtues, your special bounty to us in spiritual and temporal gifts, command our affectionate sympathy in this day of trial. And still doth a higher charity urge us. You are our Father—we are your children. You are the depository of Christ's full authority on earth. You hold the keys of His glorious and eternal kingdom. You are the foundation of that Church in which we have every spiritual blessing, and even all consolation in our temporal tribulation. “With your Holiness, that is, with the Chair of Peter, we are inseparably associated. On that Rock the Church is built, and he who eats the lamb outside of it is profane, and must share the fate of

them, who, being outside the ark of Noah, perished in the deluge. Against this Rock they who strike shall be broken, and they shall be crushed on whom it shall fall.”

We rejoice, Most Holy Father, at witnessing the generous devotion with which the Catholic nations are now rallying round your sacred person and throne. And we praise the power and wisdom of God, who draws such great good from such great evil, and by the impiety of some men makes glorious and manifest to the world His authority in you, and the harmonious unity of His Church, enlivened, maintained, and confirmed in truth and holiness from your Heaven-supplied fulness.

But, Most Holy Father, if other people can approach you with rich offerings, we have nothing but the mite of a widowed nation to drop into the sacred treasury. If other people can hold out many inducements to your Holiness to bless them with a few days of what we hope will be your short exile, we, alas! have no other inducement to offer than the “thousand times welcome” of deep and warm love with which we would receive you.

With renewed purpose and promise of obedience and affectionate attachment, and humble prayer to the great Author of our Faith, and Supreme Ruler of the Church, and King of Kings, to shorten the days of your exile and your sorrow, to restore peace and joy to His Church, to turn the hearts of men from pride and lust of insubordination, to humility and love of order and respect for lawful authority, we reverently beg from your Holiness, for ourselves, for our nation, for our Church, what we must now value more than aught the world can give, the blessing of Christ's Vicar on earth, “suffering in exile for love of justice and hatred of iniquity.” Signed on behalf of Clergy and Laity of this Diocese,

✠ N. FORAN
JAMES KENT, Major.

LONDON.

ST. GEORGE'S AND THE MARCH OF THE AUSTRIANS.—In his pilgrimage for St. George's Father Thomas received the kindest treatment from the Count Colledero, the Austrian Minister at the Court of Munich—his advice and his purse assisted the pilgrim in his progress, and it was not only the affable Count Colledero, but the others of his house that showed sympathy and interest in St. George's. Indeed, it would be ungrateful to pass by in silence the name of Austria when an opportunity like the present presents itself, for assuredly, had the writer gone to Vienna, recommended as he then was, and backed by such powerful patronage, it would have been profitable to St. George's. However, that golden opportunity was lost, and there it ends. So, at last, Austria is moving! March, march, white-jackets and blue-pantaloon, right-shoulder forward! I think I see and hear them—the Austrian columns,—colours flying, bands playing—tramp, tramp, tramp—horse and foot—all onwards to Rome. This march of the Austrians will make a wonderful alteration in the senators of the Roman Republic. Will they wait in dignity and silent gravity the coming of the white-jackets, until the Austrian soldier pulls some one of them by his moustache, to see if it be a man or something else? You well remember that the old gentlemen of the stern times, when the Romans were men, did something like this, only they had beards and sense and manly hearts, whereas these boy-play senators have none of these, only some hair on the upper lip and a tuft at the chin. This must

be a holiday march for old Radetzky and his veterans. It is like a walk of “nobody cares for nothing” in the fields on a beautiful spring morning. The question of fighting is not for a moment entertained. How the escamoteurs are to be caught—that is the thought; as to fighting, fighting in reality, is an idea quite un-Roman—a term obsolete—a practice exploded by the craven-hearted, cowardly coxcombs of modern Rome. They did indeed bring up their cannon and march their Roman soldiers in front of the Quirinal gates!—true, they did that. Well, and what else did they do? Why, who cares for what they did? They did everything most disgraceful and dishonourable, and have made themselves a mark of scorn and contempt to all the world in sempiterna secula. It is a sad, sad affair that some Roman had not left a something for history, on that day of Rome's humiliation and dishonour, when scoundrels, infidels, and assassins stormed the quiet palace of the Quirinal. Was there no single man in Rome that day to have defied the siletto gang, roused the worth of the city, and led forward to the Pope's rescue? Where was that Prince and that noble—men of high names and no souls—on that disgraceful day! Shame on them, shame! Half-a-dozen devoted and fearless men would have saved Roman honour on that day of days. It only requires determination and daring to settle matters of this kind; but men must cast their lives on the throw, and only men will do this. Well, the Austrians are marching, and I wish them fine weather, and particularly very warm weather when they come up close to the walls of Rome, for depend on it there will be nothing to warm them there. No hot work—not a shot, not a thrust. Corporals use canes in the Austrian army, which canes I should like to see thrown aside after the Roman assault; but not before, because they may be handy in beating the Roman legions. As for guns and swords, there will be no occasion for such things. The Austrians are going; and Mazzini and Sterbini and the others are coming—to Leicester-square. There and about Charing-cross we shall have these worshipful men in a short time, with dirty beards and seedy cloaks and brown six-and-eight silk hats, all prowling and lounging about with white, hungry, eager looks, and heads full of revolutions and thoughts of bettering themselves, and then some one else, as it may be or may not be. Any way they will not come every day to Mass, that is certain: at least, not to St. George's—so that they will not trouble us. But now that that best of men, Pope Pius IX., will soon return to Rome,—when will he return, and who will accompany his Holiness, and what will he do? For the honour of Rome I pray that it may be in the shades of evening, that the Roman recreants may not have to hang down their heads for very shame. How could they have the face to welcome the Holy Father after all that has passed? They might, as well, indeed, kneel for his blessing and forgiveness, but nothing more. Then, who will accompany him? None of his brave nobles, it is to be hoped, who ran away to Gaeta. Had they stood the brunt of battle, and led back their Prince in triumph—which they might and ought to have done—then, indeed, they might have re-entered Rome with honours and glory; but now let them hide their diminished heads. Austria brings back the Prince and Pastor of Rome, and not they or theirs—no thanks to them. But what will the Holy Father do on his return? Just what he has done all his life. And what will he be? What he has ever