

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. 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, 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.

- October 22—Sunday—XLIX after Pent IV Oct Semid.
- “ 23—Monday—Feast of the Most Holy Redeemer, G Doub, Sup.
- “ 24—Tuesday—St. Raphael Arch G Doub.
- “ 25—Wednesday—St. Boniface I P C Doub com &c.
- “ 26—Thursday—St. Evaristus P M Doub Sup.
- “ 27—Friday—Commemoration of St Paul from 30th June.
- “ 28—Saturday—SS Simon and Jude Apost Doub H cl.

Poetry.

AN EVENING HYMN.

Lord! thou art He whose arm of might
First hung with worlds this arch of night;
Thine is the sacred vesper hour,
Thine the fresh turf, and closing flower;—
These ancient woods, that twilight sea,
These meads, and mountains speak of Thee.

Thine are the dews which fall unseen
On forest glade and village green;
Thine is the pure and playful gale
That warbles in the fragrant vale;
Above, below, Thy glories shine;—
Strength, wisdom, goodness, Lord! are Thine.

King of the broad and radiant skies!
Bless Thou my song and sacrifices;
Breathe o'er my soul, this tranquil even,
Unearthly peace and dreams of Heaven;
Sweet dreams to cheer me, press'd again
By the wild war of wrongful men.

And when those years to come shall throw
Their chillness o'er my bosom's glow,
Serene as that departing ray
Which lights the mountain far away,
Let me withdraw from earth to be
Redeem'd and blest, O God! with Thee.

[From the N. Y. Freeman's Journal.]
KIRWANITES.

Several Protestant papers have taken up a remark of ours in reference to apostate Catholics, to whom we gave the designation of “Kirwanites,” that is infidels. Unfortunately some of them have forgotten the latter adjunct by which we qualified the Kirwanites; thus representing us as having supposed a distinct set, sect, or class of men who had apostatized from the Church with a distinct profession of opinions peculiar to themselves.

Now in the literal sense of the term, Kirwanites are such unfortunate young persons, as adding a bad will to an extreme ignorance of their faith, first forget their catechism and suffer their minds to become “a perfect blank as regards all religious instructions,” and then in return for the kind of half learning that Presbyterianism affords, consent to give up the exterior profession of a faith which, in their loss of morality, has lost its life in their hearts. And it was to such like, to poor ignorant children kidnapped by Protestant harpies on our own shores, and beguiled out of their religion, that we suppose Bishop Hughes to have alluded in the sentence that has excited remark.

But we, taking the former part of the account that Kirwan is said to have given of himself, and which clearly points him out as an infidel, described as Kirwanites, all such as had lost their faith, and abandoned its profession—whether, like Kirwan, they did it for bacon on Friday's,

or like a still larger number, for whiskey on Sunday's. These are described as infidels, and as there is unhappily too little disgust felt for infidelity in these days, we thought to brand it with an epithet still more opprobrious by connecting it with the notorious epithet of a man whose true character has been exposed from one end of the land to the other in the masterly letters of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, and whose history shows him to have been the contemptible fellow portrayed in the following letter of “L.”

ALBANY, Sept. 18, 1848.

To the Editor of the Freeman's Journal:

According to promise, I resume the task of exposing the misrepresentations and falsehoods of “Kirwan,” alias Rev. Nicholas Murray; and in order thereto, I beg leave to make a slight digression. “Kirwan's” poor mother not having heard from him for many years, she concluded he was dead; this idea took such strong hold of her mind, that she was in the habit of saying, “If my dear son Nicholas was alive, he would not have neglected me.” When my brother was departing for this country, in 1832, she imposed it as an obligation on him to find out when and where her son died. My brother returned to Ireland in 1834, and dreadful was her disappointment when he brought no tidings of her son.—He re-embarked for this country in 1835, and on his departure, she begged of him again to use his best efforts to find out what had befallen her son. My brother did his best, but failed in the attempt. “Kirwan's” mother died in 1835; after having prepared for death, her greatest anxiety was to know where her son “Nick” was buried. I came to America, in 1836, on which occasion Thomas Murray, “Kirwan's” brother, laid the same obligation on me that his mother had laid on my brother. I undertook the task, but failed also; until one day, on taking up the Sun, I read that “Rev N Murray was appointed trustee, or something, of Princeton Seminary.” This occurred in 1841. It struck me at once that this was the person for whom I had been so long seeking, and on communicating my thoughts to some relations in New York, they said that it could not be possible that he was alive—giving the same reason for their belief as “Kirwan's” mother did, six years before. My own opinion was fixed; accordingly I wrote a letter to him, but changed my mind, and became the bearer of it myself—went to Elizabethtown, sought an interview, and obtained it. I told him I had long been seeking for a person of his name, &c. He asked me to what part of Ireland the person whom I was seeking belonged? What was his mother's name? How many sons had she? Their names? To all which questions I answered truly, and on noticing emotion on his countenance, I exclaimed, “You are the person, your countenance betrays you!” I told him my name and relationship to him, and that I was only performing his deceased mother's and his brother's injunctions, in finding him out. He then said—“I came so young to this country that I have almost forgotten all my family.” On being interrupted by the entrance of a lady, he wrote my address in his pocket-book, and promised to call on me in a few days. He did not come, and I wrote a line, reminding him of his promise, which he did not answer. I then wrote to his brother Thomas, in Ireland, communicating the discovery I had made, and requesting him to send me some document to establish his identity. He did so, I received a letter from him, enclosing one written by “Kirwan” to his mother, dated “William's College, September 23, 1823,” in which he speaks in the highest

terms of a “Father Carberry,” whom he met in New York, and who acted the part of a true friend to him (“Kirwan”) in his necessity—that he would never do ought to disgrace his father's bones in the grave, and exhorted his brother to pursue a similar course—that God only knew what he would do, but that he would be an honour to the country which gave him birth—exhorted them to take care of his mother, and that he, himself, would never forget her. In the same letter he conveyed the idea that he was studying for the Priesthood which gave his mother very great joy, inasmuch, that she expected that she would hear a Mass celebrated by him before she would die. The hypocrite! This letter was kept by his mother about her person, till her death, and it is now in possession of a near relative, who would not let it be published at present.

The following is an extract from his brother's letter, which I have now before me, which will show the motives I had in seeking out “Kirwan”:

“January 2, 1842.

“Dear L.—: Together with the acts of friendship I experienced in you all heretofore, I am truly obliged to you now particularly, on account of your sincerity and faithfulness in making out my brother; your exertions in that affair deserve my warmest approbation. As to doubts of his being the same person, there need be none, as you may learn from his old letter, written to my poor mother 18 years ago, which, at your request, I enclose to you in this letter. Now, dear L., I never will put to or from Nicholas, till I hear from you again. . . . I have got a long lease of my farm at a reasonable rent of 18 | 5 per acre, and if he comes home I will give him up the half of it; or sooner than have him live the way he is, I will give him up the lease and place, and I will live with him, and till and manage the land for him and his family, but all this is of no use, unless it be the will of God to inspire him.”

What a contrast the conduct of these two brothers exhibits! The one supporting and cherishing his mother till her death, and offering to surrender his cheap farm to his erring brother should he go home, while that brother, “Kirwan,” neglected his mother, and for thirteen years kept her ignorant of his very existence!

Shortly after receiving this letter from “Kirwan's” brother, I wrote a note to said “Kirwan” reminding him again of his promise to see me, and his stating that any man had a right to change his religion if he chose; I spoke severely, but respectfully, of his neglect to his mother, and wound up by saying that his change of religion made no improvement in his filial duty, and that I knew of no religion that did not inculcate honor and love to parents. In answer to this he wrote the following note:

“Elizabethtown, May 14, 1842.

“My dear L.—As soon as my convenience permitted after your call here, I strove on an afternoon to find your residence in New York, but failed. I can only say there is no trace in my memory of any family bearing your name, having any connexion with mine. Both your letters have come to hand, but their impertinence forbids a reply to them. You might at least conjecture that I have or might have something else to do, of more importance, to me at least, than answering them.

I hope hereafter that you may save yourself the trouble, and me, the expense, of any further correspondence. Yours, &c,

“N. MURRAY.”

This answer would, perhaps, be justified if I used the impertinence he complains of; but I used none. Let him publish my letter verbatim, and the public can judge between us; or, if I was a poor relation, whose presence was unwelcome to a richer one, but I wanted no pecuniary aid, and I sought none. It is false that he could not find my residence—he did not seek, nor did he want to do it. If he had lost his pocket-book containing my address, he could have referred to my first letter, to supply the loss, for “both” letters were received. “No trace in his memory of any family bearing my name having any connexion with his.” “He came so young to this country, that he had almost forgotten all his family!” He speaks thus untruly, although he left Ireland so young as 19 years old; my father and his aunt were married years before, and had several children, and still his recollection is at fault.

I am thus explicit in order to show “Kirwan's” duty to parents, and the inaccuracy and falsity of his statements. In my next I will deal with falsehoods he uses in his “Letters to Bishop Hughes,” second series, and other matters.

L.

IRELAND.

DUBLIN.—GRAND PONTIFICAL HIGH MASS.—ANNIVERSARY OF THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.—The tenth anniversary of this meritorious and highly interesting Society, was celebrated on Tuesday, the 19th inst., in the Church of the Conception, Marlborough street, by a grand Pontifical High Mass. Abounding as Ireland does (even in her poverty) in charitable institutions, perhaps none holds a more exalted position than this noble institution—for what can surpass the charity of administering to the spiritual wants of those poor creatures in climes far away from this—and who, but for the benevolence of this society, would, perhaps for ever, be shut out from the blessed light of the Gospel. But the merits of the association are too well known and appreciated to need eulogy. The solemn and imposing ceremony of Tuesday possessed peculiar interest. His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop Murray presided, being attended by Archdeacon Hamilton; and amongst the Prelates and Clergy we observed—The Right Rev. Dr. Whelan, Bishop of Bombay; Right Rev. Dr. James Brown, Bishop of Kilmore; the Rev. Father Ignatius, of the Passionists (formerly the Hon. and Rev. George Spencer); Very Rev. Dean Meyler, PP.; Very Rev. Dr. Yore, PP.; Very Rev. Dr. Brenehan, President of Maynooth College. At the Gospel, the Rev. Moses Furloog ascended the pulpit, and delivered a most elaborate, instructive, and edifying discourse. He took his text from the 6th chapter and 38th verse of St. Luke—“Give, and it shall be given to you: good measure and pressed down and shaken together and running over shall they give into your bosom.” The learned preacher took a comprehensive view of his subject, and dwelt with peculiar force and religious eloquence on the vast advantages which had been conferred on the world by the Association, which had done so much for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. He was listened to with profound respect by one of the largest and most respectable congregations which we have beheld for a long time; and his observations could not fail to make a deep and lasting impression on all who had the happiness to hear him. When he concluded the remainder of the Holy Sacrifice was proceeded with; and at the conclusion the Archbishop gave his pastoral benediction to all present.