

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. xlii.

“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 Jerus. Cat. xi. 1.

- Calendar**
- August 20—Sunday—X Sunday after Pentecost
IV Aug. S. Joachim Father of B. V. M. G. Doub.
- “ 21—Monday—S. Jane Frances de Chantal W. Doub com &c.
- “ 22—Tuesday—Octave Day of the Assumption Doub com &c.
- “ 23—Wednesday—S. Philip Benitus C. Doub.
- “ 24—Thursday—SS. Cletus and Marcellinus MM. Doub from 26th April.
- “ 25—Friday—S. Bartholomew Apostle Doub II class.
- “ 26—Saturday—S. Zephyrinus P. M. Doub Sup.

Poetry

THE PASSION FLOWER.

BY MARY B. SWITT.

“Oh, yes, the good old passion-flower!
It bringeth to my mind
The young days of the Christian church,
Dim ages left behind.

The passion of our blessed Lord,
With all its pangs and pain,
Set forth within a little flower,
In shape and color plain.

Behold the ladder, and the cord
With which his limbs were tied;
Behold his five deep cruel wounds,
In hands, and feet, and side:

Behold the hammer and the nails,
The bloody crown of thorn,
And there the precious tears, when left
Of God, and man forlorn.

Up! I will forth into the world,
And take this flower with me,
To preach the death of Christ to all,
As it has preached to me.

And thus the good old passion-flower
Through all the world was sent,
To breathe into all Christian hearts
Its holy sentiment.

[From the N. York Freeman's Journal.]

BISHOP HUGHES' LETTERS.

In reply to “Kirwan,” alias the Rev. Nicholas Murray, D.D., of Elizabethtown, New Jersey.

LETTER IV.

DEAR SIR—

I think it has been clearly proved in my last letter, and from evidence the more indisputable, as they are furnished by your own pen, that you had no reason, either intellectual or moral, for leaving the Catholic Church. The only reason, deduced by inference from what you have written of yourself, will be found in a thick, dark cloud of ignorance and infidelity, such as, I trust in God, never enveloped the mind of any other Irish Catholic present at the age of eighteen, either since or before.

Yet, sir, I do not believe that your ignorance of the Catholic religion, when you left it, was so unmitigated as you pretend. It will be very difficult for you, however, either to retract or explain, in your real character, what you have published of yourself under the duplicity of your mask.

I know not what intoxicating influence flattery and self-complacency may have produced on a mind and memory like yours. But I do know that whoever writes under a mask, and in a cha-

acter even partially feigned, and especially if he writes on any grave subject, in which mankind take a deep interest, write at the imminent peril of his own reputation. He is nearly certain to be found out. And when this happens, his attempts to reconcile the discrepancies between his assumed and his real character, are sure to produce, in the public mind, a feeling of ridicule not unmingled with a feeling of contempt.

In the introductory note prefixed to your letters I learn that they were furnished to Samuel I. Prime, “under the sanction of secrecy as to the author’s name.” If you lived in Spain or Sicily, there might be some reason for this suspicious precaution. But if your purpose was to tell the truth, even the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, in your testimony for Presbyterianism or against Catholicity, what motive could you have had for this studious concealment of your name? Here the press is free, and writing against Popery is even at a premium, why then, as an honest man, conceal your name? This looks badly. Mr. Prime has loaned you his endorsement, whatever that may be worth. He introduces you to the public vouching for your veracity in these words: “It is proper to say that the writer’s character is an abundant guarantee for the fidelity of all matters of fact here stated, and that he is prepared to maintain them, if they should be called in question.” Now, sir, there are some things which you state as matters of fact, which I beg leave most emphatically to call in question. I hope you may be able to maintain them, or if not, I hope Mr. Prime will be willing to forfeit his recognizances.

I.—You state, as a matter of fact that nearly at the age of manhood, “on as full an examination of the subject as you could give it, you came to the conclusion that you could not remain a Roman Catholic.”—p. 12. Now, sir, I refer to your own testimony, quoted in my last letter, as proof that your mind “was a perfect blank as to all religious instruction,” and that therefore you did not give the Catholic religion as full an examination as you could, for you could, at least, have revived in yourself the knowledge of the Catechism which you had forgotten.

II.—You state, as a matter of fact, that “in one of the large interior towns of Ireland, . . . you resided in a house, and over the store in which you were then a clerk.”—p. 13. You then proceed to tell us about a drunken priest, Father B., whom you helped out of the gutter, and wind up the whole narrative with the remark “and young as I was.” This phrase, in ordinary language, would refer to a period as far back as memory goes—a period in which reason was but in the dawn of its development—say 8, 9, or 10 years of age, but at that period, if we can believe you, you were already a “clerk in a store!” Pray, dear Kirwan, what kind of a clerk were you? “Young as you were,” by your own account, you were able “to shut the store windows at night”—you were able “to help a man out of the gutter”—you were able to “clean off his Reverence”—you were able to “give him his brandy next morning,” and yet you were just in the period of dawning reason and earliest memory, in which you tell us that “young as you were, all this made an impression on you.” The circumstantial part of the story is still more wonderful than the leading facts. For instance, you could not see the man in the gutter, and you were “attracted towards him by a singular noise.” Pray, what kind of a noise is a singular noise? And then, the night was so dark that had it not been for the singular noise he might have perished. But on the other

hand, it was light enough to recognise “Father B., the miracle worker.” And instead of helping the poor man, as a decent “clerk in the store” should have done, you run in babbling to the lady of the house, that Father B. was drunk in the street. And the “lady of the house” gave the “clerk in the store” “a stunning slap on the side of the face,” and “the clerk in the store” “staggered under the blow, and then turned round in the best nature in the world to assist in cleaning off his reverence.” Next morning you “gave him his brandy,” and “young as the clerk in the store was, all this made an impression upon him.” Sir, if the ablest lawyer in the country had you under cross examination on this subject, he could not fail to convulse the gravity of the bench with irrepressible laughter. Observe, I do not raise any question as to whether the priest was drunk or not, I let that pass. I have myself seen among the convicts of the penitentiary, individuals pointed out as having once been respectable Presbyterian ministers, and who were there for crimes even more heinous than drunkenness.—But no man of right feelings would pretend to justify an opposite religion, or to condemn theirs, on account of his crimes and misfortunes. I beg leave, then, to call in question the facts which you state in your circumstantial evidence in this case. And I direct your attention particularly to the contradiction implied by the fact that you were a clerk at the same time that you were “a clerk in the store.”

III.—You state as a fact, that on your father’s demise, your mother paid the priest money enough to have his soul prayed for by name, on every Sunday for two or three years. That, when the money was expended, his name was given out no more. That, when she inquired the cause of this, the priest told her that your father’s soul was still in purgatory, but that she had forgotten to send in the yearly tax at the time it was due.—(p. 14.) You add, that with this fact in particular, you are entirely conversant.

Now, sir, I question this “fact.” I deny this “fact.” I pronounce it to be a fabrication, and not a fact. And if the courtesy of language authorized it, I should feel bound to designate it by a still harsher word. No priest would ever dare to decide when, or whether any soul was released from Purgatory. No Irish mother, or wife, or widow, would ever speak to a priest in the manner in which you described your mother as having spoken to him. It is true she had not the benefit of a Presbyterian education. She bore the penalty of her ancestors and her creed. But she knew the principles of the Catholic faith better than you do, and your superior general information does not authorize you to envelope her in this gross imputation of ignorance as to her faith. I am willing to go to any reasonable expense to prove this a fabrication, if either you or Mr. Prime have the courage to meet me, in a formal investigation.

IV.—You state that “Father M. held frequently his confessions at your house. “That he sat in a dark room up stairs with one or more candles on a table before him.” That “those going to confession followed each other on their knees from the front door, through the hall, up the stairs, and to the door of the room.”—(p. 19.)

Now, sir, your house is likely to become as well known as Shakspeare’s. A relative of yours has taken the pains to describe it, in a late number of the Freeman’s Journal. According to him, it would be a building in the primitive style of Irish architecture. The same, very

likely, which prevailed when the round towers were constructed. Up stairs would be up a ladder, to what is called a *loft*. And if Father M. heard confessions there, I can see the great propriety of one or more candles on the table. For according to the primitive architecture of Ireland, light was received into the dwellings, either horizontally by the door, or vertically by the chimney. The former was made for the purpose of ingress and egress, and the latter for the double purpose of always letting the smoke out, and sometimes letting the day in. If, then, Father M. had heard confessions in such a place, without one or more candles upon the table, what a beautiful theme this circumstance would have afforded to a rich imagination like yours.

Sir, I feel somewhat humbled at being obliged, as a reviewer, to notice this, as well as other portions of your Kirwan’s letters, which, in my opinion, propriety should have induced you to leave under the protection of domestic privacy. If you were still a Catholic, like your pious, albeit uneducated, mother, you would feel rather proud, than otherwise, of what appears to be the fact as regards the humility of your ancestral “halls.” Poverty is not regarded, by those with whom you now associate, as respectable; and yet it has been ennobled by the example of our Redeemer and his Apostles. It is still ennobled, in the estimation of the Catholic Church, when it is selected by voluntary choice, and is not dishonorable, except when it is immediately connected with, or resulting from, moral guilt.

Our glorious Catholic ancestors were driven back into the cabins of Irish primitive life; and Protestantism, in anticipation of the good things of heaven, took possession also, of the good things of the earth. The churches, the glebe lands, the monasteries, the castles and domains of our Catholic forefathers, became the natural inheritance of Protestantism from the period when the Reformation took the interpretation of the Bible into its own hand—aided, of course, by acts of Parliament.

When, therefore, you describe the Catholic “Priests moving about as spectres, as if afraid of the light of day,” you trace a picture which seems to call up to my imagination the lives of the Apostles, and of their Divine Master, going about meekly and unobtrusively in the discharge of their heavenly mission;—whilst the contrast suggested by the description as in favor of the Presbyterianism ministry, would suggest to my mind the idea of an inflated wind-bag, which makes the avenues of life narrow wherever it passes in bustling and gassy rotundity. But I merely hope that you, judged by your own peers, are not a fair specimen of the class to which you now belong. At all events, I “call in question” the description of “our house,” and hope that you and Mr. Prime will maintain it.

V.—You state as a fact, that “on your first remembered journey to Dublin, you passed by a place called, if you mistake not, St. John’s Well.” You tell me that I know it is one of the holy wells. I answer that I know nothing about it. But you appear all at once singularly scrupulous and look upon the phrase, “if I mistake not,” as equivalent to the phrase, “young as I was,” when you were already a “clerk in the store.” I cannot dwell on your evidence respecting the Well, which was “called, if you mistake not, St. John’s Well,” but I have no hesitation in saying that the story is, either in whole or in part, a fabrication. It is found on page 21 of your first series, and I call your attention to it in the hope that you and Mr. Prime shall maintain what you have there stated as facts.