

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? — VERTULLIAN PRÆSCRIPT. XLI.

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.

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### Calendar.

**December 3—Sunday—First of Advent.**  
" 4—Monday—St Peter Chrysologus B C and Doct Doub com &c.  
" 5—Tuesday—St Hilary P C Doub Sup from 10th Sept.  
" 6—Wednesday—St Nicholas B C Doub.  
" 7—Thursday—St Ambrose B C Doct Doub.  
" 8—Friday—Conception of the B V M Doub II class with Oct.  
" 9—Saturday—St Eutychianus P M Doub Sup com &c.

### Select Tales.

#### THE MYSTERIOUS ARTIST.

One beautiful summer morning about the year 1630, several youths of Seville, in Spain, approached the dwelling of the celebrated painter Murillo, where they arrived nearly at the same time. After the usual salutations, they entered the studio or workshop of the artist. Murillo was not yet there, and each of the pupils walked up quickly to his easel to examine if the paint had dried, or perhaps to admire his work of the previous evening.

"Pray gentlemen," exclaimed Istaritz angrily, "which of you remained behind in the studio last night."

"What an absurd question!" replied Cordova, "don't you recollect that we all came away together?"

"This is a foolish jest, gentlemen," answered Istaritz. "Last evening, I cleaned my palette with the greatest care, and now it is as dirty as if some one had used it all night."

"Look!" exclaimed Carlos; "here is a small figure on the corner of my canvas; and it is not badly done. I should like to know who it is that amuses himself every morning with sketching figures, sometimes on my canvas, sometimes on the wall. There was one yesterday on your easel, Ferdinand."

"It must be Istaritz," said Ferdinand.

"Gentlemen," replied Istaritz. "I protest—"

"You need not protest," replied Carlos; "we all know you are not capable of sketching such a figure as that."

"At least," answered Istaritz, "I have never made a sketch as bad as that of yours; one would think you had done it in a jest."

"And my pencils are quite wet," said Gonzalo in his turn. Truly strange things go on here in the night."

"Do you not think, like the negro Gomez, that it is the Zombi, who comes and plays all these tricks?" said Istaritz.

"Truly," said Mendez, who had not yet spoken, being absorbed in admiration of the various figures which were sketched with the hand of a master in various parts of the studio, "if the Zombi of the negroes draws in this manner, he would make a beautiful head of the Virgin in my descent from the Cross." With these words Mendez, with a careless air, approached his easel, when an exclamation of astonishment escaped him, and he gazed in mute surprise at his canvas, on which was roughly sketched a most beautiful head of the Virgin, but the expression was so admirable, the lines so clear, the contour so graceful, that, compared with the figures by which it was encircled, it seemed as if some heavenly visitant had descended among them.

"Ah, what is the matter?" said a rough voice. The pupils turned at the sound, and

all made a respectful obeisance to the great master.

"Look, Senor Murillo, look!" exclaimed the youths as they pointed to the easel of Mendez.

"Who has painted this? who has painted this, gentlemen?" asked Murillo eagerly. "Speak, tell me. He who has sketched this Virgin, will one day be master of us all. Murillo wishes he had done it. What a touch! What delicacy! What skill! Mendez, my dear pupil, was it you?"

"No, Senor," said Mendez in a sorrowful tone.

"Was it then Istaritz, or Ferdinand, or Carlos?" But they all gave the same answer as Mendez. "It could not, however, come here without hands," said Murillo, impatiently.

"I think, sir," said Cordova, the youngest of the pupils, "that these strange pictures are very alarming; indeed, this is not the first unaccountable event which has happened in your studio. To tell the truth, such wonderful things have happened here, one scarcely knows what to believe."

"What are they," asked Murillo, still lost in admiration of the head of the Virgin by the unknown artist.

"According to your orders, Senor," answered Ferdinand, "we never leave the studio without putting every thing in order, cleaning our palettes, washing our brushes, and arranging our easels, but when we return in the morning not only is every thing in confusion, our brushes filled with paint, our palettes dirtied, but here and there are sketches, (beautiful ones to be sure they are,) sometimes of the head of an angel, sometimes of a demon, then again the profile of a young girl, of the figure of an old man, but all admirable, as you have seen yourself, Senor." "This is certainly a curious affair, gentlemen," observed Murillo, "but we shall soon learn who is this nightly visitant." Sebastian, he continued, addressing a little mulatto boy of about fourteen years old, who appeared at his call, "did I not desire you to sleep here every night?" "Yes, master," said the boy timidly. "And have you done so?" "Yes, master." "Speak, then: who was here last night and this morning, before these gentlemen came? Speak, slave, or I will make you acquainted with my dungeon," said Murillo angrily to the boy, who continued to twist the band of his trowsers without replying. "Ah! you don't choose to answer," said Murillo, pulling him by the ear. "No one, master, no one," replied the trembling Sebastian with eagerness.

"That is false," exclaimed Murillo. "No one but me, I swear to you master," cried the mulatto, throwing himself on his knees in the middle of the studio, and holding out his hands in supplication before his master. "Listen to me," pursued Murillo, "I wish to know who has sketched the head of the Virgin, and all the figures which my pupils find here every morning on coming to this studio. This night, instead of going to bed, you keep watch, and if tomorrow you do not discover who the culprit is, you shall have twenty-five strokes of the lash—do you hear! I have said it; now go to grind the colours; and you gentlemen to work." From the commencement till the termination of the hour of instruction, Murillo was too much absorbed with his pencil to allow a word to be spoken but what regarded their occupation, but the moment he disappeared, the pupils made ample amends for his restraint, and as the unknown picture occupied all their thoughts, the conversation naturally turned to that subject.

"Beware, Sebastian, of the laah," said Mendez, "and watch for the culprit. Give me the Naples yellow." "You do not need it, Senor Mendez, you have made it yellow enough already; and as to the culprit, I have already told you it is the Zombi." "Are these negroes fools or asses, with their Zombi's?" said Gonzalo, laughing; "pray what is a Zombi?" "Oh, an imaginary being, of course. But take care, Senor Gonzalo," continued Sebastian with a mischievous glance at his easel, "for it must be the Zombi who has sketched the left arm of your St. John to such a length, that if the right resembles it, he will be able to untie his shoestrings without stooping."

"Do you know, gentlemen," said Istaritz as he glanced at the painting, that the remarks of Sebastian are extremely just, and much to the point."

"Oh, they say the negroes have the faces of asses and the tongues of parrots," rejoined Gonzalo in a tone of indifference.

"With this distinction," observed Ferdinand, "that the parrot repeats the rote, while Sebastian shows judgment in his remarks."

"Like the parrot by chance," retorted Gonzalo.

"Who knows," said Mendez, who had not digested the Naples yellow, "that from grinding colors, he may one day astonish us by showing that he knows one colour from another."

"I know one color from another," said Sebastian, "but I do not know how to use them, are two very different things," replied Sebastian, whom the liberty of the studio allowed to join in the conversation of the pupils, and truth obliges us to confess that his taste was so exquisite, his eyes, so clear, that many of them did not disdain to take his advice he frequently gave respectably. Although they sometimes teased the little mulatto, he was a great favorite with them all; and he was on quitting the studio, each gave him a friendly tap on the shoulder, counsel him to keep a strict watch, and catch the Zombi by the tail of the lash.

It was night, and the studio of Murillo, the most celebrated painter of Seville—this studio, which during the day, was so animated and cheerful—was now silent as the grave. A single lamp burned on a marble table, and a young boy, whose sable hue harmonized with the surrounding darkness, but whose eyes sparkled like diamonds at midnight, leaned against an easel immovable and still. He was so deeply absorbed in his meditations that the door of the studio was opened by one, who several times called him by name, and who, on receiving no answer, approached and touched him. Sebastian raised his eyes which rested on a tall and handsome mulatto.

"Why do you come here, father?" said he in a melancholy tone. "To keep you company, Sebastian." "There is no need, father; I can watch alone."

"But what if the Zombi should come?" "I do not fear him," replied the boy, with a pensive smile. "He may carry you away, my son, and then the poor negro Gomez will have no one to console him in his slavery."

"Oh, how sad, how dreadful it is to be a slave!" exclaimed the boy, weeping bitterly.

"It is the will of God," replied the negro, with an air of resignation.

"God!" ejaculated Sebastian, as he raised his eyes to the dome of the studio, through which the stars glittered—"God! I pray constantly to him, father (and I hope he will one day listen to me,) that we may no longer be

slaves. But go to bed father; go go; and I shall go to mine in that corner and shall soon sleep. Good night, father, good night."

"Are you really not afraid of the Zombi, Sebastian?"

"My father that is a superstition in our country. Father Eugenio has assured me that God does not permit supernatural beings to appear on the earth."

"Why then, when the pupils asked you who sketched the figures they find here every morning, did you say it was the Zombi?"

"To amuse myself, father, and to make them laugh; that was all."

"Then good night my son;" and having kissed the boy, the mulatto retired.

The moment that Sebastian found himself alone, he uttered an exclamation of joy. Then suddenly checking himself, he said, "Twenty-five lashes to-morrow, if I do not tell who sketched these figures, and perhaps more if I do. O my God come to my aid!" and the little mulatto threw himself upon the mat which served him for a bed, where he soon fell fast asleep.

Sebastian awoke at day-break: it was only three o'clock. Any other boy would probably have gone to sleep again; but not so Sebastian, who had but three hours he could call his own.

"Courage, courage, Sebastian," he exclaimed, as he shook himself awake; "three hours are mine—only three—then profit by them."

Let me at least be my master for three short hours. So begin; these figures must be effected;" and seizing a brush he approached the Virgin, which, viewed by the soft light of the morning dawn, appeared more beautiful than ever.

"Efface this!" he exclaimed, "efface this! no! I will do first—efface this—they dare not—neither dare I. No! that head—she breathes—she speaks—it seems as if her blood would flow if I should offer to efface it, and I should be her murderer. No, no, no; rather let me finish it."

Scarcely had he uttered these words, when seizing a palette, he seated himself at the easel, and was soon totally absorbed in his occupation. Hour after hour passed unheeded by Sebastian, who was too much engrossed by the beautiful creation of his pencil, which seemed bursting into life, to mark the flight of time. "Another touch," he exclaimed, "a soft shade here—now the mouth. Yes; there! it opens—those eyes—they pierce me through!—what a forehead! what delicacy! Oh my beautiful!"—and Sebastian forgot the hour, forgot he was a slave, forgot his dreaded punishment—all, all was obliterated from the soul of the youthful artist, who thought of nothing, saw nothing but his beautiful picture.

But who can describe the horror and consternation of the unhappy slave, when, on suddenly turning round, he beheld all the pupils with their master at their head, standing beside him.

Sebastian never once thought of justifying himself, and with his palette in one hand, and the brushes in the other, he hung down his head, awaiting in silence the punishment he believed he justly merited. For some moments a dead silence prevailed; for if Sebastian was confounded at being caught in the commission of a flagrant crime, Murillo and his pupils were not less astonished at the discovery they had made.

Murillo, having with a gesture of the hand, imposed silence on his pupils, who could hardly restrain themselves from giving way to their indignation, approached Sebastian, and concealing his emotion, said, in a cold and severe tone, while he looked alternately from the beautiful

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