

Jesus said to his disciples. Whom do you say
am 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 will give to thee the keys of the King-
dom of Heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind
upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven: and what-
soever 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 Prescrip. xxii.

There is one God, and one Church, and one Christ
founded by the voice of the Lord upon Peter. There
is no other Altar to be erected, or a new Priesthood estab-
lished, 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, sacrile-
gious. —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.

- MARCH 25—Sunday—Passion Sunday, sem.
- 26—Monday—Annunciation B V Mary
doub II of Transferred as to Office
and Mass from yesterday.
- 27—Tuesday—Office of the Feria.
- 28—Wednesday—St Xystus III P C.
- 29—Thursday—Of the the Feria.
- 30—Friday—Seven Dolours of the B V
Mary great doub.
- 31—Saturday—Of the Feria.

COMPITUM:

OR,

The Meeting of the Ways at the Catholic Church.
THE ROAD OF CHILDREN.
(Concluded.)

This road of childhood will lead through re-
gions which we shall have to traverse shortly,
following tracks under other titles, and there-
fore not to protract needlessly our way, let us
leave it with a brief retrospect, which will un-
fold views that many may have enjoyed while
following it under the difficulties presented by
their birth.

If, as in former times, men writing a history
of their own lives, like Guibort de Nogent, were
to be animated by the desire of the Psalmist when
he said, Venite et audite et narrabo vobis omnes
qui timetis Deum, quanta fecit Dominus anima-
mea, they would do well, perhaps, to dwell at
greatest length on the instances presented in the
guidance of their childhood.

And here, disregarding the precept of the Py-
thagoreans, not to look back on setting out on a
journey, the stranger, though reluctantly, is
tempted to allude to puerile matters connected
with a familiar instance when he was in flower,
in past time of childhood; not as singular, on a
path not often trod, but as recalling what others
may have in part experienced. He knew not,
like another, the year, or hour, or day when he
first entered the labyrinth; but certainly through
no fault of the best of parents, victims of circum-
stance like himself, it was by the darkest and
most tangled parts that his feet first led him, al-
beit, old writers say that the zephyrs, with a
most benign eye, are accustomed to regard the
spot.

There stretches through the midst of Ireland
a range of long steep hills, whose southern
head is crowned with an old castle now in ruins,
where an ancestor having an armed force sped
to the succor of a lady who was besieged in it by
enemies, and as a reward secured her hand and
barony, fixed there his seat, transferring to it
from his native land a branch of a family that
boasted of its Saxon blood. At the foot of that
hill was nourished first the stranger's frame,
when placed, as Charles d Orleans says,

tout en sa gouvernance
De une dame que on appelloit Enfance.
Do you ask further about his first home?
Scribatur ubi forma loquaciter, et situs agri—
long avenues, vast heaths, solemn groves.
Fons enim vivo dare nomen idoneus, ut nec
Frigidor Thracam nec purior ambiat Hebrus.
There was near it, too, a most wild solitary cha-
pel, long in ruins, on whose broken walls, green
with ivy, it was his joy to climb and gaze upon
the moors beyond appearing deeper and deeper
purple as the sun in wondrous glory went down
upon them. Between chapel and castle there
was enough to inspire a child with interest in the
past. Ruins surrounded him. On all sides he
saw

• Hqs Epist 16.

Cypress and ivy, weed, and wall-flower, grown
matted and massed together, hillocks heaped
O. what were chambers, arch crush'd column
straw
In fragments, choked-up vaults, and frescos
steep'd
In subterranean damp, where the owl peep'd,
Deeming it midnight; chapel bath, or halls,
Pronounce who cau.

Besides, the paternal hand, ever ministering to
a thoughtful heart, had placed solemn verses bor-
rowed from the Psalms upon a wall where the
green ivy climbed, leaving only part of the stone
visible, thereby imparting a more profound mys-
terious force to the very words which seemed to
issue from the depths of long past ages. Fur-
ther, and this was a moment never to be forgot-
ten, in his truant hunting through all secreted
localities, he discovered one night a large cruci-
fix that seemed to drop blood, concealed in a
huge old press, belonging to some devout faithful
creature, who proved to be the nurse. Some
time afterwards, his visits to the oak press led to
his finding what Robinson Crusoe discovered in
rummaging the chests of the wreck, namely,
what he calls 'two or three popish prayer-
books,' which, strange to remark, he tells us
that he 'carefully secured,' and which proved
no less useful to this other lost navigator; for
the books, with the crosses so mystically stamp-
ed upon the red illumined page, never left his
memory. Such things only by stealth were
seen, but others that pointed to the Church—
clearly, were allowedly present before him! For
the rooms and even ceilings were covered with
pictures of angels and madonnas. Within
doors, indeed, no one could be persuaded to dis-
close the great secret of which the child knew
well they were all conscious; but the external
family was not so easily to be silenced. There
was a gardener, dear delightful friend,—there
were his sons, sweet kind boys, with whom he
used to play, to dig, to plant, to uproot, to
build, and to pull down what had been built.—
There was an old solemn steward, of whom he
had an occasional glimpse, and a most familiar
shepherd, who all adored in the strange distant
chapel across the moor, that was called Roman,
and who from time to time used to drop some
words about it that fell upon his ear like sounds
from another world. Nor was this all. A
potent earl had a wide domain at a distance of
seven miles, to whose castle he used often to be
conducted with familiar guests. There, in one
of the woods, under thick foliage, a cell of wood
and moss, with dark green chambers echoing to
the murmurs of a brooklet running by them,
along which one arrived at it by a winding path,
had filled his mind with love for anchorites,
whose dwelling it was feigned to be, for it was
expressly called the hermitage. Sounds too
were used, slow plaintive tunes played upon the
flute in the twilight hour, by a dear playmate,
though almost a man, who had the vice remark-
ed by Horace, never to be persuaded when asked
to sing, but unordered never to cease. Ah,
how some who had early mandates to depart are
yet allowed to steal a-haft his path to tell of
days long past! This floating melody from a
poor brother's flute, itself an artless thing made
with his own hands, like that we hear of in old
idyls, the cutting of which had made sore the
boy musician's finger, so sadly but sweetly
beguiling summer evenings to a circle of children
who loved to watch the owl's passing across the
windows of the old hall in which they sat,
thinking all the while of things past their ut-
terance, acquired a different interest when he dis-

• Sati 3. † Theoc.

covered afterwards that it was the music of the
Catholic Church caught first by the peasant
youth, then learnt from them by his brother, that
he heard; for it is a fact, that in all lands the
children of the poor love to sing them, so conso-
nant are they with that natural chant of man
which is sorrowful. There, at all events, it was
so. As Faubri remarks of those in Brittany.—
The popular airs were simple, plaintive, melan-
choly, resembling the plaintive chant of
Church; from which, in fact, they were deri-
ved. The old Gregorian tones thus reached
him:

Musa loquebatur. penes sompno per auram.
Voxque salutarium ramis veniebat ab altis.
But the issue was not yet to be discovered,
before involving himself deeper in the labyrinth
for as the child grows into the boy, or, to use
Homeric language,

—ate de megas esti, kai ebes motron ikanoif,
fresh turnings appear on every side, while the
straight avenues to truth are obstructed; he has
before him wilds and depths, tracts rich and
barren; here chestnut woods, there heathy
paths, then inland streams, and the olive moun-
tains, shapes which seem like winks or returns
of childhood's sunny dream; so transversely he
proceeds,

Per juga, per silvas, dumosque saxa vagatur.

• AEn v 9. † Od xix 522. ‡ AEn x 6.

DEATH OF VEN ARCHDEACON HAY.
(From the Toronto Mirror)

It is our painful duty to record the decease of
one of the most excellent and useful men in our
community,—the Venerable Archdeacon J. J.
HAY, of this Diocese, who expired on Monday
the 19th instant, at the Episcopal palace of St
Michael's in the 29th year of his age. Those
who have had the pleasure of knowing the ex-
emplary character of the deceased, will readily
comprehend the extent of the loss sustained by
the Catholics of Toronto, and the Diocese at
large, in the bereavement with which it has
pleased Almighty Providence to visit them.—
Archdeacon HAY was a man of no ordinary
merits. His urbanity, apostolic simplicity, be-
nevolence, unaffected piety, mildness of temper
and unwavering rectitude, gained for him the
good opinions and esteem of all, who in any
way, had intercourse with him. His acts of
charity were known only to himself, and to Him
who seeth in secret. but we can state from our
own knowledge, that many have been the good
deeds performed by him, which he desired not to
be proclaimed, and many a destitute fellow-
being who has been relieved by his timely aid
will lament his premature departure.

Archdeacon HAY was educated in Montreal.
He completed his studies at the college of the
Propaganda in Italy, and was ordained Priest in
1842; since which period he has acted as Secre-
tary of this Diocese. From the time of the de-
cease of the lamented Bishop Power, he has
been Administrator of the Diocese, and he has
throughout his whole residence amongst us, pos-
sessed the good opinion of the entire Catholic
body, both lay and clerical. He was entirely
and exclusively devoted to the duties of his sa-
cred office; and most sedulously abstained from
any part in questions of a secular nature. His
health had been long very feeble, but for some
months prior to his last illness, it appeared to have
undergone a favorable change, and he was en-
couraged to bestow more labor upon his arduous du-
ties, than many persons believed to be compati-
ble with his strength. The disease under which
he finally sunk—consumption—was too deeply

rooted to afford any lasting hopes of recovery;
and he is well known to have lived under an
abiding conviction that his days were to be but
few in this vale of tears. His death, like his
life, has been in peace. In his last hours he was
as calm and resigned to the will of Providence as
he had ever been, and he looked upon death as
his deliverer from sufferings which he bowed to
as the lot of humanity.

Consummatus in brevi explevit tempora multa.

We must add our tribute of regret to the me-
mory of our old school-mate and friend. During
the several years we studied together in Mon-
treal, we always found John Hay a pious exam-
plary student, of mild manners and great weak-
ness. His career as a Priest has been one of
zeal and great success; his labors among the
poor of Toronto will never be forgotten; his ad-
ministration of the affairs of the diocese will en-
sure him the gratitude of all who may come after
him in that portion of the Lord's vineyard. He
lived to obtain what he most desired though it
was not given him to see it, the charge of the
Church of Toronto handed over to our kind mas-
ter and beloved teacher, the good Father Larkin.
And now he has gone to rest from his labours.—
May God grant him eternal rest, and may perpet-
ual light shine upon him.—Cath. Advocate.

THE BLESSINGS OF BEING A NEWS-
PAPER EDITOR.

No. 1. I shall give up your paper, the type is
so small. 2. You use such large type that
there's nothing in the paper. 3. I put a
"card" in your sheet, and what a large staring
thing it is. 4. You use such insignificant type
for advertisements, that they cannot be seen. 5.
You're too Church for me. 6. You don't sup-
port the Church sufficiently. 7. You never
notice Dissenters. 8. Why do you pay attention
to Dissenter's meetings? 9. You're Roman
Catholics. 10. Have not Roman Catholics as
much right to be reported as Protestants? 11.
Why don't you report Wesleyans? 12. Are
you a Methodist organ?—if so, I shall give you
up. 13. You are too theatrical. 14. You
don't give sufficient news of theatres and music.
15. Why, you are a Tory. 16. I can't stand
your ultra-liberal principles; and so on. By
endeavoring to please all you satisfy none, for
each person who pays his fourpence half-penny,
thinks the newspaper ought to advocate his es-
pecial hobby, right and left. To all grumblers
of this description, we would say, decidedly,
"Start a newspaper yourselves.—English Pa-
per.

PAINFUL DUTIES OF THE SCHOOLMASTER.

There is neither fortune nor fame to be acquired
in fulfilling the laborious duties of a village
schoolmaster. Doomed to a life of monotonous
labour, and sometimes requited with ingratitude
and injustice by ignorance, he will often be op-
pressed with melancholy, and perhaps sink un-
der the weight of his thankless toil if he do not
seek strength and courage elsewhere than in the
views of immediate personal interest. He must
be sustained and animated by a prof. and sense
of the moral importance of his labours. He must
learn to regard the austere pleasure of having
served mankind, and having secretly contributed
to the public weal, as a price worthy of his ex-
ertion, which his conscience pays him. It is his
glory to aspire to nothing above his obscure and
laborious condition, to make unnumbered sacri-
fices for those who profit by him, to labor, in a
word, for man, and wait for his reward from
God.