

"IN DARKEST ENGLAND."

A Paper Prepared for the Reading Circle.

A recent number of an English magazine contains an article from the pen of a well known writer, in which he bewails what he terms a wanton waste of the people's heritage. The common people, he says, live amid scenes that attract pilgrims from the uttermost ends of the earth, while they themselves scarcely lift their eyes to see the shrines in the daily presence of which they live. And furthermore, he affirms that the people are not to blame, for nothing is done to teach them that they ever had a past, and so they live their hum-drum lives, without the consolation that the contemplation of a glorious past would afford, rich with memories of religion, poetry and romance.

England possesses a holy land of her own, but seven out of every ten of her people know it not; they seem to have a knowledge of certain names famous in the past,—Elizabeth, Cromwell, King David and Abraham,—and even these are but imperfectly realized. But as regards the glories of their country they might as well be Comanche, Indians or miners in Arizona. What an admission of failure, coming as it does from the pen of a brilliant Protestant writer, who, seeing events as they are and having the courage of his convictions, is not afraid to lift up his voice against wrong and injustice in whatever forms they exist, and when the far seeing and brilliant mind of such a man acknowledges (involuntary though it may be) the inability of Protestantism to elevate the masses from the depth of their ignorance in "Darkest England," surely we of the faith of Edward the Confessor will find encouragement to work with renewed vigor in prayer and alms-giving that this harvest may be soon gathered into the vineyard of the Lord. Let us hope and pray, and by the sign that Charlemagne saw shall we conquer in our battle with ages of prejudice and hatred.

But to come back to our subject. If the people are not to blame for this waste of the wealth of King Demos, this want of interest in all that a nation should hold in reverence, who or what is responsible, some cause must be assigned for this desolation.

Let us pierce the mists of the past, and alas! too easily can we discern by the lurid light of the so-called reformation, the reason for this national apathy. The monasteries demolished, the records destroyed, the record keepers (the patient monks) robbed and plundered, and to-day what have we to replace these convents and monasteries where holy men and women tended to the wants of our suffering Lord in the persons of the poor, the sick and the desolate. What have we but that blot on the page of English civilization—the workhouse!

Henry the Eighth, fallen from his high estate of Defender of the Faith to the plunderer of the faithful, his example followed by his infamous daughter, the "Good Queen Bess" of Protestant annals. The followers of these royal vandals, in their blind hatred of all things Christian and Catholic, even went so far as to endeavor to suppress the festival of the birth of our Redeemer, and the people, old and young, deprived of their customary greetings to the Christ-child, cried out in their anguish and desolation, No Christmas! No Christmas!

And to-day, centuries later, a voice from a people deprived of their heritage as they were deprived of their faith, cries out in their sorrow, No History! No History! Deprived of her Faith, for England was never apostate. No, a thousand times no. Protestant she may have been under the force of circumstances, apostate never; and as at the present time, one after another of brilliant minds in quick succession, seeking truth, find shelter in the fold of the one Church true and Apostolic, so may we soon expect to see England take her place among the nations proud of being acknowledged as an elder daughter of the Church.

Now what is proposed as a panacea for this national ill, this waste of history. Nothing more or less than a leaf out of the past, the revival of the pilgrimage. How strange this must sound in the ears of our separated brethren. Revival of the pilgrimage in the land of the open

Bible, the land of a people ignorant of the fame and very name of their Saints and heroes, a land with history untold and songs unsung. Surely,

"God's justice is o'er it all,
He probes for motives,
He waits for years,
To Him no moment is mean or small,
His scales are turned
By the weight of tears."

The pilgrimage, the learned Englishman goes on to say was a favorable factor in social and religious functions and always had a religious sanction and in proposing this revival he says it must be secure the end in view (the education of the people), a pilgrimage and not an excursion, for according to Tolstoi there is as much difference between a pilgrimage and an excursion as there is between a pilgrim and a tramp.

Yes, by all means revive the pilgrimage in its true Catholic and Christian sense, and when the prayers of the guild of our Lady of Ransom are answered and England once more bears the proud title of "Our Lady's Dowry," and the Te Deums of her pilgrims ascend from the shrines of her Confessors, Martyrs and Saints, then will her national memory be restored. Then will she awaken to a knowledge of her glorious heritage. Then, and not till then, will the reproach be removed that she lived for ages unmoved in an atmosphere "Thick with the purple mists of centuries and of song."

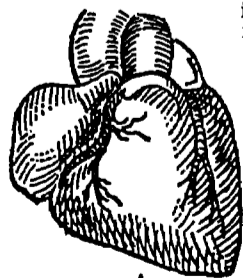
S. SUTHERLAND.

LIEUT.-GOVERNOR HOWLAN.

THE RECIPIENT OF ADDRESSES FROM THE IRISH SOCIETIES OF P. E. I.

We note with pleasure, in the Daily Examiner of Charlottetown, that His Honor, the new Lieutenant-Governor of Prince Edward Island, ex Senator Howlan, was the object of hearty congratulations on the occasion of his appointment to office. Amongst other national bodies the Ancient Order of Hibernians presented a most cordial address. Now that the Lieut.-Governor is outside the political arena, we may be permitted to wish him health and success during the remainder of his career. It is always a source of pleasure to note the attaining of positions of distinction by our prominent Irish Catholics. Each one furnishes an additional proof of the worth of our people and a convincing evidence that all they require is a fair field in order to reach the topmost rungs on the ladder of success. All over Canada Governor Howlan has been most popular. In Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal, and in each large center—not to speak of his own "Little Isle by the Sea"—he has made thousands of friends, all of whom, irrespective of politics, creed or nationality, rejoice to learn of his well deserved appointment to the highest post of duty in his Province. He occupies a place held by other able and well remembered Irishmen of mark. John Ready and Sir Dominick Daly were, each in turn, Lieutenant-Governors of Prince Edward Island. Hon. Mr. Howlan is the third of that trinity of distinguished sons of the "Ancient Race," and we trust that his days will be long in the land and that prosperity may accompany his footsteps adown the avenue of the future.

Benevolent Old Gentleman: My good man, how came you to adopt begging as a trade? Or would you call it a profession? Beggar: It is neither, sir, it is an art.

THE HEART

is liable to great functional disturbance through sympathy. Dyspepsia, or indigestion, often causes it to palpitate in a distressing way. Nervous Prostration, Debility and Impoverished Blood, also cause its too rapid pulsations. Many times, Spinal Affections, cause it

to labor unduly. Sufferers from such Nervous Affections often imagine themselves the victims of organic heart disease.

ALL NERVOUS DISEASES, as Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxia, Epilepsy, or Fits, St. Vitus's Dance, Sleeplessness, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Debility, Neuralgia, Melancholia and Kindred Ailments, are treated as a specialty, with great success, by the Staff of the Invalids' Hotel. For Pamphlet, References, and Particulars, enclose 10 cents, in stamps for postage.

Address, **WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.**

THE RESURRECTION.

Out from the tomb in glory cometh
The Lord, triumphant, glorified;
Death is conquered, the Victor riseth,
Proven God, the crucified.

Riven the tomb by the breath of an angel,
Broken the seal of Rome's mighty state,
Fleeing in terror, her soldiers whose courage
War's sullen thunders could never abate.

Out from the sepulchre, mighty and holy,
Radiant and beautiful, the Conqueror comes;
Tremble ye minions of Rome, this is glory
Greater than Caesar's, greater than Rome's.

Tremble ye Jews, ye priests of the Temple,
Stained are your souls by the blood of a God;
Jesus has risen—the Nazarene humble,
He whom you tortured with insult and rod.

Calvary's Victim, outshining in splendor
The sun, when at noonday its beams fiercest
blaze,
Countenance gleaming, with light so effulgent,
Eyes of a mortal may falter to gaze.

Crowned with a halo of glory eternal,
Where sharp-pointed thorns late wreathed
the pale Brow,
Regal His aspect, yet meek as an angel's;
—Will ye deny him divinity now?

Cower ye mighty, your power is shaken,
God has reclaimed mankind for His Own;
Ye of the Temple, priesthood and people,
Haste for the blood of a God to atone!

Rejoice all ye faithful who followed the Savior
O'er pathways of sorrow to Calvary's height;
Ye know the voice of a God in "the Master,"
Prouder, awaited a God in His might.

Rejoice all mankind, 'tis a Savior that's risen,
Mercy, not vengeance, He seeks to bestow;
His death—the atonement for all our transgressions,
With love for His creatures His great heart's aglow.

—K. DOLORS.

EASTER IN ROME.

Easter week is still the great season at Rome; for Italy is Catholic, if the Pope is not king. At this feast of feasts it would seem that all Italy had gathered for one grand holiday. Throngs on throngs pass early towards St. Peter's, solemn High Mass is celebrated, and the nobility, the soldiery and the populace are mingled together in the vast sea of human beings there. Suddenly the trumpeter comes forth to the balcony over the grand entrance, and the shrill blast is sent out over the multitude, announcing that the moment had come when at the altar the Pope consecrates the Host, and high and low all bend on their knees. We should have previously said that the day is ushered in by the firing of cannon, and the lamps around the tomb of St. Peter are lighted, while from a hall in the palace of the Vatican the Pope is carried into the church, seated in his chair, borne on the shoulders of his officers. On his head he wears the tiara or triple crown, which signifies a union of spiritual and temporal power. On all sides of him are carried large fans, composed of ostrich feathers, in which are placed the eye-like parts of peacock's feathers to represent the eyes of vigilance of the Church. When in the church, he rests under a rich canopy of silk.

After the trumpet has sounded, the Pope himself is borne to the balcony over the central doorway, and gives his benediction to the waiting thousands, as he makes the sign of the cross in the air. It is a most impressive scene to see a hundred thousand people thrilled by this act.

Deep silence lies on the breathing mass while the benediction is pronounced; and then the Amen is chanted four times, lending a sweet charm by the music to the scene. Afterwards the cardinal deacon reads in Italian and Latin the absolution, and gives the plenary indulgence granted to those who have attended all the sacraments in the spirit of true repentance.—*Sacred Heart Review.*

OF LATE a lengthy article upon "Authorship of the *Te Deum*" has been going the rounds of the Catholic press. Dom Germain Morin, a Benedictine monk, after much research, declares that he thinks the hymn was originally a doxological gloss or amplification of the psalm *Laudate Pueri Dominum*, and that the author was St. Nicetas, Bishop of Remesiana in Dacia. The following may interest many of our readers:

"Dom Germain accounts for the hymn having been attributed to St. Ambrose by the fact, mentioned by Cassiodorus, that one of the treatises of Nicetas, *De Fide*, was included in the works of St. Ambrose. Moreover, it is highly probable that the Church of Milan was one of the first to adopt the hymn, whence it spread to Gaul and Britain *via* Lerins and Marseilles. Its ascription to Sisebut, which is found in Monte Cassino MSS., may be accounted for by supposing that

a monk of that name found his way to Monte Cassino and introduced it there; for we know from St. Gregory that the Gothic element had already been introduced into Monte Cassino during the lifetime of the holy patriarch. In like manner the ascription of the hymn to St. Aubundius, which occurs in Vatican MSS., may point to the introduction of the hymn into Rome through St. Aubundius, who, according to St. Gregory (*Dial.*, l. 4, c. 25), was *Mansionarius* St. Petri towards the middle of the sixth century."

The Sacred Heart Review publishes the following letters, written by the Emperor Napoleon I. They have just come to light. M. Fouche, to whom they were written, was his chief of secret police. They cast a new light on the character and principles of the conquering Corsican:—

[To M. Fouche, Duke of Otrante.]

Monsieur le Duc d'Otrante: There is in the *Publiciste* an article which appears to be written in favor of the Spanish monks. Make the editor understand the inconvenience of such articles, and the risk he runs of having his journal suppressed.

Have some articles written, describing the ferocity of these monks, their ignorance, and their profound stupidity, for the monks of Spain are genuine butcher boys.

[To Prince le Brun, Governor-General of Holland and Amsterdam.]

Trianon, July 18, 1811.

My Cousin: The authors of the *Annales politiques et litteraires* of Amsterdam, have printed an article in which they claim that the Pope has the right to excommunicate sovereigns and to dispose of sovereignties. Order the *Annales politiques* to be suppressed and the authors of the article to be arrested.

[To General Savory, Minister of the General Police.]

Paris, February 11, 1813.

Monsieur le Duc de Rovigo: You will order the arrest of all the priests who shall be found in the small churches, and have them sent to the State's prison.

WE ARE very grateful to science. A great ourang-outang died recently in Paris and the body was subjected to a medical examination under the scalpel. The acknowledged authorities have come to the conclusion that man is not descended from the animals. That is quite consoling. In truth we never had any ambition in the line of ancestry tracing, much less did we ever care to know that our grand parents had tails, cracked nuts for a living and lived in trees. We have always been satisfied with Adam as our first parent, nor did we ever think there was any great distinction in being able to trace our pedigree beyond his time. However, it has often puzzled us to make out one thing; if man is but a developed monkey, or, as great and soul-inspiring philosophers like Darwin tell us, he comes by evolutionary process from the ape, how is it that apes, baboons, and other monkeys exist to-day? Their race should be extinct, if they have developed into men. It takes a baboon to invent such a theory and an ourang-outang to believe in it.

THE *Moniteur de Rome* announces that in 1896 the Holy Father will grant an extraordinary jubilee to France in honor of the centenary fetes commemorating the baptism of Clovis.

SEND TO-DAY.

Ladies and Gentlemen, be alive to your own interests. There has recently been discovered and is now for sale by the undersigned, a truly wonderful "Hair Grower" and "Complexion Whiteners." This "Hair Grower" will actually grow hair on a bald head in six weeks. A gentleman who has no beard can have a thrifty growth in six weeks by the use of this wonderful "Hair Grower." It will also prevent the hair from falling. By the use of this remedy boys raise an elegant mustache in six weeks. Ladies if you want a surprising head of hair have it immediately by the use of this "Hair Grower." I also sell a "Complexion Whiteners" that will in one month's time make you as clear and white as the skin can be made. We never knew a lady or gentleman to use two bottles of this Whiteners for they all say that before they finished the second bottle they were as white as they would like to be. After the use of this whiteners, the skin will forever retain its color. It also removes freckles, etc., etc. The "Hair Grower" is 50 cents per box and the "Face Whiteners" 50 cents per bottle. Either of these remedies will be sent by mail, postage paid, to any address on receipt of price. Address all orders to,

R. RYAN,

Gower Point, Ont.

P. S.—We take P.O. stamps same as cash but parties ordering by mail confer a favour by ordering \$1.00 worth, as it will require this amount of the solution to accomplish either purpose, then it will save us the rush of P. O. stamps.

"What are you crying for, Tommy?"
"Because my brothers have a holiday and I haven't."
"But why haven't you a holiday, too?"
"Because I'm not old enough to go to school."