

tion, within the space of fifteen days, in the church which the Ordinary shall have designated.

We confidently hope that the Angels of peace, bearing in their hands the vials of gold and the censers of gold, will offer to the Lord on the golden altar our fervent and humble prayers, as also those of the whole Church in favor of Spain: and we trust that the Lord, who is rich in mercy, regarding them with a benign countenance, will vouchsafe to hear our petitions, and the common petitions of all the faithful; and grant that being delivered by His right hand, and the arm of His strength, from the calamities and errors which desolate that country, our holy mother the Church may be released from her sufferings, and again enjoy that liberty and peace with which Christ has endowed her.

That these our Apostolic letters may be the more easily known to all, and that no one may allege ignorance of their contents, we wish and ordain that they be published according to custom, by one of our officers, before the gates of the Basilic of the Prince of the Apostles, the Hall of the Apostolic Chancery, the general Court on Monte Citorio, as also in the Camp of Flora, and that a copy be left at each of the said places.

Given at Rome, at St Peter's, under the ring of the fisherman, on the 22d of Feb., 1842, the twelfth of our Pontificate.

LOUIS CARD. LAMBRUSINI.

THE CHURCH IN SPAIN.

We this day publish, in another column, a document which will go to the heart of every one of our readers. It is a solemn allocution of his Holiness, in which he orders public prayers to be offered up for the sad state of religion in Spain, and stimulates the piety of the faithful by the promise of a Plenary indulgence. The condition of the church in Spain is indeed sad beyond expression. We seem to be now witnessing in that once all-catholic land the repetition of these scenes which three centuries ago wrested this nation from the fold of Christ. We seem to see in our own times the accomplishment of events similar to those which made our ancestors mourn and weep and shed tears of blood. Who would have believed it possible?—The gallant nation of Spain, the pride of European chivalry, the country of St. Ignatius and St. Dominic, the devout and fervid race, than whom none more zealous have ever worshipped beneath the cross or cherished in their hearts the love of Mary the Mother of God. This race, whose very warriors in times past have had a priestly character, and whose priests have outdone in austerity and zeal the fervor of all other priesthoods—behold this race, having fallen away from its former piety, having cooled its first flames, having sunk beneath the allurements of a false philosophy and a licentious practice, seems prepared to cast away the very name of its religion as a thing of little worth, and to submit the eternal destinies of its sons to the bidding of a crew of the most despicable creatures that ever affronted the majesty of God. Alas for Spain! What can we see in the gloomy prospect before her? She has long

been a prey to discord; and hostile factions have wreaked their mutual hatred upon her miserable soil. The ties which of old have bound men together within her confines have long been relaxed. The old instincts have long been blunted.—The people (in the towns at least) have long ceased to reverence as they were wont; and perhaps the Church, or rather the Churchmen of Spain, have not taught and prayed and fasted as they ought, and by the austerities of penance averted the judgments of God from the sins of the nation. And now we see the miserable result. The measure of her sins seems to be full; the vials of wrath are poured out upon her; the one tie—the one principle of order—the one hope of restoration—seems on the point of being burst asunder and annihilated for ever.

It is, indeed, a solemn time in Spanish history. She is not all corrupt; far from it. She still retains within the corners of the land, as recent events have proved much of the old piety, and a great deal of the true spirit of her ancient martyrs and confessors. She still retains many pious priests; and devout dignitaries yet sit within her episcopal palaces, unless by this time they are all consigned by the reckless tyrants who sway her destinies to "the damp vault's cheerless gloom."

The fervent prayer still rises from the neglected pavement of her churches, and penetrates to heaven through the half-roofless dwelling place of the Holy Mysteries. And if lawless and blood-thirsty mobs ride predominant in too many of her towns, a wholesome, cheerful, and primitive spirit of religion still blesses the more remote districts in which the vices and brutalities of towns are unknown. Within the confines of Spain the good and evil principles still contend for the mastery; she is not wholly given up to perdition.

But yet her fate trembles in the balance. The designs of her rulers have been, for a time, baffled, one can hardly tell by what means. The plan for avowedly de-catholicizing Spain has been brought forward; but for the moment it is not pressed and here, in this breathing time, which seems to have been conceded by the Almighty as a blessed interval, in which to avert his wrath by prayer and penance in the midst of this penitential season of Lent, behold the voice of our chief pastor is heard in every corner of the habitable globe, summoning, amidst tears and moaning, every Christian soul to weary heaven with prayers and sighs, and vows, and aspirations, that the fetters which have be-girt the Christendom of Spain, may be shivered and broken in pieces. In Spain, judging from human auguries, the cause would seem well nigh hopeless. And in this awful crisis, when the matter appears as if taken out of human control, it is referred by the Father of the faithful, and Christ's vicar upon earth to us, even to us, the humblest and lowest of the flock, to turn the hand of the Almighty and All-merciful from his afflicted people.

When the Catholics of England were struck down beneath the remorseless tyranny of Elizabeth; when our forefathers were racked, and tortured, and plunged; and when the practice of our reli-

gion was made a crime and a treason, and priests had to lurk in dens and caves of the earth, and to hide themselves in obscure recesses, from the punishment due to the worshippers of Christ, Spain took pity on our forlorn state. In her turn Spain is brought low; and the Holy Father summons us, and all Christian men to her rescue; not by fleets, or armies, or military equipments or the power of the sword—but by holy prayer, and by peaceful means.

It is a frightful thing to cast one's eye along the annals of modern history, and consider how protracted are the punishment of national crimes; how the evil doings of the days of prosperity have their appointed recompense in ages long subsequent; how the unfaithfulness of one century is punished by the misery of the next; and how the spiritual sin of men who enjoyed every advantage of religion, besides being visited in the delinquents in the next world, carries a curse with it in this to their remote posterity, causes after generations to be blighted by the curses of heresy and schism, and sends myriads of souls to an unblessed grave for the retribution of sins which are not primarily their own. Such is the case with Spain now. Never has a nation been so full of spiritual riches; so heaped up with an affluence of heavenly graces. But she has forsaken her first love, and become lukewarm in the embraces of her Lord and Master, and now the punishment of the spiritual adultery of those times has fallen, or is falling upon this (perhaps) less guilty generation. It is indeed a fearful thing this purification by suffering. God grant that the judgments upon Spain may be less grievous than those upon us. God grant that they may end in temporal sufferings, in forfeitures, imprisonments, and scaffolds. God grant that the last and worst penalty may not be hers, the confirmation of that terrible schism which is now making its first approaches, and which may lead to some monstrous and ineradicable heresy, rendering well-nigh impassable the road to salvation, and poisoning the sources of spiritual life to millions yet unborn. That this fearful calamity may be averted; that this pause in persecution may be prolonged; that the judgments of God may be turned aside and His Mercies showered down abundantly upon Spain from the treasury of his inexhaustible bounty; let us follow earnestly the exhortation of the Pontiff, and offer up with all our hearts and souls our prayers to God in her behalf.—*True Tablet.*

From the True Tablet.

DESECRATION OF OLD ENGLISH CHURCHES.

The text of Mr. Pugin's article is well worthy of an attentive perusal. His Chronicle of the Desecration of the Old English Churches and Cathedrals will be read with a melancholy interest. It is written, moreover, in a peculiarly energetic and glowing style of indignation; and his uncompromising manner of attacking abuses and desecrations of all kinds is admirably defended by himself in the following pithy sentence:—"Milk and water men never effect anything; they deserve drowning in their own insidious compositions." To use another of Mr. Pugin's expressions in the same article, "Now we could embrace the man who wrote this." The peroration of this article is so truly eloquent that we shall be excused for giving it at length:—

"From these lamentable chronicles some correct idea may be formed of the desolated state of England's churches after the great schism of the sixteenth century. Truly does it seem that the words of Jeremiah in his Lamentations had come to pass in this unhappy land, 'Vix Sion lugent eo quod non sint qui veniant ad solemnitatem, omnes portæ ejus destructæ, sacerdotes ejus gementes, virgines ejus squalidæ, et ipsa oppressa amaritudine.' Again, 'Quomodo obscuratum est aurum, mutatus est color optimus dispersi sunt lapides Sanctuarii in capite omnium platearum;' and yet this dark and dismal period of sacrilege, and irreverence, is strangely distinguished as *Anglo Catholic*, by men who are professedly engaged in building up the wall of Sion. The mis-application of the term *Anglo Catholic* at the present time is truly surprising, and by gross inconsistency it is used *exclusively* to signify times and events *essentially Protestant*. While the almost Puritan service of the last three centuries, composed under the immediate superintendence of *foreign heretics*, with all its meagreness, departure from antiquity, and inconsistency, is denominated *Anglo-Catholic*, the ancient rites of the *English Church*, when she held in common with the rest of *Christendom*, are termed *Romish*; and not unfrequently this expression is actually applied to the liturgies and ceremonies compiled by the old English bishops, and which were, in a manner, peculiar to this country. The modern English service is *very Genevan*, but the ancient English liturgy, although approved and sanctioned by the holy see was *not Roman*. Gregory of ever-blessed memory commanded St. Austin to adopt such rites and customs as he found practised in the churches of those countries through which he passed on his journey to England, as might tend to the increase of edification; and to introduce them in the English Church: and we may reasonably conclude that ours was a very perfect ritual. At the time when Calvin undertook to revise and alter the English Liturgy, was it not filled with commemorations of those saintly prelates and kings, who had shone as lights of faith in this once truly glorious land? and had not canonised bishops of England composed so holy and approved an office, that in the missals and rituals it is termed 'ad usum insignis et præclaræ ecclesiæ Sarum? was not God worshipped with marvellous solemnity in the old English Church? and, indeed, was there any portion of Christendom to be compared with it, for the multitude and glory of its pious monuments and religious buildings? and while many of them were erecting, Rome was a perfect desert. Yet in the face of all these facts, we continually hear of 'Romish altars,' 'Romish roads,' 'Romish ceremonies,' 'built by the old Romans,' 'a Roman priest' (probably a rector with chalice and chalice, who never was out of England in his life), 'Romish bishops,' 'Romish superstitions,' and the like; and men have been so deluded with these ideas, that they have brought themselves to hate the Church of their country and of their fathers as *foreign*, and to embrace and cherish *really foreign novelties* as English,

[TO BE CONTINUED.]