

their allegiance to God, remained faithful to the Church of their fathers. Throughout a long and withering persecution, in which they were deprived of all human consolation, they hoped against hope. Weeping, they wept in this long night of sorrow, over the desolation of their Sanctuary, and their tears were on their cheeks; for amongst all those who were before dear to them, there was none to comfort them. (29) Nevertheless, like the prophet Daniel, they were *MEN OF DESIRES*, and they prayed, without ceasing, that the days of desolation and captivity might be shortened upon God's people, that the transgression of their beloved country might be finished, and its sin might have an end. (30) How fortunate for England that she possessed this faithful band of Confessors and Martyrs! For "if the Lord of Hosts had not left" her that precious "seed" she "would have been as Sodom, and should have been like to Gomorrah." (31)

Their prayers and tears, no less than the continual intercession of the glorious array of the sainted spirits of England, seem to have at length prevailed before the throne above. A more enlightened policy has in some measure supplanted the persecuting spirit of other disastrous times. A bright streak—the forerunner of a glorious dawn—has appeared upon her religious horizon; and those who sighed so long, in remembering the splendours of the olden time, look up with grateful admiration, and joyful hope. The fountains of ancient Truth, so long sealed up, have been gradually re-opened, and the "desert, waterless land" (32) is refreshed and gladdened with its fertilising streams. Many of "the people who walked in darkness have seen the great light" (33) which was erstwhile shed upon their fathers. They have begun to read their national history with the eye of Faith, and to discern, in every thing around them, the true vestiges of English glory, the solid proofs of universal fame, the best pledges of temporal peace, and of endless bliss to come. The way-side cross, the ivy-mantled turret, the storied sepulchre, the silent cell, the painted window, the frescoed wall, the encaustic pavement, the antique gem, the illuminated manuscript, the ancient coin, the regal robes, the coronation rite, the royal charities, the knightly armour, the municipal badge, the heraldic device, the monumental inscription, the old patent, the moth-eaten deed, the legal formula, the phœbeal titles, the black-letter calendar, the patron saints of churches, the collegiate rules, the pious statutes of olden guilds, the hallowed festival customs, the popular games, the familiar salutations, the names of streets, villages and towns, the very "stones crying out from the walls" (34) of the dismantled temple—all those merriving telegraphs, which communicate to modern times the belief of other days, have spoken to the English heart in mute, but eloquent language, and have awakened it from the torpor of ages. The transcendent beauties of Catholic Art are admired and copied. The "dark ages," once so vilified, are now encircled with a halo of brightness. The "lazy monks" are found to be the benefactors of mankind, and to have rendered immense services to society, in the scriptorium and at the plough, as well as in the schools of science, the chancel or the pulpit. The spirit of the tasteful and indefatigable Pugin has breathed upon the unsightly heaps of Protestant Architecture, informed the grotesque piles of modern fashion, and in his plastic hand moulded chaos itself into beauty, sublimity and order.

Thus, William of Wykeham is revered, not only in his own beloved Winchester, but throughout the length and breadth of the land. The charming pages of Digby, that skilful miner, who, with incessant toil, has dug up the buried treasures of the AOKS OF FAITH, and from his rich store-house of Catholic lore "brought forth new things and old" (35) to astonish, to dazzle, to inflame his delighted reader,—have confounded the calumnies of literary pretenders, and pointed out to the weary pilgrim of the soul, the thousand alluring paths which converge, and lead to the only consecrated Temple of Unity and Peace. Attested in his own blood, the "TEN REASONS" of CAMPBELL, the glorious son of St. Ignatius, once addressed in vain to Oxford, have, at length, prevailed in that renowned seat of learning; and, attracted by that potent voice which called Peter from his nets, Paul from the synagogue, and Matthew from the customs, numbers of the most gifted sons of that famous University have renounced all things to follow Christ. The pure and incorruptible soul of MORE again hovers around the precincts of Westminster Hall, and the blood of the martyred FISHER has cried out with effect to the most distinguished of the English Clergy, and induced them, by the consideration of the singular anomaly of Church Headship, so clearly described seventeen centuries ago by the stern African doctor, (36) to restore their allegiance to the successor of Peter, the Vicegerent of Jesus Christ, for whose spiritual supremacy that great prelate of Rochester so nobly died. FATHER PEACOCK, the distinguished alumnus of Balliol College at Oxford, is ably represented by the learned NEWMAN, who writes also with depth and feeling for the conversion of his native land. The evangelical boldness of PEARCE and ELSTOW, the glorying in the Cross of Christ, and the contempt of the world's ridicule, which immortalized HOUWTON, the holy Prior of the Charter House, are seen again in an Oakley, a Faber, a Ward, a Father Ignatius, who glories in the livery of Jesus Crucified, and fears not to "speak of the testimonies of the Lord in the presence of Kings." (37) The mighty metropolis has found a successor for POLK in profound and varied erudition, and orthodox zeal, as well as in the highest honours of the Roman purple. In a word, the majesty and beauty of our spotless Church are quietly resuming their ancient sway. England is returning to judgment, and the wicked elders who conspired to blacken the fair fame of the Spouse of Christ are already convicted of prevarication and falsehood.

These are some of the wondrous works which have been wrought before our eyes, and for the accomplishment of which many past generations have wept and prayed, have suffered and died. Truly this is the Lord's own work, and it is wonderful in our eyes!

If we were to imagine, Dearly Beloved Brethren, that this mighty throbbing of the national pulse should create no sensation; that these long stagnant waters should be stirred to their very depths without some offensive commotion; that the enemy of truth, the "strong-armed man of the gospel" who was at peace whilst his possessions were secure, should not be disturbed "when a stronger than he has come to disarm and defeat him" and to "scatter all his spoils" (38)—we would indeed be greatly

(29) Jerem. (30) Daniel ix. 21. 24. (31) Isai. i. 9. (32) Ps. lxxi. 3. (33) Isai. ix. (34) Habacuc. ii. 11.

(35) Matt. xiii. 52. (36) Non permittitur mulier in Ecclesia loqui; sed nec docere, nec tingere, nec offerre, nec illius virilis munus. NEWMAN SACERDOTALIS OFFICII SORTEM sibi vindicare. Tertullian De Virg. Voluntas. C. IX. (37) Ps. cxviii. 46. (38) Luke xi. 22.