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tiful in her. He has, in His fierce anger, cast off her Altar, and cursed her Sanctuary; He has delivered the walls of the towers thereof into the hands of the enemy. His law was no more amongst her, and her prophets found no vision from the Lord: Those blind prophets saw but false and foolish things for her, and they did not lay open her iniquity to excite her to penance. The Lord made her a derision to all His people—their song all the day long. He filled her with bitterness, fed her with ashes, rejoyed her soul far off from peace, so that she forgot the good things of old, and her end and hope seemed to have perished. She strayed away from the womb, and spoke false things. She despised the faithful Mother who had begotten her in Christ, who had nourished her with sound doctrine, and exalted her to glory and honour. Great has been her pride, and her arrogance as that of Moab, and in the multitude of her strength she persecuted the Church of God, and got drunk with the blood of His Martyrs. She made His servants a prey to the fowls of heaven, and gave the flesh of His saints to the beasts of the earth! Great, indeed, as the sea, was her destruction: who could heal her? (27)

Oh! if she could but win back again the precious pearl which she has lost! If she could only recover that saving Faith which she so unhapily surrendered! If, after three centuries of spiritual degradation and chastisement,—and we look upon her temporal prosperity, and her mere worldly wisdom, as her greatest scourges—she could only obtain pardon of her great national crime, we do believe, from the many noble and estimable natural qualities of her people, that England would speedily become one of the fairest portions of the Church of Christ, and perhaps eclipse her ancient glories.

And surely the arm of the Most High is not shortened. Who knows but the Lord may turn to the English people, our dear though separated brethren, our beloved fellow-subjects, and forgive them, and remember their iniquities no more! Who knows but that they may be again translated from darkness into His admirable light! Who knows but that they may return again to the Holy Mother that bore them, “to the Rock from which they were cut out,” to the centre of Unity and Truth from which they received their first Apostles!

From the wonderful events of the last few years, and the extraordinary changes which are every day occurring, there is much ground for hope. All that could be accomplished by human malice or human wisdom, prompted and supported by the powers of darkness, to uproot the Ancient Faith, has been tried in vain; for “there is no wisdom, there is no prudence, there is no counsel against the Lord.” (28) We almost shudder at giving even a brief transcript of the horrible devices employed against the Church

of God, but why should we not exalt the heroism of His faithful servants in England—the invincible power of His Truth—the irresistible strength of the right hand of the Most High? We therefore only decline what is notorious to the world, when we say, that sanguinary laws, bribery and punishment, threats and smiles, imprisonment and proscription, outrages and insult, misrepresentation and calumny, sham plots and mendacious forgeries, exclusion from place and power—oppression in the army, degradation in the navy, injustice in the courts of law, banishment from the halls of science, crushing fines, grievous exactions, cruel confiscations—the rack, the scourge, the gibbet—every form of torture, all species of continuity—whatsoever was hideous in bondage, debasing in slavery, unnatural in civil strife—all that poisoned the springs of friendship, destroyed the charities of life, and rent asunder the dearest ties of nature—all, all have been tried, and tried in vain. In vain were tried the illimitable resources, the vast wealth, the boundless power, of the greatest Empire that perhaps the world has ever beheld. The indestructible germ of divine Truth, planted deeply in the soil, by the zealous labours of her first Missionaries, could never be eradicated from the fair bosom of England. Her Catholicity was not dead; it merely slept. There were always a chosen few, who never bent the knee to Baal. There were always some who refused to pronounce that dreadful and impious sentence of damnation against all Christendom, and to declare, that “for eight hundred years and more” it was plunged in gross idolatry. There were always some lofty souls, and faithful sons, who refused to curse the ashes of their pious ancestors, and who would not believe—the very thought filled them with horror—that the hallowed remains of their forefathers, which, for upwards of ten centuries had accumulated the soil in the innumerable Conventries of Old England, were nothing more than the bones of Idolators who had perished under the malediction of heaven. Oh! how could they believe this, when they looked around and beheld on every side the time-honoured monuments of Catholic England; the enduring testimonies of piety, charity, and faith; the superb Cathedrals, the spacious Abbeys, the beauteous cloisters, the solemn temples, the lofty spires, the rich tabernacles, the jewelled vases, the enamelled shrines, the glittering chancels, the gorgeous windows, the towering columns and the sculptured arches; the noble universities, colleges and schools, the vast libraries, the pious endowments, the charitable legacies, the chauntries, the hospitals, the alms-houses, the refuges for the destitute and the aged of every rank, those sweet asylums for the poor, in which poverty was deemed no crime, but was honoured and respected, and cherished, with tenderest care, for His sake, Who, for love of us, made Himself poor! How could they assert that the Great Nation who had bequeathed to posterity so many imperishable records of their knowledge of the Gospel, and their practical belief in Christ were nothing better, after all, than the Infidel or the Pagan! Accordingly those devoted sons of Old Catholic England, steadfast in

(27) Jerem. &c. passim. Ps. lxxvii.

(28) Proverbs xxi. 30.