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MISCELLANEOUS—Series A.

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THE CHURCH IN SCOTLAND FROM ST. COLUMBA TO ST. MARGARET.

A POPULAR LECTURE.

IN my last lecture I endeavoured to place before you an outline of the circumstances by which Christianity was brought into our country. I showed you that it came in the first instance direct from Rome. In the year 410, Britain was a Roman province; it was governed by Roman laws, administered by Roman magistrates; Roman officers with Roman soldiers held it in subjection, and there was a continual interchange of relations between Britain and Rome. I have inferred—and I think fairly—that during these 400 years many Roman Christians must have found their way into our country. Beginning then with the political and military connection between Scotland and Rome, from it we may venture to advance a conjecture, and, I think, a reasonable one—that the religion of Rome was introduced at the same time. Proceeding onwards, however, from conjecture let us come to the region of certainty. During the time of the Roman occupation, the Pope of Rome, for the time being, called together several councils, and he invited the British bishops to take part in their deliberations. He sent a message to them, and they accepted the invitation. I have already mentioned the names of three, and I repeat them here—they were the councils of Arles, Sardica and Rimini. These three councils were attended by British

bishops, and during the sitting of these three Councils various Acts were passed, which, when they were completed, were sent to Rome for the sanction of the Pope, in order that His Holiness might give his approbation to them, and stamp them with his supreme authority. He did so. The letter which accompanied them contains an expression to which I invite your attention. The assembled bishops designated the Holy Father as the successor of St. Peter, on whom had devolved, by the right of succession, the privileges given by Christ to St. Peter. Here, then, you have at this early period—for these meetings range from the years, roughly speaking, 314 to 360—at that early period you have the calm, deliberate, decided dictum of the British bishops that they owe allegiance and loving submission to the Holy See of Rome.

Permit me to continue to recapitulate what I said in my last lecture as an introduction to what I have to say to-night. I told you that one of the first missionaries who came into Scotland was St. Ninian, and I stated how and by whose direction he first came into Britain as a missionary. A Briton by birth, he had gone in early life to Rome, where he was ordained deacon and priest. During his stay there, the Pope said to him that there was plenty of work for him to do in his own country. Ninian accepted the suggestion, and came back to Britain, where he laboured and died, leaving behind him a grand reputation, and a cathedral, the name of which is mentioned in all the contemporaneous writings, and is known still among you. He erected his bishopric at Whit-horn in Wigtonshire, and there he built a church which was so remarkable in his own day that it got an especial name. It was called the White House. And why? Because it differed remarkably from the other buildings which until that time had appeared in Britain. These buildings had hitherto been constructed of oak. But the British style of architecture

did not suit the intentions and the wishes of St. Ninian. In Rome he had seen buildings of a different character, different in material and in form, and that material and form he wished to introduce into this country. He built his own cathedral in memory of the old city of Rome, which he venerated so devotedly ; and he built it not of oak but of stone. When the Venerable Bede was writing long afterwards, he spoke of it with admiration even then. So you see St. Ninian brought with him and left behind him memorials of papal Rome—living memorials—memorials appealing to every one who can see in them proofs of the intercourse existing between our country and the mother Church of Rome.

One step further. The Pelagian heresy, which opposed the doctrine taught by the saints, was met and refuted in our country by Palladius, sent for that purpose from Rome by Celestine, the Pope then living. He gives us another proof, if we needed it, of the intercourse which at that early date existed between our country and the See of St. Peter. And it is important to remark that during the whole of this period nowhere do we find a remark in any writer—nowhere the occurrence of any historical fact which argues the existence of any variation between the Holy See and our own country. Had any such existed, we may fairly conclude that it would have left behind it some traces of its presence. There is nothing of the kind—just the contrary. Everywhere union—disagreement nowhere. The inference seems indisputable. Scotland was in unity with the rest of the Catholic world, and as such was herself Catholic.

As time passed on, a new impetus was needed for the extension of the faith ; new systems were required ; new energies in a new direction became necessary. As God never leaves Himself without a witness, so the time had come when this new system was to be introduced. Hitherto

the system which had prevailed had been that of the secular clergy, honest and energetic men, acting to the best of their ability under a bishop. Honour be to them and their work! But the work was now growing beyond their power. Instead of individual combatants, each acting for himself, a compact and united body of men was wanted—men acting in concert and disciplined like an army, under a leader, so that each individual among them might give support to the others, and from them receive encouragement and support. The expansion of this idea in Scotland introduces among us a name still held in universal admiration—the great St. Columba.

Columba was not a Scotsman by birth. He came from Ireland, and he brought with him all the old traditions of the Isle of Saints. His early history is very interesting; very picturesque; I might even venture to say, very romantic. But our time is limited, and I have very much to say. I am compelled to pass over those beautiful incidents told so touchingly by his biographer, Adamnan. We may take up the story of St. Columba from the time we find him in Scotland. He and twelve others came and settled in the little island of Iona. If you care to visit it, taking with you the account of his daily life, as we have it from those who knew the saint, and who wrote when his memory was still green among his followers, and the monasteries he built were still standing; and if you care to trace out the localities, you can see still, after the lapse of so many centuries, the spot where he lived, laboured and died. There is the little stream which flowed past the monastery and turned the mill; there is the little hill upon which he used to spend so many long hours in meditation and prayer, looking with a yearning heart over the land which he wished to turn to God; there are the remains of the church which preserves his name and his memory,—not the church which he himself built, not the church built by St. Margaret afterwards,—but the church of

a later day and a later generation is still visible upon the glorious site sanctified by the feet of that great man. Go, brethren, go, and you will thence learn a lesson which you will not easily forget.

St. Columba, in the prosecution of his missionary labours, crossed from Iona to the mainland and saw the king, who, touched by his eloquence, moved by his earnestness, and inflamed by his zeal, gave him the permission that he wanted. He asked to be allowed to extend the field of his labours and he was allowed to do so. He carried on his work still further, preaching at intervals, among the northern and southern Picts—wherever, indeed, the opportunity presented itself. He did a great work, toiling earnestly and successfully for God; and by the burning eloquence of his lips and the consistent beauty of his life, carrying into practice what he taught by his profession, he won many souls to heaven. Not only were they themselves converted to Christianity, but they gave many scholars to Christ. The monastery was not only a place devoted to prayer and meditation, but it also was a school. It was part of his system to teach the young and bring them up in the fear and nurture of the Lord; so that we, in our day, when we have done our work and go to give our account to the Master, may leave behind us those who will carry on the work after us. St. Columba's plan was to educate men who, while praying for the infirmities and shortcomings of their own generation, and day by day offering up the adorable Sacrifice of the Altar which had been reared by them to God's glory, would hand down the torch to succeeding generations. That was his theory and that was his practice; so that, after a long and a holy life, when God called him to Himself and gave him his reward, the work which remained to be done was carried on by his successors in the monastery of Iona. The story of the last days of

St. Columba has been told in a narrative of wonderful beauty by Adamnan, who knew him well, who lived in the same island with him, who succeeded him in his mission and work, and who carried on the labours which the saint had begun so prosperously. Adamnan wrote while the traditions about his predecessor were still vivid, and he has handed them on to us.

I will now take you to a different part of Scotland. I invite you to accompany me into that part of Scotland which we call the Lothians. Remember, I pray you, that at the time of which I am now speaking the Lothians went along with Northumberland, and both were in Scotland. The meaning of the word Northumberland is simply "the country north of the river Humber". Bounded by the Humber on the one side, it was bounded by the Forth on the other. At that time, the whole of that grand sweep of land was occupied by the Saxons and the Angles, a nationality totally distinct from the Scotch. The Scotch were a Celtic people, who spoke, as I told you, the same language as that now used in the Highlands. The Northumbrians were a Teutonic race; they spoke the same language as that in which I now speak and you speak. We call it English, from the word Angle, a nation which formed a very considerable part of the settlers in Northumberland. Then, the Angles and the Saxons—the Anglo-Saxons, as we call them—were at deadly warfare with the Celts. They were a strong body of men, more self-willed and more self-dependent than the Celts, and they were all heathens. They worshipped those gods whose names we still retain as familiar words among us. They had a god for every day in the week. The moon was the deity they worshipped upon Monday; there was the god Tiu, for Tuesday; Woden (corresponding to the Roman Mercury), for Wednesday; Thor (or Thunder) (corresponding to the Roman Jupiter), for Thursday; Frea, the goddess

of beauty, for Friday; and for Saturday they had a god corresponding to the Roman Saturn. So you see we have not forgotten the names of the deities whom our Saxon forefathers worshipped. Well, these men were heathens. Who was to convert them to the Christian religion? Would the Celts do it? No; the Celts hated them. Would they listen to the Celts? No; they hated the Celts. It seemed, humanly speaking, that they were cut off from the means of civilisation as well as Christianity. But God can work His own work in His own way, by means which men could not anticipate. Now, mark how it came about.

I told you that St. Columba reared in his monastery at Iona a large number of young men, whom he trained for missionary purposes. Two members of the royal family in Northumberland at this time were striving for the possession of the throne, and according to the usual mode among them of settling such disputes, they came to blows. A battle was fought in which it was natural that one party should be beaten; the leader of the other ascended the throne, and proceeded to slaughter all those of the rival family who might possibly at any future time become claimants to the throne. One of the defeated family named Oswald escaped across the Tweed, and going through the Pictland succeeded in reaching Iona, where he lived a long time, and became a convert to Christianity. With the thoroughness of the Saxon character, he embraced it in earnest. After a few years he was able to return into Northumberland, where he defeated his former rival, and mounted the throne from which he had been driven. What was he to do with his people? He was a Christian among heathens. Was he to leave them as he found them? No. Was he to be indifferent to their welfare for time—and eternity? No; but who was there who would bring among them the word of God? He remembered St. Columba and Iona. He sent a

message to Iona, saying: "Can you furnish me with missionaries to work among my people? They hate you; they are your natural enemies, but are they not souls to be won to Christ? Forget the past, the antipathies and feuds of bygone days; come among them, and proclaim to them the glad tidings of the Gospel of Peace!" What said the men of Iona to this invitation? They held a chapter meeting, and determined that one of their number should go and preach to these Saxon heathens. The monk took the long journey from Iona to Northumberland, where he saw Oswald; talked with him about the work which he had to do, and set himself to do it. He laboured for a year among those Saxons, but not successfully. At the end of that time he said: "I can make nothing of this people; they are a stubborn, stiff-necked, perverse generation; they dislike me, and I dislike them. I will have nothing more to do with them." He then turned his back upon them and went his way home.

When he arrived in Iona, the whole of the brotherhood there met in chapter that they might hear the report which the missionary had to give as to the result of his labours. A very unhappy report it was. He said: "We can do nothing with these Saxons; it is an impossibility. Let us work among the Picts; we can do something there, but among the Northumbrians we can do nothing." A young monk was sitting by, and when the brethren were invited to express their opinions, he stood up and said: "Brother, forgive me if I make a remark. You say the fault is entirely on the side of these Northumbrians; but may there not possibly be a little fault with ourselves? Have you put to them, with all tenderness, gentleness, and patience, the winning power of the Gospel of God? Have you told them how Christ died for them? Have you tried to win them with the gentleness which was so conspicuous in His character,

and which comes down to us as His descendants? Do not condemn them rashly. Perhaps if you were to try another course you might be more successful." What said the meeting? They said: "Well spoken Aidan! You are the man; take the work upon yourself; go and prosper, and God will go with you." In all humility, and in all obedience, the faithful and religious Aidan bent his head, and took up the yoke of Christ. Before he went, they ordained him a missionary bishop. Here, then, you have the torch of the Gospel passing from Ireland to Iona, and from Iona to Northumberland; from which, in due time, we shall hear how it was carried into the midland districts of Saxon England.

You will not be surprised if I state that the mission of Aidan, after such a beginning, was eminently successful. He was welcomed by St. Oswald; he worked with him, and he worked under difficulties. Aidan could not speak a word of English; he spoke only the Celtic tongue, and the Northumbrians did not understand him. But the king himself who had lived so long in Iona could speak both languages; and he stood between the preacher and the people, and interpreted to them, sentence by sentence, the glad tidings of the Gospel of God. They listened to it very willingly, and they became a grand and prosperous nation of Christians.

When Aidan was settled in his new diocese, Oswald asked him where he would like to reside, and offered to give him any spot he might select within the country, from York to Edinburgh. Aidan chose for his home a little island which is no doubt known to most of you, and which was called in those days Lindesfarne. We now call it Holy Island, in memory of the saints who lived and died there. It is on the coast of Northumberland, within sight of Scotland. You can see it from St. Abb's Head and from Lindesfarne you can trace the outline of the coast of a large

portion of Berwickshire. The island is separated by the sea from the mainland twice in the twenty-four hours. The tide comes in and flows between Lindesfarne and the mainland, and then it is an island; when the tide recedes, that which had been an island becomes connected with the coast of Northumberland. There St. Aidan pitched his tent, and thence he sent to Iona for more labourers to come and help him. In order to give stability and permanence to his work, he undertook the education of a number of Northumbrian boys. There is much to tell you about St. Aidan, for many beautiful stories connected with him have been preserved by the author of a book of which you must have heard. I mean the *Ecclesiastical History* of the Venerable Bede. It is the principal source of our information respecting the events which form the history of the Church in Northumberland.

In Northumberland there lived a poor little orphan child, whose parents had been carried off by one of those terrible pestilences which were so frequent at that time. The boy was taken into a monastery and educated, and as he grew up his character was remarkably beautiful. He was devout, devoted to the service of God, always happy when in the church or doing things connected with the church. At the same time he showed a wonderful talent for learning. He mastered one subject after another, and as he grew up his intellect expanded and became matured. He was ordained priest, and hearing in the convent where he lived all those wonderful stories about the introduction of Christianity, it occurred to him by a happy suggestion that it would be well that all those interesting facts should be written down, and not left entirely to memory. Accordingly he began to compose a history of the introduction and progress of Christianity in Northumberland—or, rather, of Christianity in Britain, because he begins with an account of how the faith

came from Rome into Kent, and, beginning there, progressed northwards. He was familiar with the history of St. Aidan and as he was thirteen years old at the time of St. Cuthbert's death, his narrative respecting these two great saints has all the interest and value of contemporaneous history. His great history comes down to the year 731, and, having written it, he took it to the King of Northumberland—for Northumberland had a king of its own at that time—and he invited him to read the book, and if he approved of it he begged him to give it his sanction. The king, having examined the history, was pleased to give it his approval, stamped with which we have Bede's history of Christianity in England, from its introduction in Kent by St. Augustine until the year 731.

In days, now happily on the decline, when prejudice was stronger and information less widely diffused, it was sometimes said that, because Bede was a monk, therefore his evidence was untrustworthy. We know better than to repeat the accusation. It is enough to quote the testimony of the late Historiographer Royal of Scotland, who frequently quotes Bede's history, and more than once designates him as a candid and honest historian. Mr. Hill Burton, who has written a history of Scotland, in rather a different tone, also bears testimony to the same effect. So much, then, for Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*.

Not satisfied, however, with this history, the venerable author determined upon writing a more detailed account of the life of St. Cuthbert. St. Cuthbert was Bishop of Holy Island, and followed Aidan of whom I have spoken. At the time of Cuthbert's death, Bede must have been about thirteen years old. Wishing to hand his memory down to posterity, Bede began the history of St. Cuthbert; and when he had completed it, as he himself tells us, partly from his own memory, partly from the evidence of those who knew the

facts better than himself—having reduced the whole narrative to writing, he took it to the Monastery of Holy Island, where for some days he and the monks occupied themselves in reading and examining the biography. Bede laid what he had written before the assembled brotherhood, and asked them to correct any matters in which his narrative might appear to them to be defective or erroneous. When they had done so, he accepted the alterations proposed by them ; he cancelled what they did not approve, and added what they suggested. Such, then, is the history of this most interesting biography. It, and the life of St. Columba by Adamnan, are the chief sources for the early history of Scottish Christianity, and it is to them chiefly that I will refer. I do so with all the greater confidence, because our good Protestant brethren when they read them cannot but admit—as they do very generally—that they are trustworthy documents. With these books, then, before us, let us pass from the great St. Aidan, and look to one of his successors. This was St. Cuthbert.

We are introduced, by the Venerable Bede, to St. Cuthbert when the latter was yet a youth. One night in the year 651, he was herding sheep upon the southern slopes of the Lammermoors by the side of the river Leader and, consequently, not far from Melrose. The time and the place are accurately fixed. While he was there praying and meditating, he saw a wonderful light shining in the heavens, in which he recognised the soul of Bishop Aidan carried up to heaven by hosts of angels. Moved by what he had witnessed, the youthful Cuthbert a few days afterwards determined that he would come closer to God ; and leaving his occupation, he mounted his horse and went to Melrose, which, even then, was a religious house of great reputation. Having dismounted, Cuthbert went into the church to pray. A monk of the name of Boisil was standing by and noticed the new

comer.* And Boisil, struck by the devotion of the youth, obtained for him permission to become an inmate of the monastery. Thus, St. Cuthbert appears among us as a saint whose early years were spent in Scotland.

It is beyond the scope of my present purpose to attempt to trace the history of St. Cuthbert, step by step, as I should wish to do. It is enough for our argument to establish the fact that his life was spent in the old Northumbria, a district the limits of which I have already marked out to you. He became Abbot of Lindesfarne, and afterwards Bishop of Lindesfarne. During the time he was abbot there, he showed a growing disinclination for the things of the present world. There was a little rocky island a short distance from Lindesfarne to which he used to retire and where he spent hours in prayer. The feeling for seclusion and solitude grew stronger within him, and he meditated upon the possibility of taking a more decided step. He considered what the definition of "holy religion" was. Holy religion and undefiled is this: that a man should keep himself unspotted from the world, and he said: "How can I do this, how can I serve God in the way most acceptable to Himself?" And then he did what many saints, with whose history he was familiar, had done before him—he gave up all and went to one of the Farne islands, about three miles from the larger Island of Lindesfarne. It is little better than a bare rock, jutting out from the sea something like Ailsa Craig or the Bass, but not so lofty, and yet difficult of access, with hardly any pasture upon it, and inhabited only by wild fowl. There he built for himself a curious little hermitage which is described by Bede, and the situation of which you can see still. A visit to it enables us to understand the stories told of the saint by the Venerable

* This Boisil has left his name in a village in the neighbourhood of Melrose, now called St. Boswell's.

Bede, some of which, without this help, are somewhat difficult of comprehension. By the help of Bede's narrative you can trace the scenes of almost all the incidents that are there mentioned. There is one remarkable occurrence which deserves notice here. When Cuthbert went to Farne there was no water upon the island, but he prayed to God, and a stream of fresh water bubbled up through the hard rock, and there it flows still.

In this seclusion he remained some years, and while there a difficulty arose as to the management of the Northumbrian bishopric. A council of the nobles and the king was held to settle it, and with one voice it was decided that the best way to settle that difficulty was to appoint Cuthbert to fill the vacant see. Coming to Farne, the king and nobles entreated him for the love of God, and the love of his country, to come and lend himself to the task. He consented. He left his island with an unwilling heart, and he entered bravely into the work which he had undertaken; and he did it successfully. Having removed the difficulties under which the people had laboured, he obtained leave to go back to his beloved solitude and to devote the remainder of his life to the care of his own soul. But his residence in his hermit-cell in Farne, was of no long duration. His last Christmas festival was spent at Lindesfarne, where he went to say Mass along with his brethren at the monastery where he had spent so many happy years. When the Christmas festivities were ended, and he was stepping into the boat to return home to his solitude, a monk said to him: "Father, when will you come again?" His answer was: "I will come among you again when you bring my dead body". His words came true. They rowed him back to the island, and there left him in his solitude. He had not been there long before he was attacked by the disease which ended fatally. It was one of the peculiarities which

he inherited from the traditions of Iona, that he would not ask any one, not even one of the brethren, to come within his little cell; so that when they came earnestly inquiring about the state of his health, he sometimes did not even open the door, but spoke to them through the window. Ere long, they saw that his sickness was gaining upon him, and they became more and more anxious. During the month of March, there occurred one of those wild tempests which sweep with great violence over the Northumbrian coast, making the sea so rough that no boat could live in it. As soon as it had abated the monks of Lindesfarne at great peril, rowed across to Farne to visit their beloved father. They found St. Cuthbert, but not in his own cell. He had wandered down to the guest-house which had been built near the landing-place; in it he was lying very weak and almost at the point of death. They asked what he had had to eat, and he pointed to the floor where lay three raw onions, out of which he had taken half a dozen bites. That was all the food of which he had partaken since their previous visit. They warmed some wine and gave it him, and then they carried him back to his own cell, where they laid him in front of the altar. There he lay for some time, and then life gradually ebbed away. The last few words he spoke were words of advice, caution and encouragement to his brethren. He left behind him a name dear to us all when we remember the benefits which he conferred upon the early Church in Scotland.

A question connected with St. Cuthbert here suggests itself. Of what nationality was he? Was he a Scotsman or was he an Irishman? From what I have already told you, and according to the legend given us by the Venerable Bede, we may fairly infer that he was a Scotsman born upon the Lammermoors. But a curious difficulty here arises. A few years ago there was found in the Cathedral

Library at York, a life of St. Cuthbert totally distinct from that of the Venerable Bede. The two differ in this way. The writer of the York life says that Cuthbert was an Irishman—born in Ireland. I see nothing improbable in that assertion. Ireland was the grand home of the saints, and we know how the stream flowed from Ireland to Iona; and therefore I see no difficulty in believing that St. Cuthbert might have been an Irishman. But then, how reconcile that with the history given us by Venerable Bede? The two histories are not contradictory, for they may be brought into harmony. This new history goes on to tell about his pedigree. It says that he was a king's son, and that his mother, in order to escape persecution, came from Ireland over to Scotland. It also tells us where she landed, and about the wanderings of the mother and the child from one part of Scotland to another. It describes the places, and, singularly enough, at those places mentioned, you generally find a church or a locality somehow connected with St. Cuthbert. It goes on with these details until it brings him into the Lowlands of Scotland, at a part corresponding with the course of the river Leader, where Bede first mentions him as the shepherd boy on the hillside. It is possible that we have got here two portions of the life of St. Cuthbert—separate, but perfectly in harmony the one with the other, the Irish life giving the place of his nativity, his pedigree, and the history of his childhood; and then comes the other history, taking up the narrative from that point and carrying it on to the end. But at the same time I am bound to add that I see every reason to reject the York narrative and to accept that which is furnished to us by the Venerable Bede.

I will now take a long stride, and pass from the time of St. Cuthbert to that of St. Margaret of Scotland, a venerable and holy name. I am unwilling to pass it by, and yet, at the same time, I am unable to do it justice. I can only

trace a faint outline, but that outline is very remarkable. She came into England, a woman of Saxon origin, and she found the country in the possession of the invader, William the Norman. He was then ravaging the south of England. She belonged to a nation which William did not like, and of which he was jealous ; and, feeling that they were disliked and suspected, the Princess Margaret, with her mother, her sister, and her brother, determined to go back to their native country, which was Hungary. But they had not gone very far on their voyage when a wind arose and swept them northwards, so that they were driven upon the coast of Northumberland. When they landed they found Malcolm Canmore, King of Scotland, plundering the land, for he was at war with the Norman William. They told him their story, and he invited them to settle in his country ; promising that if they did so, he would protect them. Malcolm Canmore admired Margaret, and offered her marriage, but she refused to accept him as her husband. He persevered in his suit, however, and at last she became his wife, and a very noble wife she made. She wrought a change on the king, and a change, through him, on his country. Malcolm, when he became her husband, is represented to us as a very rough, uncultivated, uneducated man. He could not read, and he was not devout ; but there was a subsoil of that which was good, noble, and generous about him. These excellent qualities had never been developed, but Margaret was the means of his becoming a precious gem in the sight of God. But it is not about Malcolm that I wish to speak, it is about his wife, the sainted Queen Margaret. With a great deal of womanly determination, and with much feminine tact and delicacy of management she contrived to work a great revolution, first of all, in the character of her husband, and next in the royal household. She admitted no one into it whose character was not above

suspicion. She was a good wife, and Malcolm made a good husband. In those days it was a very common thing for the king to do as his predecessors had done, to have an accused man put to execution without trial, and in this way many an innocent man suffered and many a guilty one escaped. Margaret changed the whole administration of justice. Then again she civilised the Court. It must have been a very coarse kind of life before her time, but she introduced within it the amenities of social intercourse, in which hitherto it had been so defective. A sketch of her life is given us by one of the name of Turgot, a monk and prior of Durham, who was her confessor. Her love for Malcolm induced her to build at Dumfermline a very beautiful church, at the spot where they became husband and wife. Margaret was a good mother, and all her sons turned out well. Her death was somewhat remarkable and certainly very beautiful. Malcolm was on bad terms with the King of England, and William Rufus summoned him to attend his Court at Gloucester. Malcolm went, and having arrived there the Red King refused to see him. This was a great insult, and the indignant sovereign mounted his horse and returned home. When he reached Scotland he proclaimed war against England. Margaret endeavoured, but ineffectually, to stop the expedition to the south, which was commanded by Malcolm accompanied by his young sons, the Princes of Scotland. The mother's heart rebelled against such an arrangement, and she prayed that the children might not go upon an expedition fraught with so much danger. But Malcolm, self-willed and imperious, overruled Margaret's fears, and the husband went and took the boys along with him. Margaret remained at home upon a bed of sickness, which, ere long, was to become for her the bed of death. Apparently God was pleased to give her some manifestation of the coming calamity, because the priest

who stood by her tells us that one day, when she seemed rather stronger, she went to church; and weak as she was she arose from her sick bed, and kneeling in front of the altar she prayed for some time. She then returned and lay down upon her bed exhausted with the effort. Her sickness increasing, she asked for the black Cross, a relic which she always had regarded with special devotion. It was put into her hands, and she passed the whole of that night and part of the next day in prayer. About the middle of the next day one of her sons returned from the army and presented himself before her. She seemed as if she had anticipated his arrival, for she looked up and said: "Is it all well?" He replied: "Yes, all is well". She afterwards said: "Yes I know it is well. You cannot deceive me; I know what has passed, I know about your father, I know about your brother; may God's will be done," and then she lay back upon the pillow and gave up her soul to God.

The monastic system went on in our country from the time of King Malcolm Canmore and Queen Margaret, under king after king, century after century, bishop after bishop, until we read of the evil days of the so-called Reformation. But until the time of King James IV., who died at Flodden, Scotland continued to be Catholic. When he came to the throne he sent a letter to the Pope then ruling over the Catholic Church—a letter which I have read—according to the usage of his ancestors, professing obedience to the Apostolic See of St. Peter. Up to the unfortunate reign of Queen Mary, Scotland was intensely Catholic; and at that point I conclude my remarks for the present.

Now, let us look at what we have seen so far. From the introduction of the monastic system by St. Columba, and passing step by step through the intermediate period, we arrive at the death of King James V., a long period—and it seems to me, and I hope to you, a period of sequence,

a period of cause and effect, a period marked by its unchanged Catholicity, a period without any interruption in its faith or discipline, a period which carries on our religion continuously from the days of St. Columba to those of James V.; and in all, exhibiting the union of the crown and the people of Scotland with the Holy See of Rome.



