THE MONKS OF IONA;

IN REPLY TO

"I O N A,"

BY THE

DUKE OF ARGYLL.

WITH A REVIEW OF

"THE CATHEDRAL, AND ABBEY CHURCH OF IONA,"

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND THE BISHOP OF ARGYLL AND THE ISLES.

Dedicated

TO THE MOST NOBLE

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE:

BY

J. STEWART M'CORRY, D.D.

LONDON:
R. WASHBOURNE, 18A, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1871.

DEDICATION

TO

THE MOST NOBLE THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

My Lord Marquis,

Allow me to inscribe the following publication on Iona to your Lordship, who, like myself, is connected with "The Land of the Mountain and Flood." It refers to that charmed Isle in West Argyllshire, which is so famed in Scottish story, as well as in the chronicles of European civilization, and which appears to intensify in interest, with the lapse of years. The subject and its religious associations have, during a lengthened period, engrossed the profound attention of many distinguished Savants, who recorded their sentiments in unison with their own peculiar bias; although, in some instances, their judgment has been egregiously distorted, and their narrative grievously at fault. It is, then, devoutly to be desired that the present

work may prove not only well timed, but correctly informed—that it may foster no fond illusion—invent no new theory—propound no novel proposition—but that it may steadfastly aim at an honest exposition of truth alone, that it may stimulate inquiry into the real principles of the Ancient Church, that it may lead to a truer estimate of the Monastic discipline of the Middle Ages, and a juster appreciation of the Monastic glories of Old Catholic Caledonia.

Meantime, permit me to wish very cordially to you and to your Royal affianced Princess, every spiritual and temporal blessing, while I have the honour to remain,

My Lord Marquis, with the highest consideration,

Your most obedient servant,

J. Stewart M'Corry, D.D.

St. Peter's Basilica, Hatton Garden, Holborn Circus,
London, March, 1871.

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PREFACE.

It may not be considered out of place, to offer some preliminary remarks, in regard to the discursive matter of the following pages. It was thought desirable to grapple not simply with the subject, which stands so prominently forward, but to touch upon collateral topics, which are decidedly racy of the times. The individual who excused himself from *labouring for*, as he did not feel himself *indebted to posterity*, might readily be forgiven. But could he be forgiven who, having the opportunity, failed to supply the antidote against the poison which, at the present moment, is industriously being infused into the public mind? Indeed, the obligation seems so paramount, that mere choice is out of the question. If, then, it be true that each one in social life, should have a care of his neighbour, how much more stringent is the duty, in regard to the life which is religious? Hence, there can be no doubt that authors, whatever intellectual amusement they may enjoy in wielding their pen, hold a very responsible position in a moral point of view. They are accountable for their literary lucubrations at the bar of public opinion, not to speak of a higher and holier tribunal! How vitally

important is it to be true to the subject; not, therefore, to be one-sided; not to write for people or party; not to commit to the press questionable, nay, worse than questionable, statements; but to act honestly, to hold the balance fairly, to have simply before the mind's eye the exposition, and vindication of genuine truth, and thus to be utterly regardless of popular censure or popular applause. Unfortunately, however, non-Catholic writers almost invariably compromise themselves by averments, in respect to the doctrines and discipline of the Ancient Church of Christendom, which cannot stand the test of examination. The doctrines of the Church are misrepresented, and the discipline of the Church is misinterpreted, so that the "Faith our Fathers held of God," through this wantonly deceptive medium, is held up to public opprobrium. Did, then, the reverse of this take place—was the question always candidly stated—were the claims of the Ancient Church ever pressed home, in their native excellence, upon the spiritual allegiance of our fellow men—then the happy religious change, which is now taking place throughout the British Empire, would be materially accelerated, and the most aged amongst us, would not perhaps be obliged to repeat Old Simeon's valedictory — Nunc Dimittis servum tuum Domine—till matins were chanted at early morn in St. Paul's Cathedral, and High Mass celebrated at midday in Westminster Abbey!

With respect to the literary sins of commission perpetrated by many popular authors, it might be

invidious to single out special instances. We shall not, then, even mention the name of the distinguished writer of Lothair. But, as in duty bound, we are reluctantly constrained to point out the grievous malversations which disfigure the otherwise classically-written work, "Iona," by the Duke of Argyll.

The subject matter originally appeared in sundry numbers of that monthly series which bears the *misnomer*—*Good Words*—and which is superintended by the Very Rev. Dr. Norman MacLeod, late Moderator of the General Assembly, and Chaplain to Her Majesty in Scotland. We have purposely employed the term *misnomer*, in reference to that periodical. We hold that *Good Words* ought to be *True Words*; but the words uniformly written in its pages, in reference to the Catholic religion, are not true, therefore they are not good. We have made it our study to expose their falsehood, but the pawkie Reverend Editor—if we may be pardoned the expressive Scotticism—had not the chivalry of character to admit our animadversions into his columns!

The literary contributions in question were afterwards reprinted in an elegant volume in December, and such was the demand on the part of the public, that during this month of February another edition was issued from the press. Another and then another may quickly follow, so that "Iona, by the Duke of Argyll" shall, doubtless, soon be popularly regarded as a standard authority in relation to this celebrated island. How pitiable, then, is it that the

contents of the work should not be unexceptionable, and that the statements advanced could not bid defiance to contradiction. But how stands the case? Why we find his Grace of Argyll tripping in the most egregious manner; we find him taxing the disciples of the great Christian Catholic Abbot Columba with "mediæval superstition;" we find him stigmatising the enlightened monks of Iona, for transmitting to posterity "monuments of the low and often corrupt monotony of Mediæval Romanism;" we find him arraigning them for following the primitive custom of "the most superstitious use of the sign of the Cross;" we find him complimenting "devout Roman Catholics" for patronising "pious frauds;" we find him indoctrinating his readers—young and old, married and single, with the very questionable morality, "that the laws of nature are not with impunity to be disobeyed;" we find him—but enough has been said, to show how open to attack is this volume, and how urgent is the necessity for a complete expurgation of "Iona," by the Duke of Argyll!

Yet, while we have not been slow in throwing the shield of defence over the Monks of Old, and of disarming their assailant, we do not pretend to say that we have been so successful as could have been desired. We shall not plead the brevity of time placed at our disposal, nor the variety of duties which require to be discharged. We shall not say aught in extenuation of our shortcomings, nor a single word to parry the hostility of criti-

cism. We have given no quarter to error, although we should superabound in mercy to the erring, and we ask none for our "Monks of Iona." During long years it has been our wont to speak and to write plainly—plainly, it is said, even to a fault. Might we reverently say culpa felix! Be this as it may, we hope to continue to speak and to write explicitly, but never offensively, even to the end. If we know ourselves, and it is now nearly time, we have nothing to gain but truth, we have nothing to lose but truth, and our greatest desire is the dissemination of truth, which alone is Catholic and Roman. While, then, we have transfixed "Iona, by the Duke of Argyll," let our own "Monks of Iona" be transfixed; let them be criticised, scarified, anatomised. All that we ask is simply the opportunity to cicatrize the wounds, and to administer retributive justice to our doughty assailants. We know and we feel the position in which we are entrenched, we know and we feel that we are within the citadel of truth, and we are therefore fearless of all opposition.

St. Peter's, Hatton Garden, Holborn Circus,
London, March 1, 1871.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

CORRESPONDENCE ON TRANSUBSTANTIATION.
DISSERTATION ON PURGATORY.
REPLY TO THE FREE CHURCH ON "POPERY."
WAS ST. PETER EVER AT ROME?
PANEGYRIC ON ST. PATRICK.
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REVIEW: MODERATOR'S ADDRESS.
BISHOP OF BRECHIN ANSWERED.
PROTESTANT PRESS AND VATICAN COUNCIL.

WASHBOURNE, PATERNOSTER ROW.

THE MONKS OF IONA

AND

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

PLEA FOR THE MONKS OF OLD.

THE following publication proceeds from the Press sooner than could have been desired, but a combination of circumstances would not brook delay. His Grace of Argyll has during December, 1870, republished his beautifully written essays on Iona in an elegant volume, which has been applauded to the echo. In this month of February, 1871, another edition has been issued. In vain then should we seek to emulate its purity of style, but its purity of narrative must here and there "hide its diminished head." Hence it has been considered most advisable to reply without delay, thereby taking advantage of the intense interest, manifested throughout Great Britain, in regard to the subject to which it refers, and which the more it is ventilated the more absorbing it becomes. The writer makes this statement, not by way of apology for the short-comings of his work, which are no doubt many, nor with the view of deprecating public criticism, from which there can be no escape, but simply to mention the downright fact. He has written, as is his wont, with the utmost freedom, but it is hoped, within the limits of moderation, since he has made it his study—despite the philosophy of plain speaking—to treat his opponents with that respectful courtesy which society necessarily demands. Having nothing to disguise, but every-

thing to lay open, he has studiously avoided all diplomatic verbiage, which, according to Prince Talleyrand, is intended to conceal one's thoughts. His greatest solicitude, on the contrary, is to be straightforward — to disarm hostile manœuvres by candour—to grapple honestly with the question at issue, and to handle it if possible in accordance with its intrinsic merits. If indeed he should then only partially succeed in vindicating the truth—in removing erroneous misconceptions respecting the belief and discipline of the Monks of old—in reassuring the public mind that modern "Roman" Catholics do not by any means patronize "pious frauds"—some good, doubtless, shall have been accomplished, and he will then gladly lay down his feeble pen—as, in the days of religious chivalry, the valiant knights hung up their armour—before the shrine of that Holy Church which it is his joy to serve, and whose interests it is his consolation to promote!

Having said this little, let us add another word by way of apologia for the Monks of old. We do not indeed contemplate to enter upon an elaborate vindication of the religious life, as time forbids, since we are anxious that what we do write should appear in print before the Royal nuptials in the Ides of March, in which His Grace of Argyll and Lord Lorne are to take so prominent a part. Hence we shall endeavour to grapple hurriedly with the popular objections which are set forth with telling power and plausibility by the Duke in his late classically written work on Iona. He speaks to the following effect:—

"No special value can be set on the customs of religious life in the sixth century as necessarily affording any indication whatever either of the doctrine or of the practices of Primitive Christianity. Five hundred years is a time long enough for almost any amount of drift."

In reply, may we not ask whither are we drifting? Are we then to become better acquainted with Primitive Christianity the farther down we descend the stream of time? This seems nothing short of paradoxical. Surely the nearer we approach an object, the more distinct is the view.

Surely, also, those who lived in the sixth century had, to say the least, as favourable an opportunity of knowing "the doctrine and practices of Primitive Christianity" as we of the nineteenth century.

But of course we are living in the age of railways, and electro wires, and balloons, and of necessity we are far more enlightened than those who went before us! This idea may satisfy our own self-sufficiency, but is it in accordance with Truth, with Justice, and with Judgment?

Forgetful of the promises which our Blessed Lord made of the perpetual abidance of the Spirit of truth with his Church, and of the absolute impossibility of her going astray, the writer declares that she "enjoyed no miraculous protection against the growth of error!" Pray, was there no declaration that Hell's gates should never prevail against the Church of Christ?

The Duke very coolly declares that "the very earliest Christian writings after those of the apostles bear upon their face the unmistakable marks of deviation and decline."

As this is a wholesale gratuitous assertion, we dismiss it in the language of logicians—"*Quod gratis asseritur, gratis negatur.*"

Moreover, he declares that it cannot be "too emphatically repeated, that there are no 'Apostolic Fathers' except the apostles." Now this averment is also gratuitous, and as no proof is adduced, it would be idle to delay in reply. Mere declamation is unworthy of an answer.

The Duke now, in his discursive way, turns to consider the claims of a religious life. He says "the life of St. Columba is of special value in enabling us to judge of the intervals that elapsed between certain waves of opinion, which at successive periods were propelled from the ancient centres of Christendom, and which each in turn finally overspread the whole."

"The belief in the virtues of a monastic life was one of these. The idea of it was indeed older than Christianity. In the far East, many centuries before the Christian era, Buddhism had devoted its thousands to dreamy contempla-

tion. It had found a home also among the sects of Judaism, and the description given by Pliny of the Essenes who retired to the deserts of the Dead Sea, seems almost as if it had been drawn from the monks of a later age."

"In the earliest records of the Church, which are the records of the New Testament, we hear nothing of it. The community of property practised among the few first disciples, and the command addressed to the young man of great possessions to sell all and to follow Christ, have indeed been quoted as the beginning of, and the authority for, the life of monks, and certainly if it were true that Christ's life in any way resembled that life, then indeed in the command to follow Him we might see the authority to become an Anchoret or a Cenobite. But there does seem to be an essential difference between the life of Him who went about doing good, and of whom his enemies complained that He 'ate and drank with publicans and sinners,' and the life of men, who stood on the tops of pillars, or hid themselves in the dens of wild beasts."

We have given this extract in its fulness to show all that the noble writer could say. With reference to the first paragraph, we shall afterwards consider more in detail the celibate and ascetic life of St. Columba, while at present we have simply to remark that "certain waves" of opinion have been "propelled" from the centre of unity, for the immediate establishment of a religious community in Argyllshire, and that after the Jesuit type, in the romantic hamlet of Oban!

In the second paragraph we waive the consideration of Buddhism and Judaism, and the Essenes, as being extra quæstionem—as well as the Bonzes in China, and the Grand Lama in Tartary!

The third paragraph we have now to consider, and before touching on the records of the New Testament, and the counsel of our Blessed Lord to the young man of the Gospel, let us look to the life of Christ himself. Is it not true that he himself first began to do, and then to teach? Is it not true that he practised the evangelical counsels of poverty, chastity, and obedience? Is it not true that Jesus went

down to Nazareth with his holy mother Mary and his reputed father Joseph, and was subject to them? Is it not true that for the first thirty years of his life he lived in poverty and retirement, and thus lived the life, so to speak, of a cenobite with them, while when he retired into the desert, he lived the life of an anchoret? During thirty years his life was more or less contemplative, and for three years only was it specially active. Thus then the divine example serves to confirm the argument which it was intended to invalidate, and thus does it prove that our Blessed Lord must especially bless the life of the religious,—since he exemplified it in his own person.

The great precursor of our Dear Lord prepared himself for his evangelical ministrations by leading an eremitical life. He retired at an early age into the wilderness; he subjected himself to the most rigorous acts of self-denial; he practised the penance which he was to preach. His garment was made of camel's hair; a leathern belt encircled his loins; his food was locusts and wild honey; his drink was the mountain stream; his bed was the earth; his pillow was the stone; his roof-tree, the azure canopy of Heaven! His life was so intensely pure, that it became the theme of divine commendation; no greater had been born of woman. For this is he of whom it is written, "Behold I send *my angel* before thy face to prepare thy way before thee."

But let us take up more pointedly the hap-hazard assertion of the illustrious writer, and examine his own very words. "In the earliest records of the Church, which are the records of the New Testament, we hear nothing of it," viz., a monastic life. "The community of property practised among the few first disciples, and the command addressed to the young man of great possessions to sell all and to follow Christ, have indeed been quoted as the beginning of, and the authority for, the life of monks." Well, the records of the New Testament remind us that the primitive Christians held their possessions in common, and that each one received what was necessary for food and raiment and was content. They remind us also of the exhortation given to the young man—"If

thou wilt be perfect, go, sell what thou hast, give it to the poor, and come follow me." Surely then the example of the primitive Christians and the recommendation of the Evangelical counsels are more than sufficient to demolish the Duke's ingenious sophistry—more than sufficient to justify the establishment of religious communities, whose aim is to aspire to perfection by the strict observance of their vows—voluntary poverty, perpetual chastity, and entire obedience; and who as a general rule endeavour to combine the active life with the contemplative.

From the chronicles of the New Testament, let us pass to "the earliest records of the Church," and we shall find countless holy souls, who sought after their sanctification by retiring from the world, and yet who neither "stood upon the tops of pillars, nor hid themselves in the dens of wild beasts!" There are, no doubt, certain acts of the Saints which, for ordinary mortals, are more to be admired than imitated. Such are the acts of St. Simeon Stylites and his pillar, and St. Anthony of the desert and his wild beasts. But surely one would seem to have little appreciation of a religious life who can write with satire about self-denial, and can take exception to men and women relinquishing the passing blandishments of time, for the lasting enjoyments of eternity; and one would appear to have little knowledge of Christian mortification, who could write that "the laws of nature cannot with impunity be disobeyed," when the fact is, that human nature is so corrupt that it must be disobeyed! The Great Apostle of the Gentiles ran counter to human nature—he disobeyed the "laws of nature with impunity." He chastised his body, and brought it into subjection, "lest while he preached to others, he himself should become a castaway." But the austerity of the Gospel maxims, appears now-a-days out of date in some parts of Argyllshire, if not in sundry fashionable quarters of North and South Britain!

Let us then go back to the days of old—let us look to scriptural evidences, as example is said to be more powerful than precept—let us look to the Prophets, and we shall

behold Elias flying from the moral contagion of Israel, and leading the life of the celibate and the anchoret of the desert upon the banks of the Jordan. But upon those banks we find, as already said, the most unsullied chastity exemplified; we find the Precursor of our Blessed Lord, St. John the Baptist, who was also a virgin and an ascetic; we find our Lord's mother, who was pre-ordained from all eternity, to bring forth the Saviour of men,—yet who was the lily of the valley, and the purest of virgins; we find our Lord himself leading a life of poverty, chastity, and obedience; we find the dearly-beloved disciple, St. John the Evangelist —the Eagle of the Gospel—who was privileged to lean his head on the bosom of Jesus the night before He suffered, leading a life of virginal purity; we find that from the Cross of Calvary, the virgin Jesus committed his virgin mother Mary to the special care of his virgin disciple, St. John. We find in the Book of the Apocalypse mention made of the hundred and forty-four thousand virgins who never were defiled—who were bought from amongst men —who sing the new Canticle, which none but they dare sing, and who "follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth!" Yet all these "disobeyed the laws of nature!"

But there are other noteworthy facts at hand. When the Fishermen of Galilee were invited to follow their divine master, they declared "Lord, we have left all things," which necessarily included their wives; for it is positively stated that they never afterwards cohabited with them. The very words of Simon Peter are—"Behold, we have left all things, and have followed thee: what, therefore, shall we have?" Jesus said unto them—"Amen, I say to you, every one that hath left house, or wife, or land, for my name's sake, shall receive a hundred-fold, and shall possess life everlasting." Here, then, there is the reward promised, and to this reward the religious man and woman ought constantly to aspire!

Our non-Catholic fellowmen profess profound admiration for the Apostle of the Gentiles. They seem to prefer St. Paul, for obvious reasons, to St. Peter. Let us, then, borrow a leaf out of his book, or rather let us make an extract from

his First Epistle to the Corinthians, Chapter vii.; we shall see if the Apostle's recommendation does not amply sustain the virginal position of the Monks of Old, while it is calculated to silence, or, if possible, to put to shame the absurd clamour against clerical celibacy. The language is so plain, that it dispenses with all commentary. St. Paul there says :—

"I would that all men were even as myself; but every one hath his proper gift from God—one after this manner, and another after that. But I say to the unmarried, and to the widows, it is good for them if they so continue, even as I. But if they do not contain themselves, let them marry. Now concerning virgins, I have no *commandment* of the Lord; but I give *counsel*, as having obtained mercy of the Lord, to be faithful. If a virgin marry she hath not sinned: nevertheless, such shall have tribulation of the flesh. . . But I would have you to be without solicitude. He that is without a wife is solicitous for the *things that belong to the Lord*, how he may please God. But he that is with a wife is solicitous for the things of the world, how he may please his wife, and he is divided."

In regard to this plain speaking of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, we abstain from comment, as any unnecessary observation might weaken what is so emphatically strong. St. Paul's words, however, gain additional corroboration from the counsel which our Blessed Lord has added to his own example. He praised the virginal life as something approximating nearer to heaven than the married life—as something more single-hearted and single-minded, and therefore as something more resembling the purity of the angels. In a conversation which he held with the Pharisees, our Lord declared that in heaven there will be neither taking nor giving in marriage. Thereupon, the Disciples observed—"If the case of a man with his wife be so, it is not expedient to marry." Christ immediately rejoined—"All men take not this word, but they to whom it is given. For there are eunuchs who have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven.—Qui potest capere, capiat. He that can take it, let him take it."

Let it not be imagined that, while as in duty bound, and from the necessity of our argument, we are obliged to speak in the most glowing terms of the virginal life, that we should thereupon seem to depreciate the matrimonial state! This would be an egregious mistake, because in the Catholic Church matrimony is highly dignified—it is one of the seven sacraments of the New law, and it confers upon the worthy recipients the necessary graces. Virginity is, no doubt, an exceptional state intended for comparatively few. Matrimony, on the other hand, is the ordinary condition for mankind, and it was raised to the dignity of a sacrament at the marriage of Cana, where Christ wrought his first miracle. The state of the religious is the fulfilling of the evangelical counsels—voluntary poverty—perpetual chastity—entire obedience. Under the Christian dispensation, there are counsels as well as commands. Commands are imperative,—"if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments." Counsels are merely hortative, and may or may not be accepted. "If thou wilt be perfect—go—sell—give."

This difference is most clearly drawn out in the conversation which our Lord held with the young man mentioned in the Gospel. He had come to Jesus and had made the inquiry—"Good Master, what good shall I do, that I may have life everlasting?" Our Lord immediately replies—"If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments." . . . The young man rejoins—"All these have I kept from my youth; what is yet wanting to me?" Jesus saith to him—"If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, follow me."

Here then are shadowed forth the three evangelical counsels—to denude oneself of temporal possessions—to lead a life of purity after the example of Christ and his disciples, and to be obedient to him, as he was to his Eternal Father. This recommendation of the Gospel counsels on the part of our Lord, proves not only their perfection, but their practicability. They conduce to perfection, and thus commanded they are within the range not only of possibility but of

practice. If then these counsels were recommended in the Apostolic time, it is most natural to suppose that they must have been practised. Practised, decidedly they were, as we may gather from the Acts of the Apostles. In that record of Apostolic acts, we read that when St. Paul and St. Luke came to Cæsarea—"Entering into the house of Philip the Evangelist, who was one of the seven, we abode with him. And he had four daughters, virgins, who did prophesy." Thus the virgin daughters of Philip were engaged in prophesying, and thus consecrated to the service of religion.

But let us add another Scriptural passage, which strengthens our position, and illustrates the perfection of the virginal life. In the second epistle to the Corinthians, St. Paul employs a peculiar figure of speech, which would be devoid of meaning, if not founded upon a recognized fact. The spiritual nuptials of Christ, with every consecrated virgin, he compares to the union of the Church of Corinth with God. Thus does he write to the Corinthians—"I am jealous of you, with the jealousy of God. For I have espoused you to one husband—a chaste virgin unto Christ."

Without detaining by referring to other passages of Holy Writ, permit a quotation from the great bishop and martyr St. Cyprian, who in the third century dedicated a treatise to the virgin spouses of Christ. Thus did he say—"Now do we turn our discourse to the virgins, over whom our care is all the greater as their glory is more sublime . . . . no husband is over you, but your Lord and Head is Christ; your condition is the same as his."

Tertullian, speaking of virgins consecrated to Christ, says —in his book Ad Uxorem—"They prefer holiness to husbands; they choose their espousals with God; they love to be the Lord's handmaids, and to be only beautiful in his eyes, conversing with him night and day, and giving him their prayers for dowries."

Let this then suffice by way of a very humble apology, for the great and good Monks of the olden time, since our own time presses, and we must needs hurry on.

APPEAL OF THE MONKS OF IONA, AGAINST "MEDIÆVAL SUPERSTITION."

THE republication, then, during last month by the Duke of Argyll of his now much applauded work on Iona, induces us to analyze its contents and to scan its beauties and its blemishes. These, it is true, may be found in almost every production, since in every volume there may be much to admire, as well as to condemn. Such is undeniably the case in the present exquisitely written book. In it there is much worthy of commendation, but there is something which is decidedly objectionable, because it is so gratuitously offensive. The island of Iona, which has for his Grace traditional, and for us national and religious associations, would indeed seem to be the most harmless subject, and one which might be descanted upon in the most unexceptionable way. It might have been regarded as neutral ground, upon which persons of all creeds, or of no creed, could stand together in social fellowship, and breathe that air of "peace to men of good will," of which the atmosphere in former days was redolent, and which the good monks went forth from their cloister and their choir to diffuse through the mountains and glens of Caledonia, as well as through the plains and vales of Northern Anglia. Iona, indeed, seemed to be at least one holy spot in the British Isles, which should not be desecrated by the irreverent charge of "mediæval superstition!" Iona appeared the oasis in the surrounding spiritual wilderness, from which the thorny point of polemical warfare should have been studiously eliminated. Yet it has unfortunately happened that his Grace of Argyll has compromised his ducal dignity as well as his official position by condescending to language which is unwarrantable, and which is at variance with his usual good taste and judgment, when he speaks of "mediæval superstí-

tion, and the corrupt monotony of mediæval Romanism." It would however seem that the venerable memorials of past ages are not even as yet sufficiently appreciated by some persons of high social standing, as well as of education and refinement—nay, that they are misunderstood as well as misrepresented.

But in truth it cannot be matter of surprise, that they who are strangers to the old Faith of Christendom, should ever and anon misinterpret the Doctrines and the Traditions of the Ancient Church. Just as in former days the Doctrines of the Ancient Church provoked the sneers of the Roman senator, so in the present day the Traditions of the Ancient Church have elicited the derision of the British Peer.

In the first century of the Christian era, the Doctrines of the Church were denounced as an *impia superstitio*, and in the nineteenth century the Traditions of the Church are stigmatised as "mediæval superstition."

In the first century virginity was laughed to scorn by the lecherous pagans of Greece and Rome, the burden of whose song was—"Carpe diem!"—"Obey the laws of nature!!"

In the nineteenth century the self-denying rules of St. Columba of Iona are reprobated, because, forsooth, "the laws of nature cannot with impunity be disobeyed;" while the life-long labours of his monks are wantonly decried, for having left to posterity "monuments of the dull and often the corrupt monotony of mediæval Romanism!"

By way of answering the first of these charges, the Christian religion tells us, that "the laws of nature must be disobeyed," because it is rebellious, and that they who belong to Christ have "crucified their flesh, with its vices and concupiscences." In reply to the second, we shall let the old stones answer—let the "monuments of mediæval Romanism" tell their own tale—let them speak out trumpet-tongued!

Surely his Grace of Argyll ought to know, that the fascinations of Iona are by no manner of means attributable to the present ducal proprietor. They are by no means attributable to the climate, nor to the soil, nor to the rocks, nor to the neighbouring mountains; they are not attribut-

able to modern architecture; they are not, therefore, attributable to any natural or artificial, but rather to a supernatural, nay, to a celestial agency! The priceless charms of Iona are to be ascribed to the incomparable genius of the Catholic religion, which his Grace of Argyll sets down as "mediæval superstition;" and the matchless treasures of Iona are to be ascribed to those devoted men, whose hearts throbbed with that heaven-born religion, and whose hands erected to God those beauteous structures which are, forsooth, "the monuments of the dull and often corrupt monotony of mediæval Romanism!"

May we be permitted to ask, if it be not true—let us, for the sake of Christian politeness, lay aside the terms, "mediæval superstition, and mediæval Romanism," when we find, that at the present time many of the most devotional and intellectual spirits of the day are seeking for safety to their souls by entering the communion of the ancient Church!—is it not true, that it was the religion of the middle ages which alone has thrown the halo of glory around the isle of Iona, as well as the isle of Lindisfarne? Is it not true, that it was the chivalrous religion of the so-called "dark ages" which has lent the enchantment of romance to the now ivy-covered abbeys of Pluscardine, Arbroath, Dunfermline, and Melrose—which summoned into existence those magnificent cathedrals of Kirkwall, St. Andrews, Aberdeen, and Glasgow, not to speak of Salisbury, Winchester, York, and Westminster, of which Scotland and England are so justly proud, and which we, with all our boasted progress and pretentious civilization, are unwilling, if not unable, to rival?

Assuredly it is unstatesmanlike to pander to bigotry—it is unscholarlike to mingle polemics with letters—it is incongruous to combine archæology with controversy—it is alien to the man of travel to be bandying questionable names upon religionists, when those who do so, live themselves in glass houses, and should not therefore throw stones! Hence it is egregiously unwise to conjure up the phantom of "mediæval superstition," and thus to disturb from their slumbers the

never-to-be-forgotten "mummeries of superstition," which have been sleeping the sleep of death in the caves of Woburn Abbey since the so-called Papal aggression—while it is preposterous to upbraid, from the Castle of Inverary, the saintly spirits of Iona with bequeathing to posterity "monuments of the dull and corrupt monotony of mediæval Romanism!"

Talk of "mediæval Romanism"—of "mediæval superstition" forsooth!—and this by no less a personage than the literary and intellectual Duke of Argyll! Here we may be permitted to rehearse a brief conversation which is reported to have taken place between two eminent men, who had been both members of the Society of Friends. The incident is so striking and so much to the point, that it is not necessary to apologize for passing from "grave to gay." One of these gentlemen, after deep deliberation and fervent prayer, became a convert to the Catholic Church. The reasons which induced him to take this important step he published to the world, which have ever been regarded as perfectly unanswerable. These two distinguished individuals were brothers-in-law, and both at different periods became Members of Parliament. John Bright was the one, Frederick Lucas was the other. On the reception of the latter into the Church—*we say Church, because there is only one*—the former is said to have thus accosted him: "Well, friend Lucas, pray tell me how does the old superstition get on?" "Ah! friend Bright, I tell thee, and to thy teeth, infinitely better than the new hypocrisy!"

The Great Tribune of the people was petrified with the answer! He, who in his popular orations could sway the masses, and by his rich and racy elocution could electrify the British Senate, was thunderstruck with the reply, and would not venture again to sport his joke about *old or mediæval superstition!*

It may not then be out of place to ask, did the Duke of Argyll take really into account how much is implied when he had the questionable taste to speak of the mediæval superstition of the monks of Iona? Is not this so-called mediæval superstition, in other words, the religion of the

middle ages? Is it not then the self-same as the ancient religion of Christendom? Is it not, therefore, the first manifestation of that celestial religious fire which was to be enkindled and to illuminate the whole earth—the first emanation of those pure waters which were to flow from the very fountain of the Divinity, and to cover the globe? Was not this mediæval, or rather primal religion, born in Heaven—the fair daughter of the great King—and was it not to have followers as numerous as the stars in the firmament, or as the leaves upon the trees? Did it not then descend from the throne of the Most High—was it not borne on angels' wings when the gladdening tidings of the Saviour's birth were announced to the Shepherds, who in the mountains of Judea kept the night-watches over their flocks? Was it not signalized at the same time by the apparition of the extraordinary star to the Kings of the East? Was it not afterwards preached by Christ and propagated by his Apostles? Was it not proclaimed by St. Peter in the Roman Forum, and by St. Paul in the Athenian Areopagus? Did it lead captive the most illustrious sages — the poets, the orators, the academicians, the philosophers of Rome, of Egypt, and of Greece? Did it not urge on myriads of martyrs to expose themselves in the amphitheatres, to be devoured by wild beasts, and thus to give their very hearts' blood for the boundless love of their crucified Redeemer? Did it not stimulate the young virgin and the young man of high and low degree, to long for the sword of the executioner, that professing the Christian faith they might rush to the enjoyment of that endless bliss which awaited them beyond the grave? Did it not convert the Emperor Constantine, when he left, it may be said, Old Rome as an inalienable legacy to the Roman Pontiff—which is now enchained by the Revolution—and went forth to found a new Rome at Constantinople? Did it not bring to a knowledge of Christianity every king, and prince, and tribe, and people? Did it not diffuse the light of Catholic truth among the nations sitting "in darkness and in the shadows of death?" Did it not send the Roman monk Augustine to

England, as well as the Roman monk Palladius to Scotland, to Christianize the warlike natives of North and South Britain? Has it not alone, therefore, Christianized the four quarters of the globe, and Australasia besides? Has it not founded its charitable institutions for every disease which can afflict mankind? and has it not inspired men and women in every walk of life, to sacrifice themselves as victims on the altar of holocausts for the sake of suffering humanity? It would be tedious to enter into details with respect to the religious orders; but in contradistinction to the efforts of modern religionists, by way of comparison with the abortive evangelizing of Bible societies, which send forth missionaries armed with wives and nurses and such unevangelical accompaniments, does not this mediæval —this primal religion—send forth her anointed celibate ministers—like the Roman monks that landed in Kent with crucifix in hand, and the benison of heaven on their heads—single-hearted priests, who can address themselves to every class of the community; to the poor and to the rich, to the ignorant and to the learned, to the mechanic in his workshop and to the gentleman in his club, to the husbandman in his cottage and to the courtier in his castle; who can speak the same truths to the high and to the low, to the peasant and to the prince, to the House of Commons as to the House of Lords, and who can proclaim in language not to be misunderstood, that as there is but one God in Heaven, there is only one religion of God upon earth! Yes, this old religion, which was all but banished from the land for three hundred years, is being welcomed back again in North and South Britain, and is already knocking at the doors of the Cathedral Church of Glasgow, and is all but admitted within the Gates of its own gorgeous temple of Westminster!

Surely it is time to be just, if not generous—it is time for the minister of the Indian Office, even in his literary lucubrations, to be more diplomatic in writing respecting the religion of so many millions of her Majesty's Catholic subjects. It is more than time for the MacCallum More of Argyll to emancipate himself from the thraldom of early pre-

possessions, to cast to the winds all narrow-minded prejudices, to give more scope to his large heart and noble intellect, to view religion and morality through the supernatural rather than the mere natural medium—to range in a field enamelled with Christian flowers, instead of one which is literally bristling with Calvinistic thistles; to enter upon an earnest investigation of that grand old faith which, for a thousand years and more, was the faith of the kings and princes and people of Scotland—that faith in which they lived and died and were saved, that faith which, despite every unsavoury appellative, is, and shall for ever continue to be, the imperishable faith of Catholic Christendom! Were this only done, were the Duke of Argyll to examine dispassionately the doctrines and the discipline of the ancient Church, it is very possible—for miracles have not ceased—that the pen which he can wield so well would be employed to defend what he now unwittingly condemns. Then would he be led to embrace what he now so indignantly repudiates. Then would he also be induced to write, like the great oratorian of Edgbaston, his "Apologia, pro vita sua." Then would he reply, as did the French savant to the taunts of his foolish friends, "I believe, because I have examined—examine in your turn, and you will believe with me!" For he would then see that truth, being one and indivisible, must not be torn in shreds—that truth must be preserved intact and entire, that it cannot become fractional or fragmentary, that it cannot submit to division or laceration—that Christian truth, in the judgment of reason and religion, must stand or fall together—that it must be accepted or rejected as a whole—that Christian revelation being essentially true, must be essentially one, and that therefore it must be committed to the guardianship of one true, living, unerring, teaching Church of Christ. This Christian revelation must therefore be received or discarded by men in its entirety, it cannot be taken in parts, it refuses to be divided. It must stand or fall together. "He that is not for me is against me." There is no via media in religion. One must pass to the right or to the left. There is no medium be-

tween divine faith and human opinion; there is no union between light and darkness; there is no alternative between accepting or rejecting the entire system of Christian revelation. Consequently, there is no logical mid-way between Roman Catholicity, on the one hand, and universal scepticism on the other.

"Prove to me," said Rousseau, "that Christianity is true, and that moment I declare myself a Catholic." Bossuet said, "The same motives which I have to be a Christian I have to be a Catholic;" and Fenelon declares, "No Catholic, no Christian." All are right and unanswerable in their argumentation. There is no escaping the horns of the dilemma, either a Catholic or an Infidel! If Christianity be true, it must be true under every phase; it cannot admit the admixture of error; it is the gold which is pure and without alloy; it must therefore be one, for truth is one, and not multiform. Consequently it must be accepted or rejected in its entirety. Hence all modern religious creeds cannot stand the test of an inexorable logic. They positively decline to be weighed in the scales of the sanctuary. They tremble, and therefore shut their eyes to the inevitable ultimatum. They feel that they are in a false position; their policy is not to be disturbed; they want to enjoy life, as it is said, to make the most of this world, and to face the other when it comes!

These so-called religious creeds, we contend, are an illogical compromise between truth and falsehood; they try to halt between the two extremes of right and wrong; they attempt to blend elements which are mutually repelling, and to unite personages—Christ and Belial—who are eternally conflicting. The unhappy religious systems of the sixteenth century are fast hastening to their end. In Germany, where they were hatched, a wide-spread school of rationalism, as opposed to revelation, has diffused its poison, which seems to say, "Either the old religion or none—either the total acceptance or rejection of Christianity—for that there is no stepping-stone between being a Catholic and a Latitudinarian!" Protestantism as a system no longer exists. The idea is simply historical. Its body is dead—it never had a soul!

ANCIENT CHRISTIAN ARCHÆOLOGY, AND MODERN ANGLICAN RITUALISM.

CHRISTIAN antiquities, at the present moment, are monopolizing a large amount of public attention. Without tarrying to write a dissertation upon æsthetics, which may be regarded as the beautiful material manifestation of pure Catholic art, or to expatiate upon antiquities in general, which are all, without exception, Catholic, we may state in particular, that the monastic ruins of the far-famed isle of Iona are at length claiming their legitimate share of consideration, and are now all but enforcing the necessity of Government interference to save them from further decay. The London and provincial press, while speaking in indignant terms of the "Vandalism" in Iona, and of the sad consequences of lamentable neglect, have directed special notice to a well-digested paper which was read, Dec. 12, 1870, in Edinburgh, before the Society of Antiquaries, upon "Early Monumental Art in the West Highlands," by Mr. James Drummond, R.S.A., and which was reported in the "Scotsman" on the following day.

This very circumstance of the daily-increasing interest in Christian archæology is abundantly significant, and full of happy augury. It reveals an improved state of the public mind, and leads to the hope of the dawn of better days. It is not only by word, but by fact, that our fellowmen in England, and in Scotland too, have begun to study something more than mere Christian antiquities, that they have begun to test the character of Christian æsthetics, that they are no longer content to view the outside of religion, but that they must penetrate within—that they are no longer satisfied with contemplating the old walls of our venerable cathedrals and ivy-covered abbeys, but that they are push-

ing their inquiries after the doctrines that were preached, and the sacraments that were administered, and the sacrifice that was immolated in the parish church, and the village chapel, during the glorious ages of the faith of our fathers.

But this is not all, for many of the clergy are taking another step decidedly in advance. They are endeavouring to model their religious services according to the full-blown Roman type. Urged on by the high tide of religious sentiment which has now set in, as well as by their own better feelings, they are cultivating religious art, to a marvellous extent. No longer can they endure the cold and vapid worship as by law established, which has completely lost its hold of pious minds; they must have something which is warm and animated, something which is imposing and attractive, something that shall touch the heart and impress the soul. No longer can they themselves endure to be regarded as mere state functionaries, as sheer stipendiaries of an institution founded not by the law of heaven, but by the law of the land. They must need rise up to a higher level, and stand upon a nobler platform; they must assert, but in vain, the prerogatives of Christian churchmen; they must declare, but to no purpose, that they are the "messengers of Christ, and the dispensers of the mysteries of God!" No longer can they endure to be the butt of lay dictation, to be under the supervision of every Low-Church, Broad-Church, or rather, no-Church warden—to be controlled by the Court of Arches, and concussed by her Majesty's Privy Council. They must proclaim—but it is all moonshine—the freedom of the gospel, and that they, forsooth, are the lineal successors of the apostles! Hence they must retrace their steps, but at imminent peril of being *silenced*, Romewards, and they must assimilate their services in accordance with the Roman model! They must adopt the rites of the Roman Ritual, introduce the feasts and fasts of the Roman Calendar, propound the doctrines of the Apostolic and Roman Church. They must describe all this religious acting and teaching, as primitive and Catholic, but not Roman—and they must protest against Romanism as

well as against Protestantism! Hence they no longer can tolerate the negative designation, "Protestant;" they must, "per fas aut nefas," be affirmative—they must be out-and-out Catholic. Catholics must be Romanists, or by courtesy, "Roman" Catholics! They must, therefore, in their lately-fledged zeal, be more Catholic than the Catholics themselves. They must outstrip the quiet old religionists of eighteen hundred years' standing, and in this sensational age, they must create by their recently adopted rites, the most extraordinary sensation!

No longer are they therefore content with weekly, they must have daily services; they must have so many fast days and feast days, so many, and so varied, Ritualistic observances. They must have so multiform religious emblems at the Church door, and so diversified decorations on the church walls. They must have so many lamps burning in the sanctuary; so many candles lighted at the altar; so many celebrations during the morning; so imposing vesper services in the afternoon. They must have divers confessionals, with the names of the confessors emblazoned, due notice being given that confessions shall be heard on Fridays and Saturdays, as well as on the vigils of all Feasts. They must still have so many genuflections, despite the Court of Arches, and such profound prostrations, in defiance of the Privy Council. They must have fuming of the sweetest incense, and such ringing of the altar bell, and the vesper bell, and the angelus bell, and, doubtless, by-and-bye, of the curfew bell! They must have beautifully organized processions, headed by the cross-bearers, composed of guilds, and societies, and confraternities, and sisterhoods and brotherhoods, with banners aloft, and vocal and instrumental music, all which have utterly astounded "our own correspondents," and taken the city of London by surprise, if not by a holy kind of violence!

Now it must in very truth be said, that those rites, however admirable—those religious demonstrations, however beautiful in themselves—nay desirable in public worship, when legitimately employed, are by no means congenial to the nature of the Anglican Establishment which repels

them, moreover condemns them, by the law officials, and which declares that they who use them do so at their peril; and that they are guilty of a high crime and misdemeanour against the Church of England. For these Ritualistic ceremonials are altogether alien to the National Church, as they are unmeaning in that Church's service; they are counterfeit imitations of the Catholic and Roman Ritual. They are not the current coin of the Anglican religious realm; they are not in "use and wont" in the various temples of their fellow religionists. They are no doubt so far successful endeavours in the æsthetic order, but they are transparent fallacies; they are nugatory efforts in the supernatural order, to dress out the corse of the Anglican religion, and to try to resuscitate the body, when the soul has fled; they are disingenuous devices in the mystical order, to employ those spasmodic influences by way of inducing the simple-minded to believe that there is after all some spark of life in that religious system, *by law established*, when in reality there is nothing but death and decomposition!

For these Ritualistic Churchmen seem to lay the flattering unction to their souls, that the Anglican Establishment is a branch of the old Catholic tree—this theory being long ago exploded—or at all events, that the Anglican Church is in a very long trance, from which she must be stirred by certain rites and exorcisms; that from this lethargy she must be aroused by sound of trumpets, and beat of drums, and all kinds of instrumental accompaniments, as well as by the most imposing processional appliances; that men must at length know and acknowledge that the Anglican Church is the Church *of* the people—the Church *for* the people, and that, therefore, her services must be so imposing and demonstrative as to make the most solemn impression *on* the people!

We have put the hypothetical case strongly, and we have referred to the measures resorted to, in order that by appealing to the senses, the public mind and heart may be dexterously influenced.

We would regret indeed if what we write should appear

to be exaggerated in description, but the *Examiner*, January 7th, 1871, bears us out in reporting what took place the previous Sunday afternoon at St. Alban's, Holborn. "The selection from the 'Messiah,' accompanied by trumpets, drums, and fiddles, was harmless enough; but after it occurred a procession of the six guilds, established to promote the 'growth of a Christian life among their members, more especially the graces of Truth, Purity, Godliness, and Courage.' Five hundred and more true and courageous persons took part in it. Incense bearers and acolytes, banners of the Sacred Heart and of the Blessed Sacrament, superiors in embroidered surplices and white satin vestments, sisters of mercy and veiled virgins walked" thus in solemn procession. This graphic account might seem to describe one of our own grand Catholic ceremonials, which is verily the embodiment of the soul of religion, but when it is attached to a Ritualistic procession, we have indeed reason to marvel, and to ask what next?

Far be it from us to say anything unkind, or that would savour of levity in regard to the religious action of our fellow men. We simply lament that so many good souls are enamoured of the shadow, without enjoying the substance; that they are content with the shell without having the kernel of "religion pure and undefiled." If therefore we speak at all, we must speak plainly—it is the duty of the Christian Ministry to preach in season, out of season—as St. Bernard said, "I fear to be silent, and to preach I am compelled." We are compelled then to be honest in our speech, and we declare advisedly that all this religious acting is mere child's play, or rather it is far worse. It is the disastrous play of gentlemen, or, if you will, of so-called clergymen, when there is question of the salvation of immortal souls!

It is indeed not only a foolish, but a dangerous game in which to be enlisted. It serves, however, a purpose; it acts as a blind over the eyes to prevent the earnest-minded from seeking their way to the true Church, while the siren voice assures them that they have got in Anglican Ritualism, whatever they could find in the functions of Rome.

Ceremonies, without doubt, in religion are an indispensable necessity, because we are men and not angels, and we must worship as visible creatures, and not as if we were disembodied spirits. Ceremonies have ever been employed in all the mystic sacrifices of the Old Law, and *a fortiori* in the unbloody sacrifice of the Christian dispensation. But these ceremonies must be sanctioned by legitimate ecclesiastical authority, and not grafted upon her worship by the pious enthusiasm of this or that other devotional individual.

These ceremonials have been tried before during the Oxford movement, and came to nought. These Patristic dreams about being connected with the Ancient Fathers of the Church, shared the same fate. Those who laboured most strenuously at the oar found, to their amazement, that the Anglican Establishment was water-logged; that she was utterly swamped, and that no earthly power could raise her. They therefore abandoned the wreck, and sought for safety to their souls in the barque of Peter, which is the lifeboat of Jesus Christ, and the ark of God himself!

Let them then speak for themselves, and rehearse their own experiences, or rather let one who was the head and front, the heart and soul of the Oxford movement speak for them all. Let the old oratorian of Edgbaston, who is now in the "sear and yellow leaf," speak his sentiments in his own matchless way. His incomparable Apologia is before the world, and in it he declares the "change that came over the spirit of his dream," as soon as he was received into the Catholic Church.

"I cannot tell how soon there came upon me—but very soon—*an extreme astonishment that I had ever imagined it to be a portion of the Catholic Church.* For the *first* time I looked at it from *without,* and (as I should myself say) *saw it as it was.* Forthwith I could not get myself to see in it anything else than what *I had so long fearfully suspected* from as far back as 1836—*a mere national institution.* As if my eyes were suddenly opened, so I saw it—spontaneously, apart from any definite act of reason or any argument; *and so I have seen it ever since.* I suppose the main

cause of this lay in the contrast which was presented to me by the *Catholic Church.* Then I recognized at once a *reality,* which was quite a new thing with me. Then I was sensible *that I was not making for myself a Church* by an effort of thought; I needed not to make an act of faith in her; I had not painfully to force myself into a position, but my mind fell back upon itself in relaxation and in peace, and I gazed at her almost passively as a *great objective fact.* I looked at her—at her rites, her ceremonials, and her precepts—and I said, 'This *is* a religion;' and then when I looked back upon the poor Anglican Church, for which I had laboured so hard, and upon all that appertained to it, and thought of our various attempts to dress it up doctrinally and æsthetically, it seemed to me *to be the veriest of nonentities!*

"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity! How can I make a record of what passed within me without seeming to be satirical? But I speak plain serious words. As people call me *credulous for acknowledging Catholic claims,* so they call me *satirical for disavowing Anglican pretensions;* to them it *is* credulity, to them it *is* satire; but it is not so to me. What they think exaggeration I think truth. I am not speaking of the Anglican Church with any disdain, though to them I seem contemptuous. To them, of course, it is 'aut Cæsar, aut nullus,' but not to me. It may be a great creation though it be *not divine;* and this is how I judge of it. Men who abjure the divine right of kings would be very indignant if, on that account, they were considered disloyal. And so I recognize in the Anglican Church a time-honoured institution, of noble historical memories, a monument of ancient wisdom, a momentous arm of political strength, a great national organ, a source of vast popular advantage, and, to *a certain point,* a witness and teacher of religious truth; . . . *but that it is something sacred, that it is an oracle of revealed doctrine,* that it can claim a share in St. Ignatius or St. Cyprian, that it can take the rank, contest the teaching, and stop the path of the Church of St. Peter, that it can call itself the 'Bride of the Lamb,'

—this is the view of it which simply disappeared from my mind on my conversion, and which it would be almost a miracle to reproduce! 'I went by, and lo! it was gone; I sought it, but its place could nowhere be found.'"

With truth it may be said—should the comparison be allowable—that as well might the citizens of Munich indulge the fond dream, that by some incantation or another their deceased friends, who are laid out in state in the large glass rooms attached to their beautiful cemetery, could be brought alive again when the vital spark has fled, as for the Ritualists of Great Britain to entertain the hope that the English and Scottish Episcopal Establishments could be restored anew to life, by rites and ceremonies and chaunts and processions, when they are both spiritually and irrecoverably dead. In Germany we have seen the deceased laid out in the most approved style—all is smart and unexceptionable. They are dressed as if preparing for the assembly, and quite ready when awakening to mingle in the gay world—the bell rope being placed in each one's hand to be pulled as the signal of returning animation. The attendants are on the watch, to give refreshments to them at once after their long slumbers. Nothing is wanting but the breath of life and that want no power on earth can supply. Alas! there they remain, day after day, sleeping the "sleep that knows no waking" until the fatal signs of decomposition set in, which force the survivors to despair of vitality, and who must, therefore, consign them to their parent earth. So it is with the Anglican Establishment! The High Church party would fondly make the world believe that the National Institute which has ever been regarded as the mere creature of the State, and which never for a moment breathed the breath of heavenly life, had of late years, by a newly invented process of supposed patristic inhalation, at length received indubitably the Divine afflatus! Alackaday, the truth must be told in London as in Munich, for the case is somewhat similar, if not identical. The Anglican Church is spiritually dead. The corpse may be laid out in an alb, or rather shroud, of spotless linen—a cincture may gird the loins; the maniple may be placed on the arm, and the stole

on the neck; the most costly chasuble of silk or satin or velvet and decked with gold and silver and precious stones, may envelope the body—nothing is wanting but the breath of life, which no act of parliament can supplement—nothing is wanting, but the living soul, which king, queen, lords and commons are utterly baffled to create—nothing is wanting but the heaven-born assurance that the "poor Anglican Church" has not gone the way of all flesh, and is not to moulder in its parent dust! But who is to speak thus in the name of Heaven, and to comfort the disconsolate mourners? Who is to "pity the sorrows" of the well-intentioned Ritualists, who have come to grief in what they consider the best of all causes? It is not the Archbishop of Canterbury, who has repaired to the continent with Mrs. Tait and family, in quest of health, and which we hope he may obtain both for soul and body. It is not the Archbishop of the other province of York, nor yet the so-called Bishop of London, nor all the Canons of St. Paul's, who can satisfy earnest inquirers with the undoubted assurance that the "poor Anglican Church" is only in a swoon, and that all shall yet be well. Who then is to speak? Where is the voice to say that, like the daughter of Jairus, the Anglican Church only sleepeth? Where is the hand to be stretched forth, and the tongue to command, as it did the son of the widow of Naim—young man, I say to thee arise? Where is the Mighty Conqueror of death, to groan and trouble himself—to recall from the grave him who was dead and buried, and whose soul was in Limbo, and to cry out in a voice which must needs be obeyed, Lazarus come forth! Believe us or not, the Anglican Establishment is human, not divine—it is the work of the creature, and not the creation of the great Creator! It is the handicraft of Henry and Elizabeth, and not the Church of our Blessed Lord and the Prince of the Apostles!

What then is to be done in this frightful emergency? What is to be done in this disastrous moment when all is over—all is lost? What is to be done with an insensate Establishment, when the essence of religion is wanting—

when it has no true altar, no true priesthood, no true sacrifice —shall we say, no true sacraments? Why Baptism, at the famous Gorham lawsuit, was declared an open question. Confirmation, according to Anglican teaching, is not sacramental; Penance has but the name; the Eucharist is a shadow; Extreme Unction is unknown, Orders are invalid, and Matrimony is a civil contract! Why then should this establishment any longer cumber the ground?

What, therefore, is to be done under those circumstances, unless to pray, and to weary Heaven with prayer, that they who appear to be standing at the very threshold of the Church may have the grace to enter, to enjoy the substance of religion of which at present they have only the shadow. The enemy of mankind is ever awake—he transforms himself into an angel of light in order to deceive. He permits the Greek Church and the Russo-Greek Church to be perfectly Catholic and Roman in doctrine, except in the procession of the Holy Spirit and the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff—he permits these Churches to employ all the rites and ceremonials of the Greek Orthodox Church without exception — yet these schismatical Churches are in "the shadow of death!" Thus does he permit the High Churchmen of Scotland and of England to resort to the most approved Ritualism, to flatter the belief that they are right when they are grievously wrong; to cherish the delusion that they are in the Church when they are out of the Church; to fancy that they are in the Church of their baptism, when all who are baptised are baptised in the faith of Christ, and in union with his one Catholic Apostolic Roman Church—as if God would make two churches directly opposed to each other, and two baptisms standing in diametrical antagonism!

If the so-called Ritualists be sincere, let them humble themselves and let them pray. Humility of spirit is absolutely requisite for the reception of Faith—"God resists the proud and gives his grace to the humble." Let them pray as the blind man at Jericho—"Lord that I may see." If they be well disposed, there is every hope of their conversion. Sooner than leave souls in darkness that wish to

be enlightened, the Holy Fathers declare that the Almighty would send to them from above, even one of his ministering angels!

To the most superficial observer it is too apparent that Ritualists cannot remain in their present abnormal position. They cannot possibly continue to minister in the Anglican Establishment, which naturally has no sympathy at all with their so-called Romanistic proclivities. They must of necessity, if consistent, either walk in the broad way of Anglicanism, or in the narrow way of Catholicity. They must, if consistent, hold by the Establishment of the sixteenth century, or enter into the communion of that one—that only true Church of Christendom which is coeval with the existence of Christianity — which is Catholic and Roman — which walks under Apostolic guidance—which attaches a meaning to every rite, and which breathes the breath of life into the least as well as the greatest act of religion. Apart from this Catholic Apostolic Roman Church, these mystic rites are dead —these religious ceremonials are devoid of vitality—these gorgeous vestments are a snare—these confessionals are a sham—these celebrations are a delusion of the wicked one, and the whole system of sacramental acting in the present Ritualistic Churches is an egregious hallucination which may please but not satisfy; which may amuse but not console—which is superficial and not substantial—which is a painted cobweb devoid of all reality—which perhaps may not unhappily be assimilated to those deceptive apples which grow with such luxuriance on the banks of the Dead Sea, that are beautiful without, but utterly empty within!

This indeed is a most disastrous state of things for immortal souls. Prayers earnest and persevering have been long offered to bring about a change—that change, blessed be God, has come. The dove with the green branch of hope has returned to the ark, signifying that the deluge of heresy, which for 300 years had inundated the whole island, is rapidly subsiding. The times, therefore, are full of augury —"Coming events cast their shadows before." An altar for Iona, and High Mass in Westminster Abbey!

THE SCOTTISH ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY, THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, AND ICONOCLASM AT IONA.

With these observations, which may not be out of season at the present time, when Great Britain is in such a state of Ritualistic excitement, let us turn attention to the interesting paper which was read, on the ruins of Iona, before the Antiquarian Society in Edinburgh. That society, which numbers amongst its members many of the most cultivated spirits of the day, has been established for many years to watch over and to report on the religious and national antiquities of Scotland. It has been eminently successful in its endeavours, and has brought within its walls a rare collection of highly-valued relics. Many of them, it is true, do not belong to *Saints*—as since the religious revolution of the sixteenth century, such are not found amongst us in the calendar—they are the relics of the most notorious sinners, such as Knox and Co. Still the feeling which dictates the conservation of the memorials of the past, is akin to that which induces Catholics to respect the relics of the Saints and Martyrs. This sentiment is most natural and praiseworthy, and extends itself to kindred objects—to the ruined cathedral, the dilapidated monastery, and the desolated cemetery.

Mr. Drummond, R.S.A., read the notes of his autumnal excursion as follows:—

"I finished my last autumn peregrinations by revisiting Iona. On board the steamer from Oban, I foregathered with my former landlord on the island, who informed me that I would find matters very different from what they had been on my previous visit; that last summer the Duchess of Argyll had lived ten days on the island, that even the Duke himself had been there at the same time, and

that the Marquis of Lorne had taken up the matter of preservation keenly—in short, everything was in the way of being reformed. In the evening after landing, I sauntered up towards the ruins of the Cathedral, and was surprised in passing to find the gate of St. Oran's Churchyard standing open. This was not promising, after the glowing account I had heard on board the steamer of the careful manner in which the antiquities were now looked after. On going in, and looking over the various monuments which I had seen a couple of years ago, placed within two enclosures, and surrounded by an iron rail, I was astonished to find one of them amissing. This was the memorial slab to the four Priors, thought by many to be the finest specimen of Celtic art in the cemetery. Opinions differ as to this, but certainly it is the most elaborate and perfect; but I am afraid it will not long continue so, as I found it between the two enclosures, and over it every tourist now walks on his way to the Chapel.

* * * * * *

"In St. Oran's Chapel is a richly-decorated stone, having sculptured on it the figure of a Prior under a canopy. This was carried off a long time ago from Iona, and used as his family tombstone by a proprietor near Scoor, in Mull. It goes by the name of "the stone of the boll of barley," such having been the bribe to the ignorant boatman who committed the theft. It may be satisfactory to know that the barley was lost in a storm as the boat was crossing the Sound of Mull. Misfortunes overtook this family, and the old lady who represented it attributed their calamities to this tombstone, and, under this superstitious feeling, had it returned a few years ago. Now, surely this system of appropriation ought to be put a stop to, and that by the strong hand.

* * * * * *

"Let us glance at the Cathedral, and the state of matters there. Think of the sacred precincts in connection with it being now let to the innkeeper to graze his cattle! . . . . . In the grounds surrounding the cathedral stands

the magnificent St. Martin's Cross. This is considered a model of handsome proportion."

This lamentable account of Iona having been given, the following conversation took place:—

"Mr. SKENE thought that after the very strong statement Mr. Drummond had made as to the state in which he found the monuments in Iona, it was the duty of the Society once more to make a representation to the Duke of Argyll. He did not think they should allow his Grace to suppose that the islands were managed as he no doubt thought they were. Last summer he (Mr. Skene) spent a week in Iona, at the time when the Archbishop of Canterbury was in the island. The Duke sent his chamberlain to conduct the Archbishop over the ruins. On entering the Cathedral, the first thing the Archbishop asked was if there were no remains of the chapter-house. The chamberlain conducted them to the place, and the first thing they found was six inches of cow dung in the bottom of it. On asking the cause, it turned out that the innkeeper had the pasture of the field in which the ruins were. The ruins were divided from the innkeeper's ground by a low dry-stone wall, and he was in the habit every year of pulling down a portion of this wall, and letting his cattle graze among the ruins. . . . . He (Mr. Skene) had no doubt the Duke of Argyll was exceedingly anxious that the ruins should be properly taken care of, and if the Society were to put before him any practicable scheme they would find him perfectly willing to give effect to their views. He believed the chamberlain was equally anxious, but there seemed to be in his case a deficiency of perception of what was required for the preservation of such monuments.

"Mr. STUART said it was not the first time that the Society had approached the Duke of Argyll, both directly and indirectly, on this subject. Some years ago, along with the late Sir James Simpson, who was a personal friend of the Duke, he waited on his Grace, when in Edinburgh, to represent the state both of the ruins and of the monuments. The Duke said he had enclosed a certain number of the

monuments, so as to prevent the continual treading of visitors. But when one saw how very small was the number enclosed, the steps taken did not seem to show much perception of what was required. It was represented to his Grace that a system of chipping and destroying the inscriptions was going on, and it was suggested that the government would be willing to put the ruins in order, and to keep them in order if his Grace would permit it, and without depriving him of the property. The Chief Commissioner of Works, who was in Scotland at the time, seemed perfectly willing to take charge of the island. The Commissioner went on a visit to Roseneath, and he (Mr. Stuart) afterwards heard that the matter was likely to be arranged.

"Last year, when Mr. Drummond called attention to the disgraceful state of the monuments, a notice appeared in the papers and came under the eye of the Duke, who stated to Sir James Simpson his displeasure, and indicated that he thought the Society were too hard upon him. This, with various other things, made him (Mr. Stuart) believe that his Grace was in rather a touchy humour on the subject just now; and it would therefore require very delicate handling. If anything was to be done, it would be more successful if Mr. Skene, as a personal friend of the Duke, were to draw his Grace's attention to the subject.

"Mr. Skene said that what he pointed at was not that they should make a proposal to the Duke, but merely that the facts Mr. Drummond had put before them should be represented to his Grace by the Society. He could perfectly understand that the Duke might not very much relish the proposal to transfer the custody of the monuments to the Government, because, curiously enough, notwithstanding all the want of necessary care, it so happened that his Grace was particularly proud of being both the owner and custodian of the ruins."

Apart then from religion altogether, it is deeply to be lamented that the Duke does not manifest more patriotic feeling, in the endeavour to conserve the national monu-

ments of days long gone by, which are an ornament to the country, and a source of intense delight to the traveller.

The Scotsman, however, quickly follows up the charge, and in a leading article four days after the meeting, December 16, 1870, rushes to the rescue. It is significantly headed

"THE DAMAGED AND DECAYING MONUMENTS AT IONA."

"It is to be hoped that the appointment by the Society of Antiquaries on Monday evening of a Committee to represent to the Duke of Argyll the neglected state of the venerable ecclesiastical remains in the Island of Iona may lead to some practical result. It must be noted, however, that it is not in the absence of warning and remonstrance that things have been allowed to get into a condition which pains every intelligent visitor of those inestimable memorials of the advent of Christianity in those remote island retreats. So far back as 1854, a writer in our columns drew attention to the matter as follows:—

"'The ruins are, I am sorry to say, sadly out of repair. The walls of the cathedral are riddled and cracked in the most alarming manner, and unless something be done very speedily to counteract the natural course of their decay, the venerable structure will soon be little better than a shapeless mass of fallen stone and mortar. Far be it from us to desire that any rash restorer should touch the sacred pile, but a decent mason, with a trowel and a hodful or two of good lime, might do it such simple service as future generations would have reason to be deeply grateful for. It is a duty to hand down to our children a monument of this kind—architecturally and ecclesiastically interesting in itself ,and round which the halo of so much fine sentiment and fine writing has been cast by Johnson, Wordsworth, and a host of humbler men—in as good condition as possible; but there is evident risk that even the ruins of the Cathedral of Iona will soon be numbered among the things that were, or, at all events, that their more valuable features

will be irreparably obliterated. The Duke of Argyll is, I believe, the proprietor of the island, and if his Grace will brook assistance in the good work, surely many will be eager and glad to aid in stopping up the loopholes through which the frosts and rains threaten to creep to the overthrow of the brave old aisles and towers of Iona. The ornamentation of the building is now almost totally decayed and effaced, and the uninitiated visitor who desires to know its design and character, must trace it in the clear and beautiful sketches—partaking largely as they do, in some points, of the character of restorations—of Mr. Billings, who, by his vivid pencil, illumines features otherwise difficult now to trace upon the veritable building.'

"Four years afterwards we returned to the charge; from a leading article which appeared in our impression of August 12, 1858, we reprint the following passages:—

"'Can nothing be done for Iona?' asks a correspondent. 'I visited it again a few days ago, and was—I cannot say surprised—but certainly I was greatly grieved to see the change a few summers have wrought on the venerable pile and its sacred monuments. More windows have been built up with the rudest masonry—surely a rough method to prevent them tumbling to the ground. The floors are still covered with offensive rubbish of divers kinds, and docks and thistles grow rank over the reputed resting-places of saints and abbots. But, worst of all, the old carved stones are still trodden under the iron hoof of the careless tourist, who, having gone the round himself, has no thought of those who may follow. Where, on our last visit, the island cicerone pointed to the names and dates on the stone as evidence of his story, he now bids us believe they were once there, though so worn by the constant tramp of the visitors as to be no longer visible. Even he is beginning to fear that the stones may not last his time, and conjures the stranger, "by the advice of the noble proprietor," to walk somewhere else than on the carved memorials of chiefs, priests, and kings.' . . . . . .

"No very large sum of money seems necessary to put the

place in decent repair, and to preserve it from further dilapidation. All that is wanted is to clear out the rubbish (in which process probably many interesting remains of antiquity might be found); to remove the recent walls and erections that cover and conceal structures and carving of ancient date; and to strengthen by appropriate stone or iron work such parts of the building as are insecure. In regard to the monuments on the ground, they should either be set up, so that they could no longer be trodden upon by every idle stranger; or, if there are objections to removing them from the tombs they cover, why not protect them by a simple railing or iron cage, permitting them to be seen, but preserving them from injury? All this would require but little money. As national monuments, it might seem the duty of the nation to preserve them. But, unfortunately for Iona, it has been made over to a private individual, and there is no longer the right, even were there the will, to expend public money on its restoration. To this we fear there is no reply, so that if Iona is to be preserved, we ourselves and the general public must do the work. And we naturally look to the Society of Antiquaries to take the initiative in such a matter. Could not they, or some of the well-known leaders of the body, make arrangements with the proprietor, the Duke of Argyll, to be allowed to take the necessary steps for the repair and preservation of the monuments? When this is accomplished, let them open a subscription for the funds required, and we doubt not that in this age of worshippers of mediæval traditions and 'builders of the tombs of the prophets' these will be forthcoming. Even men who think more of the present than the past would not grudge their mite to preserve remains associated with feelings that never can grow old.

"Further irreparable damage and ruin have come to the Cathedral and its monuments since things were thus described; and those suggestions—which are very much the same as were made on Monday evening—thrown out as to means of checking continued deterioration and mischief.

"The neglect of those monuments is the more inexplicable that the Duke of Argyll has himself made the island and its remains subject of careful study, and has written at some length upon them. His papers, originally published in *Good Words*, have just been reprinted in a volume—*Iona:* by the Duke of Argyll—abundantly illustrated. His Grace dwells, it must be allowed, more upon the ecclesiastical history of the island, and its pictorial and geological features, *than on the character and interest of its architectural remains, the comparatively modern date of which he alludes to in rather disparaging terms:*—

"'In the Irish annals there is preserved a short but distinct chronicle of events connected with the monastery of Hy, carried on from year to year. For the date of A.D. 794, there is this ominous entry: 'Vastatio omnium insularum a gentilibus' (Devastation of all the islands by the heathen.) From this time forward, during a period of no less than 300 years, Iona was frequently ravaged—its churches and monasteries burned, its brethren murdered by the savage Northmen. The bones of Columba were carried to safer places—to Kells in Ireland, and to Dunkeld in Scotland. It must have been towards the close of that period that the church was rebuilt by Margaret, the devout and devoted queen of Malcolm Canmore. And now, once more, the memory of St. Columba was to re-assert its ancient power even over the heathen spoilers. Iona was the only place spared by Magnus, King of Norway, in his great predatory expedition of A.D. 1098. And if St. Oran's Chapel be indeed the building erected by Queen Margaret, it is not without interest to think that in that low round archway, which still remains, we may see the door from which the fierce King Magnus is said to have recoiled with awe when he had attempted to enter the sacred building.

"'But already we have been carried down the course of centuries far—too far—from the time in which all the real interest of Iona lies. Or if it be indeed part of that interest to look on the ruins of St. Oran's Chapel, and to think that it may possibly be the very building erected by the wife of

Malcolm Canmore, at least let us not forget that the long, long period of 500 years lay between that date, which now seems so old to us, and the date of Columba's ministry. The grey tower of the Cathedral, standing 'four square to all the wind that blow,' ancient and venerable as it looks, is of still more modern dates. The oldest portion of it may belong to the close of the twelfth century—that is to say, more than 600 years nearer to us than Columba's day. All these buildings before us are the monuments, not of the fire, the freshness, and the comparative simplicity of the old Celtic Church, *but of the dull and often the corrupt monotony of mediæval Romanism.*'

"It may be submitted, however, that between seven and eight hundred years is so very respectable an antiquity that any remains of that time which may happen still to be left us are well worth paying a little attention to. The Duke seems to concede this as regards the sculptured crosses, of which he thus speaks:

"'The fame of Columba's supernatural powers attracted many and strange visitors to the shores on which we are now looking. Nor can we fail to remember, with the Reilig Odhrain at our feet, how often the beautiful galleys of that olden time came up the Sound laden with the dead—"their dark freight a vanished life." A grassy mound not far from the present landing-place is known as the spot on which bodies were laid when they were first carried to the shore. We know from the account of Columba's own burial that the custom was to wake the body with the singing of psalms during three days and nights before laying it to its final rest. It was then borne in solemn procession to the grave. How many of such processions must have wound along the path that leads to the Reilig Odhrain! How many fleets of galleys must have ridden at anchor on that bay below us, with all those expressive signs of mourning which belong to ships when Kings and Chiefs who had died in distant lands were carried hither to be buried in this holy isle! From Ireland, from Scotland, and from distant Norway, there came, during many centuries, many royal funerals to

its shores. And at this day by far the most interesting remains upon the island are the curious and beautiful tombstones and crosses which lie in the Reilig Odhrain. They belong, indeed, even the most ancient of them, to an age removed by many hundred years from Columba's time. But they represent the lasting reverence which his name has inspired during so many generations, and the desire of a long succession of chiefs and warriors through the middle ages and down almost to our own time, to be buried in the soil he trod.'"

These "curious and beautiful tombstones and crosses," the *Scotsman* pointedly observes, being left to be trodden under foot, and effaced by tramping tourists, does not say much for our "lasting reverence" for them, or the memories they were intended to preserve!

It is then doubtless sheer affectation to be talking about the past glories of Iona, unless they to whom it necessarily belongs, should take vigorous action, to preserve those venerable ruins, from the continuous ravages of time, and the unscrupulous pilfering of tourists. If his Grace of Argyll should fail to be the custodian of those ecclesiastical antiquities, which in a certain sense must be regarded as public property, then Government should interpose, and at the expense of the nation, preserve carefully the remains of those sacred buildings, which the antiquarian contemplates with rapturous delight, and the Christian with profound veneration. Property, it should be remembered, has its duties, as well as its rights, since there is here a decided reciprocity of obligation. Granted that the old Catholic Isle of Iona has become an appanage in the non-Catholic hands of the Duke of Argyll, it is his duty, if he should claim the right of property, to watch over, with jealous care, those glorious monuments of bygone ages, while it is a reproach to the present generation to have allowed them to become so shamefully dilapidated. The very stones make their appeal for preservation—clamant lapides!

THE AUTHOR'S PILGRIMAGE TO IONA.

BEFORE entering on our Special Review of the Duke of Argyll's elaborate work on Iona, we may be permitted to refer to a kind of pilgrimage which, some short time ago, we had the pleasure to make to that celebrated island. This very circumstance must serve to show the deep interest which we have taken in the subject of which we write, and that we have made ourselves acquainted with sundry details of which we would wish to speak.

It was during the month of July, 1869, that we took occasion to fulfil an engagement which in the previous year had been urged upon us, by the worthy pastor of Campbeltown, Argyllshire, who is a native of the Eternal City, and therefore an out and out Roman Priest. The reverend gentleman had invited us to speak in his church of St. Kieran. We did so, at the midday and evening services, and we were pleased to find that many non-Catholics were present, among others one of the leading law officials of Scotland. The honourable gentlemen of the wig and gown we have been gratified to meet on divers occasions. We freely acknowledge our indebtedness to them for the solution of sundry knotty points of the law of the land, and we venture to express the hope that they may reciprocate their obligations to us for our straightforward exposition of the law of the gospel! With them, it is true, that we have broken a lance in polemics—perhaps not unsuccessfully—although, may it be hoped, that we have not broken the peace. In defence of Holy Church have we had to enter into the arena, not only with a redoubtable lawyer—the historian and antiquarian of Forfarshire, who could "wondrous tales unfold" of Cardinal Beaton, George Wishart, and the notorious John Knox; but with a learned occupant of the

judicial bench in Perthshire, who in his exuberant zeal published a famous essay on "Christian Union," in which he invited Christians of all denominations to join together against the "man of sin," whom he politely designated as a "Superannuated Bedlamite;" as well as with the late Solicitor General for Scotland, who, when elevated to the Bench, delivered a valedictory address to the members of the Perthshire Bible Society, in which he laid the flattering unction to their souls that in the interpretation of the New and Old Testament, they required not the intervention of Pope, Bishop, or Priest! For many years have we observed a disposition on the part of sundry professional gentlemen of the long robe, to expound the laws both human and Divine. Now, if it would be incongruous for the clergy to dream of becoming lawyers, equally incongruous is it for the lawyers to dream of becoming preachers!

The church of St. Kieran is of comparatively recent erection, being tastefully decorated by the present incumbent, Father Celetti. It was, however, originally built through the exertions of the indefatigable, learned, and disinterested priest, Father Condon, of St. Lawrence's Church, Greenock, which he dedicated to the memory of his zealous compatriot St. Kieran, who, as second to St. Patrick, watches over the cathedral church of Armagh. This great servant of God came from Ireland in the sixth century, and after a laborious and successful apostolate in Cantyre, departed in peace, hallowed with the benedictions of a converted people. His remains were deposited in the neighbourhood of Campbeltown, and the place is still pointed out and held in singular veneration, although sadly neglected.

On Monday morning, at an early hour, we started with the public conveyance, and after a pleasant drive of some forty miles along the coast, we arrived at Tarbet, to join the steamer for Ardrishaig. There were many passengers on board, and among other notable personages the Very Rev. Moderator of the General Assembly, Dr. Norman Macleod, lately returned from India, and who enjoys a wide-spread popularity. Little did the ladies and gentlemen think, when

we sat down to dinner in the saloon, that there was another individual present (who chanced to be invited to take the head of the table) who was verily engaged in a polemical conflict with the worthy doctor—that he had mercilessly taken to pieces the late famous address delivered before the General Assembly, and that he had actually the proof sheets of his rather caustic review in his pocket!

The reverend gentleman had egregiously committed himself by a gratuitous onslaught upon the Ancient Church, which he denounced in the plainest terms as being "corrupt." He also had his fashionable "fling" at "mediæval Romanism;" he declared that the Kirk of Scotland had raised its voice against Roman superstition! We asked what was the Scottish Kirk as compared with the Church of Christendom? He said that he and his brethren "protested, and would continue to protest" against the Roman Church, and we told him to leave the Roman Church untouched, for that the stone on which that Holy Church was built, would ere long crush his Kirk and the General Assembly to boot. As to the truths of revealed religion, we assured him that he was an utter stranger—that he was no theologian—that he should continue to superintend "Some Words"—to re-edit his amusing tales, and to write no more anti-Catholic platitudes!

Passing through the Crinan canal, which is remarkable for its natural and artificial beauties, we step into another steamer, at the southern extremity of the peninsula of Craignish, and saluting as we sailed along the varied group of islands, we arrive at Oban, which is magnificently situated in a semicircular bay on the Sound of Kerrara. It appears that of late many new buildings have started into existence, which serve to beautify the village, but what of everything else was wanting is now to be supplied—a temple to God for the holy sacrifice of the mass.

In company with a reverend Jesuit Father, who had previously been a clergyman of the Church of England, we paced the ground which has been acquired for this purpose, on the west side of the Great Western Hotel. The position,

which fronts the bay, is every way eligible, and we felt grateful to Heaven that another altar was to be raised, and that the spirit of the monks of Iona, after the long lapse of hundreds of years, had descended to overshadow other religious men, the devoted sons of Loyola, who are now to rejoice in a marine residence in that romantic locality.

Next morning we embarked in the Mountaineer steamer, on our pilgrimage to the far-famed isle, and steered our way round the island of Mull, by the north-east coast. We stop not to describe the diversified scenery which flitted before our eyes, and therefore we leave Dunolly Castle, and Artornish, and Dunstaffnage and a whole world of picturesque spectacles to their slumbers in the guide books, and to be awakened by the tourists, as the case may be, at early morn, or late at eve. But our devotedness to the Madonna induces a passing notice of the interesting hamlet of Tobermory—or rather Tober Mary—which means Mary's well. This village derives its name from a celebrated well, with a small chapel, now in ruins, which was dedicated to the blessed Virgin Mary. This, however, is only one of ten thousand different instances of places in Scotland, which were put under the patronage of the Holy Virgin, during the ages of Faith.

Meanwhile our dashing Mountaineer dances over the waves, as we rapidly pass by one islet and then another, till we approach the famous basaltic island of Staffa, which reminded us of the mural caves and columnar cliffs and tesselated pavement of Old Ireland's Giant's Causeway.

These curious phenomena—the lusus naturæ—we leave to the antiquarian and geologist, while we hasten on by

> "Ulva dark and Colonsay,
> And all the group of islets gay,
> That guard famed Staffa round."

In company with our fellow travellers we however landed under the escort of Ulva boatmen, on this wonderful island of Staffa. Its points of interest—the Clamshell Cave—the Buchaillie or Herdsman—the great Colonnade and Causeway—the Boat Cave—MacKinnon's Cave, and Fingal's famous cave—we stop not to describe. We are content with the

simple expression of our feelings in the glowing words spoken by the late Sir Robert Peel in his speech at Glasgow: "I have stood on the shores of Staffa; I have seen the 'temple not made with hands;' I have heard the majestic swell of the ocean, the pulsations of the great Atlantic beating in its inmost sanctuary, and sounding a note of praise nobler far than any that ever pealed from human organs." Let then this magniloquent peroration serve as the embodiment of what we also saw, and felt, and heard!

When the steamer gets under weigh again, the holy island of Iona is visible on the horizon, distant about nine miles to the south of Staffa. As we approach, the objects increase in bulk—the small become larger and the large, larger still. Then, of what we long heard, we now at last behold—the venerable cathedral—the dilapidated walls of the monastery and the various crosses that heavenward rise—the ruins of St. Oran's chapel and the Conventual Institute. Had we yielded to our religious emotions we should have knelt upon the deck, and exclaimed—Salve sancte parens, insula sanctorum salve!—Hail holy parent house—island of saints, all hail! We contented ourselves by uncovering when we stepped on the island, and by breathing an aspiration that Holy Church—for the salvation of souls—might once again resume her pacific and spiritual sway over the mountains and glens of Argyll. We stop not now to describe—what has been already so frequently done—the objects before us. We ambition not to write an architectural or archæological disquisition—our aim is not material but rather ethereal. We wish to wing our flight upwards—to breathe a more rarified atmosphere than this little world affords. We wish to commune not so much with the present as the past—with the spirits of the saintly dead, but whose souls now in glory surround the throne of the Eternal. Still we must confess that the objects before our eyes speak a language peculiarly their own, and impress the mind and the heart far more powerfully than the most graphic delineation. For seeing is certainly more telling than hearing. The eyes have a wider range than the ears, and those who listen in

vain to the most solemn or terrific appeal, are often overcome by the sense of sight. Let us look for example at the effect of seeing in our own travels—or in those of others—in Great Britain and Ireland, or upon the continent of Europe. Who that has visited the Lions of the day, as they are called—the Scottish lakes, the lakes of Killarney, and the lakes of Cumberland—who that has wended his way to Pompeii, Herculaneum and Pæstum—who that has stood in the Pantheon or the Forum, or in the amphitheatres of Rome, Tusculum, Albano, or Verona—who that has sailed through the isles of Greece, or coasted the Mediterranean and passed through the Straits of Gibraltar and seen Africa, as it were, within gunshot, and steamed past Spain and then Italy, and came round by Messina into Venice, which is the ocean's lovely queen, but must feel the inadequacy of all human language to do justice to such magnificent spectacles—and must it not be declared how much more sensibly one is impressed with what falls under the eye, than any account which can be furnished, however graphically descriptive?

Cicero spoke the simple truth, then, when in his Book—De Legibus—he wrote these words: "We are moved, I know not how, by the very places themselves, in which are found the footsteps of those whom we love or admire. Even our own Athens doth not delight me so much by its magnificent works, and the exquisite arts of the ancients, as by the remembrance of the illustrious men who dwelt here and held their conferences together—even their very tombs with the utmost interest do I contemplate."

Thus, every man of travel must appreciate what was written by the great orator and philosopher more than 1800 years ago; and, therefore, it cannot be matter of surprise if the same sentiment should be uppermost in the heart, and re-echoed by the lips of those who came and saw, and *were* literally conquered by their feelings at the contemplation of the ruins of Iona!

Even the imperturbable English moralist, Dr. Johnson, in his "Journey to the Western Islands," seems to have been impressed beyond measure—nay, inspired with the most

sublime sentiments, and carried away by the warmest emotion, on his visit to Iona's Holy Isle. He pictured to his mind the scene striking, but no less true, of days long gone by, when St. Columba and his companions, in the sixth century, bidding a long adieu to old Ireland, steered, under heaven's pilotage, their adventurous course, in their rude coracle to the Western Isles of Caledonia. They came, not as men now-a-days generally are induced to travel, either for pleasure or for profit—they came as Apostles of Calvary's Cross to seek and to save—they came thereby to increase their own sanctification and to sanctify others—they came to teach and to refine—to teach the salutary truths of Catholic Christianity, and to refine rude, uncultivated mountaineers. They cast anchor on Iona's lonely shore, at a small creek, as is recorded, called Portsea Curaich, on the south-west side of the island. On landing, they cast themselves on bended knees, and with outstretched arms they gave thanks to heaven; then did they lower their heads and kiss the ground, while they took possession of that desolate strand in the name of God and the holy Roman Church. They hastily built up some rude altars, on which the eucharistic sacrifice could be sung or said; and ruder cells did they also build for shelter to themselves against the inclemency of the seasons. They prayed and worked; they worked and prayed. They tilled the ground and reclaimed the waste land; they spent long years in alternate labour, meditation, and prayer. Before the sun rose, they had risen to praise God; and when the sun went down, they were still encircling the altar. Their fasts were great—their vigils were prolonged—their lives were one continuous act of self-denial—their flesh was brought under by constant mortification—they observed with the utmost scrupulosity the three solemn vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience—they were severe to themselves, but they were gentle, oh, how gentle were they to others! At stated times they went forth like the apostles of old, two by two, through the length and breadth of Caledonia, as well as through Northern Anglia, to celebrate the divine mys-

teries, and to explain to the young and to the old, to the rich and to the poor, the consoling doctrines of Holy Mother Church. In the fastnesses of the mountain and in the corries of the Glen, they raised the voice of Catholic truth, which was then heard and welcomed, and which, after the lapse of so many centuries, is now to be re-echoed from West Oban's beautiful bay, by the devoted sons of Ignatius of Loyola!

But, instead of continuing our own narrative, let us hear the old English *Doctor* himself speaking in his well-known, stately, and majestic elocution—"We were now treading that illustrious island, which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses—whatever makes the past, the distant, and the future predominate over the present—advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us, indifferent and unmoved, over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona!" Then he adds, which is not without significance: "Perhaps, in the revolutions of the world, Iona may be some time again the instructress of the Western Regions."

These are flowing, and said to be amongst the most beautiful sentences in the English language. It would, therefore, be wise in us to pause, and to allow the combined harmony of sense and sound to pass away before one can patiently listen to far less tuneful cadences. Be this as it may, we do ask entreatingly what is it that, among the ruins of Iona, makes one's piety grow warmer? What is the genius of the place? The Guardian Angel of the Isle? Is it not the sanctifying influence of religion? Is it not that divine

religion which Holy Church alone communicates to her followers, and which urges them to deeds of heroism "above all Greek—all Roman fame?" Is it not the sacrament and the sacrifice of the Christian altar, where the Lord Jesus is enshrined in the tabernacle, and which exercises so mysterious an effect on the heart of the devout Catholic,—which can induce men and women, young and old, rich and poor, to relinquish the works of the flesh, the blandishments of the senses,—to die to themselves that they may live to God, to take up their abode far away from human habitations, to bury themselves in solitude, in islands and deserts, — to consecrate themselves unreservedly to the divine service, to make a total surrender of every created object, which Solomon declares is after all "vanity and vexation of spirit," and to embrace, as their only true inheritance, the way of Calvary and the Cross, which is the right road that leads to their great Creator, who is alone good and blessed for ever!

It was the sacramental power of the Catholic faith, the inspiring genius of divine religion, which spoke to the heart of young Columba, as spoke the spouse in the Canticles to her betrothed—"Hearken, O Daughter, and see and incline thy ear, and forget thy people and thy father's house, and the King shall greatly desire thy beauty, for he is the Lord thy God."

Yes, Columba forgot his people and his Father's Royal House, and sought the Lord God alone as the portion of his inheritance! He was a "child of promise," says his historian Adamnan. Like Samuel, he was devoted to the sanctuary from his infant years. According to some Irish writers, his proper name was Corinthian, but he was usually called by his companions Columba, or the Dove, on account of his prayerful disposition. Adamnan contends that this name was given by a special providence, as the fulfilment of an ancient prophecy. He was also called Columb-Kille, or Columba of the Church, for he was wont to steal off from his companions when they were at play, and visit some one or other neighbouring church. On his return, they

would run joyfully to meet him, shouting till they made the welkin ring: "Here comes Columba from the church!"

This "child of promise," in accordance with a prevailing custom in Ireland, was placed under the care of a holy priest. His biographer, Adamnan, tells us that he afterwards resided with the saintly Bishop Finnian of Moville, in county Down. On a certain festival day, when the bishop was about to celebrate mass, it was observed that wine was wanting for the altar, which was forthwith miraculously supplied by the prayers of Columba. Like St. Lawrence, who as deacon assisted Pope St. Xystus, St. Columba as deacon assisted St. Finnian in the sanctuary. From the north he went to the south of Ireland to perfect himself in knowledge and piety, and took up his residence at Clonard College, in the province of Leinster, which was resorted to by the most eminent sages and saints of the day.

We are told by Venerable Bede, by Alcuin, and others, that students from every nation repaired to the schools of Ireland, and that Irish religious were often summoned from their monasteries to take part in the councils of kings and princes. In fact, Camden, in his Britannia, tells us it was a common saying in those days, when any man of literary renown had disappeared from other countries, that he had gone to prosecute his studies in Ireland. His words are—"*Amandatus est ad disciplinam in Hibernia.*"

It is said—although gravely contested—that Scotland gave St. Patrick to Ireland, but it is very certain that Ireland gave St. Columba to Scotland. His good deeds are, as it were, written upon the trees and sculptured on the rocks, while his memory is embalmed midst the islands and mountains of Argyllshire. Certain it is, that as long as the waves of the Atlantic lave the shores of Iona, so long shall his name be enshrined in grateful benediction. He had, according to prophecy, been promised to Erin. "In the last days of the century," said Mavateus, "a child shall be born, who will be called Columba, and whose name shall be famous in all the isles of the ocean; the last years of the world shall all be

enlightened with his glory, for he shall be dear to God, and of great merit before him." St. Patrick himself beheld him in the future, and announced his birth. On a certain occasion, while on a visit, he was dispensing blessings upon the members of a noble family, and had blessed the elder brother, whose name was Conall. The younger brother Fergus came up in his turn, when the holy prelate first prayed and blessed the boy with especial devotion, laying his hands for a long time upon his head.

The elder brother, we are told, seemed aggrieved at this apparent partiality, but the saint consoled him, saying, "I have blessed thy brother, on account of the holy son, who is to be born of his race; for his son Fedhlemir will beget a son, who shall be called Columba, because from his mother's womb he will be filled with the Spirit of God. He shall be rich in the treasures of science and wisdom; he shall be a shining light in his generation, and shall merit the title of prophet of the Most High."

Some time afterwards St. Patrick marked out the place where Columba should take up his residence. "Arriving at the banks of the Foyle, near Derry," says Jocelyn, "as the river was wide and deep, and there was no boat, he prayed, and the river opening left him a passage. Under his blessing the waters divided, so that it became fordable, and at the same time the fish multiplied at that spot." When St. Patrick's disciples expressed their astonishment at these wonders, he answered—"In a great many years a *son of life* shall be born, called Columba; he shall dwell here, and these prodigies are wrought in his favour."

In the Legendary History of Ireland, written by Professor de Barneval, whose ancestors migrated about two hundred years ago from Ireland to France, in the days of persecution, and who claims honourable connexion with the Barnwells of County Wexford, we find sundry most interesting incidents. We are told upon the authority of the monk Cummeus, and by other biographers of St. Columba, that previous to his birth, his mother had a dream in which was foreshadowed the glory of his future career. We stop not at present to

examine the value of visions, or dreams, or legendary lore, because in this hypercritical age, while legends are at a discount, the miracles of the gospel are not safe from scepticism. The gospel miracles are even reputed by Rationalists as myths, and pious illusions. We, however, do not belong to the Rationalistic school, and we take things as we find them. We merely repeat the story, as narrated by the simple-minded old chronicler, which can be admitted or rejected by the test of evidence. An angel, it is said, appeared to his mother during the night, and presented her with a veil of wonderful beauty. It soon escaped from her hands, and soaring upwards seemed to spread itself out over mountain and valley. As the mother mourned the loss, the angel said—"Be consoled; a son shall be born of thee; all virtues shall shine in his soul like the flowers in the web of this beauteous veil; and he is predestined by God for the salvation of souls." Columba was, in accordance with this prediction, born at Gartlaw in Donegal, in 521. It is recorded that he was of royal pedigree, both in paternal and maternal descent. His father was one of the eight sons of O'Neill or O'Donnell, of the nine hostages, supreme monarch of Ireland, and his mother was a daughter of the royal house of Leinster. O'Curry in his "Lectures on the manuscript materials of Ancient Irish History," says that the eight great races of Ireland are—O'Neill and O'Donnell in the north; O'Brien and M'Carthy in the south; O'Moore and O'Byrne in the east; O'Connor and O'Rourke in the west. This union of noble races, combined with piety and education, gave Columba extensive influence. In due time he was ordained a priest, and began to labour with the most apostolic zeal. In his twenty-fifth year he founded the monastery of Derry, and in 553 that of Durrow. Before his departure from Ireland, Usher says that he founded one hundred monasteries, and O'Donnell raises the number to three hundred. All the ancient writers concur in declaring that he accomplished wonders, while he is reported to have wrought numerous miracles—in a word he was regarded as a second St. Patrick, the heir of his virtues, the imitator

of his austerities, the standard-bearer of his faith, and the proclaimer of his discipline.

His birth-place has long been renowned as the resort of pious pilgrimage. It is said that the Irish immigrants to Australia and America wend their way thither, before leaving their native land, to breathe a farewell prayer in memory of the great missionary who relinquished his home and his country for the love of God and the salvation of souls. This devotion to Fatherland, which still lives in this touching national usage, is represented in an old Irish poem, attributed to St. Columba, in which he speaks of the rapid speed of his coracle—from Erin to Alba—from Ireland to Scotland. Aubrey de Vere, the distinguished convert poet, has furnished the translation—

> "Farewell to Arran* isle, farewell!
> I steer for Hy, my heart is sore;
> The breakers burst, the billows swell,
> 'Twixt Arran Isle and Alba's shore."

Count Montalembert, in his exquisite life of St. Columba, says—"Like most Irish saints, and even monks, whom history has kept in mind, he had a passionate love for travelling." He was not, as we would now-a-days say, *a slow coach*, who was afraid to go beyond the vision of the fire-side, and who would tremble beyond the precincts of his own magic domestic circle. He was certainly, to use American phraseology, of the go-a-head school — his heart was marvellously expansive—his energy indomitable. The island of Erin was too circumscribed for his zeal—and he must seek in another land and amongst another people sufficient elbow-room for the propagation of the Christian Catholic religion—we say Christian Catholic religion, for the one is identified with the other.

The famous warrior who regretted that he had not another world to conquer, reminds us of the chivalrous devotedness of Columba, who must have lamented that he could not so diffuse himself as to convert all the nations of the earth to the worship of the one living and true God. How much

* On west coast of Ireland.

must he have been moved at the time he intimated his intention to his disciples that he was about to leave his home and the land of his birth, to betake himself to another country and another people; when the young monk Mochanna, son of the provincial king of Ulster, cried out—"I swear to follow thee, wherever thou goest, since thou hast led me to Christ, to whom thou hast consecrated me." When Columba put obstacles in the way, and represented that he ought not to leave his father and mother, and native country, the young prince cried out—"It is thou who art my father, the Church is my mother, and my country is where I can gather the largest harvest for Christ." How striking the exemplification of the words—"He that loveth father, mother, sister, or brother more than me, is not worthy of me!" We are told by St. Adamnan that St. Columba was in the vigour of manhood when he established himself at Iona, being forty-two years of age. All testimonies agree in celebrating his personal beauty, his remarkable height, his sonorous voice, the cordiality of his manner, and the gracious dignity of his deportment. These external advantages, superadded to the fame of his austerities, and the inviolable purity of his life, made a singular impression upon the pagans, who were thus predisposed to receive him.

But let us give the following graceful outline from the *Examiner* of January 7, 1871, in its able review of the Duke's *Iona*, and which so far represents the London Press.

"More than thirteen centuries have passed since St. Columba, the Apostle of Caledonia, landed on the shores of Iona; 'that illustrious island,' as Dr. Johnson describes it, 'which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion.' It is not difficult to determine the causes which induced Columba to select a remote and rocky island as the centre of those missions which ultimately converted and Christianised the unconquerable land of woods, the 'Ultima Thule' which had even defied the legions of Imperial Rome. An exile from his beloved Ireland, at the age of forty-two, and

accused of having occasioned the shedding of Christian blood, he sought some great work for the benefit of his fellows. But there burned within him the passionate love of the Irish Celt for his native land, and as the Duke of Argyll remarks: 'it is most true to nature—that which is related in the memories of his race—that he could not bear to live out of Ireland and yet within sight of her shores.' Embarking, with his twelve companions, in one of those osier barks covered with hide, with which the Celtic nations navigated their stormy seas, he sailed on his voyage northwards. Tradition relates that he first landed upon the island of Oronsay, but that, having climbed a hill near the shore, he still saw his beloved country rising from the distant horizon. Again he took to his boat, and sailed on through the Hebridean Archipelago, gazing back upon Ireland with a longing look, and saying in the words of an old Erse poem attributed to him:

> "'My vision o'er the brine I stretch
> From the ample oaken planks;
> Large is the tear of my soft gray eye
> When I look back upon Erin.'

"The next island he touched was Iona, which he has made his own. There he founded the monastic capital of Scotland, and the centre of Christian civilisation in North Britain; there he lived, and laboured, and died. But his melancholy patriotism never faded out of his heart. 'Death in faultless Ireland,' he exclaims, 'is better than life without end in Albyn.' In one of his elegies he plaintively regrets that he cannot now sail on the bays and lakes of his native land, nor listen with his friend Congall to the song of the swans. He laments that he cannot go back to the dear monastery at Durrow with Cormac, and 'hear the wind sigh among the oaks, and the song of the blackbird and cuckoo.' However, in his newly-adopted country he set himself to establish, on the double basis of intellectual and manual labour, the new community which was henceforth to be the centre of his activity.

"On the most elevated spot within the monastic enclosure

Columba dwelt in a hut built of planks, and there up to an advanced age he slept upon the hard floor, with only a stone for a pillow. Thither he returned after performing his share of out-door labour with the other monks, and there he patiently transcribed the sacred text of Scripture. There he received the crowds of visitors who, attracted by the renown of his sanctity and virtues, flocked over from Ireland, from North and South Britain, and from the shores of the heathen Saxons. There, too, he blessed chieftains and ordained kings. According to Scottish national tradition, he consecrated Aïdan as King of the Caledonian Scots, upon a great stone called the Stone of Fate, which was afterwards carried to Scone Abbey, and from thence to Westminster by Edward I. He also crossed that central mountain range which separates the counties of Inverness and Argyll, and carried Christianity and civilisation among the hills and glens, the islands and mountains, of Northern Caledonia. In the frail skiffs of the period, Columba and his monks sailed from isle to isle in the Hebridean Archipelago. They even sought for solitude in the unknown northern seas, wishing, as Adamnan, the biographer of Columba, says, 'desertum in pelago intransmeabili invenire.' And thus they discovered St. Kilda, the Faröe islands, and even reached the distant Iceland. Thus the great Apostle of the Caledonians laboured for over thirty years, bearing to the Picts and Scots justice, truth, and light. The particulars of his last days and death have been preserved by Adamnan, and are as interesting as they are affecting, even at this remote period. After visiting and blessing the monastery, he bade farewell to an old and faithful servant—his white horse. He entered his cell, and began the work of transcribing the Scriptures for the last time. When he had come to the thirty-third Psalm and the verse, 'Inquirentes autem Dominum non deficient omni bono,' he stopped, and said, 'Baithen will write the rest.' On the next morning he rose, and hastened before the other monks to the church, and knelt before the altar. There he died peacefully, blessing all his disciples, on the 9th June, 597.

"Such, according to the records and *fables* recounted by the Duke of Argyll, were the life and labours of Columba, saint and poet, whose posthumous glory was greater than the glory of his life, and whose miracles and virtues have caused the little island of Iona, to be revered and visited by pilgrims from many distant lands." So far the *Examiner*. "To us," says Montalembert, "looking back, he appears a personage as singular as he is loveable, in whom, through all the mists of the past, and all the cross-lights of legend, the man may still be recognised under the saint—a man capable and worthy of the supreme honour of holiness, since he knew how to subdue his inclinations, his weakness, his instincts, and his passions, and to transform them into docile and invincible weapons for the salvation of souls and the glory of God." For two centuries after his death Iona was the most venerated sanctuary of the Celts, the nursery of bishops, and the centre of learning and religious knowledge. Seventy kings or princes were brought to Iona (or I-Colm-Kill, as it was also called) to be buried at the feet of Columba, faithful to a traditional custom, the remembrance of which has been preserved by Shakespeare. "Where is Duncan's body?" asks Rosse in "Macbeth." Macduff replies,

> "'Carried to Colmes-Kill,
> The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
> And guardian of their bones.'"

So St. Columba, historians tell us, came to Scotland from Ireland in 565. Having converted to Christianity the Northern Picts, with Bridius their king, he received a grant of the island of Hy or Iona. Ritson, in his Annals of the Caledonians, says that "the real benefactor of the holy man was Conal MacCongail, King of the Scots."

In the introduction of the Monasticon Hibernicum, it is stated that "The order of Columba was one of the most extensive, for it had above an hundred monasteries and abbeys belonging to it, in all the British Islands. The principal house, or head of the order, was, according to some, at Armagh; according to others at Derry, now Londonderry;

and according to the most received opinion in the island of Hii, Hij, or Iona, which was afterwards called Colomb Kill, situated to the northward of Ireland, at a small distance from Scotland; that saint having preached the gospel to the Picts, converted great numbers of them, and built churches. He was so much honoured as apostle of that country, that in the time of Bede, viz., about the year 731, by a very extraordinary sort of discipline, all the bishops of the province of the Picts were subject to the jurisdiction of the priest that was abbot of Colomb Kill, because St. Colomb, the apostle of the nation, had been only a priest and religious man."

St. Columba died in 597, and was succeeded by St. Barthen, *alias* Comin, who died in 601.

Bede records that when St. Aidan went from Iona to preach to the Northumbrians in 634, Segerius was the fourth abbot from St. Columba.

St. Adamnan, sixth abbot, adopted the Roman time of celebrating Easter. In his life of St. Columba, he tells us that the aged priest, being now very infirm, ascended a little hill, shortly before his death, which overlooked the monastery, and standing on its summit he lifted up his hands to Heaven, and blessed his long adopted home, pronouncing the following prophecy on its future fame: "Unto this place, though small and poor, great homage shall yet be paid, not only by the kings and people of the Scots, but by the rulers of barbarous and distant nations, with their people also. In great veneration, too, shall it be held by the holy men of other churches."

In bidding farewell to Iona, on return from our pilgrimage, our very heart sunk within us, that no altar was there for the Eucharistic sacrifice—that no sacraments were administered—that no rite of Christian burial could be employed—that the poor people, from the cradle to the grave, were living without the graces, and dying without the blessings of true religion! No wonder that we should have exclaimed:—"How long, Gracious and Just, how long?"

"IONA," BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

We had glanced over three papers, which appeared in successive numbers of that anti-Catholic monthly, miscalled *Good Words*—and which is edited by Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod. We have said before that this periodical bears a misnomer. "Good words" ought to be true words: as a rule the words written in this publication in reference to the old religion of Christendom are not true, and therefore are not good, as we have had occasion to show. These papers, now reprinted, have been furnished by the Duke of Argyll, who, apart from his territorial designation, and his son's royal alliance, is well known in the world of politics and letters. They were reprinted in a neat volume in last December, which in this month of February has been reproduced. They no doubt are ably written, and smell of the lamp; but there is a certain parade of historical reading foisted into the narrative which strikes us as quite irrelevant, while there is also a certain smack of *bumptiousness*—if we be pardoned the significant term—in laying down the Presbyterian law, and rushing full tilt against the Catholic code, that reveals no small amount of intellectual self-sufficiency. For the pride of intellect—instance Lord Brougham and Lord Macaulay, not to speak of so many living examples—so antagonistic to the humility of the gospel, is the besetting sin of the present day, and lays hold of the peer as well as the peasant. For every unfledged scribe who can flourish his quill, must needs write dogmatically on men and manners—on philology, philosophy, and religion—and must record his crude pronouncement through the press, with all the assurance of the Delphic oracle. We

do not say all this in reference to the present work, but rather in regard to the penny-a-liners of the day; for while there has been a great clamour against the real infallibility of the Pope, there has been none against the assumed infallibility of the Press! But let us, without further preamble, proceed to our review.

At the outset his Grace of Argyll introduces his readers to Staffa as well as Iona. He very truly says: "No two objects of interest could be more absolutely dissimilar in kind than the neighbouring islands—Staffa and Iona—Iona dear to Christendom for more than a thousand years; Staffa known to the scientific and the curious only since the close of the last century. Nothing but an accident of geography could unite their names. The number of those who can thoroughly understand and enjoy them both is probably very small. There can be no doubt which is the more popular of the two. The aspects of nature will always be more generally attractive than the history of them. It requires no previous knowledge, and no preparation of the memory, or of the imagination, to be impressed by Fingal's Cave—with Iona it is very different. Its interest lies altogether in human memories." Now this is perfectly correct, and very well put. Staffa, with its caverns, and cliffs, and stupendous hall of columns, stands out in proud relief contrasted with the modest and unobtrusive little island of Iona. The one, so to speak, with its native boldness, is emphatically the handwork of God; the other, under God, with its religious associations, is the handwork of man. The sanctity of Columba has thrown the sweet odour of Catholicity around the isle of Iona, and the apostolicity of Columba has diffused its aroma throughout Northern Anglia and ancient Caledonia. Time, which swallows up in its vortex the greatest actions of men, seems to have cast an additional halo of glory around the memories of St. Columba and his holy monks. The celebrated Count de Montalembert, in company with his friend the Earl of Dunraven, lately visited, like ourselves, this sacred and historic isle, and in his most elaborate work—"The Monks of the West"—has

drawn with masterly pencil the living portrait of the great and good old abbot. He has done for Iona what the author of Waverley has done for the "land of the mountain and flood." By the way, the centenary of Sir Walter Scott is this year to be celebrated in Edinburgh, when "his own, his native land," shall rejoice in universal jubilee. As his grand-daughter has succeeded to Abbotsford, and is a child of Holy Church, high mass may possibly be celebrated in that classic abode, in thanksgiving for the past, and imploration for the future!

Montalembert has then in a very special way opened out the genius of the place, and exhibited in glowing colours its former sanctified inhabitants, while he has produced several volumes of intense interest, based upon facts, which read like a romance, although they are true to the very letter. He has brought to bear in this labour of love a most religious spirit, together with an honesty of purpose and a perspicacity of criticism truly wonderful. He has now passed away, and may the Lord God grant refreshment to his noble soul! His tomb is enshrined in the Requiem of Religion—his memory is embalmed in literary, artistic, and scientific renown. Instead of the funeral panegyric, which in France is usually delivered at the grave, the chivalrous Catholic Count expressly desired that the prayers of the Church should be the last words rehearsed over his tomb! Requiescat in pace!

No flower then can be taken off his mausoleum with impunity, and hence, by way of parrying the heavy blow of the Duke of Argyll, we must say another word or two in reference to this illustrious personage, whose equal we seek in vain to find amongst the celebrities of the present times. He was a most accomplished scholar, a brilliant orator, a consummate statesman, a perfect enthusiast for civil and religious liberty, a devoted admirer of British Institutions, a discriminating archæologist, a lover of mediæval art, a man of the most refined taste, the purest morals, the soundest judgment—add to this that he was an out and out Catholic worthy of the middle ages, an indomitable knight of Christ,

an uncompromising defender of the Faith—to use the very words of Pope Pius IX., "e un vero campione"—that he was literally the standard bearer of the Church. In the Chamber of Peers, where infidelity was rampant, and where Christianity and Rationalism were brought face to face, he thus wound up one of his magnificent perorations—"We are the sons of the Crusaders; we will not yield before the sons of Voltaire!"

This great man of the old family of Montalembert, in Poitou, France, but whose mother was of Scottish origin, was born in London in 1810, and baptized Charles Forbes de Tyron Count de Montalembert. His early education was superintended by an English tutor, and he was then sent to the College Bourbon. His intense love of study enabled him to take the first place amongst his fellows, and his thorough classical education facilitated the attainment of the various European languages which he spoke with fluency and elegance. Having passed through the usual curriculum of education, he spent a year at the Court of Stockholm, where his father was ambassador, and published an "Essay on Constitutional Liberty in Sweden." Soon after he paid a visit to Derrynane Abbey, where he enjoyed the hospitality of the Liberator, who recounted to him the sufferings, the struggles, and the triumphs, of the Catholics of Ireland.

Of this most illustrious publicist, the Duke of Argyll writes as follows—

"The most recent description of Iona, and perhaps also one of the most eloquent, is altogether misleading, and gives the traveller a very imperfect idea both of what he ought to remember and of what he may expect to find. And yet no one perhaps ever visited the island who was in some respects better qualified to rejoice in its associations than the distinguished author of the 'Monks of the West.' But an indiscriminate admiration of *mediæval superstition*, and the absence of all endeavour to sift fact from fiction, in the narrative we possess of Columba's life, mar the reality of the picture which Montalembert gives us of the past. Nor does the present fare better in his hands. His disposition

to extol the self-sacrifice of his hero, coupled with the incapacity of every Frenchman to understand any form of natural beauty, except those to which he has been accustomed, combine to make his description of Columba's adopted home in the highest degree fanciful and erroneous."

After this slashing animadversion on the part of the Duke, one would naturally suppose that the Count had egregiously committed himself, and that it would be an easy matter to expose his fallacies. But this we do not find; on the contrary, we find his pages redolent with sweetness and truth, and illustrated with graphic descriptions of religious chivalry. His Grace talks of mediæval superstitions, but he does not tell his readers what these are supposed to be; he speaks of the "absence of all endeavour to sift fact from fiction," but he does not give us any data to substantiate his averment; he says that the "narrative mars the reality of the picture of Columba's life," which seems passing strange, since it is avowedly drawn from the authentic life of the saint by one of his successors, the Abbot Adamnan. He seems to be mortified that the present mournful condition of Iona should contrast so unfavourably with its past religious glories. The Duke appears to find fault with the Count for "his disposition to extol the self-sacrifice of his hero!" Pray, was he to sit down to depreciate him, and to undervalue his meritorious life and services to his fellow-men? Now who could write in this strain but one who seemed to make little account of self-denial, which is so necessary in the warfare of Christian life, and to have little appreciation for Christian heroism? Then the sweeping allegation of "the incapacity of every Frenchman to understand any forms of natural beauty except those to which he has been accustomed," defeats itself by its own inherent extravagance! The assertion is so utterly preposterous that it cannot bear examination.

We are glad to find that we are backed in what we have written by the "Illustrated Review" of December, 1870. After complimenting the Duke of Argyll for giving "a pleasant account of that most interesting island, Iona," the reviewer very justly observes—"He is somewhat harsh on

Count Montalembert, whom he accuses of having 'an indiscriminate admiration of mediæval superstitions'—though later on in the book he says that 'Montalembert repeats all his narratives without letting us clearly understand whether he accepts all, or only some; or whether he narrates them simply as part of the belief of the times—as such and no more.' On the latter supposition, it seems the reverse of just to accuse one of the most candid, most diligent, and most able of modern writers of an 'indiscriminate belief in superstitions.' On the other hand, he allows that Montalembert is *right* in boasting that in Columba's life we have proof of the practice of auricular confession, and of sundry doctrines to which a much later date is usually assigned." So far the reviewer, in his judicious strictures. Let us here say one word of ourselves, and it is this—that we believe all that the Count believed, and, were it possible, even more. We should like, then, to be informed, wherein we are guilty of superstition, which under every aspect we thoroughly repudiate. The Duke ought to perceive, that he is egregiously compromised by this helter-skelter animadversion!

Oh, but, says the Duke, the Count's "description of Columba's adopted home is in the highest degree fanciful and erroneous."

At last we have something tangible, and no longer are we left in idle space to beat the air. The grave charge now is, "the fanciful and erroneous description of Columba's adopted home." Can this be sustained? Let us refer to Montalembert's history, where we shall find a graphic description of the island and all its ancient religious monuments, while he appears transported out of himself at the contemplation of the past religious glories of Iona. Very true, says the Duke, but the Count takes exception to the climate, with its frequent rains and storms—the Count declares the northern sun "pale," and the isles denuded, and that the mountains are enveloped with mists.

Pray, why should he not? why not record his impressions when he is sketching to the life, and literally describing the normal state of the Hebrides? The Count and his friend,

the Earl of Dunraven, to say nothing of ourselves, did not set sail from Oban, to round the island of Mull, to visit an islet called Iona simply because it was one of the Hebrides. No, it was not the material island that drew us and so many other tourists to its lonely shores—it was not simply the isle of Iona that attracted us and others to examine the present state of its few hundred inhabitants—no, but it was the religious associations of Iona which induced our long-contemplated pilgrimage to Columba's holy shrine and Adamnan's blessed home. Why, then, should one—and such one as Montalembert—be set down even by my Lord of Argyll as an "incapable" for speaking his impressions of wind and weather, of mountain scenery and island desolation? Surely the traveller from the continent of Europe, should he hail even from France, may be allowed freely to record his impressions of the British Isles, as we Britishers are not slow in making our pronouncements in regard to other countries!

Well, notwithstanding this indignant expression of feeling, his Grace has the candour to admit, "It may well be, however, that different minds should find themselves attached by very different ties to the recollections of Iona, and that there should be a corresponding difference in the form which these impressions take." Now this is the language of good common sense, and if his Grace had given that tone to his papers, it should have relieved us of the necessity of our present animadversions.

Self-condemned by his verdict of condemnation against those who take opposite views, and receive from Iona and its surroundings very widely different impressions, the Duke proceeds—

"From a rapid view of Columba's time, let us pass to a closer inspection of Columba's home. . . . Nothing, therefore, can be more certain than that, when we look upon Iona, or when we range even the wide horizon which is visible from its shores, we are tracing the very outlines which Columba's eye has often traced, we follow the same winding coasts, and the same stormy headlands, and the same sheltered creeks, and the same archipelago of curious

islands, and the same treacherous reefs, by which Columba has often sailed. . . . All the great aspects of nature upon and around Iona must be the same as they were thirteen hundred years ago.

"What, then, are those aspects? To Montalembert they are all mournful and oppressive. He paints the landscape in the gloomiest colours. Its picturesqueness, he says, is without charm, and its grandeur is without grace. The neighbouring isles are all naked and desert. The mountains are always covered with clouds, which conceal their summits. The climate is one of continual mists and rains, with frequent storms. The 'pale sun of the north,' when it is seen at all, gleams only upon dull and leaden seas, or upon long lines of melancholy foam."

Well, granted that the Count has written in substance all this—which many doubtless believe to be substantially true—we do not see why the Duke should be so irate as to denounce his incapacity of "understanding any forms of natural beauty except those to which he had been accustomed." To understand and to appreciate the beauties of nature are mere matters of taste, although it might be difficult to come up to the Duke's standard. But the Duke himself speaks of treacherous reefs and stormy headlands, and we ourselves can speak, while in Argyllshire, of naked isles, and mists and rains, and cloud-capped mountains. Why should not the Count, then, be permitted to speak of the "pale sun, and leaden seas, and melancholy foam?" The Duke himself admits that "the climate of the Hebrides is a wet one," but by way of indemnification to humidity, he adds that "the verdure is perennial and flourishes to the very summits of the hills."

Let us, however, from these minor points, which are very secondary indeed, proceed to something far more vitally important—to Columba himself and his monastic home at Iona. We shall not load our pages with learned lore, nor, like the Duke of Argyll, sketch out the leading contemporary events which occurred during the lifetime of Columba. We have nothing at present to do with ancient Roman his-

tory, nor with the disasters which followed the irruptions of the Goths and Vandals in Italy. We pass over in silence Justinian and Belisarius, and Olaric and Theodoric, and all the calamities which marked the footsteps of the barbarians from the North. These seem to us quite out of place, and yet, strange to say, the writer takes the author of Columba's life, to task for not making a record of those continental revolutions. Thus does he speak—"And yet no sound of these calamities is heard in the calm narrative of Columba's life, as recorded by Adamnan. The petty quarrels of some Irish tribes, and the obscure battles which they fought, seem more important in the eyes of this biographer, as fixing the date of the transactions he records, than the most famous contemporary events affecting the most famous countries in the world."

We must say that this captiousness is exceedingly ludicrous, and to us it betrays the want of an impartial judgment. Adamnan undertakes to write the history of Columba, and the Duke of Argyll would have wished him to associate with it, the history of the Roman empire! Let us adduce a somewhat parallel case. Would, for example, the Duke, in addition to our present strictures on his work, wish us to enter upon a dissertation of this late most calamitous war between France and Prussia, and give an account of its origin and its progress? Would his Grace wish us to record our own impressions, apart from popular belief, that the Almighty has scourged both countries, the victors and the vanquished, for their past fearful iniquities, and for their daring impiety in raising up statues to Voltaire in Paris, and Luther in Worms—to those miserable men who have been the ruin of countless souls—to those bad men whose memory therefore should be held in everlasting execration! Assuredly time would be wanting to us, and judgment would be at fault, were we to attempt writing a disquisition, on matters so complicated and so foreign to our present purpose.

What, however, Adamnan undertook he accomplished, and he left behind him, the model history of a model man! If he makes passing allusion to "the petty quarrels of some Irish tribes, and the obscure battles which they fought," it

must simply have been because such things took place in the land which gave Columba birth, and with the interests of which he ever felt himself so closely identified.

We are glad, however, when the Duke introduces into his narrative some kindred subject with which we can cordially sympathise; and this he has successfully done in his reference to the order of St. Benedict—

"And here we come upon another point, at which Iona touches the general history of the Church. Columba represents one of the earlier forms of monastic life, which seems to have materially differed from that which it assumed in the great orders of mediæval times. And yet the first of these great orders was founded in his day. As Columba was a contemporary of Justinian, and of Gregory the Great, so also he was a contemporary of the famed St. Benedict. Twenty-six years before Columba's birth, this remarkable man, then a youth of fourteen, flying from the corruption of Rome, had taken refuge in the caves of Subiaco. There he had moulded into a lasting form the Rule out of which arose the first great orders of the West. Thirty-five years later, when Columba was still a child, Benedict had removed from holes in a precipice to the summit of a mountain—fit emblem this migration of the larger prospects which had opened to his gaze, and of the wide dominion which his Rule was destined to subdue. On the sunny ridge of Monte Casino, which rises above the valley of the Liris, and commands a splendid panorama among the hills of Samnium, and over the valleys of the Campania, he had founded in 494 that retreat which for more than 1300 years has been one of the most famous monasteries of the world."

It would be idle to say that we make this extract with peculiar pleasure, as it reminds us of our last delightful visit to Italy during 1863—4, after an absence of many long years, since our collegiate curriculum. In reviewing the scenes of our youthful student days, it was our good fortune to make a kind of pilgrimage to St. Benedict's Cave at Subiaco with some most intelligent friends, who for several years had been travelling over Europe, and from whose

beautiful seat in Essex, by a curious coincidence, we now have the singular pleasure to write.

Having arranged to visit the celebrated shrines of the Madonna at Tivoli and Vicovaro, on our way to Subiaco, we set out on our journey from Rome. We stop not to speak of the sacred nor yet the classical associations of Tivoli—its churches—its temples—its villas, and its rare antiquities—nor yet of Vicovaro, the ancient Varia, an interesting hamlet picturesquely perched upon an eminence, and distinguished by the old baronial castle of the Bolognetti family, as well as by the remains of the polygonal walls. We wended our way to Subiaco, the ancient Sublaqueum, which derived its name from the artificial lakes of the villa of Nero, below which it was built—sub lacum. The town is remarkable for the matchless beauty of its scenery; the rapid falls of the river below; the old castle on the hill above, which for ages had been the summer residence of the Popes; the magnificent forests of the valley, and the religious and monastic institutions which fill up so many pages in the ecclesiastical history of the middle ages. All these serve to enchant the tourist, whether he has come for piety or for pleasure, as well as the artist who journeys along to sketch or depict scenes which surpass each other in indescribable loveliness. On a hill above the river, the ruins of Nero's villa may be traced. Tacitus and Philostratus record that in this villa the cup of the tyrant, while he was drinking, was struck by lightning, and that the table was tumbled over by the shock. Not far from this spot stands the glorious monastery of St. Scholastica, founded in the fifth century. About one mile further up the mountains, we arrive at the sacro speco, the world-renowned monastery of St. Benedict. The ascent is very precipitate, and the scenery so gorgeous as to baffle conception. In early youth, Benedict retired from the seductive fascinations of the world. He was a native of Norcia, in Umbria, being born about the year 480. His father was Eutropius, his grandfather Justinian. He was sent by his family to Rome to attend the public schools. Observing that some of his youthful com-

panions were yielding themselves a prey to the voice of the charmer, and therefore too literally "obeying the laws of nature," which the Duke of Argyll says cannot with impunity be disobeyed, he determined to go beyond the reach of outward temptation, and to guard his purity from danger. Leaving the city privately, he wended his way to the distant mountains. An intimate friend, who loved him dearly, went in pursuit. Benedict eluded the search, and under the escort of his guardian angel, journeyed alone to the rocky mountains of Sublacum, called by the Italians Subiaco, where in the valley there is a river and lake. He happened to meet a monk of a neighbouring monastery, named Romanus, who ascertaining his pious dispositions gave him the monastic habit. As the young Benedict was desirous to lead a life of the strictest retirement, Romanus conducted him to a deep narrow cave, overhanging the river, which was almost inaccessible. In this cavern, now called the Holy Grotto, the youthful hermit took up his abode. Romanus, who was pledged to secrecy, brought him at certain times some portions of food which he retrenched from his own meals, and let them down to this child of God by a rope, to which he had fastened a bell to draw his attention. In this manner did he live for three years, but heaven desired that the light which was thus hidden in the grotto should diffuse itself abroad. It so happened that a certain good priest having given instructions, for what we now-a-days would call a jolly dinner for Easter Sunday, after the strict fast of Lent, heard a voice which seemed to say to him, "You are preparing a sumptuous banquet, while my poor child Benedict, at Sublacum, is pining away with hunger." The priest immediately set forth in quest of the hermit, whom at length he discovered. Surprised as was the recluse at the appearance of the stranger, he beckoned to him to kneel in prayer before entering into conversation. They then discoursed together on God and heavenly things. Having thus feasted their souls with this spiritual refection, the priest invited the saint to partake of some refreshments which he had brought with him, stating that as

Easter day was pre-eminently the day of joy, it was not becoming to continue the Lenten fast.

Benedict replied that he was not aware of the great solemnity; neither can it be matter of surprise, that he should not understand the Lunar Cycle.

So indignant was Satan at this self-denying life, and of the possible good which Benedict might afterwards accomplish, that he broke the bell, in order that the poor youth, not hearing the chime, might literally be starved to death!

The Broken Bell is still shown in the sacristy, and the pious legend is still repeated. Now, it is very probable that we may be set down by many as an arrant simpleton for giving credit to monkish stories. We have merely to reply, by way of palliating the charge of simplicity, that we have knocked about through many lands; that we have mingled in all circles; that we have visited the most celebrated places of resort in Europe; that we are not aware of any sinister object to serve; that we are peradventure not over credulous; that despite the enlightened 19th century, which regards the mysteries of revelation as sheer myths, ignoring the personality of the fallen angel, and that place, the mention of which would be offensive to "ears polite," as well as the eternal judgment to come; that we are weak-minded enough to believe in the existence of God and of the Devil, of heaven and of hell, of the particular and of the general judgment! We, moreover, believe, in all sincerity, that as God is pleased with the good, so the Devil is displeased, and that the "roaring lion" may get permission to *break bells*, to raise storms, to breed disturbances, and to wage the Anglo-Russian and the Franco-German wars! Let it be observed, however, that they who denounce Catholic credulity, are wretchedly credulous themselves. Instance, the votaries of table-turning, spirit-rapping, witchcraft, and the second-sight!

Some time afterwards certain shepherds were wandering through the mountains, and approaching the cleft in the rocks in which was the cave, they heard a voice singing —we may suppose—the vesper chaunt of the Church. They were startled to behold what appeared as a human being,

covered with the skins of wild animals, issuing from the cavern, and quite skeleton-like, so emaciated in face and hands. After some friendly greeting, they entered into mutual explanation, and learned from himself the marvellous history of his life. He told them what he was, whence he came, and why he had sequestered himself in that solitude; his whole object being to escape from the fascinations of the world, and to save his soul. Still, he admitted that he had not been free from inward temptation, for that his mind had been haunted with impure images, till he armed himself with the sign of the Cross. Again he had been assailed by the sting of the flesh, when he cast himself into a thorny bush, which piercing his body, the blood gushed in streams. Tradition goes to say, that the bush still exists, and that the thorns became roses, which luxuriantly flourish. We have seen the bush; we accept the legend; we were permitted to pluck from it a rose, which we greatly prized.

The austerities which he underwent, and the limpid purity of his life, were now quickly noised abroad, so that many were induced to seek out his solitude. It is recorded, that the monks of Vicovaro, on the death of their abbot, chose Benedict as his successor. He was most unwilling to retire from his beloved solitude in the rocks, where, aloof from every creature, he was in unbroken communication with the Creator, and to assume the responsibility of governing others. They were, however, so importunate as to listen to no refusal. He told them that he should make trial, feeling satisfied, at the same time, that his strictness of discipline would not consort with the tastes of some of the brethren. And so it fell out, for certain sons of Belial in the monastery, becoming indignant at the severity of the new regime, concerted a plan to destroy his life by mingling poison with his drink. In this, however, they failed, for Benedict making, as was his wont, the sign of the Cross over the vase which contained the liquid, it burst in twain, as if a heavy stone had fallen upon it. The Saint, who in all things recognised the hand of God, was not at all discon-

certed, but meekly cried out "an enemy hath done this—may the Lord forgive him!"

He thereupon resigned his position, and withdrew from Vicovaro to his much-loved solitude at Subiaco. His saintly reputation increased now day by day, so that multitudes flocked thither to place themselves under his direction. He built twelve monasteries in the neighbourhood, not unlike the monasteries and churches in the far-famed Glendalough, county Wicklow—which, of course, we have also visited—placing in each, twelve monks, with a superior.

We need not tarry by giving the names of these respective monasteries, as they were subsequently incorporated with the grand Mother House, called after Benedict's sister, St. Scholastica. This is a most magnificent establishment—everything so orderly, so beautifully clean, so sweetly devotional. Idle would it be to say how deeply we were touched, when visiting the monastery, with the humility of the young English monk and priest—a London convert, by the way, destined to return to Ramsgate—who went down before the superior, upon bended knees, in the public gateway, asking permission to accompany our party, and to show us the *Lions* of the place!

Time forbids us to enter into details however inviting, but let us make passing allusion to the pretty village, Saracinesco, just in sight, which is perched on the summit of a conical hill, and which, with its curious history, contributes to the romance of the landscape. It is recorded that the valley of the Anio, was laid waste by the incursions of the Saracens about the year 876, and that a party of the invaders settled down on this spot. Among the curiosities preserved in the monastery of Santa Scholastica at Subiaco, there is an inscription of the year 1052, under the name of "Rocca Sarracenisca"—the Saracene rock. Certain it is that many of the villagers have Arabic names, such as Almanzor, and that their vivacious expression of countenance indicates Asiatic origin!

During the winter several of these Saracenic mountaineers, in most picturesque costumes, came to Rome, and

loitering about the Trinita dei Monti, in the Piazza di Spagna, offered their services as models for the artist.

The Church of St. Scholastica is most beautiful, and very tastefully ornamented. The monastery was particularly famous for its library, and was rich in diplomas and manuscripts. It has acquired especial celebrity in its historical typography, as being the very first place in Italy, in which the printing press was established by two Germans, Sweynheim and Pannartz. Their edition of Lactantius was the first issue, which appeared in 1465, and a copy is still preserved as an historical curiosity, long before the Reformation was cradled!

St. Benedict's Cave, as has been said, is about a mile distant further up the mountains. The monastery was rebuilt in 847; the lower church in 1053; the upper church in 1066; the cloister in 1235. This sacred retreat abuts against the rocky hill, on nine arches of great elevation, and consists of two long corridors. The Cave is converted into a chapel, where we had the happiness to say mass on Thursday, April 7th, 1864, as is recorded in our note-book. It is identified by some antiquaries with the oracle of Faunus. It contains the most beautiful statue of St. Benedict by Bernini. The two chapels in communication with it were painted by one of the early Italian masters, in 1219, who has left his name, "Conxiolus pinxit." The painting in the Sacristy, of the Holy Family is attributed to Correggio. The garden is still notable for its plantation of lovely roses, which, according to tradition, are descended from those, which the chaste young Benedict cultivated with his own hands. The opposite bank of the river is picturesquely covered with hornbeams. On the slopes of the mountain, are the ruins of a Nymphæum, supposed to belong to Nero's Baths.

The fame of St. Benedict's sanctity was talked over in the fashionable circles at Rome, and several illustrious personages were induced to go and ask his blessing and prayers. Many of the first families of the Eternal City brought their young sons with them, and imitating the sacrifice of Abraham, placed them under his guidance to be

trained to purity and knowledge, and thus taught to resist "the laws of nature" from their very infancy! Among others, two wealthy senators, Equitius and Tertullus, committed to the paternal care of Benedict their two sons, Maurus, then twelve years old, and Placidus, who was still younger.

The great adversary of mankind, who, as St. Peter says, goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour, and who is constantly whispering to men, women, and children, that the "laws of nature cannot with impunity be disobeyed," stirred up a grievous persecution against the saint. It originated in a quarter the least expected. It proceeded from one who had received holy orders, but who was unworthy to minister in the sanctuary. Florentius was the name of this unhappy ecclesiastic, who, gnawed by a secret jealousy, spread abroad the most infamous slanders. Mindful of the blessings bestowed on those who suffer persecution for justice sake, Benedict bore all with meekness, but in order to disarm the malignant hostility of his adversary, he resolved to retire from Subiaco for a time, and to go forth to the Neapolitan territory with the view of laying a monastic foundation on Monte Cassino.

There was a small town of that name, built on a lofty mountain, where existed an old temple of Apollo, in which idolatrous sacrifices were offered. The Saint preached against these abominations, and, by the miracles which he wrought, he converted many to the faith. Thus did he prepare the foundations for that monastic institute, which has become so celebrated in Europe. At that time he was in his forty-eighth year—Felix IV. was Pope—Justinian Emperor—and Athalaric King of the Goths. His patrician friend, Tertullus, came on a visit to the Saint to see his son Placidus, and assigned, for the benefit of the monastery, several lands which belonged to him in the neighbourhood, as well as a valuable estate in Sicily. St. Gregory the Great mentions that he governed also a convent of nuns not far distant from Cassino, and also a monastery for men at Terracina, while he sent his disciple Placidus into Sicily

to arrange about another foundation, to subjugate the natural man!

He was not, it is true, an adept in secular knowledge, but he had studied what is much better, the knowledge of the saints. He had not, perhaps, made many scientific and astronomical observations, but he had sought after the narrow —may it be called the milky—way, which leads to life everlasting. He had not contemplated to shine in society by his polished address, and elegance of speech, for his whole solicitude was to serve God, and to save his soul. He did not dream of starring it, amongst his fellow creatures, and of stamping his name on the century; he simply wished that it should be recorded in the book of life, never to be effaced. Hence, the republic of letters was little to him, whose great alphabet was the crucifix, whose great literature was Calvary, whose great triumph was "to disobey the laws of nature!" Of him St. Gregory says that he was "learnedly ignorant and wisely unlettered"—

Scienter nesciens et sapienter indoctus.

Yet, although not, perhaps, coming up to our highest standard in science and in art, still has he surpassed the best amongst us, in that knowledge which maketh wise unto salvation. Being the great master of a spiritual life, he conducted numberless souls in the sublime paths of Christian perfection, and drew up a code of rules which for wisdom and discretion could not be surpassed. These, for long years, were religiously reduced to practice by all the Monks of the West; their characteristic feature being silence, meditation, humility, self-denial, obedience. When these virtues are observed by men, it is no wonder that heaven should be peopled with saints!

There is an episode in the life of St. Benedict, which is specially worth rehearsing, since it is illustrative of the present disastrous times. When Belisarius, the General-in-chief of the Emperor, had been called back to Constantinople, Totila, the Arian King of the Goths, pushed forward with his troops to the plunder of Italy. Having heard of the wonderful sanctity of Benedict, he was solicitous to put

it to the test. Accordingly, he sent a message to this man of God, that he was desirous to pay him a visit. Instead, however, of going himself, he commanded one of his courtiers to personate him, having in his train a suitable retinue. When he approached the gates of the monastery, the venerable abbot thus addressed him—"My son, why dost thou act this false part? Put off those robes, they are not thine!"

The mock king was thunderstruck, and fell prostrate at his feet, as if overtaken by the judgment of heaven. On his return, he reported in trembling accents the scene which had occurred. Totila was now resolved to go himself, and coming into the presence of the Saint, bowed profoundly before him. Then it was that Benedict, rising up with the imposing grandeur of the occasion, thus addressed the barbarous invader:—

"Thou, Totila, hast done great evil, but I foresee thou wilt do more. Thou wilt take Rome; thou wilt cross the sea, and reign nine years longer; but death will overtake thee in the tenth, when thou shalt be arraigned before the judgment seat of Christ to give an account of thy iniquities."

Thus spoke Benedict to Totila—thus spoke the late Pope Gregory XVI. to the late Emperor Nicholas, whom he upbraided for his atrocities to the Polish people, and thus speaks Pius IX. from his prison in the Vatican—like St. Peter in the Mamertine—to the excommunicated Victor Emanuel and his infatuated son, whom he denounces for the sacrileges which they have accumulated on their devoted heads!

In a religious house some distance from Monte Cassino, Benedict's sister Scholastica was Abbess. It was permitted her to receive a visit one day each year from her brother. Upon this occasion their pious conversation had been protracted till the shades of evening were closing. Her brother reminded her that as the day was far spent, it was his duty to return forthwith to the monastery. She entreated him to prolong his stay, which he declared was impossible.

Thereupon urged, doubtless by some supernatural impulse, she buried her face in her hands, and prayed most earnestly. All of a sudden the heavens became overcast; the most violent tempest arose, which made it impossible for him to go forth, when he exclaimed—"Oh, my sister, what have you done?" "Ah, my brother, do you not see that what you would not grant, our good God has granted, and we must therefore continue our heavenly converse?"

This appears to have been the last occasion they met upon earth, as St. Scholastica died soon afterwards. Benedict himself departed this life about the same time, and in the year, after his interview with Totila. He foretold his death to his disciples, giving instructions to have his grave opened six days previously. He then became indisposed, and on the sixth day he desired to be carried into the church, where he received the Holy Viaticum. Surrounded by his sorrowing monastic brethren, who were reciting the prescribed commendation of the departing spirit, his great soul winged its flight to heaven, on the 21st March, 543, from his sacred retreat at Monte Cassino, where he had spent fourteen years, and when he was in the sixty-third year of his age. Thus passed away the Saint of Saints!

In the same month, 1864, was it our good fortune to spend some time in this magnificent religious establishment, with the highly accomplished inmates. We shall not attempt to describe our emotions when we were privileged to celebrate mass in the subterranean crypt under the high altar, where the sacred remains of Benedict and Scholastica repose! We have made a jotting in our diary, which it is not necessary to transcribe. Suffice it to say that Monte Cassino is the glory of monastic Italy. It has been not inappropriately designated the Sinai of the Middle Ages! Its venerable antiquity, its interest as the home of St. Benedict, and so many other saints and sages, its literary treasures, the high birth, the learning, the culture of the fathers, the pure, moral, religious, as well as physical atmosphere which is breathed, all mutually contribute to render it one of the choicest spots in creation. Besides the gentlemanly bear-

ing of the monks, their unbounded hospitality, their extreme attention to their guests, have left charming and ineffaceable recollections on our memory. Hence, it is a labour of love, to put on record the tribute of gratitude which we personally owe, but which we seek in vain to repay!

Dante himself commemorates the glories of Monte Cassino in his Paradiso :—

Quel monte, a cui Cassino è nella costa.

The monastery is a glorious massive pile, more palace-like than conventual. The entrance is through a rocky passage, where the founder had his cell. The courtyards, to which this conducts, communicate with each other by arcades. In the great area before the Church a fountain is constantly playing, which is ornamented with gigantic statues of St Benedict and St. Scholastica.

A broad flight of marble steps leads to the upper quadrangle, where rises the temple of God in all its simplicity and loveliness. Time forbids us to attempt the description of the gorgeous beauty of the interior, which far surpasses all expectation. In gracefulness of outline, and costliness of decoration, it seems to stand second only to St. Peter's at Rome. The floor is of Florentine mosaic, the marbles are of the richest and most varied character, and the paintings are of surpassing excellence. Then, as we have said, the monastery is the grandest institute of the kind in Europe. Its antiquity, the interest attached to it as the home of St. Benedict, the parent house of so many saints and sages, the depository of such sacred and classical treasures, its museum, its library, its archives, the whole establishment is magnificent beyond conception. Every object of interest was exhibited to us with that cheerful frankness, and refined cordiality so characteristic of the religious orders. What struck us was the huge volumes in which visitors were invited to record their names, and in which we also were requested to adhibit our signature. We glanced over with intense interest the pages, and observed so many notable signatures, to which sundry observations were frequently attached.

Among others our eye fell upon the name of the great oratorian of Edgbaston, Dr. Newman, who, with his friend St. John, had visited Monte Cassino shortly after his conversion, and before writing his name, he wrote as follows :—

"O Sancti Montis Cassinensis, unde Anglia nostra, olim rivos Catholicæ doctrinæ saluberrimos hausit, orate pro nobis, jam ex hæresi, in pristinam vigorem, expergiscentibus."

The notorious Renan had also visited here in the days when he was a Christian. He also wrote :—"Porro unum est necessarium, Maria optimam partem elegit!"

But we must reluctantly tear ourselves away from these delightful reminiscences, and resume our prosaic encounter with his Grace of Argyll, who thus refers to this magnificent monastery :—

"But rapid as was the spread of the great monastic order which poured forth its legions from this centre—Monte Cassino—more than a century elapsed before they reached the distant shores of Britain. For aught we know, Columba, though he survived him more than fifty years, never heard of the Rule of Benedict. What, then, was the monastic system in which Columba himself lived, and which he brought with him to Iona?" * * * * *

As regards the theology of Columba's time, although it was not what we now understand as Roman, neither assuredly was it what we understand as Protestant. Montalembert boasts, *and I think with truth,* that in Columba's life we have proof of the *practice of auricular confession, of the invocation of saints, of confidence in their protection, of belief in transubstantiation,* of the practices of *fasting and of penance, of prayers for the dead,* of the sign of the cross in familiar—and it must be added—in most superstitious use." Now, we submit that nothing could be more Roman and less Protestant than the very doctrines here enumerated, and which were taught and practised so sedulously at Iona. "On the other hand, there is no symptom of the worship or 'cultus' of the Virgin, and not even an allusion to such an idea as the universal Bishopric of

Rome, or to any special authority as seated there." This free and easy style in reference to the Holy Virgin, who under divine inspiration declared that all generations should call her "blessed," reminds us of a little incident which may not be out of place. It may vary the scene, but still bears home on the subject. Let us, then, pass for a moment "from grave to gay," and enliven our narrative by the rehearsal.

The scene lay in Perthshire, when the writer was Priest of the city of Perth. A worthy man from the famous Carse of Gowrie, who rejoiced in being the Precentor of Kilspindie, had called upon his reverence upon some business. The conversation turned upon religion, and the Precentor, whose duty it was on the "Sabbath" to sing the Psalms and give out the text, appeared to be on the most familiar terms with the Holy Apostles. He called them Peter and Paul, and just as some would speak of Argyll and Lorne. We were really anxious to give a poser to our friend of Kilspindie, and in the best humour possible, we said "Mr. Precentor, of the Kirk of Kilspindie, if you have not the religious feeling to call the Holy Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, have at least the politeness to call them Mr. Peter and Mr. Paul! His Grace of Argyll may perhaps learn a lesson from Kilspindie."

Well, granted that there is no reference to the Cultus of the Blessed Virgin, nor yet to Papal Supremacy, we ought to remember that St. Adamnan was not writing a dissertation on the Christian religion, but simply narrating the life of the Abbot of Iona, and that it did not come in his way to speak upon those subjects, no more than upon the great cotemporary events which occurred under the Roman Empire, and which forsooth his Grace, has found fault with him for not recording. Besides, at the very most, *this* is merely a negative argument, and cannot be adduced as proof positive against either of these doctrines.

MONTALEMBERT AND THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

MONTALEMBERT began his political career in 1830. Descended from ancestors of great military renown, it was his wont to say that he was the first of his family who exchanged the sword for the pen—when with De Lamennais and Lacordaire he started the L'Avenir, bearing the motto:—

"GOD AND LIBERTY: THE POPE AND THE PEOPLE."

Of him, Lacordaire, then a youthful barrister, wrote: "He is a most fascinating young man, and I am as fond of him as though he were a plebeian! Sure I am, that if he lives his destiny will be as pure as a Swiss lake among the mountains, and equally celebrated!"

In regard to the forthcoming journal, Montalembert reports what was contemplated:—"It was meant, according to the views of its founders, to regenerate Catholic opinion in France, and to cement the union between it and liberal progress. I hastened to aid in this work, with the ardour of my twenty years, from the west of Ireland, where I had just seen O'Connell at the head of a people, whose invincible attachment to the Catholic Faith had weathered the storm of three centuries of persecution, and whose religious emancipation had just been achieved by the liberty of speech and the freedom of the press."

The Count, with Lacordaire and De Coux, determined to test the liberty of education, which the Government had exclusively monopolized. They opened, therefore, on their own account a school for children in 1831—having given due notice to the Prefect of Police—and resolved to take the initiative by becoming schoolmasters themselves for a time in this struggle for educational freedom. Just as in those

evil days of bitter memory, when Catholic education was wantonly proscribed by the British Government, there started into existence throughout Ireland what were called the hedge schoolmasters, who, being denied all school-room accommodation, taught the poor children where there could be no obstruction, in the morasses of Connaught—under the hedges of Ulster—amidst the bushes of Tyrone, and by the lakes of Killarney and Connemara. The old hedge school master, David Mahony, had the high honour to teach to the then young child, Daniel O'Connell, the first letters of the alphabet! Such was the disastrous state of matters in Ireland when the Liberator was born! Yet the Irish have been taunted with ignorance, when education was regarded as a felony!

For this daring attempt to open a free school for free education, irrespective of Government interference, Montalembert was cited before the public tribunal. He appeared accordingly, but he protested against being arraigned before the House of Representatives, and demanded as his right to be tried by the Chamber of Peers. When asked for his designation, he astounded the French noblesse by his extraordinary answer—"Charles de Montalembert, schoolmaster, and peer of France!"

Then it was that he rose to deliver his maiden and never-to-be-forgotten speech, in which in a strain of lofty eloquence, which perfectly electrified the house, he advocated the liberty of the subject—the liberty of thinking—the liberty of speaking—the liberty of teaching—the liberty of conscience! The Government party, while paralyzed, was, however, impervious to reasoning, however conclusive, and to arguments perfectly irresistible. The chivalrous young Count was fined the nominal sum of one hundred francs, but, notwithstanding, he virtually carried the day!

In 1833 he was associated with other devoted young Catholic gentlemen in founding the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, which had for its object to look after the poor, both as to temporal and spiritual matters. It has since been diffused throughout Europe and America, and has

thereby effected a world of good. Withdrawing himself now for awhile from the arena of political contention, he went to reside in Germany, and wrote in the most exquisite style, the life, beautifully illustrated, of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, from whom his wife, the Countess de Merode-Westerloo, was lineally descended.

In May, 1835, he took his seat again, midst tumultuous acclamation. The celebrated De Sainte Beuve describes him as having "the right to say all, to dare all," by means of that elegance of speech and gracefulness of delivery, which were pre-eminently his own. He could urge with unbounded freedom, in the most impassionate accents, the defence of that liberty which was his youthful day-dream; he could propound those lofty theories which, proceeding from any other, would have been scouted as romantic, but by him they were invested with all the charms of practicability. At one time he could be keen and sarcastic; at another he could speak with daring firmness to the monarch, while he would lay the unsparing lash of criticism on the members of the cabinet.

He revisited England in 1839, and delivered a magnificent oration in London, at the meeting of the Society of the Friends of Poland, when the Duke of Sussex was in the chair.

In 1840 he wrote from Madeira his celebrated paper "On the duties of Catholics on the question of liberty of teaching." About this time was organized the *Comité electoral de la liberté religieuse*, of which De Montalembert was appointed president, and De Vatimesnil—formerly minister of Public Instruction—the vice-president.

The noble speeches which he pronounced during 1844, elicited from the highest personages in France the most flattering encomiums. The elite of the French youth, so generous and so appreciative, gathered together in a body of three hundred, and marching to the Count's house in the Rue du Bac, St. Germain, offered him the most splendid ovation. They presented him with an enthusiastic address, and so likewise did the students of the great university of Louvain.

During the revolution of 1848, the archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Affre, displayed heroic fortitude by mounting the barricades with the olive branch of peace to appease the combatants. He fell there mortally wounded by a stray bullet, and expired in the arms of his vicar-general with the words of charity dropping from his dying lips—"The good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep!" Montalembert himself was in the thickest of the fray, and exposed to imminent peril by carrying despatches between General Cavaignac and the Assembly. Regardless of danger, his whole solicitude was to turn the Revolution to his country's good, and the Church's well-being.

About this time the Pope had been obliged to retire from Rome to Gaeta. The Republic, under General Cavaignac, sent the French troops to restore order, and the Holy Father returned in triumph. When a motion had been proposed to continue the French army in the Eternal City, it was violently opposed by Victor Hugo and the other Reds in furious and abusive declamation. Montalembert rose to reply, when a scene followed, seldom or ever equalled in the annals of forensic or parliamentary display. Fearless and self-possessed, master of the occasion, and rising superior to the conflict of passion, presenting a front like the rocks of our island to the storms of the ocean, the noble Count, having still a more noble cause, opened wide the flood-gates of the most majestic elocution, and, sweeping all opposition from before him, carried along, by his fervid eloquence, the great majority of the Legislative Assembly. It would be too lengthy to give details, and a few sentences must therefore suffice. After a desperate conflict with sundry speakers, he is reported to have spoken to this effect—

"I have been asked to answer the orator. It is my desire to do so—it is my right—it is my duty. * * * It is, however, difficult to follow a discourse so vehement, so passionate, as that you have just heard—(murmurs)—without being carried on not to attack the person of the orator. Nothing can be farther from my wish—(interruption)—but to address him such remarks as his speech deserves." After

an elaborate and most eloquent defence of the Papacy, Pius IX., and of the French Expedition to Rome, delivered amid continual clamorous interruptions, the great Catholic orator continued—"But what must strike every mind, even the most prejudiced, even the least sensible to the prepossession, which, at this moment, you suppose possesses me, it is not only the discredit and disrepute, which sooner or later is attached to those who fight against the Holy See, but it is their inevitable defeat! Yes, remark it well; I repeat, failure is certain!

"And why is failure certain? Pray now pay attention to this: because there is between the Holy See and you, and all who fight against her, inequality of force. And remark, this inequality is not for you, but against you. You have 500,000 men, fleets, cannon, all the resources that material strength can supply. That is true. And the Pope has none of all this, but he has what you have not, he has a moral force, an empire over consciences and over souls to which you can have no pretension, and this empire is immortal. (Immense cheering on the Right amid murmurs of dissent from the Left.) You deny it! you deny the faith, you deny the empire of the pontifical authority over souls, this empire which has overcome the greatest Emperors! Well, be it so; but there is one thing you cannot deny—the weakness of the Holy See. But, understand, it is this weakness which is her insurmountable strength against you. Yes, truly, for there is no greater spectacle in the history of the world, or a more consoling one than the embarrassment of strength at war with weakness. (Strong cries of assent from the Right.) Allow me a familiar comparison. When a man attempts to fight with a woman—were she the basest of creatures—she can brave him with impunity. She says to him: Strike me, but in so doing you dishonour yourself and do not conquer me. (Hear, hear.) Well, the church is not a woman, she is more than a woman, she is a MOTHER!" (Hear, hear! bravo, bravo! A triple round of applause greets this expression of the orator.) * * * *

This speech was afterwards scattered by hundreds of

thousands throughout France, and welcomed as the very masterpiece of eloquence, and one of the imperishable glories of the French tribune.

In 1850 the "Sons of the Crusaders," of whom Montalembert was now the acknowledged chief, succeeded against the "Sons of Voltaire," in winning the desperately fought battle for liberty of teaching. A measure was carried, by which "a radical reform of primary education, the freedom of the little seminaries, the liberty of religious congregations were obtained: the bishops were to be members of the Council of Education, and the superintendence of government over educational institutions was restricted to the securing of public order."

The next movement, always in the right direction, was the report which Montalembert drew up for the better observance of the Lord's day, in which was demanded "the restitution of what was due to the majesty of God, and the dignity of the poor."

In 1852 he published his "Catholic Interests in the Nineteenth Century." It is described as a true hymn of liberty, a plea for Parliamentary government, a satire against absolute power, and a diatribe against those Catholics who rallied round the new-fledged Imperialism.

He crossed the Channel again, and was received throughout Great Britain with the most respectful consideration—Catholics and non-Catholics rivalling each other to do him honour. Among divers marks of distinction the University of Oxford conferred upon him the dignity of Doctor of Laws. On his return to France, he published his elaborate essay on the "Political Future of England," in which he reviews the glories of the past, the labours of the present, the prospects of the future. Montalembert was thus not simply the grand promoter of liberty and education; he was the glorious standard-bearer of religion.

About this time a vacancy occurred in the French Academy which numbers only forty members. The claims of Montalembert, in an artistic, scientific, literary, oratorical, political, diplomatic point of view, were far too paramount to be

overlooked. He was elected with acclamation, and the oration which followed was the very masterpiece of eloquent reasoning, but the most tremendous invective against the Imperial policy. In 1857 he was elected president, and in this position he had to preside at the yearly meeting of the whole Institute of France, when he spoke with such brilliant effect on the decline of moral and intellectual life, under the Napoleonic régime.'

He was pre-eminently the man of Faith—of Hope—of Charity. Like the great O'Connell, he was another lay apostle—without holy orders, he was the veritable Champion of the Church. His noble heart yearned after the blessed immortality of his fellow creatures. He groaned in spirit that so many pious souls in the British Isles, should continue to be deluded, with the unchristian systems of Luther, Calvin, and Knox; that they should still be hoodwinked with the fanatical ravings of Glass, Wesley, and Irving; that they should still be kept in religious leading-strings by those whom the usages of society alone, induce us to call Reverend, Very Reverend, Right Reverend, and Most Reverend; but who, before God and high heaven, have no right to preach, to teach, or to baptize; who have no orders, no jurisdiction; who can dispense no sacraments, offer no sacrifice; who have no mission from God, and no commission, except from her gracious majesty the Queen; who, according to Catholic teaching, are simply laymen, according to Catholic theology, rank with Coran and Abiron, who although of the tribe of Levi, paid a dismal penalty in opposing Moses and Aaron; and who, according to Catholic tradition, are not the Pastors of the Lambs and Sheep of Christ! No wonder, then, that knowing and feeling that the Church sighs after the return to the fold of unity, of every wandering nation as of every wandering creature—urged on, likewise, by the spirit of religious chivalry to exert his utmost, to make conquest of souls for God; fired also with patriotic ardour for the salvation of those among whom he was born,—no wonder, indeed, that Montalembert should force his very pen to

write, and his tongue to speak, in the following glowing accents:—

"The Church wants England, and England wants the Church! What would not England have done if she had remained faithful? With her indefatigable activity, her unconquerable energy, the unlimited power of her commerce and her fleets, the munificent contributions which she lavishes *on error*, what strength, what support, what abundant harvest would not the Roman Church have found in this race, which gave, in ancient times, to ecclesiastical liberty S. Anselm, S. Thomas, and S. Edmund, who are amongst the most valiant champions she ever knew; and who, at the present time, devotes to the propagation of an erroneous Christianity so many treasures and such perseverance! * * * * But Catholicity has taken immense strides in the British Empire since emancipation was gloriously achieved by O'Connell a quarter of a century ago. Not only in Ireland, in England, and even in puritanical Scotland, and especially in her immense extent of colonies, has the number of dioceses, parishes, churches, monasteries, and Catholic congregations incessantly increased in regular proportion. * * * England was Catholic for a thousand years, that is three times longer than she has been Protestant, and Catholicity has engraved, in ineffaceable marks, a thousand vestiges of her dominion. Her most venerable institutions, her most popular glories, are traceable to Catholic times. Trial by jury, Parliaments, the Universities, date from the time when England was the submissive daughter of the Holy See. It was Catholic barons and bishops who wrested Magna Charta from King John; Catholic Irishmen constituted a large portion of her army in the Peninsula and the Crimea. Her people have preserved the memory of her Catholic monarchs—Alfred, Edward the Confessor, Richard Cœur de Lion, Edward III., and Henry V. Her cathedrals, churches, and ancient castles, which she restores or preserves with such pious reverence, are exclusively the work of her Catholic ancestors. The fervent devotion of the

converts finds Heaven peopled with English Saints from S. Alban to S. Thomas of Canterbury. These form the patrimony, the treasury, of the English Catholics."

But the desperate *coup d'état* of December sounded the death knell of Montalembert's political life. On re-entering the Corps Legislatif, he ranged himself in the ranks of opposition, till his final retirement from Parliament in 1857. In a letter under date November, 1869, he thus describes his feelings:—"My protests and writings against the ignoble Cæsarism of the Second Empire have condemned me to a living tomb, and to silence; have made me descend from the political tribune at forty years of age, when most men are just mounting it."

In October, 1858, Montalembert furnished a brilliant article for the *Correspondant*, headed "The English Parliament," which is an extraordinary effort of genius. He extolled the British at the expense of the French Government, in so pungent a manner as to involve him in a government litigation. Though defended by the magic eloquence of the veteran Berryer, who entranced his audience in a magnificent harangue of two hours' duration, sentence was given against his illustrious client.

At the period of the Congress of Paris, which was convened after the Crimean war, he issued a manifesto—"Pius IX. and Lord Palmerston," in which he defended, in the most uncompromising manner, the inalienable rights of the Holy See, and denounced in unsparing terms the crafty Italian statesman, Cavour, for "having outraged, betrayed, and despoiled the Sovereign Pontiff."

In 1861 he paid a visit to Poland, for which he felt the deepest sympathy, and on his return to France, he awoke the most indignant emotion against Russia by his work the "Nation in Mourning."

In 1863, a grand Congress was held at Mechlin, which was attended by more than a thousand bishops and priests and seven thousand laymen. The chivalrous Son of the Crusaders was there, and his masterly address was received, as usual, with enthusiastic acclamation.

In 1864 the great grief of his life overtook Montalembert. It was the death of his bosom friend the Père Lacordaire, who having been a brilliant advocate at the bar, became the saintly orator of the pulpit. The memoir of the great Dominican Father is surpassingly beautiful and touching, and might be regarded as the Count's *chef d'œuvre.*

And now, passing over various other items, we come to the crowning literary effort of Montalembert's life—his "Monks of the West." In regard to this voluminous and magnificent production, it is by no means too much to say that it is the most splendid tribute to monasticism, that was ever penned by a layman. He tells us plainly the object which he had in view in embarking in so gigantic an undertaking.

He was desirous "to plead in favour of the religious orders by an exposition of the facts; to restore the halo of glory to these old forgotten saints, who were the very heroes of our histories; the blessed ancestors of all Christian people; the patriarchs of all faithful races; the immortal models of the life of the soul; the witnesses and martyrs of the truth."

He then makes allusion to his work in these terms:—"I flatter the hope, that the reader patient enough to follow me to the end, will rise from this study, with his soul calmed by the sweet influence of the purest virtues, and inflamed by the love of all that strengthens and exalts human nature, and with aversion for all that could stifle and abase it."

Such were the sentiments which were awakened in the soul of this great man, at the contemplation of the lives of the monks of old. Their lives were modelled upon Christ crucified—they died to themselves, that they might live to God. Not only the commandments did they make it their study religiously to observe, but the evangelical counsels became with them, of their own free accord, matters of obligation. They vowed their vows to God, and to Holy Church, to observe with Heaven's help—poverty, chastity, and obedience. These are now styled "dead virtues" in this *fast* and

fashionable age, by popular and accomplished authors, who write sensual and sensational romances for the masses, and who thus pander to the prurient tendencies of the "laws of nature!" As the spirit is opposed to the corruption of the flesh, so is monasticism opposed to the sensuality of the times! *O tempora! O mores!*

For what is the dominant vice, or as it is called the social evil of the day? What are those vices which are acting as a gangrene upon society, and which are eating away the vitality, both of the mind and heart? We have high authority for declaring that all that is in the world is "the concupiscence of the eyes, the concupiscence of the flesh, and the pride of life." In other words that avarice, voluptuousness, and self-sufficiency are the dominant vices of the age. What then are to be the counteracting agencies, and who can supply them? Is it the Non-Catholic Church, and the Non-Catholic clergy? No, most assuredly, because both one and the other belong to the world, and against the world and its follies they cannot successfully combat!

Non-Catholic Churches may be, and doubtless are, highly respectable human institutions, and the non-Catholic clergy may be, and, as a rule, are, excellent fathers of families, and estimable members of society. But that non-Catholic churches have been created by God, or that the non-Catholic clergy have been ordained by the Holy Ghost, is an idea the most chimerical, as it is the most calamitous fatality, under the sun!

Therefore, whatever good these gentlemen, whom, from the usages of society, we designate "Reverend," may accomplish in a social way, is beside the question; no substantial good can they accomplish from a religious stand-point. They are not of God; they have no authority to speak in the name of God; they are not the delegates of Jesus Christ; they are not the anointed servants of the divine Spirit; they can produce no heaven-sealed credentials for their mission; they are the lineal descendants, in their own ministry, of Luther, Calvin, and Knox; they are utterly ignored by the Apostles of Christ, and their successors; they

are simply the messengers of the Queen or of the People, who may induct them into their respective charges; they are appointed by lay authority, and by lay authority can they be deposed. Instance the case of Rev. Mr. Voysey, who, in this very month of February, is condemned to forfeit his living on account of heresy—on account of exercising the right which the reformed Churches proclaimed, of individual judgment in matters of religion! Spiritual authority they have none—absolutely none. In the volume upon which we are commenting, the noble author tells the clergy of the Kirk of Scotland, and of the Church of England, that they are not Apostolic Fathers, whatever else they may be, because there are, forsooth, "no Apostolic Fathers, except the Apostles."

Having, then, no divine commission to teach, preach, baptize; having no orders, no jurisdiction; leading lives as other respectable gentlemen of the world; having generally large families that they must educate and provide for; having to introduce their sons and daughters into society, to marry and get married; having to take legitimate recreation in due season, to cast the fly for the salmon; to sport the rifle for the grouse or the Deer; to follow the hounds and to beat up the fox, having after *breakfast,* upon the returning *Sabbath*—as it is mis-named in Scotland—or Sunday, to read or to recite some pious prayers, to deliver an elaborate essay on ethics, such as Plato or Socrates might have spoken; to pronounce a homily—"The religion of every-day life," for example, by Rev. Dr. Caird, and published at the instance of the Prince Consort; or "War and Judgment," by Rev. Dr. MacLeod, preached before the Queen, and published by her majesty's command, —having to do these things, and such like things as these, which any gentleman of education and intelligence, could easily accomplish, they can sit themselves down—they can "*rest and be thankful.*"

But that they can be the regenerators of mankind, and the co-operators in the salvation of immortal souls; that they can lift up the fallen, and minister the grace of perseverance in virtue; that they can grapple with irreligion,

and stem the torrent of immorality which has poured out like a deluge over the land; that they can cicatrise the wounds which are festering in the members of almost every class of society; that they can teach more eloquently by their example than by their words, and thus in their own persons "renew the face of the earth."—Oh, this most decidedly is beyond their reach, because it is beyond the capabilities of the non-Catholic Church and the non-Catholic clergy!

And what Church—what clergy are to surmount these all but insuperable difficulties? Why, no other but the Catholic Church and the Catholic clergy; shall we say specially the religious orders? These may be regarded as the legitimate successors, as they are the successful rivals, of St. Columba and his self-sacrificing monks of Iona! The world represented by the men and women of fashion, do not believe in lip service. They believe theoretically but not practically in precept, while they cannot possibly refuse to believe in example. They admit most readily the prevailing vices of the age, that the world is very evil indeed.

They admit that the world is avaricious—they want an antidote; they find it alone in the religious orders, which proclaim voluntary poverty!

They admit that the world is impure—they want an antidote; they find it in the religious orders, which proclaim perpetual chastity!

They admit that the world is proud—they want an antidote; they find it alone in religious orders, which proclaim entire obedience!

The Apostle St. James has left us in no doubt about his opinion of the world, which is already condemned. In the very first age of the Church he has left recorded in that old Book—*which is now being mangled again by non-Catholic revision*—that all "that is in the world is the concupiscence of the eyes, the concupiscence of the flesh, and the pride of life." These words, so ancient and yet so true, are as suitable now in the nineteenth, as when they were written in the first century of the Christian Era!

Let us now inquire what are the consequences—natural and unavoidable—of these prevailing vices? They are Irreligion, Infidelity, Atheism, Socialism, Communism, and the like. Why it stands to reason that men and women who do not live in the fear of God, would naturally wish that no God should exist. It stands to reason that men and women who scoff at the idea of the particular or general judgment after death, must laugh to scorn the eternity of hell's torments. It stands to reason that men and women who wish to abandon themselves to their animal propensities—"to the laws of nature"—must necessarily oppose that holy institute alone, which is the only representative of the Supernatural Order; which is the only oracle of divine revelation; the only palladium of true religion—the only guardian of pure morality!

Pray, is not this the case at the present moment? What is seen throughout Europe, but a general convulsion in politics, and an universal corruption in morals? The laws of nations are trampled under foot; the inviolability of treaties is utterly disregarded; the patrimony of the Church is pounced upon by godless revolutionists; the moral code is ruthlessly set aside; religion is cast to the winds, for brute force is everywhere dominant. The tide of iniquity has spread itself over the continent, and, by a judgment of heaven, is permitted to rise to its greatest height in the Eternal City. The storm of licentiousness has lashed itself into seething foam, and is at this instant dashing its malignant spray against the rock of Peter. The abomination of desolation has entered the Holy City, and shameless harlots under escort, have been literally imported in myriads to corrupt the unfortunate Roman youth!

In the *London Tablet* of Saturday, February 11—a journal, by the way, which, in scholarship and ability, is second to no other—we find an able article headed "An Italian Diplomatist in London on the Roman Question," which reveals the desperate state of affairs in Italy at the present moment.

It has reference to the report lately published in *The*

World, which is one of the principal New York newspapers. The outspoken declarations of their commissioner, Mr. Thompson Cooper, whom the proprietors of that journal had sent to Italy, to chronicle the real state of the case, are certainly worth recording. There is no apparent disposition to lean to one side more than to the other. The candid statement which he makes, in the most unvarnished way, tells its own tale, and commends itself to the consideration of every honest-minded man. He says—"I have lent a patient and attentive ear to the statements of the partizans of the King of Italy and of the partizans of the Pope of Rome. If at the outset my mind was biassed at all it was against the Ultramontane faction, as I could not bring myself to believe that the assertions so confidently made by the *London Tablet* and other organs of the Clerical Party had really any sound foundation in fact. However, I determined to take nothing upon second-hand testimony, but use my own ears, my own eyes, and my own common sense in order to ferret out the truth.

"At the outset I had the good fortune, under circumstances which it would be imprudent to specify in print, to form the acquaintance of a gentleman who holds a responsible position in the Italian Legation at the Court of St. James's. He spoke to me with a candour which he would probably not have displayed had he been aware that he was in the company of one of those dreaded individuals—a newspaper correspondent. This gentleman said—Italy had occupied the States of the Church in obedience to the national will. Rome was absolutely necessary to complete the unification of Italy, for Rome was the natural capital of Italy. I here suggested the argument of the Ultramontanes, that Rome belongs not to Italy, but to the whole Catholic world. 'That is utterly beside the question,' he replied. 'Italy cares nothing about the Catholic world. She wanted Rome; she has seized it, and she means to keep it. As for what you call the Catholic world,' he added, 'it is powerless. France is prostrate, and has not the power to do anything for the Pope, even if she had the will. Prussia certainly

will not raise her finger to restore the Temporal Power. Austria has quite sufficient to do without again assuming the championship of the Holy See, while the "faithful" in Belgium, Holland, England, and Ireland can do no more than vent their fury in empty protest. There may be, as you say, a good many Catholics in the United States, but the United States do not interfere in European politics.'

"At this point I enquired whether the Italian government intended to confiscate the property of the English, Scotch, Irish, and American colleges in Rome. The British government, I observed, has addressed a communication on this subject to the government at Florence.

"'If,' responded my diplomatic friend, 'the colleges of which you speak are "religious corporations," they will most assuredly be seized by our government, because, according to the law of the land—which is sacred, and cannot be violated even to please the most influential powers—the property of all religious corporations in Italy is vested in the state. If, however, the colleges you allude to are not religious corporations, in the technical sense of the phrase, they will not be interfered with.'

"I ventured to enquire how it was possible to establish a *modus vivendi* between the Pope and the King. To this query my informant was good enough to reply with a candour which I confess completely staggered me, and also an orthodox Anglican clergyman, who happened to overhear the conversation.

"'The Pope,' he said, 'is as free as ever he was, so far as his spiritual functions are concerned. We do not wish to interfere with his spiritual independence in any way. At present he is sulky, and persists in shutting himself up in the Vatican, but we are extremely anxious that he should come out and assist as usual in the grand functions of the Church. Our troops have received orders to show him all the honours due to a sovereign prince. All this, however, he added with the greatest coolness, 'is only intended to pacify the Catholic countries of Europe, for we mean in the end to take away all independence from the Pope, and to

paralyze the influence of the Catholic Church, which is totally opposed to the grand efforts of the civilization of the nineteenth century! The Church must either conform to the requirements of modern progress or perish.'

"What was 'modern progress?'" I timidly asked.

"'To give but one example,' he replied, 'it is obvious to every man of the world that prostitution is necessary to the welfare of every civilized community. Now, the Church, *with culpable obstinacy, refuses to recognize prostitution* as a social institution. Consequently the Church must either be swept away or compelled to conform to the tendencies of the age. Every man *has a right to all the enjoyment he can obtain in this world*, and no Pope, Prelate, or Priest has any right to curtail the amount of his enjoyment. Until the recent occupation by the Italian troops, there was no freedom in this respect in Rome; but *now every man may do as he likes*. If a man is just and honest during business hours, no power on earth has a right to censure him for what he may do afterwards."

After indulging in some further confessions, which, unfortunately, are not fit to be printed, my informant remarked:

"I am as good a Catholic as the Pope, and, probably, a great deal better one, but I claim the liberty to do as I like. I decline to be controlled. I am a Catholic of the school of the learned Professor Dollinger of Munich, and of the celebrated Lord Acton, both of whom so zealously contested the impious dogma of infallibility of the Pope."

I merely report faithfully, and certainly without exaggeration, the remarks made by the Attaché of the Italian Legation at the Court of St. James's. I abstain from any comment."

We also shall abstain from all comment. We must however say that it is intensely amusing to find our Italian Diplomatist extolling his special Catholicity, even at the expense of the Holy Father! His sublime spirituality is literally transcendent—he claims the liberty to do as he likes! So did Lucifer—so did Adam and Eve—so did Herod and Pontius Pilate—so did the Heresiarchs and

Schismatics of the middle ages, and so do the Carbonari and Revolutionists of the nineteenth century!

The Diplomatist boasts of being of the school of Dr. Dollinger, which is indeed a very questionable recommendation. The learned Professor we had the honour to meet at Munich, on our return from Rome, when we spoke our mind freely to him, upon Roman and German religious affairs.

The Diplomatist associates himself also with Lord Acton, who had been formerly a pupil of Dr. Dollinger. We rejoice to find that his lordship, from his speech at Kidderminster, is much more healthy in his politico-religious creed, than the sickly state in which he had been long represented.

The Diplomatist speaks of "the impious dogma of the Infallibility of the Pope," which shall afterwards engage our consideration. Meanwhile be it observed that the whole Catholic world believes, as one man, this consolatory article of Christian revelation, and that he who refuses to accept this doctrine, cuts himself off, *ipso facto*, from the communion of the Church. So much for our distinguished Diplomatist, who, whatever may be his external profession of Catholicity, is most certainly not a Catholic, and with whom, therefore, *in sacris*, Lord Acton can hold no communication, however obsequious he may be in his gratuitous attentions to his lordship! But let us return to Montalembert.

Born in London, among those whom he ever loved for their boundless hospitality to his countrymen after the Revolution, and who are manifesting similar generosity in this hour of need, to poor France, which is now passing through a crucial ordeal, he loudly proclaimed the sterling natural qualities of the English people, their high-mindedness, their straightforwardness, their honesty of purpose, their love of fair play. He pointed out the immense advantages which they enjoy, under a responsible Parliamentary Government, which echo and re-echo the sentiments of the nation. It was, therefore, his great solicitude that precisely similar institutions should be established in the noble country with which he was paternally connected. As

his first prayers, doubtless, were said when kneeling by the side of his Scottish mother—although it is stated that she was Irish, of the Granard family—so the last touches of his magic pen, were employed to record the marvellous actions of Columba, the mediæval apostle of his maternal country!

For some years he had been a martyr to bad health, but he accepted all with quiet patience, and humbly adored the dispensations of Divine Providence. He watched with intense interest the progress of religion throughout Christendom, and contemplated with profound admiration the great event of the century, the glorious assemblage of Bishops at the Vatican General Council. Although he, with some other distinguished laymen, regarded the definition of Papal Infallibility as inopportune, still did he know that it belonged not to the laity to judge in spiritual matters, regarding opportunities or definitions. Hence, was he ever the most obedient child of the Church, and hence did he ever recognise the voice of Him who sat in the Chair of Peter, as the voice of Christ himself! It was not, indeed, permitted that he should live to hear promulgated the infallible decree of the unerring Pontiff, when speaking *ex-cathedrâ* on faith and morals. For, on Sunday morning, March 13, 1870, the angel of death was sent to bear him away to his reward. The sad news flew like lightning through the then beautiful city of Paris. Every heart was touched, every eye grew dim, every head was bowed down, every tongue cried out, "May the Lord have mercy on his soul!"

On the same afternoon, when the noble Lenten preacher, Père Felix, at Notre Dame, mounted the pulpit of the Metropolitan Cathedral, and intimated the sorrowful event, it fell like a thunderbolt on the audience. A cry of wail arose, and the "De profundis" was simultaneously recited. The illustrious Jesuit preacher himself could not suppress his emotions. When the first excitement of grief had partially subsided, the following tribute of grateful feeling, he laboured in broken accents to enunciate—"The Church is not ungrateful; she will remember him, who so valiantly defended her, and whom he delighted to call his mother!

All Catholics will feel the loss we have sustained in the person of this great man, and you will not fail to pray for the repose of his soul, now that he is in the presence of his Redeemer." Many prayers indeed were offered, and many masses said, in behalf of this indomitable champion of the Church, knowing that it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be released from their sins. So thought the Maccabees—so thinks the Church of Jesus Christ!

The funeral service took place in the church of St. Clotilda, the only modern one in Paris, of the mediæval style. It was often before its altars, and under its pointed arches, that the noble Count, during health and sickness, was wont to pray. By his special request a simple low mass was celebrated during the obsequies, and no funeral oration, as is usual in France, was pronounced. His whole mind was absorpt, not for the vain breath of adulation, but for eternal refreshment to his soul. Like the saintly Monica, when lying on the bed of death at Ostia, the sea-port near the mouth of the Tiber, who called her sons Augustine and Octavius to her bed-side and said—"My children, I have only one request, and it is this, that wherever you may be, you make remembrance of your mother at the altar of God!" —In like manner did the dying Count Montalembert; he wanted prayers and sacrifices for his soul. He cared not for public honours nor for civic distinctions—he desired no magnificent funeral—no display of pompous pageantry—no exhibition of armorial bearings—no elaborate panegyric, long or short, to recapitulate what he did, and what he wished to have accomplished, for the good of Holy Church, and the well-being of his fellow men. His dying petition was that "the prayers of the Church should be the last words recited over his tomb."

Such is a faint portrait of the late Count de Montalembert —such an imperfect outline of this great and wise and good man. No layman in modern times, with the exception of Daniel O'Connell—and Montalembert was frequently styled the French O'Connell—has rendered such signal services

to the Church as the noble Frenchman whose career, alas, too prematurely came to an end. Before attaining to his majority he acquired distinction as a Catholic publicist; before age permitted him to take his hereditary seat in the senate of peers, we have shown how at the bar of that house, he vindicated the rights of the Church and the liberties of Catholic education. During his whole life he devoted uninterruptedly his indomitable energies, both as a writer and a speaker, to promote the sacred interests both of the Creator and the creature.

As a statesman Montalembert held the highest place; as an orator he was second to none; as a diplomatist he would have been signally conspicuous. As a Christian Catholic he was worthy of the middle ages; he had the chivalry of the crusaders, the gentleness of the knights of old. He was enthusiastically devoted to the "ages of Faith;" he prized Catholicity as the pearl of the gospel; he wished that its diamond lustre should irradiate every land. Yet he was eminently tolerant. While with consummate dexterity he could beard ultra-Gallicanism—poignard Voltaireianism, and unmask the pliant policy of political adventurers, he comported himself in the most refined circles of ladies and gentlemen of all religions, or of *no particular religion*, with the grace of the courtier, and the easy deportment of the travelled man of the world. In society, people meet on the broad platform of universal philanthropy and toleration. In the Senate and in Parliament—in the pulpit and in the press, there is room amply sufficient for the development of all kind of views on religion and politics—on philosophy and ethics. But to obtrude—in season or out of season—one's peculiar crotchets upon others, whether they will or not, is of all nuisances the most insufferable. The greatest annoyance which can be encountered in the canting world is the religious bore. Montalembert knew nothing of *humbug*—on the contrary, he made himself all to all, to gain all to Holy Church!

Besides, he was free from all kinds of *cant*. Firm as the rock in his religious principles, he did not force

his convictions, much less parade before others unnecessarily the "Faith our Fathers held of God." Firm also in his political principles, he was not disposed cameleon-like to change them for place or pension; but having truth alone as his motto, he nailed, so to speak, his colours to the mast, and determined at all hazards to sail only in that barque of Peter which must ever weather the storm! Hence was he remarkable for his firmness of speech, his clearness of reasoning, his abhorrence of tergiversation, while intense feeling animated his rounded periods, and gave zest to his glowing and masculine elocution.

The interesting memoir of his life and writings, by Mr. White, and published by Mr. Washbourne, Paternoster Row, to which, in our hurry, we are much indebted, thus winds up the character of this great and good man.

"Well versed in classical learning, and possessing a rare acquaintance with the literature of the chief nations of Europe, he spoke their dialects with wonderful fluency. He possessed, moreover, very great theological knowledge, and made profound researches in history. Indeed, he came to the tribune like an ideal orator of Cicero, 'peritus omnium artium atque scientiarum.' His oratory, in gesture and mode of delivery, was more English, or rather Irish than French, and it is said that he took Burke for his model. One of its most salient features was the skill with which he brought his immense historical learning to bear on every topic, religious or political, he had occasion to handle. His opponents declared he overwhelmed them beneath the torrent of facts, examples, illustrations, anecdotes, dates and precedents, from every period of history. In fine, we cannot bestow higher praise on him than by affirming that at the age of thirty he surpassed in eloquence the most consummate orators, and that in his 'Monks of the West,' he rivals the historical researches of Hurter. And to conclude, in the words of one of his most virulent political adversaries: "'He always made war at his own expense,' which is a great virtue now-a-days even for a rich gentleman. That with his name, his position, and his parliamentary antece-

dents, he never accepted either place, decorations, or honours, is indeed rare. He had the great merit, at a time when so many political men desert the progress of ideas, and take refuge in gross sensualism, to preserve that ardent love and lively ardour for his principles which indicate a truly elevated mind.' "

As His Grace of Argyll has written in rather a cavalier style respecting this illustrious publicist, we are desirous in the following chapter, to afford our readers the opportunity of pronouncing upon the merits of the author of "the Monks of the West." It strikes us that the Duke himself, despite his censoriousness, is not a little indebted to the laborious industry of the distinguished Count. Let the Life of St. Columba, as written by the respective authors, be placed in juxta position, and judged accordingly.

We must here, however, give an extract from the Duke's Iona, which it behoves us to correct:—

"Long after the death of Columba, the community he founded in Iona, seems to have ordained and sent forth Bishops under circumstances which look very much as if their mission was conferred by the collective authority of the Brethren. If any Bishop was present at the consecration, which is a matter of inference only, he appears to have been regarded as the mere organ of the supreme authority of the Abbot and of the body over which the Abbot presided. All these things have been terrible scandals to later ecclesiastical historians, and have much exercised the ingenuity of Presbyterian and Episcopal controversialists."

Now at the present moment, we have neither time nor space to enter upon an elaborate critique of this extract, which betrays ignorance of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Be it known then to the "Presbyterian and Episcopal controversialists," that all the Priests of Iona, together with the Abbots, could *ordain* no Bishop whatsoever, nor yet appoint him to any See—not even to Timbuctoo!—as the late witty Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral—Sidney Smith—would have told his Grace of Argyll. The consecration of every Bishop must be by another Bishop; and the bulls of consecration can alone be issued by the Holy Roman See, which is the centre of Apostolic unity, power, and jurisdiction!

COLUMBA'S LAST YEARS—HIS DEATH—HIS CHARACTER.

"When King Aïdan brought his children to him, and spoke of his anxiety about their future lives, he did not content himself with seeing the eldest. 'Have you none younger?' said the abbot; 'bring them all—let me hold them in my arms and on my heart!' And when the younger children were brought, one fair-haired boy, Hector (Eochaidh Buidhe), came forward running, and threw himself upon the saint's knees. Columba held him long pressed to his heart, then kissed his forehead, blessed him, and prophesied for him a long life, a prosperous reign, and a great posterity.

"Let us listen while his biographer tells how he came to the aid of a woman in extremity, and how he made peace in a divided household. One day at Iona he suddenly stopped short while reading, and said with a smile to his monks, 'I must now go and pray for a poor little woman who is in the pains of childbirth, and suffers like a true daughter of Eve. She is down yonder in Ireland, and reckons upon my prayers, for she is my kinswoman, and of my mother's family.' Upon this he hastened to the church, and when his prayer was ended returned to his brethren, saying, 'She is delivered. The Lord Jesus, who deigned to be born of a woman, has come to her aid; this time she will not die.'

"Another day, while he was visiting an island on the Irish coast, a pilot came to him to complain of his wife, who had taken an aversion to him. The abbot called her and reminded her of the duties imposed upon her by the law

of the Lord. 'I am ready to do everything,' said the woman—'I will obey you in the hardest things you can command. I do not draw back from any of the cares of the house. I will go even, if it is desired, on pilgrimage to Jerusalem, or I will shut myself up in a nunnery—in short, I will do everything except live with him.'

"The abbot answered that there could be no question of pilgrimage or of a convent so long as her husband lived; 'but,' he added, 'let us try to pray God, all three, fasting—you, your husband, and myself.'

"'Ah,' said the woman, 'I know that you can obtain even what is impossible from God.' However, his proposal was carried out—the three fasted, and Columba passed the whole night in prayer without ever closing his eyes. Next morning he said to the woman, with the gentle irony which he so often employed, 'Tell me to what convent are you bound after your yesterday's projects?' 'To none,' said the woman; 'my heart has been changed to-night. I know not how I have passed from hate to love.' And from that day until the hour of her death she lived in a tender and faithful union with her husband.

"But Columba fortunately was connected with other households more united, where he could admire the happiness of his friends without feeling himself compelled to make peace. From his sanctuary at Iona his habitual solicitude and watchful sympathy followed them to their last hour. One day he was alone with one of the Saxons whom he had converted and attached to his community, and who was the baker of the monks. While this stranger prepared his bread, he heard the abbot say, looking up to heaven, 'Oh! happy, happy woman! She goes into heaven with a guard of angels.' Exactly a year after, the abbot and the Saxon baker were again together. 'I see the woman,' said Columba, 'of whom I spoke to thee last year coming down from heaven to meet the soul of her husband, who has just died. She contends with powerful enemies for that dear soul, by the help of the holy angels: she gains the day, she triumphs, because her goodman has been a just man—and

the two are united again in the home of everlasting consolation.'

"This vision was preceded and followed by many others of the same description, in which the blessed death of many bishops and monks, his friends and contemporaries, were announced to him. They seem to have been intended to give him a glimpse of that heaven into which God was shortly to call him. Nor was it only at Iona that these supernatural graces were accorded to him, for he did not limit his unwearied activity to the narrow enclosure of that island, any more in the decline of his life than in the earlier period of his emigration. Up to old age he continued to have sufficient strength and courage to return to the most northern regions where he had preached the faith to the Picts; and it was in one of his last missionary journeys, when upon the banks of Loch Ness, to the north of the great line of waters which cuts Caledonia in two, at a distance of fifty leagues from Iona, that he was permitted to see the angels come to meet the soul of the old Pict, who, faithful during all his life to the law of nature, received baptism, and with it eternal salvation, from the great missionary's hands.

"At this period the angels, whom he saw carrying to heaven the soul of the just and penitent, and aiding the believing wife to make an entrance there for her husband, continually appeared to him and hovered about him. Making all possible allowance for the exaggerations and fables which the proverbial credulity of Celtic nations has added to the legends of their saints, no Christian will be tempted to deny the verified narratives which bear witness, in Columba's case as well as in that of the other saints, to supernatural appearances which enriched his life, and especially his old age. Those wonderful soldiers of virtue and Christian truth needed such miracles to help them to support the toils and live through the trials of their dangerous mission. They required to ascend from time to time into celestial regions to find strength there for their continual struggle against all obstacles and perils and con-

tinually renewed temptations—and to learn to brave the enmities, the savage manners, and blind hatreds of the nations whom it was the aim of their lives to set free.

"'Let no one follow me to-day,' Columba said one morning with unusual severity to the assembled community: 'I would be alone in the little plain to the west of the isle.' He was obeyed; but a brother, more curious and less obedient than the rest, followed him far off, and saw him, erect and motionless, with his hands and his eyes raised to heaven, standing on a sandy hillock, where he was soon surrounded by a crowd of angels, who came to bear him company and to talk with him. The hillock has to this day retained the name of *Cnocan Aingel*—the Angels' Hill. And the citizens of the celestial country, as they were called at Iona, came often to console and strengthen their future companion during the long winter nights which he passed in prayer in some retired corner, voluntarily exposed to all the torments of sleeplessness and cold.

"For as he approached the end of his career this great servant of God consumed his strength in vigils, fasts, and rigorous macerations. His life, which had been so full of generous struggles, hard trial, and toil in the service of God and his neighbour, seemed to him neither full enough nor pure enough. In proportion as the end drew near he redoubled his austerities and mortifications. Every night, according to one of his biographers, he plunged into cold water and remained there for the time necessary to recite an entire psalter. One day, when, bent by age, he sought, perhaps in a neighbouring island, a retirement, still more profound than usual, in which to pray, he saw a poor woman gathering wild herbs and even nettles, who told him that her poverty was such as to forbid her all other food. Upon which the old abbot reproached himself bitterly that he had not yet come to that point. 'See,' he said, 'this poor woman, who finds her miserable life worth the trouble of being thus prolonged; and we, who profess to deserve heaven by our austerities, we live in luxury!' When he went back to his monastery he gave orders that

he should be served with no other food than the wild and bitter herbs with which the beggar supported her existence; and he severely reproved his procurator, Diarmid, who had come from Ireland with him, when he, out of compassion for his master's old age and weakness, threw a little butter into the caldron in which this miserable fare was cooked.

"The celestial light which was soon to receive him began already to surround him like a garment or a shroud. His monks told each other that the solitary cell in the Isle of Himba, near Iona, which he had built for himself, was lighted up every night by a great light, which could be seen through the chinks of the door and keyhole, while the abbot chanted unknown canticles till daybreak. After having remained there three days and nights without food, he came out, full of joy at having discovered the mysterious meaning of several texts of Holy Scripture, which up to that time he had not understood. When he returned to Iona to die, continuing faithful to his custom of spending a great part of the night in prayer, he bore about with him everywhere the miraculous light which already surrounded him like the nimbus of his holiness. The entire community was involuntarily agitated by the enjoyment of that foretaste of paradise. One winter's night, a young man who was destined to succeed Columba as fourth abbot of Iona remained in the church while the others slept; all at once he saw the abbot come in, preceded by a golden light which fell from the heights of the vaulted roof, and lighted all the corners of the building, even including the little lateral oratory where the young monk hid himself in alarm. All who passed during the night before the church, while their old abbot prayed, were startled by this light, which dazzled them like lightning. Another of the young monks, whose education was specially directed by the abbot himself, resolved to ascertain whether the same illumination existed in Columba's cell; and notwithstanding that he had been expressly forbidden to do so, he got up in the night and went groping to the door of the cell to look in, but fled immediately, blinded by the light that filled it.

"These signs, which were the forerunners of his deliverance, showed themselves for several years towards the end of his life, which he believed and hoped was nearer its termination than it proved to be. But this remnant of existence, from which he sighed to be liberated, was held fast by the filial love of his disciples, and the ardent prayers of so many new Christian communities founded or ministered to by his zealous care. Two of his monks, one Irish and one Saxon, of the number of those whom he admitted to his cell to help him in his labour or to execute his instructions, saw him one day change countenance, and perceived in his face a sudden expression of the most contrary emotions: first a beatific joy, which made him raise to heaven a look full of the sweetest and tenderest gratitude; but a minute after this ray of supernatural joy gave place to an expression of heavy and profound sadness. The two spectators pressed him with questions which he refused to answer. At length they threw themselves at his knees, and begged him, with tears, not to afflict them by hiding what had been revealed to him. 'Dear children,' he said to them, 'I do not wish to afflict you. . . . . Know, then, that it is thirty years to-day since I began my pilgrimage in Caledonia. I have long prayed God to let my exile end with this thirtieth year, and to recall me to the heavenly country. When you saw me so joyous, it was because I could already see the angels who came to seek my soul. But all at once they stopped short, down there upon that rock at the farthest limit of the sea which surrounds our island, as if they would approach to take me, and could not. And, in truth, they could not, because the Lord has paid less regard to my ardent prayer than to that of the many churches which have prayed for me, and which have obtained, against my will, that I should still dwell in this body for four years. This is the reason of my sadness. But in four years I shall die without being sick; in four years, I know it and see it, they will come back, these holy angels, and I shall take my flight with them towards the Lord.'

"At the end of the four years thus fixed he arranged

everything for his departure. It was the end of May, and it was his desire to take leave of the monks who worked in the fields in the only fertile part of Iona, the western side. His great age prevented him from walking, and he was drawn in a car by oxen. When he reached the labourers he said to them, 'I greatly desired to die a month ago, on Easter-day, and it was granted to me; but I preferred to wait a little longer, in order that the festival might not be changed into a day of sadness for you.' And when all wept he did all he could to console them. Then turning towards the east, from the top of his rustic chariot he blessed the island and all its inhabitants—a blessing which, according to local tradition, was like that of St. Patrick in Ireland, and drove, from that day, all vipers and venomous creatures out of the island.

"On Sunday in the following week he went, leaning on his faithful attendant Diarmid, to bless the granary of the monastery. Seeing there two great heaps of corn, the fruit of the last harvest, he said, 'I see with joy that my dear monastic family, if I must leave them this year, will not at least suffer from famine.' 'Dear father,' said Diarmid, 'why do you thus sadden us by talking of your death?' 'Ah, well,' said the abbot, 'here is a little secret which I will tell thee if thou wilt declare on thy knees to tell no one before I am gone. To-day is Saturday, the day which the Holy Scriptures call Sabbath, or rest. And it will be truly my day of rest, for it shall be the last of my laborious life. This very night I shall enter into the path of my fathers. Thou weepest, dear Diarmid, but console thyself; it is my Lord Jesus Christ who deigns to invite me to rejoin Him; it is He who has revealed to me that my summons will come to-night.'

"Then he left the storehouse to return to the monastery, but when he had gone half-way stopped to rest at a spot which is still marked by one of the ancient crosses of Iona—the monument called Maclean's Cross. At this moment an ancient and faithful servant, the old white horse which had been employed to carry milk from the dairy daily to the

monastery, came towards him. He came and put his head upon his master's shoulder, as if to take leave of him. The eyes of the old horse had an expression so pathetic that they seemed to be bathed in tears. Diarmid would have sent the animal away, but the good old man forbade him. 'The horse loves me,' he said, 'leave him with me; let him weep for my departure. The Creator has revealed to this poor animal what He has hidden from thee, a reasonable man.' Upon which, still caressing the faithful brute, he gave him a last blessing. When this was done he used the remnants of his strength to climb to the top of a hillock from which he could see all the isle and the monastery, and there lifted up his hands to pronounce a prophetic benediction on the sanctuary he had created. 'This little spot, so small and low, shall be greatly honoured, not only by the Scots kings and peoples, but also by foreign chiefs and barbarous nations; and it shall be venerated even by the saints of other Churches.'

"After this he went down to the monastery, entered his cell, and began to work for the last time. He was then occupied in transcribing the Psalter. When he had come to the 33rd Psalm and the verse *Inquirentes autem Dominum non deficient omni bono,* he stopped short. 'I must stop here,' he said; 'Baithen will write the rest.' Baithen, as has been seen, was the steward of Iona, and was to become its abbot. After this the aged saint was present at the vigil service before Sunday in the church. When he returned to his cell he seated himself upon the naked stones which served the septuagenarian for bed and pillow, and which were shown for nearly a century near his tomb. Then he intrusted to his only companion a last message for the community: 'Dear children, this is what I command with my last words—let peace and charity, a charity mutual and sincere, reign always among you! If you act thus, following the examples of the saints, God who strengthens the just will help you, and I, who shall be near Him, will intercede on your behalf, and you shall obtain of Him not only all the necessities of the present life in suffi-

cient quantity, but still more the rewards of eternal life, reserved for those who keep His law.'

"These were his last words. As soon as the midnight bell had rung for the matins of the Sunday festival he rose and hastened before the other monks to the church, where he knelt down before the altar. Diarmid followed him, but as the church was not yet lighted he could only find him by groping and crying in a plaintive voice, 'Where art thou, my father?' He found Columba lying before the altar, and, placing himself at his side, raised the old abbot's venerable head upon his knees. The whole community soon arrived with lights, and wept as one man at the sight of their dying father. Columba opened his eyes once more, and turned them to his children on either side with a look full of serene and radiant joy. Then, with the aid of Diarmid, he raised, as best he might, his right hand to bless them all; his hand dropped, the last sigh came from his lips; and his face remained calm and sweet like that of a man who in his sleep had seen a vision of heaven."

Such was the life and death of the first great apostle of Great Britain. We have lingered, perhaps, too long on the grand form of this monk, rising up before us from the midst of the Hebridean sea, who, for the third part of a century, spread over those sterile isles, and gloomy distant shores, a pure and fertilising light. In a confused age and unknown region, he displayed all that is greatest and purest, and, it must be added, most easily forgotten, in human genius: the gift of ruling souls by ruling himself. To select the most marked and graphic incidents from the general tissue of his life, and those most fit to unfold that which attracts the modern reader—that is, his personal character and influence upon contemporary events—from a world of minute details having almost exclusive reference to matters supernatural or ascetical, has been no easy task. But when this is done, it becomes comparatively easy to represent to ourselves the tall old man, with his fine and regular features, his sweet and powerful voice, the Irish tonsure high on his shaven

head, and his long locks falling behind, clothed with his monastic cowl, and seated at the prow of his coracle, steering through the misty archipelago and narrow lakes of the north of Scotland, and bearing from isle to isle and from shore to shore, light, justice, and truth, the life of the conscience and of the soul.

"One loves above all to study the depths of that soul and the changes which had taken place in it since its youth. No more than his namesake Columbanus of Luxeuil, the monastic apostle of Burgundy, was he of the Picts and Scots a *Columba*. Gentleness was of all qualities precisely the one in which he failed the most. At the beginning of his life the future abbot of Iona showed himself still more than the abbot of Luxeuil to be animated by all the vivacities of his age, associated with all the struggles and discords of his race and country. He was passionate, bold, a man of strife, born a soldier rather than a monk, and known, praised and blamed as a soldier—so that even in his lifetime he was invoked in fight; and continued a soldier, *insulanus miles*, even upon the island rock from which he rushed forth to preach, convert, enlighten, reconcile, and reprimand both princes and nations, men and women, laymen, and clerics.

"He was at the same time full of contradictions and contrasts—at once tender and impetuous, rude and courteous ironical and compassionate, caressing and imperious, grateful and indignant—led by pity as well as by wrath, ever moved by generous passions, and among all passions fired to the very end of his life by two which his countrymen understand the best, the love of poetry and the love of country. Little inclined to melancholy when he had once surmounted the great sorrow of his life, which was his exile; little disposed even, save towards the end, to contemplation or solitude, but trained by prayer and austerities to triumphs of self-sacrifice; despising rest, untiring in mental and manual toil; born for eloquence, and gifted with a voice so penetrating and sonorous that it was thought of afterwards as one of the most miraculous gifts that he had received of God; frank and loyal, original and powerful in

his words as in his actions—in cloister and mission and parliament, on land and on sea, in Ireland as in Scotland, always swayed by the love of God and of his neighbour, whom it was his will and pleasure to serve with an impassioned uprightness. Such was Columba. Besides the monk and missionary there was in him the makings of a sailor, soldier, poet, and orator. To us, looking back, he appears a personage as singular as he is lovable; in whom, through all the mists of the past and all the crosslights of legend, the man may still be recognised under the saint—a man capable and worthy of the supreme honour of holiness, since he knew how to subdue his inclinations, his weakness, his instincts, and his passions, and to transform them into docile and invincible weapons for the salvation of souls and the glory of God."

Let us extract the following compliments to Columba and his native land:—"Ireland had never been subdued by the Roman arms, and its early Church thus came to occupy a somewhat isolated position in the world. It did not move under the same influences of development which determined the ecclesiastical system in other countries. In the time and in the country of Columba the Celtic monasteries were not only the great missionary colleges of the Church, but they seem to have embraced and absorbed almost all that existed then of an ecclesiastical organization. Something of a Clan Connection under the rule of hereditary families is discernible in the different foundations, and the innate propensity of the Irish Celts to tribal feuds seems to have made these bodies, in a very literal sense indeed, active members of the Church militant. And yet their religious zeal after its own type and fashion seems to have been of a genuine kind. The *study of the Scriptures was universal, and the transcription of them was a passion.* Manuscripts still remain which are believed on probable evidence to belong to this time, and tradition ascribes the exile of Columba to fierce contentions for a favourite copy. Nothing altogether like those old monasteries existed elsewhere then, or have existed anywhere since that time. There were among the

brethren *members capable of discharging whatever varieties of function had as yet become distinctively assigned to the different branches of the Christian ministry.*"

This unlooked-for testimony in favour of the Irish monastic institutes is so far so well, and serves as an answer to the flippant charge of monastic idleness. For, to the laborious industry of the Monks of Old are we indebted for so many beautifully-illuminated transcripts of Scripture, for so many written copies of the Divine Word, as also for so many of our Greek and Latin classics.

The Duke says that "there is another aspect of Columba's religious life which is thoroughly mediæval, and that is the atmosphere of miracle by which it is surrounded." Now, this is a stumbling-block to his ill-starred Calvinism, which ignores miracles simply because it cannot effect them. It is true that Calvin once attempted something in the supernatural order. He induced an unfortunate man to feign himself dead, and that he, John Calvin, Apostle of Geneva, would come in due time to raise him up to life. Many were invited to contemplate the marvellous resuscitation, but when the Reformer proceeded to call him by name, and to command him to rise and walk, the wretched creature was literally found a stark corpse! So much for Calvin's abortive attempt at miracle-working. No marvel, then, if Calvinism should scoff at the idea of miracles, since it is beyond its power. Catholics, on the other hand, believe that the arm of God is not shortened, and that He can work miracles through the instrumentality of his servants in the *sixth* and *nineteenth* century as well as in the *first*. But Catholics are by no means called upon to believe in all the "signs and wonders" attributed to the Saints. They are to exercise their own judgment, and to believe or not, according to the amount of evidence adduced. It ought to be known that in regard to miracles, the most scrupulous examination is authoritatively instituted to test their truthfulness, and that none are admitted unless fortified by the most unexceptionable evidence.

Adamnan, we are told, wrote his biography within a hun-

dred years of the old abbot's death. In his youth he had associated with the very monks who lived with St. Columba, and he rehearsed with the utmost simplicity the miracles, the prophecies, and the inspired sayings of the Saint! Our noble critic denounces some of the stories as utterly incredible, and has the coolness to ask if Adamnan himself believed them. He says that Montalembert repeats them, but does not tell his readers whether he accepts them all in whole or in part. He talks about "pious frauds," and has the modesty to insinuate that such are patronised by "devout Roman Catholics."

Now let us canvass the merits of these respective items separately. Be it observed that Adamnan had the best opportunities of ascertaining the various details of Columba's life. He narrated them, accordingly, in the most unsophisticated style, without turning to one side or the other. He seems to say to his readers, Here are the facts, take them or leave them; they are facts which have been furnished by the most credible witnesses, facts which have been attested by those who could have no end to serve except the cause of truth. Now, it is a maxim in Ethics—nemo gratis fit malus—which may be popularly rendered, that no one becomes a rogue without a reason. What reason, then, in the name of common honesty, could Adamnan have to act a discreditable part? And what are we to think of the unwarrantable question which is gravely asked, *if he really believed what he wrote?*

But let us adduce something in point by way of illustration. At the present moment, here in London, a very distinguished member of the "Pious Society of Missions," who is well known for his literary and archæological labours, is publishing the wonderful life of an eminent servant of God, who certainly can stand on the same platform with St. Columba. The writer well knew the saintly priest, whose life he records—he had lived with him in the same religious community—he had seen him by day and by night—he had been associated with him in the works of the ministry—he had been his apostolic *alter ego*—he had accompanied

him in his various missions in Italy, and he had been delegated by him to found the Pope's special church in London, the Basilica of St. Peter, Hatton Garden, Holborn Circus.

The case of Adamnan, biographer of Columba, enables us to refer to this other biographer, and to condescend upon some particulars. For we have been privileged to examine the manuscript of this highly-interesting volume which is now issuing from the press. It is the life of that well-known holy Roman priest and venerable servant of God, Father Vincent Pallotti, and it is the work of an eminent theologian, the Very Rev. Doctor Raphael Melia. Were it permissible to refer to what is personal, we should put on record, as a reminiscence of former years, that when studying at Propaganda, we ourselves remember the present writer as Vice-Rector under the eminent Cardinal Reisach, and the venerated subject of his memoir as one of the Saintly Confessors of the Urban College. It is, then, intensely interesting for us to read over what we have seen and what we have heard long years ago, in those charming pages which are teeming with instruction, which are brimful of the most edifying narrative, and to the truth of which we can yield unsought-for corroboration. Besides, the work in question is a labour of love; the subject beyond measure interesting; the treatment eminently successful. What can be more delightful than to trace the outlines of the most perfect Christian character, as exemplified in one, with whom the writer was for years thrown into daily contact—to invite his readers to contemplate the practical illustration of every Christian virtue, as personated in that most holy priest, who lived alone for God and his fellow creatures, and thereby to stimulate tepidity by presenting the unvarnished record of that saintly life, which is delineated with graceful simplicity, and without the slightest semblance of exaggeration. The author traces the subject of his memoir from his birth at Rome, in 1795, to his death in the same city, in 1850. He recounts with graphic pen the varied narrative of his apostolic career—his labours—his tribulations—the institutions which he founded, as also the well-attested miracles

wrought during his life and after his death. He describes his burning zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls—his intense ardour to propagate the faith and to encourage all authorized devotions. In his inflamed desire to scatter broadcast the seeds of the holy Catholic religion he suggested to his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman the foundation of that foreign missionary college which is now an accomplished fact at Millhill. He himself, however, took the initiative by setting on foot something of a kindred character. He paved the way and furnished a good portion of the means for the erection of that noble structure St. Peter's Church, Hatton Garden, London, which was reared under the special sanction of the Holy See, which is served by those devoted priests, who are aggregated to the holy institute, "The Pious Society of the Missions," and which had been established by Father Pallotti himself. It may not be amiss to observe that this church—modelled after the Roman Basilicas—is open from morning till night, and that confessions are heard in the various European languages.

Now, in truth it may be said, to use the language of the Duke of Argyll, "that there is another aspect of Father Pallotti's religious life, which is thoroughly mediæval, and that is, the atmosphere of miracle by which it is surrounded," for his whole existence, from the cradle to the grave, was nothing short of a living miracle. We have known him, we have often gone to our confession to him, and now that he is in heaven, we ask the charity of his prayers.

Well, from heaven let us walk on the earth, and make our appeal to the honest common sense of our fellow men. We ask then, advisedly, what motive can the writer have in view in recording the wonderful narrative of Father Pallotti's life, unless he believed all that he has committed to writing? And what object have we to serve in endorsing the contents of the volume, unless feeling certain that they are beyond contradiction? Are we and so many others to be set down as miserable simpletons, or peradventure something far worse, for testifying to the truth of what

has been said and done? May it be hoped that the varied attainments of the learned author of Father Pallotti's life, and that our own very decided castigation of the Duke of Argyll's Iona, may yield evidence of something more than credulous simplicity! If we say so much of ourselves, how much more should be said of Adamnan, the biographer of Columba?

After the outline, then, which we have furnished of the sterling honesty of the Count de Montalembert, we need not say more than to remind the Duke that in our courts of jurisprudence every one has a right to be regarded as innocent until he is proved guilty. Montalembert must be credited with believing all that he narrates in his Monks of the West until his disbelief be demonstrated.

Now, then, what are we to say with regard to "Pious Frauds" which are patronised by "Devout Roman Catholics?" Why, the less said the better. The charge is so despicable as to be beneath contempt. Had it been made by some half-educated Free Kirk minister in the un-Catholic isle of Skye, or some drivelling Anti-Catholic Elder at Johnny Groat's House, it might have been treated with dignified derision; but that it should be made at the present moment, and under the present circumstances, by one of her Majesty's cabinet ministers, and a distinguished member of the House of Lords, is assuredly out of all rule, as it is in bad taste, and in worse judgment!

The charge is so utterly, so preposterously false; it has no foundation, in fact; it is a thorough-paced illusion. We need not call it the chimera of a disordered religious brain. Why, a "pious fraud" is a contradiction in terms. *Fraud,* disguise it as you will, is not pious but *impious.* Then, to say that it is patronised by "devout Roman Catholics" implies that it is not patronised by the *indevout,* and thereby to insinuate that they are far more enlightened than the unfortunate Roman devotees!

Let us assure his Grace in all sincerity that frauds are ever infamous, and never allowable; that he has only to make an honest inquiry into the nature of the Catholic re-

ligion, and he shall then find that everything good is commended—everything evil is condemned. In all charity, we urge the examination for his spiritual and eternal well-being.

The Duke now is in high dudgeon at the idea that a crook or staff, which had been accidentally left on the shore of Iona, should have been wafted across the channel by the prayers of St. Columba, and should have been ready at hand for him when he landed in Ireland. We answer that such narratives may be classified among legendary tales, which may or may not be accepted. They must stand or fall in proportion, as the evidence is for or against them. Let the evidence in this hypercritical age be examined, and let the judgment be formed accordingly. Milman, in his "Latin Christianity," vol. I., p. 415, writes:—"History to be true must condescend to speak the language of legend. The belief of the times is part of the record of the times." Let us not suppose, for humility sake, that all wisdom is concentrated in our times, and that there was little else but credulity, when Adamnan wrote, in the days of the Duke of Argyll's "Mediæval Superstition."

If the Duke would only believe it, the times in which Columba lived, were the ages of Faith, and he himself was emphatically the Man of Faith. Doubtless, he remembered the miracle which our Blessed Lord wrought in favour of the lunatic, as is recorded in the Gospel of St. Matthew xvii., when the Disciples complainingly asked why they could not cure him. "Jesus said to them: Because of *your unbelief*. For amen I say to you, if you have faith as a grain of mustard seed, you shall say to this mountain, remove from hence thither, and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible to you." Again, in St. Luke xvii. 6, "And the Lord said: If you had faith like to a grain of mustard seed, you might say to this mulberry tree, be thou rooted up, and be thou transplanted into the sea; and it would obey you." Hence, we conclude, that with man these things are not possible, but with God all things are possible!

Let us, however, leave for a time the pure region of Faith,

in which those separated from the Church cannot breathe the breath of life, and descend to the platform of facts which one can see with his eyes, and touch with his very hands. It is in such a position alone that the Duke is at home, and let it be said that he is here not a little happy, in as far as historical research is concerned. In the following words does he pay a tribute to Columba's historian :—

"The imperishable interest of Adamnan's book lies in the vivid though incidental touches of life and manners which he gives us in the telling of his tales—of life and manners as they were in that obscure but most fruitful time, when the light of ancient history had died away, and before the light of modern history had arisen. As regards Scotland, we get behind the age of history, and not only behind it, but behind it by many centuries. The history of Scotland, properly so called, begins with Malcolm Canmore; and before he was born, Columba had been gathered to his fathers for more than 400 years. Those who are very rigorous in the definition of history, and who demand for it as essential the existence of contemporary records, will find a much wider gap to be filled between the days of Columba and the beginning of Scottish history. Fordun and the other chroniclers, who are considered the fathers of that history, lived no less than 700 years later than the great apostle of the Picts. In the days of Adamnan, Scotland was not Scotland, but "Albyn." "Scotia" was then the familiar name for that island which we now call Ireland. In like manner, England was not yet England, and the very foundation of its national life had not yet been laid.

"It is in close contact with this dreamland of our national annals, this legendary and almost mythic age, that we find in Columba's life, not only the firm foothold of history, but the vivid portraiture of an individual man. In regard to many contemporary events of the deepest interest, we have to grope our way to nothing better than probable conclusions, through the obscure data of philological research. Not one historical character of the time, in connection with

any one of the races contending for the mastery in Britain, is in any similar degree known to us. On one spot, and one spot only, of British soil there shines in this dark time a light, more vivid even than the light of common history—the light of personal anecdote and of domestic narrative. When we land upon Iona we can feel that we are treading in the very footsteps of a man whom we have known in voice, in gesture, in habits, and in many peculiarities of character; and yet, of a man who walked on the same ground before the Heptarchy, when Roman cities still stood in Britain, and when the ancient Christianised Celts of Britain were maintaining a doubtful contest with Teutonic heathenism."

To whom, then, may we ask, are we indebted for all this knowledge, if not to the very writer, whom the Duke previously accused of mixing up facts if not with fiction, at least with stories "*not only childish but utterly incredible.*"

But let us proceed with another extract:—

"From a rapid view of Columba's time let us pass to a closer inspection of Columba's home. We have seen the place which his age occupied in the history of the world and the character of those events in which he bore a part or of which he must have heard the fame. Let us now visit the island which is sacred to the memory of his illustrious life, and look upon the landscape which was familiar to his sight." His Grace then proceeds to describe the characteristic features around Iona; its sky; its sea; and its neighbouring mountains. Upon these subjects we do not dwell, as they concern mere matters of taste; but we may observe that the selection of a suitable site has always been a special object with the founders of religious houses. Thus, Millman, the erudite historian of "Latin Christianity," speaks of the beautiful situations which were uniformly chosen by the Benedictine Monks for their monasteries in England.

"THE CATHEDRAL AND ABBEY CHURCH OF IONA."

By the Right Rev. the BISHOP OF ARGYLL and the ISLES.

HAVING reviewed in a hasty and therefore rather perfunctory way, the Duke of Argyll's elaborate work on Iona, which, despite its beauties of style, is disfigured by sundry ungracious blemishes, we proceed to examine a still more pretentious volume, the name of which heads this chapter. It is, we submit, a public service which is rendered to the community at large, to expose unwarrantable mis-statements, and to present an honest and straightforward narrative which challenges contradiction. For there are always two sides of a picture—the light and the shade—and, as is artistically said, it becomes one's duty to *look to this side and then to that.* There are, therefore, two modes in treating any given subject, the right and the wrong; one method is, therefore, truthful and the other is the reverse. It has, with great reason, been declared, that without the pale of Catholic communion, the history of the Church and of Churchmen, as generally presented, is everything else but truthful—nay, to speak more plainly, is an arrant conspiracy against truth. Take up at random any of our non-Catholic periodicals, and shall we not find them, from the daily fly-sheet to the ponderous folio, brimful of fabrications? Church history is strangely travestied; the doctrines of the Church are wantonly falsified; the discipline of Churchmen is industriously mis-represented. Look at the very case before us. Look at this book by way of example. Why, it is literally a curiosity in its way—it

is an ignis fatuus of deception; it runs counter to all our ancient ecclesiastical records; it is at variance with all our most authentic antiquarian researches. Yet the author of this literary phenomenon is reputed as far from being ignorant or dishonest; on the contrary, he is regarded as highly honourable and erudite—nay, as even an authority in archæological studies and antiquarian traditions!

Moreover, he does not live by his pen, but is independent; he does not bear the character of romancing, but is supposed to be stating the broad truth. He is not one of the penny-a-liners of the day, who must write with precipitation; he is not connected with the metropolitan or provincial press, and constrained to throw off a slashing leader at a sitting, or, it may be, to get up another racy editorial article, at the spur of the moment, on the present European complications, which possibly he may be called upon to contradict upon the morrow. He is not contributing to some ephemeral periodical which exists for the hour, and which under its confidential ægis, shelters the names of its writers, good, bad, or indifferent.

On the contrary, the title-page tells its own tale; it points to a Right Rev. Prelate, who courts the utmost publicity, who has wielded his pen, yet perverted his talents for too obvious a purpose. His elaborate dissertation, dovetailed together with too transparent a design, and superintended by a kindred spirit, the Rev. Rector of Gatton, is undeniably the deplorable result of distorted historical manipulation; yet forsooth, he desires to pawn it upon public credulity, as if it were a text-book in regard to the Monks and the Abbey Church of Iona. No doubt it has issued from the London press in very attractive guise, not unlike a golden pill which contains a deadly poison; and by this time it also may have tainted the minds of its readers, since it may possibly have found its way into the fashionable drawing-rooms and elegant boudoirs of the United Kingdom. When one looks at the title-page, and finds that the writer is not an unknown scribe, but a popular divine; that he is not some humble country curate, whose lot is cast on the

banks of the Tay or the Tweed, the Dee or the Don, but a grave dignitary of the Episcopal Church of Scotland, who rejoices in the imposing designation of "The Bishop of Argyll and the Isles," the natural inference follows that the volume should be reputed as a standard work, and that the statements therein contained are so thoroughly veracious as to defy contradiction! How grievous then must be the public disappointment when the reverse of all this is the case; how mortifying the feeling when the book in question is everything but reliable, when it cannot pass unscathed through the ordeal of examination; and when the calmest judicial inquiry evolves, that it conflicts egregiously with our ancient historical annals.

Without stopping at this moment to indulge in criticism, however legitimate, let us be permitted to refer to a brief editorial notice in the *Dubin Review*, which in a few words scans the worth of the volume, and pronounces a very true but a most emphatic judgment upon the demerits of the author, and the merits of the architects. For the book is composed of Two Parts —the first is Archæological, by Bishop Ewing; the second Architectural, by the Messrs. Buckler.

The volume is entitled "The Cathedral and Abbey Church of Iona." Day and Son, Gate Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The Reviewer says:—"It is a pity that this useful and beautiful book is disfigured by the addition of 'an account of the Early Celtic Church, by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles,' in which Dr. Ewing, who adopts this swelling title, although he has neither the confidence of those who inhabit Argyll and the Isles, like the Presbyterian ministers, *nor the mission of the Church*, nor even, like the English bishops, *that of the Queen*, retails (together with many of the facts of St. Columba's life) all the absurd fictions with which Anglican controversialists have encrusted it. In spite of the Doctor, however, the work of the architects is highly to be praised and recommended; and *Dr. Ewing's nonsense*, while it gives him a good deal of pleasure, will probably do no one any harm."

Now, this outspoken criticism is, no doubt, sufficiently incisive, and cuts away the ground from under the Right Rev. Prelate's very pretentious disquisition. It tells what every Catholic already knows, that Dr. Ewing and the other official superintendents of the Episcopal Church in Scotland are mere laymen; that even their Christianity is questionable, since their baptism is in question; seeing that they would receive conditional baptism in the event of being admitted into the Church. It tells that they have no true ordination, no valid consecration, that therefore they have neither mission nor jurisdiction; it tells that, according to Catholic theology, they have no right to preach, to teach, nor to baptise; and that the mere conventionalities of society induce us to give them any prelatical designation whatsoever. Hence, in speaking of our Right Reverend opponent as bishop, it must be understood that we merely conform to the usual courtesies of social life, without recognising in the slightest degree his enjoyment of the least spiritual prerogative.

While the Reviewer charitably supposes that "Dr. Ewing's nonsense," as he rather bluntly says, will, probably, do no one any harm, we may perhaps be allowed to ask what good will it do? What good will a repetition of unfounded statements effect? What good will reckless assertions, devoid of all proof, accomplish? Instance, in the first place, his extraordinary assertion, which is at utter variance with all historical records, respecting a supposed mitigation of rule among the self-sacrificing followers of St. Columba. In his volume on Iona is made an unblushing statement respecting these holy men who took the three solemn vows of poverty, chastity, obedience—men whose study it was by night and by day to be continent in their every thought, and to crucify the flesh with its vices and concupiscences—men who became eunuchs for the Kingdom of God and the salvation of souls—men who living in the flesh, lived as angels lived, apart from the blandishments of sensuality; yet, notwithstanding this publicly authenticated fact of their self-denying mode of living, as

we shall presently see fully attested by no less authority than the Venerable Bede himself, Bishop Ewing, without any apparent scruple of conscience, without giving a single proof, or referring to even a solitary authority, has the ineffable hardihood to declare—"Oh," says the Prophet, 20 Kings i. 2:—"Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Ascalon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph!" And we also say, Tell it not in Argyll, publish it not in the Western Isles, lest the Free Kirk of Scotland rejoice, lest the established Kirk of Scotland triumph; that a so-called Christian Bishop of the Scottish Episcopal Communion should propagate the wanton charge against the Monks of Iona, that in the lapse of years they had so far degenerated from the self-denying spirit of their chaste founder, as to yield their loins to the grovelling seductions of concupiscence! Look to the thirty-second page of his book, and mark it well, where the untruthful accusation is made.

"In later times, if not from the beginning, celibacy was not imperative," and "matrimony became the rule among the followers of Columba!"

Now, we must protest at once against this fabrication. It is impossible to allow it to pass current without denouncing it as a libel upon the memory, and an outrage upon the chastity of the saintly monks of Iona; while we may picture to our mind those blessed spirits looking down, as it were, with astonishment from their thrones of glory upon the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles!

The animus of this reckless assertion is too transparent to be misunderstood. It is a left-handed thrust at the celibacy of the Catholic clergy, while it is an ingenious apology for marriage of the Clergy non-Catholic.

Now be it known to all who are interested in the matter, that we Catholic Ecclesiastics do not object in the least to the non-Catholic clergy, for entering into the state of wedlock, simply because we regard them all, without exception, as mere laymen, and therefore we hold that they have the same rights as other laymen. As far as we are concerned,

they may marry, and when widowers, if they choose, marry again, even to the third and fourth generation! That is their business and not ours—but our business is to defend the spiritual, as the indomitable Zouaves defend the temporal interests of Holy Church. Hence in the name of the Church of the middle ages, we raise our indignant protest against the unfounded assertion, that any rule ever existed, permitting the followers of St. Columba to be ensnared within the network of Matrimony! We moreover declare that the Right Rev. Prelate is unable to adduce the shadow of a shade of proof to substantiate his gratuitous averment, and therefore, from respect for the old monks of Iona, we call upon the author to make, in the next edition of his work, a formal retractation of the unwarrantable charge!

We have referred to the distinguished Archæologist Dr. Reeves, who although not a Catholic, has proved his honesty of purpose, by editing so well Adamnan's Life of Columba.

In the chapter 'De Disciplina,' we read:—

"Though St. Columba was desirous to promote conjugal happiness, and he was held in veneration by the other sex, there can be no doubt that celibacy was strictly enjoined on his community, and the condition 'virgo corpore, et virgo mente,' held up for imitation—virgin both in mind and body!"

Do not, however, let us be misunderstood, while we vindicate the chastity of the monks of old. Do not let it be supposed, for a moment, that the Catholic Priesthood has not the greatest reverence for the married state. Why we of all others, maintain the indissolubility of the matrimonial bond. We denounce those legal monstrosities called divorces, which tend to immorality, and therefore to the corruption of society. We proclaim the gospel truth, that what God has joined together, no man should tear asunder, and we declare, despite all state enactments, in the language of St. John, the Baptist, to Herod—non licet—it is not lawful in the eyes of the Church to marry again, during the lifetime of the separated party. Hence we hold marriage in the highest estimation—because we regard it as one of the

sacraments of the Church, but a sacrament which can be received only by those who are free to enter into wedlock, and not by those who are previously bound by sacred and irrevocable engagements, and have been invested already with the sacrament of Holy Orders. While then we exhort our people to marry, and to look after their wives and their children, we who are their spiritual Fathers in Christ, have chosen the "better part," spoken of in the Gospel, and with hearts undivided, as St. Paul says, "can look after the things of the Lord, how we may please God." It was this "better part,"—and the very perfection of this better part, that the calumniated monks of Iona aspired to, in their sacred vows of "poverty, chastity, and obedience," despite the flippant and untruthful accusation of the uxorious Bishop of Argyll!

Come we now to a special review of certain other exceptionable passages, which we must say, cannot stand the test of historical criticism. Let us refer to the laboured chapter —"Transit of Christianity from the East to the West." The object of this chapter is so transparent, as to become like "darkness visible." It is a flagrant attempt to cut off the stream of truth from the fountain head—it is an audacious but abortive effort to ignore the supremacy of the Holy Roman Church, which is the mother and mistress of all Christian Churches, and it is to rush in antagonism with all historical evidence, when it is so coolly announced that the blessings of revealed religion were carried to the shores of Great Britain and Ireland by certain messengers, not from Rome but Jerusalem! For what else can be the meaning of the words, "Transit of Christianity from the East to the West," but that this Western world of ours is not indebted to Christian Catholic Rome for the blessings of religion?

Pray, let us ask, what would Pope Celestine say, who sent Patrick to Ireland and Palladius to Scotland to christianise the natives, to the unblushing audacity of this unfounded assertion? What would Gregory the Great, who sent Augustine and his fellow monks to England, make answer to a mendacious statement which stultifies all history and sets

common sense at defiance? We need not repeat what they would inevitably declare to so ridiculous an untruth.

Let us, however, jocularly reply to this gigantic fabrication in the language of a good Irish Priest, who had been on missionary duty in England. At that time a report was industriously circulated that St. Patrick had been a Protestant! This idle piece of gossip was too much for his Reverence, who could not endure the idea that the beloved apostle of Ireland should be classed with the heresiarchs Arius, Eutyches, and Macedonius, who were Protestants in as far as they protested against the doctrines of revelation! Hence in utter amazement at the bare-faced slander, and in the richest Munster brogue, which charmed the hearts of his hearers, he declared aloud, "that the magnitude of the lie carried along with it its own refutation!"

Somewhat after this fashion did the House of Commons treat the preposterous statement, by one of the most eloquent Conservative members in Parliament. The honourable gentleman was defending the lately defunct Irish Protestant Church, and declaring that it was the original Christian Church in Ireland, when the House, utterly impatient to listen to assertions without proof and at utter variance with all historical evidence, laughed outright, so that the orator was obliged to wind up with his ludicrous rodomontade.

After what has been said, it would be tedious to enter into minor details. We prefer another line of tactics, if we may so express ourselves in these military times, by bringing two living non-Catholic Bishops into the field of contest, and allowing them to fight literally our own battles! We point to their respective publications which have lately issued from the press. Both of these Prelates are highly esteemed by their co-religionists, and both hold prominent positions in the republic of letters, as well as in the department of Archæology. The Bishop of Argyll and the Bishop of Brechin are now regularly pitted against each other, in regard to the annals of Ecclesiastical History, and we shall presently see who is most likely to carry off the palm of victory. Of course, truth must prevail, and the Bishop of

Brechin, who in this instance has espoused the cause of truth, must necessarily triumph over the Bishop of Argyll.

We have referred to the reckless assumption of the Bishop of Argyll, about the transit of Christianity from the East to the West. This assertion is without proof, and consequently falls to the ground.

Let us now hear what the Bishop of Brechin has written on this self-same point. In a very erudite preface to the new edition of the missal of Arbuthnott, Bishop Forbes speaks as follows. It may be permitted to us to say that we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity of speaking highly of the benevolence of character, and of the distinguished acquirements of the Right Reverend Prelate. We do so the more readily as we have had occasion, to expose also his fallacies in regard to doctrinal matters.

"The Scottish Archæologist, recognising in the fact that of all the utterances of a nation's thought the noblest must be the expression of its devotional life, will hail with pleasure this exhibition of the ancient religious forms of his country. The student of ritual and other cognate subjects will be glad to possess a copy of the almost solitary specimen which time and the strong feelings of a later age have left us of the Liturgy of a certain period, in the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland.

"We cannot attain to any certainty as to the Liturgy used in Scotland in the early ages. The question is not a simple one, but involves the consideration of the manner in which the *country was evangelized.* In the almost absolute dearth of documentary proof it is impossible to say more than that there seems to have been several waves of Christian civilization, which century after century extended themselves over the country..... The earliest record we have of the conversion of Scotland is the place in Tertullian: "*Britannorum inaccessa Romanis loca, Christo vero subdita.*" The Christian religion had penetrated recesses into which Roman arms and civilization had failed to make their way; Roman civilization carried along with it Christianity; in the Roman towns and Castra Stativa, there must have been the profes-

sion of Christianity, after the *Roman type;* the zeal and expansive power of the true faith had announced the gospel among the native Kelts beyond the walls. . . . . Whatever religion they had, must in form and ritual have been Roman."

Let us merely observe here the desperate home-thrust of the Bishop of Brechin, against the unfounded assertion of the Bishop of Argyll, that Christianity came to the British Isles from the East and not from the West—from Jerusalem and not from Rome!

Again, "The first advent of Christianity, of which we have any authentic account, is the mission of St. Ninian. Nothing is recorded by St. Aelred, his biographer, of the form of his Liturgy. We are, therefore, left to speculation, and may infer either that his connection with St. Martin of Tours may have induced him to use the Gallican office of the Ephesine family; or, on the other hand, his relations with Pope St. Damasus, the Patron of St. Jerome, may make it possible that the office of Whithern, as used by the Southern Picts, was *Roman.* Bede expressly speaks of St. Ninian as 'Qui erat Romæ regulariter fidem et mysteria veritatis edoctus;' and though he couples this with his veneration for St. Martin, it must be recollected that that saint's influence was so predominant over all the west that his name was put after those of the Apostles, into the Canon of St. Gregory's Sacramentary. This probability is heightened by the record of the visit and consecration at Rome of St. Finnan of the same succession, in the year 503."

"The same reasoning would apply to the next mission to Scotland—that of St. Palladius from Pope St. Cœlestine to those Scots who already believed in Christ—'Ad Scotos in Christum credentes ordinatur a Papa Cœlestino Palladius et primus Episcopus mittitur.' We must infer that he would introduce the Roman ordo into the Church of Fordun. As a general rule, we may hold it for certain that the missionaries introduced that office to which they had been accustomed. Thus St. Columba brought his Irish

office with him to Bobio." Now, we must remark that the Irish office in question could have been no other but the office which St. Patrick brought from Rome, and which St. Columbanus received from St. Patrick's successors.

The Bishop of Brechin, who is well versant in his subject, thus proceeds:—"The intimate connection between the Scoti in Ireland and in Scotland, and the fact that St. Columba came to us as a missionary from the Church of Ireland, make it important to our present purpose to determine what Liturgy was used in that Church, as it can hardly be doubted that it must have been the same in both islands.

* * * * * *

"Palmer, after giving some account of the Stowe MS. as described by Dr. O'Connor, which he considered to be 'the only document in existence which can be referred to the Liturgy of Ireland, before the jurisdiction of the Roman Patriarch was established in that country,' says:—'It seems that this Liturgy accorded very nearly with the Ancient Roman; and it would, in fact, be probable, antecedently to a knowledge of this fact, that the Irish used the Roman Liturgy from the time of Patrick.' The Aberdeen Breviary, in the Lectio of St. Patrick's day, says that the name of Patrick was bestowed upon him by St. Cœlestine."

It is, then, too obvious that the Bishop of Brechin has completely demolished the theory of the Bishop of Argyll, in respect to the introduction of Christianity into these islands. Bishop Ewing says, that we are indebted to Jerusalem and not to Rome for the Christian faith. No doubt, Jerusalem, the once holy city of God, may be regarded as the cradle of Christianity, as there it was born, and there it began to grow. But every one conversant with ecclesiastical history knows that after the Ascension of our Blessed Lord, St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, having established his Episcopal See in Antioch, remained there for seven years, till he removed his residence from Asia to Europe. He knew full well, as being appointed the visible Head of the Church, Christian and Catholic, that its grand

mission was for the world at large. Hence, did he transfer in the year 42 his primatial see to the Metropolis of the Roman Empire, which also was the most central position of the civilized world. Rome was thus to become the centre of the solar system of truth, from which the divine rays of revealed religion were to radiate on every side, although a sad eclipse has now come over the disk of the Eternal City, since the forcible entrance of the Piedmontese troops! In as far as the British Isles are concerned, it is a well-known fact that the truths of the Catholic and Roman religion were first carried to our shores by the Roman soldiery with their Eagles, for there were then many zealous Catholic Christians in the army of the Roman Empire, as there are now in the army of Great Britain. Just as in our own day, the doctrines of the Church are borne to the hills and plains of Australia, to the prairies and backwoods of America, to the hamlets and towns and cities of England and Scotland, by those faithful followers of the Cross, the God-fearing and God-loving children of Ireland!

We are told by Dion, the historian—Lib. lxxi.—that on a memorable occasion the prayers of the Christian soldiers saved the Emperor Marcus Aurelius and the Roman army from destruction in the mountainous passes of Bohemia. No doubt, he attributes the miracle to Mercury the Heathen Deity, but the letter of the Emperor to the Senate states that, having implored in vain the assistance of all the gods, he commanded the Christian soldiers to invoke their Deity, and aid was immediately at hand. The letter of the Emperor is extant, and Tertullian appeals to it, in his apologia for the Christian religion :—" Wherefore, says the Emperor, since the prayers of this people are so efficacious with *the most powerful God they adore*, let us grant to the Christians full liberty of professing themselves such, lest they employ their prayers *against us*. My will is that their religion be no longer considered a crime in them. On account of religion, therefore, let none of them be henceforth accused, punished, or molested. *Such is my will.* My will, likewise, is that the Senate immediately form a decree to this effect—that the

said decree be fixed up in the forum of Trajan, and a copy of it sent to all Governors of Provinces throughout the Empire." Christians, be it remembered, in those days were exclusively Catholic, as Protestant Christians were un known till the sixteenth century!

This prodigy is commemorated on the Antonine column, which stands in the Piazza Colonna at Rome. The Christian soldiers, whose prayers were thus rewarded by God's visible interposition, were called the *Thundering Legion*, and were, so to speak, *the fearless and indomitable Zouaves* of the Church in the second century.

The edict of the Emperor against the continued persecution of the Christians was followed by beneficial results to religion. The Christian faith penetrated far and wide throughout the Roman Empire, and cleaved its way even to the remotest provinces. Great Britain having also become tributary to the Roman arms, the Christian faith winged its flight to our island with the Roman soldiery. From the reign of Claudius to that of Commodus, there was much intercourse with Rome, and many Britons who journeyed thither, returned home, deeply imbued with the sacred principles of Catholicity, which they sought zealously to propagate.

St. Timotheus, the son of Pudens, the Roman Senator, and of Claudia, a British lady, of whom St. Paul speaks in his epistle to Timothy, received ordination at the hands of Pope Pius I., and was commissioned by the Holy Father to preach the Christian Catholic faith in Britain. It is worthy of remark, that his virgin sisters were St. Praxedes and St. Pudentiana, under whose patronage two of the most ancient Roman churches are dedicated to God.

In the Church of St. Praxedes, among other sacred relics, is the pillar at which our Lord was scourged; in the Church of St. Pudentiana are some interesting frescoes connected with her father's senatorial family. It should not be forgotten that the late illustrious Archbishop of Westminster, who was so remarkable for versatility of talent and universality of acquirements, derived his cardinalitial title from this

ancient Apostolic Church, in which tradition declares that St. Peter himself said mass, and in which we also had the happiness to celebrate.

Among the Roman soldiers who marched into North Britain, there were, doubtless, many Christians, and these seem to have been the pioneers of the Christian religion in the land of the "mountain and flood." When they drew near the ancient capital of Scotland, the fair city of Perth, of which the writer as solitary pastor kept ward and watch for upwards of ten consecutive years; and while halting on the now classic hill of Moncrieff to contemplate the gorgeous scene before them—the meandering River Tay and its picturesque surroundings, with Shakespeare's Birnam wood in the distance, and the cloud-capped Grampians in the background—they cried out in rapture, Ecce Tiber, Ecce Campus Martius! Behold the Tiber; behold the Campus Martius!

But other soldiers not of the sword but of the Cross—not enlisted under the standard of the Pagan Roman Emperor, but under the banner of the great Neapolitan Saint, Alphonsus Liguori—not engaged for territorial conquest, but for heaven's aggrandisement—have planted themselves on a lofty eminence on the adjoining hill of Kinnoull—which is literally another Monte Cassino—and who, in their missionary expeditions throughout the length and breadth of Caledonia, are entreating the poor forlorn wanderers in the shades of heresy, to look at length to Rome's martyred Pontiff for guidance, and to Rome's holy religion alone for sterling Christianity. For many years did we raise our voice on the banks of the Tay to disturb the slumbers of the Arch Reformer, John Knox, and to try with heaven's help to undo his disastrous work! We need not say what we have done; but it is a consolation to think that during our missionary career in Scotland, we have been used in the hands of holy Providence, as if the humble pioneer for the religious orders,—for the Redemptorists at Perth—the oblates of Mary Immaculate at Leith—and the Jesuit

Fathers at Dalkeith, of which missions we had in succession respectively charge.

St. Marcellus, also of British origin, and afterwards Bishop of Treves, was sent upon a similar errand. It is also recorded, that St. Joseph of Arimathea, with eleven others, had been delegated on an apostolic mission to Britain, and had established themselves in a place called Avallonia, where Glastonbury now stands. Whatever may be said to the contrary, certain it is, upon most reliable authority, that the Christian faith had found its way into Britain before the reign of King Lucius.

Now Lucius, surnamed Pius, was the son of Coclus, who in the year 123, reigned under the Emperor Trajan. Having much intercourse with Christians, Lucius became favourably impressed with the doctrines of Christianity, and was inclined to embrace them, which as King he could do so without let or hindrance. Besides the late Roman edict for religious toleration on the part of the Emperor Aurelius removed every obstacle. He thereupon authorized two of his subjects, named Elnan and Meduan to repair to St. Eleutherius, at Rome, entreating his Holiness to send priests into Britain. Two priests were accordingly deputed, whose names were Fugatius and Damianus. But we must not dwell on this subject, however inviting.

Let us, however, for the sake of our learned readers, make an extract from the erudite Neapolitan Ecclesiastic, Julius Laurentius Selvaggio, who in his elaborate volumes: Antiquitatum Christianarum Institutiones, thus speaks of the early Christian mission to the British Isles. Liber I. Cap. IV. Num. VIII. "Josephum ab Arimathea nobilem Decurionem, comite Aristobulo, qui unus fuerat ex LXX. Christi discipulis, Britanniam Evangelii fulgore collustrasse vetus fert Britannica traditio, apud Baronium ad an. 35. Pearsonium de tribus Angli conversionibus, Michaelecæ. Alfordum Ann. Ecclesiæ Britannicæ ad an. 53 aliosque complures Britannicos Archæologos. Theodoretus in Ps. 116. *Insulis quæ in mari jacent utilitatem adtulit.* Hæc sane Theodoreti verba de Britannicis oris intelligenda

clarius videntur, quam ut demonstrari possit: præsertim quum Venantius Fortunatus, qui vi. seculo floruit, lib. iij. de Vita S. Martini de eodem Apostolo canat.

Transiit Oceanum, vel qua facit insula portum, quasque Britannus habet terras, quasque ultima Thule. Idem quoque subindicat S. Clemens Romanus.

Easy would it be for us to continue to illustrate this subject, but time forbids. Enough, however, we submit, has been said to demolish the crude and preposterous theory of the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles. We have, however, to offer our best thanks to the Bishop of Brechin for his learned dissertation, by which he has cut the ground so completely from under the feet of his Episcopal Brother of Argyll that he has not left him a single stand-point.

But it is good for us to back our statements in reference to the discipline of the Holy Roman Church, by testimonies of the most irrefragable character. We have mentioned the "modus vivendi" of the monks of old.

We have said that it was not too much to suppose, that Columba and his monks, who in Ireland had vowed their vows to God—of poverty, chastity, and obedience, should observe those vows most religiously, when they settled down in the island of Iona.

We are not, however, left to idle speculation upon this most important point; since we have at hand, proof positive and incontestable, and which puts the question at issue beyond all possible dispute.

Venerable Bede thus writes, in his Ecclesiastical History, chapter iv.—"In the year of our Lord 565, when Justin the younger, the successor of Justinian, had the government of the Roman Empire, there came into Britain a famous priest and abbot, a monk by habit and life, whose name was Columba, to preach the word of God to the provinces of the Northern Picts, who are separated from the southern parts by steep and rugged mountains; for the southern Picts, who dwell on this side of those mountains, had long before, as is reported, forsaken the errors of idolatry, and embraced the truth, by the preaching of Ninias, a most reverend bishop

and holy man of the British nation, who had been regularly instructed *at Rome*, in the faith and mysteries of the truth; whose episcopal see, named after St. Martin the bishop, and famous for a stately church (wherein he and many other saints rest in the body), is still in existence, among the English nation. The place belongs to the province of the Bernicians, and is generally called the *White House*,—candida casa—because there was built a church of stone, which was not usual among the Britons.

"Columba came into Britain in the ninth year of the reign of Bridius, who was the son of Meilochon, and the powerful King of the Pictish nation, and he converted that nation to the faith of Christ, by his preaching and example; whereupon he also received of them the aforesaid island for a monastery. His successors hold the island to this day; he was also buried therein, having died at the age of seventy-seven, about thirty-two years after he came into Britain to preach. Before he passed into Britain he had built a noble monastery in Ireland, which, from the great number of oaks, is in the Celtic tongue called Dearm-ach—Derry—the Field of Oaks. From *both which monasteries*, many others had their beginning through his disciples, both in Britain and Ireland; but the monastery in the island where his body lies, is the principal of them all.

"That island has for its ruler an abbot, who is a priest, to whose direction all the province, and *even the bishops contrary to the usual method* are subject, according to the example of their first teacher, who was not a bishop, but a priest and monk; of whose life and discourses some writings are said to be preserved by his disciples. But whatsoever he was himself, *this we know for certain, that he left successors renowned for their continency, their love of God, and observance of monastic rules.* It is true they followed uncertain rules in their observance of the great festival, as having none to bring them the synodal decrees for the observance of Easter, by reason of their being so far away from the rest of the world; wherefore they only practised such works of *piety and chastity* as they could learn from

the prophetical, evangelical, and apostolical writings. This manner of keeping Easter continued among them for the space of 150 years, till the year of our Lord's incarnation, 715.

But then the most reverend and holy father and priest Egbert, of the English nation, who had long lived in banishment in Ireland for the sake of Christ, and was most learned in the Scriptures, and renowned for perfection of life, came among them, corrected their error, and reduced them to the true and canonical day of Easter; the which they nevertheless did not always keep on the fourteenth moon with the Jews, as some imagined, but on Sunday, although not in the proper week. For, as Christians, they knew that the resurrection of our Lord, which happened on the first day after the Sabbath, was always to be celebrated on the first day after the Sabbath; but *being rude and barbarous,* they had not learned when that same first day after the Sabbath, which is now called the Lord's day, should come. But because they had not laid aside the fervent grace of charity, they were worthy to be informed in the true knowledge of this particular, according to the promise of the Apostle, saying, 'And if in anything you be otherwise minded, God shall reveal even this to you.'

Giles, of Oxford, in his translation of Bede, remarks—"It has been erroneously supposed that the dispute between the British and Saxon Clergy respecting the Easter festival was the same as that which disturbed the peace of the Church in the time of Polycarp; and consequently it has been assumed, that the former were Quarto-decimans who observed it, at the Jewish passover, the fourteenth day of Nisan. But this was never the case, except when that day happened to fall upon a Sunday. It was owing to the disturbed state of Britain in the fifth century, that the Irish and British Clergy were unacquainted with the improved cycle of nineteen years observed at Rome, in the time of Pope Hilarius—A.D. 463; but continued to use the ancient but incorrect cycle of eighty-four years. Dr. Smith, in his appendix to Bede (No. ix.) observes,

'that it ought to be particularly borne in mind, that those who think that the Britons were taught the paschal rite by the Orientals, or Eastern Church, and not by the Roman or Western Church, give way to a very great error.'"

Without touching upon collateral questions, we have here Venerable Bede distinctly telling us, "we knew for certain that Columba left successors renowned for their *continency*—their love of God, and observance of monastic rules."

Again, Bede tells us that they practised "piety and chastity."

Count Montalembert, in the Life of St. Columba, says:—"A conscientious and attentive examination of all the monastic peculiarities which can be discovered in his biography, reveals absolutely nothing in respect to observances or obligations different from the rules, borrowed by all the religious communities of the sixth century, from the Traditions of the Fathers of the Desert. Such an examination brings out distinctly, in the first place, the necessity for a vow—'votum monachiale voverunt'—'votum monachicum devotus vovit,' Adamnan i. 31—or solemn profession to prove the final admission of the monk into the community after a probation more or less prolonged; and, in the second place, the absolute conformity of the monastic life of Columba and his monks to the precepts and rites of the Catholic Church in all ages. Authorities, unquestionable and unquestioned, demonstrate the existence of *auricular confession, the invocation of saints, the celebration of the mass, the real presence in the Eucharist, Ecclesiastical celibacy, fasts and abstinence, prayer for the dead,* the sign of the Cross, and, above all, the assiduous and profound study of the Holy Scriptures. Thus, the assumption made by certain writers of having found in the Celtic Church some sort of Primitive Christianity, not Catholic, crumbles to the dust; and the ridiculous but inveterate prejudice which accuses our fathers of having ignored or interdicted the study of the Bible, is once again proved to be without foundation."

He refers to Venerable Bede, who began his history about a hundred years after the death of St. Columba. Again, he says, page 287—"*Marriage was absolutely unknown among the regular clergy,*" viz., the Monks.

Again, "the eleven first abbots of Iona after Columba proceeded, with the exception of one individual, from the same stock as himself, from the race of Tyrconnel, and were all descended from the same son of Niall of the nine hostages, the famous King of all Ireland."

"At Iona the abbatical succession was always perfectly regular and uninterrupted up to the invasions and devastations of the Danes at the commencement of the eighth century. From the time of those invasions, the abbots of Iona began to occupy an inferior position. The radiant centre from which Christian civilization had shone upon the British Isles grew dim. The head-quarters of the communities united under the title of the Family or Order of Columb-Kill were transferred from Iona to one of the other foundations of the Saint at Kells, in the centre of Ireland, where a successor of Columba, superior-general of the order, titulary Abbot of Iona, Armagh, or some other great Irish monastery, and bearing the distinctive title of Coarb, resided for three centuries more."

Dr. Reeves, in his "Chronicon Hyense, gives the detailed Chronology of the forty-nine successors of Columba, from 597 to 1219.

Another extract we are desirous to make from the Bishop of Brechin's preface to the Arbuthnott Missal. He says:—"Let us now return to the Ritual of the Scottish Church. We have no further notices with regard to it, till we come to the reform of St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland. Between the epoch of St. Adamnan and Venerable Bede and this interesting event, the history of Scotland is almost a blank. Great political events occurred—the name and dynasty of the Picts disappeared—the Danes were expelled—the borders of the country were extended from the Forth and the Tay to the Tweed and the Solway. All this could not have occurred without wars and disturbances; and, accord-

ingly, we find from King David's preface to the Inquisition, about the Church lands of Glasgow, that the inevitable effects of such events had told most profoundly for evil upon the religious condition of the country. The instrument under God, for the cure of these evils, was the illustrious Queen of Malcolm, Ceam-mhor."

On this subject we cannot do better than quote the words of that learned antiquary, the Right Rev. Bishop Kyle:—"The Contemporary Biographer of St. Margaret speaks of various reforms introduced by that saint. Most of these appear to be corrections of various abuses than changes of rite, such as neglect of paschal communion, non-abstinence from servile work on Sunday, and the inattention to the nearer degrees of affinity in contracting marriage. We learn from him, however, that the Scottish Church then, as the Milanese Church does to the present day, followed the observance of beginning Lent not on Ash-Wednesday, but on the first Sunday; and that St. Margaret brought her subjects to conformity with the general discipline of the Church, by the simple argument that they had not, by their arrangement of Lent, forty days before Easter. He tells us also that certain priests in Scotland followed, in celebrating mass, a rite which to him and the Queen appeared barbarous; which rite she laboured so effectually to abolish, that none in Scotland in his time adhered to it. I suspect that in this last point he was mistaken. For we learn that the Keledei—Culdees—about whom we hear so much and know so little, long after St. Margaret's days, were permitted to observe in their own churches or chapels a rite different from what was followed by the rest of the Scottish clergy. The rite of the Keledei was probably the same with that which St. Margaret wished to bring into conformity with the general usage of the Western Church; but neither her biographer nor the chronicles of the Culdean observance give us the least hint wherein its peculiarity consisted."

We make this extract with peculiar pleasure, as it enables us to offer the tribute of respect to the memory of

this venerable prelate, who died lately at Preshome, Banffshire, in the 81st year of his age. Born in Edinburgh, he had received the first rudiments of education at the celebrated High School. Thence he was sent to the College of Aquhorties, which had been recently founded by the great Bishop Hay, on the property belonging to the ancient family of the Leslies of Balquhain, who had clung to the old faith amidst the days of persecution, and who are still most worthily represented. It is by no means too much to say that Bishop Kyle was a perfect classical scholar, an excellent linguist, a profound theologian, especially versant in Scottish archæology, and quite at home in ancient and modern literature.

Dr. Ewing, the so-called Bishop of Argyll, in the volume upon which the public interests of the community at large imperatively demand that we should animadvert, has directed attention to the following subject, on which so much has been said, and so little, comparatively speaking, understood. He has a brief chapter on the Culdees, whom he dismisses in three sentences and a half—the later portion finishing with an &c., so that his readers are not much indebted to him for enlightenment upon a point which is veiled in no little obscurity. It is true that much has been written upon that vexed subject, but too little properly understood. The generality of writers circulate anew the absurd illusions already entertained, and without instituting a searching investigation, simply content themselves with following in the wake of those who give currency to popular prejudice and popular falsehood.

Of this the great Count Montalembert, in his beautiful work, "The Monks of the West," complains, when he says—"The name of Culdee leads us to point out, in passing, the absurd and wide-spread error, which has made the Culdees be looked upon as a kind of Monkish order, married and indigenous to the soil, which existed before the introduction of Christianity into Ireland and Scotland by the Roman missionaries, and of whom the great Abbot of Iona was the founder or chief. This opinion, propagated by

learned Anglicans, and blindly copied by various French writers, is now universally acknowledged as false by sincere and competent judges. The Culdees, a sort of third order (or tertians), attached to the regular monasteries, appeared in Ireland and elsewhere only in the *ninth century*, and had never anything more than a trifling connection with the Columban communities."

Now, this well-attested statement is supported by a reference to the most erudite Celtic writers of the day, such as O'Curry, Lanigan, and Reeves. Hence, according to Reeves, the name of Culdee or Ceïle Dei, answering to the Latin term Servus Dei, appeared for the first time in authentic history with the name of Angus, called the Culdee, who was simply a layman and miller of the monastery of Tallach, in Ireland, and who lived in 780. It was afterwards applied to the general body of monks who lived in community in Scotland and Ireland. According to O'Curry, the Culdees were laymen, following certain religious rules, under the guidance of the monastic institutes—their first founder being St. Malruain, who died in 787 or 792. This statement coincides with Lanigan in his ecclesiastical history, and with the Bollandists in their dissertation, Disquisitio in Culdeos ap. acta St. Reguli. According to the continuators of the Acta Sanctorum, the Culdees were not monks properly so called, but pious laymen, who were aggregated for the first time about the year 800, and who seem, as it were, the precursors of the religious confraternities associated to every Church. This subject has been amply treated and illustrated by the Rev. Dr. Reeves in a most learned volume, "The Culdees of the British Isles." Dublin, 1864.

Let us now refer to Goodall's Dissertation, in Keith's Scottish Bishops, page lxxii. Thus does he write as contributing to throw light on our subject:—

"But it is with the Monks of Iona, the disciples of Columba, that our argument is exclusively concerned; and to assist the reader in determining whether there be, in

fact, any reason for believing that these celebrated recluses had *a different creed and different notions of Church government*, from the men of their age; these two points shall be considered separately. But, before entering into particulars on either of these heads, let it be asked whether on general grounds, it be at all probable that, as *both the Irish and the inhabitants of the south of Scotland were taught by missionaries from Rome*, of whom the chief were *Ninian*, *Palladius*, and *St. Patrick*, there would be any discrepancy amongst the converts, in that illiterate and uninquiring age, respecting the things that they were desired to believe or the usages which they were enjoined to observe. Is it not to be presumed that, to the full amount of their belief and practice, whatever might be the extent of these, the Irish and Picts believed and acted *just as the Christians at Rome*, as well as those among the Britons, their neighbours, believed and acted at the same period? There is, indeed no ground to doubt that at the early epoch under consideration, the whole body of Christians in the British Isles displayed the most exact uniformity in their ritual: and amongst an ignorant people, the ceremonies of religion are the only medium through which can be ascertained the articles of faith, as well as the object and intention of their worship.

"Now when we reflect that Columba who established his monastery at Iona about the year 560, came *from Ireland, where everything ecclesiastical had been* established by St. Patrick on the Romish model, we are warranted to conclude, unless the contrary can be proved upon sound historical evidence, that he brought with him the same doctrines in regard to *faith and discipline* which were held by his converted countrymen at large. The Christian religion, it is well known, followed in the track which was marked out by the arms of Rome, the missionaries always treading, although at some distance, in the footsteps of the soldier: and no inference surely can be more legitimately deduced from the ordinary laws of human nature and from the general practice of mankind, than that the *Roman Priest* would communicate to the Britons, Picts, and Scots, the very things which

he himself believed, and which were believed and practised by those who sent him.

"It has accordingly been found, that, until the controversy about the proper day on which the festival of Easter ought to be kept disturbed the unanimity of the Church in these Islands, our Christian ancestors *had nothing on which to differ*. Their belief appears to have been uniform and unbroken; whilst their practice in holy things seems to have been regulated by the same authority, and to have proceeded in accordance with the same ritual, or in compliance with the same traditions. So far, therefore, as is known to the antiquary or the historian, there was not at the time when Columba settled in Iona, any difference of opinion among the worshippers of Christ whether in Britain or Ireland, either respecting the limits of their creed, or the mode of *their Church government*."

We have now to make an extract from Dugdale's Monasticon, which gives a beautiful idea of the past, and leads us to hope well of the future:—

"From Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, the Benedictine Monastery and Cathedral were afterwards removed to Durham.

"Donald, the fourth King of Scotland, who had embraced the Christian faith, having afforded an asylum to Acca the widow of Ethelfrith king of Northumbria, and to her seven sons, who fled into Scotland, from the wrath of their uncle Edwine, who had seized the throne, first instilled into the minds of these youths the principles of the Christian religion..... Oswald, the second son of Ethelfrith, left his retirement in Scotland, and became king of the Northumbrians, whom he laboured to convert to Christianity. For this purpose he applied to Donald, king of Scotland, for the assistance of some holy man in this blessed undertaking. The first person sent to him, according to Bede, was of an austere disposition; who meeting with not so much reverence and attention as he expected, returned home in disgust. It was proposed then to send in his place some man of more

mild disposition, who by gentler manners and persuasive language might gain the affections of the people. This advice was approved, and the synod immediately appointed to this task, the person with whom it originated, namely, Aidan, a monk of the monastery of Hii, or Iona, one of the Islands called the Hebrides. He is supposed to have arrived at the Court of Oswald, about the year 635, where by his strict rules of life, his moderation and persuasive eloquence, he succeeded in converting the nobles and chiefs of the kingdom, and in a short time the whole, it may be said, of this powerful people. The king granted him permission to fix his residence in any part of his kingdom, and Aidan selected the Island of Lindisfarn, which was thence called afterwards the Holy Island. The character given of this Bishop by Bede is most excellent; who, after enumerating and dwelling on his virtues, adds, that his doctrines were recommended to the world by his conduct, which strictly corresponded with its precepts. Aidan died in the year 651, the seventeenth of his Episcopacy."

It is said by Godwin, "that he died of grief for Oswald, who a few days before had been killed in battle with Penda king of the Mercians. . . . . His successor *Finan,* who came from the same monastery of Hii (Iona), began, immediately upon his appointment to this See, to build a Church of timber, and thatched it with reed, which was afterwards dedicated to St. Peter, by Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury. He had the happiness of seeing many converts to the Christian faith, himself baptizing two powerful monarchs, Penda prince of the Mercians, with whom he sent four priests to instruct his people, and Sigebert, king of East Angles. He presided over this See ten years, and appears the whole time to have been assiduous in the promotion of religion and virtue.

"Colman, who also came from Scotland, succeeded to this Church and Monastery. About the third year of his Episcopacy a controversy about Easter, and the mode of tonsure was revived. A synod was holden in 664 at Whitby to determine these points. It was determined in favour of the Romish usage."

"Tuda succeeded to this See; he had been educated among the Southern Scottish Clergy, and by them ordained Bishop."

"Upon the death of Tuda, according to some authors, Eata was appointed to the government of this See, united with that of Hexham; he had been Abbot of Mailros."

"St. Cuthbert was appointed to this See, in the year 685. He was originally," it is said, "a shepherd, near Melros, where he had a vision, and beheld the Spirit of Aidan ascending to heaven; which made such an impression on him, that he determined to lead a religious life, and immediately applied to the Abbey of Mailros, where in 651, he gained admittance and initiation under Eata, who, upon his own removal hither, persuaded Cuthbert to accompany him, and made him prior."

From these historical records, let us now proceed to grapple with certain statements, which are passing current at the present moment. We have referred to the conversation of the Italian diplomatist at the Court of St. James', which was held with the Commissioner of the American press. Let us, then, approach the subject with the greatest calmness, and examine it in its various bearings. We do not contemplate, indeed, to write a dissertation upon the question involved, but simply to state the case candidly, and then to face the objections. Let us, therefore, head the following chapter with the furnished startling title, which, if it does not invite consideration, must at least, of necessity, arrest singular curiosity, from its monstrously daring character.

THE "IMPIOUS DOGMA" OF PAPAL INFALLIBILITY!

This, no doubt, is very bold, and, in Catholic estimation, very blasphemous language. Yet, it is the language of the day, the language of the Press, the language of the clubs, the language which obtains in the most fashionable circles. Yet, it is language which is hollow and deceptive, which is "the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal," which is "vox et præterea nihil," which is "light as chaff which flits before the wind." What is its meaning, what its drift? The question at issue does not turn upon science nor art, upon politics nor diplomacy, nor upon those complicated subjects which, during the present session, are to be canvassed in either House of Parliament. The question is not of the natural order, and, consequently, does not touch upon the air we breathe, the bread we eat, the water we drink, or the clothes we put on. The question does not interfere with the post-office, which, to the horror of some old ladies, is in Catholic hands; nor with our police establishments, which are in non-Catholic hands. The question has no relation with insurance companies, steam engines, railway conveyances, electro wires, *balloons*, nor even with geology, astronomy, mathematics, metaphysics. The question does not affect our astute lawyers, nor even the sagacious medical faculty.

The one may issue as many prescriptions as Esculapius himself, and the others, without *let or hindrance*, may re-edit as numerous editions of Blackstone and Erskine as may satisfy the most voracious legal appetite! What, then, can be the meaning of all this noise with which our ears

are dinned by the press, and which our *Dailies, Weeklies, Monthlies,* and *Quarterlies* are industriously keeping up, and thus making "confusion worse confounded." What is it, in reality? Why, it is simply a rebellion of the natural man against the supernatural—it is bringing the human order into antagonism with the divine order; it is, therefore, a trial of strength between Earth and Heaven—if we may be allowed the expression, it is a regular pitched battle between the creature and the Creator!

Heaven declares that the Creator speaks to his creatures in his own divinely-constituted way, and that that way is infallible! The Earth replies that there exists no divinely-constituted, unerring way, and that all infallibility here below is moonshine. The children of the earth, the men and women of fashion, the revolutionists and anti-Catholics of the day, indorse the declaration that all infallibility—regal, imperial, and, above all, Papal—is absolutely preposterous. They proclaim aloud, in the language lately uttered in the Italian Senate by the Deputy Crispi, and which we transcribe from the unconquerable organ of Catholic opinion, the *L'Unita Cattolica* of the 25th February, 1871, who indulged in preposterous twaddle.

"Catholicity, like every human institution, has had its day. . . . . Catholicity must come to an end, and then Christianity, which false ministers debase, purged of the vices of the Roman Curia, shall re-assume its ancient prestige, and shall easily become the religion of humanity. But as long as the Pope and the Cardinals remain in Rome, so long as in Rome the Pope and the Cardinals have political power, this reform is utterly impossible!"

Hence it follows that for the construction and consolidation of this chimera—*the religion of humanity*—it is necessary that the Pope and Cardinals should be driven from Rome, and that Catholicity, as an institution, should be utterly abolished!

Now, we listen with the most imperturbable composure to all this contemptible jargon, and we laugh it to scorn! It is mere idle frothy declamation; it is beating the air;

it is dashing itself against the rock of the Church in empty foam!

At present we enter not upon the question of the Pope's temporal power, which in the order of things is so necessary for the perfect discharge of the spiritual power, but we simply wish to inquire if Heaven can speak to the Earth—if the Creator can speak to the creature—if God can speak to man in an infallible way? If he has done so, it is a Fact, and against a fact there is no reasoning. Now, it is a Fact that God has thus spoken, and all Christians are obliged to believe it—if they believe the Scriptures at all!

Yes, let it be proclaimed aloud, that God has ever spoken to man in the most infallible way. The great Creator has always addressed His creatures, in the manner in which they could not possibly be deceived. He spoke of old through Moses and the Prophets, and His Prophets were therefore infallible in their inspired utterances. Daniel and Osee—Isaias and Jeremias, were infallibly guided in announcing their divine predictions. The Prophet Balaam, it is true, was to all appearance willing to prophesy falsely, but was supernaturally protected from so great a calamity. In the work of prophecy he was, despite of himself, rendered personally infallible.

When the wicked King Achab attempted to force the Prophet Micheas to prophesy otherwise than what God had made known to him, he cried—"As the Lord liveth, whatever the Lord shall say to me, that will I speak." (3 Kings xxii.) Thus were the Prophets infallible in their prophecies, because they were simply the mouthpiece of the Lord God himself.

Moreover, the priests of the old law were likewise infallible in their utterances, and the people were commanded to learn wisdom from their lips, which mandate could not have been given if their lips had been tainted with error.

Add to this, that the Synagogue of the Jews was infallible in its teaching, till the very coming of the Redeemer. Our blessed Lord told the people to observe the doctrines of

those who sat in the chair of Moses, but not to follow after their iniquitous example. The Synagogue having fulfilled its mission, went down into the grave at the advent of the Messiah, and then by the hand of the same Master Builder was upraised the glorious structure of the Christian Church. The Christian Church was the perfect realization of all the types of the old law. If the types were glorious, how much more glorious was that which was typified. If then infallibility attached to the predictions of the Prophets—to the teachings of the Jewish Priesthood, and to the announcements of the Synagogue—how much more should it attach to the teaching of the Christian Ministry, since the new law surpasses the old, and the Christian covenant eclipses all the glory of the Mosaic dispensation!

It would be idle to say that our blessed Lord was infallible, and we need not say that He constituted His Apostles personally infallible in their teaching. He declared His Church to be unerring, and that the Spirit of Truth was to teach His Church all truth, and to abide with His Church all days to the consummation of the world. The Apostles were therefore privileged to be *personally* infallible, and their successors are now collectively infallible, but their head and chief—the Pope himself—by nature of his primacy and supremacy—despite all clamour and opposition—is infallible in his public and official capacity.

If, then, infallible teaching was the rule in the old law, by a stronger reason should it be the rule under the new law, for the children of the Christian covenant are the objects of Heaven's choicest predilections, and this infallible teaching is here manifestly unfolded in the most palpable way. As no human power could have gathered together the assembled Fathers at the Vatican Council, to deliberate on the most important religious questions, so the very fact of their assembly must be attributable to a power which is divine—a fact which proclaims the intervention of a supernatural agency, and forces us to exclaim—"*Digitus Dei est hic*"—the finger of God is here. For this fact is verily a living, palpable argument in favour of the supernatural order.

No matter what may be said to the contrary, the Vatican Council, which represented God's living visible Church, is the most wonderful assemblage, in a moral and religious point of view, that can possibly be conceived. It is an evidence of the universality of the Church, as it is proof positive of the Church's unity. It is a fountain of joy to the Catholic, as it is the reverse to the non-Catholic. It is, however, a beacon light for the distracted wanderers in the wilderness of the world—it is the star of hope for the ship-wrecked mariners who are tossed on the ocean of private opinion—it is the place of refuge for the sheep that have gone astray in the fastnesses of the mountains, and the solitude of the glens!

It was prophesied of old, that the advent of the Redeemer would be for the fall or resurrection of many in Israel, and certainly it may be predicted that this great Council shall be for the salvation or perdition of numberless men and women of the nineteenth century! Who is there, then, in darkness that should not pray for light? or who is here that is spiritually blind, that should not weary heaven with prayer, now that another Pentecostal illumination is diffusing itself over the whole earth?

What matter, then, to us, as Catholics, that journalists should rack their brains to get up periodically another rich and racy diatribe against the Pope and the Council. What matter that they should continue week after week in harping on the same chord, and repeating the same lugubrious lament. This we know, and of this we feel assured, that when all those journals shall have been drowned in the waters of oblivion—and all those editorial articles shall not enjoy sufficient buoyancy to float down the stream of time—the imperishable decrees of the illustrious Vatican Council shall be regarded by the children of the Church for ages yet to come as an oasis in the world's desolation, and shall be recognised as so many landmarks to guide their footsteps through life, lest they should dash them against the cliffs of rationalism, or they themselves should tumble down into the pitfalls of infidelity.

Yes! indeed, as we now speak of the glorious Œcumenical Councils of Nicæa, Ephesus, Chalcedon, Constantinople, and the like, which have taken place in the different ages of the Church, so generations, yet unborn, shall speak of the unparagoned Vatican Council; and shall declare, in the fulness of their faith, that we of the nineteenth century were blessed in our days, "to see the things which we now see and to hear the things which we now hear."

By way of illustrating this subject, we may be permitted to refer to what we have already said, in our

REPLY TO THE BISHOP OF BRECHIN ON THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL.

We have expressed our thanks to the Right Reverend Prelate for disarming his Episcopal brother in the arena of historical criticism. Now we must say that we are not slow in offering the courtesies of society to all men—to the Jew and the Gentile—to the Greek and the Barbarian—but when Holy Church is attacked, it is our duty as well as privilege to rush to the rescue, and, like the knights of old who defended our Lord's sepulchre, to give battle to the assailant! We may refer to an outline of the lecture from the *Dundee Advertiser*, December, 1869:—

"On Sunday, after vespers, in the Church of St. Thomas of Canterbury, Arbroath, the Rev. Dr. Stewart M'Corry, after sundry prefatory observations, said—Let us resume our conferences on Rome's General Council. The Vatican Council, which was opened with such surpassing solemnity on the 8th instant, is now a patent fact, and adds a most important unit to the number of General Councils recorded in ecclesiastical history. It is another link in that mysterious religious chain which binds earth with heaven. The memorable Council held in the Apostolic days, at Jerusalem, was presided over by St. Peter, and settled all matters of litigation by the authoritative words:—'It hath seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us.' During the three subsequent ages of persecution—when to be a Chris-

tian was to be a martyr—no General Councils could be convened. In the fourth century after the conversion of the Emperor Constantine, and when peace was restored to the Church, she girt up her loins to meet the exigencies of the times. She called together her mitred prelates—the Bishops appointed to rule the Church of God—in one grand consistory at Nicæa, Bithynia, in 325, to bear witness to the divinity of our Lord against the impieties of Arius. From the fourth to the sixteenth centuries, there were convoked eighteen General Councils. The first eight were held in the Eastern, the last ten in the Western portion of Christendom. The Sovereign Pontiff, as Vicar of Christ and Supreme Governor of the Church, has alone the right to convoke General Councils; to preside over them in person or by his legates; and to confirm their decrees. These decrees have reference, not to scientific nor artistic—not to æsthetic nor archæological—not to philosophical nor philological pursuits, but simply and exclusively to matters connected with faith and morals—to matters which regard the eternal interests that lie beyond the grave. With this preamble we proceed to review the deliverance, upon last Sunday evening, by the Bishop of Brechin, in his Cathedral, on the Œcumenical Council. The lecture was duly chronicled in the *Dundee Advertiser* of Monday, and is, therefore, amenable to criticism. We shall try, for the sake of brevity, to condense our observations as much as possible. Pass we over, as not necessarily requiring notice, the introductory remarks, and let us proceed to examine what the Right Rev. Prelate has to announce in regard to Councils in general. We give the words as reported. He said—'When things were at their worst men had always looked to general councils as the great Parliaments of Christendom, as a means of healing the wounds of the Church.' Yes, certainly, general councils, always directed by the Holy Ghost, are, undoubtedly, the panacea for the distempers of Christendom. They are the landmarks which are to guide our pathway from time to eternity. Now, we ask, who are to summon these general councils? We speak to facts, and

we unhesitatingly declare—No one but the Vicegerent of Christ, the Roman Pontiff. For it is the fact that the Roman Pontiffs alone summoned every General Council that was ever convened—from the Council of Nicæa in the fourth to the Council of Trent in the sixteenth century; as it is the Roman Pontiff alone who summoned the Vatican Council in the nineteenth!

"The non-Catholic Bishop of Brechin proceeds to make all the admission which it is necessary to contend for when he says:—'Historically Œcumenical Councils had met the difficulties of the times.' It was precisely for that purpose, as we say, that they were convoked, as it is for that purpose that the great Vatican Council has just now assembled, to meet the emergencies of the times, and to prepare the necessary measures for the future well-being of Christendom.

"The Bishop proceeds—'The Council of Nicæa, on the occasion of State establishment by Constantine, organised the polity of the Church.' Yes, the Council of Nicæa adopted the requisite means for the transition state of the Church—the state from persecution to peace—from poverty to comparative wealth. Of necessity a new organisation was demanded for a new state of things. Well, who convened this Council of Nicæa? It was Pope St. Silvester, who had baptized Constantine at Rome, but who, on account of his great age—being unable to travel the distance—appointed Osius, Bishop of Cordova, in Spain, to preside in his stead at the Nicæan Council, assisted by two Roman priests, Vitus and Vincent. The Emperor Constantine, however, was present, stating that 'he sat there as a hearer only, not as a judge.'

"The Bishop goes on to say that 'The three succeeding Councils—those of Constantinople, Ephesus, and Chalcedon—determined the mode of existence of Him whom we adore, our Lord and God.' These Councils, be it observed, were called to proclaim the divinity of Jesus Christ, and to denounce the blasphemous impieties which had been broached by certain crafty heresiarchs, who were the proto-

types of our modern religious innovators. This action of the Church proves her sleepless watchfulness over the sacred depositum of the Christian faith.

"Well, who again summoned these Councils? It was the Roman Pontiff, St. Celestine, who convened the third General Council at Ephesus, in the year 431, to anathematize the Nestorian and Pelagian heresies. It was the Roman Pontiff, St. Leo, who convened the fourth General Council at Chalcedon, in the year 451, to anathematize the Eutychian heresy, and to excommunicate Dioscorus. It was the Roman Pontiff Vigilius who convened the fifth General Council at Constantinople, in the year 553, to reiterate the condemnation of the Nestorian and Eutychian heresies—to condemn the errors of Origen, and proscribe the aberrations of Theodoret.

"But we are told by the Bishop of Brechin that 'the fifth Council, of which the acts were lost, controlled the aggression of civil power.' Now, in reply, I have to state that the Church has preserved the acts of the Council, and that we can furnish a detailed account of the Council's proceedings—reference to which having been already made.

"Come we now to the redoubtable charge—redoubtable in the distance, but not sustainable on examination—the charge which is the sing-song of the day. The Bishop declares that 'in the sixth Pope Honorius was condemned by name for heresy.' Now, what is our answer to the charge? In the first place, we absolutely deny the accusation; in the second place, we acknowledge extreme forbearance on the part of Honorius in regard to the abettors of Monothelism, but we maintain that he was never compromised with that heresy; and, in the third place, Anastasius tells us in his history that the heterodox Greeks, who were such adepts in falsifying the original acts of the Council, foisted in the name of Honorius among those who were *nominatim* condemned—such as Sergius, Phyrrhus, and others. Time to do even partial justice forbids the examination at any length of this oft repeated, but oft refuted accusation, which would require a long lecture by itself. We shall, therefore,

meanwhile content ourselves by referring to a triumphant defence of that Pontiff, from the pen of the Rev. Father Bottalla—'Pope Honorius before the Tribunal of Reason and History,' which has lately been published.

"The Bishop continues:—'In the seventh Council it was determined that art might legitimately be consecrated to the service of religion. After that the Councils of the Mediæval Church were subjected to the influences of the Popes, till, in view of the monstrous corruptions which grew up therefrom, those of Basle and Constance restored the proper tone of the corporate conscience of Christendom. Now, as there is no specific charge, but only the indulgence of mere vague generalities, in this last declamatory sentence, we feel ourselves absolved from replying. When the 'monstrous corruptions' are unfolded, we shall then grapple with them in succession.

"The right rev. speaker proceeds:—'The succeeding ages were ages of religious declension; and the great Council of Trent came too late to prevent the schism.' Now one word by way of answer to these rather flippant observations. We certainly have no intention of vindicating every person and everything during the middle ages—fashionably called dark—much less should we attempt to vindicate all persons and things in the present age. This, however, we are prepared to maintain, despite every bold assertion, that the middle ages were ages of Light and Faith—ages of piety and purity—ages of disinterested charity and religious chivalry—ages which therefore contrast most favourably with our own selfish, sordid, grasping, and degenerate age! Be it so, that the Council of Trent came too late to prevent the schism of Europe: it came, however, in sufficient time to do its work—to fortify the faithful—to confirm the doubtful—to reclaim the erring, while by its heaven-inspired decrees and its imperishable catechism, it has transmitted to posterity two impregnable bulwarks, against which heresy and schism must for ever dash themselves to pieces!

"The non-Catholic Bishop of Brechin still goes on with his homily—'And now after 300 years a Council, incorrectly

called Œcumenical, was about to be assembled. He used the expression 'incorrectly' advisedly, because that could not be held to be Œcumenical, in which the invitation to the Bishops of the ancient Church of the East had been given in a form which was tantamount to an insult—in which the Anglican Hierarchy had been entirely ignored, and the Protestants merely invited to be convinced of their errors.'

"Pray let us draw breath, after this burst of indignant eloquence, and calmly examine the matter. What, then, is to be said in regard to this tissue of complaints? Why the Council, pace Episcopi Brechiensis, is literally most Œcumenical. No Council was ever more correctly designated—to no Council were ever so many invitations issued—and at no Council were there ever so many dignitaries of the Church assembled. Upwards of 800 Fathers are present, who have come from the four corners of the earth, to witness to its universality. What more can be desired?

"The Council is, then, to all intents and purposes, Œcumenical, and realises to the very letter its designation, *oikoumine*, which signifies the habitable world—invitations, or rather citations, having been issued to all bishops in the habitable world, and we see before our eyes the most glorious response.

"But what do we say with regard to the supposed insult to the Bishops of the East? Why, this must be a dream, which has been dreamed, upon the banks of the Tay, and not of the Tiber! Assuredly the Papal invitation was never regarded in that light in the Eastern world, and the Holy Father never contemplated anything but paternal respect and kindness in his zealous efforts to consummate a re-union with his wandering children. Listen to the loving terms in which the great Pontiff addressed himself to the Eastern Churches. In the Papal allocution, 'Arcano divinæ Providentiæ,' under date 8th September, 1868, he thus speaks to the Oriental Bishops, who are not in communion with the Apostolic Roman See—'Once again do we raise our voice, and with all our soul entreat and conjure you to come

to this Council, as your ancestors came to the Council of Florence, held by our predecessor, Eugene IV., that the law of our former love may be restored—that the peace of our Fathers—that heavenly and salutary gift of Jesus Christ—which lapse of time has weakened, may gain fresh vigour, and that thus, after the long night of affliction, and the dreary darkness of so long a separation, the peaceful light of long desired union may at length shine upon all.' The allocution continues in the same strain of tenderness and love which was but too well calculated to awaken the best religious emotions in every Christian heart. We are forced then to conclude—and the conclusion we hold to be incontrovertibly just—that any kind of supposed insult is perfectly out of the question—that it was never contemplated at Rome—that it was never entertained in the East—that it is simply imaginary—that it must have resulted from some unfortunate day-dream or equally unfortunate nightmare, to which certain non-Catholic ecclesiastics are perhaps more or less liable in these northern latitudes!

"In reference to the Churches of the East, it may be interesting for you to be informed that all those different Oriental Churches, which adopt different rites, and employ different languages, still celebrate the divine sacrifice of the mass. The Oriental rites which obtain are the Greek, Armenian, Chaldean, Syriac, Coptic, and Abyssinian. The Greek rite is adopted by the Greeks of Turkey, of the Ionian Isles, and of Greece; by the Bulgarians, Servians, Wallachians, Montenegrins, Georgians, and Russians. Now, although these various nations follow the Greek rite, all do not make use of the Greek language in their liturgy. The Catholic and non-united Greeks use the ancient Greek; the Russians, the Bulgarians, the Servians, the Montenegrins, use the Sclavonic language; the Wallachians and Georgians use their own. The Ruthenians and the Catholic Bulgarians also use the Sclavonic; the Catholic Wallachians, the Wallachian or Roumanian, the Melchites or Catholic Greeks of Syria and of Egypt use the Arabic.

"The Armenian rite and language are employed by the

Catholic and by the non-united Armenians of Russia, Turkey, Persia, Gallicia, and Venice.

"The Chaldean is followed by the Nestorians of Turkey, Persia, and Malabar. These, as well as the Catholic Chaldeans of Kurdistan and Persia, celebrate mass in the Chaldean language.

"The Syriac rite is followed by the Jacobites of Syria and of Mesopotamia. The Jacobites employ the Syriac in their liturgies, as also do the Catholic Syrians and the Maronites, whose rite is, however, different.

"The Coptic rite is followed in the Coptic language by the Catholic and non-united Copts of Egypt. These latter are monophysites like the Jacobites.

"The Abyssinian rite, in the Gheez tongue, is adopted by Catholic and non-united Abyssinians. The latter also are monophysites.

"Contemplating these sects in the aggregate they may be classified under three heads—the Nestorian heresy, the Monophysite heresy, and the Greek schism. They number about seventy millions of Christians, spread over Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Greece, Turkey, Persia, and the Russian Empire. These are they whom the great heart of Pius IX. yearns after to restore to the unity of the household of faith; these are the scattered sheep whom the universal shepherd of the universal sheepfold goes in search of midst their wanderings, with crook in hand, and entreats them in the pathetic tones of Christian endearment to return to the pastures of life eternal.

"On this subject let me refer to an interesting article in the *Ecclesiastical Record* of April, 1869, headed 'Preparations in the East.'

"'Oh, but,' says the Bishop of Brechin, who feels evidently sore upon the subject, and has the weakness to insinuate that injury has been superadded to 'insult,' 'The Anglican hierarchy has been entirely ignored!' Pray, why did he not also say—'Ignored likewise have been the Bishops of the Scottish Episcopal communion!' The budget of grievances would then be disclosed.

"Now let us be plain, however respectful, and let us answer one question by asking another. We ask, then, how could the English or Scottish Bishops expect an invitation to the General Council? We are not slow in giving to the Right Rev. Prelates of the Scottish and English communions the respective designations which courtesy and usage award them; but when we come to close quarters—when we come to examine their pretensions to the Episcopate—when we come to weigh their claims to the mitre in the scales of the sanctuary, we find that the balance kicks against them—we find that their pretensions are utterly hollow, and that their claims are devoid of the shadow of a shade of foundation! All their assumptions, I need not tell you, are repudiated by Christendom. The orders of the Greek schismatical Church, and of the little Jansenistical Church of Holland, are recognised as valid by the Church, but the so-called orders of the Scottish Episcopacy, and of the Anglican Establishment, are devoid of validity, and therefore are utterly discarded. Hence the Catholic Church regards the Archbishop of Canterbury and all the clergy of the Establishment of England as mere laymen, and as mere laymen does the Catholic Church again regard the Bishop Primus and all the other clergy of the Scottish Episcopal communion of Scotland! No marvel, then, if they should have been 'ignored'—no marvel if they should have received no invitation—the only marvel is that any one amongst them—knowing that the Catholic Church recognises neither their orders nor any jurisdiction—could have dreamed so curious a dream!

"Another sore point appears to be that Protestants were merely invited to be convinced of their errors. Now, is it consistent with common sense to suppose that the precious time of the General Council, which is engrossed in deep spiritual legislating for all Christendom, should be wasted in the solution of objections ten thousand times answered, or that the grand Council chamber should be converted into a catechetical class-room to teach neophytes the merest rudiments of Christian revelation. If non-Catholics have

religious difficulties, let them apply to the Catholic priesthood at home or abroad, who are able and willing to give 'a reason for the faith that is in them;' or if they wend their way to the Eternal City, let them consult those distinguished ecclesiastics whom the Holy Father himself has specially appointed for their direction.

"The Bishop of Brechin becomes now more benignant when he says, 'But still, with every abatement, the assemblage of so many bishops of the great Latin Church could not fail to be fraught with consequences which told not only on itself but on others; for a pulse ran through the veins of the whole body of Christ, and even in these days of separation, one member could not suffer without the other suffering also. The Council, therefore, demanded their prayers. Already some pious Protestants had made it the subject of anxious prayer; and his audience could not do better than follow their example.'

"Now, as a Doctor of Holy Church, I stand here in this pulpit to speak the truth, without qualification or reserve. While we may give the Bishop credit for his intentions and prayers, still must we lament that he can lay the flattering unction to his soul, and cherish the fond delusion that either the English establishment or the Scottish Episcopal Communion is a member of the mystical body of Christ, which is His one true Church represented by the See of Rome. No! the Church of Christ cannot be divided. As the branch theory of the Oxford School in the 'Tracts for the Times' has been found wanting, so the 'pulse' of the Christian life is wanting to every non-Catholic Institution; for apart from the Church it never can possess vitality. The withered branch cut off from the vine is sapless—can bear no fruit, and must be cast aside.

"Come we now to some statements which are, indeed, strange, passing strange. The Right Rev. Speaker stated to his audience—'They never could tell how a Council might turn out. The Council of Rimini asserted heresy; the robber Council of Ephesus ended in confusion; while a Synod in the tiny little town of Orange, in France, had determined

the doctrine of grace for the whole Church. Be it remembered that the authority of a Council did not depend on him who convoked it, or on the number of bishops present, or on the subjects treated, but on the after acceptation of the Church. There was an after verdict on every Council.'

"Now, let us take up these haphazard assertions in succession, and test their worth.

"First, we Catholics have never any doubt with regard to the results which follow from a General Council, because the divine founder of the Christian religion has promised to send the Holy Ghost to preside over the deliberations.

"Secondly, the Council of Rimini, which was brought together in 359 at the instance of the Emperor Constantine, never was regarded as a proper Catholic, much less a General Council. St. Athanasius places it among the Arian Councils. St. Jerome, according to his celebrated expression, said that the whole world was taken by surprise when Arianism at that Council seemed to have stolen a march on Christianity! St. Ambrose held the Rimini Council in horror; and St. Hilary declared that it was rejected by Christendom. So much for the Council of Rimini and heresy!

"Thirdly, one is at a loss to know what is reported to have been said in regard to the "robber" Council of Ephesus. The first Council of Ephesus was held in the year 196 under St. Polycarp. The second Council of Ephesus was held in 401 under St. John Chrysostome. These two were simply Provincial Councils. The third Council of Ephesus was held in 431, which was a General Council, and presided over by St. Cyril of Alexandria, by command of Pope Celestine I., in which the Holy Virgin was proclaimed to be the mother of God, and when the heresy of Nestorius was anathematized.

"Fourthly, the Council Orange was simply provincial, and has no weight compared with a General Council.

"Fifthly, the authority of every General Council depends on the Pope who convokes it—who presides over it, and who alone can confirm its decrees. The hypothesis that the

Church can be separated from the Pope—that the body can be separated from the head—is preposterous, and cannot for a moment be entertained. "Roma locuta—causa finita." Rome speaks—controversy ends. The Pope and the Church are one—inseparable—indivisible—infallible!

"The non-Catholic Bishop of Brechin continues—'One had heard with alarm that new dogmas were to be declared; that a doubtful legend with regard to the death of the blessed Virgin Mary was to be asserted as an historical fact; that some political views, which had hitherto been left free, in consideration of the different measures of civilization of different countries, would be condemned; and that the personal infallibility of the successor of St. Peter—a doctrine utterly unknown in the early Church—was to be added to the sum of those things which a man must believe on peril of his salvation. It was earnestly to be hoped,' the Bishop said, 'in the interests of our common Christianity, that that would not be effected.'

"In answer to the various parts of this paragraph, let it be observed that any alarm is altogether idle about the promulgation of new dogmas. Whatever shall be explicitly declared at the General Council has ever been implicitly believed by the Church; the assumption of the blessed virgin has always been a pious belief of the Church, and it may now receive a more formal and explicit declaration. The personal infallibility of the successor of St. Peter, when speaking *ex cathedra*, and with all the divine authority of his sacred office, is a cherished belief, and has been maintained by the fathers of the Church from the earliest ages with one voice. They have declared—*Ubi Petrus—ibi Ecclesia*—Where Peter is—there is the Church. This pious belief likewise may receive its formal and explicit declaration. With regard to the political views of the various nations, these no doubt, *per se*, shall be left perfectly free, but should these views tamper with the religion and education of the nations, then the Church, as taking precedence of the State, must draw the line of demarcation.

"The non-Catholic Bishop of Brechin winds up his homily

in these terms—'One grieved over anything that widened the breaches in the spiritual kingdom of Christ, but surely they must trust to the prayers of so many earnest men being heard, and that God the Holy Ghost, who would be so earnestly invoked at the Council, would overrule to His greater glory the individual aspirations of its members, and that the final results would tend to the corporate union of the Church of God, and that His way might be known upon earth—His saving health among all nations.'

"No doubt every one must lament the 'widening of any breach' among Christians. But surely it is far better to see with eyes open any breach, however wide, than to be led blindfold over the precipice. The breach between the Catholic and non-Catholic Churches is not only wide, it is distant as the poles asunder. The Catholic Church is most uncompromising—no doctrine can be pared down—no article of revelation can be softened away to meet the tastes of the times—no diminution in the sacraments—no alteration in the sacrifice can be made, no matter what the gain, no matter what the loss. The Church is the infallible guardian of eternal truth. 'Heaven and earth shall pass away,' but truth never shall pass away. With heresy and schism, with pantheism and naturalism, with rationalism and indifferentism, with socialism and communism, the Catholic Church never can come to terms. Let these vagaries of the mind and heart be relinquished, and then the Church shall hail with delight the return of the erring to the portals of eternal truth. The Holy Father, as representative of Christ and of the Church, shall go forth to meet his poor children after their wanderings; he shall receive them with paternal endearment into his arms; he shall raise the cry of jubilation from earth to heaven, and over each and every one of them he shall tell men and angels to rejoice with exceeding joy, because he who was lost is found—he who was dead has been brought to life again!

"Prayers, then, earnest and universal, have been offered up to heaven, for this great Œcumenical Council. Catholics are certain, as they are of their own existence, that these

prayers have been heard and have been answered. The Holy Ghost, according to divine promise, has descended to preside at the Council's deliberations, and the decrees which shall be promulgated must be regarded as the oracles of God himself. God spoke, when in the General Council of Nicæa the divinity of the Eternal Son was proclaimed—when in the General Council of Constantinople the divinity of the Holy Ghost was defined—when in the General Council of Ephesus the Holy Virgin Mary was declared to be the mother of God—when in another General Council of Nicæa it was ruled that the images of Christ and his Saints should be held in veneration—when in the General Council of Florence, the doctrines of the middle state, of the 'Filioque,' and the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff, were recorded—and when in the General Council of Trent, original sin, justification, the Sacraments, and the sacrifice of the New Law, were propounded as articles of divine revelation! God shall speak now again at this great Œcumenical Council. We shall not venture to anticipate the infallible decisions of the infallible Vatican Council; but of this we feel assured, as of faith, despite the lectures of non-Catholic bishops, and the prophecies of non-Catholic Presbyters, that the voice of God spoken by the Prince of the Apostles, and which resounded of old in the Council Chamber of Jerusalem, shall be echoed anew in the august Vatican Basilica, by the venerable successor of St. Peter, in these words—'It hath seemed good to the Holy Ghost, and to us!'"

Since this Lecture was delivered, the grand question, which both within and without the Council, was so keenly discussed, has been finally settled. The infallible Pontiff has pronounced the infallible declaration, which no Catholic can venture for an instant to gainsay. By non-Catholics it may still be denounced as a "hard saying," by non-Christians, it may be stigmatised as an "impious dogma," it is not therefore the less true. As the servant is not better than the master, and as He who knew not sin, was said to be possessed of a devil, so according to the apostle, through many tribulations must we pass, before we can enter into the kingdom

of Heaven. Hence do we possess our souls in patience, despite the words of blasphemy which are daily spoken and the scenes of sacrilege which we daily witness. As followers of the God of mercy, his prayer must be our prayer, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" Still it behoves us to speak out with regard to existing religious national establishments. We say then, advisedly, that they are not of God—they are not the work of Jesus Christ—they are not guided by the Holy Ghost!

If it be asked who it is that has the daring thus to unchurch the English and Scottish National Institutions, as by law established, we answer that it is the Church of the Apostles—the Catholic and Roman Church!

If it be, moreover, asked who it is has the hardihood to impugn the orders of Dr. Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury, and to impeach the commission of Dr. Norman Macleod, late Moderator of the General Assembly, we answer that it is one who was born also in Caledonia, and who, with Heaven's blessing, is prepared forthwith to demonstrate the invalidity of Anglican, and the nullity of Scottish, ordination! Far be it from us to suppose that of ourselves, we can do anything. Let self be thrown into the background, and let truth alone stand prominently forward. If our sharp-shooters must have a mark—if a target, large or small, must be presented to our rifle brigade, let some living one enter into the arena with Canterbury and Glasgow, and with historical and theological weapons alone gird himself for the conflict! Now, we have made the charge; we have invited the encounter; we are prepared for the result—

———"Adsum qui feci, in me convertite ferrum."

The point at issue is between truth and no truth—between faith and no faith—between sacraments and no sacraments—between sacrifice and no sacrifice—between the only true Church of Christ and the untrue Churches of men! The question thus revolves on its own axis; it is, consequently, a question of first principles—a question distinctly separate from the intellectual ability of the respective belligerents!

ITALIAN REVOLUTIONISTS—ROMAN PONTIFF KING—CATHOLIC WORLD.

THE Italian Diplomatist at the British Court was, as we have seen, decidedly thrown off his guard in his communications with the *smart* American Commissioner from New York. Little did he dream, that he should be completely victimized by him whom the Scottish poet Burns jocularly calls—"the chiel takin' notes," and that he would surely "prent them." But as it is commonly said that *murder* leaks out, so it is providential that the ulterior nefarious machinations of Italian Revolutionists should be made patent to the whole world. Truth and justice are not afraid of the light, whereas falsehood and injustice court the darkness, because their deeds are evil. Let then the case be stated for the benefit of all concerned.

We are men—we are Christians—we are Catholics. We believe in the supernatural order. We believe in God—in his divine Son—in the Holy Ghost—in the Holy Catholic Apostolic Roman Church. We believe that the Great Creator in Heaven has established for his creatures upon earth a divine Institute called the Church. We believe that this organization, constituting the mystical body of Christ, is distributed into two grand departments—the Pastors teaching and the people taught—the Priests, the Lord's anointed, who are the dispensers of the mysteries of God, and the Faithful to whom these sacred ordinances are administered. We believe that as the Church is composed of men, and not of disembodied spirits, it necessarily presents an external object—that, therefore, it is a visible body, and as this body is complete in all its parts, it must have a visible head. The mystical body of Christ, which is his Church, is one; therefore the head must be one, but the body is visible,

consequently the head must be visible also. Now as the living body requires nourishment and a dwelling-place, so does the Head require nutriment and a home.

Well, it has ever been the belief of the Catholic world, that Simon Peter was appointed by Jesus Christ as the visible Head of his Church; but as the Church was to be perpetuated to the end of time, so the prerogatives, which were given to the fisherman of Galilee in the first instance, were to be attached to his high and holy office, and were to be transmitted in their entirety to his legitimate successors. Scripture and tradition prove that Peter was constituted the Head of the Church of Christ, and that He was the first Bishop of Rome, therefore the Roman Pontiffs holding the self-same office, are invested with the self-same powers.

Now the Sovereign Pontiff as vicar of Jesus Christ, as successor of St. Peter, is regarded as the venerated father of the great Catholic family—that family which is spread throughout the universe—which is bound together by the sacred ties of faith, hope, and charity—and which numbers within its communion upwards of two hundred millions of Christians. The visible head of this great religious body, who is for Catholics the representative of heaven upon earth, inhabits a time-honoured homestead upon the banks of the Tiber, where had dwelt for more than eighteen hundred years his apostolic predecessors. That venerable homestead is now being cruelly disturbed by false friends, who, forgetful of their duty to their spiritual and temporal sovereign, have leagued themselves with his bitterest enemies, to persecute him even to death! Of these he has reason to complain in the plaintive language of the prophet, "Hear, O ye heavens, and give ear O earth, for the Lord hath spoken. I have brought up children, and exalted them; but they have despised me. The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel have not known me, and my people hath not understood." (Isaiah i. 2.)—Yes, the sovereign Pontiffs have for a long series of ages watched over the best interests of Italy with paternal solicitude, and have elevated and refined the Italian people, as the perfection of

the arts and sciences can testify; yet have they been repaid not unfrequently by the basest ingratitude and the most despicable treachery!

The late encyclical letter of Pius IX. from Rome, addressed to all the Bishops of the Catholic world, discloses the sorrows of his bleeding heart. "Cast your eyes around you, venerable brethren, and you will see and deeply deplore with us, the detestable abominations which now chiefly desolate unhappy Italy. . . . The venerable commandments of God and the laws of holy Church are utterly despised, and impiety uplifts its head unpunished, and triumphs. Hence all the iniquities, all the evils and the injuries we behold with the utmost grief of our soul. Hence these numerous arrays of men who walk in iniquity, serving under the banner of Satan, upon whose forehead is written 'Falsehood,' and who, called by the name of rebels, and turning their mouths against heaven, blaspheme God, sully and contemn every thing sacred, and, treading under foot all rights, divine and human, breathe only carnage like rapacious wolves. These are they who shed blood, lose their souls by most serious scandals, and seek most unjustly to profit by their own malice, carrying off by violence other men's goods, afflicting the weak and the poor, increasing the number of widows and orphans, and showing favour for reward to the impious, while they refuse justice to the just, plundering, and, in the corruptions of their hearts, shamefully glutting themselves with all evil passions, to the very great prejudice of civil society itself.

"By this race of abandoned men we are at present surrounded. These men, animated by a diabolical spirit, desire to hoist the standard of falsehood, even in our beneficent city, near the chair of St. Peter, the centre of truth and Catholic unity. And the chiefs of the Piedmontese Government, who ought to repress such men, do not blush to support them with all their zeal, to furnish them with arms and all things necessary."

In these terms does the holy Father give expression to his bitterest sorrow over the land he loves, and the states which

he has so long governed with such tender solicitude. That land is now torn to pieces by political adventurers, and the States of the Church have been wrested from the hands of the apostolic successor of Peter. At the present moment the peninsula is in a state of direst agitation. The good have been overawed, and the wicked have gained the ascendency. In their infatuated phrenzy the revolutionists of Italy, who seem to forget that Christian Rome is incomparably greater than Pagan Rome, are deluded by a fantastic vision called liberty, and have pounced like ravenous wolves upon St. Peter's patrimony. They have despoiled the Sovereign Pontiff of all those temporal possessions, to which he has an imprescriptible right—those possessions which have been consecrated by the tenure of more than a thousand years—which he holds for the Church's universal good, and which, in the circumstances of his august position, are imperatively required for the free and independent discharge of his ministerial functions.

For aught these miscreants seem to care, the Pope might become a fugitive upon the earth; he might wander, as in the days of persecution, without either "scrip or staff," houseless, homeless, penniless! The father of the faithful, if left to the tender mercies of those abettors of revolution, might verily say in the language of his Divine Master, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air nests; but the vicar of Christ hath not where to lay his head." (St. Luke ix. 58.)

To this sad pass, matters have now almost come, and the great heart of the whole Catholic world is profoundly agitated; an universal shout of indignant feeling has everywhere been raised; energetic action is being taken to grapple successfully with a nefarious conspiracy, which has long been organized in secret, not simply to absorb the States of the Church, but were it possible to undermine the altar and the throne—nay, even the foundations of all society. That conspiracy has indulged the monstrous hallucination that, if the temporal power of the Pope were once destroyed, the spiritual power would soon totter to its fall! But this delusion shall

quickly be dissipated; for the spirit of Christian faith has become manifest in every land. The chivalry of Christendom has awoke to an imperious sense of duty, and the genius of religion which sent out the Crusaders into Palestine in the twelfth century to enter the battle-field against infidel Saracens, urges now the Crusaders of the nineteenth century to buckle on their holy armour again, and to march forth in spirit to the rescue of the holy city!

With truth, it may be averred, that the revolution in Italy in getting possession of Rome would urge the desolating tide of anarchy to sweep, like a torrent, over the whole continent of Europe. Rome, as the revolutionists know full well, is the headquarters of the Christian religion, and Christian Papal Rome is therefore essentially hostile to every kind of abomination. Light is not more opposed to darkness than is Catholic Rome to conspiracy. Anarchy was never taught in her schools, insurrection had no chapter in her ethics, insubordination was not permitted either in theory or in practice. Catholic Rome therefore, as being, so to speak, the prime standard-bearer of the Christian religion, is necessarily conservative of discipline—she must teach lessons of "truth, of justice, and of judgment" to the whole world!

The late encyclical of the Roman Pontiff, which so astounded the perverse policy of statesmen and diplomatists, has proved to a demonstration that *might* is not always *right*, and that the logic of events, to use the fashionable *parlance* of the day, is no guarantee whatever that it accords with religious equity. Rome then has to speak, when the whole world is silent. She has to weigh all in the scales of the sanctuary, and her counsellor can be no other but the Lord of Hosts. She has her high and holy mission from heaven, and not from the earth. Being the mother church of the city and the globe—"mater urbis et orbis"—she is to teach all other churches. To say then that, in any point of view, Rome should abdicate her universally sovereign and religious position is indeed "phrase absurd:"—to dream that Christian Catholic Rome should condescend to be simply the head of a political kingdom is preposterous in the ex-

treme. Why, Rome is the head of the entire Christian commonwealth! She has received the nations as an inheritance, and she is appointed to govern them by her spiritual power and jurisdiction!

Rome then never can be degraded as the mere capital of Italy, since Rome is the metropolis of the whole Catholic world. Every Catholic has a life-interest in Rome, for every Catholic feels himself at home, within the walls of the Eternal City. In visiting Rome, the Catholic visits what has been the residence of the Common Father of the faithful since the establishment of the Christian religion, and which, despite of all adverse prognostications, must, with God's blessing, continue so to remain till the crack of doom!

For Rome and the Roman States constitute the patrimony of St. Peter; they are the sacred heirloom of the Church; they belong to Christendom; every Catholic has a vested right in their preservation, and they can no more be touched with unholy hand than could the ark of God itself. Hence the rallying cry of religious chivalry, which is now being echoed throughout the Catholic world, to rush to the protection of the father of all Christians, and to rescue the sacred tombs of the Apostles from revolutionary desecration, by an appeal to the moral power of every nation!

In regard to the patrimony of St. Peter, or the temporal power of the Pope, it is by no means extravagant to contend, that the special intervention of Divine Providence has accomplished what has become a luminous and a palpable fact. Assuredly, man was simply an instrument in working out so desirable a consummation, which, no matter what may be said to the contrary, must be attributable to a supernatural agency. The patrimony of St. Peter we hold to be necessary for the perfect independence of the Holy See—the temporal power of the Pope we hold to be necessary for the uncontrolled exercise of his spiritual jurisdiction. This being the case, despite of whatever may be said to the contrary, it must positively be declared, that the Catholic world shall never rest satisfied until complete restitution has been made, by the Piedmontese government, of all those terri-

tories which, despite the laws of nations, it has so shamefully usurped. The law of annexation can never hold good when annexation is a flagrant sacrilege. It is true that France annexed Nice and Savoy, and, for the sake of geographical boundaries, would willingly have annexed the Rhenish Provinces. It is true also that Spain would be glad to reclaim the rock of Gibraltar, which is the key of the Mediterranean; and Malta might eventually desire to be annexed to the re-established Kingdom of the Two Sicilies; the United States, doubtless, would have no objection to annex the Canadas; and other contingent annexations could be suggested. But no annexation of any portion of St. Peter's sacred patrimony can ever be justified by any national or international legislation. He who is the living oracle of Jesus Christ Himself; he who speaks from the infallible chair of Peter, as Peter alone can speak; he who so happily said—Simon may die, but Peter must live for ever; he whose voice is as authoritative as the voice which promulgated the law from Sinai, or the voice which preached the Sermon on the Mount; he to whom the whole world is commanded to listen; he, indeed, has proclaimed aloud that at his coronation as supreme Pontiff he bound himself, like his predecessors, by the most sacred engagements to preserve in their integrity the states of the Church! Yet he has not hesitated to declare that the responsibilities of the civil government are a *real cross*, which, by nature of his august office, he is obliged to carry, because in the present circumstances of the times, the temporal power is necessary for the due exercise of the spiritual power, and for the perfectly independent action of the Holy See. This solemn declaration has been re-echoed throughout Christendom by the Bishops and Priests of the Church, and to this declaration has every Catholic heart in every clime beat faithfully responsive!

But, to lay aside a line of argument which some cavillers might state to be gratuitous, let us come to facts, which of themselves speak volumes.

It is a fact then, as ecclesiastical history bears witness, that the Pope and his predecessors have been resident in the

eternal city from the days that Simon Peter, the fisherman, journeyed from Antioch to Rome in the year 42.

It is a fact that after the conversion of Constantine the Great in the fourth century, he quickly discovered that two supreme rulers, the one spiritual and the other temporal, could not co-exist in the same city; he therefore left old Rome as the residence of the Pope, and transferred the seat of his empire to new Rome, or Constantinople, which he founded about the year 330.

It is a fact that after the downfall of the Roman empire in the west, and when Italy became a prey to the invader, Pope John II., in the sixth century, was implored by the Roman senator Cassiodorus, in the name of the Roman people, to assume the temporal administration, as all their interests were utterly neglected by their imperial governors in the east.

It is a fact that in the eighth century the Roman people, finding themselves totally abandoned by the emperors, and exposed defenceless to the fierce attacks of the Lombards, entreated Pepin, King of France, to rush to their assistance. He forthwith crossed the Alps, and gained a complete victory over those barbarous hordes. When peace had been restored two ambassadors came from Constantinople to claim for the Emperor the provinces which had been invaded by the Lombards. Pepin answered that those provinces had been abandoned by their master—that the Franks certainly did not shed their blood for the faithless Greek, but for the love of St. Peter, or as Anastasius the Librarian records—"nisi pro amore Sancti Petri"—that as these provinces were now his by right of conquest, he had resolved to hand them over to St. Peter's vicar, to be held by him in perpetuity for the good of the Church. He caused therefore a deed to be drawn up, which was signed by himself, by the princes his sons, and by all the nobility of the Franks. It was carried to Rome by his ambassadors, and by his command, was it laid upon the holy apostle's tomb!

When Charlemagne succeeded, he renews the donation of his father Pepin, and in the deed of ratification is inscribed,

"To blessed Peter, the cities and territories are given," as we find in Anastasius. When Ludovicus Pius followed as Emperor he confirmed the acts of his sire and grandsire, and in the charter which was registered, and is found in the annals of Baronius, he declares "that the states are guaranteed to St. Peter, and to the Popes as his vicars."

It is a fact then that for more than a thousand years, the Pope alone has been the temporal governor of Rome, and of the Roman States, which he most legitimately acquired.

It is a fact that by every law, divine and human, the Pope is the only rightful owner of the Roman States, which constitute St. Peter's patrimony—which he holds for the weal of the universal Church—which he cannot possibly alienate, and which by right of conquest had been handed over to him, by Pepin and Charlemagne, for the independent discharge of his sacred ministry.

It is true indeed, as we have seen, that the Roman Pontiff, who, for three hundred years, had his abode in the catacombs or in the caves of Mount Soracte, was not to sit at once in the Lateran or Vatican palace, as the temporal ruler of the Roman States. This change in the destinies of the visible head of the Church of Christ, was to be brought about by a concatenation of providential circumstances. It was necessary, first of all, to convince an infidel world of the Church's divine origin, by proving that her apostles and her followers could die for her cause—it was necessary to convince a voluptuous world, by practical examples, that men and women, in embracing Christianity, could become chaste in body and pure in heart and disinterested in mind—it was necessary to convince a material world, which trusted only in the mammon of iniquity, and in that brute force which now reigns paramount, that the Church of Jesus Christ could progress midst poverty and suffering and opposition—that she did not require any adventitious aid to propagate her doctrines—that she could stand forth upon her own spiritual pedestal and commend herself by her own celestial charms, irrespective of gold or silver, or any worldly fascination—that despite every obstacle she could advance, despite

all antagonism her children would "increase, and multiply and replenish the earth!"

Having been steeped, then, in the briny waters of martyrdom till the year 314—having had during that period twenty-nine Popes put to the sword—having drunk to the very dregs the chalice of suffering, and endured for such a lengthened time the agony of the Redeemer's passion, the Holy Ghost, whose divine office it is to watch over the welfare of Christ's Church, permitted her to enter upon another and a widely different phase of existence. A new career was opened—a new style of living was now to be her lot. She was to put off the weeds of widowhood, which she wore in the days of her family afflictions, she was to lay aside those garments which were drenched with the hearts' blood of her martyred children, she was to clothe herself now in nuptial robes of surpassing beauty as became the spouse of Christ!

A lively faith soon shows itself by generous works. Those who receive the treasures of heaven can willingly share the treasures of the earth. Hence the visible head of the Church soon became possessed of many lands in many countries. The benefactions of the faithful thus enabled the supreme Pontiff to build new churches, to convert the old pagan fanes into Christian temples, to conduct the services of religion with becoming splendour, and to minister to the relief of Christ's suffering poor, both at home and abroad.

It is very true that the Pope did not as yet possess the civil sovereignty of Rome and of the Roman States. But the day was hastening on apace when he who had a care of all the churches in the world must needs be in an independent position; that as the Christian world was to be one in faith, hope, and charity, so He as head of the Church, was to be the one ruler of Christendom; that as he would have to treat with kings and emperors and civil governors in regard to the spiritual interests of their subjects, he must of necessity, even in a temporal point of view, be upon a par with them; that, from the circumstances of the times, and the requirements of the Catholic world, he must cease to be a

subject, and must needs be a sovereign; that, therefore. he must be possessed of a state sufficiently large to maintain his dignity and independence, and not too large to create jealousy and apprehension.

The fall of the Roman empire in the west paved the way for this providential condition of things. Rome had been relinquished by her civil rulers—by Constantine and his successors. Italy for ages had become a prey to the invader —to Goths and Vandals, to Huns and other barbarians. "Odoacer with his Heruli puts an end to the western empire in 575. Soon afterwards the Heruli disappear before the Goths, and they in their turn give place to Lombards, who take possession of the provinces of Italy. What force was it which for more than three centuries prevented all these princes from fixing durably their throne at Rome? Whose was the arm which drove them to Milan, to Pavia, to Ravenna (De Maistre)" &c. ? These are startling facts worthy of the deep consideration of every statesman, and which serve to show the marked intervention of an overruling Providence. For it is an undeniable fact that, from the fourth century to this very day, a mere temporal prince never sat enthroned in old Rome. Kings and emperors had no longer their head-quarters in the once imperial city; they came and left like other pilgrims, but they had no resting habitation in what had been once the city of the Cæsars, but what has become the city of the Popes! Idle would it be, to speak of Rome's present abnormal state!

Despite, however, all the disturbances throughout Italy, and even in Rome itself, the sovereign Pontiffs remain at their post. They urge the necessity, it is true, of recognizing the powers that be, and of cherishing allegiance to the Emperors of Constantiple. "But it was in vain; an invisible force was endowing the *See of Rome* with temporal sovereignty, and forming the independent patrimony of St. Peter."

We have then seen how the Church has been endowed, and how the Church has constantly been exposed to persecution. During the first three hundred years of the

Christian era every Pope, save two, was put to death for the faith. Since that time every Pope has been subjected more or less to the law of martyrdom. To this law the present illustrious occupant of St. Peter's chair forms no exception.

Hence, in reading the annals of ecclesiastical history we contemplate the career of the Roman Pontiff, chequered with vicissitudes and embittered with tribulation. It is the destiny of the visible head of the Church of Christ, which is militant, to be prepared for the battle-field—since that Church which is set up to fight the good fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil, must be compassed around with more than ordinary trials. In every age such has been the case, and such shall continue to the end. Thus, then, do we find that ever and anon the holy father has been driven into exile by tyrants and persecutors—by Emperors of the east and Emperors of the west, by heresiarchs and schismatics, by Goths and Vandals, by imperial conquerors and infidel republicans, by Carbonari secret societies and traitorous revolutionists! If, however, His Holiness has been constrained to retire at one season or another from the walls of the eternal city, amidst the sorrows of his people, he was sure ever afterwards to return amongst them amidst their enthusiastic acclaim!

At the present moment the same scene of persecution is being enacted again for the hundredth time. The same storm is raging as of old, but the same calm shall surely follow. The chequered history of the Catholic and Roman Church should serve to convince the most incredulous that Rome, in a spiritual sense, is utterly impregnable—that the citadel of her faith never can be taken; and that Rome, in a temporal point of view, in as far as the perpetuity of civil government is concerned, stands forth without a parallel among the nations of the earth. Lord Macaulay, viewing the kingdoms of the world with the eye of an historian, has left recorded in his eloquent essays—"The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday when compared with the line of the supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace

back in an unbroken series, from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century, to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth, and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends."

Rome then being thus exposed to endless struggles—as the headquarters of the Church militant—is assailed anew. For the moment, old Rome is in the possession of Victor Emmanuel! But this sad state of things cannot last. It may safely be predicted that Rome, despite all sinister forebodings, shall never be governed except by the successor of the old Pontiff of the Vatican. It is a fact worthy of note that, from the days of Constantine the Great, in the fourth century, who was baptized by Pope St. Sylvester, to the days in which we live, no crowned head except the venerable head that wears the Tiara or triple crown, ever remained resident as temporal governor of Rome!

It really does seem a divine ordinance that Rome should ever remain as the grand metropolis of the immortal Church of Christendom.

The Rome of the Cæsars is gone—Pagan imperial Rome is in ruins, buried in the sepulchre with heathenism and its orgies.

The Rome of the Popes exists—Christian Papal Rome—the residence of the royal Pontiff, the citadel of the Catholic religion!

How monstrous the supposition, that Rome could by any possibility change hands, and groan under a mere secular government, with a mere secular prince. Why, the idea is too agonizing to be entertained for a single moment. It shall not, because it cannot be. When we picture to ourselves to stand, where we have so often stood, beneath the mighty dome of St. Peter's at Rome, and when we read over the inscription which is emblazoned around it in golden letters—"Thou art Peter, and upon this Rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it"—we hold that every Catholic is justified in declaring that the old city, which contains so noble a temple, to which all Christendom has contributed, must

for ever be the inalienable heritage of Christ's Vicar upon earth!

It is true that we are not unaware of the platitudes which are enounced respecting churchmen as diplomatists—we are not unaware of the fallacious charge that, in point of statesmanship, Ecclesiastics, by nature of their spiritual duties, are unable to cope with their secular compeers. What answer should we give to such flippancy? Why, let the most illustrious statesmen that ever existed return a reply. Let Ximenes of Spain, Mazarin of France, Consalvi of Italy, answer! Look to facts, they seem to say, and let us be silent. Let the governments which we headed, and the diplomatic councils in which we shared, be our simple reply. But to prescind from the past, turn for a moment to the present. Among living statesmen, who, pray, is superior to his Eminence Cardinal Antonelli? The science of Roman diplomacy is certainly nowhere surpassed. The Russian Ambassador Italinsky truly observed that "Rome is invulnerable in her dogmas, and it is the only Court in which no complete blunder in politics is ever made."

But it is not of Rome as a political but a religious centre that we now speak. Rome is pre-eminently the city of God, and therefore Rome never can become the city of mere man! "Oh, Rome," said Tasso, "it is not thy columns—thy triumphal arches—thy baths that I seek: it is the blood shed for Christ, and the bones scattered in thy now consecrated soil." And poor Lord Byron sang—"Oh, Rome, my country—city of the soul! the orphans of the heart must turn to thee!" Yes, we feel convinced that God, in his providence, who has so marvellously watched over the city of the seven hills as the residence of His Great High Priest, never shall permit its walls to continue desecrated by the presence of the Sardinian invader, nor yet its piazzas to be polluted with the tramp of the revolutionary miscreants of Europe!

For here is a city which the providence of God has established as the metropolis of Christendom—for Christendom has made Rome what Rome is—here is a city which,

1800 years ago, was taken spiritual possession of by the fisherman of Galilee, who was the representative of Jesus Christ—a city in which his Apostolic successors have ever since dwelt—a city which is the headquarters of the Christian religion and the home of every Catholic—a city which, of all cities in the world, is the most unearthly, as it savours more of heaven than of the earth!

Like some of those aged prelates who had come to Rome from the extremities of the globe, to assist at the Grand Vatican Council, and who had journeyed from the far east, the west, the north, and the south of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, so the old pilgrim of Palestine went forth from the interior of Asia, and transferred his earthly residence from the city of Antioch to the city of Rome! Are we, then, to regard that journey as merely accidental, and not rather providential? Regard it as we may, the fact stands out in bold relief. The fisherman of Galilee took spiritual possession of the imperial city in his Master's name. He became, specially here, the fisher of men! He executed to the very letter the heaven-born commission which he in particular, and the other Apostles in general terms, had received from the Redeemer of the world—"Go, teach all nations!" Constituted, as he had been, the head of the Apostolic college, and, therefore, the head of Christ's visible Church, he was desirous to place himself in the most central and prominent position, that the torch of religious truth which he held in his hand might irradiate the whole Roman empire, and afterwards cast its reflection upon the uttermost parts of the earth. Hence, by a particular inspiration, did he come to Rome; hence did he plant the standard of the world's redemption in the centre of the Forum; hence did he unfurl the banner of the Christian religion from the proud battlements of the Tarpeian Rock—that banner which, say what you will, was destined to float in the breeze, midst sunshine and storm, as long as time itself should endure!

Here, then, is a city in which he laid down his life under the Emperor Nero—a city in which, during the first three

centuries, every one of his successors, to the number of twenty-nine, was put to death for the faith, except St. Pius I., in the second century, and St. Eutychian in the third. Here is a city which was the battlefield where Christianity and Paganism fought the death fight for 300 years—a city which, for other 300 and more years, had to contend with Goths, and Visigoths, and Ostrogoths, and Huns, and Vandals, and Lombards, and wicked emperors and princes in the eastern and western world—a city which sheltered the primitive Christians in the catacombs—which is saturated with the heart's blood of myriads of confessors for the faith—which possesses the most venerated relics of the Christian religion—the very crib in which the child of Bethlehem lay—a portion of the house in which he dwelt—the pillar to which our Saviour was bound—the thorns that pierced His sacred head—the nails that penetrated His hands and His feet—the lance which transfixed His side—the towel which wiped His blood-stained countenance—the cross upon which He hung and died! Here is a city in whose Basilicas are enshrined the bodies of the Apostles and the remains of the martyrs—upon whose innumerable altars is offered up, day after day, the divine sacrifice of the Mass, and from which are dispensed the life-giving sacraments to the way-worn pilgrims of every clime. Here is a city which is pre-eminently the Holy City—the city of saints and of sages—of saints, in as far as we regard the perfection to which the many religious communities aspire, as well as the multitudes of devout persons of both sexes that are consecrated to the divine service within its walls—of sages, in as far as we take into account the vast number of learned and scientific men, who combine the greatest practical wisdom with the most varied and profound erudition. Here is the city of all cities—the eternal city of Rome, which, despite earth and hell, never shall be given over to the desperate myrmidons of revolution, but, on the contrary, shall ever remain Christian Catholic Rome—the metropolis of the Christian Catholic religion—the residence of the regal Pontiff, who is the visible head of the Church, and the vicar of Jesus Christ!

Let, then, peace come, or let war, we trust in the mercies as in the power of God, and are prepared for every eventuality. We know and we feel what must be the result—we know and we feel that Rome must ever remain Papal Rome, and, despite all the efforts of the enemies of the Holy See, never again can become Pagan nor yet Sardinian Rome. Let it be proclaimed from the house top, and let the echo reverberate throughout the four quarters of the globe, that Rome must and shall remain for ever under her Pontiff and king—despite all brute force that can be brought to bear against her—despite wars and rumours of wars—despite grape-shot, and needle guns, and Minie rifles, and every other weapon of destruction—despite every tirade from the press, every denunciation from the pulpit, every prophecy from the soothsayer—despite every explosive oration which may burst out in the British senate, or in the French or German chambers, or, last and least, in the mushroom parliament of the ill-starred kingdom of Italy! While the enemies of the Papacy shall be scattered like the leaves of the forest, the Popedom itself shall remain calm in the midst of the hurricane, immovable midst the lashing of the waves, intrepid midst the howling of the winds, fearless of every disaster, and solely relying upon the promises of that Divine Pilot, who ever causes the bark of Peter to ride in the whirlwind and to outlive the storm. Yes, O Holy Roman Church, fear not, God is with thee, no matter who is against thee! All opposition has hitherto proved unavailing, as unavailing shall prove henceforward all opposition. The language of the royal prophet may well be adapted to the bride of her heavenly spouse—"Thy enemies shall grow old like a garment, but Thou art always the selfsame, and Thy years shall not fail!"

But as supplications, earnest and persevering, are required now, as in olden times, when St. Peter was a prisoner in the Mamertine, so may we repeat the touching prayer of the seraphic Catherine of Sienna for the peace of the Church and the liberation of the sovereign Pontiff now in the Vatican Prison —"Eternal Majesty! most mighty God! I cry to Thee, my God and my love, praying Thee in Thy great pity to show

mercy unto the world. Grant unto it light to acknowledge him who is Thy vicar, in the purity of faith; and do Thou also shed Thy light on him, O my God, that all the world may follow him. And since Thou hast chosen him to be Thy vicar, give him wisdom and a courageous heart, and fill him with holy humility. Never, O my God, will I cease to knock at the door of Thy mercy, praying Thee to exalt him and protect him, and to manifest in him Thy strength. Let his heart be filled with undaunted courage, that he may burn with pure and holy desires; and let Thy charity, Thy purity, and Thy sovereign wisdom, shine forth in all his acts that thus he may draw after him the entire world. And illuminate his enemies also, who now so wickedly resist Thy Holy Spirit, and oppose Thy designs; and touch their hearts, that they may be converted and may be saved. O inestimable love! constrain them by Thy charity in this the day of grace, that they die not in their obduracy of heart! Let all souls be made subject unto Thee, that they may not perish. Take from us all pride and self-love, and let us one and all humble ourselves before Thee, and obey Thy vicar, the sovereign Pontiff, as our common lord and father. Wherefore we pray that both he and we Thy children may find grace with Thee, that all our actions may be directed to Thy good pleasure, and that Thou wilt graciously deign to hear our prayers. To Thee and to Thy Eternal Majesty, be honour, praise, and blessing, now and for ever. Amen."

Such was the heaven-born petition of Catherine, whose sacred remains, long years ago, we venerated at Sienna—Catherine, who has been constituted by the immortal Pius IX. patroness of Rome—Catherine, who prayed, and still prays so earnestly for the Vicar of Jesus Christ—Catherine, whose name is a tower of strength, and whose supplications, in union with the orisons of St. Joseph, now the publicly recognised guardian of the Church, and of the whole Catholic world, must be heard and granted by the Lord God omnipotent! Well may the divinely-constituted head of the visible Church of Christ upon earth, while surveying from his watch tower in the Vatican prison the rise and the fall of dynasties—the wars and the rumours

of wars throughout Europe—give utterance to his feelings in the hallowed language of inspiration. Well may the great Pontiff exclaim in the words of the Psalmist, who, contemplating the vain efforts of persecutors against Christ and his Church, cried out—"Why have the Gentiles raged, and the people devised vain things? The kings of the earth stood up, and the princes met together against the Lord and against His Christ. Let us break their bonds asunder and let us cast away their yoke from us. He that dwelleth in heaven shall laugh at them, and the Lord shall deride them. Then shall He speak to them in His anger, and trouble them in His rage. But I am appointed king by him over Sion, his holy mountain, preaching his commandment. The Lord hath said to me: Thou art my son, this day have I begotten thee. Ask of me, and I will give thee the Gentiles for thy inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth for thy possession. Thou shalt rule them with a rod of iron, and thou shalt break them in pieces like a potter's vessel. And now, O ye kings, understand; receive instruction, you that judge the earth. Serve ye the Lord with fear: and rejoice unto Him with trembling. Embrace discipline, lest at any time the Lord be angry, and you perish from the just way. When his wrath shall be kindled in a short time blessed are all they that trust in him." How true indeed, that history is ever and anon repeating itself. The sacrileges now perpetrated in the Holy City, have been witnessed before, but never with impunity have they been committed. The Roman Pontiff King, in his day, ever eventually triumphed over his oppressor. Hence are we all confidently waiting God's own good time, when the excommunicated Sardinian Prince must bite the dust, while forced to leave Old Rome, on account of the insulted majesty of the Catholic Apostolic Church, and the indignant protests of the whole Catholic world!

THE END.