

THE PRE-REFORMATION CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

Rev. D. M. Barrett, O. S. B., in American Catholic Quarterly Review.

PART I.—CONTINUED.

The Cluniac Benedictine abbey Paisley, founded in 1164 by Walter Fitz-Alan, High Steward of Scotland and ancestor of the House of Stuart was remarkable for the striking beauty of its situation, as well as for the splendid adornments of its buildings. It stood on a level near the edge of the waters of the little river Cart, in a valley of undulating, wooded slopes and hills. The abbey precincts were enclosed by a wall of dressed stone, wards of a mile in length. They consisted of spacious gardens and orchards and even a park for fallow deer. The wall was adorned with carved statues and shields bearing coats of arms. A niche was enshrined the image of Our Lady; beneath it was inscribed: "Hac nos vade via, nisi dixeris Ave Maria, non sumus sine via, qui tunc dicit Ave."

A stately gate house led to the magnificent buildings. The church was situated at the western end by a double arch in a fine Early English arch, and the north through a deep porch, mounted by a chamber known as the transept. This latter was the ordinary entrance. The porch, we may remark, was a common feature in the mediaeval churches. Many parochial rites, as the commencement of the marriage ceremony and of the baptism of infants were performed there.

The church measured nearly 220 feet in length. Its graceful pointed arches were supported by clustered piers and a richly carved triforium ran along the aisles. The choir was longer than the nave—not an uncommon feature in the Cluniac churches; it contained a choir for twenty-six monks; these had been provided by Abbot Tarvas in 1164. The same devout Abbot procured great brass book-stands, the chandeliers of chased silver, and the beautiful "ernacoe"—the stielstiel in old Scotch—the maist cooche"—as well as rich hangings of cloth of gold and silver to decorate the sanctuary on festival days. In the south transept was an elaborately carved chancel where the body of St. Mirin, one of the ancient missionaries of the country, in a gorgeous shrine, and was an object of devotion to numerous pilgrims. In its external adornments, also, the fine church was very striking. A central tower and steeple rose to a height of 350 feet. Such was Paisley in its glory—a worthy House of God which the daily choral office celebrated its praise.

Other religious orders could boast buildings no less magnificent than those of the monks. Jedburgh, belonging to the Black Canons, Dryburgh, the White Canons, were gems of a nature. Many of the churches of the friars, too, were famed for their beauty. That of the Observantines at Edinburgh was so magnificent that a foreign friar, Cornelius, could have persuaded to take possession of the church required by his rule. It was the intervention of the Pope to his scruples. The Franciscan Church at Haddington was known as "Light of Lothian," from the lamps which illuminated its beautiful windows by night. It was in the decorated style, and measured 210 feet in length.

Collegiate and parish churches were often built with great magnificence. The stately church of St. Edinburgh's glory, escaped almost unscathed—as regards its exterior—frenzy of fanatical reformers. The most barbaric splendor of the exteriorly carved Roslin chapel, near Edinburgh, is preserved.

In such buildings would have been held the worship for they had been erected before the Reformation. That this was the case is evident from the inventories, vestments and church furniture extant. Aberdeen Cathedral possesses no less than thirty six copes, of ten were of cloth of gold, and other ten velvet. It had also three sets of High Mass vestments, plentiful supply of hangings and adornments. Holyrood Abbey boasts of various crosses, candlesticks, besides many precious vestments. The same might doubt be affirmed of all the great cathedrals and ministers.

With regard to the splendor ritual observed within them, it is able to gain an insight as to its ceremonial of England and other countries. It may perhaps bring the subject home more closely if we describe in detail the celebration some solemn feast as a worshippers see it carried out in Glasgow cathedral in the sixteenth century. Glasgow selected as being one of the Sarum was followed. That rite, different many details from the Roman, to Catholics are now accustomed, introduced as Glasgow by Bishop in the twelfth century, and served there up to the Reformation.

A visitor to St. Mungo's on the day of the feast in question will witness the crowd of laity who through the entrance of the Archbishop's canons. The festal pealing of the organ announces the approach of the procession and soon a stately procession only opened for such occasions came up the nave to the jubilation of organ and singers. Officials led the way. One bore the archiepiscopal cross, the carry maces of solid silver. Canons in their choral dress of red and furred hood surround the

FLOWERS AT FUNERALS.

Protest Against the Pagan Custom of Showering Bloom Upon the Dead.

From the New Zealand Tablet.

Folly at the graveside has taken various shapes at various times. The old method of feasting and gorging over the body of the dead has long and is dying hard. As far back as the days of Josephus the funeral feasts of the Jews were so burdensome that they frequently reduced the heirs of the deceased to beggary. The old-time Irish "wake" was a survival of an evil custom. Baked meats are to this hour associated in the minds of a large class of English poor with a "slap up funeral." Said Mrs. Brown to Mrs. Potter in the old country story: "O'd Wilson killed his pig early this year, didn't he?" "Well," replied Mrs. Potter, "don't you know that he expensed his wife's funeral in October and he wants to get the hams ready." This silly feasting is simply a barbarous exhibition of the foolish pride that glories in an hour's vulgar display of seeming wealth. There is neither common sense nor Christian feeling in it. There is quite as little in the present cumbersome display of flowers at funerals. It has its source in the same idea. Its ultimate object is the same. In this country the lavish expenditure has been stamped out as far as Catholics are concerned. A crusade has been started against the practice in Australia by the venerable Bishop of Maitland.

This fashion of flowers," said Dr. Murray, "is a worldly pomp which is getting into very great abuse, and on and after the first day of January next no flowers will be permitted to enter the church with a coffin, and no priest will assist at funerals where this unbecoming custom of flowers is adopted. The clergy, of course, could not interfere with people in their own homes. They have, however, authority over the church and over the consecrated ground of God's acre and are determined there will be no flowers permitted to enter either of these places in connection with funerals after the first day of the New Year."

The custom of showering bloom upon the dead is a pagan one. The stately Roman Senator or his dame left the stage of life surrounded by flowers—like a smiling modern prima donna making her best bow at the close of her finest bravura. They went out in triumph—like conquerors, laden with crowns and garlands. The Roman custom came from the Greeks, who embalmed their dead as best they could, and for seven long days kept them on exhibition, clad in white garments, their foreheads adorned with garlands and their resting-place gaily bedecked with flowers. Flowers are described as "nature's smiles—symbols essentially of sweetness and brightness." They are as out of time with a place of weeping as a step dance or a clown in baggy breeches at a funeral. Canon Moser—an authority upon this subject—writes:

"The dominant note of the Christian death is fear and supplication, an acknowledgment of the awful rigors of God's inscrutable justice, tempered with confidence in the merits of His dolorous passion. So long as the Church is not certain that her children have arrived in heaven's gate she has not the heart to rejoice. And therefore it is that flowers—nature's symbols of joy—at modern interments are in flagrant contradiction with the spirit of the liturgy."

The united testimony of writers bears witness to the fact that even in the dawn of the Christian Church flowers or wreaths never played a part in the ceremonies of interment. And so long as the spirit of Catholic liturgy was observed no flowers appeared at funerals. The old pagan custom was, according to Canon Moser, revived in the evil days of the French Revolution, when the bodies of the infidel Voltaire and of the bloodthirsty Jacobin, Marat, were consigned to the Pantheon adorned with flowers.

"Another aspect of this custom," says Canon Moser, "which should condemn it is that these flowers are associated with and are supposed to suggest the thought that the dead one is already happy. It amounts to canonization. In civil funerals the conviction that the defunct is already in glory is expressed in most of the discourses made at the grave. Purgatory does not exist. No need of prayers, no need of Masses. One does not pray for those in heaven—and then the expense has been already so considerable. A new theology is invented, from which all idea of the dead meat giving relief to their souls is buried beneath masses of bloom. And for this very reason the custom we are speaking about seems to us to be radically anti-Christian. Let us be children of the Church. Affection, legitimate sorrow, respect for the dead will not suffer for it.

Again we say let the cemeteries be well kept—let graves be made as beautiful as you like—but at funerals let the spirit of the ecclesiastical ritual be followed."

Almost in Despair.

"My wife suffered with pain and distress from an affection of the throat caused by impure blood. She was almost in despair of ever obtaining a cure, but finally procured a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and after taking six bottles of this medicine she was completely cured." JOHN WICKHAM, Galt, Ontario.

That distress after eating is prevented by one or two Hood's Pills. They don't grip. The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Expeller is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

Toronto Firemen Testify.

Mr. McCartney, Lombard Street Fire Hall, Toronto, dated March 4th, 1891, states:—"An subject to very painful conditions of costiveness and other troubles resulting therefrom, but I am glad to say that I have found a perfect remedy in Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills. I trust this may be of benefit to others."

where Ruth, all aglow with delight, awaited him.

"Accept my best wishes for your future happiness," said he; "the present is all your own."

She looked at him with satisfaction. His dress was the usual neat-fitting citizen's costume, his hair had been cut and his beard trimmed. Florian, and his pale, was very much himself again. "I conclude from your appearance," said Ruth, "that conscience has again decided against a solitary life for you."

"It is settled," he said; "I am still to remain in the political world—more of the time here; as it may need in New York."

"You are very sad over it. Have you forgotten my VIA MEDIA? I flattered myself you would act on that immediately."

"How gladly would I, if it rested only with myself! But, Ruth, put yourself in my place. You know the motive I had in deserting France. I have no outrage that would send me to the feet of one I have so wronged to ask a great favor."

"How is it ever to be done?" said Ruth. "France has forgiven you, will have no other but you, waits for you, weeps for you. She is not bold enough, and you are excessively humble. This will never do. There should be no groveling, yet I cannot see how you can avoid it if you will not speak for yourself."

He was silent for a few moments. "It would be a great happiness for me," he said, "to have the support and sympathy of one so tenderly loved. Yet you know her bringing up. I told her every thing as I saw it, and those who attach themselves to my fortunes. How can I ask her to banish herself to Solitary Island?"

"It might be hard enough, but heartache and luxury are not always preferable to a handsome villa and content on the island."

"You leave me no way of escape," he said. "I am laying a snare for you. Do you know that I have been over-bold? I wrote to your father. I told her every thing as I knew it. I asked her if the past could not be mended in the only way that it could be. She wrote to me a very brief letter! What do you think it says?"

He waited for her to answer her own question. "Read it," she said placing it in his hands. It contained but a single sentence. "Tell him he may come."

"Thank God," said Florian with a sigh. "You are a happy man, Florian."

"I feel as much of it to you, Ruth," he replied gratefully. "They went out on the veranda, where the priest and Paul sat talking. Both gentlemen shook hands with him in silence, and the conversation drifted into commonplace matters. The marble shaft bearing Linda's name was visible from the house. The calm waters of the river lay placid in the moonlight. It was an hour of great rest for these four persons, whose saddest memories were connected with the scene before them. Although they were full of joy at the happy ending of so many difficulties, the remembrance of what had happened chastened that joy severely, and if they saw before them a pleasant future, it was made so only by the hope that, no matter what fortune befell them, God would never permit them to wander from His fold. Life is hard enough, and death bitter, but when sin takes hold of both there is no sorrow can surpass them.

THE END.

TOBACCO AND THE SECTS.

I don't understand what is said about the use of tobacco in one of the sects and Romanism. What has tobacco got to do with the inconsistency of the sects? Please explain. —J. C. Lestonia, Ohio.

We can not explain. It would be useless to attempt it. Certain things are inexplicable in so far as to say. The connection in this case is inconceivable to some minds, though it may not appear nonexistent to all. John Bright could not discover the slightest source of pleasurable in the discourses of our distinguished countryman, Artemus Ward; and even went so far as to intimate that the humoristic lecturer at times made statements that could not be substantiated. To most persons Mr. Ward's lectures were highly enjoyable, and the eminent Englishman was the only one that ever accused him of unveracity. After hearing Mr. Ward speak in London, John Bright committed himself in these words: "I must say I can not see what people find to enjoy in his lectures. The information is meagre, and is presented in a desultory, disconnected manner. In fact, I can not help seriously questioning some of his statements."—Ave Maria.

THE DUTIES OF GOD-FATHERS AND GOD-MOTHERS.

God-fathers and God-mothers are strictly bound to exercise a constant vigilance over their spiritual children, and carefully to instruct them in the maxims of a Christian life, that they may approve themselves through life such as their sponsors promised they should be when they were baptized.

They promise to be the teachers and guardians of the children, whose respective god-fathers and godmothers they become, and are responsible for their religious instruction: "I most earnestly admonish you, men and women," says St. Augustine, "who have become sponsors, to consider that you stood as sureties before God, for those whose sponsors you have undertaken to become." Hence parents should be very choice in the selection of sponsors for their children, and not ask unworthy persons out of friendship for worldly considerations. This sacred trust should be confided only to sterling Catholics, who are willing to discharge its duties with fidelity.—American Herald.

"I thank you for your visit, Ruth. In a little while I can decide, if I have not already decided. Squire, not another word, or I stay here forever."

Pendleton savagely that few words and a speedy departure were two important points in Ruth's programme, and for a wonder he tucked his daughter under his arm and, with a brief farewell, led her down to the boat.

CHAPTER XXVI. TRUE HEARTS.

Clayburgh was completely upset, as a native expressed it, by the publication of the bans of marriage between Paul Rosseter and Ruth Pendleton. It had "reckoned" on her remaining an old maid; it "admired" what the Squire would do now; it "astounded" its astonishment over and over for two weeks, at the time when the marriage was accomplished in white satin and tulle, and a great part of the town assisted in the festivities. Parker C. Lynch, as Peter Carter was now known, was ex-officio the master of the feast.

"We have not been done?" said Ruth. "France has forgiven you, will have no other but you, waits for you, weeps for you. She is not bold enough, and you are excessively humble. This will never do. There should be no groveling, yet I cannot see how you can avoid it if you will not speak for yourself."

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self out of sight. When you got your pious stroke and came to me to have it utilized, put in the market, so to speak, I'd have thought in this way: 'Here's a man as clever as Webster, a speaker, a wire-puller, a statesman; anybody who can do that every night spell to me, let me have the name of the dagger-thrower who has done this. I've heard and seen a great many fools in my time, but I put him down as the completest fool that was ever born.'

It was an impressive speech and had a meaning which Florian seized upon quickly. The Squire had sent home like an arrow a thought which had not yet broken upon Florian's mental vision. When he described his speech to Ruth, in fear that she might spoil the effect which he had created, she forbade further visits to the island until the hermit had time to revolve the thought in his mind.

"You know Florian," she said to him—"how when you present him a new idea he thinks you think about it until he knows it to be the core. Let him think upon it for a week. It was such a very good idea."

"Wasn't it, now?" said the gleeful Squire. "I'd like to present him with one more, and that would be to let him know that I am not to be done with ever, to present the second idea; and as a result of his visit and long talk with Florian Ruth was informed that the time was ripe for her interference. The Squire insisted on accompanying her. Ruth, who heard her heart, and who had concluded the final result to be: 'They could not keep from Florian the secret of their assault upon his determination to do penance as a solitary. Would the knowledge drive him to obstinacy? She did not know the extent of the change which had taken place in him. Florian opened the door for them.

"If your visitors are all as persistent as we are," said she, smiling, "you will not have much of your solitude left. I'm afraid I'm not to be done with ever, to present the second idea; and as a result of his visit and long talk with Florian Ruth was informed that the time was ripe for her interference. The Squire insisted on accompanying her. Ruth, who heard her heart, and who had concluded the final result to be: 'They could not keep from Florian the secret of their assault upon his determination to do penance as a solitary. Would the knowledge drive him to obstinacy? She did not know the extent of the change which had taken place in him. Florian opened the door for them.

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SOLITARY ISLAND.

A STORY OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

By John Talbot Smith, author of "Brother Lazarus," "A Woman of Culture," "His Honor the Mayor," "Saranac," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.—CONTINUED.

"Well, you'll know more after I get back, girl. I'll blow that island to—acres. It's mere trouble, for a little two-acre mud-hole that is, than old Grindstone! Does the Pere know of this?"

"I told him, papa."

"Of course you did. You and he are always plotting and planning. He's a sneaky Jesuit, and I'll tell him so when I see him. And mark me, Ruth, don't let me hear of you or the priest visiting that boy without my permission. You're both free and independent, but by the shade of McKenzie I'm sheriff, and I'll make you both feel it if I'm disobeyed."

"We have not been done?" said Ruth. "France has forgiven you, will have no other but you, waits for you, weeps for you. She is not bold enough, and you are excessively humble. This will never do. There should be no groveling, yet I cannot see how you can avoid it if you will not speak for yourself."

He was silent for a few moments. "It would be a great happiness for me," he said, "to have the support and sympathy of one so tenderly loved. Yet you know her bringing up. I told her every thing as I saw it, and those who attach themselves to my fortunes. How can I ask her to banish herself to Solitary Island?"

"It might be hard enough, but heartache and luxury are not always preferable to a handsome villa and content on the island."

"You leave me no way of escape," he said. "I am laying a snare for you. Do you know that I have been over-bold? I wrote to your father. I told her every thing as I knew it. I asked her if the past could not be mended in the only way that it could be. She wrote to me a very brief letter! What do you think it says?"

He waited for her to answer her own question. "Read it," she said placing it in his hands. It contained but a single sentence. "Tell him he may come."

"Thank God," said Florian with a sigh. "You are a happy man, Florian."

"I feel as much of it to you, Ruth," he replied gratefully. "They went out on the veranda, where the priest and Paul sat talking. Both gentlemen shook hands with him in silence, and the conversation drifted into commonplace matters. The marble shaft bearing Linda's name was visible from the house. The calm waters of the river lay placid in the moonlight. It was an hour of great rest for these four persons, whose saddest memories were connected with the scene before them. Although they were full of joy at the happy ending of so many difficulties, the remembrance of what had happened chastened that joy severely, and if they saw before them a pleasant future, it was made so only by the hope that, no matter what fortune befell them, God would never permit them to wander from His fold. Life is hard enough, and death bitter, but when sin takes hold of both there is no sorrow can surpass them.

THE END.

TOBACCO AND THE SECTS.