

In Memory.

In memory Of the noble soul we meant to do While our young life throbb'd like a triumph song: When to that long-lost childhood, pure and true We knew no wrong: In memory Of sweet pale buds that never came to flower, Of willow weavers trodden down by careless feet, Of stately blooms that withered 'ere the shower Full cool and sweet, In memory Of all things beautiful our eyes have miss'd; Moonlight on summer seas, the sunset's glow, The first pink flush when Dawn the mountains blushed, And gilt the snow. In memory Of Love that left an ever present pain, Of dear, dead folded hands, and sweet closed eyes— Remembering Love will give them back again In Paradise! — Violet M. King, in Murray's Magazine.

Written for CATHOLIC RECORD. CATHOLICS OF SCOTLAND.

BY THE REV. MRS. M. DONNELL DAWSON, LL. D. F. R. S.

PART II.

GEORGE HAY, JOHN GEDDES, ALEXANDER MACDONALD, AND THEIR TIME.

The death of Mr. Robert Grant, the Rector of Douai College, was a severe shock to his brother, the Abate, agent of the Scotch mission at Rome. When at Douai, on his way back to Rome, the Abate proposed spending a few days with Principal Gordon, of the Scotch College at Paris. The eccentric Principal, however, to his great surprise and mortification, forbade him access to the college. There did not appear to be any cause for such rudeness. On the contrary, the Abate had in former years done good service to the college, uniformly defending it against its enemies and calumniators. There had, indeed, been disputes between the Principal and the Scotch Bishops. But, Abate Grant, living at a distance, had no part in them. Principal Gordon's strange conduct appears to have been attributed, at the time, to aberration of mind. This is all the more probable, as his brother, it will be remembered, had to be taken care of, having become decidedly insane. The Abate was in poor health when he arrived at Rome. Notwithstanding, in stead of resting, as he would have required to do, after the fatigue of his journey and the trials he had experienced, he immediately set out to visit his numerous friends. The consequence of this imprudence was a severe attack of dysentery and inflammation, which defied all remedies, and caused his death in the 74th year of his age (September 1st). It is almost superfluous to say that, although habitually delirious during his illness, he availed himself of the lucid moments he enjoyed to receive the sacraments of the dying and make an edifying preparation for his latter end. He was buried in the parish church of Piazza Navona; and a mural monument in marble was erected to his memory in the church of the Scotch College by his intimate friends, the Earl of Bute and the Earl's brother, James Stewart Mackenzie, at the time, Lord Privy Seal. It will not be denied that the urbane manners and obliging disposition of the agent, Abate Grant, were highly advantageous to Scotland. Many Englishmen of distinction, both Catholic and Protestant, were favorably impressed, and the reputation of Scotland and the remnants of its ruined church for the kind attention extended to them by the Abate Grant. He was an honorable man, and an honor as well as an ornament to his country. He enjoyed, and most deservedly, throughout his forty-five years of office, the esteem and regard of the Bishops of Scotland. He was, also, in high favor with Pope Clem XI.; and would probably have been raised to the dignity of Cardinal if that Pontiff had lived. Can we then honor too much the memory of the man who served his country so well, by discharging faithfully and with credit the duties of his office for nearly half a century; and who, finally died at his post? In returning from Seilan Bishop Hay visited his Catholic friends at Aberlour on the Spey. While there, it happened that he fell on the stairs. At first the accident appeared to be slight, and gave him little trouble at the time. After wards, however, he complained of severe pain in his side which it occasioned, and which made it very difficult for him to write. He, in consequence, abandoned all composition. In other respects he was most fortunate. Mr. James Cameron came to Aberdeen to assist him, and not only relieved him of parochial duties, but also helped him with his correspondence. The Buchan mission was, at the same time, provided with a resident priest; and, in consequence, there was no longer any necessity for the bishop's fatiguing journeys to that district. Mr. James Robertson, O. S. B., had returned from the Scotch monastery at Ratisbon, and was appointed to the charge—an appointment which shows that the monastery was still efficient as a Scotch institution. Bishop Geddes, after parting with the chief bishop at Aberdeen, paid a visit, along with Mr. Menzies, of Pittodrie, at Monboddo. He was there, of course, a welcome visitor. He also went to Fordun in Kincairdineshire—a place renowned for ever memorable by the historian, Johannes Fordundensis. Being there, the bishop could not fail to visit the church of St. Palladius. He describes it as romantic and venerable, adding that it called up in his mind many serious reflections.

Allusion must sometimes be made to His Royal Highness, the Cardinal, Duke of York. He never failed to take an interest in the Church and Catholics of Scotland. He was particularly attentive to Mr. Thomson on occasion of Abate Grant's death. His attention was so marked that Bishop Hay considered himself called upon to address a letter

of thanks to the good and eminent cardinal. His Eminence had used his influence, and successfully, in order to obtain that the salary which Abate Grant had enjoyed should be continued to Mr. Thomson, who succeeded him as agent. Bishop Hay looked upon this service as done not only to himself, but also to his colleagues and all the Catholics of Scotland. "I think it my duty," he says in his letter of thanks, "to testify to your Royal Highness the grateful sense I have of this favor, and to return you my hearty thanks, both in my own name and in the name of all our body, as any act of kindness done to one we must consider as redounding to us all."

A circumstance now occurred which admirably showed the power of charitable and conciliatory manners. This was a remarkable conversation, which, next to the grace of God, was due to the gentle piety of Bishop Geddes. Mr. Austin Jenkinson, once a member of the Society of Jesus and chaplain to a noble family in the South of England, had renounced his faith and become notorious as a popular preacher, in connection with the Scotch Episcopians, first at Aberdeen, and afterwards at Leith. It was his good fortune, however, to be restored to the fold. There is no record of any other outward means being employed in bringing about his reconciliation to the Church than the judicious and mild counsels of Bishop Geddes. He became penitent and reformed; giving proof of his sincerity by resigning his Protestant charge, which was a lucrative one. He afterwards renounced the society of his wife, a lady of family, and of their three children. For all these ample provision was made; and he himself, with the concurrence of Bishop Talbot, the successor of Bishop Chalmers, retired to the College of St. Omer, where he became Professor of Science. This position he retained till the year of the Revolution, 1793. He died abroad the following year.

Bishop Geddes was now at the height of his reputation in the society of Edinburgh. Among the learned of the day, particularly, he was popular and influential. The lively interest which he took in the antiquarian society, then recently founded, brought him into relation and correspondence with many persons of the highest distinction. It was otherwise with Bishop Hay. That he should have been an object of dislike to Protestants is not astonishing. *Propheta Avarant inventi...*

They had wronged me too much ever to be able to hear him any good will. But, that any of the clergy, for whom he did so much—increasing their means of subsistence, raising them in public estimation, extending their influence, and, when through age or infirmity, they became incapable of duty, providing for their comfort—should have borne any ill-feeling against him, is wholly unaccountable. It is, in deed, true that the chief parties who resented him, writing satirical and malevolent letters, were affected with what is politely called eccentricity. Mr. John Reid and Mr. James Cameron, with others in Scotland, and Dr. Alex Geddes, at London, took pleasure in this kind of correspondence, even writing to Bishop Geddes, sometimes, to the prejudice of his friend and superior. The odium excited by Mr. Jenkinson's conversion and his consequent desertion of his family, fell wholly on Bishop Hay, although he had no part whatever in the matter, everything having been arranged by his coadjutor and Bishop Talbot. On Christmas Eve both the chapels in Blackfriars Wynd were opened and were well filled. Several Protestants attended the mass in St. Margaret's chapel. Nevertheless, everything passed off quietly. At Aberdeen the Catholics were less fortunate. It is well known that there prevailed among the Protestants of Scotland an idea that something extraordinary and awfully mysterious took place in Catholic churches on Christmas night. On the occasion in question curiosity led numbers to witness the proceedings at midnight mass. The crowd became so great a serious riot was imminent during most of the night. The bishop, in a letter to his coadjutor, gives a full account of all that occurred. "On Christmas eve a great many strange persons assembled in the close before the doors were opened, and were very noisy to get in; and when the doors were opened great numbers rushed in with our people. We behaved to give way, and when all were in, the outer gate was shut, and everything went on to the end with great quiet and tranquillity within doors. But, without in the streets, great numbers gathered and increased, which, looking suspicious, some of our officers went in waiting, informed the magistrate, and he, not daring to act without the civil magistrate, went to the Provost and told him the suspected danger, desiring to send some peace officer along with him. But the Provost, who was then in a company of twelve gentlemen upon business, told he would go himself, and all the company went with him. When they came, and a party of the military along with them, the mob was become very numerous—some said about two or three thousand—and appeared very obstinate to get in, refusing to let the others approach; upon which the soldiers were ordered to present their bayonets and press on, which they did, and the mob retired so that the soldiers got possession of the gate. But, the mob still appearing very riotous, the Provost ordered the soldiers to seize whom they could, and put them in prison. This they did, and some of the gentlemen who were with the Provost, did the same, so that about sixteen were taken into custody; and the rest, seeing things turn into earnest, retired and dispersed. The Provost, however, ordered some soldiers to remain at the gate till all was over with us, and the gates should be shut. While all that was going on without doors, we were perfectly quiet within, and I knew nothing of the matter till next morning, when our door keeper, who had been called upon by the Provost, came and told us the whole, and that His Lordship hoped I was not disturbed, and that he was to call for me himself by and-by. Hearing all this, I thought it proper to write His Lordship a letter expressing my concern for his trouble, with thanks, etc., and my wishes that nothing might be done to the prisoners, etc. This was

given him when he was in council and several of the prisoners before him. He gave them a severe reprimand, and told them he would have given them fifteen days' imprisonment and a good fine, but that I, whom they wanted to injure, had interceded for them by letter, and on that account he would pardon them for this time, but that they ought to go and thank me. Thus ended in peace this threatening storm; but, I fear, we shall be obliged to give up our midnight prayers on future occasions, not to give a handle to such dangers. Praying God to grant us a large share of the blessings of this holy season, I remain, most honored and dear sir,

Ever Yours in Dmo, DAULEY

(s. Geo. Hay, Bishop of Dauphin)

Aberdeen, 26th December, 1784

Another disturbance at this time manifested could show, that Catholicism could not yet rely on complete and uninterrupted toleration. This high principle was but little understood, notwithstanding all the light philosophy pretended to have shed on the eighteenth century. The disturbance referred to was more remarkable, as it occurred in the Highlands, where Catholics were numerous, and consequently not without influence. A priest of the mission, Mr. Austin Macdonald, when visiting his scattered flock in Ardenaur, had assembled a congregation on the number of Protestants, and among the rest, an itinerant preacher, called Fraser, gathered around the place where the Catholics were assembled. The priest, observing this unusual gathering, set about retiring without celebrating mass. The preacher, meanwhile, assured him that he had nothing to fear, and that he had been assured by a priest, that he would be well received. He accordingly proceeded, and he and his people withdrew. This, however, the preacher would by no means permit, and insisted, notwithstanding all that was said in the way of expostulation and remonstrance, that the Catholics should remain until he finished his sermon. This proceeding of an obscure preacher, although insignificant and puerile in the extreme, was a cause, nevertheless, which had feeling on both sides. Some of the neighboring ministers threatened to harass the Catholics with prosecution, and would have caused them considerable trouble but for the friendly interposition of Bishop Geddes, whose influence with the law authorities at Edinburgh protected the Catholics from all injury and brought down a well-deserved reprimand on the officious and meddling preacher. The Highland district was suffering in other ways. It was ill supplied with priests, the bishop having at times, with great fatigue, to supply the want. A young priest, only two years returned from college, was taken seriously ill; and at midnight Bishop Macdonald was called to visit him. The first part of the bishop's journey was long and fatiguing, through the snow on foot. He was then obliged to cross an arm of the sea in an open boat. This so affected his health that he doubted whether he should ever recover. Bishop Hay, meanwhile, was annoyed by new signs of dissatisfaction among the clergy. Some of them who were to be appointed administrators, declared that they would not accept office. The bishop, possessing the *mens conscientia*, could not understand such opposition. "Is it some new persecution arising?" he wrote to his friends and coadjutor, "if so, God will be done." And he continued, as usual, his pastoral labors and visitations. (1785)—On Holy Saturday, March 26th, he lost one of his most valued priests, Mr. William Reid, who ended his long and useful life at Aberdeen. He had been engaged in the mission since 1759, and had always given proof of great piety, together with strong good sense. His death was, as he had been, all-edifying; and in death, as in life, he was honored by his numerous friends.

It is a matter of history that in his riper years Bishop Hay had not forgot his medical learning. We now find him using it for the benefit of the mission. It is on record that all moneys that came to him, even the profit arising from the sale of his books, were devoted to this object, which, through all his life, he had most at heart. He had invented a pill, which is known by his name, and is still used in the North in cases of slight indisposition. He hoped that this medicine also would come to be a source of income to the mission. A question had arisen as to who should be liable for the expenses of a priest when called to Edinburgh on public business. "When I was in your place," the Bishop wrote to his coadjutor, "I never put a question of that kind to Bishop Grant, even in the first years, when I had little to spare. I considered under an operation. I considered, not simply for my food and raiment, but also for all necessary charges in executing the proper functions of my state. Besides, I knew that Bishop Grant could as ill spare it as I. But, as circumstances are different in that respect at present, in case you find it inconvenient, you are very welcome to place it to my account."

April 2nd, 1785.

TO BE CONTINUED

A Lucky Escape.

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THE LACK OF CONGENIALITY AMONG CATHOLICS

BY EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

Do Catholics ever realize that the lack of congeniality, sociability, and good feeling among themselves is one of the greatest drawbacks to the increase of Catholicity? That, however, is a self-evident fact. There cannot be a sweeter bond than the Catholic Church to bind the hearts of her children together, no nobler cause in which to lay aside a dial difference, non-congeniality, and all feuds and bitter feelings for that "sweet charity's" sake without which she teaches us it is impossible to please God. Catholics are all sheep of one fold, kneeling side by side in the church whose spires rise to the heaven for which they are all striving; then why not with clasped hands, responsive hearts, and that "fellow feeling" which makes us as one wondrous kind? But even among Catholics of the same social standing there seems to be a great lack of congeniality, and there is certainly very little sociability. I once heard a man remark after attending a reception, "I never saw so many Catholics together outside a church in my life before," and on another occasion a Catholic said, "Oh, I hardly ever see a Catholic except on Sundays!" which fact speaks rather a source of satisfaction to her. Is it any wonder, therefore, that there are so many mixed marriages, so many renegades from the faith? The Catholic girl's associates are mostly all Protestants—what is more likely than that the man she marries should be one? Many of these marriages are fruitful in misery; but let us take the best of them where the man is honorable and unpretentious. They are married by a priest, at least, not at the foot of the altar of God; the husband never interferes with his wife in religious matters; the children are baptized Catholics and their religious training left to the mother. The girl will probably grow up good practical Catholics. But boys after they reach a certain age need a strong hand to control and guide them. They also take great pride in being "ke papa" and "papa Sunday's." They soon see that it is no great sin in papa's eyes if they fail in these things either. They are sure of a thrashing if they play truant from school; but it is only "mamma" who will scold; "mamma" who will be grieved if they miss Mass on Sunday. Perhaps they do not like to grieve mamma, but then papa is a man and knows so much more than a woman, and he doesn't think it such a terrible thing. Thus it begins, and in no long time the boy has lost the genuine respect of all religious observances until in the end the straying sheep slips altogether from the fold.

Take another view of the case—where a Catholic man marries a Protestant woman. She may also consent to her children being baptized and brought up Catholics, but it is a rare thing for the Catholic children of a Protestant mother to persevere or be otherwise than lukewarm. When very young they naturally look to her for sympathy in all that concerns them, and that for which she has only cold toleration or is utterly unable to understand or have any sympathy with must necessarily chill and puzzle the child. He may have kind teachers and wise guides outside, but who can take the place of a mother, what teachings are ever as sacred, as cherished, as those learned at a mother's knee? The children of the Protestant mother may not always abandon their faith, but they grow up Catholics or lukewarm. Their religion seems to be a barrier between their hearts and their mother's, and is not infrequently resented as such. The true meaning of marriage is unity, but how can two persons be united when their souls are divided, when all that is most sacred to the one finds neither sympathy nor reverence from the other, while their children, who should bind them together, find themselves that they will make converts of their husbands after marriage, but if they cannot do so when, in the eyes of the lover, they are near perfection, there is but slim chance of their doing so when the lover has become the husband. They will find that the pleasure the lover evinces in even accompanying them to church has become a bore to the husband, and after a little while the wife realizes, with perhaps, bitter tears, that the cherished hope of bringing the one she loves best nearer to God and herself will never be relinquished, and that she will never be that perfect union of "two souls with but a single thought."

The want of social and congenial feeling among Catholics is also the cause of many renegades from the faith. It is almost impossible for a Catholic young man to continue practical if his associates are all Protestants. He must have a very strong will and a strong rooted devotion to his faith (the latter a phenomenal exception) to bear the sneers and jests of his associates or submit to the moral restraint in which every truly practical Catholic is held. The force of example is everything, and he sees no example of devotion to the faith and perseverance in it. He at first neglects his duties, going to confession, perhaps, once a year to keep within the pale; then he ceases to go altogether, and, as this is an age of skepticism, his faith goes too. It is pretty much the same with the girl, though perhaps not so rapid, as, being a woman, she will cling longer to the memories and associations of the past. Thrown among those who ridicule what they fall to understand, she will soon become ashamed of her faith; and what one is ashamed of one naturally wishes to hide or be rid of. Was it not shame as well as fear which caused St. Peter, the chosen Apostle, to deny his God? A many a father in his footsteps, though without his deep repentance and bitter remorse. But would St. Peter have denied his God had he remained with those who believed in Him and loved Him, and not gone among the ones who mocked and reviled Him?

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