With Incidental Sketches Showing the Progress of the Faith in Scotland.

BY PETER M'CORRY.

In England the progress of Protest-antism was slow, aithough the Court and the Sovereign gave a speedy ex-ample of their desire for the change, ample of their desire for the changed but the Faith never died out in that country. Some of the nobility held on to their religion for centuries after the their religion for centuries after the kingdom had become generally Protestantized.

In Scotland the reverse of this was true ; the Court and Sovereign held on to the Faith, while the people, as it has been aptly said, "went to bed Catholic and arose in the morning Presbyterian." The lamp of Faith is generally supposed to have died out, and not a mer of it could be found for two hundred years.

Mass

things ?"

poor, dear, saintly priest sit down to his breakfast at 2 o'clock, and some-

times at 3 o'clock on a Sunday, and

country road at the time indicated,

lilting a snatch of an Irish song.

"Everything right, boy,

and soon heard the cheerful voice

thing right," he replied. Then, after a few minutes he informed me that if

to hear a poor woman's confession

administer the sacraments to her and

then baptize an infant, and mother

and babe were dead before I left the house." He began to hum the old

We did not exchange

Irish air again. We did not exchang words until we arrived at his house

was instantly attended to.

Another sick call awaited him, and it

There were no trains run on Sun

days, for that would "break the Saw-

bath, ye ken," and those long dis

tance sick calls had to be performed on

foot. A priest with a horse and

wagon was almost unknown in those

Father Burke lived to build a beau

Then one day, when he was sitting

in the garden. resting in a little sum-

mer house, where he used to read his breviary, he fell ill. A priest was just

then paying him a visit and happened to be standing near. He saw a great change come over Father Burke, and

had him instantly conveyed into the

house. Having anointed him, he ad-

ministered the Viaticum, and a few

minutes afterwards that priest's soul

If ever there was a priest on earth

who rigidly followed the line of duty,

for his people, it was Father William

After all, he was but a type of

this was one : if ever there was a pries

on earth who lived in a state of

vinged its way homeward.

Burke.

there

was a prayer.

thousands of others.

lays, and in those parts of Scotland.

"Well," I asked, " how did you find

every

before he would be five minutes at the Others say that the light of Faith contable an urgent sick call would be announced. The distance might be a tinued to burn somewhere among the dozen or twenty miles. valleys of Baunfshire; but the evi-dence under this head is rather defec-I remember on one occasion, when I endeavored to detain him until he had b. However, be this as it may, the ulation of native Catholics in Scottive. partaken of his meal. But no. He sprang to his feet, and with these land, at the time of Prince Charlie's words; "Mac, meet me three or four miles out of town about midnight," he rebellion in 1745, was about 25,000, and a hundred years later it stood at was off. I walked slowly along the loneson

the same figure. But for the influx of Irish immigrants the Church in Scotland to day would not be more populous than some of the older parishes in New York City. Those in Ireland who had no friends

in America, and whose limited means prevented their going to America, crowded the ports of England and Scotland, and subsequently many of them moved inland, where strength and unskilled labor offered them

A FIELD FOR OCCUPATION.

When the Romans go forth to work in the summer season on the wide plains of the Campagna, the priests follow the people and bring with them a little portable chapel, in which Mass can be said, while the people kneel out on the plains with the sky for a roof. In some such like manner the priests of Ireland followed their people to Scot-land, and while they did not bring chapels with them, they speedily set to work and erected suitable churches for the people, and it was a proud day for ple when a church was dedithe cated within a day's journey of where they lived. But the priests did not wait for

church building in order to carry on their ministrations. They rented halls and old out-of-the-way places which they fitted up on a Sunday, and many an extortionate figure of rent they re compelled to pay for the privilege

of occupying such places on a Sunday. The hardships, insults and often-times brutal acts of intolerance heaped upon priests and people, during those early stages of resuscitating or carry-ing back the lost faith to Scotland, ing were simply terrible, and will never be known until the day of great accounting

When barely out of my teens I paid my first visit to Scotland, and before twenty-four hours had elapsed agreed to join fortunes with the Rev. Wilstant communion with God, this was one; if ever there was a priest on earth who virtually sacrificed himself liam Burke, then stationed at a place called Dalry, in Ayrshire. Father Burke was born in Limerick, Ireland, and was educated at the Missionary College of All-Hallows at Drumcondra, near Dublin, from which establishment came forth the first batch of

On every third Sunday Father Burke visited Saltcoats, seven miles distant from Dalry. On those days he IRISH PRIESTS TO SCOTLAND.

Dalry means the king's valley, the

and teacher, preparing for the con-gregation, most of whom lived miles A fine little cabinet organ had been provided, a choir, chiefly of young girls, had been in training for some away from the place. The altar had to be fixed up on weeks, and the poor priest was so over-

THE

bricks to bring it to the proper line. A corner had to be screened off to serve as a temporary confessional, and the whole place had to be literally scrubbed thing as joyful as possible on that joyful morn. It should be stated that this old out before the benches could be placed.

stable was situated within a few yards In the beginning of the mission of this priest of the Western District of of the sea, and its windows, three, upon one side of the building, Scotland, Mass could be celebrated only used to be encrusted with salt from once a month, as there were three othe the waves that dashed up over the places to be attended to—Kilwinnings, Kilbinnie and Saltcoats—each place re-

rocks near by. Christmas morning came, and if even quiring the presence of the priest for the whole of Sunday, thus depriving there was a duplicate of the early Christians entering the Catacombs of him of the power of duplicating his Rome, it was seen that morning in It was nothing uncommon to see that

Saltcoats. The morning was bitterly, biting cold, and the stars were bluish Muffled figures whose out bright. lines were indistingnishable were hurrying along the roads and streets Suddenly they that led to the stable. would disappear as if they had sunk into the earth. All seemed moving towards a common center, then vanish, while others kept following in their footsteps. There was no snow on the ground, but the wind was everywhere, and seemed to pierce everything but

the hearts of those going to the stable ! Oh. the memory of it !

Big stalwart men, with old women clinging to their arms ; bright, joyoushearted girls, young fellows just en tering into the stage of manhood : fathers and mothers, accompanied by

a grown-up boy or girl, or both-these were the silent figures seen that morn ing steadily making their way and darting through the cold, dark alleyhe had taken my advice and remained to finish his breakfast, everything would have gone wrong. "I was just in time to the very minute," he said, way that led to the Crib and the

Manger. Behold the poor, aged women whe they reach the steps leading up that stable loft! They wait not to enter, but drop down upon their knees to breathe a prayer. The light is streaming from within, and their hearts feel the influence of the light, even if it

does not warm them. It is very early yet. Listen! Are the waves singing an anthem of joy ? Yes, they are attuned to the voices of the shepherds ! But, listen again. Ah, there goes the heaven-born strains of the immortal Adeste Fideles, sung by sweet, youthful voices, and the waves join in at the chorus.

The place is beginning to be crowded. There are moist eyes there and palpitating hearts, just as there were among the Catacombs. actors. tiful church in Dalry, and to see others built in Saltcoats and Kilbirnie.

were among the Catacomos. Soon the priest appears before the humble altar, and the young hearts in the choir—a corner of the loft screened off and a slight barrier erected to keep off the crowd-chant the Kyrie Eleison Then the priest, with hands raised to heaven, in a voice of matchless purity intones the Gloria in excelsis Deo. Et in terra pax hominibus bursts forth from the choir (it was Gordon's Mass in G), and the waves kept echoing the

words in a language of their own. I have been in grand churches and cathedrals at an early Mass on Christ-mas morning, and have listened to rapturous music echoing through vaulted aisles and along the high groined roof, but never yet have I been mong storied windows or beneath the far-resounding chimes that the memory of that dark, cold Christmas morning in Saltcoat's stable did not haunt me like a dream. I have listened for the waves, but heard them not. I have heard the sweet nocturnes drop from the organ, like water gently falling Incidentally I may mention that hired a "machine" (a road wagon), from the dome of a cave, and have oved to hear

"Why gracious, gracious me !" ex-claimed the peddler in well-feigned amazement, slapping his thigh with his hand, "I had maist forgotten tae tell ye, woman dear, I hae a richt guid joyed at the progress of the choristers that he determined to make everybuyer for ye. How muckle's this ye war seekin' for it?" "I'll ne'er tak' a bawbee less nor a

CATHOLIC RECORD.

you know I'll be laughed at. guid twa hundred for the place, an its worth the siller too, I tell ye." ever, Shearer, I admire your pluck. Come up to the castle to morrow, and we'll ratify the bargain over a bottle of Lowering his voice to a whisper, only although there was no one present to old port. hear but the old woman, he said :

"You're rich, my guid leddy; while I'll no say the place is worth it, still if I were you, I would na pairt it for a saxpence less, an' I'll bet you a new bonnet I can get you a customer at yer own figure.

"Gin ye succeed I'll buy the shawl for certain. Soon afterward a bargain was struck,

the paper drawn up and the money paid. About a week afterward the beddler called again and traded the coveted shawl. "Excuse me," said the old woman, "but I ne'er thocht o' speerin' the name o' the buyer o' the property. Of

'Oh, the buyer," said the peddler, "was one Jock Murdock." (Dr. Murdock, the Bishop then of the western

"Oh, do you no' ken? Why, he's the Catholic Beeshop o' this deestric'." "Guid Gawd, an' has Janet-Smithselt - her property tae a Popish priest "-

"That's just how the maiter stan's, an' I'm sure his sil'er is as white as anybody's that I ken, an' so, Mistress Smith, I'll be goin', an' I wish ye guid health to wear yer bonnie plaid, an' a very guid day to you, ma'am, a very guid day," and the peddled bowed himself out and away from a woman as wrathful as the storms that blew

Saltcoats was still more difficult. The land there and all around belongs to the Earl of Eglinton, and is let, leased or sold at such low figures that not one would part with their possessions. But what an Irishman can't do when his Church is concerned isn't worth

The tactics used here were alto gether different from those at Muir-kirk, and required a different kind of

The late William Shearer, of Ardrossan, a place within one mile of Saltcoats, was a tenant on a large scale of the Earl of Eglinton. He occupied large shipyards, and some of his ships, like "Napoleon III.," were as good as ever floated on the main.

One evening after a champagne dinner, when the Earl was Mr. Shearan's guest, both gentlemen took a stroll down by the sands on the seaside or, more correctly speaking, the beach on the Frith of Clyde. A quiet game of football "with two" was played, with the simple understanding that the winner could name his bet after the game. Nothing but a dinner or supper appeared to be thought of. Now, Shearer was a stout-built, solid sort of a man, while the Earl was lithe and nimble. After the game had progressed for awhile, still keeping within the bounds of a half acre field, the Earl began to find that he had a tougher partner to deal with than he had imagined. Shearer's opportunity

The ground for "St. Mary's Star of the Sea" was thus secured. The writer had the honor of giving the name to this church and to the one at Muirkirk, which was called after St. Thomas. Strange to say, although this was Father Tom Wallace's name, it was found afterward that the last church in use at Muirkirk, at the time

when Calvinism swept over Scotland BAKINC and when the cry went forth, "pull doon the rookeries and the craws will flee awa'," was named St. Thomas The "rookeries" were pulled down, but they are fast rebuilding ; "an' the craws fleed awa'," but they are coming THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND back again.

over isn't very good for agriculture,

"Hold on, Shearer, I see it. Build-

ing ground for a Papist Mass house !" "You have just said it, Earl, but a

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STATUARY

"the bit of ground we have just played N - Emmanuel - Champignaulla

"I never realized these much as I have in during which time I h from preasmonia, for After trying variou lenefit. I began the Poeterul, and the effe a single dose relevin complex a good B

For Bror

APRIL 1, 189

La Grip

"Last Spring I w grippe. At times I w ed, and so difficult w my breath second a eage. I procured a Pectoral, and no soo it than relief follow that the effect would Williams, Cook City

Lung T

"For more than it sufferer from lung oughing so severa emerihago, the poin or three or four h ry Ayer's Cherry P our bottles, was the onf-dentive recomme confidently recomme Hofmann, Clay Con

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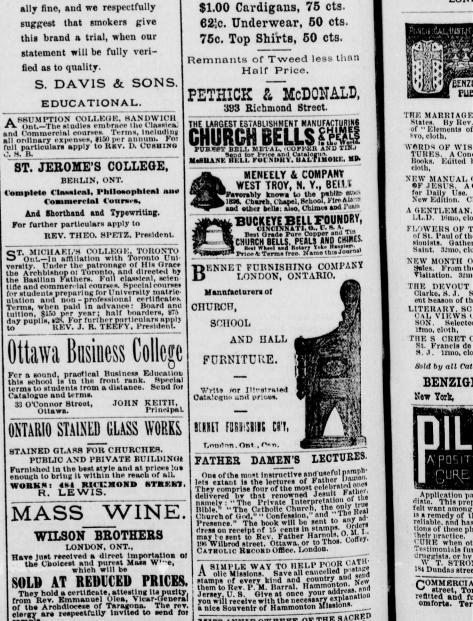
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"I am highly p ary," writes Mr. W Address, THE LON



o'er the muirs. To secure ground for a Church in

## course as lang as the money was richt it did na much matter. district.) "An' wha may he be ?"

word being derived from dell and Roi. A river runs through this place called the Ryc. a corruption of Roi. It will both astonish and surprise

some people to learn that the Scotch song, "Comin' thro' the Rye," does Irish woman, who trudged the distance on foot, and barefoot at that, not from song, not mean a field of rye, as is popularly supposed, but the Rye river, in the necessity, but through a spirit of rev erence for the burden she carried wn of Dalry. The water in the river She usually started an hour before the is usually low, and is generally crossed priest, and we would overtake her by the people on stepping stones. The women when crossing gird up their ust going into the town. She was tal and straight, middle-aged, but un-married. Her face was exceedingly clothes, and it is not an uncommon thing to see parties, having crossed from either bank of the river at the fair, the cheeks a beautiful mixture of white and red. She wore a long blue same time, meet face to face upon the cloth cloak, with hood attached. slippery stones, where a halt is inevitcloak covered the carpet bag-quite a burden to carry-and as she journeyed able in order to escape falling into the water. This is where the words of the on her way winter and summer at the

song, "Gin a body meet a body COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE "

come in. There is a third verse to the song, seldom, if ever used, but which may be found in the early Kilmarnock editions of Burns' works which explains what is here related.

The Rev. Father Burke was as handy as a carpenter, and when he found any leisure time he devoted it in this direc tion. He fitted up the largest room in his house as an oratory, where Mass could be celebrated daily, and the benches, altar and beautiful little tabernacle were all the work of his own hands. On Sundays Mass was celebrated in a large hall connected with an inn.

I have gone into that hall with the priest at 5 o'clock on a Sunday morning to make preparations for the celebration of the Divine Mysteries, when the work to be done would have appalled many a stout heart. The place the steps you entered the loft right was usually rented on week evenings over the stable, and just where the was usually rented on week evenings for balls and shows. Saturday even-ings were selected for the shows, and the "rule" of the place was that who-ever was to occupy the hall had to put three hundred people. it in order to serve themselves. Here, then, on a Sunday morning was a large heavy gallery, fit to accommodate a couple of hundred people, to be The floor was generally litremoved. to whisper. After Mass, when the an-nouncement began to be better undertered with every description of dirt. The table that was to serve for an stood, there were expressions of joy altar was a mass of filth. Cold water heard all around. was plentiful, and plenty of it had to be used. Three hours work in shirt

A.M. M.

High Mass in that miserable stable ! sleeves, with freezing water as our Surely heaven had few chief aid, was the task before priest store greater than this. Surely heaven had few blessivgs in

but knowing that there was just a hosannas that preceded the descent of possibility some Sunday of seeing that hired "machine" wrecked by a lot of the Most High upon our altars, but the charm of the innocent voices of the drunken bigots, he entrusted the car stable as they sang Adeste will not fade pet beg, containing altar stone, en-cased chalice, cruets, etc., to a poor from heart to ear.

The difficulties that presented themselves to priests when they attempted to secure ground on which to build a church in Scotland, while hard to bear, were not without their humorous side as a couple of instances will show. Dear Father Tom Wallace, of Cum nock, the church builder, as we used to call him, for he built no less than six churches-heaven give rest to his The soul !- was anxious to secure ground on which to build his last church, at a place called Muirkirk (the church of the Muirs), but found the task beyond early hours of a Sunday morning, his power. At last a happy thought struck him. He secured the services was no one happier than this dearly beloved creature whose journey of an Irish peddler, who had been so long traveling in Scotland that he could speak the dialect like a native. Saltcoats was soon cut off from Dalry and made into a parish, which in-cluded Kilwining, the home of the "Scottish rite" of Free Masonry. There was but one place for sale in Muirkirk, consisting of four small cot tages and their gardens, about a quar-ter of an acre all told. The place was

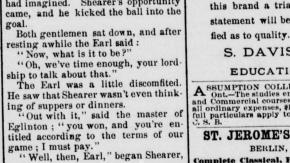
owned by a shrewdish old wo man, with The place where Mass was first cele brated in Saltcoats was part of an old whom it was heard to strike a bargain But had she known that a "Papist stable, and the entrance to it was poor body was seekin' after her wee bit of and miserable in the extreme. Imaggroun', she would hae been willin' to ine a covered and dark alley way, the place where a door or gate should have e skinned rather than close a bargain wi' a sarvint o' the de'il.' been, six feet high and three fest

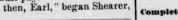
The peddler knew this woman well, wide, the alley way dark, and about twenty-five feet long. Then came the and calling upon her one day, carrying his pack he entered her cottage to door of the stable, and another door to the make a sale. He knew the old crea left led into a big dirty yard. At the ture's weakness for a "guid Paisley shawl," and he made that the key of far end of this a flight of narrow stone steps without guard or rail. Mounting his transactions.

"Oh, indeed, an' ye need na open your pack that day," was the peddler's greeting as he entered. mangers stood, over that was placed the humble altar. The loft held about

"Haud awa' wi' ye, nimble lass, till I show you ae thing that will mak' One Sunday the priest announced that he would have High Mass (Messa your een water," at the same time un folding a costly and beautiful shawl *Cantata*) at 4 o'clock on Christmas morning! The people looked into each other's faces, thought they had not heard the priest aright and began The old woman's eyes glittered. "Div you na' ken that I could na reach the price o' sic an article if I weer to dee for it?"

woman that's as rich as a laird ?" "Gin I had the bit property dis-posed e' I micht tak' a chance at the plaid, fer I maun say it's a bonnie bit goods."









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