

AT MASS IN A STABLE.

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

BY PETER MCCOY.

In England the progress of Protestantism was slow, although the Court and the Sovereign gave a speedy example of their desire for the change, but the Faith never died out in that country. Some of the nobility held on to 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 glimmer of it could be found for two hundred years.

Others say that the light of Faith continued to burn somewhere among the valleys of Banffshire; but the evidence under this head is rather defective. However, be this as it may, the population of native Catholics in Scotland at the time of Prince Charlie's rebellion in 1745, was about 25,000, and a hundred years later it stood at 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 Scotland, 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 those people when a church was dedicated 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 were compelled to pay for the privilege of occupying such places on a Sunday.

The hardships, insults and oftentimes brutal acts of intolerance heaped upon priests and people, during those early stages of persecuting or carrying back the lost faith to Scotland, 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. William 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 the first batch of

IRISH PRIESTS TO SCOTLAND.

Incidentally I may mention that Dalry means the king's valley, the word being derived from *dell* and *roi*. A river runs through this place called the Rye, a corruption of *Roi*.

It will both astonish and surprise some people to learn that the Scotch song, "Comin' thro' the Rye," does not mean a field of rye, as is popularly supposed, but the Rye river, in the town of Dalry. The water in the river is usually low, and is generally crossed by the people on stepping stones. The women when crossing gird up their clothes, and it is not an uncommon thing to see parties, having crossed from either bank of the river at the same time, meet face to face upon the slippery stones, where a fall is inevitable in order to escape falling into the water. This is where the words of 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 direction. 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 was usually rented on week evenings for balls and shows. Saturday evenings were selected for the shows, and the "rule" of the place was that whoever was to occupy the hall had to put 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 removed. The floor was generally littered with every description of dirt. The table that was to serve for an altar was a mass of filth. Cold water was plentiful, and plenty of it had to be used. Three hours work in shirt sleeves, with freezing water as our chief aid, was the task before priest

and teacher, preparing for the congregation, most of whom lived miles away from the place.

The altar had to be fixed up on 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 out before the benches could be placed. In the beginning of the mission of this priest of the Western District of Scotland, Mass could be celebrated only once a month, as there were three other places to be attended to—Kilwinning, Kilbinnie and Saltcoats—each place requiring the presence of the priest for the whole of Sunday, thus depriving him of the power of duplicating his Mass.

It was nothing uncommon to see that poor, dear, saintly priest sit down to his breakfast at 2 o'clock, and sometimes at 3 o'clock on a Sunday, and before he would be five minutes at the table an urgent sick call would be announced. The distance might be a dozen or twenty miles.

I remember on one occasion, when I endeavored to detain him until he had partaken of his meal. But no. He sprang to his feet, and with these words; "Mac, meet me three or four miles out of town about midnight," he was off.

I walked slowly along the lonesome country road at the time indicated, and soon heard the cheerful voice lilted a snatch of an Irish song.

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

"Everything right, boy, everything right," he replied. Then, after a few minutes he informed me that if he 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, 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 Irish air again. We did not exchange words until we arrived at his house. Another sick call awaited him, and it was instantly attended to.

There were no trains run on Sundays, for that would "break the Sabbath, ye ken," and those long distance sick calls had to be performed on foot. A priest with a horse and wagon was almost unknown in those days, and in those parts of Scotland.

Father Burke lived to build a beautiful church in Dalry, and to see others built in Saltcoats and Kilbinnie.

Then one day, when he was sitting in the garden, resting in a little summer 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 administered the Viaticum, and a few minutes afterwards that priest's soul winged its way homeward.

If ever there was a priest on earth who rigidly followed the line of duty, this was one; if ever there was a priest on earth who lived in a state of constant communion with God, this was one; if ever there was a priest on earth who virtually sacrificed himself for his people, it was Father William Burke. After all, he was but a type of thousands of others.

On every third Sunday Father Burke visited Saltcoats, seven miles distant from Dalry. On those days he hired a "machine" (a road wagon), but knowing that there was just a possibility some Sunday of seeing that hired "machine" wrecked by a lot of drunken bigots, he entrusted the car-pet beg, containing altar stone, enclosed chalice, cruets, etc., to a poor Irish woman, who trudged the distance on foot, and barefoot at that, not from necessity, but through a spirit of reverence for the burden she carried. She usually started an hour before the priest, and we would overtake her just going into the town. She was tall and straight, middle-aged, but unmarried. Her face was exceedingly fair; the cheeks a beautiful mixture of white and red. She wore a long blue cloth cloak, with hood attached. The cloak covered the carpet bag—quite a burden to carry—and she journeyed on her way winter and summer at the early hours of a Sunday morning, there was no one happier than this dearly beloved creature whose journey was a prayer.

Saltcoats was soon cut off from Dalry and made into a parish, which included Kilwinning, the home of the "Scottish rite" of Free Masonry.

The place where Mass was first celebrated in Saltcoats was part of an old stable, and the entrance to it was poor and miserable in the extreme. Imagining a covered and dark alley way, the place where a door or gate should have been, six feet high and three feet wide, the alley way dark, and about twenty-five feet long. Then came the door of the stable, and another door to the left led into a big dirty yard. At the far end of this a flight of narrow stone steps without guard or rail. Mounting the steps you entered the loft right over the stable, and just where the mangers stood, over that was placed the humble altar. The loft held about three hundred people.

One Sunday the priest announced that he would have High Mass (*Messa 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 to whisper. After Mass, when the announcement began to be better understood, there were expressions of joy heard all around.

High Mass in that miserable stable! Surely heaven had few blessings in store greater than this.

A fine little cabinet organ had been provided, a choir, chiefly of young girls, had been in training for some weeks, and the poor priest was so overjoyed at the progress of the choristers that he determined to make everything as joyful as possible on that joyful morn.

It should be stated that this old stable was situated within a few yards of the sea, and its windows, only three, upon one side of the building, used to be encrusted with salt from the waves that dashed up over the rocks near by.

Christmas morning came, and if ever there was a duplicate of the early Christians entering the Catacombs of Rome, it was seen that morning in Saltcoats. The morning was bitterly, biting cold, and the stars were bluish lines, were indistinguishable were hurrying along the roads and streets that led to the stable. Suddenly they 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, joyous-hearted girls, young fellows just entering 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 morning steadily making their way and darning through the cold, dark alleyway that led to the Crib and the Manger.

Behold the poor, aged women when 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.

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 Christmas morning, and have listened to rapturous music echoing through vaulted aisles and along the high groined roof, but never yet have I been among storied windows or beneath the far-reaching chimneys that the memory of that dark, cold Christmas morning in Saltcoats' stable did not haunt me like a dream. I have listened to the organ, like water gently falling from the dome of a cave, and have loved to hear the heaven-opening hosannas that preceded the descent of the Most High upon our altars, but the charm of the innocent voices of the stable as they sang *Adeste* will not fade 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 Cumnock, the church builder, as we used to call him, for he built no less than six churches—heaven give rest to his soul!—was an 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 his power. At last a happy thought struck him. He secured the services of an Irish peddler, who had been so long traveling in Scotland that he could speak the dialect like a native.

There was but one place for sale in Muirkirk, consisting of four small cottages and their gardens, about a quarter of an acre all told. The place was owned by a shrewd old woman, with whom it was heard to strike a bargain.

But had she known that a "Papist body was seekin' after her wee bit of groun", she would have been willin' to be skinned rather than close a bargain wi' a sarvint' o' the de'il."

The peddler knew this woman well, and calling upon her one day, carrying his pack he entered her cottage to make a sale. He knew the old creature's weakness for a "guid Paisley shawl," and he made that the key of his transactions.

"Oh, indeed, an' ye need na open your pack thae day," was the peddler's greeting as he entered.

"Why gracious, gracious me!" exclaimed the peddler, in well-feigned amazement, slapping his thigh with his hand. "I had maist forgotten tae tell ye, woman dear, I have a richt guid buyer for ye. How muckle's this ye war seekin' for it?"

"I'll n'er tak' a bawbee less nor a guid twa hundred for the place, an' its worth the siller too, I tell ye."

Lowering his voice to a whisper, although there was no one present to hear but the old woman, he said: "Ye're rich, my guid lady; while I'll no say the place is worth it, still if I were you, I would na pairt it for a saxeence less, an' I'll bet ye a new bonnet I can get ye a customer at yer own figure."

"Gin ye succeed I'll buy the shawl for certain."

Soon afterwards a bargain was struck, the paper drawn up and the money paid. About a week afterwards the peddler called again and traded the coveted shawl.

"Excuse me," said the old woman, "but I n'er thocht o' speerin' the name o' the buyer o' the property. Of course as lang as the money was a richt it did na much matter."

"Oh, the buyer," said the peddler, "was one Joe Murdoch." (Dr. Murdoch, the Bishop then of the western district.)

"An' wha may he be?"

"Oh, do ye no ken? Why, he's the Catholic Beshop o' this deestrie."

"Guid Gawd, an' has Janet—Smith—sell—her property tae a Popish priest?"

"That's just how the maiter stan's, an' I'm sure his siller 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 ye, ma'am, a very guid day," and the peddler bowed himself out and away from a woman as wrathful as the storms that blew o'er the muirs.

To secure ground for a Church in Saltcoats was still more difficult. The land here 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 doing.

The tactics used here were altogether different from those at Muirkirk, and required a different kind of actors.

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. Shearer'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, and 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 came, and he kicked the ball into the goal.

Both gentlemen sat down, and after resting awhile the Earl said: "Now, what is it to be?"

"Oh, we've time enough, your lordship to talk about that."

"The bit of ground we have just played over isn't very good for agriculture, and—"

"Hold on, Shearer, I see it. Buildin' ground for a Papis Mass house!"

"You have just said it, Earl, but a little coarsely, you'll admit."

"Yes, I admit it. Pardon me, but you know I'll be laughed at. However, Shearer, I admire your pluck. Come up to the castle to-morrow, and we'll ratify the bargain over a bottle of old port."

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 and when the cry went forth, "pull down the rookeries and the crows will flee awa," was named St. Thomas. The "rookeries" were pulled down, but they are fast rebuilding; "an' the crows flied awa," but they are coming back again.

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