



# ST GILES' LECTURES.

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*FIRST SERIES—THE SCOTTISH CHURCH.*

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## *LECTURE II.*

EARLY CHRISTIAN SCOTLAND, 400 TO 1093 A.D.

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MY time is short; and I have to tell you the story of six hundred and ninety years; from the beginning of the fifth century to near the end of the eleventh: a period which may be taken as including the Introduction of Christianity into Scotland, and its progress till earlier organisations were merged in the great Mediæval Church. Not one sentence, therefore, of introduction, save this: that it would be easier to compile a moderate volume than to prepare the thirty-two pages to which these lectures are restricted. For the materials, though often unreliable, are more than abundant. They are sometimes of deep interest. Above all, they afford opportunity of fighting over again still-continuing controversies under ancient names. But this is just what I am not going to do. My course is plain. For having, by aids quite familiar to most

scholars<sup>1</sup> (there is no room here for original investigation), gained a fairly-clear idea for myself of that period, I wish to set it as clearly as may be before you ; the truth uncoloured by any bias. I do not hold a brief.

I take for granted that you know what was said in this place as to Heathen Scotland to the Introduction of Christianity. It is generally supposed that during the Roman occupation of Britain, the Christian religion had made its way into the country. For Christianity, after Constantine, was part of the constitution of the Roman Empire ; and the British Church, such as it was, was part of the Church of the Empire. The better faith was gradually undermining the ancient paganism. But of the *personnel* nothing whatever is known. The late Bishop Forbes of Brechin tells us that there was 'a regular hierarchy, with churches, altars, the Bible, discipline ;' but there is no authority whatever for the statement, except in so far as the existence of Christianity may be taken to imply all these ; and the names of the earliest preachers and priests have absolutely perished.

<sup>1</sup> The following are the authorities from which the facts stated in this Lecture have been derived :

1. *Celtic Scotland: A History of Ancient Alban.* By William F. Skene. Volume II. Church and Culture. Edinburgh : 1877.

2. *Lives of St Ninian and St Kentigern: compiled in the Twelfth Century.* Edited from the Best MSS. by Alexander Penrose Forbes, D.C.L., Bishop of Brechin. Edinburgh : 1874.

3. *Life of St Columba, Founder of Hy.* Written by Adamnan, Ninth Abbot of that Monastery. Edited by William Reeves, D.D., M.R.I.A., Edinburgh : 1874.

4. *Scoti-Monasticon. The Ancient Church of Scotland.* By Mackenzie E. Walcott, B.D., F.S.A., Precentor of Chichester. London : 1874.

5. *The History of Scotland.* By John Hill Burton. Volume I. Edinburgh : 1867.

6. *Scottish Abbeys and Cathedrals.* An Article in the *Quarterly Review* for June 1849. Known to be by the late Dr Joseph Robertson.

7. Some information has been derived from various writings of the late Robert Chambers, LL.D., notably from the article *Icolmkill* in his *Gazetteer of Scotland.* Glasgow : No date.

The first, whose name and career are in any way known to us, is St Ninian. In a troubled time, when the Empire was pressed by outlying barbarians and had yielded before them, shrinking within that northern frontier formed by the wall drawn across the country from the Forth to the Clyde in 369 A.D., Ninian founded a Christian community on the north shore of the Solway Frith. There, at a place which took the name of Whithern, and which still abides with slight change in name, the Saint built a church of stone, the first built of stone in that region, which was called *Candida Casa*, the *White House*. The title tells us how it looked in the eyes of the rude inhabitants of Galloway: how it looked to such as saw it rising on its promontory above Wigtown Bay.

It is a faint outline, the figure of St Ninian: it is hard to realise him as a living and working man. It is said that his father was a British king. It is more certain that through many years he was trained at Rome in the doctrine and discipline of the Western Church. It seems established that he laid the foundation of his church at Whithern in 397 A.D. Tradition gives the derivation of the name. Coming into Galloway, he asked a night's lodging of a churlish smith and his son: and being denied, the Saint fixed his staff three fingers' length in the anvil, so that no human strength could move it. Terrified, the smith and his son besought pardon. The staff was removed. And Terna and Wyt (for such were their names) hastened to offer their land to the Saint, who called it *Wytterna* in memory of its givers. St Ninian's object was the conversion of the Picts who inhabited Galloway. He accomplished his end and more. The inhabitants of Scotland, as far as the Grampian range, renounced idolatry and became Christians. Many churches and altars received his name: some places bear it still.

The Roman occupation of Britain ended in 410 A.D. From this time, for many years, all historical information ceases. It does not seem that Ninian's years in Galloway were

many. There is mention of the name of Palladius, a Bishop sent by Pope Celestine in 430. By this time Ninian was gone. But his work remained, for a while : and it reached beyond what is now called Scotland. Ireland comes near to Galloway : and the inhabitants of Ireland were the only race then called *Scots*. Into that country the Church of St Ninian extended : A Church closely connected with the Gallican, and doubtless recognising the Bishop of Rome as its head.

No detail remains of St Ninian's work or worship. There is no trustworthy account of what like man he was. We are told, indeed, that he wrought many miracles : and we may believe that the story is true that he, like many great religious workers, and like the Master of all such, gained strength for his work by seasons of lonely prayer. Like St Regulus at St Andrews, he chose a cave by the sea-side for his oratory : one such is still pointed out in the parish of Glasserton. We do not know his methods of evangelising. It would be profoundly interesting if we knew exactly how he set himself to his great work. No doubt he worked by many hands and many voices besides his own. He built his church : he gathered around him a company of men like-minded : these pervaded the thinly-peopled region round, and they penetrated far. How did they tell their story to the ignorant heathen : how did they explain the errand on which they came : what did they say ? Did they reason with these reasonless creatures, offering them something better than they knew as yet : or, prophet-like, speaking with authority, did they command the poor pagan what to think and what to do ? One thing seems plain, as concerning the conversion of tribes and peoples in those days : the missionary-preacher aimed at the conversion of chiefs and kings. These being gained, those under their authority followed their lead. There is something curious, and something touching, in the simple-minded fashion in which old chroniclers take it for granted that when the king was persuaded to be baptised, his subjects as of course followed. The surprise of both chief and missionary-

saint would have been extreme, had any subject presumed to think for himself. Some survival of that old way, even into recent days, may be traced in the undoubting expectation of certain proprietors of the soil, that their tenants should vote, in matters political, as the proprietors might decide; and should even undergo very rapid conversion of views when the proprietors did so. But the conversion of large numbers to Christianity was a simple thing, and a rapid thing, in St Ninian's days. Only get one, and you got many. Draw the one: many would run after him. Conversion is a very different work, in an age wherein individual souls must be dealt with: each soul thinking for itself.

So rapid and wide must have been the work of conversion to the better faith, when in this same dimly-discerned age, Scotland sent Ireland her great missionary St Patrick; and all Ireland was converted in twenty-one years. About the year 372 Patrick was born, possibly at Kilpatrick near Dumbarton, of which place his father is said to have been Provost. At the age of forty-five Patrick was consecrated a Bishop: 'Patricius, a sinner and unlearned, but appointed a Bishop in Ireland,' is the good man's description of himself. His work lies beyond our range: and our range is too wide already. Indeed, little is certain concerning the Apostle of Ireland save that he was Scotch (as we now understand the word) by birth: that he did a great work in Ireland, with which country his name is indissolubly linked; and that he died about the year 458, having returned to die at the place where he was born.

You will think that the men and the events of that distant time look dim in the twilight of fable. But the light grows less. A hundred years pass between the death of St Ninian and the coming of the next great missionary-saint;—Columba. St Palladius, already named, possibly did his work in Scotland and in Ireland. He is called by some the first Bishop in Scotland: and one Servanus is named as his friend and associate. Tradition says Palladius died at Fordoun in Kincardineshire. But it is

waste of time to dwell upon a period of which it is to be confessed that we know nothing for certain. This seems sure: that the work of St Ninian had been done too quickly to last; and that after Ninian and Patrick died, Scotland mainly relapsed into heathenism.

The work hitherto had been done by Churches, and a Secular Clergy. For that age, and that race, the system had been in great degree a failure. Another organisation came in God's Providence: and the Monastic rule succeeded where the Secular had failed.

Only the utmost prejudice, founding on the utmost ignorance, will deny the good work done by Monasteries and a Monastic Clergy in their day of purity, energy, and self-devotion: or will deny that they were admirably fitted to do the work they did. The Christian Church needed not only dissemination, but also strong centres. A Mission, set down amid a great surrounding Heathen population, demands these yet: It is impossible to imagine a case in which human nature more urgently needs the strengthening and comfort of the companionship of those like-minded. The Monastery, placed in a Heathen land, with its brethren reckoned in those days sometimes by hundreds, was in fact a Christian colony, into which converts were gathered under the name of Monks. And the Monks did good work in divers ways. They spread a zone of cultivated land around them, reclaimed from the morass and the forest. We remark time by time how beautiful is the landscape still abiding round the ruins of some ancient religious House, not always remembering what hands made it so. The Monasteries were quiet havens amid surrounding tempests. Amid the terrible insecurity of life, and the utter disregard of right and wrong, which we can discern to have been characteristics of Heathenism, here was comparative security, here were truth and righteousness. The Monasteries were places of Education: they were schools: the only schools for many a day. And while Printing was yet unknown, here a constant work went on of multiplying copies of

Holy Scripture: but for which the Bible might almost have perished. Nor need we forget, we who miss it so sadly, the ever-recurring hour of prayer and praise: the Psalms, notably, from beginning to end, kept familiar as they are to very few of us. The Monastery, in the age of which we are thinking, was no more than a gathering of rude huts, with a wattled chamber for a church, and a turf wall surrounding the settlement to keep off in some measure the invasion of savages. Yet it had its devout and earnest hearts: its masterful and statesman-like mind in its place of rule: It gave the mutual help and encouragement that come of brotherhood. It was a *Base of Operations*: the very best that could have been, then and there. Its analogues abide in the changed circumstances of the world: mankind will not readily part with them. The Heads and Fellows (supposing them to be what they ought to be) of a great University: the quiet learning, the elevated devotion, the available store of preaching and missionary and consultative power, of the ideal Cathedral Close: the workers (taking them for what they ought to be) of a modern Mission set down far in the depth of African heathenism and savagery, tilling the soil, curing the body, caring for the soul: the Brotherhood in faith and feeling and work after which many earnest men have longed, when constrained to work on in isolation, and which is aimed at by Unions and Societies and Guilds beyond numbering: the Quiet Days (let us not say *Retreats*) in some peaceful scene, where continual worship and kindly counsel strengthen the weary minister and advise the perplexed and lift up all hearts to God and send back to labour with fresh hope and energy: all these and more were in the Monastic System, while it was kept up to the purity of its idea.

You will say, the Monastic System soon fell far below its ideal. You will say, Monasteries were abused: and the day came when they did evil and not good. True: and then they went down and were swept away. But the abuse and degradation of a thing in itself good is not peculiar to any age or

system. So he will judge who has seen the occasional working of what in this country are called *Church Courts*: who has heard a devoted clergyman, of undoubted Presbyterianism, declare in a loud voice that if his Presbytery then adjourned and never met again, the interests of religion within its bounds would not suffer at all: who has heard another clergyman, venerable by character and years, and devoted to the Church of Scotland, say how on his way to the Presbytery he visited a dying man and promised to see the dying man again on his way back; but that certain hours of that Court's deliberations wholly unfitted him to be of any use to any Christian soul. I might quote a much more vehement testimony, borne by an eminent preacher: but it is better not. And I might add a great deal more: but I will not. God forgive us all our many shortcomings in temper and speech. God forbid that what was intended for His glory and for the good of souls should ever be so perverted that it too must go.

At Clonard, in Ireland, there was a monastery of three thousand monks: a great training-school of missionaries, a great starting-point of missionary work: founded by St Finnian. St Finnian had twelve chief disciples, who filled the land with religious settlements, and who were known as the Twelve Apostles of Ireland. The names of eleven of these good men are of little concern to us: but the name of the twelfth must never be forgotten in Scotland. His name was Colum: the name was latinised into Columba: as a Colon of wider fame became Columbus. He was born on December 7, 521 A.D. at Gartan in Donegal: both father and mother were of royal descent. It is remarkable to what a degree Bishops and Abbots in those days were of royal race. Strict hereditary succession to worldly dignities and property was unknown among the Celts of that period. Two paths were open to energetic ambition. Should it be temporal king: or should it be spiritual leader? To such as Columba the latter path seemed the preferable. To rule a devoted community, which

exercised a wonderful sway over men's hearts and souls, even though it lived an austere life in a settlement of rude huts of wattles and clay, had its attraction. And Columba, though mainly known to us as a religious leader, was deeply concerned likewise in the state affairs of his day.

As Scotland gave St Patrick to Ireland, so Ireland gave St Columba to Scotland. It remains a debated question, What brought St Columba here at all. Some would say, pure missionary and evangelistic zeal. But it appears at least as likely that he had made his own country too hot to hold him. There are terrible stories of the temper of the Apostle of Iona. He was a Saint: but there was in him a certain infusion of that which some folk call Devil: though like a certain great Duke, with whom it was likewise so, he became very mild and gentle when he grew old. I must tell you the story shortly. A great battle was fought in Connaught in 561 A.D. There was terrible slaughter. A Synod of the Saints of Ireland decided that Columba was responsible for all this evil: and that he must needs win from Paganism as many souls as had perished in battle ere he could be reinstated. Besides the work assigned to him, the penance was imposed of perpetual exile from Ireland. He sailed away, with twelve disciples. He landed first upon Colonsay. But, ascending a hill, he found Ireland was still in view; and he must go farther. Finally, in 563 A.D., being now in his forty-second year, he arrived with his followers at a small island, separated by a narrow channel of a mile in breadth from the greater land of Mull. The island has been variously known. It was *I*, it was *Ia*, it was *Hy*: these words each signifying *The Island*: but it came to bear the musical and never-forgotten name of *IONA, The Island of the Waves*. On Whitsun-Eve, in that year the Twelfth of May, St Columba landed at Iona: which was to be his home for six and thirty years. Christianity was there before him. He found two Bishops: Bishops of that singular kind of Collegiate Church which had arisen in Ireland in St Patrick's days: a Collegiate

Church of Seven Bishops, apparently co-ordinate. We do not know how they got on together. These two Bishops were willing to welcome Columba. But he refused to recognise the validity of their orders: and apparently reasoned the matter with them. The result was one very unusual in ecclesiastical controversy. The two Bishops saw they were wrong: and they departed, leaving the island to the Saint. Speedily Columba succeeded in gaining a grant of Hy: apparently from one King Connall: to whom it probably did not belong.

Pilgrims without number have in recent years visited Iona. Those who have thoroughly explored it say it is a pleasanter island than hasty visitors know it for. It has picturesque bays: quiet dells: green hills: plains not unfruitful. It is three miles and a half in length: a mile and a half in breadth. Divers isles are in sight: Mull looked like the mainland. Did Columba resolve to abide here; and to christianise the lands he saw? As with lesser men, probably he was guided by circumstances: probably his way opened before him as he went on. From that stand-point St Columba did in fact christianise all Scotland north of the Forth and Clyde. For a hundred and fifty years the Church of St Columba was in truth the National Church of Scotland.

I suppose it would not do, in speaking of the place, the man and the work, to omit a famous passage known to many who otherwise have little knowledge of either. In the autumn of 1773 A.D., Johnson, attended by Boswell, came to Icolmkill, *The Island of Columba of the Churches*. They found no convenience for landing, and were carried by Highlanders to the strand.

‘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. . . . 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 amid the ruins of Iona.’

Dr Johnson records that even Boswell was 'much affected' by the sight of the ruins. And he hazarded the conjecture that in the revolutions of the world, Iona 'may be sometime again the instructress of the Western regions.' It may be appointed so. I have heard the most renowned of modern Anglican preachers, looking upon the ruins of St Andrews Cathedral, say: 'This church will be rebuilt, stone for stone.' It does not appear likely, in these days of payment by results. One could but say Amen, Amen.

What-like Church was the Church of St Columba? Was it Episcopal? Was it Presbyterian? Was it neither one nor other?

It was an Episcopal Church of a peculiar type. The system was essentially Monastic. There were no territorial Bishops. There were no Bishops' Sees. There were indeed Bishops, who were recognised as of a higher grade spiritually; but who, anomalously, were placed under the authority of the Abbot. They could do what the Abbot could not. They could ordain: but they must ordain as they were ordered. And in St Columba's own day, there was no Bishop at Iona at all. Anything which needed a Bishop to do, Columba got done in Ireland. When the days came in which St Columba's rude buildings of wattles and wood gave place to the Cathedral of red granite from Mull and to the divers halls and apartments of a fully-equipped monastery, and in which Iona was recognised as the Mother-Church of many fair daughter-establishments; still all the Province, and even the Bishops, were subject to the Abbot of Hy. The case seems strange: but it has its analogous cases to this day. Higher spiritual rank may be freely admitted in theory, while yet the holder of it shall be kept in his proper place; and that a humble one. You may have known the resident Chaplain in a noble family which held very high views of the spiritual powers of the priesthood, believing that whosoever's sins they remit are remitted and whosoever's sins they retain are retained, yet declare himself in

public to be no more than a humble retainer of that great House. And the only excuse for the expression of a humility thus approaching to the abject, was, that the lowly priest's statement of his own position was severely true.

No traces remain of the buildings which Columba raised more than thirteen hundred years since. We know their general character. There was an earthen rampart which inclosed all the settlement. There was a mill-stream : a kiln : a barn : a refectory. The church, with its sacristy, was of oak. The cells of the brethren were surrounded by walls of clay, held together by wattles. Columba had his special cell, in which he wrote and read : two brethren stationed at the door waited his orders. He slept on the bare ground, with a stone for his pillow. The members of the community were bound by solemn vows. They bore the special tonsure which left the fore part of the head bare. It looked well in front, we are told ; but unsatisfactory in profile. The brethren were arranged in three classes : the Seniors, the Working Brothers, the Pupils. Their dress was a white tunic, over which was worn a rough mantle and hood of wool, left its natural colour. They were shod with sandals ; which they took off at meals. Their food was simple : consisting commonly of barley bread, milk, fish and eggs, with seals' flesh. On Sundays and Festivals the fare was somewhat better.

It does not appear that Daily Service was maintained in the church. The Psalter was repeated continually, but from this the Working Brothers were excused. The chief service was the Communion, celebrated each Sunday : also on Festal Days. Easter was the great Festival of their Christian year. They used the sign of the Cross many times. They fasted on Wednesdays and Fridays in Lent. A peculiar form of austerity practised by some was to remain in cold water till they had repeated the entire Psalter. They lived a life of rule, and of constant self-denial. The unreasonable yet natural belief was ingrained with them, as with others beyond number, Roman

and Protestant, Christian and Heathen, that the less they pleased themselves the more they pleased God: and that God, in His moral government, would never be hard on tortured creatures, who had been so awfully hard upon themselves.

But for Columba's purpose it was not enough that he and his brethren should so live. No doubt, the fame of their sanctity and austerity would spread around them. But what did the holy men of Iona do, beyond being thus holy? They found access, first, to the neighbouring Picts; both teaching and exemplifying better things than the savage race had known before. After two years St Columba gained a hold upon the king of that region, Brude, who dwelt near the river Ness. On his first visit, the king kept his gates shut against the Saint: but Columba made the sign of the Cross, the bolts flew back, and he and his companions entered. The king, in anger, drew his sword: but the same sacred sign made over his hand withered it into helplessness, till he became a Christian. Then the hand, now to be used to better purposes, was restored to him. The king being won, his people at once followed. Who were they, that they should know better than their Master? And might not he do what he liked with his own? The magicians were banished from Court: and Columba took their place, ruling the monarch both for his own good and the kingdom's. It was a supernatural power to which king and subjects bowed. For they believed that Columba wrought many miracles: uttered many prophecies: and was visited oftentimes by angels. The Saint was a despotic ruler, but a beneficent one. Nor was he lacking in worldly wisdom: in all its manifestations: from the highest and largest sagacity of the statesman, down to the homely tact which is serviceable in daily life.

In twelve years from his coming, Columba had done much. The community of Iona was large: it was zealous: it was docile: it was incorruptible. The Saint now began to found

monasteries in neighbouring islands. He chose his agents wisely. They loved him sincerely, yet he inspired too a salutary fear. In 584 A.D. King Brude died: but Columba's influence was so established that there was no falling off through the loss of his royal protector. He pushed on his outlying settlements to near the river Tay. And Cainnech (the Saint of Kilkenny) founded a monastery in the Eastern corner of Fife, at a spot by the sea called Rig Monadh, the *Royal Mount*. Afterwards there arose here the great church and monastery of St Andrews: hence for long named Kilrymont.

In 597 A.D. St Columba was seventy-seven years old. At the end of May, carried in a litter, he visits the Working Brethren, busy on the other side of the island. He speaks to them with the gentleness which had been growing: and which, pleasant as it was, they were almost afraid to see. He tells them he would willingly have died in April, in the first of Spring: but that he was glad this had been denied him, lest his removal should have made the Easter Festival a season of mourning to them. Then, turning to the East, he blest the island and all its inhabitants: and from that day no venomous serpent could harm man or beast therein.

On Sunday June 2 he was celebrating the Communion as usual: when the face of the venerable man, as his eyes were raised to heaven, suddenly appeared suffused with a ruddy glow. He had seen an angel hovering above the church and blessing it: an angel sent to bear away his soul. Columba knew that the next Saturday was to be his last. The day came: and along with his attendant, Diormit, he went to bless the Barn. He blest it, and two heaps of winnowed corn in it: saying thankfully that he rejoiced for his beloved monks, for that if he were obliged to depart from them, they would have provision enough for the year. His attendant said: 'This year, at this time, father, thou often vexest us, by so frequently making mention of thy leaving us.' For like humbler

folk, drawing near to the great change, St Columba could not but allude to it, more or less directly. Then, having bound his attendant not to reveal to any before he should die what he now said, he went on to speak more freely of his departure. 'This day,' he said, 'in the Holy Scriptures is called the Sabbath, which means Rest. And this day is indeed a Sabbath to me, for it is the last day of my present laborious life, and on it I rest after the fatigues of my labours: and this night at midnight which commenceth the solemn Lord's Day, I shall go the way of our fathers. For already my Lord Jesus Christ deigneth to invite me: and to Him in the middle of this night I shall depart, at His invitation. For so it hath been revealed to me by the Lord Himself.'

Diormit wept bitterly: and they two returned towards the monastery. Half-way, the aged Saint sat down to rest, at a spot afterwards marked with a cross: and, while here, a white pack-horse, that used to carry the milk vessels from the cowshed to the monastery, came to the saint, and laying its head on his breast, began to shed human tears of distress. The good man, we are told, blest his humble fellow-creature, and bade it farewell. Then, ascending the hill hard by, he looked upon the monastery, and holding up both his hands, breathed his last benediction upon the place he had ruled so well; prophesying that Iona should be held in honour far and near. He went down to his little hut, and pushed on at his task of transcribing the Psalter. The last lines he wrote are very familiar in those of our churches where God's praise has its proper place: they contain the words of the beautiful anthem which begins 'O taste and see how gracious the Lord is.' He finished the page: he wrote the words with which the anthem ends: 'They that seek the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good:' and laying down his pen for the last time, he said, 'Here, at the end of the page, I must stop: let Baithene write what comes after.'

Having written the words, he went into the church to the last

service of Saturday evening. When this was over, he returned to his chamber, and lay down on his bed. It was a bare flag : and his pillow was a stone, which was afterwards set up beside his grave. Lying here, he gave his last counsels to his brethren : but only Diormit heard him. 'These, O my children, are the last words I say to you : that ye be at peace, and have unfeigned charity among yourselves : and if then you follow the example of the holy fathers, God, the Comforter of the good, will be your Helper : and I, abiding with Him, will intercede for you : and He will not only give you sufficient to supply the wants of this present life, but will also bestow on you the good and eternal rewards which are laid up for those that keep His commandments.' The hour of his departure drew near, and the Saint was silent : but when the bell rung at midnight, and the Lord's Day began, he rose hastily, and hurried into the church, faster than any could follow him. He entered alone, and knelt before the altar. His attendant, following, saw the whole church blaze with a heavenly light : others of the brethren saw it also ; but as they entered the light vanished and the church was dark. When lights were brought, the Saint was lying before the altar : he was departing. The brethren burst into lamentations. Columba could not speak : but he looked eagerly to right and left, with a countenance of wonderful joy and gladness : seeing doubtless the shining ones that had come to bear him away. As well as he was able, he moved his right hand in blessing on his brethren ; and thus blessing them, the wearied Saint passed to his rest : St Columba was gone from Iona. The church was filled with the lamentations of the bereaved brethren. But the face of the Saint remained glorified by the heavenly Vision he had last seen.

He died on the Ninth of June, 597 A.D. 'I did not feel sorrowful,' said a good man, telling how he had stood by the open grave of a great Evangelist of later days : 'for he was weary, weary in the work.' Even so, looking on that still face.

They carried the mortal part of St Columba back to the chamber from which a little before he had come alive: and his obsequies were celebrated with all reverence for three days and nights. But only the inhabitants of the island he had ruled laid him in his honoured grave. Long before, a simple brother had said to the Saint that so great a multitude would flock to his burial that the island would be entirely filled. But St Columba said: 'No, my child, it will not be so. None but the monks of my monastery will perform my funeral rites, and grace the last offices bestowed upon me.' Sure enough, a storm of wind without rain made the Sound impassable through the three days and nights: and the sea grew calm whenever the Saint was laid to his last sleep; 'to rise again,' as his kindly biographer St Adamnan says, truly if the words were ever said with truth of any, 'with lustrous and eternal brightness.' Some days after, messengers from Iona came to a place in Ireland where Columba was held dear; and the question was eagerly put to them, 'Is he well?' 'Yes,' was the answer, 'he is well: he has departed to Christ.'

Yet, touched though we be by the beautiful picture of his end which Adamnan has given us, Adamnan the Ninth Abbot of the monastery of which Columba was the first, we cannot but acknowledge that the Saint left a memory not equally dear to all. He was a masterful man. He would have his way, and he had it: and there were those who did not like him at all. Others there were who could not speak too warmly of him. 'Angelic in appearance, graceful in speech, holy in work, with highest talents and perfect prudence;' such is their strain. There is but one account of his wonderful voice: wonderful for power and sweetness. In church, it did not sound louder than other voices; but it could be heard perfectly a mile away. Diormit heard its last words: the beautiful voice could not more worthily have ended its occupation. With kindly thought of those he was leaving: with earnest care for them: with simple promise to help

them if he could where he was going ; it was fit that good St Columba should die.

His prediction held true for many years as to the greatness and honour of Iona. Columba's monastery long retained the primacy of all the churches and monasteries he had founded in Scotland. But after his death, the succession breaks down ; as it does still when a great man goes. You fill up his office ; but you cannot fill his place. In a certain sense, no man is necessary. In a very true sense, there are those, there have been those, who will be missed at many turns till all are dead who knew them. Still, the work at Iona went on, with the impetus of its first outset and of its singular success. In due time they carried over the red granite from Mull : they chose out from the rocks of the island itself such material as might serve, the hornblende, the clay-slate, the gneiss : the marble altar-piece came from a more genial clime : the severely beautiful buildings rose : chapel, nunnery, monastery, and chief of all, what was the Cathedral Church of the Bishops of Iona, a church which was dedicated to St Mary. Good men and wise men ruled ; but there was never another Columba.

The Columban Church spread into Northumbria. The first missionary-preacher was a severe man, who returned with the complaint, common to workers lacking in temper and judgment, that the Northumbrians were so peculiar a race that nobody could make anything of them. A wiser and more politic successor lived to tell a quite different story. St Aidan preached with great success ; and he founded a see at Lindisfarne, which twice a day becomes an island as the tide rises, and is known as Holy Island. But the fame of the first Bishop of Lindisfarne is lost in the light which surrounds the great name of St Cuthbert. Twenty-seven years after St Columba died, in 624 A.D., Adamnan was born, who ruled Iona as the ninth abbot, and repaired all the monastery, bringing for that purpose oak-trees from Lorn. But evil days came. Sea rovers, caring nothing for Columba or his work, time after

time plundered the settlement. And the time came, early in the eighth century, when the little ways which the Columban monks had kept as their own could be permitted no longer. The Roman tonsure must be adopted: no doubt far liker the Crown of Thorns than that hitherto used. And the Roman fashion of reckoning the day on which Easter should fall gained general acceptance: general, but not unanimous. Not frequently, in Scotland, has any ecclesiastical change been made with unanimity. And the lifting up of a testimony has not been confined to post-reformation times. The Columban monks refused to give up the ways which had come down to them from their predecessors. The upshot was that the whole of them were expelled from the Pictish kingdom, including probably those of St Andrews; and the primacy of Iona ended.

We pass to another great name. In the kingdom of Strathclyde, among its Cumbrian population, towards the close of the sixth century, a Christian church was founded, the great agent being St Kentigern. After the battle of Arthuret, on the border of what is now Cumberland and Dumfriesshire, in 573 A.D., a certain chief, Rydderch Hael, bearing a designation in after ages to become familiar, for he is called *The Liberal*, became king of Strathclyde. The story of St Kentigern's life is not so well known as is the story of the life of St Columba: for five hundred years passed before he found a biographer, and marvellous fables had gathered round his personality. He was the son of Thaney, or Teneu, or Thenaw: for in all these ways his mother's name is given: a name which has passed through a singular modification. The people of Glasgow are familiar with a church which they call *St Enoch's*. It need not be said to the least instructed in such matters, that there is no such saint in the Calendar: nor that it would be contrary to all rule if one who lived so long before Christ as the patriarch who 'walked with God' were recognised as a Christian saint. The church was *St Thenaw's*: and good folk who never heard of St Thenaw, but who were accustomed to pronounce the name

of Enoch in a fashion which I can remember as still surviving in my student days, fell into a not unnatural error. The error, not creditable to Scotch hagiology, is likely to abide. For not merely has a remarkably handsome railway station at Glasgow assumed the erroneous name, but the builders of a beautiful church in Dundee thought the name so pretty, that they called their church by it ; to the wonder of some.

St Thenaw was the young daughter of a Pagan king, who ruled somewhere in the Lothians. Her son, afterwards to be so renowned, was born at Culross, on the north side of the Frith of Forth : then a wild solitude. Here the mother and child were found by herds, attending on their cattle ; and were brought by them to Servanus, a Christian evangelist who was preaching near. Servanus was prepared for their coming. That morning, at the hour of Kentigern's birth, he had heard the *Gloria in excelsis* sung, far above him, by a choir of angels : and in joy that one was born who was to do a good work for Christ, Servanus had burst, with a thankful heart, into that great hymn, now so familiar in our churches (thank God), in which Christian folk through many centuries have lifted up their hearts in supremest thanksgiving. We know it by its first words : as verses dear to Scotland are known by their last. It is the *Te Deum*. Servanus welcomed mother and child : exclaiming, at first sight of the infant, 'He shall be *my dear one* : ' which in the language of his country is *Munghu* : in Latin, the biographer tells us, *Karissimus Amicus : Dearest Friend*. He baptised the two by the names of Taneu and Kentigern. But the short pet name would not go. It supplanted the grander : as *Homer* has Melesigenes : for Homer means merely *Blind Man*. And as Joceline, in his *Life of St Kentigern*, says that 'by this name of Munghu even to the present time the common people are frequently used to call him, and to invoke him in their necessities,' so it is still. The great city with which his name is linked has many times been called *The City of St Mungo* ; never (in my hearing) of *St*

*Kentigern.* The beautiful church, which has seen every other building in Glasgow rise, and which will probably be standing in glory when every other building in Glasgow is in the dust, bears the Saint's homely pet name : not a Christian name at all. Not very many among the hundreds of thousands who live round Glasgow Cathedral know what is indeed the church's name. If the stranger in Glasgow were to ask his way to St Kentigern's Church, he might find it as difficult to gain the information desired, as if in Westminster he asked his way to St Peter's.

Kentigern grew up : and it does not sound unnatural when we are told that one who was so special a favourite of Servanus was regarded with some jealousy by his fellow-students : for Servanus was teaching a school of young divines. In divers ways they testified their ill-will : and though Kentigern easily held his own against them, yet he gradually found that for their sake, and his own, and his master's, it was better he should go elsewhere. The day came when he parted from the kind protector of his infancy and childhood, with deep regret and with mutual blessing : and they met no more. In a new wain, drawn by two untamed bulls, Kentigern made his journey, knowing that he would be guided to the place where God needed him. Straight as an arrow, through the wild region without a path or road, his singular team bore him : till they stopped, in a fashion that signified that here they were to stop, at a spot called Cathures, beside a burying-place which had been consecrated long before by St Ninian. The name of Cathures yielded to another which is likely to abide while the Empire stands : the place became Glasgow. Here Kentigern dwelt for a while with two brothers, who had inhabited the spot before his arrival. One brother was Kentigern's friend, the other his enemy : the friend, and his descendants for generations, were richly blest of God : the enemy speedily came to a violent end. Gradually, Kentigern's character matured, in wisdom and holiness ; and his fame spread wide : so that the king and clergy

of that thinly-peopled Cambrian region discerned in him the man who could restore their failing Church, and with one consent elected him their Bishop. Kentigern resisted the elevation, alleging his youth and his desire to give himself to holy contemplation : but he yielded in the end to their importunity, after the manner of ministers called to a larger sphere of usefulness : and a solitary Bishop having been brought from Ireland, after the fashion of the Britons and Scots of that day, he was consecrated to the episcopal dignity. His consecration was in several respects irregular : yet the judgment of the Church admitted it as sufficient.

There had been an earlier Church at Glasgow, of St Ninian's foundation : and Kentigern restored it. Fixing here his Cathedral seat, he gathered to himself a family of earnest and self-denying men, who lived without private property, in holy discipline and service. Gradually, he extended his diocese to the limits of the Cambrian Kingdom. He lived for a while peaceably at Glasgow, practising severe austerity. His food was the sparest : mainly bread and milk : and even this only on each third day. He was clad in the roughest hair-cloth : but over this he always wore priestly robes, to remind him of his ministry. It is curious to read in Dr Liddon's *Life of the last Bishop of Salisbury* that he too in his earlier work at Sarum wore his cassock all the forenoon till he went forth for his daily walk, with the like intention. So across the ages do the fancies of good men meet. St Kentigern's pastoral staff was not gilded and gemmed, but of simple wood, and merely bent. And in his hand he always bore his Manual-Book, ready to exercise his ministry whenever needful. As for his bed, he lay in a hollow stone, having a stone in place of a pillow, like another Jacob. Even this rigour did not suffice. When he lay down, he cast in a few ashes : and taking off his sackcloth, he took his snatch of sleep upon these. 'Verily,' says his biographer Joceline, 'he was a stanch combatant against the flesh, the world, and the devil.' At the second cock-crowing he arose, and stripping him-

self of his raiment, he plunged into the cold and rapid stream : and then, with eyes and hands lifted up to heaven, he chanted on end the whole Psalter. Wonderful health, both of body and soul, followed this severe discipline. And sometimes, ministering at the altar, when he said the *Sursum Corda*, and sought to lift up his own heart to Christ, a glory gleamed upon his face and form, so that he seemed like a pillar of fire.

His story must be briefly told. His growing influence at Glasgow stirred the wrath of a pagan king, one Morken. Morken seems to have been a specially unmannerly soul : and not without some power of metaphysical argument. When St Kentigern applied to him for temporal means, towards the support of the staff of Glasgow Cathedral, the king said to him : ‘ Is it not a favourite rule with you, “ Cast thy care upon God, and He will care for thee ? ” Now,’ he continued, ‘ here am I, who do not regard God at all, and yet riches and honours are heaped upon me, which are denied to you. Your doctrine is false.’ The Saint endeavoured to make the king discern that worldly trial might be sent as a blessing, and that worldly wealth was no sure mark of the Divine favour. But the truth, it need not be said, was high above Morken’s comprehension. The king understood better when a miraculous flood swept all his grain away, and laid it beside the little river Molendinar ready for Kentigern’s service. His temper, however, was none the better for this experience of St Kentigern’s power : and, beaten in argument and in practice, in an evil hour for himself the monarch kicked the Saint. Speedily judgment followed. The king’s feet fell off, and he died : and something resembling gout was sent upon his descendants for generations. It is not quite clear why Kentigern, leaving Glasgow for a while, took refuge in Wales : he ought to have been safe anywhere. But he went to Menevia, now known as St David’s. He founded a monastery at St Asaph’s, in a valley which bore some resemblance to the Vale of Clyde. And when, after the Battle of Arthuret, and the accession to the throne of Rydderch, *The*

*Liberal*, Kentigern was recalled to Glasgow, he brought with him no fewer than six hundred and sixty-five monks. It was at Hoddam, in Dumfriesshire, that Rydderch met him : and there he abode for a while : but Revelation indicated Glasgow as his proper seat. Hence he converted Galloway : Alban (which means the North-East portion of Scotland) : and even the Orkneys. Traces of the Saint's sojourn in Wales remain in certain Welsh names in the district which lies between the Mearns and Deeside—a wild and picturesque tract, not known as it deserves to be : and where doubtless the gospel had been preached by monks who came from St Asaph's.

Of the miracles wrought by St Kentigern after his return to Glasgow it would be unprofitable to speak. One may be named, the memory of which is perpetuated in the arms of the great Scotch city. A certain Queen, of small desert, besought the Saint's aid in respect of a ring which she had given away, and which her husband had demanded back from her, it having been cast into the water by himself. And a certain great fish, called a salmon, taken in the Clyde, was found to contain the ring. The Queen was saved from imminent destruction, thenceforward to live a better life. For the heaviest rain and snow, which probably in those days as in the present fell in even excessive measure on Glasgow, St Kentigern needed no protection : his garments remained untouched. A recent Anglican Bishop, being offered a pastoral staff by some zealous folk, is recorded to have greatly discouraged them by saying he would rather they gave him an umbrella : Not so with St Mungo. And an instance in which certain rams, stolen from the Saint, had their heads converted into stone, seems to be commemorated in the curious name long borne by one of the City Churches of Glasgow. Many can remember when St David's was generally called *The Ramshorn Kirk*.

There are traces of friendly intercourse between Kentigern and his great contemporary St Columba. It is recorded that they met, and exchanged crosiers. The meeting was at

Glasgow: but the record of it is brief. For several days, we are told, they conversed in kindly fashion, on the things of God and on what concerned the salvation of men. Then saying farewell with mutual love they returned to their homes, never to meet again.

The years of Kentigern's episcopal rule passed on, and he attained a great age. Tradition would make him live to a hundred and eighty-five: and Bishop Forbes suggests that temperance and sweet temper do much to lengthen life. But Kentigern's maceration of his bodily nature went far beyond healthful temperance: and though his disposition was gracious, it seems as if the eighty-five years, lacking the century, were a long span to one who had so toiled and so afflicted himself. On the octave of the Epiphany, January 13, 612 A.D., St Kentigern died. One of his last doings was the setting up of a great Cross of stone in the burying-ground of the Church of the Holy Trinity, which was his cathedral. The present name, it need not be said, would have been unseemly while the Saint lived. He had perceived, by the failure of the earthly tabernacle, that the end was at hand: he prepared himself by Holy Communion for the great change: and he told his brethren he must soon leave them. Great sorrow fell upon them, as they knelt before him, receiving his last farewell. But some among them were lifted up to the thought of the supreme blessing, named in the unforgettable words *In death they were not divided*; and they asked Kentigern if they might not all go together, the shepherd leaving not one of his flock, the father accompanied by all his children. 'God's will be done,' said the saint. And as his brethren watched by him through the night, expecting his departure, an angel appeared and promised that it should be even so. 'Because thy whole life in this world,' said the heavenly messenger, 'hath been a continual martyrdom, it hath pleased God that thy manner of leaving it should be easier than that of other men.'

The day dawned, a day on which yearly he had been wont

to baptise many into Christ : and the brethren, following the instructions the angel had given, prepared a bath filled with warm water, and gently placed their master therein. Then they stood around, expecting. Lifting his hands and eyes to heaven, and bowing his head as if to calm sleep, St Kentigern was gone. They lifted out his body, and one after another eagerly hastened to lie down where he had lain : where each, as peacefully, died. All had passed before the water grew cool. But there remained, there, or hard by, brethren enough to wrap the Bishop's body for the tomb, and to lay it, with all honour, at the right side of the high altar in Glasgow Cathedral : not the present great church, but a humbler one ; yet honoured by the presence in life and in death of the best and greatest in the long line of the Bishops and Archbishops of Glasgow. In the cemetery of his church, they said, in old days, six hundred and sixty-five rest, each entitled to the good name of Saint : ' And all the great men of that region,' says his biographer, ' for a long time have been in the custom of being buried there.' A church rose, in due time, on the hallowed ground, far nobler and more beautiful than St Kentigern had ever imagined : but his shrine is there ; and his name will abide while church and city remain. It became needful that what had been a beautiful country stream when the spot was fixed on, should be hidden away from sight. The next generation will know only from hearsay how the Molendinar used to flow under the East end of the Cathedral Church of Glasgow. But still, as in past centuries, it is the way to bury hard by the place where so many of Christ's saints sleep for the Great Awakening. And in a solemn burying-place, that awes one by its wide extent, with terraced walks and green slopes and rocky graves, a very City of the Dead, the good and wise of the vast City of the Living, and many of its fair and young no less, are laid, as of old, beneath the shadow of the great church of St Kentigern.

No record remains of his successors. But the cause pros-

pered; and twenty-five years after St Kentigern's death the nation of the Angles was brought over to Christianity by Paulinus, who on Easter-day at York baptised their king. Aidan, of Lindisfarne, whose diocese reached to the Frith of Forth, established in Scotland two monasteries, one at Coldingham, one at Melrose. It was from this latter that the famous Saint and Bishop originated, to whom the Church of Durham is in a great degree indebted for its special pre-eminence. I mean, of course, St Cuthbert. His parentage is unknown. We first hear of him as a shepherd-boy in Lauderdale. A vision led him to devote himself to the monastic life, at the age of twenty-five. First, at Dull, in Strathtay: next, in the newly-founded monastery of Ripon; Cuthbert found occupation. He returned to Melrose, of which House he became Prior: but in the year 664 A.D. he left Melrose and became Prior of Lindisfarne. In both places, his life was one of severe austerity: and he preached in all the country far and near. A visit which he paid to the Solway is perpetuated in the name of *Kirkcudbright*. After twelve years at Lindisfarne, he withdrew from the monastery and for nine years lived as a hermit in a rude cell of unhewn stones and turf which he built for himself in the island of Farne. In 685 A.D., by the choice of the king and people of Northumbria, Cuthbert became Bishop of Hexham; which in the same year he exchanged for the see of Lindisfarne. Only for two years did St Cuthbert hold that office. They were years of indefatigable labour, and of visiting the wildest parts of his diocese to preach to the people, still half-heathen. Finally, feeling the approach of death, he returned to his solitary cell at Farne, where in a few weeks he died. This was in 687 A.D. He was buried at Lindisfarne: but found his final resting-place at Durham, 'where his Cathedral, huge and vast, looks down upon the Wear.' It was more than three hundred years after his death before he was laid there. When the seat of the Bishops of Northumbria was removed from Lindisfarne, it was first to Chester-le-Street, a few miles North of Durham:

and it was not till 995 A.D. that the great Anglican see of the North came to bear its present name.

But though St Cuthbert's fame be great, and though he was a Scotchman, we must leave him. For his great work was not done in Scotland. And my time draws to an end.

It was in the beginning of the eighth century, a few years after St Cuthbert died, that a name begins to appear, formerly wholly unknown, and of much interest in Scottish Church-history: the name of *Culdee*.

Within the Monastic Church there grew up a tendency to forsake the Monastic life for the life of the Anchorite, or Hermit. Severe as were the austerities of the Monastic life, when lived according to its first idea, there was something beyond it: there was a possible life of greater austerity still. Absolute loneliness might be added to the unworldly self-denial of the devout monastic. And the desolate cell of St Cuthbert on his uninhabited island, or the ocean-cave of St Regulus on St Andrews Bay, implied a harder and sterner life than did the wattled huts or even the beautiful towers of the monastery in its garden-like tract of cultivated land, where men might at least fast and watch and afflict body and soul in company. Here was more to suffer, if God was to be pleased by suffering, self-inflicted. Here was a discipline which might further lift up the soul, and cleanse the thoughts of the heart. Early in the history of the Christian Church this feeling came in: founding, doubtless, on something in human nature: founding, too, on an overstrained interpretation of certain words of holy Scripture. Having been trained for a while in a monastery, those who sought after perfection would pass to a lonely life. The famous 'unspotted from the world:' the mention of 'a chosen generation, a peculiar people:' were taken to point this way. Such a life was held also to be a devotion, a *cultus*, specially pleasing to God the Father. And hence the Anchorites came to be called *Deicola*, *God-worshippers*, in contrast to *Christicola*, *Christ-worshippers*, which all Christian people were

held to be. These solitaries were especially *the people of God*. They were gradually brought under the monastic rule: and solitaries as they were, they were associated in a sense in communities. The *Deicolæ*, the *God-fearing* (to use a word not quite forgotten in homely Scotch speech), were called in Ireland *Ceile De*: in Scotland, *Keledei*. Whence, plainly enough, *Culdee*. At Culross, at Lochleven, at Dysart, they found their place. And in a spot more sacred and more renowned they have left their record and memorial: in the famous though little City of St Andrews.

In 710 A.D. Nectan king of the Picts placed his kingdom under the care of St Peter. But the day was to come when the Patron Saint of Scotland should be, as ever since, St Andrew, first-called of the Apostles, and brother of the more illustrious one on whom, as a Rock, Christ would build His Church. Each brother was crucified, but neither quite as was his Master. The legend is that it was at Patras, in Achaia, that St Andrew gained the Martyr's crown. St Regulus, a monk of Constantinople, and perhaps Bishop of Patras, three hundred and eighty years after St Andrew's death, carried away his bones, or part of them. He sailed away, voyaging among the Greek Islands for a year and a half, and wherever he landed erecting an oratory in honour of St Andrew. Finally, after a stormy voyage towards the North, on the Eve of St Michael's Day, he was wrecked on the Pictish shore at a place then called *Muckcross*, *The Promontory of the Wild Boar*. Here he erected a cross which he had brought from Patras. King Hungus, or Angus, or perhaps his Queen, gave the ground to God and St Andrew His Apostle, 'with waters, meadows, fields, pastures, moors and woods, as a gift for ever.' In the presence of the Pictish nobles, King Hungus offered a turf on the altar of St Andrew in token of the gift. And the spot, having borne in succession the names of Muckcross, Kilrymont, Kilrule, finally received that by which it is well known in the history of Church and Nation. It became St Andrews. And here, besides the group which

consisted of Bishop Regulus, his Priests and Deacons, his Hermits, and certain Virgins, there was a community of the *Keledei*, God-fearing men, who are represented as having had wives, and as performing sacred rites after a manner of their own, differing from that of the Church Catholic. How far differing, it is quite impossible to say.

But the comfortless caves of the first God-fearing hermits had grown into comfortable cottages, in which each Culdee dwelt separately with his wife and children. Church-offices had come to be hereditary. The *cure* was coming to be lost in the *living*. And these metamorphosed Culdees held, as Provost and Chapter, the Church of St Mary of the Rock, now the most desolate among the many ruins of a city of ruins. They were likewise Vicars of the Parish Church of the Holy Trinity of St Andrews: still the Parish Church of that city, but now generally known by the less decorous name of the Town Church. It is yet a building of much interest, though it suffered miserably at the hands of ignorant meddlers a hundred years ago. But it is capable of restoration: and restoration will come in time, though perhaps not in our time.

It is near the end of the Ninth Century that we find the first mention of the *Scottish Church*. Certain privileges were given to it by Giric, king of Pictland. Giric was driven into exile: and his successors took the title of Kings of *Alban*: which means the region from the Forth to the Spey. There was but one Bishop, who ruled all the Scottish Church. His seat had been removed from Abernethy to St Andrews: and he was called Bishop of Alban. In 1005 A.D. Malcolm II. began his reign over Alban, now first called *Scotia*. And gradually the Bishop of the Scots came to be called indifferently of Alban and of St Andrews.

The days of the Celtic Church were drawing to an end. We have sometimes been told that the impending change was for the worse: that a pure and independent National Church was subjected to the tyranny of Rome. But the glory of

the Columban Church had mainly departed. Its temporalities had been seized by laymen. It is a mistake to think that only at the Reformation the Church of this country was plundered by hypocritical robbers. Whenever the Church had anything to be seized, there were greedy hands to seize it. And much spiritual error was now mingled with the Church's teaching. The times cried aloud for Reform. The change came mainly through the work of one of the sweetest and gentlest souls named in our annals, the sainted Margaret.

In 1069 A.D. King Malcolm married Margaret, an English Princess, the representative of Alfred and the niece of the Confessor. They were married at Dunfermline. There is but one story of her touching beauty, of her unselfish and holy life, of her wonderful influence over the rude people among whom it was appointed her to live. 'In her presence,' says her biographer, 'nothing unseemly was ever done or uttered.' She was masterful, though so gentle. By goodness and sweetness she got her own way. She was profoundly attached to the Church of her birth and bringing-up; and by no means liked the rude ways of Scotland. Her time was short: she was married at twenty-four, and died at forty-seven: died, like some of the best of the race, broken-hearted. But for these years she set herself steadfastly to conform the Church of her adoption to the manner of Catholic Christendom. Her tact, her energy, her quiet resolution, were as her loveliness in body and soul. She enlisted her husband to her part. She called divers Councils: at one of these she held a three-days' discussion with the clergy; and (strange to say) convinced them. The special points she pressed are recorded. She shewed how Lent ought to begin on Ash-Wednesday and not on the first Sunday in it: stating the usual reason, too familiar for repetition. She restored the observance of the Lord's Day, long neglected. It is to St Margaret that Scotland owes her solemnly-kept Sundays. Specially, she condemned the evil custom which had crept in of celebrating the Communion without any one receiving it. The

fear of eating and drinking judgment through unworthy communicating had led to a fashion so indefensible and unchristian that we might doubt its possibility did it not exist, along with certain kindred and gloomy superstitions, in some parts of Scotland still. Religious changes, when uncomplicated with political events, are slow : and St Margaret had seen only the beginning of the better way when she was called to her rest. In 1093 A.D. her health had failed through the severe discipline in which she lived. Lying one day on her bed, she had offered earnest prayer : when suddenly her son Edgar entered, returned from the army, which was besieging Alnwick Castle in Northumberland. 'How fares it with the King and my Edward?' she asked : and receiving no answer, she entreated the truth might be told her. 'Your husband and your son are both slain,' was the reply. The Queen lifted her eyes to Heaven, and said : 'Praise and blessing be to Thee, Almighty God, that Thou hast been pleased to make me endure so bitter anguish in the hour of my departure, thereby, as I trust, to purify me in some measure from the corruption of my sins. And Thou, Lord Jesu Christ, who, through the will of the Father, hast given life to the world by Thy death, have mercy on me.' And, saying these words, gentle St Margaret died. Never was worthier life or death.

In the same year, 1093 A.D., died the last native Bishop of Alban. The place remained empty for fourteen years. It was a time of strife and of transition. Then a line began, bearing the title of Bishops of St Andrews. The title of Archbishop did not come till the latter half of the fifteenth century. St Margaret's three sons, reigning in succession, the last the saintly David, carried on her work. The old Celtic element went. Churches were made territorial, not tribal. Parishes and dioceses came in. Bishops ruled and did not merely ordain. Sees were multiplied. The Culdees were absorbed, and in some cases suppressed. How, it falls to my successor to tell you.