

Cath. Church - Civilization
Progress

BK
1750

NEW WORK AND OLD WAYS.

A SERMON

PREACHED AT THE
OPENING OF THE
MONASTERY AND COLLEGE OF ST. BENEDICT.

AT FORT AUGUSTUS,

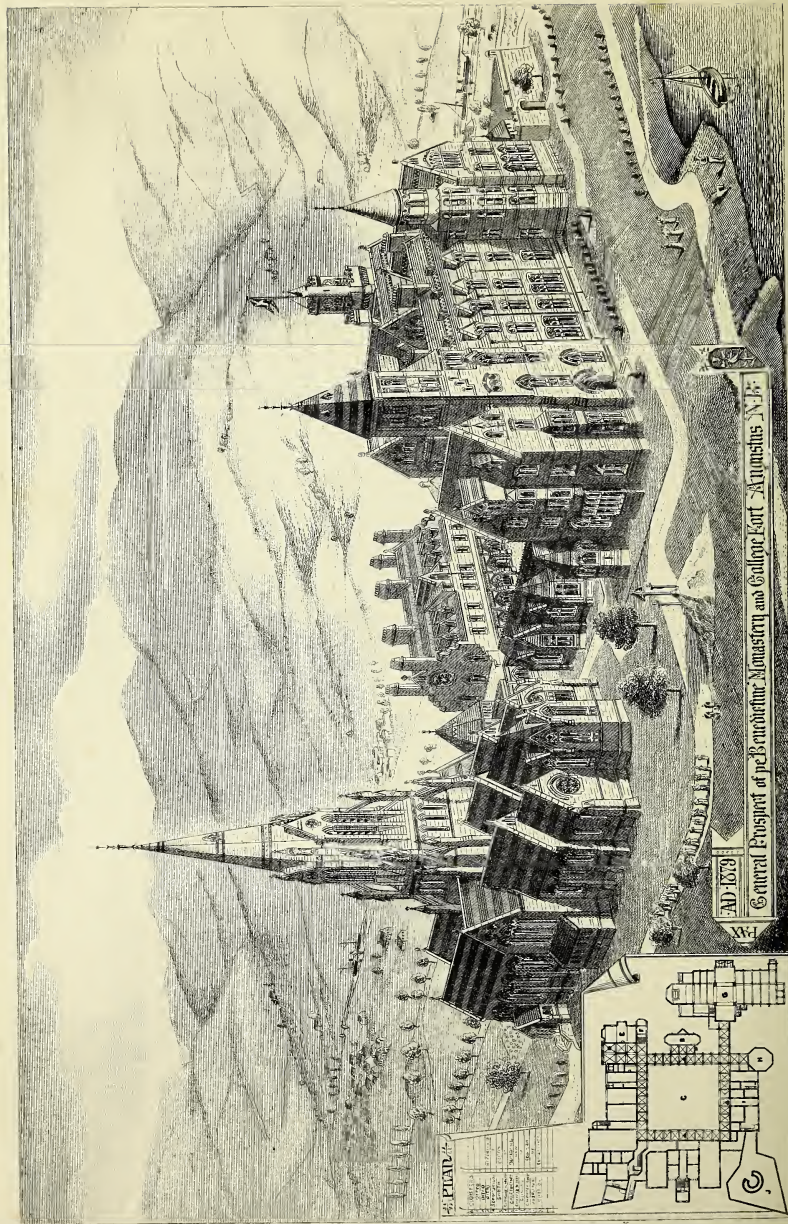
ON AUGUST 26TH, 1880,

BY THE

RIGHT REV. BISHOP HEDLEY, O.S.B.

LONDON: BURNS & OATES.

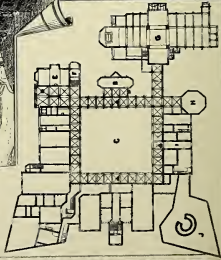
1880.



General Prospect of the Benedictine Monastery and College of St. Augustus, N.J.

AD 1879

FM



PLAN OF THE MONASTERY AND COLLEGE OF ST. AUGUSTUS, N. J. AD 1879

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2	MONASTERY
3	COLLEGE
4	CHAPEL
5	RECTOR'S HOUSE
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TO THE MOST REVEREND
JOHN,
ARCHBISHOP OF ST. ANDREWS AND EDINBURGH,
PRIMATE OF SCOTLAND,
THIS SERMON, PREACHED IN HIS PRESENCE,
IS DEDICATED,
IN REVERENCE FOR HIS OFFICE,
ESTEEM FOR HIS PERSON,
AND GRATITUDE FOR HIS KINDNESS.

S E R M O N .

Thus saith the Lord, who made a way in the sea, and a path in the mighty waters remember not former things behold I do new things, and now they shall spring forth, verily you shall know them.—ISAIAH xliii. 16, 19.

For those who have eyes to see and hearts to understand, God is perpetually working in the midst of this temporal world; and not only working, but working wonders and prodigies. History records how often He has visibly altered the course of secular things; our own senses tell us how His name fills the world at this moment; His servants praising Him and serving Him; those who seem to be in half darkness, or in total darkness, being not left without some sense of Him, which might save them, and which doubtless does save more than we know. The loudest talkers in the world seem too often to be His antagonists; yet they cannot continue even to seem reasonable and consistent without invoking Him under some name or other. He seems at this time and at that to be driven from realms He had conquered, to lose hold over tribes and nationalities which had heretofore known Him; but the acts of legislators do not alter the people's hearts, and many millions believe and love, and teach their children to believe and love, long after their leaders have ignored Him. And meanwhile, where He does reign as in His realm, He shines with His holy light, He transforms the hearts of His millions by His powerful grace, He rains down never-ceasing help, He keeps the feeble heart of man steady to Himself in the midst of all the attractions which environ it; and the visible kingdom of

His ministers, His temples, His word and His sacraments fills a large place—perhaps the largest place—even in the world of purely human and material things.

A work, therefore, which is begun in the name of the Lord, and, much more, a work which is begun on the well-recognizable lines of all His work, is very worthy of all our attention and all our respect. The establishment here, in the very heart of Scotland, of a monastery, a mission, and a school, is very different from the beginning of some private enterprise for emolument or for honour. The corner stone of this House is laid in Sion, where the One corner stone is laid. Its builders profess to build up the kingdom of God. Its inmates belong to the army of the Lord of Hosts, and their work and purpose is to share in the never-ceasing march and conquest of that army. They claim the Apostles as their fore-runners. They have for their fathers and their patterns the martyrs, the pastors, and the saints who have built up Christendom, held it together, and striven to repair its ruin. They claim to be now a part—a humble contingent—of that host of men who, since the days of Ninian, of Columba, of Kentigern, have lived and died for God's interests in this land of Scotland. They are of the same household and the same Gospel as the founders of Scotland's faith, the builders of her cathedrals, the beginners of her literature, the martyrs of her persecutions, the confessors of her restoration, the laborious pastorate and the devoted people of her present state of struggle and of hope.

God is never weary ; and the Church, as St. Chrysostom says, never grows old. His work, and therefore her work too, is most frequently gradual, noiseless and unobserved, like the growth of the seed, the springing of the blade, the ripening of the grain and the fruit. Yet there are eras and events on which we gladly fix our thought ; eras which subsequent facts have proved to be momentous ; events which,

now that we have history before us, we can see were the beginnings of a period, the water sheds of streams of destiny. Such, to leave unnoticed beginnings greater still, was the election to the Popedom of St. Gregory the Great; such was the preaching of Remy to the Franks, the mission of Augustine to the English. Such was the day when the Frankish masons of St. Ninian laid the first stones of the "White Church" of Whithern, near the shores of the peninsula which stretches out westward, as if to grasp the hand of Ireland. Such was the moment when Columba landed on Iona, on Whitsun Eve, twelve hundred years ago. Such was the moment when Columba exchanged his pastoral staff for Kentigern's on the banks of that broad western river where the second city of this empire now grows greater and greater every year. When the royal and saintly Margaret pleaded in a great council of the nation—her royal husband interpreting her English speech—for reformation and Roman customs, that was another great day in Scotland's annals—the beginning of an age of Faith which was to last five hundred years. And when the storm had swept over Scotland, God had not forsaken her. It was a time to be marked in chronicles when Bishop Hay laboured and wrote in the wynds of Edinburgh. And, passing over many things, what promise of the future was not wrapped up in the first meeting of the newly-created Hierarchy of Scotland? What commencement of fertile years in the day when, in obedience to Apostolic commands, Edinburgh and Glasgow, Dunkeld and Galloway, Aberdeen and the Isles, first welcomed each its Bishop?

We dare not prophesy; but we may hope and pray. And what we hope and pray for is, that this new foundation—this monastery, mission, and school—may be blessed by God as God has blessed His servants and their works in days gone by. The God who led Israel through the Red Sea bids us look for wonders still more mighty in days yet to come.

‘Remember not former things; behold I do new things.’ We pray that now they may “spring forth,” that men may now begin to “know them.” And we are not without warrant for our hope, and grounds of confidence in our prayer. This is a new work, but it has certain marks of God upon it. These walls are new, and not for many years have the shores of this distant loch known the men who are to dwell herein. But if the work be new, the fashion of the work is old. The foundation is laid in the old way; the beginnings are as God always begins. This is our hope and our good augury for the future.

It is an old way with the servants of the Lord of Armies to begin His work in trust, unprepared and unprovided. Thus Moses stood before Pharaoh; thus David met Goliath; thus Peter entered Rome; thus the Apostles of every age have gone forth without staff or scrip; and the mighty founders of monasticism have set up their huts on bare hill sides and held their first chapters in the forest underneath the sky. This foundation has been a work of trust and faith. The servants of God who form the first community of St. Benedict’s did not wait till a house was built and furnished and a safe revenue provided for their maintenance. Their pioneers came into the land with nothing. To settle in Scotland that they might help, ever so little, to win and sanctify Scotland, was their purpose. They looked to God, and they made up their minds to trouble, to labour, and to weariness of the flesh. It is true, God seems to have very quickly begun to answer their trustful faith. As in the times of the Ninians and the Columbas, princely men met them with princely offerings; lords of the soil, with Catholic instinct, welcomed them; great noblemen opened their treasures to them; generous hearts in England and Ireland, as well as in Scotland, rejoicing to know that the Kingdom of God might be spread and strengthened, helped them with true zeal and sacrifice. Even in the short time

which has elapsed since the work was begun, much has been accomplished. On this spot, from whence you look north-eastward down the long blue vista of the shores of one of Scotland's noblest lochs, there frowned a low-browed fortress, its gloomy ramparts strangely contrasting with the heath and pines of the mountains and the gracious waters that stretched up to its foot. It was a monument of a troubled time, an extinct menace of repression and severity, which, like some antique weapon in an armoury, brought back the memory of days of blood—harmless now, interesting still. Skilful hands have changed it all. Here and there you see the old lines of the military fort; once and again you come upon a casemate or a guardroom of the days of the second George. But all is transfigured, and, as if some angel's wand had summoned tower and cloister from the deep, the traveller sees a fair and lofty pile which but four years gone by did not exist. It is a house where God is worshipped, where the Holy Rule flourishes, and literature is beginning a history which will one day be added to the glorious traditions of so many ages and countries. Those who are gathered here to-day can see so much as that. They can see the habit of St. Benedict in the cloisters of a Gothic monastery; they can hear the solemn Office at its stated hours, never more, we trust, to cease, and observe the peaceful routine of a religious house set up in a home which is well calculated to fill the breast of the most indifferent stranger with admiration and delight. But what they cannot see is the hard work, the weariness, the rebuffs, the vexations, which have been the price of even so much as has been done. The founders of St. Benedict's have not, like secular builders, merely dipped their hands into well-filled purses, or taken money out of banks to put it into stone walls. Every stone, from foundation to roof, stands for trouble; mind or body, or both, have had to pay, piece by piece, for all that is done. This does not diminish the merit or the magnanimity of the large-hearted men who have

given their substance. But the idea of a foundation like this, the planning to carry it out, the fulfilment of necessary conditions of approval, the explanations, the personal interviews in that most unpleasant of characters, a beggar of alms, a solicitor of the favours of the wealthy—no kindness, no readiness could do more than somewhat soften the sacrifice involved in all this. That sacrifice has been, to some extent at least, accepted, or we should not be here to-day. But the beginning of this work was the cross. Yes! and if it be to succeed, its continuance must still be of and by the cross. Little, comparatively, is done as yet. Even if the character of the sacrifice may change, sacrifice must still be predominant here, or else there will be barrenness. To build up a community, a school, and missions, is more than to build a house. The founders of St. Benedict's trust for the future as they have trusted in the past. They expect men, means, scholars, conversions. They do not presume to carry in their hands the means of providing any of these. But they have taken their choice; they have thrown themselves on our Lord; their bodies are the price of future success; all they have in this world—chiefly their mental and manual labour—they have given to their Master. It is for Him to provide the rest.

Secondly, it is an old fashion with those who build in our Lord, to be more anxious about their own souls than directly about external results. They have learnt a secret. They have been down to Nazareth with their Master and their Model, and have studied the weapons with which He has conquered the world. They have seen there four Angels guarding the four corners of that holy house; and those Angels are, Obscurity, Obedience, Poverty and Labour. For thirty out of the thirty-three years which He had given Himself to make the world His captive, He lived in the shadows of those Angels' wings. That can only mean one thing—that these ministers are the attendants or the fore-

runners of all lasting success. Empires are founded by the sword, families are established by money, power is grasped by speech and by journalism. But the Kingdom of God is spread by the power of the Hidden Life. The empires and the families perish, and power decays before the bones of him who has wielded it are old. But what is done, or set up, after the fashion of Jesus is never lost or thrown away. It may be buried and lost to sight, like the seed in the furrow. Heavy stones may be laid upon its sepulchre, and the world may affect to go on as if it would never rise again; but the Easter morning comes, as surely as destiny, and what was done in secret is proclaimed upon the housetops. We are blessing to-day the home of a family of religious men; of men, that is to say, who have vowed themselves to the purification of their own hearts by voluntary detachment, and to the perfecting of their own lives by living for God alone. They will live a modest and a simple life, far away from crowds, from the centres of the world's influence, and the company of the great. They will work—and they must work—for every loaf of their daily bread. They will live by rule and obedience. Each will be the servant of the other. Their day will be a day of predominant prayer—prayer which will fulfil the threefold purpose of paying their debt of worship to God, of transforming and hallowing the whole activity of their lives, and of propitiating God's might and God's mercy in behalf of themselves, their labours and their flocks. In all charity, and joy, and peace; in kindness, goodness, long-suffering, patience, sweetness and fidelity; in modesty and continence and chastity, they will strive daily to draw nearer to God, to love one another, and to be made more worthy to win souls to Him. They have for the law of their life, next to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Holy Rule of St. Benedict. The first word of the Rule of St. Benedict is Obedience; its refrain is Christ our Lord. Its object and purpose is to teach men the hidden life of Naz-

areth. It is no new fashion but a very old one. Many strong men—many families and generations of strong men—have been formed by it. Many bands of Apostolic men, in many ages of the world, and in this age as in others, have carried it with them in their journeyings. It has taught them simplicity, detachment, and zeal for God; and conquest has followed its advance. The ancient heralds of the Gospel to Scotland were monastic men. The rule of St. Benedict, by the right of the more perfect and the stronger, swallowed up the rule of St. Ninian and the rule of St. Columba—not destroying them, but completing them. It is a good augury that that rule appears once more in this land, and that men who have come to give their labour and even their lives for Scotland's peace, have pledged themselves to take the best means of success by first of all transforming their earthly natures into some kind of likeness of Him whose poverty, and lowliness, and obedience, and suffering have gained Him the Kingship of this world.

Willing sacrifice, and personal purity—the cross, and the mortification of the cross—these are old divine fashions of divine work, and when we see them we see God's hand, and we prophesy success. But there are features in a work like this which are more striking still, and which appeal to a wider audience than the Catholics who are assembled here, or who, throughout the land, may read with joy and hope what has been done on these auspicious days. There are old fashions put into use again, in this foundation, such as the majority of the people of Scotland abandoned long ago, and have since remembered only to reject afresh. Wherever there is a Catholic priest and a Catholic altar, there is the Catholic Church herself. There was a time when that Church covered this Scottish land with her temples, and possessed it by the voice of her preaching. Now, the homes of her mysteries are but thinly scattered, and the words of her ministers do not reach the multitudes. But she has never

wholly disappeared. In the cities remnants gathered, in the worst of times, round a proscribed altar; brave clans held fast to the faith of their fathers; and, more lately, the faithful Irish populations have brought with them their belief and their devotion. But wherever there was a mass in a hired room, or in a shieling on the mountain side—wherever there is now a fair church, or a humble chapel—there is the awe-inspiring presence of that bride of Jesus Christ, who knows no old age or decrepitude, and is now as she has ever been. She was banished long ago from these lochs and mountains; she had returned and her face had been seen again; and now, to-day, she is showing herself more plainly, making her voice more clearly heard; and her face is the same, and her voice the same as all past centuries have known them to be.

The Church of Jesus Christ is the voice of God's Holy Spirit. Her office is to teach, to interpret, to enforce. Without her voice, loud and long-sustained as the angelic trumpet which proclaimed the commandments of Sinai, the Revelation of God would dissolve and well-nigh disappear. The proof of this lies before the eye. In those countries where the authority of the Church of Christ has been rejected, the truths of Revelation have diminished and are diminishing year by year. First it was the practical development of the divine life of the Church; next it was the dogmatic mysteries on which that practice rested; and now, lastly, it is the dictates of natural religion itself. Such is the spectacle which is to be seen in Germany, in England, and in America. But in Scotland we are met with a singular aberration from this general rule. In this land of hard and practical thinkers, of keen and successful toilers in the race of life, we find, not so much dissolution, as the crystallization of error. Scotland gave up Catholicism, and bowed her head to a dogmatic heresy. She rejected the Pope and took to herself spiritual rulers more absolute than any Pope,

ecclesiastical synods more intolerant than any council. Her theological rulers have been of the most despotic sort. They have resisted interference from the Crown—I am not blaming them for that—they have had no communication with Christendom at large, they have cut themselves off from history and the past, and, in their narrow vestry of a national church of a small nation, they have made carons and definitions, they have set up and put down, they have judged and condemned as if God's revelation began with John Knox, and ended with themselves. Two very natural things have happened in consequence of this dogmatism in misbelief; first, the laity, the bulk of the people, whilst going with them in theory, have made money and attended to the things of this world with small reference to the dictates of presbyteries; and, secondly, the ablest men among them have been and are unorthodox, or suspected. A narrow theology necessarily finds that human life beats remorselessly over the feeble breakwaters it seeks to raise; ecclesiastical intolerance, which is not the intolerance born of the truth and the whole truth, cannot keep its hold upon the questioning human heart. And at the present moment there are signs of a break up in Scottish orthodoxy. I do not rejoice in that; but I see that it must come about. Synods and presbyteries are disturbed with questions; the current of unbelief is eddying in the carefully-guarded harbours of both the kirks; rising men in the ministry are asking what right Protestant assemblies have to frown upon private judgment; and older men, who have lived their lives in the old standards and the old watchwords, are forced to their dismay to look to the very planks which are between themselves and the deep sea.

In the midst of confusion, doubt, change, and anarchy, the Catholic Church, unchanged and serene, shows her face once more. Before she opens her catechisms or unfolds her creeds, she claims to be in possession of the right to be

heard. She is the only voice in the world which professes to teach with authority. And Christ Jesus taught with authority; He sent His disciples to teach with authority; they sent their disciples to teach with authority; and the line of authoritative teachers knows no break from Titus and Timothy to the Bishops and pastors of this present day. That is the Church's claim. That is what is meant when any new church or temple of God is opened. That is what is meant when a solitary priest sets up his altar at a new station, or a community beg for help to build themselves a house. And that is what all men understand who have read in the public journals of the conversion of this old fortress into a monastery, and all who may read to-day of the gathering which has assembled to implore the blessing of God upon so much of it as is already complete. That the Catholic Church is, in the end, resistless, we well know. That she comes back where she has been driven away, and lives again when she has been killed; that she penetrates stone walls when doors are shut in her face, and descends from the clouds when her enemies are building ramparts against her—this, history and experience show. But it is to God's decision that hours and moments belong. Our labours must succeed; but not to-day, perhaps, nor to-morrow, nor yet the day after that. It may be long before Catholicism regains her hold upon the Scottish heart. Catholicism offers gifts which Scotchmen are perhaps among the last to appreciate. She invites them to bow their heads to the "obedience of faith" (*Rom. i., 5*). With St. Paul, she teaches that none can believe in God's supernatural revelation without real humility—without the casting down of self-conceit, private judgment, and independence of spirit. These are good things which are little cared for when men have tasted the pleasure of judging the word of God by their own lights, and measuring eternal truths by what they can see as they peep about in the narrow valleys

where they spend their spiritual life. It is, for the most part, precisely because belief involves a surrender of the joys of independence that so many men refuse—not to believe—but to make any dispassionate and fair examination of the claims of a Church which professes to teach them with authority. And if, in addition, the Catholic Church offers Truth and Peace, she is offering them to a generation which thinks that continual doubt and discussion are better than the known Truth, and that the only Peace worth securing is Peace to thrive in material things, in order that there may be the more leisure to wrangle for ever on things spiritual. In the days when Scotland was receiving her Christianity, the foremost men took a very different view from this. Eleven hundred and fifty years ago (A.D. 731), the first English historian—the Venerable Bede—lived at Jarrow, just south of the river Tyne, in the monastery of SS. Peter and Paul. The well-known differences between the Celtic and the Roman missionaries were at that moment in course of final extinction. It need not be said that these differences were very slight, and did not in any way directly affect matters of belief. The English Monastery of Jarrow was a stronghold of Roman tradition. It was to the monks of Jarrow that the Pictish nation, with their King, applied for full instruction on the disputed points; it was owing to words from Jarrow, written in all probability by Venerable Bede himself, that the Picts finally adopted the Roman customs, which their power and influence soon extended over the whole West, even to Iona itself. And it is of them that the Venerable Doctor writes the striking words, to be read in the fifth book of his History, that then “the nation of the Picts rejoiced in being united in peace and truth with the Universal Church.” Can it be that any nation or any race, professing to belong to the Body of Jesus Christ, can think without a stirring of the heart on what is meant by union in peace and truth with the Universal

Church? The first step to Scotland's conversion will have been well taken when she begins to see what it is to be isolated in the miserable insufficiency of her sectarian theology. Her sons make the whole world their home; her science is known wherever men read and think; her ships find their way over every ocean and to every port. But man does not live by bread alone. The spirit must be fed as the body must. The learned men of Scotland do not agree that Jesus has redeemed us with His blood; her pastors, in their various divisions, do not recognize one single sacrament; and her millions of workers, unable, as the millions ever must be, to attain to any spiritual system except what is handed to them from the thinkers, follow in discord the discordant leading of their pastors, and either passively accept or (more frequently) are indifferent to all religious subjects, except such as touch their material interests. They do not know that there is a mighty Kingdom of their Saviour's grace, built up and adorned, and even visible to their very eyes. They know nothing of the Universal Church. They have no sense of fellowship with the Apostles, the Martyrs, and the Saints. They do not know of the Sacrifice which every day draws Christian prayer into the mighty vortex which ascends to Heaven from their Saviour's heart. They see no Sacraments of their Saviour's blood—no fountains by the way, no streams in the desolate land, no wells in the desert. They do not recognize the heavenly attributes of that hierarchy which gives to men, for man's sake, such powers as angels never had. For them, the ascetic is a pitiable fool; the poor in spirit, the meek, and the mourners are wrong and despicable; the cloister is a prison; the sweet name of Mary, a provocation; the communion of saints, a superstition. They stand in the very presence of the Bride of Christ like some stranger in a great Cathedral, whose unmarking eye takes in the size and space, the glorious roof and various arch,

the great altar, the burning lamps, the sculptured saints and the frescoed walls; and who wanders out again with his feelings cold and his memory unawakened. The veil is on that stranger's heart. Did he but know! Then all that spacious temple, and every light and every shadow, and every worn step and faded banner, every bright new colour and sparkle of gold would be his book, his message, his strong warning, his comfortable hope, and he would fall on his very face before that immovable altar and cry out, as the wanderer in deserts did of old, "Thy altars, thy altars, O Lord of Hosts! my King and my God!"

In the olden times of Catholic Scotland the ancient mound whereon her kings were crowned, the Mote Hill of Scone, was known as the scene of more than one great assembly whence decrees had gone forth to confirm and establish God's kingdom in the land, and it was thence called the Hill of Belief. Three hundred and fifty years ago, within sight of that very spot, the Scottish preacher of revolt first proclaimed, in the old church of St. John at Perth, his rebellion; and it was from Perth, that very day, that the angry mob went out to wreck the historic palace of Scone and dismantle her sanctuary. The ancient unity and the more recent reign of violence have both gone by, never perhaps to return. But new things, and new things of God's doing, are happening with us, as they happened with those who are no more. It is always true that belief is good and indifference bad; that God's kingdom is a visible kingdom, which men must openly join or be against Him. Scotland is covered with the ruins of the past. But the present is the hour that men must understand. They may meditate in Iona, in Melrose, in Holyrood—but there are sanctuaries yet and temples still. Blessed is the man who gives his offerings to the building of God's house, and takes his place with fervour on the side of the Lord of Hosts,

THE SOLEMN OPENING

OF

S. BENEDICT'S COLLEGE & MONASTERY.

The completion of the Monastic and Collegiate buildings at Fort Augustus was celebrated by a three days' festival, commencing on Tuesday, the 25th of August. This celebration was intended as an offering in honour of the fourteenth centenary of the birth of S. Benedict, and at the same time as an act of reparation for the sacrileges committed in Scotland at the spoliation of the Monasteries during the Reformation. His Holiness the Pope had shown his approval of these intentions, by granting a plenary indulgence to all who should visit the Monastic Chapel, and approach the Sacraments on the last of the three days, a privilege similar to that which had been previously granted to all Benedictine establishments on the 5th of April of this same year.

A brief account of the occasion may be prefaced by a history of Fort Augustus up to the present date. Fort Augustus was built in 1729. Marshal Wade selected the spot as a convenient centre from which to overawe the warlike Highland clans that had risen in the rebellion of 1716. It is the middle point of the great glen of Albyn, through which the Caledonian Canal now runs, at the western extremity of Loch Ness, and commands the only available roads and passes in this part of the country. In more remote times the land had been the property of the monks of Beaulieu, near Inverness, and possibly earlier still, of some of the disciples of S. Columba, the traces of whose foundation still remain in the immediate neighbourhood. At this time, however, the district was part of the estate of the Chief of Clan Fraser, the Lord Lovat who, through his unfortunate connexion with the rising of '45, forfeited not only his estate but also his life. Fort Augustus was captured by the rebel army on their southward march, but afterwards re-occupied by the victorious army of Culloden. The captured Lord Lovat was confined in one of its dungeons before being taken to London, and from its walls issued the terrible companies who laid waste and almost depopulated the country, and committed the barbarities by which the "Butcher" Duke of Cumberland completed the subjugation of the Highlands. He left scarcely a single Catholic in a district where previously Protestantism was unknown. The Fort continued to be occupied by soldiers till the time of the Crimean War, since which it was unoccupied till the year 1867, when it was re-sold by the Government to the late Lord Lovat. In

1876, the present Peer made it over, together with some 16 acres of adjoining land, to the English Benedictine Congregation, for the purpose of restoring the Benedictine Order in Scotland, and the revenues of the neighbouring farm of Borlum were added as an endowment for 19 years.

The munificent donations of other eminent Catholics, English as well as Scotch, enabled the Fathers to proceed at once with the work of adapting the buildings to their own requirements. The Fort then consisted of four buildings in the form of a square, connected at the corners by angular bastions. Two of these bastions and the building between them on the south side of the square were completely removed. The building on the east side has been converted into a monastery large enough for forty monks; that on the north into the college; and that on the west into the hospitium or guest-house. These buildings are connected by a square of cloisters which enclose a quadrangle a hundred feet square. The church is not yet commenced; its purpose is served by a temporary wooden structure, which was completed for the opening ceremonies.

The monastery faces the lake, and is simple in structure. Its principal external feature is the great tower, 140 feet high, containing the "Mary" Bell over a ton in weight. Internally, it contains three galleries, with cells on each side, and the ground floor is occupied by lecture halls, library, calefactory, and refectory. The latter contains fifteen windows filled with stained glass, representing the armorial bearings of benefactors, the work of Messrs. Tipping & Co., of London.

Another tower rises on the north side of the College—facing the Caledonian Canal. It is in the Scotch Baronial style, 110 feet high, and contains a clock with four five-foot dials and nine bells, all from the works of Messrs. Gillett, Bland & Co., Croydon. In the basement of the College are lavatory, bath-rooms, shoe-room, and drying-room for coats, all heated by hot-water pipes, which are carried through the whole establishment.

The study hall, 25 feet high, class-rooms, play-room, and music-room, take up the first floor, and then come the private rooms for the upper students, with their library and billiard-room, in the fitting of which no expense has been spared. A corridor connects this portion with the Infirmary—a suite of rooms overlooking the lake near the kitchens, and under the care of the matron of the College. The dormitory takes up, in one large H-shaped room, the whole top floor, and is divided into separate cubicles—nine feet by six—furnished with wardrobe, oarpet, bath, washing basin supplied with cold water tap, and warmed with hot-air pipes. The College has been opened nearly two years, is connected with Glasgow University, which has appointed it as a "Local Centre," and prepares for London and other competitive examinations. The Benedictine fathers are assisted in teaching by non-resident professors from the English universities.

The guest house is intended for the reception and entertainment of visitors, friends of students, and for the convenience of clergy and others who wish to

make retreats. The basement story, with its stone arched roof, guard-rooms, and entrance, remains as it was in the days of the military occupation; a large entrance hall and staircase have been erected before the old entrance and on the bridge which spans the moat. The building contains about thirty bedrooms. The renovation of this structure, together with the cloisters and the newly erected portion of the monastery, are from the designs of P. P. Pugin, and reflect honour even upon that honoured name. The adaptation of the other portions were carried out under Mr. Joseph Hansom, and few strangers would believe that this part is not entirely new. Altogether the pile of buildings which now occupy the site of the once green and dull-looking Fort Augustus, with its pleasing variety of tower and pinnacle, belfry and spirette, gable and crested roof, with its arches and mullioned windows peeping between the verdure of thick-clad trees, and the whole reposing so calmly between a foreground of water and a background of heathery hills and purple mountain peaks, while it cannot fail to arrest the eye of the traveller and delight the sense of the lover of the artistic and picturesque, will also fill the heart of the Catholic visitor with higher and better feelings.

The proceedings of the opening ceremonies were as follows:—

TUESDAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

The ceremonies were begun at five with matins. Breakfast was served to the guests in the Hospice and Monastery between eight and nine, and at ten o'clock Pontifical High Mass was sung by the bishop of the diocese, Dr. Macdonald, of Aberdeen, in presence of the Archbishop of the province, Dr. Strain, of Edinburgh. The office of tierce was sung by the monks in the Scriptorium, which for the occasion was used as a secretarium. Before the office of tierce was sung, the archbishop and bishop were received by the monks at the door of the secretarium, and having been presented with holy water, were conducted to their respective thrones in the secretarium. The office of tierce having been begun, the archbishop and bishop received their respective vestments, and at the close of the office were conducted professionally through the cloisters to the chapel. The procession was headed by Brother Oswald (Mr. Hunter Blair), followed by the thurifer and acolytes. Then came the clergy walking two abreast, the others forming the procession being—The Right Rev. Abbot Smith of Glastonbury, Right Rev. M. Anderson, the Cistercian Abbot of Mount Bernard, Leicestershire; the Cathedral Prior of Peterborough, the Bishop of Adelaide, Bishop Hedley, O.S.B., of Newport, the Cathedral Prior of Chester, Brother Benedict (Mr. Weld Blundell), and the Bishop of Aberdeen, followed by train-bearers, assistants, and others—the whole scene being one that was imposing, interesting, and picturesque.

After the gospel, Prior Vaughan preached an eloquent sermon. Before beginning his discourse, the Prior said it was only the other day that he received letters from the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster and from his Lordship the Bishop of Birmingham saying, with great sorrow, that their

physicians had prohibited them from making a journey to Scotland on this occasion. In consequence of this, the holy and eloquent words which they should have heard they were deprived of. The Prior proceeded then to speak from the following text: "Fear not, for I am with thee; turn not aside, for I am thy God. I have strengthened thee, and have helped thee; and the right hand of my just One hath upheld thee. My grace is sufficient for thee, for power is made perfect in infirmity. Gladly, therefore, will I glory in my infirmities that the power of Christ may dwell within me." The first portion of these words was taken from *Isaia*, and the second part from the writings of the Apostle *St. Paul*. "These words," said *Prior Vaughan*, "express the spirit and the feeling which animated me, when, not much more than four years ago, I first came in sight of the gloomy and frowning walls of *Fort Augustus*. It was then a most inaccessible place—a rough place—a place completely out of the world; and the only way of reaching it at certain times of the year was by road, the journey involving many hours of exposed riding after leaving *Inverness*. There was little in those days that was bright about the place save the glorious mountains, the placid lake, and that scenery which is marked with God's holy hand. But the very solitude of the spot, its inaccessibility, its wildness—all these considerations that would have induced other minds to have rejected it for the purposes I had in view—formed inducements and attractions to me, strengthening my resolution to establish the Order of *St. Benedict* where these noble buildings now stand. And when difficulties in the way of carrying out what I contemplated seemed to surround me, when the forebodings of the worldly wise were gloomy, and the heavens seemed blackest and darkest, many a time would a streak of light on a sudden flash through the clouds, dispelling all doubts and fears and inspiring confidence and new courage. 'Fear not, for I am with thee; turn not aside, for I am thy God.' Divine Providence intended this house to be started in the spirit and in the manner in which our blessed founder would have started it. *St. Benedict* left an example to all divines. His blessed rules speak of tranquility, peace, solitude, contemplation, labours, toil, and daily prayer. He it was who left the great, prosperous, and luxurious city of *Rome*, fled like a startled hart to the wilderness of *Subiaco*, hiding himself in caves, burying himself among the rocks, drinking the water from the lonely river that flowed near him, feeding there his soul, expanding his great heart, and illuminating his mind with prayer and with divine communion with God. And so it is with us among these mountains at *Fort Augustus*, and beside this great and placid lake. The solitude, the rugged grandeur, and the very inaccessibility of the place form a charm and an attraction to us, who love to follow in the spirit, the feeling, and the example of the blessed *S. Benedict*." *Prior Vaughan* proceeded to relate the difficulties that had beset him in his desire to establish this College, and how, under the blessing and by the help of God, the work had succeeded so completely. It would be impossible, in a brief space, to narrate the

many extraordinary and marvellous ways by which God had marked His Divine will and pleasure in this undertaking during the course of the last four years. "We are now met," he continued, "in these magnificent buildings in order, in the first place, to give honour and glory to God, whose hand has been with us, and through whose grace and mercy these walls have been built up. And, in the second place, we are met in order that Scotland may offer to the great St. Benedict some tribute in honour of the 14th centenary of his birth. Great festivities have been held, and great solemnities observed, and great tributes have been offered throughout the world, in order to celebrate the 14th centenary of his birth; and here in Scotland—Scotland which was once in so glorious a manner the vineyard of St. Benedict—Scotland whose hills, and valleys, and cities boasted of some of the most magnificent ecclesiastical buildings in the empire—here in Scotland, last but not least, we are met this day to offer these entire buildings—College, Hospitium, Cloisters, Scriptorium, this temporary Church—and to lay all, as it were, at the feet of our holy father, St. Benedict. And with these buildings we give him our whole hearts, our devotion, love, obedience, the discipline of our lives; and, with that offering, we ask him to bless us his children, and to fill us with a divine, stable, peaceful, enduring spirit, that we may each one of us in our own day be found worthy to do some little for the glory of God and for the extension of His Church in this beautiful country. And we are met here also in order that we may make a public offering, and three days' prayer, as an act of reparation for the sacrileges and profanities which were permitted in this country in the extirpation of monasticism—committed at that deplorable time when the monastic life, and, I might almost add, the Catholic Faith were wiped out of this country. Who can tell the Satanic sacrileges and barbarities which during that unhappy period desecrated the Church of God? We know that, in the Old Testament days, it was the practice of the patriarchs and of the priests of the old Covenant to offer to God material things—offerings in order to wipe out guilt and sin; and Jesus Christ, as our Redeemer, came down to this earth that He might offer His own precious Body and Blood as an act of reparation for man's transgressions. And so, in harmony with the Old Testament, and the example of our blessed Lord Himself, we now offer to God these three days of prayer, of sacrifice, of peace, of tranquility, of loving labour, as an act of reparation for all the sins that have been committed in this country in the past." The Prior pointed out the glorious mission that lay before the people of God in this world. "And," he continued, "how is this to be accomplished but by filling our hearts with the Divine spirit of Christ himself, by identifying ourselves with His great mission upon earth, by making His work our work, by sacrificing ourselves to Him, by devoting our riches, our talents, and the energies of our souls and bodies to His divine worship? We may be weak instruments, but we will glory in our infirmities that the power of Christ may dwell

within us." In conclusion, Prior Vaughan made an appeal to unite in prayer to God to bless the work of the Church, and thereby to bring down upon this country great and signal blessings.

At the close of the service, luncheon was served in the refectory, and a large number of the visitors and monks went on an excursion in the afternoon to the Falls of Foyers in Mr. Neville's steam yacht. The weather was very fine, and the outing was greatly enjoyed. Others remained and devoted the time to the inspection of the new buildings. One feature in connection with these that attracted a great deal of attention was the beauty of the stained-glass windows. Vespers were recited at 6. Dinner was on the table at 6-30, and at 9 there was solemn Compline and Benediction, after which there was silence in the Monastery and Cloisters, and the guests assembled and had a conversazione, &c., in the Hospice.

WEDNESDAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

On Wednesday the proceedings were again interesting and impressive. The weather was remarkably fine, and, when not engaged in the services or otherwise, the guests sauntered about the beautifully-laid-out grounds of the College. National melodies were now and again chimed on the magnificent peal of bells which has recently been put up, while the Papal flag waved from the top of the flagstaff on the great baronial tower.

The Monastery and Hospice were crowded with visitors attending the Triduo. Among the guests at this celebration were the Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, the Bishop of Aberdeen, the Bishop of Adelaide, Bishop Hedley, O.S.B., Abbot Smith, O.S.B., titular of Glastonbury; Abbot Anderson, O. Cist., of Mount St. Bernard's; Abbot Wolf, O.S.B., of Atchison, Kansas, U.S.A.; Very Rev. Mgrs. Gadd and Wrennall, Very Rev. Dr. Smith, V.G., Very Rev. Priors Margison, O.S.B. (of Peterborough), Hall, O.S.B. (of Chester), Murphy, O.S.B. (of Norwich), Gasquet, O.S.B., of Downside; Rev. Fathers G. Browne, W. Brown, Shepherd, Jackson, Barnett, Turner, O'Neill, B. Caldwell, T. Caldwell, Pozzi, Dolan, and Fazakerly, O.S.B.; the Rev. F. Collins, O. Cist., the Rev. F. Smith, O.P., Sub-Prior of Woodchester, and F. Conway, O.P.; the Very Rev. F. Cuthbert, O.S.F., Father-Guardian of St. Francis's, Glasgow, and F. Antonine, O.S.F.; Rev. F. William Forbes-Leith, S.J., and F. James Forbes-Leith, S.J., both of Paris; the Revv. J. Clapperton (of Peebles), W. Clapperton (of Buckie), W. J. O'Shaughnessy, J. J. Kyle, A. Chisholm, J. Chisholm, D. Mackenzie, C. Mackintosh, Coll Macdonald, James Macdonald, A. Bisset, W. Dawson, Colin Grant, J. Sutherland (of Huntly), W. Smith, W. Mann, W. Loggie; and of the laity, Lord Lovat, Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Inverness, Lady Lovat, with the Master of Lovat, and the Hon. Misses Fraser; the the Earl and Countess of Denbigh, and the Ladies Clare and Edith Feilding; Hon. Lady Sausse, Hon. Mrs. Alastair Fraser, Hon. Colonel and Mrs. Talbot, Mr. and Mrs. F. De Trafford, Major Macdonald, of Glenaladale; Mr. Monteith, of Carstairs; General Macdonald, Mr. Keith Maclellan, of

Melfort; Mr., Mrs., and the Misses Macdonald, of Inverness; Mr. G. Elliot Ranken, Mr. Ogilvie Fairlie, Captain Chisholm, of Glassburn; Captain Vaughan, Miss F. Weld Blundell, Mr. James Blount, Mr. Stuart Knill, Mr. Charles Stewart (of Aberdeen), Mr. Smith-Sligo, of Inzivar; Mr. Russell Howell, Mr. J. Powell, Mr. P. P. Pugin, Mr. H. D. Harrod, Mr. and Mrs. C. Middleton, of Muirtown; and Miss Duff, Mr. Caithness Brodie, Mrs. Broadshaw, Mr. Andrew Macdonald, Mr. Alexander Macdonald, Mr. Neville, Mr. and Mrs. Corballis, of Moniach Castle, and family, Mr. A. Campbell, Mr. J. Slavin, Mrs. Craigie Halkett, of Cramond; Mr. Brand, Mr. and Mrs. Dawes, Mr. and Mrs. Angelo, Mr. T. Poynter, Mr. Herbert Robson, Mr. Ulrich, &c. Besides these, there were present of the choir monks of St. Benedict's, the Very Rev. Prior Dom Jerome Vaughan, Sub-Prior Dom Bernard Murphy, Revv. Fathers Dom Benedict Talbot, Dom Elphege Cody, Dom Alexius Eager, Dom Egbert Turner, and Brothers Andrew Delaney, Benedict Weld Blundell, Kentigern Milne, Michael Barrett, Paul Sheriff, Denis Morrison, Adrian Weld Blundell, and Oswald Hunter Blair.

WEDNESDAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

The proceedings were begun at five in the morning with matins, lauds, and prime. The fathers and guests had breakfast between eight and nine, and at ten o'clock was held the principal ceremony of the day. This ceremony was begun by the monks singing the office of tierce. By that hour the Bishops had assembled in the scriptorium, which again was used as a secretarium, and during the singing of tierce they were solemnly vested. At the end of tierce, the monks retired from the choir, and returned to the secretarium, where the relics of the saints, and also a large relic of the true cross were deposited. Among the relics were those of St. Andrew, St. Columba, St. Margaret, St. Augustine, St. Cuthbert, and St. Aidan. The relics were taken from this country at the time of the so-called Reformation, and conveyed to Rome in order to save them from the hands of the reformers. They have since been scattered among the churches, monasteries, and convents in and around the Eternal City, where they have been preserved till now, but were removed last June to St. Benedict's Monastery at Fort Augustus, to save them from the profane hands of the Jews in Rome. The relic of St. Benedict consists of a small piece of bone about two inches long. In the secretarium were also placed the sacred bodies of Saints Mauritius and Marcellus. These bodies were placed in two large ark-shaped reliquaries, that of St. Mauritius bearing the inscription in antique letters, "Corpus sancti Mauriti martiris," and that of St. Marcellus, "Corpus sancti Marcelli Martiris." The body of St. Mauritius was disinterred from the cemetery of St. Calixtus, in Rome, and that of St. Marcellus from a cemetery on the Via Tiburtina. Along with it when found was a phial of blood, betokening martyrdom, while the name was engraved on the sepulchral slab. The reliquaries, as they lay in the secretarium, were incensed by the Archbishop, and then the procession was formed.

The procession having started from the door of the secretarium, divided into two files, one, taking up the one side of the cloister and the other file the other, leaving a wide open space in the centre. The procession wended its way up the grand staircase of the Monastery, and slowly proceeded round the open ambulatory above the cloister. Descending again by the great staircase, it went right round the cloister till it reached the secretarium, and, having re-entered it, deposited there the sacred relics. While proceeding along the ambulatory and the cloister, the procession sang hymns of the saints whose relics were carried, and also the Litany of the Blessed Virgin.

The Prior of the Monastery, the Very Rev. Father Vaughan, led the procession, carrying a beautiful banner of S. Joseph, the kind gift of Mr. Chamberlain, of Birkdale Park, with the inscription—"S. Joseph, pray for us." He was followed by the acolytes. Lord Lovat came next, dressed in his Highland kilt, bearing the banner of S. Andrew, and after his lordship the religious and secular clergy, walking two and two, in the habit of their respective Orders. Conspicuous amongst the numbers, by the peculiarity of their robes, were two Franciscans from Glasgow, and two Cistercians from Mount St. Bernard's, in Leicestershire, and two Dominicans. Captain Chisholm, of Strathglass, in kilt, followed the clergy with a banner of the Sacred Heart, and then there walked three abbots in cope and mitre. Major Macdonald, of Glenaladale, also in kilt, carrying a banner of the Blessed Virgin, inscribed with the words, "Mater Purissima;" and Mr. Keith Maclellan, of Melford, likewise dressed in the kilt of his clan, carrying a second banner of the Sacred Heart, with the motto, "Ave Cor Jesu," occupied the next places in the procession, and these were followed by the Sub-Prior of the Monastery, Prior Murphy, who bore a relic of S. Benedict. The relic consisted of a piece of bone about an inch and a half in length, and it was enclosed in a gilt frame covered with glass. The thurifer kept constantly incensing the relic as it was borne along. A casket containing a number of relics, mostly consisting of fragments of bones, was next carried, and was in charge of two priests, attended by two torch-bearers. The Bishop of Adelaide, Dr. Reynolds, who was in full canonicals for the celebration of High Mass, walked behind the priests bearing the relics, and following his lordship were Bishop Macdonald, of Aberdeen, and Archbishop Strain, of Edinburgh, all of whom were attended by assistants, themselves dignitaries of the Church. The bodies of S. Maurice and S. Marcellus were also carried in the procession, the one on the shoulders of four monks in the cowls of their Order, and the other on the shoulders of four priests in dalmatics. The bodies were enclosed in large ark-shaped cases, painted white and gilt, and to each was attached a document authenticating the relic. The rear of the procession was brought up by the community, the monks walking two and two, and by the laity at present at Fort Augustus. Amongst the latter were the Earl of Denbigh, Captain Vaughan (brother of Prior Vaughan), Mr. Neville, the Countess of Denbigh, Lady Lovat, Lady Clar,

Fielding, Hon. Lady Sausse, Hon. Mrs. A. Fraser, Mr. Corballis, Miss Frida Weld-Blundell, and Mrs. Craigie-Halkett. The procession, as seen on the ambulacrum, presented a very fine appearance. In length, it occupied nearly the whole square of the ambulacrum, and the gorgeous vestments of the prelates, and the gold and the gilt of the banners, glistened in the morning sunshine. The procession moved slowly and with great solemnity, and the monks and priests carried lighted candles. During most of the time the clergy chanted the hymns of the saints whose relics were carried, and the laity also joined in the singing of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. Having completed the circuit of the ambulacrum and the cloisters, the procession returning to the Scriptorium, in which the relics were again deposited, and the procession was blessed with the relic of S. Benedict by the Archbishop. This valuable relic belonged formerly to the English Franciscans, and was given by the last surviving member of that English branch of the Order to the late Mrs. Herbert, of Clytha, who bequeathed it to Prior Vaughan. The clergy afterwards formed in open file in the cloister outside the Scriptorium, and the various dignitaries passed through into the church, where Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Adelaide, in presence of the Metropolitan Bishop of the Diocese, the music of the Mass being Gregorian. Bishop Ullathorne, who was to have preached, was unable to be present, owing to indisposition, and the place allotted to him was not taken by any of the other dignitaries present.

After luncheon the guests took advantage of arrangements made for conveying them to various places of interest in the neighbourhood. Tea was served on the terraces between the monastery and the loch about four o'clock, and vespers and compline were recited about 6-15. Dinner was at half-past six, and shortly after nine, in the dim twilight of the evening, a magnificent procession of the Blessed Sacrament took place. The religious and secular clergy who took part in this ceremony assembled in the Secretarium at the appointed hour, and thereafter proceeded to the church, where the procession was formed, the Blessed Sacrament being borne by Bishop Hedley, while Lord Lovat, Captain Chisholm, Glassburn, Major Macdonald of Glenladale, and Mr. Caithness Brodie carried the canopy. All the dignitaries that took part in the early procession took part in this one also, and there was in addition two Dominican Fathers, who had arrived from Woodchester. The different Monastic Orders (Benedictines, Franciscans, Dominicans, and Cistercians) were thus represented, and there was also a Jesuit, Father Forbes-Leith of Paris. About one hundred clergy and three hundred laymen altogether took part in the ceremony. In addition to the Blessed Sacrament, there were also borne aloft the banners of St. Joseph, St. Andrew, *Mater Purissima*, and two of the Sacred Heart—all these being carried by prominent laymen. The church was re-entered shortly before ten, and Benediction was given.

At the close of the service Prior Vaughan stated that the Bishop of the Diocese had empowered all the priests present to hear confessions, and that these priests would be ready to hear confessions immediately thereafter, and also from six to eight next morning.

A conversazione afterwards took place in the college.

THURSDAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

To-day, as on the previous days of the Triduo, the ceremonies were very elaborate, and their performance was favoured with the most beautiful weather. The programme began with Matins and Laud and Prime at six o'clock, and the services were followed by breakfast in the refectory. At half-past ten o'clock there was a grand procession of the whole clergy and laity in connection with the blessing of a number of statues of saints that have been erected within the buildings. The statues, beautifully carved in caen stone, are placed in niches at the various angles of the quadrangular cloister, and apart from their religious significance they give a fine finished appearance to the noble appurtenance of the Monastery. There are eight such statues in the cloister—viz., those of S. John the Baptist, S. Martin of Tours, S. Scolastica, S. Margaret of Scotland, S. Placid, S. Maurus, S. Joseph, and S. Teresa. The statue of S. John represents the apostle dressed in a camel's skin, and holding in his hand a circular tablet with the lamb of God in deep relief. S. Martin of Tours, who loved the poor, is portrayed in flowing episcopal robes, and in one hand he carries the crozier, while the other is in an attitude of blessing. These two statues, being the figures of the saints to whom S. Benedict had special devotion, are placed at the entrance to the Monastery. S. Scolastica is robed as an Abbess, and she holds in her hand the book of Holy Rule. The statue of S. Margaret is held in special veneration by the Fathers, whose Order Queen Margaret was the first to introduce into Scotland. These two saints stand near the refectory. The statues of S. Placid and S. Maurus, who are the patrons of youth, are placed on the college side of the quadrangle. S. Placid has the Rule of S. Benedict in the one hand, and the martyr's palm in the other; and S. Maurus, who was the first to introduce the Rule into France, also carries a book, which is symbolical of it, in his hands. S. Joseph is represented with the artistic emblem of the lily in his hand, and the protraiture of S. Teresa includes a fiery heart borne in one hand, which is intended to symbolise the burning love of the saint for Christ. These two saints stand near the vacant site of the future church.

Prior to the ceremony of blessing the statues, the dignitaries and clergy were solemnly vested in the Scriptorium, outside of which in the south cloister the laity stood in two lines along the walls. The preliminary ceremonies having been concluded, the procession was formed in the cloister. It proceeded first to the statue of S. John the Baptist, the blessing of which was performed by the Right Rev. Father Anderson, the Cistercian Abbot of Mount St. Bernard's, in Leicestershire. Prior Vaughan, in

sonorous tones, sung forth an invocation to the saint, and the officiating prelate added the words, "Our help is in the Lord," to which the brethren replied, "who made both Heaven and earth." The Abbot then chanted "The Lord be with thee," and their choir responded, "And with Thy spirit." The prayer set forth in the Roman ritual for the blessing of a statue was then said, and the ceremony was concluded with the sprinkling of the statue with holy water. The same proceedings were gone through in the case of each of the other statues, and the procession, which was a very imposing one, chanted as it moved from one angle of the cloister to the other. A different priest officiated at the blessing of each statue—namely, Abbot Wolf of America, the Right Rev. the Abbot of Glastonbury, the Very Rev. Prior Cathedral of Chester, the Very Rev. the Cathedral Prior of Peterborough, the Rev. Father Kyle, and the Rev. Father Colin Grant. At the close of the ceremonies the procession passed out of the cloisters by the entrance to the Hospice into the open air, in presence of a considerable company of tourists, and entered the church by the public doorway.

Tierce, Sext and None were then recited, and the Archbishop celebrated pontifical High Mass, wearing his pallium on account of the exceptional solemnity of the occasion. The several ablutions before, during, and after mass were offered to his Grace by Lord Lovat as lord of the soil. Lord Lovat and the other Highland gentlemen, who carried the canopy and banners in the processions, wore the tartans of their respective clans. The Very Rev. Prior Gasquet, of Downside College, and the Rev. Wolstan Barnett, of Workington, acted as deacon and sub-deacon of the Mass, and Very Rev. Mgr. Gadd, of Manchester, again officiated as master of ceremonies. The sermon was preached by the Right Rev. Bishop Hedley.

In the afternoon a distinguished party of 150 ladies and gentlemen sat down to dinner under the presidency of the Prior.

Dinner over, Prior VAUGHAN proposed the health of "Leo XIII. and of Her Majesty the Queen." He said that in an old book which he hoped would always be revered and deeply studied by the students of this College, and which was read morning and evening in the refectory, he met with a precept which was summed up in one sentence, but which conveyed a double duty—"Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's." What the Sacred Scripture had united in one breath he would not separate on this occasion. He proposed conjointly the toast of His Holiness and of the Queen. He said that as Catholics they gave strong, undying, and burning love to the Pope, whilst they offered a deep, steadfast, and unswerving allegiance to the Queen. It was one of the leading principles insisted upon by the Church to obey the powers that be, and to respect the laws of the land. (Great applause.) Their love towards the Pope rendered them better subjects, and therefore they felt that as Catholics they were fulfilling their duty not only in their domestic relationships and in their daily lives, but on all such public occasions as the

present, when they wished long life, health, and prosperity to Her Majesty. (Cheers.)

Prior VAUGHAN next proposed "The health of His Grace the Metropolitan of Scotland, Archbishop Strain," and in doing so remarked on the delight he experienced in seeing such a number of bishops and mitred dignitaries of the Church gathered around him in S. Benedict's Monastery. Without the presence of Archbishop Strain the gathering would have been incomplete and inadequate. His presence was the crown and the perfecting of this assembly. He had come here in a certain sense to take possession of his own, and it gave him and his community great pleasure to offer him a "Highland welcome."

Archbishop STRAIN returned thanks. He said from what he had heard of the work undertaken by the Prior, his expectations had been raised very high, but on seeing the beautiful building in which they were met these expectations were fully realised. More than that, when he saw the glorious procession with the sacred symbols, in which so many representatives of Religious Orders, bishops, and abbots took part, he felt very much affected. It appeared, indeed, as if they were going back to the old Catholic times. It was the grandest celebration he had ever been present at, and only in the Eternal City itself had he ever felt as he did when viewing that sacred procession. One of the most wonderful things connected with the Monastery was the magical, or rather—for he would not use the term magical—the wonderful apidity with which it had arisen. He hoped the celebration would be the beginning of a new religious era in this country. (Applause.) There were formerly many monasteries of the monks of S. Benedict in this country, which were now, alas! reduced to ruins, and they had now to restore these houses. A noble beginning of this restoration had been made by the efforts of the Rev. Prior who sat next him. (Cheers.) He hoped when the famous New Zealander sat upon a broken arch of London Bridge sketching the ruins of St. Paul's, when he came to S. Benedict's Monastery he would find it not in ruins, but entire as it was at that moment—(laughter and applause) and that he would also see the flag of the Church floating from the highest tower. (Cheers.)

Bishop HEDLEY proposed "Prosperity to the Monastery and College of S. Benedict," and in doing so he remarked the splendour of the building and the beauty of its surroundings. When assisting at Matins in the choir the other morning and reciting in this new House of the Order in the North the Divine Office with those who had been his dear and familiar friends in the South he felt deeply moved. He believed the establishment would succeed because it had been commenced in the true spirit of S. Benedict. He believed that the College would grow also into a flourishing institution. The situation was very suitable for boys. It was far away from everything; but that was no drawback in these days, when railways annihilate space. There was, at any rate, no lack of two things conducive to health—viz.,

water and mountain. (Laughter.) Health, they knew, was the foundation of education. The College was also so conducted as to take the highest rank among educational establishments, because it aimed at employing the best means and the best methods possible. In order to teach the higher branches he believed they did right in employing experts who were not priests. (Applause.) Humility and considerateness for others was the rule of the Benedictines, as it was also of the true gentleman, and this the boys were taught to observe. All who knew him in his school-days knew that the Rev. Prior would distinguish himself some day, and they only wanted to see how much more he was going to do after the work he had already accomplished. (Applause.)

Prior VAUGHAN, in responding to the toast, said not too much credit should be given to him for what had been done, because he would have been nowhere if unaided by the support of many kind friends. (Applause.) He remarked that the system of education pursued in the College was eminently Benedictine. This system had produced great statesmen and great bishops, and great saints in the times gone by, and there was no reason why it should not do so again. They hoped, with the help of God, to carry out the spirit of their holy father S. Benedict, and to educate their boys to be true gentlemen and polished scholars.

Prior MURPHY said he had to propose the health of Lord and Lady Lovat. (Applause.) The connection of the toast with the remarks of the Very Rev. Prior was very obvious, for they owed their present position—the very ground they stood upon—to the generosity of his lordship. (Applause.) No place could have been better fitted for a monastic house or more calculated to raise the heart and mind to the contemplation of holy things than the one which his lordship had selected. But they felt even more indebted to his lordship for his moral support and wise counsels. (Applause.) They all knew and appreciated his lordship's qualities, and how faithfully and well he performed the responsible duties pertaining to his position as a Scotch laird. The appreciation had been shown by the appointment of him as Lord Lieutenant, and he was also colonel of the local regiment of militia. (Applause.) Lady Lovat had also shown her active interest in the undertaking in many ways. She had also assisted them in giving to the world what he hoped was only the first of a series of Benedictine publications.

The toast was drunk with Highland honours and great cheering.

Lord LOVAT begged to thank them for so cordially drinking the health of Lady Lovat and himself. The remarks of the Very Rev. Sub-Prior were, however, too flattering as regards himself. ("No, no.") He could only accept them in part, the idea of the gift of the site of S. Benedict's Monastery being entirely carried out through a wish which his father long cherished that he should do something for the Benedictines. (Applause.) In regard to Lady Lovat they might feel indebted partly to Prior Vaughan's relationship with her for the idea of the undertaking. His tie with this

country it was that gave him (Lord Lovat) the opportunity of bringing the Prior over to see the place, and whenever he saw it, it was approved of as the site for the building. (Applause.) At that time they had little thought to see such a glorious pile as had been raised on the spot, nor did they expect to witness such an assemblage as appeared there that day, or to see so many and so beautiful ceremonies as were witnessed in the church during the last three days. It gave him more than pleasure to see what had been accomplished. One thing he might remark was, that although what he had done might possibly bring him much popularity among Catholics, among those who were associated with him in the county it might be considered that he was doing more for the cause of Catholicity than they would like. He had always tried to show entire impartiality in regard to the management of his estates, and in county affairs. (Applause.) That was as he believed everyone ought to do, but every man ought also to possess the courage of his opinions. (Cheers.) He considered that he was only putting the things of God first, leaving the others to follow after. (Applause.) Those who disapproved now would come to approve ultimately of his conduct. No one would feel it more than he would, or the Benedictines either, if they were felt to be treading on anyone's toes by doing what he and they felt they were perfectly entitled to do. (Applause.) What he had done he had done conscientiously for the benefit of their common religion, and they had no wish to interfere with anyone more than to encourage instruction. He wished to exercise in that place only a legitimate influence, and to give really solid instruction to those who were connected with them. (Applause.) His lordship concluded by proposing the health of the Bishop of the Diocese.

Bishop MACDONALD briefly responded, and in doing so he expressed the great interest he had felt in the undertaking, and the pleasure with which he had attended and taken part in the various ceremonies on that occasion. (Applause.)

Prior VAUGHAN next proposed "The Benefactors."

The Earl of DENBIGH responded. He said—As I have been called upon to return thanks for the benefactors to this Monastery, I can only express my hearty wish that those two of my friends who have already been mentioned as among the principal had been here to answer to the toast—the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Bute. If the shades of the departed are ever permitted to revisit their former haunts, what must be now the feelings of General Wade, who built the old fort 150 years ago, in seeing the very premises which used to resound with the dicing and oaths of his rough soldiers now echoing the holy chaunts of Benedictine monks? And, indeed, I hardly know which sentiment predominates most in my heart when I contemplate what has been done here within the last four years—wonder, admiration, or satisfaction—satisfaction at the extraordinary mercy of God, which has planted here in so wonderful a manner a centre from which may

be spread the seed of the Gospel and the teaching of the Holy Faith. I am not so afraid of the term *magic* as is the Most Rev. Archbishop. There is an underground magic from below, and also a celestial one. In this case the Rev. Prior has been the Aladdin, and the magic has been the irresistible charm of his presence and his power of persuasion. He has a big heart, which causes him to spare no personal sacrifice on his own part, and he therefore expects others to be capable of doing the same. He, like Aladdin, rubbed the lamp, the lamp of the Faith, and offered an old lamp in place of the many new ones which had been manufactured within the last 300 years. Here is the secret of his success. I can well understand the feelings of consolation which will pervade the breast of my noble friend Lord Lovat as he wanders about his favourite haunts—may be following his favourite sport—and hears the sound of the Monastery bells floating over the water and filling the recesses of the corries and glens of these lovely hills, telling of the holy orisons, in which he knows he is not forgotten. Long may he live to enjoy them, and may every blessing descend upon him. And we who are termed benefactors have the consolation of feeling that we, too, have also our share, and that those brass plates which we have seen below, as perpetual mementos of us, will claim a prayer for us and our kindred after us. Though an Englishman, I must own to having a very soft place in my heart for Scotland, for in her I received the greatest and most precious blessing of my life—the gift of faith in the true Church; and I would here beg of you a kindly and sympathetic thought, and even ask your prayers for me on the day after to-morrow, which is the 30th anniversary of that event. It is not wonderful, then, that I should long for the same blessing to be granted to the whole of Scotland, once so eminent for its Catholic Faith, and which possesses yet so many natural virtues and such native worth. May this Monastery be the means of conveying it, and may it flourish and endure.

Dom Benedict TALBOT proposed “The Guests.” He regarded it as a great honour to be allowed to propose such a toast, and he did not know why the Prior had selected him for this honour. He supposed that, being Procurator of the establishment, and having had to prepare an extensive bill of fare during the last three days, it might be thought that he owed the guests a grudge, and now had an opportunity of paying it off. But the reverse was the case. It was a pleasure to him to spend himself and be spent in so good a cause, and in saying this he knew he was expressing the feelings of the whole monastic community. He proposed the toast of “The Clergy and Laity,” and called on Dr. Smith, V.G., of Edinburgh, to reply for the clergy, and Mr. Monteith for the laity.

Dr. SMITH, in reply, expressed his thanks in the name of the clergy, secular and regular, for the welcome they had received within the magnificent Benedictine establishment. He hoped that the day was not very distant when he should see held in this hall the first Synod of Scotland. (Applause.)

The other toasts were the Bishop of Adelaide and Abbot Wolff of America. Prior VAUGHAN then proposed “The Architects.” Mr. Joseph Hansom,

of London, four years ago, in spite of his advanced age and failing strength, had undertaken to convert the old fort into a College and a Monastery, and had succeeded in his efforts. Much credit was due to him, and he publicly tendered his thanks and congratulations. Later on, as funds came in, Mr. Pugin was called in to erect those glorious cloisters and monastic tower which are the admiration of all who see them. The great name of Pugin will ever be associated with the revival of Gothic architecture in this country, and with what is purest and most beautiful in Christian art. Peter Paul Pugin has inherited the true feeling of the Ages of Faith, and we augur for him a distinguished career. He wished also to tender his thanks to the contractor, Mr. Ritchie. A contractor more honest, faithful, upright, and skilful he did not believe it possible to find throughout Scotland. Much credit was also due to the clerk of the works, Mr. Cruickshank, for the way in which he had pushed on the work the last two months.

After dinner the assembly dispersed. Some strolled through the Monastery, some through the College, the excellent material appointments of which, as a place of education, we have already put on record. The majority sauntered to the banks of Loch-Ness to enjoy the evening breeze, and to stroll along the margin of beautiful green turf which borders the lake. The view in every direction was seen to the best advantage, the hills of Glengarry showing out very distinctly, the soft-wooded vale of Ardachy looking warm and sheltered in the glow of the evening sun, and Loch-Ness, the distinguishing feature of the landscape, appearing to great perfection. One after another, half-a-dozen gaily-painted boats issued from the boathouse, each bearing a freight of ladies and gentlemen, who were rowed about by the boys of the college. In one of them stood erect the well-known stalwart figure of Captain Chisholm, Glassburn, 42nd Highlanders, and he blew a blast from his bagpipes that in the stillness of the evening must have been heard for miles along the water. The arrival of the steamer from Inverness added to the picturesque character of the scene: she was seen a long way off forging steadily ahead with flags flying, and as she neared her destination Captain Chisholm blew a louder blast from the little boat. On shore also there was pipe music, and a dance was got up on the green sward glacia of the College; the visitors crowded round, and it was very strange to the people of this country to see among them so many Benedictine black gowns and hoods, with a sprinkling of white, and white and black frocks of the Cistercian and Dominican orders of friars. There were also present two members of the Society of Jesus, but they wore no distinctive dress. When the evening was well advanced the bells rung out an invitation to supper. The boats betook themselves to the boathouse, and the pipers put aside their instruments. Vespers were recited at six o'clock.

About ten o'clock all wended their way to the chapel, where Archbishop Strain gave Benediction, during which the "Te Deum" was sung. Thus was brought to a termination this great and memorable Triduo, the Inauguration of the Revival of Monasticism in Scotland.



