

was on a journey, or was sleeping, and heeded not their prayers. At length the mighty monarch of the woods shivered through all his leafy branches, tottered on his throne, reeled, crashing down, and lay prone upon the ground, shattered into pieces by the fall. The vast multitude were convinced that the Lord He is the God, and from the timber of their fallen idol was constructed a chapel for the worship of Christ.

Soon throughout the Schwartzwald, writes the historian of the conversion of Germany, "the heathen temples disappeared; humble churches rose amid the forest glades; monastic buildings sprang up wherever salubrity of soil and the presence of running water suggested an inviting site; the land was cleared and brought under the plough; and the sound of prayer and praise awoke unwonted echoes in the forest aisles. The harvest truly was plenteous, but the labourers were few."

At Mayence on the Rhine Boniface established his see in 751. As he was the son of a wheelwright he assumed as his seal a pair of wheels. To this day, after twelve hundred years, these are still the arms of the city. They are inscribed in stone on the city gates, blazoned on the city standards, and perforated on the vanes of its towers. This humble heraldry of toil is nobler than any heraldry of arms.

The venerable missionary, venerable both by his years and his apostolic character, boldly rebuked sin in high places. The smiles or frowns of earthly potentates inspired in him neither hope nor fear. Learning that King Ethelbald of England was living a life of flagrant sin, he administered a scathing reproof, and tried to shame him into repentance by contrasting his conduct with that of the pagan Saxons in the German forests, who, though without the law of Christianity, did by nature the things

contained in the law, and testified by stern punishments their abhorrence of the crimes committed by the recreant Christian king.

Though bowed beneath the weight of years and labours manifold, the missionary ardour of this apostolic bishop knew no abatement. Six times he crossed the Alps in the interest of his vast mission field. The welfare of his spiritual flock was a burden that lay heavy on his heart. In his seventy-fifth year he was called upon to restore upwards of thirty churches which had been destroyed by invasions of the heathen Frisians. He made an urgent appeal to Pepin of France for the protection of the persecuted Church. He wrote:

"Nearly all of my companions are strangers in this land. Some are aged men who have long borne, with me, the burden and heat of the day. For all these I am full of anxiety, lest after my death they should be scattered as sheep having no shepherd. Let them have a share of your countenance and protection, that they may not be dispersed abroad, and that the people dwelling on the heathen borders may not lose the law of Christ. My clergy are in deep poverty. Bread they can obtain, but clothing they cannot procure unless they receive aid to enable them to persevere and endure their hardships. Let me know whether thou canst promise the granting of my request, that, whether I live or die, I may have some assurance for the future."

This truly apostolic epistle brings to us across the dim and stormy centuries the assurance of the faith and prayers and godly zeal with which the foundations of the Christian civilization of the German Vaterland were laid by this pious English monk so many hundred years ago.

His work was well-nigh done. His death was as heroic as his life. Though upwards of seventy-five years of age, his missionary zeal burned as brightly as when in his eager youth in his English home he yearned to preach the Gospel to the pagan tribes. He resolved to make