

devotion, reading, writing and manual labor. For thirty-four years Columba presided over them, and shared with them the work of the farm.

Nor did the brethren forget their responsibilities as missionaries. In frail coracles they might often have been seen braving the northern seas in their efforts to evangelise the islands. And soon the Gospel of Christ had penetrated Scotland from sea to sea.

The sixth century was fast drawing to a close when Columba passed away—about the same time that another Christian missionary from a very different quarter was landing upon the shores of Kent. Augustine and Columba are two names that must ever be associated with the conversion of Saxon England—Augustine from Rome, Columba from Ireland. But it is the Irish or Celtic mission which, as we shall presently see, contributed most to our English Christianity. It was a mission that was entirely independent of Rome. The Roman legions had never penetrated into Ireland, and Irish Christianity was peculiar to itself—a strictly native growth.

Bearing this in mind, we now turn to the conversion of Kent. Augustine landed with forty companions in the isle of Thanet in the year 597 A.D. Most of our readers will remember the beautiful story connected with his coming: how Gregory, Archdeacon of Rome, walking one day in the marketplace of that city, saw a group of blue-eyed, flax-haired children standing there. They were waiting to be sold as slaves. On inquiring to what nation they belonged, he was told they were Angles; that they ought to be 'angels,' was his ready reply. And from that day Gregory never forgot their faces. When he became bishop of Rome, he singled out Augustine, and sent him with forty others to evangelize Saxon Britain.

It is probable that Gregory knew little or nothing about the ancient British Church, which was still flourishing among the fastnesses of the Welsh mountains. Saxons and Britons had little in common, and the Britons made no attempt to impart christianity to those who had turned them out of their homes.

The approach of Augustine to Canterbury, the royal city of Kent, was worthy of the occasion, for it was the first introduction of the christian faith amongst the Anglo-Saxons. With a silver cross borne in front of them, and a banner on which was depicted the crucified Saviour, the little missionary band descended what is now S. Martin's hill, chanting a litany. The king, Ethelbert, received them kindly, and gave them leave to preach amongst his people; finally, he himself became a convert and was baptized, and large numbers followed his example. No doubt this favorable reception of the Gospel was in part owing to the fact, that the queen, Bertha, was already a christian. But it was also partly due to the open-mindedness of Ethelbert himself.

Canterbury now became a Bishop's See, and Augustine was the first bishop.

Once established, the Faith of Christ quickly spread. East Anglia, comprising the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, gave it a welcome, as did also the kingdom of Essex. Rochester and London became bishoprics, with Justus and Mellitus, two friends of Augustine, to preside over them.

In the far north, too, an opening unexpectedly offered itself. In 625 A.D., twenty-eight years after the landing of Augustine, Edwin, King of Northumbria, sought in marriage Ethelburga, the daughter of Ethelbert. She accepted his hand on the condition that she might practice her religion; and she took along with her from her Kentish home, Paulinus, as chaplain. What followed our readers can guess. Paulinus lost no opportunity of preaching christianity to Edwin and his people; and a great council of the tribe was called to consider his teaching. It resulted in a favorable decision. Edwin and his courtiers embraced the Faith; he was baptized; and Paulinus was allowed to deliver his message without restrictions through all the Yorkshire country-sides.

Meanwhile the British Christians must have heard of these rapid successes, gained by champions of the faith which they loved, and we cannot suppose that they did otherwise than rejoice when they heard of them. Augustine, too, was anxious

to exchange courtesies with a people who belonged to the same great body as himself, he and they alike being members of the one Catholic and Apostolic Church; accordingly a meeting was arranged, and the prospect of union between the Saxon and British Churches seemed bright. But human frailty now, as so often, marred the prospect. Augustine received the British deputation with a haughtiness quite unworthy of a follower of the meek and lowly Saviour, and the negotiations were abruptly broken off. Long was it before the two churches were again brought together—to be finally blended into one Communion.

And now our tale takes a sad turn; Augustine was dead, and Edwin too; and many also of those who first welcomed the Gospel. Heathen sovereigns, in the various kingdoms, succeeded the christian ones. And christianity collapsed almost as rapidly as it had arisen. It was a melancholy illustration of the seed in the parable, which fell upon stony places; of the hearers who received the Word with joy, yet had no root in himself, and endured only for a while. The growth had been too quick to be healthy; and the vast number of converts, under stress of persecution, fell away. Bishop Mellitus fled from his diocese to Canterbury; and Paulinus left Yorkshire. The apostasy was general, Kent alone holding its ground; and even there the church was for a time in danger of extinction.

So fared the mission of Augustine. In 635 A.D., another missionary from Rome landed in the kingdom of Wessex, Birinus by name. He established his see at Dorchester in Oxfordshire, and had for his diocese the central portion of our southern counties.

And here we may well pause to take a general review of the position of christianity at this time. All down the west coast, with its picturesque mountain scenery, were the Britons with their ancient church. In Kent the faith, as it was planted by Augustine, still lingered; and in Wessex was the church of Birinus struggling into life. On the other hand, were the wide midlands, into which the faith of Christ had not yet penetrated. There was also the huge kingdom of Northumbria, stretching from the Humber to the Forth, which had renounced its christianity; and also the kingdoms of East Anglia and Essex which had done the same. Thus our readers will observe, that the west coast people, from Cumberland to Cornwall, professed the faith of the old British Church; whereas Kent and Wessex only retained christianity as it had come from Rome; the rest of the land was in heathen darkness. Who was to undertake the task of reconversion? Who should conquer the country for Christ?

To answer that question, we must return to the island home of Columba and his brethren. We must go to that Celtic Church which had firmly established itself in Scotland. 'Aidan,' says the Bishop of Durham, 'Aidan, not Augustine, is the true apostle of England.' And again, 'Augustine was the apostle of Kent, but Aidan was the apostle of England.' And who was Aidan, we may inquire? He was one of the simple community that lived and worshipped at Iona—himself the most simple, gentle, and saintly of all his brethren. He inherited all the excellences of Columba—his melting sympathy, his fervid zeal, his directness of purpose. But the faults and passions which sullied the master's character, were not to be found in him. He was a man in whom dwelt largely the Spirit of Christ. When Oswald, a christian prince, mounted the throne of Northumbria, his first thought was how he might re-introduce christianity into his kingdom. It was to Iona, where he had been living in exile, that he instinctively turned in search of a teacher, and Aidan was the teacher sent forth. Two years after Paulinus had fled southwards, Aidan left the shores of Iona and took up his abode at Lindisfarne. 'Then commenced,' to quote Bishop Lightfoot again, 'thirty years of earnest energetic labor, carried on by these Celtic missionaries and their disciples, from Lindisfarne as their spiritual citadel, which ended in the submission of England to the gentle yoke of Christ.' Thus Iona stepped in where Rome had failed, for Aidan won back Northumbria to christianity.

And from the 'Holy Island' went forth other men, who had caught the spirit of Aidan their father, and who carried the light of life with a zeal scarcely less than his own, into kingdoms and to men, who had either renounced, or had never known the faith of Jesus Christ.—J. H. M.

IF THE SUFFERERS FROM CONSUMPTION, Scrofula and General Debility, will try Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, with hypophosphites, they will find immediate relief and a permanent benefit. Dr. H. V. Mott, Brentwood, Cal., writes: "I have used Scott's Emulsion with great advantage in cases of Phthisis, Scrofula and Wasting Diseases. It is very palatable Put up in 50c. and \$1 size."

"LA CHARITE."

Two men were neighbors, and each had a wife and several little children whom they labored hard to support. One of these men became greatly troubled, and said to himself, "If I should die or fall sick what would become of my wife and children?" and this thought never left him, but gnawed at his heart as a worm gnaws the fruit in which it lies concealed.

Now, although this same thought came to the other father, he was not disquieted by it, "for," said he, "God, who knows all his creatures, and watches over them, will also watch over me and my wife and children." And the latter lived happily while the former enjoyed not a moment of rest or quietude.

One day as he was laboring in the fields, sad and dejected, on account of his fear, he saw some birds fly into a bush, and out of it and then soon return. Approaching more closely, he saw two nests side by side, and within each one were several newly hatched and unfledged birds. When he returned to his work he raised his eyes from time to time and watched the birds, which came and went, carrying nourishment to their young. But just at the moment when one of the mothers returned with her beak full of food, a vulture seized her and carried her away, and the poor mother struggling vainly in its talons, uttered piercing cries. At this sight the laboring man felt more troubled than ever, for, thought he, the death of the mother is the death of the children. Mine have no one but me. What would become of them if I should be taken away? And all the day he was very sorrowful and at night he could not sleep.

On the morrow, when he returned to the field he said to himself, "I want to see the little ones of this poor mother; no doubt several have perished already." And went towards the bush. Upon looking, he saw the little ones well taken care of—not one of them seemed to have suffered.

Being greatly astonished, he concealed himself in order to see what would happen. After a short time he heard a slight noise, and saw the second mother bringing hastily the nourishment which she had gathered, and she distributed it to all the little ones indiscriminately, and there was enough for all, and the little orphans were not abandoned to their cruel fate. The father who had distrusted providence, related to the other what he had seen; and that one said to him: "Why do you trouble yourself? God never forsakes his own. His love has secrets that we cannot know. Let us believe, hope, love and do our duty. If I die before you, you will be a father to my children; if you die before me, I will be a father to yours; and if both of us die before they are old enough to provide for themselves, they will have for a father 'Our Father who art in heaven.'"—From the French.

A MISSION IN INDIA.

A very remarkable religious movement is progressing in the English Church mission in the Punjab, India, especially in and about Amritsar, and there is a large ingathering into the Church of Hindoos, Sikhs and Mohammedans. A missionary at Amritsar writes: "Our compound resounds from morning to night with voices repeating to each other the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments and the Creed, with bhajans and bits of the Gospels."

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