

call him *Mongah*—meaning in the Norse tongue, “beloved friend”; hence the appellation, St. Mungo, by which he was most commonly known. Persecuted on account of his exceptional sanctity, by his godless neighbours, young Kentigern left St. Serf secretly, not knowing whither to go, yet fully impressed with the consciousness that God had a special work somewhere for him to do. In dependence on divine guidance he proceeded in a westerly direction until he reached the banks of the Molendinar Burn a small stream that empties into the Clyde, not far from the spot where the noble cathedral of St. Mungo stands at the present time. Here he built his hut, and upon a forest tree hung his bell—“to summon the savage neighbours to worship.” His fame soon reached the ears of the King of Strathclyde, whose castle was on the top of Dumbarton Rock, and who was so much taken with the young ecclesiastic that he must needs have him ordained bishop of Strathclyde. Some allege that a prelate was brought over from Ireland to perform the ceremony, others hold that he was consecrated by St. Columba, which seems more likely. We read of no bishop’s palace, nor stately cathedral, nor gorgeous vestments in his time. On the contrary, that he practised the most rigid austerity in his mode of living—subsisting on the coarsest food, wearing the roughest garments, having a stone for his pillow, and for his pastoral staff a crooked stick cut from the neighbouring forest. He was soon to learn from experience what the wisest of men said long ago,—“put not your trust in princes.” King Morken’s ardour cools off before long. He even turns against his *protégé* and denounces him as a presumptuous adventurer. Further he might have gone; but, he dies. His successor takes up the grievance and persecutes the bishop, who at length flies from Strathclyde to Wales. Here he finds a quiet home where he may prosecute his great work without molestation, near the northern extremity of the vale of Clwyd, and is kindly treated by Cadwallon who aids him in building a church and founding a monastery. This, Kentigern placed under the charge of one of his scholars Asa, or “Asaph,” from whom the fine old cathedral and quaint little town of the present time take their name. Kentigern seems

to have lived many years in Wales, until Rederech (Roderick) became King of Strathclyde. This Christian chieftain invited him to return to Scotland. Though now old, he complied with the invitation and received a hearty welcome from his former associates. Here is one of the embellishments with which father Jocelin adorns his tale:—“As Kentigern was preaching to a great multitude, the earth on which he stood was upheaved into a little knoll, so that the preacher might be seen and heard.” To this monkish legend has been attributed the motto of the city.—“Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word.”

After his return, St. Mungo resumed his missionary circuits in Strathclyde which included the whole of the south of Scotland from Stirling and the northwest coast of England as far as Windermere. At length, worn out with extreme old age and incessant labours, he settled down in his monastery at “Glasghu” to spend his last days. Columba is said to have paid him a visit here, and Jocelin with graphic touches relates the interview and tells how the venerable missionaries exchanged pastoral staffs in token of mutual affection when they parted. Not long after this, St. Mungo summoned his disciples to his cell, gave them his last charge, blessed them, and committed them and his work to God. On a Sunday morning, the Sunday of the year on which he had been wont to baptize many, he bade his attendants bear him to a bath of tepid water into which he was laid. While they stood around him he raised his eyes and hands to heaven, and then sank into the last gentle sleep. They buried him near the altar of his wooden church. As nearly as can now be ascertained, Kentigern was born about the year 518, was ordained in 543, and died in 603. Doubtless he was a noble character, and to him it was largely owing that Christianity, the first seeds of which were dropped by St. Ninian, was disseminated and cultivated in the districts of Strathclyde. For some centuries after his death little or nothing is known about the monastery and the church and the religion which he planted; but that others reaped the fruit of his labours, is certain. When its history emerges from the gloom of obscurity, the see of Glasgow has become a large, influential, and handsomely endowed ecclesiastical