

less millions of heathen to whom Christ is unknown. How the Foreign Missions of our own Church have grown upon our hands! When Dr. Geddie went to the New Hebrides, he had the whole group to himself. He stood alone among vast hosts of ferocious cannibals—alone but for his noble wife. To-day there are not only our own men, with their native associates and assistants, but brethren from half a dozen other Presbyterian Churches. In 1867, we sent Mr. Morton to Trinidad to labour among the coolies there. We have felt constrained to send eight or nine missionaries and teachers into the same promising field; and, if our resources allowed, how inviting the openings for more labourers! It seems even more difficult to resist expansion beyond our means in India, where we have already a noble band at work,—and in Formosa, where the harvest promises wondrous returns. And among our North-West Indians—what an unlimited field of usefulness!

Were our Church as liberal in the givings of her members as our sister in the United States, we could double our operations in heathen lands. But we must not complain; we need not be discouraged. Great and rapid progress has marked our past; and, by the grace of God, we shall not lag behind in the future. It is stated that a blind Englishwoman brought a pound note to the missionary treasury—the money she saved by being able to work without candle-light at her trade of basket-making! If this spirit pervaded our people, how soon would the Lord's treasury overflow! We are essentially a Missionary Church. Our membership, from Newfoundland to Vancouver's Island, should understand this: We have missions to our own weak and scattered fellow-members—Presbyterian pioneers, who, if neglected, would swell the numbers of the "lapsed classes." We have missions to our French fellow-countrymen, which are bearing precious fruit. We have missions to the heathen Indians in our own North-West. And, then, we have missions to the heathen in far-distant lands. Already a large proportion of our people contribute largely to aid all these objects. Nothing is more urgently needed in order to conserve the position of our Church and vastly increase her usefulness, than that *all*, adherents as well as members, should be encouraged to give their prayers and their money

with regularity and liberality. We venture to suggest to the ministers and other office-bearers that a much wider circulation of the *Missionary Record* of our Church would tend to create, increase and foster the missionary spirit among our people. There is reason to fear that one-half of the Presbyterians in Canada do not know what the other half are doing to implement the Great Commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

Missionary Cabinet.

KENTIGERN, THE APOSTLE OF STRATHCLYDE.

THE biographers of St. Patrick and St. Columba had some materials belonging to the times in which they lived, out of which to construct a story of their lives. As much cannot be said in regard to the subject of this sketch. All that is known about Kentigern, apart from local tradition, which, however, is not to be altogether ignored, has been gathered from a sensational book, written in the year 1180—six hundred years after his death—by one Monk Jocelin of Furness, at the bidding of the then Bishop Jocelin of Glasgow, in the interests, it is said, of the building society who had undertaken the erection of the Cathedral, and "in order to raise the wind." The outline which follows is chiefly based upon a somewhat elaborate and certainly a very interesting paper, in the first volume of "Good Words" (1860) written probably by the editor, the late Dr. Norman Macleod, who candidly tells his readers that the highly coloured portrait of Jocelin "is to be taken for what it is worth, and nothing more."

The generally accepted account of Kentigern's life and labours in brief, then, is as follows. He was the son of a British Chieftain called Ewen, connected through his mother, "Thenew," with Leudon, a Pictish King. Born at Culross, Fifeshire, he was adopted and educated by St. Servanus, or "Serf," a pious monk who in his youth had been ordained by Palladius and sent as a missionary to the Orkneys, and who in his old age had come back to live and to die at Culross. The aged saint took a liking to the child who shewed early indications of piety and genius, and used to