

tribal suzerain, and retire sulkily to some island in Nyassa Lake. Remember, however, that events are only truly great or insignificant in their final result; and then recall how far-reaching the influence of Iona and of similar Scoto-Irish communities became. Its domestic mission was that of those who are called the children of God. Columba became a sort of court of arbitrament with final powers, to all the rude tribesmen of Northern Ireland and Britain; and who can measure the blessing which the faithful performance of such a function meant among these barbarous peoples? As a foreign missionary his influence has not ceased yet. To him we owe it, in the first instance, that the nation of Livingstone, of Moffat, of Mackay, and of John Paton is what it is. The Erromangians, the Tannese, the Kaffirs, the strangers scattered throughout Unyoro and Uganda and Formosa and Hunan, and every spot which Scotch missionary feet have trod, are to him, at the last, debtor.

How beneficent, how apostolic that Irish missionary movement in the dim twilight of the mediæval era! Every one who has read Schäffle's "Ekkehard" knows how much Switzerland owes to it. Reichenau and St. Gallen are names redolent with the memories of the distant island. That Scandinavia felt the impulse is clearly seen from the fact that when Magnus, the free-booting king of Norway, swept over the British isles, Iona was the single place which he refused to injure. Northumbria, Germany, even distant Iceland are all under deepest obligations to Columba and to his successors at Iona. Alas that the nation which was a source of blessing to others should have so fallen herself! Alas that the word Ireland should awake, in modern minds, the miserable associations which group themselves around rack-rent and moonlighting, Tammany Hall and the Clan-na-Gael! Alas that the candlestick should be removed from the land of Patricius and Columba, and that their home should have become the nesting-place of oppression, of ignorance, and of priesthood! O that the former things might come back! "God save Ireland!"

The following notes on Iona and Columba are taken from the writer's journal of a visit to the spot six years ago. They are published in the hope that a new interest may be awakened in this father of missions and in the land which cradled him, and in his countrymen, whether in Europe, Australasia, or in America, who under false teaching have drifted so far from the New Testament faith in which he labored.

The day of our pilgrimage to this historic spot will ever stand as a marked day in our calendar. Was it the strange fascination of saint legends and hoary antiquities that drew us with such strong attraction to this rock island of the Hebrides? Not altogether. Saint Columba, who lived and labored here thirteen hundred years ago, is called a monk indeed; and the stone ruins which mark his home are called a monastery; and all this is sufficient to have incited a recent pilgrimage of Roman Catholics to this spot, and an earnest effort by means of masses and