

but believe that it was by his eloquence and not by breaking the king's gate and overthrowing the Royal Towers, that he gained the good will of king Brudus and obtained his permission, not unaccompanied by his powerful protection, to preach everywhere throughout his dominions. His preaching was attended with wonderful success, and in due time, the Picts, like the neighbouring Scots became a Christian people.

Iona continued to flourish, a great centre of religion, till its sacred edifices were laid in ruins by the barbarous Scandinavian vikings. When their day was over, it was restored, and remained in pristine vigour till the overthrow of the ancient Church in Scotland. It then became a ruin once more. But the halo of sanctity which centuries of devotion had thrown around it, could not be effaced :

You may break, you may ruin the vase as you will,
But the odour of roses will hang round it still.

What interesting historical associations are there not in connection with Iona ! It was for ages the burying place of the Scottish monarchs, and for many a generation the kings of the Isles (not an inappropriate title considering the power they possessed), were laid at rest within its sacred aisles. It is still a place of pilgrim-

age. It is often visited by pious Christians who come to offer their adoration to our blessed Saviour and the One Supreme, beneath the broken arch and at the ruined shrine. Protestants and Catholics alike venerate the scene of so many Christian and patriotic events. Dr. Johnson speaks of Iona as stirring up the devout sentiments of Christians, even as the places, immortalized by the victories of ancient Greece, awaken patriotic feelings in the breasts of all right-thinking men. The great Master of language thus expressed his noble view : "That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force on the plain of Marathon, or whose devotion would not grow warmer amid the ruins of Iona."

A CORRESPONDENT.

* Tradition relates that in laying the foundation of the chapel, no progress could be made until Columba agreed to offer one human sacrifice to the powers of evil which he was about to overcome—thus laying the foundation in blood, as the Druids were in the habit of doing. Oran, one of the Monks, generously offered himself for the sacrifice, and was accordingly buried alive, after which the work went prosperously on. Tradition further states that Columba, eager for a last look at his friend, had him disinterred after three days' burial, but that Oran gave utterance to such unorthodox statements as to the other world, that Columba had him hastily covered up again.—*Extract from the journal alluded to, April 11th, 1891.*

JOY FLIES.

On azure wings fair joy
Brilliant and swift flies by ;
We do not feel her ray
Because we gaze on clay.