

past the little group, clambers into his boat and with words and gestures, jeers at Columba. The Saint's hot blood is up. Blazing in a white heat of generous indignation and careless of danger, he pursues him to the beach, and splashes out into the translucent water, up to the knees, and there, with his two hands lifted to heaven, calls down judgment on his head.

Away goes the pirate merrily with a last jeer shouted as he hoists his tanned sail. The Saint and his monks sit down on a little knoll to calm themselves, and looking after the swiftly departing boat, he prophesies that it will never reach the land. They sit for a little time watching, and the keen prevision of Columba, whose eye had long been trained to watch these changing skies, is proved true. A sudden squall catches the boat, labouring with the ill-gotten booty, between Mull and Colonsay. Over it goes like a flash as the sail turns, and when they look again, an empty sea—and they come down from their knoll awe-struck at the swift judgment.

Take another illustration, showing his yearning compassion. Sitting with his faithful servant Diarmid on another elevation overlooking his island home, and casting his grey melting eye athwart the sea, he abruptly breaks out with, "I wonder why a ship is so long in coming from Ireland which brings : great sinner to do penance." Shortly a sail heaves in sight making for the little harbor when Columba, as if acting out the dear old father's part in that pearl of parables, says to his servant, "Let us go to meet this convert whose true repentance Christ receives." The penitent leaps from his boat, runs to him, as he is coming from the quay, falls at the Saint's feet and pours out a flood of tears in presence of the waiting and wondering crowd. Then the Saint, weeping as profusely along with him, said to him, "Arise my son, take comfort, thy sins are forgiven, because a broken and a contrite heart God will not despise." The man rose up with a wondrous feeling of relief as when the pilgrim at the cross found his burden fall off. It has been observed, that "if priestly absolution were always like that it would be right. The heart that could deal so tenderly with the penitent must itself have known what it was to be broken, and healed by Almighty Gentleness."

Columba loved the Bible and lived it. Much of his time and