

St. Columkill.

BY MARY C. BURKE. Fair on the ocean's bosom, beneath the sun's bright smile, After a night of tempest, Lay the best lone isle!

St. Columkill, the holy, Feeble and bent with age, Walked with his young disciples, Giving them counsel sage.

The storm that swept the ocean, In its might had driven o'er A flock of snowy wild birds From the distant Irish shore.

With ruffled plumage, glazing eyes, With bosoms stained and torn, They lay on the holy teacher's path In the light of the early morn.

The old Saint paused, and fearful Said to his youthful band, "O my sons! lift up thine heads From the bleak and chilling sand.

"Smooth down their ruffled pinions Before the glowing hearth, For they came from holy Erin, The island of my birth."

O Saint of the hold, have spirit! O Saint of the tender heart! In the kingdom of the blessed Have earthly woes no part?

If to the birds of ocean, You gave and pity and love, What of the sorrowing people Of Erin, who, stricken, fly

From sorrow and desolation, From worse than the ocean's roar, Who, crushed like the birds of ocean, Are cast on a foreign shore?

If to the Saints be given, To ask for what they will, Have you forgotten your country, O Blessed Columkill?

From the Catholic World. A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER X. BY LITTLE AND LITTLE.

No more honorable heart than Nano McDonnell's had been formed from what education had been formed from what she had been taught to detest a lie, and without distinction of charity, a liar; to dread so low a vice as stealing; to use on all occasions, no matter how provoked, the mildest and most cultured language; and to do a great many other things quite within the power of a natural virtue.

In the transcendental attacks from without upon natural goodness, as well as strength from without to resist these attacks, were, by consequence of atheism, wholly denied. No attention was paid to them, and when temptation and sin came from these outside sources the members of the school were never in a condition to defend themselves.

Nano McDonnell had become guilty of ingratitude to her father, of tacit injustice to others, of eavesdropping, and of associating and actually conspiring with a man whose recent events had shown to be an adventurer and a villain. In the great fear of losing half her wealth and station she had been guilty of these crimes against culture, and felt herself helplessly stained and irretrievably lost.

Nano McDonnell had not admit the possibility of a redemption. Once fallen, fallen for ever. She could not, moreover, rid herself of the impression that she was quite willing to go further, if necessary. Her morals were severely shaken. And oh! how utterly she despised herself for this invincible weakness.

It was the morning after Mrs. Strachan's fete, and she was sitting alone in her own apartment, thinking and sorrowing as was her custom at this distressing time. Her face was thinner and paler, her eyes sunken a little and more than ever mournful in expression, and her whole manner one of hopeless and bitter disgust.

Her hands could only pluck nervously at her dress or play with her trinkets, reading, writing, work, and study she had long abandoned. The momentary vexations by which she was surrounded from the sickness of her father; the voluntarily-endured persecutions of Killany, which she had not the resolution to put an end to; and the glitter of that mental Damocles' sword over her head, had so unstrung her as to leave her indifferent and listless to all but one harassing thought, the threatened loss of her property.

Her father had on one unfortunate evening failed like herself in his honest and just resolves, and for a time the danger was set aside. For a time only, she felt relieved. McDonnell had lost his health for ever, and his business intellect was gone. He was intent merely on getting well enough to move around through the world once more as one of its breathing, living members, and to delay, for a few years the dreadful day of reckoning. At any moment death might seize on him again. That was the present state, unless she provided against it. He knew that death's next coming would be sudden, perhaps, and he was sure to foresee emergencies long before hand. She was to be comparatively poor. Like a disrowned queen she was to come down from her throne, and to have the world peep at her and say: "This was once our mistress, who is now a nobody. She was wealthy, long ago, whose estates are now so sadly diminished." No, she was proud enough who is more than humble now. There was her stumbling-block—pride! Since her babyhood that had been nourished with as much care as if it had been a virtue. It became a deadly parasite, twisted around her soul in horrible folds, sucking her moral life away.

How was she to battle with the danger that menaced her? Killany had said that the heirs were not living; that the only ones who could claim the property were dead. If he could prove that might she not prevail on her father to make no use of his old crime, and no restitution? Alas! he was a Catholic. The smothered faith was stronger than ever. As a Catholic he would make restitution. The heirs by blood might be dead, and yet here remained heirs still. There was no escape, unless—and she put up her hands to her forehead with a moan of dreadful anguish.

As some have dreamed, why should I have so much suffering, so much temptation to do evil and so little strength to resist it? I would not ask to be exempt from pain only to have such strength as would enable me to throw off this incubus of sin, shame, and temptation that is weighing me down, down, down to—nothingness."

She cast herself face downward on the sofa in an agony, and her hair loosening, fell Magdalen-like over her shoulders. Very much penitent she looked, lying there in the twilight of an afternoon, so sorrow-stricken and full of pain, so wretchedly thoughts intruded themselves afterwards. A smiling, manly face rose often before her vision, and its brightness lit up for a moment the sombre clouds that seemed always to hover about her. She was not ashamed to acknowledge to her heart that in the frank blue eyes and her ble disposition of Olivia's brother there was a something which had never been known feeling which she had never before known so sweet, so mysterious were its throbbings. Nano's maid, whom she used in such precision and regularity as she used in saying her beads. He seemed so straightforward and manlike, so much the embodiment of knightly courage and worth and purity, that she could not but wish to see him try for the hand and fortune of one whom the cynical and worn-out bachelors of a more distinguished society had found it so hard to overcome. So thinking and dreaming, she slept.

An hour later Olivia, astonished, dismayed, and sympathetic, found her there in that attitude of dejection and grief. With a quick perception of circumstances the little lady left the room again, and, hastening to the parlor, found there Nano's maid, whom she sent to prepare her mistress for receiving a visitor. In the meantime she sat wondering over the phenomenon. Nano was ordinarily so stern with herself as never to permit such displays of emotion at any time. Female curiosity was roused to discover the cause of the present display; and as now Miss Olivia looked at things through one prism, she was prepared to conjecture and infer the wildest possibilities. Nano was awake and composed once more when Olivia presented herself. The young lady put her hands affectionately on Miss McDonnell's cheeks, and lifting up the pale face, kissed her lips with much earnestness.

"You need consoling," she said, with restrained gayety. "I am sure you miss me every day and every hour; for it was I only that knew how to assist you in a mood."

"Was I ever guilty of such a thing as a mood?" said Nano reproachfully. "You would be less or more than human if you had not," returned Olivia. "A mood is one of the accidents of a person, and you must own to some kind of a one at every instant of your life. Some are more intense than others, and those intenser ones I call moods by excellence. You have been in one for a week and over, my love, and you have not recovered from it yet."

"True indeed," And she sighed and looked pensively at the opposite mirror, which reflected a very father is recovering," continued Olivia, "there is no reason for moping, unless—"

"Well, why do you hesitate?" "I take liberties sometimes," said the little lady archly, "and I was about to take one just then. I won't go on without a special command."

"Ah! command," said Nano; "and, moreover, I give you full permission to take all the liberties that offer themselves."

"I was going to remark, unless you are in love."

"Oh," And the slightest tinge of red appeared on her snowy throat. She wished to cast down her eyes, but looked at the wall instead.

"You have suffered from the disease so recently," said she to Olivia, "that you must be well acquainted with the symptoms. I shall have to beware of you with your newly-acquired skill. But even your eye cannot detect anything wrong with my heart to-day."

Olivia was blushing in turn quite prettily but unshaken like a child. "You have a habit of throwing Sir Stanley at me," said she naively, "when close pressed yourself. That's a symptom, and the disease, though just showing itself, will be confirmed in a few days. I fancy that you will run to a doctor at the first."

Nano said "Oh!" again, and a cloud overspread her face for a moment. They were looking into each other's eyes, Olivia sunny, mischievous, and smiling, Nano sad, frowning almost, and preoccupied. The pretty young thing with a heart bright, beautiful, and pure as the morning's dews, was her friend—her friend, whose soul was like a rising cloud, black with possibilities, ready to discharge fatal lightning.

"It was a sacrifice for her to touch the girl's hand. Would Olivia, she wondered, if exposed to her temptations, withstand them better?" "Why have you never spoken to me of your religion, Olivia?" she said, so suddenly and abruptly as to throw mountains of cold water upon Olivia's cheerful humor.

"Your question is my answer," said Olivia promptly and earnestly. "I preferred to let you see the workings of my religion in my own fickle character, and have you begin the discussion yourself. But this isn't what we were talking about."

You had suffered much, yet, orphaned, poor, friendless, your character escaped the stamp of melancholy. One would think you were the heiress, and not I. Under what lucky star were you born? Where do you find all this wonderful elasticity of mind?"

"Not in myself, Nano," answered she pointedly. "I was born under the star of Christ, the star which first shone on the deserts of Arabia, over the stable at Bethlehem, and has lighted up the world these long centuries. When Christians are in trouble they bear it patiently for the sake of Him who sent it, and because they are more like him the more they are oppressed with misery. What you have seen in me, Nano, is only the shadow of that which is in the lives of our saints, our priests and monks and nuns. I could give you hundreds of instances where weak women bore every suffering that man and life seemed able to give, yet remained trustful and cheerful to the end; of women who were rich, titled, and beautiful, and who lost riches, titles, and beauty at one stroke; of mothers and queens whose enemies deprived them of children and thrones with the same blow, and sent them into exile afterwards; and yet they were patient and lived many years of happiness. I know them yourself, for it is part of culture to be acquainted with such things. The source of their elasticity of mind was outside of themselves. They believed in God and his justice, in Christ and his mercy, in heaven and its reward. Man could do nothing to deprive them of heaven and God. They lost all to gain all, strength, Nano. They were the best and wisest of their kind. The byways and alleys of the city will show you shining examples every day."

"Of women who have lost their wealth," repeated Nano dreamily, as if trying to realize the same misfortune for herself. "I have often thought, if that misfortune came to me, what I should do. I would be tempted to do almost anything rather than become poor."

"Who would not? But it is one thing to be tempted and another to sin. When the decision of a case is left to self you will find it a most partial judge. There is a code among the cultured, I suppose; but it is nobody's business how it is kept except one's own."

"And, Olivia, if you were rich, but discovered that your riches were another's and not yours, would you not be tempted to retain them at any cost?" "I am certain of it," answered she, with such emphasis that Nano laughed; "but by the strength of God, I would let the riches go, and carry at least peace of conscience into poverty."

"It is well to talk when you have never been tried." "Ah! you are sighing as if the same misfortune were about to happen to yourself."

Nano laughed again a musical, friendly laugh, and looked frankly into her friend's face; but she was secretly alarmed at the guesswork of Olivia. However, her acting was enough to allay any untoward suspicion.

"Nano remember my old warning," continued Olivia. "You will never know real peace of heart, real happiness, until you have come to the truth. It breaks my heart to think how widely we are separated on earth, and how much more widely we may be separated outside of it."

"We will be side by side, Olivia, until our bodies are dust, and when it has mingled we shall be close enough." "For us, there is a day of resurrection," said Olivia solemnly, "and then comes the real separation."

"An impossible doctrine, but very beautiful." "Ah! me, beautiful," sighed Olivia. "Everything is beautiful, or sublime, or nonsensical with the cultured atheist. You are like people in perpetual, immovable spectacles of green glass. All things are of the same hue, and the earth has about as much real beauty for you as the color of the grass." That was sarcasm; and since you have opened fire, you may as well depart at once. I hear Dr. Killany's voice in the hall. He is come to see my father, and I know you detest him."

Olivia rose hurriedly, saying: "I fear him more. He has an evil eye for me always. I cannot help thinking he would do me harm, if it were possible." "He would not dare so much," said Nano, with a dangerous light in her eyes.

"Never mind. I fear he is a bad angel, Nano, and that he rages because of the influence I have with him." The elegant lady could not repress a slight shiver. "Perhaps. But I have measured him," she answered, so deep and evident that Nano laughed as she kissed her good-by.

The good fairy went away, carrying with her all that was good in the McDonnell household, all the sunshine and honesty it could ever know. She met Killany on the stairs. He exchanged with her a few words of civility, then went on to the rooms above.

The greetings between him and Nano were of the briefest and most formal nature. He was still as polished, urbane, and perfect in attire and expression as on the evening of our first acquaintance, as on the evening of our first acquaintance with him. The anxieties of the last few days, when a fortune seemed trembling in the balance, had left no such traces as those which unfortunate Nano displayed, and there had sprung up in his mind a happy conviction that the haughty lady was becoming more favorable to projects in which her interests were so deeply concerned.

"Your father is much improved, Miss McDonnell," he said. "He will be able to appear in the world within a few weeks." "I am very glad, of course," she answered, with as much of the old indifference as she could assume. "But you must know," he continued,

"that he will never again be the man he was before his illness." "It is not to be expected," she replied. "I am grateful that his life has been spared even on those terms."

"Hum! so I suppose," he said, looking at her from under his eyebrows with peculiar meaning. "And yet another thing, my dear Nano, which will be a trifle harder for so kind a daughter as you to bear, though it may turn out convenient: your father's mind is seriously impaired. Paralysis is not always confined to the muscles."

"Very true," she answered coldly; but he could not see from the position she maintained that her throat was contracting with sobs and her teeth were clenched in anger or pain.

"Weak-minded men," he went on slyly, "often do strange, absurd, and unheard-of things. Their fancies are wild. I would not be surprised—nor would you, much as you love your father—if he should do what so many have done under the same circumstances. If, for instance, he should take it into his head to let a certain amount of his property belong to others, and should find certain schemers willing to believe in and honor his fancies by pretending to make restitution to the owners, when in fact their own pockets received all, it might be necessary—"

"Stop!" She had turned on him suddenly, and stretched her arm with a gesture of rebuke and command. Her face was pallid and her teeth were clenched, her lips quivering with pain.

"Do not dare to say more. I am wicked and foolish, but I am not mad, Killany, unless it be in listening to so foul a devil as you."

"Nano! Nano!" he said meekly and reproachfully, "your language is violent. I mean nothing. I stated only a disagreeable fact, which has taken place and will continue to develop itself without your intervention at all. The law cannot allow lunatics to have their own sweet will in so important a matter as the disposition of property."

"My father is not mad," she answered sullenly. "Quite true; but he is likely to become so, and it will be then necessary to confine him. He should persist in believing it was justice to give away three-fifths of his fortune to a scheming priest, I would get to the original and lawful heirs, well and good. One might not object; but the heirs are dead."

There was silence for a few minutes. "Can you prove that?" she asked. "Unquestionably," he replied. "I took the trouble to prove it long ago, anticipating this moment, and I have documents and witnesses ready for your inspection."

Lying was an art with the polished doctor, and he possessed the requisite conscience and skill to make the lie good with the aid of as many others as were necessary. "Come with me on Monday. Now go if you please."

The abrupt dismissal was not displeasing to Killany. He had gained his point with a weak yet obstinate woman, and he asked no more. Time was required to prepare his minor but important intrigues. He went away smiling blandly to himself, and stroking the back of his own gloved hand in self-approbation.

The abused woman he left behind threw herself on the floor in the same attitude in which she had once been found at her room. With her hair dishevelled and her hands clasped tightly about her head, proud, humbled, impenitent, Nano McDonnell grieved, and moaned, and sobbed like one bereft of reason. She made scarcely a sound that would reach through the walls of her own apartments, but the storm of grief and passion was none the less fierce for being narrowed in its limits. Alas! her suffering was not so much because her sin as because of her pride. She, who had been looked up to almost as a saint of the new dispensation, had become guilty of that which even the brutes from instinct avoided. She had humbled herself to consort and to play with such a man as Killany against her father, and she railed, not at her sin, but at her own weakness and her wretched destiny. She was humbled, but she dared make no resolutions, not even that most natural one, that, come from what, she would never be guilty of the sin which she had committed.

When her grief had subsided, she remembered that, although he had delayed the time, she had not dismissed the obligation of the debt which she had undertaken. She would take advantage of the slight entangling of his mind to hinder so undesirable an event.

"A month ago," she thought, "I would have struck down him who ventured to suggest such a crime to me—yes, struck him down with these weak hands, or raised them against myself, rather than permit that I should so stain my honored name. And now I propose it to myself, and think on the chance of success without anger or shame. I can look quietly at myself and not tear away the beauty of that wretched, deceitful, ungrateful face, or crush out the light from those wicked eyes. O my God! if you exist, as many of the wise and good of this world have said, why do you leave me in ignorance and helplessness? Why do you send me such trials, who know not how to bear them or to ask for strength against them?"

And for hours she sat there raving thus, swayed by every new impulse, yet always approaching the fatal abyss, retreating in terror or remorse, returning in feet or shame determination, until at last, when the midnight rang, and she was summoned to appear before her father in his room, starting up hastily like one called to a death-scene or a scaffold, she cried wildly: "It must be done! it shall be done!" and rushed from the apartment.

The dalliance with temptation had reached its natural result. By little and little the strands of the rope were formed and the links of the chain forged together. Now, neither rope nor chain can be broken by human hands.

A SWEEPING ARGUMENT. An answer which Ingersoll and the Board of Infidels Deserve.

As Ingersoll and his associates, with particular effrontery, are just in our days making renewed attacks, before the public, on the existence of a personal God and Creator, and are striving to blind the mass of "non-thinkers" by some fallacious arguments, taken, as they pretend, from reason and experience, we desire to crush by some peremptory and unanswerable remarks their unwarranted assaults.

By doing it we shall not argue as one would only with philosophers and accomplished collegiate scholars, but in such a plain and convincing way that even the ignorant and reasoning children may see the enormous narrowness of mind and stupidity of the champions of infidelity.

In order to make it understood at one glance, I say: Infidels, you have no other alternative—"either you have to admit the 'personal' existence of an eternal God and Creator, or you have to affirm the 'eternal' existence of 'matter.'"

You deny the first; therefore you have to admit the second. You have to say: "We believe that matter exists, without beginning, from all eternity." ABSURDITY OF THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLE OF INFIDELITY.

First—I ask you, in the name of sincerity and honesty, tell me, infidels, do you really believe that matter exists without any beginning? You say, yes: I say, you lie. You read it. I say you are a fool, and you prove it to you. He who denies the first and constitutive principles of reasoning can not reason, but sets reason at defiance, and therefore is to be taken for a fool.

Now, the two most essential and constitutive principles of reasoning are the following: that of contradiction and that of sufficient reason or causality. They are called by logicians "principium contradictionis" and "principium sufficientis." The principle of contradiction maintains that what contradicts itself at the same time when affirmed as such, cannot be true. The principle of "sufficient reason" or "causality," affirms that there can be no effect without supposing a corresponding proportionate cause. A man who denies these principles cannot reason, but talks as a fool. This the infidels do by affirming the eternal existence of matter without a beginning.

INFIDELITY SUBVERTING THE PRINCIPLE OF CONTRADICTION. To prove this I say that what is infinite is infinite in every way, because the infinite does not admit of any limits, otherwise it would not be infinite. No, matter is composed of parts, and has "limits." How then can it be said at the same time to be "eternal," and consequently infinite? This is a contradiction in itself.

Moreover, matter, as existing in this world, continually changes. But where there are changes there is "succession," and succession cannot take place without a "beginning." It would be a chain without a first link, which is a contradiction in terms. Consequently, to affirm the eternity of limited matter is the greatest abnormality conceivable in the realm of reason, and can only be assumed and asserted by a fool.

No doubt, we cannot understand the eternity of God. But believing Him to be infinite in perfection, His eternity remains for us only incomprehensible, and reason requires it to be so; because reason itself tells us that the infinite cannot be comprehended by limited reason. But to assert the eternity of finite matter is not only incomprehensible, but is simply contradictory and "absurd."

INFIDELITY SUBVERTING THE PRINCIPLE OF CAUSALITY. In the second place, the assertion of infidels dening the personal existence of God, the Creator, subverts equally the unshakable principle of sufficient reason principium rationis sufficientis, or causality. Here is the proof.

The infidel denying the existence of a personal God, the Creator, has to assume that eternal matter has produced of itself this visible world. But this again is another most glaring absurdity in the realm of reason. For there can be no effect without a corresponding proportionate cause. But this would be the case if matter constituted itself into an organized universe. Matter, according to its nature is devoid of consciousness, and does not reason. How then can matter produce "rational" beings "conscious" of their existence? In this case, evidently, there would be an effect without a corresponding cause.

Moreover, matter, in itself, is "inert." How, then, can it "move" without a first "motor" and how, from matter without order can there result an ordered universe, such as we see it before our eyes? Cicero, the old heathen philosopher, was right, when addressing the pagans he said: "On seeing the poorest hovel in the woods you say to yourselves, 'somebody must have made it.' Now, then, could you behold the universe without affirming that some intelligent person must have made it?" Take, for instance, the regularity of the rising and setting of the sun for so many thousand years.

The absurdity of the assumption that matter of itself constituted this world appears still more clearly, if we consider the state of matter as assumed by infidels, viz: that space was filled from all eternity with "nomads" or "atoms," that is, with the smallest imaginable particles of eternal "atoms."

Infidels, upon your claim to honesty, I again ask: "Do you really believe in this eternal 'dust'?" If so, I must say that your own reason and reasoning dwindle into dust. Mr. Ingersoll and all you infidels, if you desire to build a house, and a magnificent one at that, do you not go to an architect more expert than yourselves? But if so, are you not ashamed before the eternal dust, more skillful than you, in producing the universe by itself.

Moreover, before believing in this eternal dust and in these atoms, we would like to see some of them. We wish you to show specimens of them. As the universe, according to you, was from all eternity filled with atoms, how is it that you have no specimens in any museum? There are shooting stars falling constantly, but why do you never witness a shower of atoms? Were they all, without exclusion to the last, used for the composition of the universe? O pitiful infidels, poor think-

ers and feeble-minded credulous old women! Indeed, if you deny the correctness and logical force of these remarks and arguments, I can not understand, how you, nevertheless, would claim to be men endowed with reason. If you really admit the eternity of matter, you will excuse us if we do not grant this claim that you are reasonable creatures. You may perhaps belong to the Darwinian human race. For the difference between monkey and man does not lie in this, that a monkey has a tail and a man has none; but that man is endowed with reason, whilst the monkey has only an "analogue" of reason, called instinct. But we will not, and we cannot, argue with monkeys. Good bye, monkeys!

INFIDELITY FIGHTING THE DON QUIXOTE WINNEMILL. Let us now examine the argument of experience urged by infidels. They exist on denying the existence of a personal God and Creator, because of the many deficiencies and miseries existing in the present world. They tell us that if a personal God, who is infinite goodness and at the same time almighty, did really exist he would not have created a world in a condition like the present.

But infidels are sadly mistaken if you think that faith tells us that God created the world in its present deficient and miserable state. On the contrary, faith assures us that the present condition of the world was not the primitive one, and that it shall not last forever. As soon as the state of our probation on earth will be over, we, enlightened by faith, expect new virtues and happiness only will reside—the sinners by divine justice have been separated from the just for all eternity.

I repeat, faith teaches us that in the beginning God created this world right and blissful, without any shadow of discomfort, and placed man in paradise, not to be harmed by nature in any way, but even to command the same. Man was to be finally transferred from paradise to eternal bliss. That this happy primitive condition of the exterior world no longer exists is the fault of man himself, who, instead of obeying God, revolted against him. In punishment of this fall of man, the face of earth was changed into a valley of tears. As man had revolted against God, Nature revolted against man; for, as St. Augustine rightly observes, "It is just that he who does not obey should not be obeyed; and that he that offends God should be punished by God." And what kind of sin was it that made our first parents to revolt against God and transgress his command? It was Infidelity. The devil did not persuade our first parents to eat the forbidden fruit because of its taste, but he tried to destroy their faith in God's veracity. He said, by no means shall you die, but you shall become like God. Our unfortunate proto-parents believed the devil more than God. It was infidelity which deprived mankind of Paradise. As the devil did not learn from Ingersoll to lie, and to deny the real existence of God and His veracity, Ingersoll learned it from him, and the devil makes use of the fruits of redemption too. According to faith, by the infinite mercy of God man was restored to his right of eternal life, and even received a higher favor than the order of grace than in his first condition. The devil again wants to deprive him of the fruits of redemption, and to rob him of heaven, through "infidelity." He tries the same manner of tempting in which he was first successful. 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