

house of God's servants without consulting the aged men on this head; and all I have heard agrees with your account. As we entered the rough and swelling frith where old Sionan joins the ocean, in order to visit a religious house on its northern bank, I could see the buildings, the gardens, and the silent streets of a sunken city half a hundred fathoms down in the rushing waters; and I said, Oh, that I could converse with one who, when in the flesh, found himself on firm land where our corrach now floats on the treacherous wave! He could give me the information I require. Dear brother Enda, I will make use of your hospitable shelter till tomorrow, when I will renew my quest along the headlands and islets—the isles of the White Cows, which were once as difficult to be found as Hy-Breasil, till an arrow tipped with fire struck it from a galley; the isle of Clare, of Achil of Inis-na-Gloire, and so round within sight of Ben Gulban,—till I reached the northern isles of Arran and the rocky sea walls of Hy-Connal."

The visit of the sainted Abbot caused no interruption to the labours or the religious exercises of the monks of Arran. He and his followers joined with them in their duties as if they had lived years on the island; and next morning all thronged the church to be present at St. Brendain's Mass. After the awful moment of consecration, the appearance and demeanor of the celebrant was as if he stood in the visible presence of his Lord, such was the reverence and rapture that sat on his features; and for some minutes after the Communion bright rays were seen encircling his head and breast.

When the sacrifice was ended, he spoke to the assembled crowd, intending only to address a short exhortation to them on courage and perseverance in their duties; but as he spoke, the prophetic spirit took possession of him, and he revealed much of what was to happen to his beloved country in after times.

"O sight of sorrow! O sacred isle, which will hereafter be called Arran of the Saints, where labour, prayers, meditation, and holy songs fill up the entire circle of the day,—the time will come upon you when your churches will not

be found, and a few scattered stones show where they once stood. Now, at evening and morning, the air resounds with the music of God's praises: hereafter, no sound shall be heard but the roar of the waves as they break on the rocks, and the harsh scream of sea birds. Instead of sheltering trees and waving fields of yellow corn, on which thousands are fed, the rocky stretch of the isle will scarcely afford sustenance to the wild goat. Woe to the decay of piety! woe to the unrestrained will of the heathen spoiler! Piety driven from Arran shall revive in the green meadows by the Sionan;* but in generations to succeed nothing shall be left even there but the tombs of forgotten chiefs, the moss-covered ruins of church walls, and the guardian crosses of the graves. But 'Arise, O Lord, and let Thy enemies be scattered; and let those who hate Thee flee from before Thy face!' As fast as God's temples are pulled down in one place, they shall rise in another; and when all are left desolate, then shall the hill-cavern, the deep lonesome glen, or the wild heath, be thy temples, O Lord, and the rough rock or flat stone Thy altar. Great empires may perish, great nations even lose the faith; but this island, hallowed in the persons of Patrick and myriads of sainted men and women, shall preserve that priceless gift till the eve of that judgment, when it will calmly sink in the surrounding seas, and its inhabitants be spared, while still clothed with flesh, the unspeakable terrors of that dreadful day."

At noon St. Brendain reëmbarked; and, having given his benediction to the kneeling hundreds that crowded the shore, bent his course northwards, through islets and islands, and by projecting capes, bringing consolation and gladness to every religious house he visited. The information got in the different stations, though slightly varying, agreed on the whole with what the old monk of Arran gave. We will not accompany him on his northern voyage, nor his return to his monastery of Ardfert in the south. The next thing we find him doing is guiding his galley straight towards the Fortunate Islands, in hopes of finding

* "Cluain Mac Nessa,"—Clonmacnoise,—the Meadow of Mac Nessa.