

feet in thickness. But it is now full time to bring our wanderings to a close.

With the permission of the excellent and hospitable priest who has charge of the island we resolved, on the last morning of our stay on Aran, to celebrate Mass in the ruined church of Teglach-Enda, where in the year 540 or 542 St. Enda was interred, and where likewise repose the relics of a countless army of white-robed saints. The morning was bright and clear, and as we traversed the road skirting the shore from Kilronan to Killeany the dark and rigid outlines of the rocks were softened by the touch of the early sunshine. The inhabitants of Killeany, exulting in the tidings that the Holy Sacrifice was once again to be offered to God near the shrine of their sainted patron, accompanied or followed us to the venerable ruins. The men, young and old, were clothed in decent black, or in white garments of home-made stuff, with sandals of undressed leather, like those of the peasants of the Abruzzi, laced round their feet; the women were attired in gay scarlet gowns and blue bodices, and all wore a look of remarkable neatness and comfort. The small roofless church was soon filled to overflowing with a decorous and devout congregation; and as the sands had accumulated to a considerable height on the exterior of the building, those who found no place within were enabled to overtop the high walls on either side, and thus assist at the Sacrifice. It was plain to us, from what we saw before us, that these churches had not been originally intended to receive even ordinary assemblages of the faithful.

We can never forget the scene of that morning: the pure, bright sand, covering the graves of unknown and unnumbered saints as with a robe of silver tissue, that glistened in the sunshine; the delicate green foliage of the wild plants that rose here and there, as if wrought in embroidery upon the white expanse; on one side the swelling hill crowned with the church of Benignus, and on the other the blue sea, that almost bathed the foundations of the venerable sanctuary itself; the soft, balmy air that hardly stirred the ferns on the old walls; and the fresh, happy, solemn calm that reigned over all.

The temporary altar was set up under the east window, on the site where of old the altar stood; and there, in the midst of the loving and simple faithful, within the walls which had been consecrated some twelve hundred years before, over the very spot of earth where so many of the saints of Ireland lay awaiting their resurrection to glory, the solemn rite of the Christian Sacrifice was performed, and once more,