

Irish peer and peasant with penalty and fine—when their priests were hunted over the face of the land with an ardor far fiercer, because in the end greatly more remunerative than that of the wolf hunt in elder times; and when expatriation was the law's merciful award for uttering the words of salvation to a proscribed people.

Here now was gathering stealthily, and one by one, a large portion of the population of that wild coast, while here and there, scattered over the waters, was seen a straggling, well-filled boat, struggling with the waters; for, with the rapidity of the highland *firecross*, the word had spread that mass would be celebrated on this day, for the first time during many months, in the cavern of *Pulnathampul*; and the hardy and devoutly-inclined islanders were resolved to brave all perils from ocean and discovery in order to be once more listeners to the prohibited word of God.

At the inner extremity of the cavern, a large detached rock served for an altar. Behind it stood or knelt the priest, the space for a few yards around him being in general dry, except during stormy spring-times, when its occupants had often run no small risk of being dashed to pieces by the stones hurled in by the tumultuous waves, and piles of which—the accumulation of ages—were now heaped in various directions. The day we now treat of, however, chanced to one of neap-tide; and, though the wind was high, there was space for the members of the congregation to kneel along the side of the slippery and weed-covered stones that bordered the agitated midstream.

The candles were lighted, and as their rays were reflected in the quivering and broken lines on the tossed waters, and partly revealed and partly threw into deeper shadow its rugged sides and splintered roof—the cavern, into which the light of the gloomy day had penetrated but dimly, with its grouping and coloring, as well as its external adjuncts, would have offered to the painter's eye a most striking picture.

The tall figure and pale features of the priest, looking still paler in the dim light; the male peasants bowed in devotion, with ear erect to catch the remotest *unaccustomed* sounds, among whom were distinguishable a few, besides Frank Lynch, in sailors' garb; and the females, in their blue and scarlet cloaks with kerchiefed heads; these formed the figures of the interior: while abroad, as the mist was swept momentarily away, were distinguishable the boundless reach of tempestuous ocean, with an occasional boat borne triumphantly on, or turmoiling amid its waves, and a casual glimpse of the gigantic mountain-range looming in the far-off distance.

The ceremony proceeded, and the screams of the restless sea-fowl sweeping round the cliff, added a wilder solemnity to it; while the roar of

the waves, as they rushed into the cavern or broke thunderingly against the neighboring cliffs, might have seemed to the imaginative ear no inappropriate organ-peal for that wild cavern-cathedral.

The mass was scarcely half concluded, when the voice of the scout, who had been left abroad to give warning, should danger approach, was heard above wind and waves shouting "the throopers—the bloody throopers. an' *Shawn na Soggarth*."

Instantly there was wild terror and confusion in the cavern. Prayers were arrested in their utterance. The candles were quenched; the sacred book closed; the wine spilled; the vestments stripped; and priest and flock, male and female, the aged and the young were seen scrambling amid the slippery rocks in their eagerness to escape. Some fled along the shore, in various directions; others pushed off in the boats, to buffet the wind and tide; while a few were necessitated to betake themselves to swimming after the nearest boat, to escape the dreaded troopers, who were advancing rapidly under the guidance of the far and evil-famed *Shawn na Soggarth*, the redoubted priest-hunter, and who was no other than Mullowny, the reader's acquaintance of yesterday.

CATHOLIC WORSHIP.

(From the *Pittsburg* (Catholic).)

The following beautiful passage from the pen of a Protestant writer, admirably portrays the deep devotional feelings which the grandeur of Catholic worship cannot fail to awaken. If the mere external forms, so finely in unison with the natural sympathies of man, called forth the writer's admiration, what would he have felt could he enter into that spirit of religion which gives them life and effect, far beyond what strikes the eye of the casual observer? The Philosopher must admire the magnificence displayed in the order and beauty of the heavens, but his admiration receives a higher and holier tinge, when he reflects that all their beauty is intended to proclaim that *God is there*.

"When a poor pilgrim, wearied with fatigue, but light of heart, kneels on the altar steps to thank Him who has watched over him during a long and perilous journey; when a distracted mother comes into the temple to pray for the recovery of her son, whom the physicians have given over; when in the evening, just as the last rays of the sun steal through the stained glass on the figure of a young female engaged in prayer, when the flickering lights of the tapers die away on the pale lips of the clergy, as they chaunt the praises of the Eternal,—tell me, does not Catholicism teach us that life should be one long prayer, that art and science ought to combine to glorify God, and that the church, where so many canticles are simultaneously hymned forth, where devotion puts on all conceivable forms, has a right to our love and respect?"—*Clauser*.