

"the valley are the dim aisles of the forest trees.
"And for a sacrificial chant, they have the song of
"birds, and the murmur of their own heart's love,
"the love of Irish hearts for their faith and their
"Lord; of all others on this earth that we know of,
"the tenderest, the truest, the best."

"Yet little time have they now to think of
"those things. The Mass is commenced. The priest
"has invoked the mercy of God—'Lord have mercy
"on us'; he prays for the living and the dead. He
"reaches the solemn act that brings the Saviour
"down to His poor people. With bowed heads and
"reverent, the people murmur words of welcome,
"satisfied that, though by all the world forgotten,
"yet will He not forget them."

"But why the alarm? Alas, these moments
"absorbed in worship are taken advantage of; the
"enemy, the soldiers of the King, are around them.
"The cry, repeated in the long ago, is heard again,
"'We have no king but Caesar.' 'Down with the
"Mass'—'Death to the Mass priest'—it is the tragedy
"of Calvary again, only to the tragedy is added the
"desecration. The blood of the Saviour and his
"priest flow together, and the dying lips of the priest
"whisper their last words on earth, 'Go, the sacrifice
"is over.' Quite true it is that the penal day is in