

on the island for seven years, and, as he hoped, had his desires and affections weaned from worldly things; his chief regret being his separation from the blessings of public worship and the Sacraments. His deliverance from solitude, and succession to the inheritance of a lost brother, had been revealed to him a long time past. He had now attained the sum of happiness he could fancy to exist on earth, and besought his deliverers to unite their prayers for his perseverance in good.

To the questions of St. Brendan on the existence of a large island yet undiscovered, and probably uninhabited, he answered that an aged monk of Inis-na-Florie had assured him that such was the fact, the only doubt being about the existence of inhabitants. It was not the island called Hy-Breasil, for that and the men and women last living on it were thousands of fathoms below the surface of the old sea. "I will relate to you," said the recluse, "the account I received from my old friend one day, as we sat on the rocks, and discoursed of the mysteries of the sun and moon, of day and of night, of the restless though regular wanderings of the tides, and of what causes half the year to be cold and dead, and the other half full of warmth and life."

The legend told by the recluse will be found in its place; but at present we must accompany our adventurous saint in search of missionary labours. Early in the spring the waters were mercifully opened, so that the bark was allowed to find its way southwards; and, after a voyage of three weeks, they were permitted the sight of the wooded shore of the long-sought continent. The landing, the joy of the holy men, the celebration of an early Mass on their newly-found territory, cannot be described in detail, nor their after weary and laborious journey through swamp, prairie, thick forest, and stony hills. They held on their toilsome errand westwards, but neither found a human being, nor the traces of one. At last when their bodily powers were prostrate, and the deepening shades under the tall thick-growing trees betokened the approach of night, they beheld, through the stems and the brush-wood; the slow and turbid waters of a wide river flowing south.

Collecting some dry brushwood, they made a fire, and prepared a frugal supper. When it was over they betook themselves to prayer, and that holy exercise occupied them two hours.

Before disposing themselves to rest for the night, they sat down beside their cheerful wood-fire, and began to take counsel as to what was the next befitting step to take. St. Brendan was about addressing his little devoted band, when the attention of all was attracted by a luminous mass of vapour approaching from the farther bank of the river. As it drew near, it seemed to unfold itself, and presently all were on their knees, and gazing with delight and reverence on an angel glorious in shape and countenance. All feeling of weariness and of disappointment was gone, and their souls were filled with rapture, as he addressed them.

"Faithful workers in your Master's vineyard, your present labours have come to an end; they are fruitless as to the conversion of your brothers, but their intention has rendered them acceptable in the sight of Jehovah. This wide-spreading land will be yet for many years unknown to the descendants of Adam. Those who have turned their faces eastward from Shinaar, and gone as far as the sea-edge, will find a wide water dividing them from this pathless wilderness of plain and forest. At one point the two great lands approach each other, and many green isles strew the surface of the intervening sea. Across these stretches of water shall pass adventurous men; they shall increase and multiply; and even empires be formed among them. Ten centuries of years will elapse, and many be lost to the kingdom of God in the old world, by wilful error, sensuality, and thirst of blood. A heaven-led man acquainted with your voyage, and following in your track, will arrive on these shores, and myriads of dwellers receive the Gospel of the Saviour. The memory of your wanderings shall remain even till then, fresh in the minds of the holy men of Erin; and as soon as the path is opened they will traverse the wild sea, to bring the good tidings of salvation to their newly-found brothers; strong bonds of good-will shall ever unite the hearts of the two races; and when