

so many hours, to get up at nights, to fare badly, to sleep on boards, to be poor, to have somebody else's will to do instead of our own, to spend summer days amid the fumes of crowded hospitals, to wear hair shirts and so forth; and we cannot help feeling a little angry with people who did so; because, however clear it may be that it was all part and parcel of Romish corruption, there is a kind of lingering irritable feeling within us that there was, on the 'acc of it to say the least, something more evangelical about such a life than about days spent in the luxurious houses, the costly furniture, varied meals, literary pastimes, elegant entertainments, smooth conventions of modern society, notwithstanding the Sunday sermon, the carriage, the stove, the cushion, and the pew—our admonitions of the unseen world, our demonstrations of faith in the truth of the Gospel. Well—but let the *readers* think a little. The monastic orders grew very corrupt; yet still it may not follow that there is any inexorable necessity of leading a *comfortable* life. The Dominicans began to eat flesh! the Carmelites to put on shoes! The Cluniacs to wear leather garments and to have more than two dressed dishes! But supposing all these things were declinations from a rule they were bound to keep, did they, even the congregations which remained unreformed, did they subside into an easy indulgent life and put the awkward precepts of the Gospel out of sight as we do? Do people, when they read of an order declining from its rule, and moralise on it, rather than on *themselves*, as readers are unhappily prone to do, do they remember that in that *fallen* monastery were nocturns, and the diurnal hours, and fasts, and vigils, and silence, and celibacy, and sundry other very mortifying observances? A sandalled Carmelite cannot be brought to a level of modern comfort, self-indulgence, or even of idleness, generally considered the exclusive characteristic of a monk. Take the Benedictine congregations in all their changes, from Bernon of Gign to John de Rance of La Trappe, and the life the easiest among them led was something far more penitential, austere, devoted and unearthly, than what we should deem the very heights of a rigid perfection. It were better to take shame to ourselves; the life of the least strict order would be, it is feared, an impracticable standard of holiness for us, accustomed to the hourly exercise of freedom and self-will.

#### MASS IN THE PENAL DAYS.

The sea shore was not the only place that supplied a rude and dark temple to the forbidden worshippers of the olden time. The Glens—the Mountains—when this unsuspected level plain, had retreats sacred to the "Faith of ages," where the dauntless Priest courted Martyrdom by changeless fidelity to his trust.

There is one of these places to the east of "Slieve-na-mon," it is called "the Glen." Two rocky and heath clad hills fling their shadows across a running stream, that, following their direction, meanders along for a mile and a half or so, and then "flows on in sunshine," towards the Suir. The place is deeply interesting—not to say romantic. Mimic forests are, here and there, scattered along the sides of the hills—gatherings of trees—among which, childhood loves to rest and to look down upon the mysterious looking water as it bubbles onward on its way. A huge flag most naturally placed—so much so, as to appear like the rock polished by the action of the weather—closes the entrance to one of these caves. It is just at the foot of the hill, and having entered thro' the aperture, which it conceals, egress may be found at what is called a "Haggard" a full quarter of a mile distant. This was a favourite retreat.—Old men, when we were a boy, talked of having heard the trampling of horses above their heads, and, thro' the crevices, seen the glimmer of steel in the moonshine. Yet there—at the remote extremity—the old greyhaired Priest ministered—and the immaculate sacrifice was offered for the living and the dead. Many a time the little flock trembled in almost mental anxiety, while the mysterious beauties of the Roman Ritual were being gone through; many a time the long breath of relieved anxiety was drawn, when in hushed whisper "Ite Missa Est"—"Depart, the Mass is finished"—was pronounced by the Priest. These days, thank Heaven, have passed; and the ways of God are vindicated by results such as those marked by our extracts from the "Lives of the Saints" God must have some wondrous blessings in store for a country so tried and so true as Ireland.

#### MASS IN THE PENAL DAYS.

The waters had worn themselves a spacious entrance into an isolated cliff of the wild and lonely shore. Into this lofty and extended cavern the billows of the Atlantic, unbroken by rock or isle in their transit from the western world, poured at times, sweeping with them, with terrible noise, stones of various sizes, uptorn from the depths of ocean, and shooting up columns of spray to the height of many feet, through two perforations worn in the cavern roof.

Here, from its wild and remote situation, was mass wont to be occasionally celebrated for the widely-scattered peasantry, at that dark and dreary period of Ireland's history, when it can scarcely be new to any reader that the worship of God, after the manner of his fathers, was visited on the