

"fires of burning homes, or the gleaming swords of
"the brutal soldiers. It is easy to serve in fair
"weather: the test of devotion comes when human
"life is the forfeit. The Irish people stood the test,
"their land to-day is hallowed by the ashes of a
"hundred thousand martyrs of the Blessed Sacra-
"ment, while the survivors, praying their 'De
"profundis' for the dead, cling still to the 'Mass
"priest', and their fealty tried by fire is all the truer
"to their King."

"It was during the burning days that the
"Mass priest', sad-visaged and hunted, gathered
"his flock out in the mountain fastness, or in the
"shaded valleys. Knowing that the enemy was
"near, outposts were set so as to guard the approach,
"and give the signal of threatening danger. The
"candles were lighted, the priest puts on the sacred
"vestments. It is not a scene to attract the eye of
"the worldling; there are no marble columns, no
"tabernacle of gold, no fretted roof, no dim visted
"aisle, no organ pealing, no glorious chant, no cen-
"swinging. But for people such as these around,
"love crowns all, love transforms all. For them the
"censor swings, for, is there not the perfume of the
"wild flowers that bloom there, of purple heath ;, of
"fragment hawthorn; vistas, there are, too, just as
"nature made them in rich nature's temple, for down