

to London, and presented himself before parliament. Weak and feeble, a shadow of his former self, he raised that voice, once so powerful, now reduced to a whisper, in behalf of plague-stricken Ireland. With tears streaming from his eyes, he pleaded in tones so full of pathos that a heart of stone could scarcely resist, but the hearts he sought to move were harder than adamant towards his race. They told him his people might die, that no help would come from England. It was the last blow. O'Connell's heart was broken, and his health declined rapidly. He was ordered abroad by his physicians, and true son of the Church that he was, he directed his steps instinctively towards the Holy City, that he might receive the benediction of the Vicar of Christ before he died. Warm-hearted France welcomed him to her shores, and his passage through her territory was a continuous ovation. At every stoppage along the route he was greeted by cheering crowds. At Paris the eloquent Count de Montalembert expressed the sentiments of his countrymen in a beautiful address to the Liberator. "We are come," he said, "to tender you the affectionate and respectful homage we owe to the man of the age, who has done most for the dignity and liberty of mankind, and especially for the political instruction of Catholic nations. We admire in you the man who has accomplished the noblest achievements that can be given to man to conceive in this world—the man who, without shedding a drop of blood has re-conquered the nationality of his country and the political rights of eight millions of Catholics. You are the man not only of one nation, you are the man of all Christendom. Your glory is not only Irish,—it is Catholic." At Lyons an enthusiastic populace bared the head and cheered lustily as he passed along. But the Liberator remained unmoved by the extraordinary honors paid him. He felt that he was sinking fast, that his end was near. And so indeed it was. Scarcely had he arrived at Genoa when he expired, May 15th, 1847.

"Your glory is not only Irish—it is Catholic." In all the long list of his beautiful works, Montalembert never wrote truer words than these. O'Connell's life is not for Irishmen alone. It is of

absorbing interest to every true Catholic of every race and every clime. It affords a standing argument against that oft repeated, though never proved assertion, that the triple virtue, love of God, of faith, and of native land, is incompatible with great political genius. O'Connell loved his God and fulfilled with scrupulous exactitude his religious duties. Father Tom Burke tells us that the sight of the gray-haired old Liberator attending regularly morning mass in the little parish church, first aroused and fostered his desire of becoming a priest. Never, even in the greatest turmoil of political agitation, did he relax the practices of piety he learned within the walls of his college. He loved his faith and showed it on all occasions by his great respect for the ministers of the Church, and a beautiful sight it was, indeed, to see the man before whom trembled the British Lion and the Iron Hero of a Hundred Fights, hearken to the voice of his pastor like the most docile lamb of the flock. His love of his native land was the absorbing passion of his soul. Each of these three loves possessed such a hold upon his heart that, during his whole life, a noble strife went on within him as he tried to reconcile their respective demands. Even at death this beautiful combat seems to have been waged upon the battlefield of his heart. And how did he satisfy these separate claims of heaven, faith and native land? His dying words, his last will and testament, as it were, tells us: "My body to Ireland, my heart to Rome, my soul to heaven." His life too teaches another lesson, it were well to learn. Why was O'Connell's love for Ireland so pure, so noble, so disinterested? Because it was founded on his love of God and his love of faith. No other Irish political leader has loved Erin as he loved her because no other leader was animated by his spirit of faith. Not that I mean to say that Erin has had no lovers but O'Connell. Far be it from me to make such a statement. Many, I know, have loved Ireland wisely. Many too have loved her well. But none other has loved her at once so wisely and so well as the greatest of her sons—her Liberator, Daniel O'Connell.

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