

remembered that in the picture gallery was one picture with its face turned to the wall, and screwed close. Without doubt, this was Sydney Earlestone's portrait, since all around were the different members of the family.

But she dare not attempt to get a sight of it until all were in bed and asleep. So she sat there wearily, thinking abstractedly, and not a tear would come to ease her throbbing temples.

When the clock on the mantelpiece chimed one, she rose, and, taking her candle, and an instrument by which she could unfasten the screws of the picture, glided noiselessly downstairs.

The picture gallery occupied a whole floor in the west wing, and through the numerous windows all along it, the moon shone in brilliantly. Dead silence prevailed as she proceeded slowly, searching for her object. The old oak-paneled room, with its rows of stiff warriors and prim old-fashioned dames, looked weird and ghostly by the uncertain light of the candle which she held; and several times a feeling of terror crept over her, and prompted her to return, which was only conquered by immense resolution.

At last, just opposite to an oval-shaped window, she caught sight of the picture she sought. Silently, slowly, but with pale determined face and patient eyes, she worked for an hour, until the last screw was undone; and after pausing for an instant to take breath, she turned the cumbersome frame, and held the light to scan the features.

Yes, there, from the tarnished gilt frame, looked down the face she knew so well—the curling black hair, the high forehead, the splendid eyes, only, instead of the careless smile, there was an expression of resolution and hope on the handsome features.

For a few seconds she gazed eagerly, scanning every lineament, then fell without a cry to the ground, and the light rolled far over the polished floor and went out.

The last star was shining pale and dim in the morning sky, and the moon had long since faded behind the mountains, ere Helen stirred again, and, opening her eyes, glanced once more at the fatal portrait. With a great sigh which told of all she had lost, she rose wearily, and by the gray light of the coming dawn turned the picture with its face to the wall, and with aching fingers commenced to re-screw it. And the sun was shining brightly through the old windows, and the birds singing blithely in the trees outside, ere she wended her way back to her chamber with gale, set face and awe-stricken eyes, to sit and think.

So sitting and musing, she fell asleep—a troubled, restless slumber, which, however, had the effect of clearing her bewildered brain; and when she awoke she set herself to think logically on her position.

No doubt was now in her mind, but that Sydney Earlestone struck the blow. But her woman's instinct told her that it was not for such a cause as William had said.

"They quarrelled about me," she thought. "I am the cause of all this trouble. And William invented the excuse to shield me. Oh! why did I ever speak to Percy Cleveland?"

Thus ran her thoughts; and as a consequence she began to think that since she had brought such trouble on William and Sir Herbert, she owed them a great atonement. Therefore, since the only thing they desired and she could give was herself, why be it so; and she—well, this life was not forever, and Heaven would give her strength until the end.

With this decision in her mind, she rose and re-freshed her face with cold water, and, putting on a faint smile, descended to the library, where she found Sir Herbert, and said, meekly:

"I am come to tell you, uncle, that any day will suit me, as soon as you like."

"Thank you, Helen," said the old man, kissing her. "Now you have made me happy."

Thus it came that within a week Helen was to become William Earlestone's wife, and moved about silently in the sick room with that dreary smile still on her fair face, and her large gray eyes set mournfully.

From that day William began to recover rapidly.

The night before the day fixed for the marriage, as Helen sat in the dining-room chatting with Sir Herbert after dinner, a great shriek ran through the house, apparently proceeding from William's chamber. Hurrying upstairs, they found the patient stretched senseless across the bed; his wound had burst open afresh, and a deadly pallor overspread his features. Again messengers hastened for medical aid, and the house was a scene of confusion and horror.

When the surgeon arrived he at once pronounced that his patient had received a serious fright, and that he could not answer for the consequences.—Yet how could he have been frightened? No one had been near the room, and the windows showed no signs of having been tampered with. However it might be, William Earlestone never spoke more to explain the mystery, and ere another day had passed he was dead.

The woe-stricken house was not left to mourn the dead in peace.

The night after William's death Helen had retired to bed early, worn out with watching and weeping; for, little as she had loved him as her accepted husband, the circumstances of his death and the grief of his father could not but have some effect on her.

Hardly had she slept an hour, when she was awakened by a servant, who informed her that Sir Herbert requested her presence immediately in the library.

Arrived there, scarcely yet awake, she saw, propped up in a large arm-chair, the Baronet, upon whose drawn features the burning logs on the hearth threw a vivid glow, and on the opposite side of the table a man in muddy, torn clothes, who in spite of bloodshot eyes and haggard features, still had the remains of former goodly appearance.

Helen took a seat where Sir Herbert indicated, wondering greatly what was this new act in the startling tragedy which had disturbed the peace of her hitherto pleasant life.

The Baronet broke silence.

"Not very long ago you were here with him who lies up stairs, Helen, and heard me condemn Sydney Earlestone as a thief and an intended murderer; and you heard what William said. Now listen while this man tells his tale. Continue, fellow, with what you were saying, and speak the truth, or, as Heaven is above us, you shall rue the day you tampered with the affairs of the Earlestones."

"Why should I lie? What good can it do me?" answered the man, savagely. "I but tell you things as they happened, that you blame none other for my deeds or his; and that you may understand my acts I will go back to the beginning. Eight years ago I was young, and perhaps not without good looks. I had a good trade and made money by it, and in those days Addie Carter was not too proud to hear me tell of how I would become a master and she should be my wife. With all my strength, mind, and soul, I loved her, and she swore that her love equalled mine, and like a fool I looked into her lustrous eyes till I was bewitched and believed her."

"One day she was cool and constrained, and grew impatient when I took the caresses which ere now had been yielded readily. I watched her in the long autumn misty nights until I discovered that a gentleman from Oxford repeatedly met her. I could have killed him many a time—I wish I had—but I was not yet mad enough. I expostulated, entreated—nay, I prayed as never man prayed for love before, but I only met the contemptuous glance of soft, proud eyes and the shrug of white, round shoulders.

"Then I threatened, upon which Addie grew frightened and pretended to yield. But I saw through her design, and cursed him who had changed her thus. Also I noticed how there were two now who came to see her, and I saw they were brothers; and one night she got up a mock sensation scene with the elder, who was the last comer, and by some means or other I heard him pledge his word that he would not mention that he had been at the rendezvous that night. And I wondered what was in the wind."

"The next day she had gone—I found that she had left with the younger brother. But oh, the weary time; the days and nights of thinking, of watching for some clue to her whereabouts! At last I found that her lover lived down here. I tramped against wind and rain, until I found Earlestone Park. Then again I watched William Earlestone, and found that he had placed Addie in a cottage five miles away, where he sometimes went to see her; postponing for the present the marriage he had promised. I was mad, and bought a knife to kill him, but waited months for a favorable opportunity, and I wanted to tell him before he died for what he was punished—that he had stolen my love."

"At last, on the night that he met his brother in the park, I saw him part with Addie, saw her leave, crying bitterly, and I swore to kill him ere the morning broke; and I should have done it, but that I was clumsy. Yet I completed my work, for it was my face peering in at his bed-room window which frightened him to death: so that my vow is accomplished. I have now only to die for my crime, and I shall meet Addie somewhere."

A silence awful and breathless followed his speech, until Sir Herbert spoke, hoarsely—

"Helen, leave the room—I would speak with him alone."

Helen having gone, the Baronet sat long with the man, and at last came out alone, but no one near Earlestone Park ever saw or heard of the murderer again.

Thus was the honor of the house of Earlestone saved from public scandal, for the villagers of course never knew that Sydney Earlestone had been down that night, and the murder has been a mystery to this day.

Ere the year had passed Sir Herbert ailed and died, and left his son Sydney sole heir; to Helen he gave five hundred a year and his blessing.

So the shutters were closed in the windows of Earlestone Park, the lawn grew ragged, and grass began to grow in the carriage-road; and nothing was to be heard in the deserted grounds but the hoarse cawing of the crows, or the sad weeping of the lily-crowned river, which seemed to mourn for the masters of Earlestone.

CHAPTER IV.

At Treveux House, a snug villa near Richmond, standing by the river, a gay party was assembled on a fair July night. The beautiful hostess was noted for her balls and routs and suppers. In her well appointed rooms met together at times a select circle, the members of which numbered some of London's beauties and the most distinguished of London's fashionables.

On this star-lit, summer-breathing evening, from the open windows floated far down the broad, still river the sounds of revelry.

To-night there were perhaps more types than usual of all styles of beauty to be seen under the brilliant chandeliers. And more than usual were the stately, gauzy-robed figures whirling in the giddy dance, or lounging on the soft couches, listening with demurely falling eyes to tender speeches, or answering with bright, sparkling glances to the choicest of compliments.

Yet fair, and to be noticed even among so many fair, was one with great wealth of golden brown hair, under which glowed an oval face, lighted up by dark blue gray eyes under long silken lashes.

Around her clustered, with admiring eyes and courteous attention, the handsome and brave and clever, whose most impassioned tones, most neatly-turned compliments, sincerest service, only gained them a passing smile or pitying word; none could call up the tender interest in her expressive eyes for which each would have given a world. Once or twice, when she was closely watched, a sad smile might have been seen stealing over the delicate face, and for a moment the large gray eyes looked wistfully through a film of what appeared like tears, one remembers happier things.

Helen Maldon was more beautiful now than when we saw her first—beautiful with a beauty more womanly, with a charm more serene. The sad scenes which had marred her in those past days had faded slightly in the three years which have elapsed, and had left only a dim regret for him who was to have called her his wife, and a loving sorrow for the old man who loved her as a father.

But clear, distinct, as if of yesterday, were the scenes which preceded, and deep in her heart one face rested ever—the face of him who called himself Percy Cleveland, who now was heir to Earlestone Park, but had never returned to claim his heritage, never been seen or heard of since the train swiftly hurried him from his home and his love.

"Helen!" In a low, mellow voice the word was spoken which made the blood rise swiftly over neck and face, then as swiftly recede again, leaving her pale as marble. Looking up, she saw bending over her the tall figure she knew of old—saw turned upon her, with grave interest beaming from them, the bright, dark eyes of Sydney Earlestone. Then there stole over her a strange, sweet feeling of contentment, and as it were in a dream she heard him say: "Come out on the terrace—I have much to tell you."

Mechanically taking his proffered arm, she walked by his side out of the hot, scent-laden atmosphere, and from the loud strains of the waltz music, into the cool, pure air and peaceful stillness of the night. Striving to be calm, she said, just audibly—

"When did you return? We have lost you a long time."

"I arrived in England a week ago. Yes, I have been away some time. I should not have returned now had I not happened to meet a friend of our family, who, without knowing me, told me all that had happened. Since my arrival I have been making some necessary inquiries and arranging the affairs of the estate; and now I am come to clear my character with you."

"There is no need," she answered, eagerly. "I know all about your sorrow and your devotion."

"Nay," he answered, "call it my misfortune and obstinacy. Well, then, I need only tell you that the reason why I could not clear myself of that affair in Oxford was because I had given my word to Addie Carter—poor girl, the shock of her false lover's sudden death killed her—not to say where I had been on that evening, and while I was with her listening to a false tale of family trouble. William Earlestone entered my friend's room through mine and abstracted money. And when I met him that fatal night in the park I intended to extract a promise that he would never marry you, and that on his father's death he would share the estate with me."

"But he imposed upon me again. He pictured his love for you; he told me how my father's heart was set upon the match, and how he lied by saying that you loved him. I yielded; for I thought why should I bring all that trouble on three people to gratify my whim? So I contented myself with making him sign a confession of the Oxford affair, and extracting a promise of my share in the estate after my father's death. Next day I left England, and thus never heard what followed."

"One thing remains, Helen. In those days when

I was the vagrant artist, at times I thought you might feel a kinder feeling for me than friendship; and though I can scarcely hope that, if it were so, you have not forgotten me, yet I will not again risk my happiness without being certain that I may not grasp it."

"So now I ask you, Helen, whether you will accept the love of a heart which has never yet been offered to another woman, and the support of a hand which, if it has not accomplished great things, has never committed a dishonorable one."

Turning for answer to the bright form which pressed close to him, he read all that he wished in the swimming eyes and the long look of love which thrilled him with delight.

That night, under the silent stars, Helen felt that at last had come to her happiness which was all-satisfying; for, looking dreamily over the dusky trees and softened meadows, down the flowing river which rippled as if in answering joy, she heard the words of fond tenderness and loving promise whispered in her burning ears.

That night she slept the betrothed of Sydney Earlestone.

In Earlestone Park once more the flowers send forth varied fragrance from the well-ordered flower-bed, and the park resounds with the merry laughter of bright-eyed boys and girls, while the pleased father and the fond mother watch in tender affection, and have forgotten the dreary scenes which in years gone by were enacted on the ground they tread.

THE LIBERATOR OF IRELAND.

Panegyric of the Irish Tribune by the great Lacordaire.

The following magnificent panegyric of O'Connell was delivered in Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris, by the great Lacordaire of the Friar Preachers. Beati qui esuriunt et sitiunt justitiam quoniam ipsi saturabuntur.

"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice, for they shall be filled.—Saint Matthew, chap. 5, verso 6. My Lord."

Gentlemen: I shall say nothing to you of the words you have just heard, pronounced as they were for the first time by Him who uttered so many new words to the world. I shall say nothing of them, because they will resound throughout the whole of my discourse and because at each word, at each phrase, at each movement, you will explain to yourselves, and I shall have no need to repeat to you—"

"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice, for they shall be filled!" And this numerous assembly, this expectation, this solemn preoccupation of your hearts, what is all this but the justice that descends, that comes down from heaven upon a man who hoped not, in his agitated life, so soon to receive the unanimous gratitude of the present age, nor even of the future? And who is this man, at once master of a posterity hardly born around his tomb? By what charm has he so prematurely commanded justice? Is he a king who sleeps with his ancestors, after having gloriously governed his people? Is he a conqueror who has carried the prowess of his arms to the ends of the earth? Is he a legislator who has founded some nation in the chaos of beginnings or of ruins? No, no, he is none of these, and he is more than all; he is a man who was neither prince, captain, nor founder of empire; he is a simple citizen, who governed more than kings, gained more battles than conquerors, accomplished more than any of those who have ordinarily received the mission to destroy or build up. His country gave him the name of Liberator; and if we take this title only in a limited sense it would be great enough to justify the unusual honors which we render to him, to explain to us why Rome the mistress of august glories, has opened to him her basilicas, and why, although a foreigner to our country, these sacred and patriotic vaults of Notre Dame now cover the admiration which remains living upon his tomb. It would have been enough, I say, that he was the liberator of an oppressed country to justify all that Rome, France, and all the world think of his memory, and do in order to honor it. But I do not halt at this point of view; it is too narrow for him, for you, for your expectation, for the thoughts that besiege my heart, I purpose to show you that this man has marked his place among the greatest liberators of the Church and of mankind. I put aside, then, if I may do so, all ideas of country, which are neither great nor high enough for our subject. I open the grandest theatre in which a human remembrance can be placed, that of the Church and all mankind.

O my God, Father of Justice, I thank Thee that in these times, which witness too many mysteries of iniquity, Thou permittest me to speak here the eulogium of a man of justice; whose long and agitated career has not cost a drop of blood, not even a tear; of one who, after having moved more men and more nations than we find any other instance of in history, has descended into his tomb pure from all reproach, without fear that any living soul will be able to raise its stone and call him to account in the fifty years of his public life. I do not say of a guilty action, but of a disaster. I thank Thee, O my God, that such is the object of this assembly, and also for that justice which Thou hast promised to all men, and which I am about to render in Thy name and in the name of Christendom, to the memory of Daniel O'Connell.

THE MISSION OF LIBERATORS.

From the beginning the world has possessed a divine light, divine charity, divine authority, a divine society. From the primitive fables of Eden to the summit of Ararat to the rock of Sinai, from Sinai to Mount Zion and Calvary, from Calvary to the hill of the Vatican, God has never ceased to act and to be present upon earth. And it seems that this reign of heaven-born light, charity, and authority; this union of souls by God and in God, our common Father, should, if it were possible, obtain unanimity here below, or at least not encounter enemies and struggles. But we are here in the land of combat, and God has been the first to submit to it; He has consented to give us His life, inasmuch as it is blended with our own, to be judged by us, and consequently to be accepted by some and rejected by others. This sacred war is as old as the world; it will continue as long as the world shall last. But in its vicissitudes we remark two periods and two missions prouder than the rest; the periods of persecution and of deliverance; the mission of persecutors, and the mission of liberators. When the world is more than usually weary of God, whether of hearing of Him or whether considering His power too great, it makes an effort against Him, and too feeble in reason to banish Him by the simple forces of the soul, it has recourse to the brutalities of the material order. It overthrows, it burns, it destroys whatsoever is marked with the divine sign, until, satisfied with the silence and the desert which it has created, it judges that, at least, if it have not conquered, it has nevertheless gained a few days of truce and triumph. But God is never more powerful than in these very days: He rises up from ruins by a germination which no one accounts for to himself or rather, mankind, troubled by His absence, returns towards Him as a child calls back his father to the domestic hearth from whence he had banished him. Justice, truth, eternal order, resume their reign in the conscience of the human race, and the age of deliverance succeeds to the age of persecution. Then appears one of those men whom Providence prepares beforehand in the omnipotent secrets of His coun-

sel; a Moses delivering the people of God from the hands of Egypt; a Cyrus bringing them from Babylon to the fields of their country; a Judas Maccabeus maintaining their independence against the successors of Alexander; and, at a later period, a Constantine, a Charlemagne a Gregory VII.—Constantine, who gave liberty of conscience to Christians; Charlemagne, who, against the Greek emperors, the barbarian kings and the future itself, assured the independence of the Vicar of God; Gregory VII., who drew the Church from the deadly grasp of feudalism; illustrious names, the most rare and the greatest in all history! And you may perhaps think me unwise in pronouncing them, lest they should outshine the glory of him whom I seek to honor. For my part, gentlemen, I have none of this fear, and you will judge whether I be in error.

A NATION OF MARTYRS.

Open a map of the world, and consider at its two extremities those two groups of islands, the Islands of Japan and the British Isles. Follow the trace of the nations upon the line of three thousand leagues in length; count Japan, China, Russia, Sweden, Prussia, Denmark, Hanover, England, Ireland. You will count in vain; in all that number of kingdoms there is not one where the Church of God enjoys her inalienable liberties; where her teaching, her sacraments, and her assemblies are not humiliated and captive. What! so many nations at the same time despoiled of the holy independence of the children of God! What! among those two hundred millions of men there have been found no hearts strong enough to maintain somewhere the rights of conscience and the dignity of the Christian! Ah! do not deceive yourselves; God has never left truth without martyrs; that is to say, without witnesses ready to serve it even with their blood; and as the scandal of oppression had reached its term here in extent, duration, and vigor, God, on his side, has also wrought a new miracle in the history of martyrdom. Men and families have been seen to die for their faith, and to leave behind them, from that grand spectacle, only their mutilated limbs and their incorruptible remembrance. But a whole people living in continual martyrdom generations of souls, bound together by the same terrestrial country, transmitting to each other the heritage of the faith, in suffering, hereditary also—this had never been seen. God has willed and produced it: He has willed it in our own times and has produced it in our own times. Among those nations which I just now showed you linked to each other in space and in spiritual bondage, there is one which has not accepted the yoke; which, materially enslaved, has remained free by the soul. One of the proudest powers of the world has struggled hand to hand with her in order to draw her into the abyss of schism and apostasy. Doomed to war of extermination, she has yielded without betraying either the courage of combat, or the courage of faithfulness to God. Despoiled of her native land by gigantic confiscations, she has cultivated for her conquerors the fields of her ancestors, and from the sweat of her brow gained the bread which sufficed for her to live with honor and to die with faith. Famine disputed that crust of bread with her; she lifted towards Providence her eyes, which did not accuse Him. Neither war, nor spoliation, nor famine, have caused her either to perish or apostatize; her oppressors, however powerful they were, have not been able to exhaust life in her vitals, or duty in her heart. In fact, as even the boldest and the basest sword cannot kill for ever, tyranny has sought something even more constant than steel, and the Revelation of St. John has been seen verified in that victim nation; that a time will come when no man might buy or sell but those that have in their hand or on their forehead the mark of the beast, that is to say, of apostasy.

A NATION WITHOUT A RIGHT.

This people, then, at a single stroke, was deprived of all its political and civil rights. Every living being is born with a right. Even the inanimate stone brings into the world a law which protects and ennobles it; it is under the guardianship of the mathematical law—an eternal law, forming but one single thing with the essence of God, and which does not permit you to touch even an atom without respecting its force and its right. Every being, however feeble, is thus endowed with a part of the power and the eternity of God, and by a stronger reason man, a creature who thinks and wills, the first-born of the Divine intelligence and will; so that to take from him his native right is a crime so great that the very stone, could its right be taken from it would accuse the ravisher of parricide and sacrilege. What must it then be defrauded of its rights? Yet more, gentlemen, this rape of right, this legal murder of a nation, has not been established in an absolute, but in a conditional manner, so that it is always possible to the nation, and to its members, to save themselves from public and civil death by apostasy. The law said to them; You are nothing; apostatize, and you shall be something. You are dying of hunger; apostatize, and you shall be rich. What a temptation! and how deep was the calculation; if conscience were not deeper even than hell! Fear nothing for this martyr people; for two whole centuries it is greater than seduction, and lifts its trembling hands towards God saying in its heart: "God sees them, and He sees us; they will have their reward, and we shall have ours."

I shall not, gentlemen, pronounce the name of this dear and hallowed people, this people stronger than death; my lips are not pure and ardent enough to utter it; but heaven knows it; the earth blesses it; every generous heart opens for it a country, a love, a refuge. O heaven that sees, O earth that knows, O all of you, better and more worthy than I, name this people for me, name it; say:

IRELAND!

Ireland, gentlemen! Such was her condition when the eighteenth century opened, and was inaugurated under the hand of God by two peals of thunder; one exploded in the new world, upon shores as yet hardly known, the other in the bosom of our own country. These two shocks of Providence warned the oppressors of Ireland; it caused them to suspect that a reign of justice and liberty was preparing in the conscience of men by such memorable catastrophes; and whether, from fear or the rising of compassion, they loosened a little the fetters which chained the life of their victim. Among the rights then restored was one, in appearance of little value—that of defending private interests before the tribunals of ordinary jurisdiction. Assuredly, gentlemen, the concession seemed to be but of slight importance and of little interest for the future; but England had not reflected that it would give freedom to speech, and that to give freedom to speech is to deliver God; for speech from lips inspired by faith is truth, charity, authority. Speech teaches, strengthens, commands, combats; speech is the true liberator of consciences; and when oppressors open the field to it we may believe, without being wanting in respect for them, that they know not what they do. Speech then became free in Ireland, and from the first day, in the very hour whilst it still wondered to find itself no longer shackled, it touched the heart and lips of a young man of five-and-twenty, and found that those lips were eloquent and that heart was great.

Suddenly the lakes of Ireland held upon their waves the breezes which ruffled them; her forests stood still and trembling; her mountains seemed as in expectation. Ireland heard free and Christian speech, full of God and country, skillful in maintaining the rights of the weak, calling to account the abuses of authority, conscious of its strength; and imparting it to the whole people: Truly it is a happy day when a woman brings her first-born into the world; it is a happy day when the captive sees again the full light of heaven; it is a happy day also

when the exile returns to his country; but none of these delights—the greatest which man enjoys—produces or equals the thrilling of a people who, after long centuries, hear for the first time, human and divine language in the plenitude of their liberty; and Ireland owed that unspeakable joy to this young man of five-and twenty, whose name was Daniel O'Connell.

IRELAND.

In less than ten years, O'Connell foresaw that he would one day be master of his fellow-citizens; and thenceforth he meditated on the plan which he should follow for their emancipation. Where should he begin? Which of the links of that heavy chain was the first to be broken? He considered that the rights of conscience passed before all others; that there, in that servitude of the soul, was the centre and corner-stone of all tyranny, and that consequently, this was the first point to attack. The emancipation of the Catholics of Ireland and England became his daily preoccupation, the constant dream of his genius. I shall not relate to you all his efforts and disappointments. Both were innumerable. Ten more years passed in these unfruitful trials. Neither the man nor the time was ready; Providence is slow, and patience equal to His own is the gift which he accords to the men who are worthy to serve as His instruments. At last the hour struck when O'Connell knew that he was the moral chief of his nation, that he held in his hand all the minds and hearts, all the ideas, and all the interests of Ireland, and that no movement would be made save under his sovereign direction. It had cost him twenty years of labor to arrive at that memorable day when he was able to say without pride: Now I am king of Ireland.

It is a great thing, gentlemen, to become the chief of a party. When a man has the right to say that he governs a party it is enough to satisfy the most immoderate ambition, so difficult is it to bring into obedience those evils who share all our thoughts and designs. The creation of a party is a masterpiece of power and skill; and yet the leader of a party is nothing in comparison with the man who has become the moral leader of a whole nation, and who holds it under his laws, without army, without police, without tribunals, without any other resource than his genius and devotedness. The reign of O'Connell commenced in 1825. In that year he established throughout Ireland an association called the Catholic Association; and as no association has any power without a constant revenue, O'Connell founded the emancipation rent, and fixed it at a penny per month.

Let us not smile, gentlemen; there was in that penny per month a great financial calculation, and a still greater calculation of the heart. Ireland was poor, and a poor people has but one means of becoming rich; it is by every hand giving to the country from the little which it possesses. The emancipation penny invited every son of Erin to share in the glorious work of emancipation; poverty, however great it was, deprived none of the hope of being rich enough by the end of the month to cast an insult at the gold of England.

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In less than ten years, O'Connell foresaw that he would one day be master of his fellow-citizens; and thenceforth he meditated on the plan which he should follow for their emancipation. Where should he begin? Which of the links of that heavy chain was the first to be broken? He considered that the rights of conscience passed before all others; that there, in that servitude of the soul, was the centre and corner-stone of all tyranny, and that consequently, this was the first point to attack. The emancipation of the Catholics of Ireland and England became his daily preoccupation, the constant dream of his genius. I shall not relate to you all his efforts and disappointments. Both were innumerable. Ten more years passed in these unfruitful trials. Neither the man nor the time was ready; Providence is slow, and patience equal to His own is the gift which he accords to the men who are worthy to serve as His instruments. At last the hour struck when O'Connell knew that he was the moral chief of his nation, that he held in his hand all the minds and hearts, all the ideas, and all the interests of Ireland, and that no movement would be made save under his sovereign direction. It had cost him twenty years of labor to arrive at that memorable day when he was able to say without pride: Now I am king of Ireland.

It is a great thing, gentlemen, to become the chief of a party. When a man has the right to say that he governs a party it is enough to satisfy the most immoderate ambition, so difficult is it to bring into obedience those evils who share all our thoughts and designs. The creation of a party is a masterpiece of power and skill; and yet the leader of a party is nothing in comparison with the man who has become the moral leader of a whole nation, and who holds it under his laws, without army, without police, without tribunals, without any other resource than his genius and devotedness. The reign of O'Connell commenced in 1825. In that year he established throughout Ireland an association called the Catholic Association; and as no association has any power without a constant revenue, O'Connell founded the emancipation rent, and fixed it at a penny per month.

Let us not smile, gentlemen; there was in that penny per month a great financial calculation, and a still greater calculation of the heart. Ireland was poor, and a poor people has but one means of becoming rich; it is by every hand giving to the country from the little which it possesses. The emancipation penny invited every son of Erin to share in the glorious work of emancipation; poverty, however great it was, deprived none of the hope of being rich enough by the end of the month to cast an insult at the gold of England.

The Catholic Association and the emancipation rent obtained unheard of success, and raised the action of O'Connell to the power and dignity of a government.

Three years after, in 1828, at the time of the general elections, it was a marvel to see the Irish, who up to that time had voted at the dictation and in favor of their oppressors—it was a marvel, I say, to see them by their votes proclaiming their rights and their intention henceforth of defending them.

SELECTED FOR CLARE.

This was as yet nothing; soon O'Connell appeared before the electors of Clare, and offered himself as a candidate for a seat in the Parliament of England. He was elected in spite of the oath which placed the barrier of apostasy between him and a seat in the legislative assembly; and he dared to present himself, with his election in his hand and his faith in his heart, within these walls of Westminster, which trembled before a Catholic who violated their ancient injustice intolerance by the astounding pretension of seating and of placing there in the person of an outlaw, a Catholic, an Irishman, the very impersonation of a whole people.

Public opinion was moved to its very foundations; all Ireland was ready; proud yet obedient, agitated yet peaceful. Sympathy, encouragement, help came to her from every part of Europe, from the shores of America, and from England herself—moved at last in some of her children by the cry of justice so eloquently claimed. Neither the English minister nor the King of Great Britain were disposed to grant Catholic emancipation; ardent prejudices still existed in the two chambers which, during thirty years had often rejected similar projects, although softened towards Protestant pride by hard conditions. But the remains of those old passions vainly opposed a barrier to the sentiments of general equity; the world was at one of those magic hours when it does not follow its own will. On the 13th of April, 1828, the emancipation of Catholics was proclaimed by a bill emanating from the minister, accepted by the legislature, and signed by the king.

LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE.

Let us halt a moment, gentlemen, to reflect upon the causes of so memorable an event; for you will understand that a single man, whatever may be his genius, would not have been able to bring about this revolution if it had not been prepared beforehand and brought to maturity by the very power of the times. We must acknowledge this, under pain of falling into excess in the most just praise, and of transforming admiration into a blind rapture than a generous sentiment. It was amongst us—for I never lose an opportunity of returning to my own country; it was amongst us in France, in the eighteenth century, that the principle of liberty of conscience resumed its course, which had been so long weakened and turned aside. The philosophy of that age, although an enemy to Christianity, borrowed from it the dogma of the liberty of souls, and upheld it with unflinching zeal—less, doubtless, from love of justice and truth, than for the purpose of undermining the reign of Jesus Christ. But whatsoever its object, it founded in minds the return of just toleration, and prepared for future ages the emancipation of so many Christian nations oppressed by the iron hand of despotism and heresy. Thus God draws good from evil, and nothing is produced in the world, even against truth and justice, which will not, by divine transformation, sooner or later serve the cause of justice and truth. That French idea of liberty of conscience had passed to England and the United States of America; and O'Connell, who met it on his glorious way, easily made it serve to further his work.

THE LIBERATOR OF THE CHURCH.

Therefore, gentlemen, before insisting upon the gratitude which we owe to him, it is just that I should invite you to honor with sincere and unanimous applause all those who have aided that great work of Catholic emancipation. This is the first time that in a French assembly, at the foot of our altars, in the presence of God and men, we have occasion to pay a tribute of gratitude to those who have co-operated for the emancipation of our brethren in Ireland and England, to those diverse instruments far or near, of that great act of the 13th of April, 1829, which so many hearts called for; which so many Sovereign Pontiffs, in the mysterious watchings of the Vatican, had ardently prayed for; and which will for ever remain in history as a memorial of one of the brightest hours of the human race. Join then with me, O my brethren, join with me from the depths of your hearts, and lifting our hands towards God, let us say together: Eternal praise, honor, glory, and gratitude to his Majesty King George IV., who signed and sanctioned the bill for Catholic emancipation? Eternal praise, honor, glory, and gratitude to those Protestants of England and Ire-

land, gentlemen! Such was her condition when the eighteenth century opened, and was inaugurated under the hand of God by two peals of thunder; one exploded in the new world, upon shores as yet hardly known, the other in the bosom of our own country. These two shocks of Providence warned the oppressors of Ireland; it caused them to suspect that a reign of justice and liberty was preparing in the conscience of men by such memorable catastrophes; and whether, from fear or the rising of compassion, they loosened a little the