

me—is it really true, and I shall be a real Catholic?

'You will indeed, Jessie; and, please God, a better one than your aunt.'

Jessie looked incredulous, and began to eat her supper.

Sam helped himself to a steak off the grid-iron, and seating himself in a position where he could watch every movement of his dying father, preserved perfect silence.

Mary drew from her pocket a key, and opening a small trunk, took out of it a square of white linen edged with common lace, two small wax candles, a crucifix, and two white vases.

Jessie had not seen these treasures before, and she would have bounded from her seat, but a sign from her uncle checked her.

Mary cleared a space at the foot of the bed, and placed there three boxes one above another; the top one reached some inches above the level of the bed. On this she spread the linen cloth, placed the crucifix in the centre, and the vases and candles on each side. The sick man watched this arrangement with joy, reverence, and devotion sparkling in his eyes.

'And now, Jessie,' whispered her aunt, 'I want you to go to the market first thing in the morning for sixpennyworth of flowers.'

'Why, aunt?' asked the wondering child, in the same subdued voice.

'To fill these empty vases; but you will have to be out before six. I shall want them here at seven.'

'Why, aunt? O, do tell me why.'

'My God is coming,' murmured the sick man; 'He is coming; and we must have flowers, Jessie, and lights, and a decent place for Him to rest awhile, before He comes into my most wicked heart.'

'Is Jesus coming from His little house in chapel, aunt? O, do tell me that.'

'To-morrow will be my First Communion-day. To-morrow the good Jesus will come to me. O good Jesus! O merciful God! to leave Thy beautiful home, and come to such a place as this!'

'Jessie, come here, my child. Put your little hand on my head, there. Now tell our Father in heaven that you Jessie, will always live a good and holy life, and every day will say some little prayer to thank Him for sending His only Son to comfort your poor old grandfather in his dying agony.'

'I thank Him now,' sobbed Jessie, falling on her knees; 'with all my heart, I thank Him. And when he comes to-morrow, I will thank and bless Him more than ever. I—'

'Hush, Jessie,' said her uncle, starting from his seat; 'there's somebody at the door.'

Mary threw a cover over the little oratory, and cautiously opened the door.

'I beg your pardon, ma'am,' said a man's voice outside; 'but I promised to bring the man to her master to-night. It's nine o'clock, and if she don't get her stabling afore twelve, she'll have to lodge here to-night.'

A short laugh wound up this piece of information.

'I must go, Mary,' said Sam; 'I'll be back in an hour.'

'Sam, take care,' whispered his wife; 'the man outside is the one you struck. Oh, do avoid him, Sam. I don't at all like the looks of him; depend upon it, he'll try his best to get our Jessie from us. I'm sure he will. He makes his living by kidnapping, I do believe.'

'Don't be foolish, Mary; he can't get her without our knowing of it. And ain't there a law in the land. Bless you, he darra'd do it.'

'Make haste, friend,' said the voice outside; 'this man of yours don't admire strangers.'

'What voice is that?' said the sick man, opening his eyes and gazing round the room.

'And where are you going, Sam?'

'I'm going to take Bessie to the stables, father; I won't be more than an hour.'

The sick man again closed his eyes, and Sam went out into the street.

Mary and Jessie said their night prayers before the little oratory. Jessie shared her grandfather's bed in the next room, while Mary drew a chair to the sick-bed, and prepared to watch until the early morning.

CHAPTER IV.

Sam did return within the appointed hour; but he looked worried, and answered his wife's inquiries with a degree of ill humor not natural in him. She had prepared a bed for him on some chairs; but he preferred sitting near the fire, and after some time he fell asleep.

The sick man's wants were very few that night, though he never closed his eyes in sleep, but, with clasped hands and face radiant with happiness, poured out his soul in fervent prayer, Mary suggested suitable acts of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Contrition, and with one or other ever on his lips he looked out on the moonlit sky, and watched for the morning.

The solemn-toned bell of the church clock numbered the hours as they passed; and while the sick man raised his hand to bless himself at each warning that another hour had gone forever, Mary said aloud the Hail Mary.

Jessie was up and dressed before her aunt had thought to call her. She crept softly to the sick-bed, and met the glad eyes of her grandfather as they turned upon her.

'God bless you my darling,' he said, 'and make you always so ready and willing to do a little thing for Him. Mary, my dear, let her say her morning prayers here afore she goes out. I love to hear her little voice speaking to her kind Father in heaven.'

Jessie knelt before the crucifix, and reverently said her morning prayers. Again she received her grandfather's blessing; and drawing her fondly towards him, he kissed her with his dying lips.

look back to the window where he lay; he saw her kiss her hand towards him, and hold up her little basket. When she was out of sight he still gazed there, murmuring blessings on the child he loved so fondly.

When Sam awoke, he started forward in his chair, and fixed a look on his wife's face that made her cry out with fear and surprise.

The sick man eagerly inquired what had happened, for Sam had rushed into the next room, and returned pale and trembling. He seized Mary by the arm, and said, in a voice which chilled her.

'Jessie has gone! She is stolen away!—She never will come back!'

'Are you mad, Sam?' cried the poor woman. 'Oh, look how you have frightened father. For mercy's sake, stop and help him.'

Sam raised his father, who had fallen forward to his effort to rise from the bed.

'He has fainted, Mary. Here, stand and bathe his forehead. I must look after Jessie. I know some one who is dodging about here to run off with her.'

'Nonsense, Sam. You've been dreaming. Here, hold the cup; he's coming round. Jessie has gone to the market to buy flowers. Father is going to Communion this morning.'

'To Communion,' murmured the poor sufferer. 'Oh, yes; Jesus is coming. How long have I to wait, Mary?'

'Not quite an hour; the good priest is coming at seven, and Jessie will soon be here with the flowers.'

'I'll go and meet her,' said Sam, in a nervous and agitated manner. And before Mary could prevent him, he was out of the house. She watched him run down the street as if a fit of madness had seized him, while the sick man murmured incoherent sentences about his 'lost treasure,' his Jessie. Save her, save her.

Mary bent over him with a troubled countenance, and a weight of anxiety oppressing her. The tedious minutes dragged slowly on, and she listened breathlessly for the chiming of the half-hour past six. It sounded at last, and the dying man opened his eyes, and his lips formed the words, 'He is coming soon.'

'Yes, dear father,' said Mary. 'The good God, who died for you, is coming to help you to bear your agony. Oh, the kind, sacred Heart of our blessed Lord! loving, and bleeding, and dying for you, and after all, opening to receive you. You, who have grieved and wounded Him so deeply. A few more minutes, and you will lie in the arms of your Saviour. He will speak loving words to you. You will be alone with Him, who loves you more tenderly than any mother loves her child.'

'He died for me,' gasped the sufferer. 'He loves me, who never cared for Him till now. Yes, who never thought of Him. Oh, that I could live my life over again. I would serve Him so faithfully; I would love Him so constantly.' But Jessie will make up for me.

REMOVAL OF THE REMAINS OF O'CONNELL TO THEIR FINAL RESTING PLACE.

IMPOSING CEREMONIAL.

MAGNIFICENT SERMON OF THE REV. MR. BURKE.

From the Dublin Irishman.

This ceremony attracted an immense concourse of people to Glasnevin yesterday. We abridge the report of the proceedings from the Freeman:—O'Connell was buried on Thursday, the 5th of August 1847, and the next day a meeting was held in the City Hall for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements to erect a monument to his memory. Michael Stanton, then Lord Mayor, presided; Sir Percy Nugent, Sir Thomas Esmond, Sir Colman O'Loghlin, Sir Dominic Corrigan, and honest Tom Steele were there. The first resolution was proposed by Sir John Gray, who suggested a committee and the plan of working. The speeches delivered were singularly brief, but appropriate. For several months the committee continued to work, and subsequently a number of gentlemen from the Catholic Cemetery Committee were added to the number and one board formed. Designs for a monument were obtained, and one by Petrie adopted. It combined a mortuary chapel, a round tower, surmounted by the emblem of salvation, and a monumental cross. The round tower alone was completed. The vault in which O'Connell's remains were laid was situated, both in position and construction; and this became more apparent as time rolled on. The Catholic Cemetery Committee had their attention directed to the subject late last year and they named as a sub-committee the two remaining friends who had served with the Liberator on the board, namely—Alderman Moylan and Dr. George Arkinson. Mr. Mark O'Shaughnessy, barrister-at-law, was requested to act with these gentlemen. Their report was adopted by the committee, and steps were immediately taken to have the illustrious dead removed to the crypt underneath the round tower. It was for this purpose that the religious ceremony of to-day took place. The gathering was, in every sense of the word, national—great impressive, Catholic. The Church of Ireland was there in its distinguished hierarchy its beloved clergy, its devoted orders. The great towns were suitably represented by municipal authorities, and men from far-distant homes came to do homage to the memory of him who had given them civil freedom, and taught them to stand together for the rights of citizenship. The people of the metropolis in tens of thousands demitted themselves with dignity and quiet. The learned professors were represented by many of their most distinguished members. The highest dignitaries of the judicial bench, many members of the legislature, and men of rank in public esteem, all congregated to renew the testimony of reverence which the name of O'Connell is ever certain to evoke in Ireland. As early as nine o'clock the roads leading to the cemetery were quite filled by an ever-increasing throng and many thousands must have awaited inside with nothing but the beginning of the ceremony. For two hours the immense multi-ude poured in through the gates, and took their way with a self-respect and decorum which rendered all direction or arrangement unnecessary. In the slow-moving crowds were many who had heard the mighty tones of the Liberator, who had followed him with devotion through life, had borne with him the toll of battle, had fought the good fight, and then in anguish and tribulation had laid him in his grave. And it was not alone amongst the people that one observed those who had been the personal friends of O'Connell. Surely many an aged priest of that great throng had stood beside him as he spoke to multitudes and told them of their duty to themselves and Ireland. Here and there one could recognize men who had almost elevated the sacred ministry by a sacrifice of all things to country, who had grown old in the service of their people as ardent disciples of the great leader. The assembly seemed possessed of but one sentiment, the solemn realization of the sanctity of the hour. Great numbers filled the spaces around the gates, immense gatherings had collected at the round tower, and all along the winding paths thou-

sands awaited the procession. About 700 of the quarry-labourers were present in a body, and conducted themselves with the utmost good order. Up at the old tomb, from whence the remains were about to be conveyed to their new and wreath resting place, many had assembled. At length the hour had arrived when the procession to the old vault should be formed. His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop had come, and the judges were in their places, and the multitudes were assembled in tens of thousands. By far the greater congregation had gathered round what may now be correctly called the Liberator's Tomb. Stretching across one side of the base of the tower was a magnificent awning, and underneath were all the preparations for the solemn celebration of High Mass. At either side on the level below were great maquires for senior and distinguished persons who had been specially invited because of their rank or peculiar relations with the illustrious dead. Completely covering an immense stretch of ground where the children of O'Connell's own school, a solemn testimony to his unbounded charity and large hearted benevolence. Each by wore a bird of corpse. A small enclosure was reserved for the members of his family. First round in all directions pressed the crowd. The greatest anxiety prevailed on all sides to get the tier but there was not the least unseemliness. Amongst those present were:—His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin; Most Rev. Dr. McCabe, Lord Bishop of Ardagh; Most Rev. Dr. Moran, Lord Bishop of Down and Connor; Most Rev. Dr. Conarty, Lord Bishop of Kilmore; Most Rev. Dr. Nulty, Lord Bishop of Meath; Most Rev. Dr. M'Evilly, Lord Bishop of Galway; Most Rev. Dr. Lynch, Lord Bishop of Killdare; the Lord Bishop of Ferns, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Baron Mr. Justice O'Brien the Hon. Judge Lynch, Lord Bellaw, the Chief Justice Monahan, Sir James Power, Bart., M.P.; Richard Devereux, M.P.; Sir Dominic Corrigan, Bart.; D. Sherlock M.P.

THE PROCESSION.

At half-past ten o'clock the members of the family of the illustrious deceased, judges, members of Parliament, and the several corporate bodies, assembled in 'The O'Connell Circle' and awaited the arrival of the prelates and clergy. In the meantime the remains were removed from the old vault, where they had rested since the August of 1847, and were placed in the centre of the main walk. The outer coffin, which had enclosed the inner ones, had been replaced by one of massive Irish oak, bigly polished, and similar in shape to that which it replaced. The old monuments were retained, and the silver plate on the centre of the lid bore the following inscription, beautifully engraved:—

DANIEL O'CONNELL
Hibernæ Liberator.
Ad Limes Anostolorum Pergens,
Dixi Nix Mat, VDCCLXXVII,
Genosæ Oblivimini in Domino
Annos Natus Septuaginta Tres
R. I. C.

Shortly before eleven o'clock the head of the procession of the clergy was to be seen advancing along the main walk and entering the O'Connell Circle. The students and clergy having taken their positions at either side of the enclosure, the prelates formed round the coffin containing the remains as the following choir of prelates chanted the 'Miserere':—The Rev. Dr. Verdon, the Rev. M. Mullally, the Rev. Mr. M'Manus, P.P.; the Rev. N. Donnelly, C.C.; the Rev. J. Daniel, the Rev. M. Maher, the Rev. M. M'Manus, C.C.; the Rev. T. O'Reilly, O.O.; the Rev. P. A. O'Reilly, the Rev. Mr. Hampson, the Rev. Mr. Buskeridge, the Rev. Mr. Anthony, and the Rev. H. Beardwood. As the sublime Gregorian music rose from the choir, and was taken up by the voices of over four hundred of the clergy and students, the effect was most impressive. The procession having been formed, it proceeded along the route directed. The first came:—

- The members of the Christian Brothers, Numbering fifty, wearing scarfs and hats; One thousand of the pupils of the Christian schools; The Municipal Deputations; From the Corporations of Ireland; The Lord Chancellor; The Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; The Lord Chief Baron Judge O'Brien, Judge Lynch, Master Murray, Sir Dominic Corrigan, and Sir James Power. Next came the procession of the clergy:—
- Thurifer.
- Acolyte. Cross Bearer. Acolyte.
- Students of the Diocesan Seminary, Two and Two.
- Choir.
- Regular Clergy, Two and Two.
- Secular Clergy, Two and Two.
- Bishops, Two and Two (Juniors first, according to date of consecration.)
- Chapter of Dublin, In attendance on His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop.

THE COFFIN.

Followed by the members of the O'Connell family. The procession moved along through the walks of the circle, and passed by the principle gate to the main walk, and on by the new footway in the direction of the O'Connell Monument. In the order above stated the procession entered the wide clear space in front of the O'Connell Monument where vast crowds of ladies and gentlemen were assembled in the maquires erected on the ground in front of the entrance to the tomb and in every place where standing-room could be obtained of the coming solemn ceremonial. The persons constituting the advance of the procession having taken the places assigned to them, the clergy ascended a raised platform above the tomb, on which the temporary altar was erected. The Lord Mayor having been conducted to the seat prepared for him, the prelates took their places in the sacristy; and His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop having taken his seat on the temporary episcopal throne, grand Pontifical High Mass for the Dead commenced at which the Most Rev. Dr. Whelan, Lord Bishop of Down, was the prime celebrant; assistant priests, the Rev. W. Irwin; deacon, the Rev. T. O'Reilly, C.C.; sub-deacon, the Rev. Mr. Murray; assistants at the Archbishop's throne, the Rev. Mr. Ford, V. G.; the Very Rev. Mr. Woodlock, Rector Catholic University, and the Very Rev. Mr. Moran; Master of Ceremonies, the Rev. J. M. Swiggan. It would be hard to convey a just impression of the solemn character of the scene when the holy sacrifice commenced. In front of their final resting place by the remains of O'Connell, around which thousands pressed, and were only kept off by the active exertions of the police. Not less than fifty thousand persons were there to do honour to the memory of him so dearly loved and honoured by the people. The sacred music, which consisted of Cæcilian's grand Requiem Mass was performed with fine devotional effect by the choir of priests shown-ward, under the conductorship of Rev. Professor Verdon. At the conclusion of the High Mass, the absolution was pronounced by His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop.

FATHER BURKE'S ORATION.

The prelates and clergy having taken their places, the Very Rev. Father Burke proceeded to the front of the raised platform and delivered a magnificent oration commencing with the text:—'Wisdom cruciated the just man through the right ways and showed him the kingdom of God—made him honourable in his labours, and accomplished his works—kept him safe from his enemies and gave him a strong conflict that he might overcome. And in bondage she left him not till she brought him the sceptre of the Kingdom and power against those that oppressed him and gave him everlasting glory.'—Widom 10th chapter. The speaker lucidly explained its meaning and continued—'The destinies

of nations are in the hands of God, and when the hour of His mercy comes, and a nation is to regain the first of its rights, the free exercise of its faith and religion, God, who is never wanting to His own designs, ever provides for that hour a leader for his people, such a one as my text describes—a wise, high-minded, seeking the kingdom of God honourable in his labours, strong in conflict with his enemies, triumphant in the issue, and crowned with glory. Nor was Ireland forgotten in the designs of God. Centuries of patient endurance brought at length the dawn of a better day. God's hour came and it brought with it Ireland's greatest son, Daniel O'Connell. We surround his grave to-day, to pay him a last tribute of love, to break words of praise, of eulogy, and of prayer. For two and twenty years has he silently slept in the midst of us. His generation is passing away, and the light of history already dawns upon his grave, and she speaks his name with cold, unpassioned voice. In this age of ours a few years are as a century of times gone by. Great changes and startling events follow each other in such quick succession that the greatest names are forgotten as soon as those who bore them disappear, and the world itself is surprised to find how short-lived is the fame which is promised to be immortal. He who is inscribed even in the golden book of the world's annals fades that he has but written his name upon water. The Church alone is the true shrine of immortality, the temple of fame which perishes not; and that man only whose name and memory are preserved in her sanctuaries receives on this earth a fiction of that glory which is eternal in Heaven. But before the Church will crown any one of her children she carefully examines his claims to the immortality of her gratitude and praise—she asks what he has done for God and for man. This great question am I come here to answer to-day for him, whose tongue once so eloquent, is now stilled in the silence of the grave, and over whose tomb a grateful country has raised a monument of its ancient faith and a record of its past glories, and I claim for him the meed of our gratitude and love, in that he was a man of faith, whose wisdom guided in 'the right ways,' who loved and sought 'the kingdom of God,' who was most 'honorable in his labours,' and who accomplished his 'great works,' the Liberator of his race the father of his people, the conqueror in 'the undefiled conflict' of principle, truth, and justice. No man of our day denies that Ireland has been a most afflicted country; but seldom was her dark hour darker, or her affliction greater, than towards the close of the last century. The nation's heart seemed broken, and all her hopes extinguished. The Catholics of Ireland were barely allowed to live, and were expected to be grateful even for the boon of existence; but the profession of the Catholic faith was a complete bar and an insurmountable obstacle to all advancement in the path of worldly advantage, honor, dignity, and even wealth. The fetters of conscience hung heavily also upon genius, and every prize to which lawful ambition might aspire was beyond the reach of those who refused to deny the religion of their fathers, and to forget their country. Amongst the victims of this religious and intellectual slavery was one who was marked amongst the youth of his time. Of birth, which in other lands would be called noble, gifted with a powerful and comprehensive intelligence, a prodigious memory, a most fertile imagination pouring forth its images in a vein of richest oratory, a generous spirit, a most tender heart, enriched with stores of varied learning, and genius of the highest kind, graced with every form of manly beauty, strength, and vigor of powerful frame—nothing seemed wanting to him—

'A combination and a form indeed, Where every god did seem to set a seal To give the world assurance of a Man'

yet all seemed to be lost in him, for he was born a Catholic and an Irishman. Before him now stretched, full and broad, the two ways of life, and he must choose between them—wealth, power, distinction, title, glory, and fame—the way of genius, the noble rivalry of intellect the association with all that was refined and refining—the way which led up to the council chambers of the nation, to all places of jurisdiction and of honor, to the temples wherein were consigned historic names and glorious memories to a share in all blessings of privilege and freedom.—The stirrings of genius, the promptings of youthful ambition, the consciousness of vast intellectual power which placed within his easy grasp the highest prizes to which 'the last infirmity of noble minds' could aspire—all this impelled him to enter upon the bright and golden path. But before him opened another way. No gleam of sunshine illumined this way; it was wet with tears—it was overshadowed by misfortune—it was pointed out to the young traveller of life by the sign of a cross, and he who entered it was bidden to leave all hope behind him, for it led down through a valley of humiliation into the heart of a fallen race and an enslaved and afflicted people. I claim for O'Connell the glory of having chosen this latter path, and this claim no man can gainsay, for it is the argument of the Apostle in favor of the great law-giver of old—'by faith Moses denied himself to be the son of Pharaoh's daughter; rather choosing to be afflicted with the people of God than to have the pleasure of sin for a time—esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasure of the Egyptians.' Into this way was he led by his love for his religion and for his country. He firmly believed in that religion in which he was born. That religion was the people's only inheritance. They had clung to it and preserved it with a love and fidelity altogether superhuman, and which was the wonder of the world. The teaching of the Catholic Church was accepted cheerfully by the Irish people when it was first preached to them. They took it kindly and at once from the lips of the Apostle and Ireland was a grand exception to all the nations where the seed of Christianity has ever been the martyr's blood. The faith thus delivered to them they illustrated by their own nobility that for a thousand years Catholic Ireland was the glory of Christianity and received amongst the nations the singular title of 'the Land of Saints.' When the ancient religion was given from her sanctuaries, she still found a temple in every cabin in the land, and altar and home in the heart of every Irishman.—When the war of conquest degenerated into a war of extermination, the faith, and the faith alone, became to the Irish race the principle of their vitality and national existence, the only element of freedom and of hope. To their Church, suffering and proscribed, they remained faithful as in the days of her glory.—Their Catholic religion became the strongest passion of their lives, and in their lives for their great suffer-

ing mother they said to her—

'Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheered my way, Till hope seemed to bid from each thorn that round me lay; The darker our fortune the brighter our pure love burned, Till shame into glory, till far into exile was turned; Yes, slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free, And blessed even the sorrows that made me more dear to thee'

All this O'Connell felt and knew. He was Irish of the Irish and Catholic of the Catholic. His love of religion and country was as the breadth of his nostrils, the blood of his veins; and when he brought to the service of both the strength of his faith and the power of his genius with the instinct of a true Irishman his first thought was to lift up the nation by striking the chains off the National Church. Accordingly he raised the standard of the new war, and unfurled the banner, on which was written, freedom to be achieved by the power of truth, the cry of justice, the assertion of right, and the omnipotence of the law. Religious liberty and perfect legal equality was his first demand. The new

epoch of freedom went through the length and breadth of Ireland. His eloquent words revived the hopes and stirred up the energies of the nation; the people and their priesthood rallied round him as one man, they became most formidable to their enemies by the might of justice and reason, and they showed themselves worthy of liberty by their respect for the law. Never was Ireland more excited, yet never was Ireland more peaceful. The people were determined on their own religious freedom. Irishmen from 1822 to 1829 were as fiercely determined on their own battle-field as they had been in the breaches of Limerick or on the slopes of Fontenoy. They were marshalled by a leader as brave as Sarsfield and as daring as Red Hugh. He led them against the stronger citadel in the world, and even as the walls of the city of old crumbled to dust at the sound of Israel's trumpet so at the sound of his mighty voice, who spoke in the name of a united people, 'the lintels of the doors were moved,' and the gates were opened which three hundred years of prejudice and pride had closed and barred against our people; the first decree of our liberation went forth; on the 13th of April 1829 Catholic Emancipation was proclaimed, and seven millions of Catholic Irishmen entered into the nation's legislature in the person of O'Connell. It was the first and the greatest victory of the genius of the man, and the first great act of homage which Ireland's rulers paid to the religion of the people, and which Ireland's people paid to the great principle of Ireland's peaceful agitation. O'Connell's first and greatest triumph was the result of his strong faith and his ardent love for his religion and his Church. The Church was in him as it is in us, 'the kingdom of God' and in his labors for it 'he was made honorable,' and received from a grateful people the grand title ever given to man. Ireland called him 'the Liberator.' He was 'honorable in his labours,' when we consider the end which he proposed to himself. It was no selfish nor even purely human end which he put before him. 'Were it only to Ireland, says the great Leodraire, 'that Emancipation had been profitable, where is the man in the Church who has freed at once seven millions of souls? Challenge your recollection search history from that first and famous edict which granted to the Christians liberty of conscience, and see if there are to be found many such acts, comparable by the extent of their effects, with that of Catholic Emancipation. Seven millions of souls are now free to serve and love God even to the end of time; and each time that this people, advancing in their existence and their liberty, shall recall to memory the aspect of the man who studied the secret of their ways, they will ever find inscribed the name of O'Connell, both on the latest pages of their servitude, and on the first of their regeneration.' Our people remember well, as their future historian will faithfully record, the many trials borne for them, the many victories gained in their cause, the great life devoted to them by O'Connell. Lying, however, at the foot of the altar, as he is to-day, what the Church allows his grave with prayer and sacrifice, it is more especially as the Catholic Emancipator of his people that we place a garland on his tomb. For Ireland he lived, and for Ireland did he die. The people whom he had so faithfully served, who were blessed with a love second only to his love for God, were decimated by a visitation the most terrible that the world ever witnessed; the nations of the earth trembled, and men grew pale at the sight of Ireland's desolation. Her tale of famine, of misery, of death, was told in every land. Her people fled abridged from the soil which had forgotten its ancient bounty, or died their white lips uttering the last faint cry for bread. All this the aged father of his country beheld. Neither his genius, nor his eloquence nor his love could now save his people, and the spirit was crushed which had borne him triumphantly through all dangers and toil; the heart broke within him, that bare and generous heart which had never known fear, and whose ruling passion was love for Ireland. The martyred spirit, the broken heart of the great Irishman led him to the holiest spot of earth, and with tottering steps he turned to Rome. The man whose terrible voice in life shook the highest tribunals of earth in impudic demand for justice to Ireland now sought the Apostles' tombs, that from that threshold of Heaven, he might put up a cry for mercy to his country and his people, and offer up his life for his native land. Like the Prophet King, he would find stand between the people and the angel who smote them, and offered himself a victim and holocaust for the land which he loved. Sit on the shores of the Mediterranean the weary traveller lay down to die. Let us hope that his dying eyes were cheered and the burden of his last hour lightened by the sight of the perfect grandeur of his work—that, like the prophet lawyer, he beheld 'all the land'—that he saw it with his eyes, though he did not 'pass over to it,' and that it was given to him to 'salute from afar off' the brightees of the day which he was never to enjoy. The dream of his life is being realized to-day. He had ever sighed to be able to extend to his Protestant fellow-countrymen the hand of perfect friendship, which only exists where there is perfect equality, and to enter with him into the compact of the true peace which is founded in justice. Time, which buries in utter oblivion so many names and so many memories, will exalt him in his work. The day has already dawned is ripening to its perfect noon when Irishmen of every creed will remember O'Connell, and celebrate him as the common friend and greatest benefactor of their country. What man is there, even of those whom our age has called great, whose name, so many years after his death, could summon so many loving hearts around his tomb? We to-day are the representatives not only of a nation but of a race. O'Connell regio in terris nostri non penna laborio? Where is the hand that has not seen the face of our people, and heard their voice? And whether, even to the ends of the earth, an Irishman is found to-day, his spirit and his sympathies are here. The millions of America are as we, the Irish Catholic soldier on India's plains is present amongst us by the magic of love—the Irish sailor, standing by the wheel the moment in star off silent seas where it is right, and the southern stars are shining, joins his prayer with ours, and recalls the glorious image and the venerated name of O'Connell.

'He is gone who seemed so great— Gone; but nothing can bereave him Of the force he made his own Being here, and we believe him Something far advanced in state, And that he wears a truer crown Than any wreath that man can weave him.'

He is gone, but his fame shall live for ever on the earth as a lover of God and of his people. Adversaries, political and religious, he had many, and like a

'Tower of strength Which stood full square to all the winds that blew.'

the Hercules of Justice and of Liberty stood up against them. Time, which touches all things with mellowing hand, has softened the recollections of past contests and they who once looked upon him as a foe now only remember the glory of the fight, and the mighty genius of him who stood forth the representative man of his race, and the champion of his people. They acknowledge his greatness, and they join with us to weave the garland of his fame. But far other, higher, and holier, are the feelings of Irish Catholics all the world over to-day. They recognize in the dust which we are assembled to honour the powerful arm which protected them, the eloquent tongue which proclaimed their rights and asserted their freedom, the strong hand which, like that of the Machaber of old, first struck off their chains, and then built up their holy altars. They, mingling the application of prayer, and the gratitude of sacrifice, with their tears, recall, oh with how much love, the memory of him who was a Joseph to Israel—their