

these very men in Rome, the volunteers from every part of Catholic Europe, who had come for the defence of the Holy See. The stern, unflinching Austrian, the faithful Belgian, and the heroic, chivalrous, generous Irishman. I saw them kneeling on the pavement of St. Peter's, around the Holy Father whom they had come to defend with their life's blood. He honored and loved them, and the Church honors them for what they have done. There were those of whom it was said, "Occisi sed non coronati," for it is the cause that makes the martyr, and those whom we now commemorate died in a cause which has made hosts of martyrs.—They died in the same cause for which St. Thomas of Canterbury died, that of the defence of the Temporal Power of the Church. This power was given to her by God's own act, and God's own authority. We find it foreshadowed in the Apostolic Age, and the foundations of it laid in those succeeding, when the time was not yet ripe for its full development when the Church was to reign among and over the princes of the earth. Now, the Christian constitution of Europe seems to be fading and crumbling away, a new order of things arising. We are told that the Temporal Power has fulfilled its mission.—Christianity once constituted Europe on a royal and sacerdotal basis, and the national distinctions were taken up into a higher unity, the unity of the Church. At the period of the "Reformation" this order of things began to pass away; that religious movement reconstituted the world on the principle of schism. It was then that the principle of nationality in religion was recognised; and the principle of nationality in religion is the principle of schism. The Reformation brought in the principle of all disorder. The seed then sown has since been ripening into maturity, and in our own day we have seen it approaching its ultimate point. It is thought to constitute one nation out of that which never was, and never will be a nation, from which the elements and conditions of nationality are absent. The dominions of the Holy Father are overrun with foreign invaders, and the existence of his temporal dominion is threatened. What, then, can be more right, more reasonable than that his sons should gather around him, and endeavour to ward off an aggression which must be a calamity to the whole of Catholic Christendom. History records no more bright instance of devoted heroism than those men have exhibited. They have been called "foreigners," but no Catholic is a foreigner at Rome. Rome is the home of all the Church's children. The great Lamoriciere bravely encountered a danger, to him more formidable than the weapons of the foe. He put his laurels to risk. He was scorned and derided and subjected to every species of calumny and outrage; but this proceeded not from his friends or his old companions in arms, for they knew his courage and his high character; nor did it come from his enemies whom he had met in honorable warfare, for they had shown his prowess. The calumny and the insult was the work of unknown men, men who wrote without a name. This great captain, by his unexampled zeal and energy in the service of the Holy Father, created a little band of Catholic soldiers; and what they were has been shown by the deeds which they have performed. At Spoleto, at Castelfidardo, and at Ancona they fought with intrepidity, and although unsuccessful, they justified the confidence of the Holy Father in them, and they exhibited proofs of heroic fidelity and constancy which deserve to be, and will be remembered in the catalogue of noble actions. At the first named place, although outnumbered five to one, they determined to resist to the last discharge of the trust committed to them by the Holy See. On the morning of the conflict every man confessed and attended the Holy Mass, and received the sacred Viaticum. During the struggle, they twice refused the terms of surrender offered them, and, when at length they consented to save their lives, it was only in obedience to the behests of the Holy Father himself in the person of his representative amongst them. On the second occasion their undaunted captain with his little band, weak though it was, yet strong enough to provoke the whole force of the enemy, taken by surprise by the treachery with which he was assailed, cut his way irresistibly through an overwhelming multitude of the enemy, he reached Ancona, the last place that remained, and there, after an energetic struggle, he succumbed with honor. These battles will be remembered when other battles, whose only objects was to extend commercial influence, or to hedge in a few feet of ground from some possible future encroachment, will be forgotten. But these men died not only to defend the Temporal Power of the Holy See, but to defend the person the Holy Father from danger. It is no secret to those who observe the passions now at work in Italy, that the Pope himself is the object of deadly hatred on the part of those who are bent on revolutionary designs. The same men, the same strange faces, the same revolutionary cries and songs, now appear in the streets of Rome, as those who devastated her in 1848, when the chief minister of the Pontifical Government had been struck down with the assassin's dagger on the steps of the Senate House, and the life of the Supreme Pontiff placed in imminent jeopardy. The same troubles are now gathering round the person of the Pontiff, whose life is so dear, and these men had sworn to defend it. Lastly, they died for the whole Church of God; it is her conflict which is now being fought out around the walls of Rome. It is the whole body which is attacked in the person of the Head. It is her liberty that is attacked, though I may not say her life is endangered. If the Sovereign Pontiff lose his Temporal Power, the whole Church will lose her liberty. Those countries which broke from the Church at the "Reformation," having set the example, the whole of European society has gradually been settling itself more and more in a renunciation of the Christian principle of social organization, and an adhesion to the mere natural principle; for there is no medium between these two, and every nation must be organised on one or other of them. In the early ages Christianity overpowered natural society; now Europe is more and more putting off its Christian character, and the immediate future has a gloomy presage, as if we were on the eve of an eclipse of faith. Things, however, are not darker now than they were at the death of the Great Gregory, when the Mahometans were threatening to overrun Eu-

ropes with their impure superstition, when the Lombards were desolating Italy, and in Britain the pagan Saxons seemed to have extinguished the last vestige of Christianity. The darkness and terror that then prevailed were but the harbingers of a brighter day, and of more glorious triumphs for the Church than any she had yet seen; and so again it may be to-day. But, if European nations go on paltering with revolution, it will in time chastise them in their own homes. Another reason why we should honor the brave men who have fallen is, that they endured the scorn and contempt of their countrymen; for a flood of calumny and obloquy was let loose against them as soon as it was known that they had devoted themselves to the defence of the Holy See. A large body of Englishmen have given all their sympathies to the invaders of Italy, the friends of revolutions, the enemies of all existing institutions. I will not say England, for I believe the heart of England to be still sound, I would fain trust that the sympathies of England are not on the side of infidel rebellion. If I thought it were so I should be ashamed of my country, as I am ashamed of a number of Englishmen and Englishwomen, eye, English ladies of patrician rank, who have not hesitated to avow publicly their sympathy with a movement, which I am assured by the faith of correspondents (on whom I can rely) has deluged the cities of Italy with a flood of blasphemy and obscenity. Calumny has been a weapon greatly used in this contest. No hearing is given to any reply, just as in ancient Rome the cry was, "Christians, ad Leonem!" The public mind has been excited beyond measure by the statements put forward; the papers have teemed with false charges against the brave defenders of the Papacy. We have heard of massacres of Perugia, and similar inventions; but these charges were uttered against them, not because they were guilty, but because they were Irishmen, because they were Catholics, and had espoused the defence of the Temporal Power of the Holy See. So, too, their noble-hearted commander was charged with cruelty and savage orders which had never entered into his mind to conceive. But we may well leave their vindication to Heaven, as holy David did, who said of a calumniator of his day:—"Dimitte eum ut maledicat iuxta preceptum Domini!" We know them to be innocent. The Lord will vindicate them in due time: meanwhile it is our special joy to know that they died in the best of causes—for a cause that is not worldly. Let us pray for them that they may have peace. We cannot doubt that they have found mercy, although they were cut off suddenly; some of them perhaps in the freshness of their age, and possibly with sins to expiate, into which the untamed spirit of youth may have hurried them; yet for those who die in battle for the cause of religion and justice, for those who go forth prepared and fortified by the Holy Sacraments of the Church, there is mercy, and a certainty of hope beyond the lot of most men. And when they received the death-wound, and the warm blood poured forth there was another Blood more Precious still which atoned for every fault, and secured for them an entrance into everlasting bliss. Doubtless, there is a mercy for them. It is not for me to canonise them, but if a holy cause, if to have freely and generously given up their lives for the defence of these sacred rights for which so many martyrs have bled, if such a title can secure a place in our pious memories, they will be cherished there. In Ireland, if ever hearts were tender, they are tender now; Ireland weeps for her children, but she is thankful for them too. Let us pray that we may have a like devotion, and that we may be ready, if need be, to meet the evil day with unflinching constancy. Let us not be scared for the fate of the Holy See. There is nothing new in these events: what it is now enduring is but the common fate of the Holy See. What the combination of revolutionary lawlessness and monarchical ambition are now doing has been done before. The Lombards, the Counts of the Marches, the Emperors of Germany have done the same; the late Emperor of the French did it; but they have all departed from the world's stage, and live only on the dim page of history, and as to the last of them, a stain still tarnishes his renown for his unchivalrous attack on an aged Pontiff. It was the ruler of France who committed that outrage, not the people of France; and so now we must distinguish between the nation and their government. The French nation is still sound and Christian to the core; no more noble and chivalrous people exist on the face of the earth, none more devoted to the Catholic faith and the Holy See. It will be for ever remembered to their honor, that with hands wet bleeding from civil conflict, they restored the Sovereign Pontiff to his seat. Of the Sardinian nation the same thing may be said: they are worthy of the same distinction. And their royal family (the House of Savoy) is a holy house, its traditions are all Catholic, it has had saints in it. Sad, indeed, is the contrast now. The king has entered the States of the Church, and with treachery and violence has sacrilegiously wrested away the dominions of the Holy See. But we may fearlessly leave the vindication in the hands of God, who will protect his own. For our own country we have more cause to fear; may God have mercy on it. A king of France, in the last century, fomented and abetted rebellion in the dominion of another power, and before the century had ended, his monarchy was destroyed, his dynasty at an end. England has of late put on some of the worst features of a democracy. She has shown trickiness and meanness, her statesmen busying themselves abroad with underhand encouragement of revolutionary passions, sowing dissension, and aiding the disruption of foreign states; at home with abortive political changes and the abolition of taxes on paper. Let us hope and pray better things for our country, that she may be led to repose in the true ideas of nationality that are summed up in the unity, sovereignty, and infallibility of the Church of God.

The sermon being concluded, the usual prayers and responses were chanted by the clergy around the catafalque, each holding a lighted taper, and the large congregation silently dispersed, evidently much affected by the solemn ceremonies of the day, and by the impressive, spirit-stirring eloquence of the Right Rev. Preacher, of whose magnificent funeral oration the imperfect notes given above from memory convey but a faint idea.

MORAL PROGRESS.

The revolutionary principles to which public opinion in England has for so many years given countenance and vitality, though for the present the scene of their more active development is on the Continent, have not been inoperative at home. It was, indeed, impossible that they should be so; for men cannot preach to foreign nations the destruction of authority, the abrogation of laws, the forfeiture of legitimate rights, the dissolution of society, the contempt of religion, without producing in themselves and their neighbors a kindred spirit of rebellion. If the passions of the mob and the intrigues of an unscrupulous Court may throw down the constituted authorities in Italy—if it is lawful for them to confiscate the property of religious orders, to arrest Bishops and send them into exile, to decree the most wicked penalties against the priesthood, and to dispossess even the Pope himself of the States which he holds for the benefit of the whole Church—it cannot be wondered at if Englishmen should demand for themselves a kindred freedom from authority, whenever it is irksome to them. The new law of Europe which the Revolution, supported by English opinion, has installed, decrees every act sacred, no matter how reprehensible in itself, which gives effect to the passions of the mob, and every man wise and patriotic who lends a hand to this consummation. A murderer, man, treacherous intriguer, hypocritical despatches, lying pretences and disreputable agents, have brought Italy to its present condition. There is not a sound principle of religion or morality which has not been violated in its so-called liberation. But all is sacred, all is honourable in the

code of revolutionary morals, which England, by the intrigues or the open avowals of her Government, by her press, and by public meetings, has done her best to promulgate. It would be contrary to all experience if these principles did not recoil upon herself, and issue into baneful fruits.

They have done so. Respect for the property, the rights, the lives of our neighbours, is fast disappearing from amongst us. The records of crime were never so crammed or so horrid as they are at this moment. When we open a daily paper we look as naturally for fresh murders as for the new telegrams. A grudge, a suspicion, an inconvenience, the lust of gain, are sufficient motives for the most diabolical crimes. Suicide follows murder; and hardly a day passes without its story of Pagan despair. Then for commercial morality our name has become a by-word. Analytical commissions have proved the almost universal practice of adulteration amongst our godly tradesmen; the Old Bailey and the Court of Bankruptcy have disclosed the most stupendous frauds, in connection with which we find the most "respectable" names; from all parts of the country we hear of defaulting trustees, of absconders with the public money, of frauds and forgeries innumerable.—Nor does our breach of the Commandments stop with coveting our neighbor's ox or his ass. Even above the wide-spread guilt in this respect chargeable to the people of England, is the growing sin of coveting their neighbor's wife. Here, again, this sin lies with the godly middle classes who are found to be no better in this respect than the social extremes between which they stand. For them the Legislature has given a sort of legalisation to adultery; to consult their limited means, and give a speedier and cheaper indulgence to their immorality. Parliament has for several Sessions been engaged, first in establishing a Court of Divorce, then in enlarging its jurisdiction; and such has been the run upon Sir C. Cresswell's services, that we hear of cases which, unless new courts are established, will have no chance of being heard for two years. Parliament and people unite for the encouragement of adultery, which increases apace. The Legislature admits its inability to prevent collusion, and collusion flourishes. Nay, we lately read the case of a young woman who was swindled out of her savings, by the promise of a married man to divorce his wife and promote the spinster to her vacant honors. It was to enable him to take the necessary proceedings that Miss parted with her money.

Then we are making vast strides in the same direction by another route. Pure and affectionate hearts are losing their hold on the respect and love of our youth. Before liberal ideas had made the progress which knives and idiots tell us affords the surest guarantee for the happiness of mankind, a woman was valued for her truth, her goodness, her devotion. But these are Old World virtues. In our enlightened days women must be "fast." The English Matron is no longer a model for her daughter. If she would please her new taste, she must form her dress, her manner, her conversation, her style upon the model of Aspasia. The reserve and dignity of virtue, the qualities once regarded as enough for domestic happiness, are out of date. Not but a woman to be a wife must of course be virtuous. But she must spice her virtue with the spirit, the dash, the abandon of the courtesan. For Aspasia plays a great part in our fashionable world. She is known and talked of in homes she would not be permitted to pollute by her presence; but where her graces and conquests are not prohibited themes of conversation—perhaps, God help us! of envy. She is seen in the parks; her admirers and protectors are known. She holds levees, which she delights with the charms of her manners and the sallies of her wit.—What chance has mere humdrum virtue in the race for admiration against such a competitor? It must borrow her graces. It must trick itself out in her liveliness. It must touch as close as virtue can without losing its character upon her wantonness. And so mothers tell their daughters, some of them writing letters to the *Times* and *Post*, lamenting that unless their girls are "fast" they have no chance of a husband.

Thus the social evil—for this decay of morals is but a less shocking phase of it—spreads its poisoning influence throughout society. Men and women have no longer duties, obligations, principles. These have succumbed to the empire of the Passions. And to what do we owe this domestic immorality but to that political immorality which under the name of "Liberalism" we have for years been straining every nerve to propagate? If Governments may ally themselves with secret conspirators to dethrone legitimate Princes, and annex their possessions; if States and laws are to stand or fall by the will of the disaffected; if brigands are to be honoured as heroes, the Church despoiled, its Ministers exiled, and all who are true to it reviled and butchered; if the subject is to give laws to his ruler; if intrigue, hypocrisy and lying are to be condoned in order to procure the triumph of what is called the popular will—where are we to seek for a principle which can retain a vestige of sanctity? If a King may rob and murder, why not a private person? If a mob may give loose to their passions, why not an individual? If the bond which unites Prince and people may be broken when it becomes irksome, why not those which exist between citizen and citizen between neighbour and neighbour, between parent and child, between man and wife? If the English Government and the English Press applaud the most infamous acts so long as they promote their policy, what is to stand between your individual Briton when he covets his neighbour's ox, or ass, or wife? Yet we are a godly nation. The trustee who is betraying his trust is a patron of religious societies, and takes the chair at No Popery meetings. The tradesman who vends "potato powder" for arrowroot reads the Bible to his children. Aspasia goes to Church, followed by her footman with the prayer-books. And, indeed, we read the other day of a Minister of the Gospel who, after eloping with a neighbour's wife, wrote to his own, telling her that he was en route for America, and solemnly enjoining her to bring up his children in the fear of God.—*London Tablet*.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE MEETING OF CLERGY OF THE ARCHDIOCESE OF DUBLIN.—In accordance with the invitation of His Grace the Lord Archbishop, a meeting of the regular and secular clergy of the Archdiocese of Dublin, was held on Wednesday afternoon, 17th October in St. Kevin's Chapel, Cathedral, to express sympathy with our Holy Father the Pope, in his present affliction, and the admiration of the bravery and heroism of the members of the Irish Brigade, who fought for the independence of the Holy See and the preservation of its temporal dominions. The attendance was numerous, upwards of 250 clergymen of the archdiocese being present. His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin took the chair at one o'clock. He then addressed the meeting in a loving and eloquent speech, dwelling much upon the bravery exhibited by the Irish Brigade in Italy. An address to the Holy Father was read, and the following resolutions adopted:—

Resolved—That the address now read be adopted by this meeting as the expression of their deep and unfeeling attachment to the Holy See, of their admiration of the virtues of the Sovereign Pontiff, of his undisturbed serenity and confident trust in God in the hour of trial, and of our heartfelt sympathy with him in all his afflictions, and that His Grace the Archbishop be respectfully requested to transmit it to His Holiness.

Resolved—That we cannot separate without giving public expression to our utter abhorrence and condemnation of the flagitious means which the sacrilegious ruler of a neighbouring kingdom has employed to wrest the Patrimony of St. Peter, the oldest, most venerable, and most hallowed Sovereignty in existence, from the Supreme Head of the

Church, its unquestionably just, paternal, and legitimate possessor.

Resolved—That the heroism displayed by those who lately entered the Pope's service under the command of Lamoriciere, Pimodan, and O'Reilly, in defence of order, legitimate authority, and respect for throne, but above all, to uphold religion, has done honour to the lands that bore them, and entitles them to the lasting gratitude of their countrymen, and to sympathy and assistance in their captivity and distress.

Resolved—That the foul calumny of mercenary cowards with which the Press of England has attempted to tarnish the fame of our countrymen has been refuted by the testimony of Europe, and that our thanks are due, and hereby given, to Lord Normanby, as amongst the first to espouse the cause of the calumniated, and vindicate the character of those amongst us who on a foreign soil so lately contributed to uphold the honour and religion of our country.

DEPARTURE OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIMATE.—The *Morning News* announces that the Catholic Primate, Archbishop Dixon, who said to Louis Napoleon "Robber, take your hand from the throat of the Vicar of Christ," intends leaving Ireland for Rome on Tuesday next.

MISSION IN TULLOW, COUNTY CARLOW.—The Vincentian Fathers are at present holding a mission at Tullow, in this county, and already several thousands of the delighted parishioners have availed themselves of the benefits which the advent of the good fathers has been always known to confer. From the earliest hour in the morning, and long before the church is opened, vast multitudes crowd around the sacred edifice, seeking an opportunity of obtaining access to the confessionals, a task which is, in truth, beset with many difficulties. The sermons—the effects of which are even thus soon becoming manifest—are listened to by immense congregations with the utmost attention. In short this promises to prove one of the most successful missions which it has been the gratification of the Vincentian Fathers to have held for a long time.—*Treeman Correspondent*.

THE PAPAL TRIBUTE IN IRELAND.—The collection in aid of His Holiness, it appears, has not yet been concluded in Ireland. The *Morning News* publishes a list of the subscription gathered in the Dioceses of Kildare and Leighlin, from which it appears that upwards of £5,500 have been contributed from that district alone towards the support of the Vicar of Christ.

PROSELYTISM IN THE NORTH DUBLIN UNION.—Proselytism and proselytisers are doomed to many slips between the cup and the lip, as is evidenced in the case of the Duffs, which has caused such a sensation in the North Dublin Union for the last week or so. Last Saturday an extraordinary meeting was convened on the shortest possible notice, in order that the Protestant guardians might outnumber their Catholic colleagues. The *coup de main*, however, succeeded in part only. Both the boys stated in plain terms that they preferred remaining Catholics as they had been reared, rather than become Protestants, in obedience to the pious wishes of the zealous worthies who were anxious to thrust these unwilling lambs into the Protestant fold. This determination so exasperated the charitable myrmidons of the Poor Law, that with the aid of their proselytising auxiliaries, the two honest boys were waylaid on being dismissed from the house, and openly conveyed in a vehicle to the proselytising establishment in Chancery-lane, as if they had been guilty of some gross violation of the law, and were about to undergo sentence of imprisonment. And closely imprisoned they were in this snare for the unwary. Had such an offence against the liberty of the subject been committed in any other country, the Protestant press would have been outrageous. But instead of pouring out the vials of their wrath upon the perpetrators of this tyranny and injustice, the proselytising organs vent all their spleen and fury on the Catholic chaplain, who endeavoured, as was his duty, to save two of his flock from the meshes of the perverters. But, as we have already said, their attempts happily failed in part; for, early on Sunday one of the boys, William Duff, escaped from the hands of the unscrupulous jailors, who, with the authority of those who should have protected them, had illegally detained them, as if they were malefactors. Mr. Arkins deserves eternal credit for his noble exertions in this case, as in so many others tending to do justice to the Catholic inmates of the workhouse. One of the boys unfortunately still remains in the hands of his pious jailors; but it is to be hoped that he may yet be able to frustrate their evil designs upon his faith, and rejoice in his more fortunate brother. The whole transaction, from beginning to end, exhibits the proselytising tendencies of the Poor Law authorities in a more glaring light than any that has yet fallen under our notice.—*Dublin Telegraph*.

THE HARVEST—WINTER PROSPECTS.—Discrepancies in the accounts of the harvest occur every year, but we do not recollect any year in which they have been so numerous and irreconcilable as during the present one. A month ago the whole country was thrown into the greatest perturbation and alarm by the accounts which rushed in from every locality, to the effect that little short of famine was inevitable. The grain and green crops were represented by the real or affected alarmists as irretrievably lost: the hay, though abundant, worthless: all the wretchedness, poverty, and destitution of the fatal famine years were looming with certainty in the hopeless distance, or setting in at once, to fill the workhouse, the emigrant ship, and the grave-yard. Gradually, however, this murky picture became a dissolving view, and vanishing altogether, gave place to a glowing prospect of at least an average crop of every growth—the potato here and there excepted. But the hopes and prospects thus suddenly and unexpectedly revived, were almost as much too highly coloured and exaggerated in their way as the previous gloomy prognostics of a total failure of almost every species of produce had been. The consequence is that now, when the harvest is fast drawing to a close, and when it turns out to be far more productive than the first alarmists led us to believe, and yet not quite so much so as the too favourable accounts of the last two or three weeks induced many to imagine, a fresh gloom and a renewed panic, almost as groundless as the first, are sought to be spread over the country, partly by interested and partly by inexperienced and uninitiated individuals. So far as we can glean from the most important and trustworthy accounts, the only serious failure is in the potato crop—one half of which in many places, one-third in others, and less in some, are undoubtedly affected with disease.—*Dublin Telegraph*.

THE ANTI-CIPATED FAMINE.—KILKENNY BOARD OF GUARDIANS, TUESDAY.—A circular from the Poor Law Commissioners, addressed to every Board of Guardians in Ireland, was read. It stated that the accounts which had reached the commissioners regarding the state of the potato crop showed that a great loss by blight had already occurred in some localities, and there was reason to fear from this cause, as well as from a deficiency in turf, that an increased pressure might take place on the funds provided for the relief of the poor. The guardians would please see the propriety of being prepared in time for the contingency of an increase in the number of paupers, and in striking the rates it would be found prudent to allow a liberal margin for contingencies, so as to avoid the necessity of making a supplemental rate or taking contracts at disadvantageous prices on account of want of funds. The commissioners also drew attention to the expediency of at once looking after the sanitary state of the workhouse, and seeing that a full stock of clothing was provided. The following, which is the concluding paragraph of the circular, refers to a subject of some importance—the renewal of out-door relief:—"It is not likely that the guardians will place their main reliance on the vacant room in the workhouse, as the most efficient means of meeting the possible

increase of distress in reference to the able-bodied adult inmates of either sex and their dependants; this view is in perfect accordance with the letter and spirit of the Irish Poor Relief Acts. The guardians will bear in mind at the same time that certain classes of the destitute poor designated in the 1st sec. of the 10th Vic., c. 31, are relievable either in or out of the workhouse, and that the power of giving out-door relief may be occasionally exercised with advantage in cases which fall strictly within the provisions above referred to. This is more especially the case in seasons of extraordinary distress, inasmuch as it may become desirable to reserve this space in the workhouse for classes which cannot be relieved otherwise than in the workhouse until that establishment is full, or has been rendered unavailable by the presence of infectious disease."—*Traveller Chronicle*.

OBSEQUES OF THE SOLDIERS OF THE CHURCH.—On Sunday last, 6th October, the Very Rev. Canon Pope preached in the Metropolitan Church, Dublin, immediately after the Gospel of the High Mass; and, after speaking on the festival of the day, the Solemnity of the Holy Rosary, said he would make a few reflections on another subject, which he felt confident enlisted all the sympathies of the congregation be addressed, and which had been alluded to in the short but comprehensive letter which he had read from his Grace the Archbishop—the soldiers who had fallen in defence of the Pope in Italy. The brave and faithful soldiers! May the Almighty God have mercy on their souls! A few months ago they left their native shores amidst the thrilling cheers of their applauding fellow-countrymen—in the full maturity of manhood—every cheek crimsoned with the bloom of health—every eye sparkling with enthusiasm—every pulsation of their hearts circulating strength and vigor through their frames, and beating with sanguine hopes that they would soon return to their homes and families, after achieving honor for their country and religion, services for the Father of the Faithful, and merit for themselves—alas, some of them have fallen; and we are to-day solicited to pray for their departed souls. You are invited on Friday next to tender a tribute of condolence, of religion and charity, to the memory and departed souls of our valiant fellow-countrymen who have been martyred, like Christian heroes in defence of our Common Father, the Vicar of Jesus Christ and the precious patrimony of the Holy Church. You are invited to honor the ashes of the great, who, in a distant land, fill an Irish soldier's grave, covered with glory, and signed with the sign of the cross—to console their bereaved relatives—and to supplicate the God of Mercies to cancel any debts that may be due to the divine justice; and, as they fell in his service, that they may be admitted to the triumph of the saints in heaven. They were Catholic Irishmen, and they have sustained our national character, and done honor to our country, our religion, and our holy faith. They are our Catholic brethren, and there is in every Catholic's heart a flame of charity, and no gloomy days of defeat and affliction can obscure its brilliancy—no arctic region can cool its heat—'tis as a cord that binds him to his brethren, and no tropical sun can dissolve its adhesive qualities—no distance can slacken its tension—it renders him as instantaneously sensitive to the wants of his distant brethren, as is the telegraphic wire to the electric spark that communicates an account of his Christian gallantry, his heroic exploits, his defeat, his sufferings, and his death—there is within him a string whose soft and dulcet note subdues all the storms of our passions, sweetens all the bitterness and softens down all the asperities of prejudice, captivates the understanding, and all the generous feelings of our souls, and this string vibrates alone to the soft finger of charity. They were but a gallant few, and they dauntlessly arrayed themselves against hostile battalions, vomiting forth destructive volleys from thundering artillery, and hailing showers of bullets with thousand of musketeers, who charged them with implacable animosity and with fearful cries, and with naked steel stabbed their bodies, and caused life to ebb forth on the crimson tide that streamed from their gaping gasbes. They sustained the unequal conflict long and gallantly, supported by a consciousness of the justice of their cause, a zeal for the glory of God, a love of true Christian liberty, devotion to the Vicar of Christ, their native national bravery, and a laudable ambition to preserve for you and for me, for the common Father of the Faithful, and the great Catholic family of Christendom, those temporal possessions so justly and for so many ages the patrimony of the Holy Church; and sustained, perhaps, by the consoling recollection that if they were slain their memories would be revered and their departed souls supplicated for before the altar by their grateful fellow-countrymen at home. Disappoint not their expectations: pray fervently and constantly that the God of Mercies may cancel any debts that may be due to the divine justice. May the tender bowels of God's mercy be moved to compensate them—to mitigate their sufferings—to admit them to a union with Himself and to the society of the blessed. Endeavor to comfort their afflicted friends by pouring the cordial balm of consolation into the wounded heart of the disconsolate wife, the mourning parent and child; teaching them that if their loved ones had fallen, or had been maimed, they are not victims to regard themselves as unlucky, or the sad victims of fortuitous or heartless fate. That there is no such thing as luck, or fate, or chance—that we are all in the hands of God—that nothing can occur to us, not even a hair of our beards falls to the ground without His permission—teach them that though the sober-stroke may seem to have fallen at random or the deadly bullet to have struck its victim's heart by chance, that the invisible track of each as it sped its way through flashing gunpowder, and clouds of dust, and volumes of smoke, was permitted, and set, by Divine Providence, and the all-seeing eye of God. Let this, then, be to them the unfeeling source of abundant consolation. God permitted it: God permitted it. "Thy will be done—thy will be done." Brethren, they are of us; we recognise the indelible marks by which we claim them as our own. They have gone down into an honored grave, clothed with the garments of bravery, of fidelity, of religion, and of faith, and as Jacob of old wept on recognizing the blood-stained garment of his fond son, whom he believed to have been torn by wild beasts; so we recognise the blood stained garments of our brethren who have been torn by the enemies of our religion. Yes, we recognise them—they are our brethren. "See if this be thy son's garment?" Yes it is! See, they were clothed in the uniform of Catholicity—they wielded "the sword of the Spirit"—they put on the buckler of faith—they wore "the helmet of salvation." "See if this be thy son's garment!" Like Jacob, too, we mourn for them. But let your sorrow be blended with hope. Be not sad like others who have no hope. They died as became Christian heroes! with a firm faith and cheering hopes of a glorious immortality! On the morning of the battle before crossing the red sea of their blood, through which they passed from this world of Egypt to their happy land of promise, they assisted at Mass and received the Holy Communion, thereby sacrificing the Lamb and partaking of His adorable flesh before departing on their journey. Oh, then assemble in their repose the holy sacrifice of the Mass—mark their graves as the Israelites of old did the posts of Sprinkle their ashes with the blood of the Lamb that the destroying angel may recognise them as ours and not dare to touch them on the day of God's terrible vengeance, but when the last trumpet shall echo through their graves, summoning them to appear at the great assemblage in the valley of Josaphat, Jesus Christ may recognise them as His faithful soldiers, may enrol them in the company of the blessed, and as the great leader of their salvation, conduct them in triumph under the standard of the cross into the impregnable citadel of a glorious immortality.—Amen.