

The enemies of Ireland were jubilant. They too thought her dead. They were taking her out to burial when they met a savior on the way. O'Connell blocked the passage. "Hold!", he cried "She is not dead but sleeping." The funeral cortege at first stared at him in surprise. Then the mourners wept the more as the sad reality struck them with ten-fold force. The scoffers scoffed with redoubled scorn. They had not counted on a hidden germ of life. O'Connell, all undismayed, approached the would be bier, and spoke the magic words: "Ireland, *Catholic* Ireland, I say to thee arise:" And Ireland arose but with the stupor of death still upon her, and the clouds of ignorance born of three centuries of untutored slavery, still darkening her mind. She leaned a dead weight on the arm of her deliverer, and he educating her the while, supported her tottering steps towards the Mountain of Liberty. His strong arm cleared away the roughnesses of the way. Single-handed, he defended her against the attacks of her ambushed enemy, and alone he fought the mighty forces of her foes, and he left her not until far up the mountain-side she breathed the air of freedom. Let us follow in meditation this Way of Deliverance.

Scarcely had O'Connell set foot in Ireland on his return from his foreign *Alma Mater* when the Rebellion of '98 broke like a sudden storm over the Island. The young graduate thus witnessed with bursting heart the hopeless days of frenzied struggle that preluded the utter prostration of his native Land. Devastation, desolation,—the words seem weak indeed to describe the situation of Ireland as she lay before his gaze; but hero that he was, he lost not courage even amidst such scenes and when to all but himself hope seemed none, then did he vow himself to the cause of freedom. He would free Ireland, but how? By force of arms? No, assuredly not. About him was strewn evidence the most convincing of the disastrous results of such a course. Then how? O'Connell was an advocate. His was an advocate's plan. He would plead the cause of Erin. The nations of the earth would be so many assistant counsel; Ireland, his only witness; the Parliament of England, his jury; the Government of England, his judge. Before that bigoted jury, before that unfeeling judge, would he argue the case of Erin and from them wrest a victory