

the winged artillery that rains amongst the brave a wide wasting ruin which no breast-plate can resist or valour turn aside.—They had for resources those great powers, potent for a time, and which when wielded with genius are irresistible, but which are weak notwithstanding since we have seen the hoar frost reduce to nothing—to utter ruin the greatest exhibition of such forces that was ever made. But O'Connell had for the means of achieving victories the force of opinion—the great power of truth, of virtue, and of eternal justice; and in these, more than the shield and spear, and the power of artillery had he confidence. Without the shedding of a drop of blood—the infliction of one single calamity, or causing one crime to be committed against the laws of God or man, he bore away every obstacle that impeded his progress, and rescued his country from slavery and degradation. 'This it is which renders him unique in the history of mankind, and places him high above the most illustrious men of ancient and modern times..... Already we see his doctrine taken up, and proclaimed with an enthusiasm which we never knew—by people that are far, far distant from us. His great system of political revolution is fast spreading through every nation. It will be hailed by them with a purer, and a more persevering, and a more consistent enthusiasm than by ourselves.

But how did he achieve these wonders? By what force did he succeed? What power came to him and that enabled him to stand alone and effect things which no other hero had ever dreamt of? I will tell you, and you know it already by long experience and intimate acquaintance with his life. O'Connell was great—greatest amongst all the heroes that flourish in history—without a parallel in the records of all time, for this simple reason—he was an enthusiastic believer in the Providence of Jesus Christ, and because not alone in private life did he strive with all the intensity of his great soul to be his true and fervent disciple, but also in his public career, and in all the great enterprises in which he was engaged. You know it. Slander cannot gainsay it. He ever made it the guiding star and principle of his policy to be in harmony with the religion of his Church.

He commenced all his enterprises by the invocation of heaven's aid, and placed all the great things upon which he ventured under the especial patronage of the Virgin Mother whom he never failed to make his advocate. He never blushed to make profession of his faith, and was ever ready and eloquently able to defend. It was he who planted his giant heel upon the obscene and impious philosophism of Voltaire in Ireland and crushed it to death. These were the great principles that actuated his life. Here is the great mystery of all his policy. Hence it was that he seemed omnipotent, so that no obstacle could resist him, and that he achieved things that have filled all nations with astonishment. He believed in the providence of Jesus Christ as a reality. He did not, like Napoleon, at least like him in the days of his infatuated ambition—he did not, like others, lift himself up against heaven—did not regard Christianity as a fable, but as a divinely established fact. Hence it was borne onward by a power irresistible—hence it was that his works remain and must endure for ever, because by these great principles of his policy, he placed himself in perfect harmony with the universe.

The eloquent preacher spoke of O'Connell's final resting place:—It is my opinion and humbly I propound it, that his destiny so far as depends on us, will not be complete unless you place his grave within the Island abbey of Darrynane, which he loved so well—which has been associated with the memory of his boyhood, and in which, in his days of renown, I may say of his inspiration and genius; he wished that his body until the resurrection should repose. He said, in 1845, and you all remember the echo of his words:—"No, men of Kerry, the man who animated the Repealers of other places is your brother Kerryman. Yes, for I was born amongst you; the echoes of the mountain stream by which my infancy was nursed are, I fancy, murmuring again in my ears. Yes, I am close to the scene of my earlier days, within view of my native mountains, and within sound of the stream that spoke to me in earlier life in tones of immortality. (Hear, hear.) Yes, we were ever loyal to our religion, our allegiance, and our country.—

(cheer) I am proud of you, men of Kerry (Increased cheering) I was born amongst your mountains, and amongst them shall be my grave, though my name will go down as having burst the fetters of my countrymen, and given them liberty and peace." (Renewed acclamation.)

And the discourse was wound up in these words:—"I need not conjure you, my most reverend lords and fathers, that he who liberated our altars and conferred on the Church such unexampled liberties should never be forgotten by you when offering the spotless victim. Need I supplicate of my own very reverend and reverend brethren that those altars which he set free shall never be ascended by them without a memento for O'Connell's soul? or those faithful people whom he liberated from bondage—who were introduced by his exertions into all the blessings of the constitution—who are no longer aliens in the land that gave them birth, but invested with the rights of citizenship—need I implore of them, as they feel gratitude for his great services—as they would not brand themselves for ever with the stain most disgraceful to humanity to plunge themselves by vow in the presence of his mortal remains now there before them, that through life they shall be faithful to his principles—that nothing shall ever be able to beguile them again from that great theory established by him, which is the wonder of the world, and which has won for his country so many bloodless triumphs? We will pledge ourselves around his tomb to bury all our differences in oblivion, and work together for the interests of that country which he loved so well. We will pledge ourselves to maintain his principles inviolate—to violate no law of God or man—to rely not on the sabre, or artillery, but on the universal principles of truth, morality and justice, by which O'Connell achieved so many triumphs, by which his name was rendered terrible to the oppressor, and the hope of the oppressed—which caused him to be held in veneration by multitudes in every clime who had paid honour to his lifeless body, and were almost ready to suffer death along with him on account of the great things that he effected. Joined together in the communion of that holy Roman Catholic Church, of which he was a faithful servant, by the love of which he guided his people into liberty, and which enabled him to triumph over so many difficulties united in one common application around God's altar, let us implore for his soul eternal rest, invoking St. Patrick, the Apostle of our country, and the great Saints innumerable that have shed a lustre upon this land of benediction—the martyrs who have suffered for that Church—and above all that mother of mercy—that Star of the Sea—that comfortress of the Afflicted, to whom even in child like devotion, he addressed his supplications for her intercession. To her let our prayers ascend, that her virgin spotless hands may be lifted to her divine Son, to obtain for him a lot amongst the just forever; that though his body may for a while be consigned to that grave, it may hear the note of triumph from the Archangel's trumpet calling upon it to be re-united to the spirit already in beatitude—to enjoy the crown that by his fidelity he hath secured—to receive the blessing of the Saviour, and abide for all eternity with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, to whom be all honour, praise, and glory, now and for evermore.—Amen."

ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

Sunday last was a high Festival with the members of this glorious Catholic Association. The solemn Mass of thanksgiving was offered up at St. Mary's for the continued success of the Foreign Missions, and to beg the Divine Blessing for the zealous labours of the Apostles of Catholicity throughout the world. The Pontifical Mass was celebrated by the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Very Rev. Mr. Conolly, being Master of Ceremonies, and Rev. Mr. Hannan and Rev. Mr. Phelan Deacon and Sub-deacon. During the Mass, a very eloquent and effective Sermon was delivered by the Vicar General, in the course of which he recounted the astonishing triumphs of the Catholic Faith in the New world, throughout the last century, and ex-