

holy youth, kneeling, hour after hour, before the presence of God, upon the altar;—they heard in that voice, ringing clear and high, in its tones of praise, above and beyond the chorus of voices of those who praised the Lord, as if it were an angel, from Heaven in the midst of them striving to uplift his angelic spirit, totally and entirely, upon the wings of song;—they saw, in all this and more, an ideal of sanctity, an embodiment of holiness, a whole pentecost of love of God such as they had never conceived before; and they all declared that God had sent them a saint in the young Irish prince (applause). Silent as the grave, he spoke only with God or of God. Hour after hour, spent in prayer and study, made him grow in every knowledge of the age, even as he grew in divine love. His food, a morsel of brown bread, with a cup of water from the lake; his bed, the bare earth; his pillow, a stone,—he mortified his body until he impressed upon every sense and upon his whole frame the mortification of the Cross of the God whom he learned to love. And, so, in his twenty-fifth year, Laurence,—the Monk Laurence,—was recognized as the most enlightened and the most holy man in the island, which still claimed the title of the "mother of saints and of scholars."

The Abbot died, and the young monk, was elected Abbot of Glendalough, and placed at the head of his brethren. There he remained for five years; and the old Irish chroniclers tell how every poor, stricken creature in the land, even to the furthest ends of Ireland, made his way to the glens of Wicklow, that he might get relief, food, and clothing from his bounty, and the blessing of God from the touch of his sacred hand. We are told that, while he was Abbot of Glendalough, there came, through the visitation of God, a terrible famine upon the land. Laurence arose, gathered, together all that the monasteries possessed of clothing and of food; he took all the sacred implements of the altar,—the very chalices of the sacred service; he opened the treasures his fathers had deposited with them; away went everything to feed and clothe the poor and the naked. So, in that year of famine, when the angel of death had spread himself in desolation over the land, the people, in these years, were fed and clothed and saved through the wonderful charity of the Abbot of Glendalough. O, saint in Heaven! where wert thou in '46 and '47? O, Irish heart! O, Irish sainted soul! where, then, were thy hands? Why didst thou not burst the cerecants of the tomb, and rise out of thy far distant grave in Normandy, to break bread for thy countrymen in the year of their dire trial? Alas! no saint was there. If Glendalough had been, the people would not have died. But Glendalough was swept away, and the infernal spirit of Henry VIII., and of England's supremacy, was upon the land, to let us perish (applause).

Now, after five years of this glorious rule of the Abbot of Glendalough, in the year 1161, the Archbishop of Dublin died. The people, long accustomed to the sanctity and the glory of their great Abbot of Glendalough,—long accustomed to contemplate the shining light that was before them;—all, with one accord, cried,—and their voice rung from end to end of the land,—“We must have the Prince and Abbot, Laurence, for our Archbishop.” One man only was grieved; one man only refused; and for twelve long months he fought against this dignity sought to be forced upon him with so much energy and success, that it was only in the following year,—1162, that, by main force he was obliged to allow himself to be consecrated Archbishop of Dublin. Archbishop of Dublin!—Laurence O'Toole, in whose veins bled the royal blood of two of Ireland's chief houses; Laurence O'Toole, was the last man of the Irish race who sat,—recognized,—upon that glorious throne. For, 700 years have passed away; and from the day that St. Laurence died, there has been no man of Irish blood, or Irish race, recognized as Archbishop of Dublin. For three hundred years after the death of St. Laurence, the Archbishops were Catholics; but they were all Englishmen. For 300 years after that,—for the last 300 years, the Archbishops,—the so-called Archbishops of Dublin,—were all Protestants; and they all Englishmen, too.

Now, my friends, we come to contemplate the monk in the Archbishop. He entered the city of Dublin, and took possession of Christ Church, in the year 1162. How did he find his people? I am grieved to be obliged to tell the tale. It was now sixty years since the Danes were banished from Ireland, after they had remained in the country for three hundred long years. During those three hundred years there never had been a day's peace throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, but constant war. Every year brought its campaign, every month—every week—its pitched battle, between the soldiers of Ireland and the Danish invaders. Let this sink into your minds. Consider it well. There is not a nation on the face of the earth that can stand three hundred years of constant war without being destroyed. The churches are burned, the priests put to the sword, everything in confusion; and the sacraments neglected, the schools shut up. A people compelled to fight for their lives, begin to forget God the moment the demon of war comes to them. You have had the proof of it in the four years' war from which you have just come forth. Now, realize all this if you can. For three hundred years,—a term nearly as long as from the day Columbus discovered America to the present hour,—there was not a hill-side nor a valley in Ireland that did not resound, year after year, to the various war-cries of the Dane and the Celt. Their bodies covered the land. Six thousand of these Danish invaders were left dead upon the field in the glorious day when Malachi the Second drew the sword of Ireland and smote them in the valley of Glendalough, near the Vale of Avoca. The sea around the coast of Ireland for many a day and year, was covered with the corpses, and the rivers ran red with the blood of the Celt and

the Dane. Thus it was for three hundred years. What wonder, my dear friends,—what wonder is it, that the history of our land tells that, by the time Ireland finally conquered her Danish enemies, after three hundred years, every vestige almost of holiness, learning and piety had disappeared from the land. Nothing remained except the faith which the Irish race still hold dear as their life, and that love, for Ireland that had nerved their arms during these three hundred years of bloodshed and war (applause). But the moment that the Danish invasion was ended, and that the Irish nation breathed freely for a time, that moment the bishops and priests and the people put head, heart, and hands together, to build up the ancient edifice of Ireland's learning and Ireland's sanctity. It is a well-known fact, that although disorder, confusion and iniquity had crept into the land and abounded,—that neither the priesthood nor the people reconciled themselves to it; but, immediately upon the departure of the Danes, set to work. The bishops and priests met in council; the schools and colleges were reopened; and Ireland's sanctity and holiness was fast returning, at the very time that St. Laurence O'Toole took possession of the See of Dublin. Still he found the chieftains of Ireland divided amongst themselves. He found every province in the land, every sept or clan in the land, fighting amongst themselves and disputing. Not content with having shed their blood generously for Ireland, during three hundred years, they would now stain the land again with Irish blood shed in domestic broils and contentions, unworthy of a people who had passed through such an ordeal, such a trial. And then, moreover, amongst the people incorporated in his own city of Dublin, the marriage-tie was not sufficiently regarded. And I verily believe that the reason of this was that the greater part of the people of Dublin at the time were descendants of the Danes, and not pure Irish; for I can scarcely imagine the pure stock of Ireland renouncing under any pressure the virtue which the Almighty God endowed them at the hands of Patrick, both men and women. That virtue,—the virtue of purity, crowned by sacramental love, and through it alone, crowned by their conjugal fidelity,—has been the first and grandest boast of the Irish (great applause).

Grieved and excited to indignation by what he beheld, the solitary from Glendalough, accustomed to silence, retirement and communion with God, as soon as he came, a mitred Archbishop, to his people, ascended the pulpit of Christ Church, in Dublin; and there in the Irish language,—so grand, so poetic, so vigorous and so majestic in its expression,—he hurled out his denunciations against every form of impiety and of iniquity around him. He sent forth his voice as a prince as well as an archbishop unto the ends of the land, and said to the chieftains of Ireland: “Unless you cease your unworthy contentions, I tell you, in the name of the Lord God, that God will punish this bloodshed and this unworthy contention by sacrificing the liberty of our country” (applause). Clear and terrific was the voice. Clear as the angel's trumpet announcing judgment, the voice of the great Irish prince-archbishop went out upon the land, and fell upon the unfortunately heedless and unwilling ears of the Irish chieftains. The kings of Ulster, retreating into their own kingdom, took no share in the affairs of the rest of Ireland. The clans of Munster made war, under the leadership of the O'Briens, against the royal house of O'Conor in Connaught; while Ulster itself was divided by a hundred different feuds which separated the whole country into so many battle fields. Thus was Ireland in the day when the news was brought the Archbishop of Dublin that the Norman forces had come upon the shores of Ireland,—that the invader's accursed foot was once more upon the soil of Erin. It came to him as though it was the knell of his own doom; it came to him as though it was the judgment of God, which he had foreseen, for the sins and dissensions of his own people. And yet, even thus coming, it roused within him all the zeal of the prelate, and all the fire of the prince of Irish royal blood. It roused the lion spirit in the chaste bosom of the Archbishop; and when Laurence came forth amongst the people, they scarcely knew him. There seemed to be a new spirit in the indignation which came from him. The eye accustomed to be cast down upon the earth, with virginal modesty, now glared around with a fiery glance, because the sacred cause of Ireland was in danger, and the invader was upon her soil (applause). The voice that was accustomed to speak only words of peace and benediction, now sounded forth in its clarion notes, “War! War! Let slip the spirit and the dogs of war! Draw the sword of Erin! Let your blood flow as rivers in the land, until the accursed and detested invader shall be driven into the sea” (applause). He went out from Dublin; he left his city, his cathedral, his people behind him; he went straight down into Connaught, the seat of Ireland's monarch; and he said, “Ob, my high King, arise; gather up the forces of Ireland, and march with me to Dublin. I will be in the front ranks in the day when we do to the invaders, what Brian did upon the plain of Clontarf, when he swept them into the sea (tremendous applause). His voice went out in Ulster, and called O'Melaghlin, king of Ulster, from his ignoble repose, to arise, gird on his sword, and draw it for Ireland. His voice penetrated into the South, re-echoed upon the shores of the Shannon, and swept like a trumpet-blast through the ruined halls of Kincora, rousing the McCarthy Mor and the O'Brien. They rallied; they came together; they stood between the Norman and the walls of Dublin, the Archbishop in the midst of them. With all his power, with all his love of his country, with all his spirit of devotion, he was unable to keep them together. Domestic feuds and dissensions sprang up amongst them. Oh! the accursed spirit of dissension, that has kept us divided for so many years, and that keeps us divided to-day! We have heard of united Ireland; we have heard of those brave hearts who took that name; but when were Irishmen united? The very last time that Irishmen

were united was on that Good Friday morning, eight hundred years ago, when the plain of Clontarf was covered with the dead bodies of the Danes, and when Dublin Bay was filled with their floating corpses. From that day to this, our united Ireland is but the dream of the poet and the inspiration of the lover of his native land (applause).

Dublin was taken. Roderick O'Conor, King of Connaught, retired into his own kingdom; the Ulster men went home across the Boyne; the septs of Leinster were obliged to make their submission.—Two or three years later, the English monarch himself arrived; and every prince in Ireland made a nominal submission to him, save and except the glorious, the immortal O'Neil, who still upheld the oriflamme of Ireland—the national flag of Erin (applause). When Dublin was taken, the Archbishop Laurence interceded for his people in this fashion. When the Normans laid siege to the city the first time, the people felt that resistance would be useless; so they called on their Archbishop to go out and meet Dermot MacMurrough, the adulterous traitor, and the celebrated Richard, Earl of Pembroke, surnamed “Strongbow.” The Archbishop went out to make terms for his people; and whilst he was thus engaged Miles de Cogan, entered the city on the other side and began to slaughter the people. Their cry of horror reached the Archbishop's ears as he stood in the presence of the Norman victors. The moment he heard the cry of his people, which resounded in his ear as the cry of the first-born babe in danger resounds in the heart of the mother that bore it, he fled from their presence and rushed forth, and found that the blood of his people actually flowed in the streets of the city. Then, forgetful of his safety or his life, he threw himself between them and the assailing army, and to the invaders he said: “Hold! hold! Not another son of Ireland shall be slain. Not another drop of my people's blood shall be shed until you have first pierced my heart; for I am their father and their bishop” (applause). The city was surrendered. Now, what did the Archbishop do? Did he give up the cause of Ireland, like a faint-hearted man? He saw the Irish kings actually fighting with each other,—shedding each other's blood at the very time the invader took possession of their capital. He saw that no two of them could agree to obey one common head or adopt one common line of policy. He had labored in vain. Did he give up the cause? No! No faithful Irish bishop or priest ever did or ever will give up the cause of Ireland (great applause). He went out from Dublin once more; he went again to the court of King Roderick, shook him once more into courage and hope for Ireland, and rallied his people.—He called the Ulster men again from their fastnesses, rallied the men of Munster, the McCarthy Mor, the O'Donnells, and the O'Briens; he roused all Ireland. And the Archbishop marched at the head of 60,000 men, in order to lay siege to Dublin, vowing that as long as an English invader remained on Irish soil, he could never know a moment's rest (renewed and enthusiastic applause). Dublin was besieged. The Irish forces to the number of sixty thousand lay around it. O'Melaghlin, of Ulster, took possession of the Hill of Howth; on the plain of Clontarf Roderick O'Conor, with his large army, spread over to the site of the Phoenix Park. On the other side, east of the hill, lay the O'Briens of Munster; the passes by the coast of Dalkey and Dunleary were held by the O'Tooles and the O'Byrnes of Wicklow. They pressed the siege until the Norman knights were almost famished in the city; and driven by desperation made one desperate ally, broke through one portion of the line of the king of Connaught's army, and so liberated themselves. The Irish host, instead of closing around them and destroying them, lost courage and heart. Divided for so many years, they separated once more. The O'Conor withdrew into his western province; the O'Neill and the O'Donnell withdrew again from the town; and once more, despite the tears, the prayers and the devotion of Laurence, the land of Ireland was left at the mercy of its ruthless and tyrannical conquerors. If we credit the evidence of the Irish historian, Leland,—one of the most ancient and respectable of our historians,—he tells us that, in that siege of Dublin, the Archbishop was seen passing from rank to rank animating the men, speaking to them in the ringing tones of their native Irish language, appealing to them by all that they held most sacred upon earth, and by their hopes of Heaven, to do battle, like men, for their native land, and to destroy its invaders. Leland goes further. He tells us, upon what authority I know not, that so carried away was the Irish prince-archbishop—when he saw the day darkening for Ireland, that he laid aside his Episcopal station for an hour, girded on the sword, and led on the Irish forces, charging into the midst of their enemies as became a prince (applause).

And, now, the heart of the man was broken; his high hopes were crushed for ever. Perhaps, with his prophetic eye, illumined by the spirit of sanctity that was within him, perhaps he foresaw and caught a glimpse of the ages that were to come; perhaps he saw his country, year after year, century after century, until her very name went out amongst the peoples of the earth as “the Niobe of nations,” the most stricken, heart-broken of peoples. Certain it is that the heart of the man was broken within him. In the year 1171, all the princes of Ireland, excepting Ulster, having made their submission, nothing remained for the holy prince-archbishop but to do all he could for his people. One of Henry's pretexts for conquering Ireland was that they were so wicked a people, and he was so good and holy it was necessary that he should conquer the country to preserve the faith (laughter). How did he begin to make himself so good and holy. He shed the blood of St. Thomas of Canterbury. That blood was upon his hand,—the blood of a holy archbishop, slaughtered at the foot of the altar, in the very presence of Jesus Christ, by the order of the tyrant! That blood was red upon the hands of the man who came to teach the Irish people their religion! Before him came the Archbishop of Dublin fearless although his follow-prelate had been slaughtered. He demanded terms for his people. He spoke as a prince of the people that spoke with authority, and in the name of God. He frightened the tyrannical English monarch of that race of which St. Bernard said: “They came from the devil, and to the devil they will go.” These were the words of St. Bernard of that very house of Plantagenet of whom Henry the Second was one of the great founders,—the man who invaded Ireland. Now, my friends, twice did the Saint cross the sea to intercede for the Irish people, to make treaties of peace for the Irish kings with the English monarch; and to obtain the recognition of Ireland's freedom and Ireland's nationality. And history tells us that it is to the last of Ireland's Saints we owe that treaty of peace which was concluded between O'Conor, King of Connaught, and Henry II, King of England, and which recognized Ireland's nationality, Ireland's existence as a distinct nation, embodied in the person of her monarch. You may say to me it was a small thing for him to recognize Ireland's nationality when he had his foot upon her neck; but I say it was a great thing that, for 760 years of war and persecution, through the action and the spirit of the last of Ireland's Saints, we are—I thank my God in Heaven—we are a nation still (louders of applause). We are not a Province: Ireland was never a Province of the British Empire (renewed applause). To-day, the Queen of England calls herself “Queen of Great Britain and Ireland” (applause). To this day she sends to Ireland her Viceroy, which means one who takes the place of the King. A Viceroy is not sent to a Province, but to a nation. But you will ask what does all this serve? I answer, a noble idea, always serves; a noble idea, maintained and upheld by the hand of priest and layman, and upheld by the hand

of the martyr;—a noble idea, upheld by a worship recognized for ages as the rallying point of a people, when the hour of their destiny arrives,—such shall Ireland's nationality be for Irishmen (enthusiastic applause). You have all often heard that, when the English King invaded Ireland, he came in virtue of a Bull which he received from the Pope. Writers of English history assert this, and many amongst them bring their proofs of it. Now, I have my doubts whether he got that receipt at all. I have studied this question as well as I could, and I don't believe that the Pope ever gave the English Monarch a commission to invade Ireland. It is singular that of Irish archeologists, the greatest now living,—the present respected Bishop of Ossory—Dr. Moran—who has studied for years at the fountain-head, in Rome, gives his conclusion, deliberate and calm, that he does not believe one word of the story of Adrian IV, making a present of Ireland to the English King. It may be so. It may be that such representations were made to the people that inferred this; it may be that the English Monarch sent his ministers there, who told the Holy Father that the Irish were such terrible people, and had given up legitimate marriage all together; and their priests were a bad lot; and it he would give him leave to go over, he would set everything to rights; for English historians tell us that was the case; and that, when Henry II. came to Ireland, he had in his hand a letter from the Pope, authorizing him to go and take possession of the island. Now, I answer, if he had that letter, why did he not show it? He never showed it. When he came to Ireland he never said one word about that letter,—that permission from the Pope (laughter). He called all the Irish together (St. Laurence O'Toole was there), at Cashel, in 1171; he had them all, except a few from Connaught, and some of the Ulster Bishops, who held aloof because they were not yet conquered; and when all the Bishops and priests were there, Henry came and said to them: “Now you must make laws and set everything to rights.” He never said one word about the letter of the Pope. When Henry II. came to Ireland, all the historians tell us, the only man in Ireland of whom he was really afraid was St. Laurence O'Toole; because there was no man in Ireland who had such power to bind the people together; no man that loved Ireland as he did; not a braver man on that battle-field of Clontarf, than that man whose Irish heart beat beneath the cope of the Archbishop of Dublin. The English King was so much afraid of him that he endeavored by the use of every means in his power to gain him over. Now, the English King knew well that if St. Laurence O'Toole knew he had a letter from the Pope, like an humble and obedient man, he would cease his opposition; he would not be bringing 60,000 men against him; and yet he never showed that letter to St. Laurence O'Toole. He waited until Pope Adrian IV. was ten years dead and in his grave, and then he produced the letter. And so I say that, although there be grave and weighty arguments on one side, I have such doubts as to the authenticity of that Bull of Adrian IV., that I don't believe one word of it. Nay more, seven years later, when St. Laurence went to Rome to the Council of Lateran, Alexander was then Pope; and of all the Bishops that came to that Council there was not a single man that received so much honor as the Archbishop of Dublin did, from the Pope, because of his sanctity. He put him in the highest place, gave him the pallium of Archbishop, ordered the Bishops of Ossory, and Gallatin, and others, to be subject to him, made him his own Legate-Apostolic, and crowned with glory sent him back to Ireland. Now, if the Pope had really given permission to Henry the Second to go and take Ireland and the Archbishop should in the face of that, have as it were taken Henry II. by the throat,—if that Bull of Adrian IV. was shown you, Laurence O'Toole, Saint in Heaven to-night, you would have gone to Rome as a man upon a cloud, a man who forgot where he owed his obedience, a man who dared to excite the people after the head of the Church had declared they should submit. But he did not go to Rome in that capacity; he went to receive more honor than any other Bishop; therefore, I conclude that he never saw this letter of the Pope, because I believe the Pope never wrote it.

In the year 1180, Roderick O'Conor, king of Ireland, was again in trouble with the English monarch; and he had to send one of his sons as a hostage to Henry. St. Laurence took charge of the boy, and brought him over to England to put him into the hands of the English monarch, thinking, perhaps, with sorrow of the day when he himself, a young prince, was put into the hands of a cruel, heartless tyrant. The king of England was not in the land, he was in France at the time; but before he went to France he left orders that if Laurence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin, was to come over to England he was to be kept prisoner, and not to be allowed back any more. This was the man who came to reform the Irish Church and teach the people how to be good! No Irish king was ever known to lay hand on a Bishop. The first English monarch that came, as Cromwell came in after years, with the words of God's holy Scripture on his lips; he who had shed the blood of St. Thomas a-Becket,—laid hands upon and bound the Irish Archbishop in England. But the Irish blood, the spirit that can never be broken though it may be broken, revolted against this treatment. When he found he was going to be detained as a prisoner, he instantly arose, took the young prince and went over to France to stand before the English monarch and beard him to his face. He arrived in France; and as soon as he touched the soil of Normandy, you can easily imagine how he turned around, saw the white cliffs of Dover,—the English coast,—and lifting up his hands left his last curse upon it. Travelling a little into the country, the heart-sorrow that weighed upon him became too great. What! An Irish prince, an Irish Archbishop, the son of an unconquered race, of a people that had never known serfdom or slavery,—has the eldest son of Ireland's monarch, Roderick O'Conor, and is bringing him, a prisoner, to put him into the hands of the tyrant that had shed the blood of his people! It was too much for him, because he thought of Ireland. He saw his country invaded, and enslaved the chieftains divided, the holy work in which he was engaged broken and ruined the sanctuaries of St. Mel, at Armagh, in flames, the churches destroyed. Columbus's saintly monasteries sacked and ruined. His heart was broken within him. He turned aside to the Abbey of Yew, in Normandy, and entering in he said to the Abbot: “Give a dying man a place whereon he may lie down and die.” Because of his high dignity as Archbishop of Dublin, they received him with all honor. Now, the angel of death was approaching. With his dying breath he commissioned his secretary, the Irish priest that was with him, to take the young prince and carry him to Henry, and tell him that “When the agonies of death were upon me, I charged him, in the name of the God, before whom I am about to appear, with my last words I charged him, in the name of Almighty God, to treat this prince as the son of a king; not to forget that this prince's father is a king, and that the people are still a nation having a king at their head” (applause). Then, as he lay upon his humble bed, the monks came around him, and they heard him pouring forth his soul to God in prayer; and they said to each other: “This man must be very rich; he is Archbishop of the richest diocese in the world; perhaps he has not made his will.” They did not know St. Laurence. When he was Archbishop of Dublin he fed five hundred poor people every day at his own table, and he clothed and fed four hundred others outside, and constantly provided for two hundred orphans. And when they came and said to him: “Will you not make your will?” he looked up and said: “I declare to my God that I have not a single coin in this world to leave behind me.” Then

the agonies of death came upon him. There he lay, commencing with his Divine Lord. And, now, at last, in this last moment, the patriot must be lost in the saint, the prince forgotten in the dying Christian. No thought can come between the man of God and God whom he is about to meet. “Hark to his word: ‘Into Thy hands, O Jesus Christ, I resign my spirit. O strong Son of God, take me; I have no power, I have no strength, I have no strength forever.’” Then the French monks, praying around him, heard strange words from his lips; they did not understand them, for they were spoken in the Irish language. His last words were: “O foolish and senseless people! what will now become of you? Who now will relieve your miseries? who will heal you now that I am going away?” With these words he died. He is canonized by the Church of God; his Christian soul passed straight to the high throne, which he had earned, in Heaven; and his last words upon earth proved that the most sacred love for country that ever filled the heart of man, next to the love of his God, was his love for the land that bore him, and the people of his own blood (applause).

This was the last of Ireland's canonized saints. He was canonized in Rome by Pope Honorius III., in the year 1226. His body is enshrined in the Abbey church in which he died; and his name has gone forth,—Saint Laurence O'Toole,—as the last of the great prelates the Irish Church produced; and she was the mother of many saints and of great prelates (applause). The spirit that animated his love for home,—the love that broke his heart,—has survived in the hearts of those who came after him inheriting his priesthood. It was the spirit of Laurence that kept the Irish people faithful to their priests, and the Irish priests faithful to their people, when every power of earth and of hell was raised up against them. When all the might of England declared that it must separate that priesthood from that people—corrupt that priesthood and destroy the Catholic faith in Ireland,—the priest, animated by the spirit of Laurence, the Irish people animated by the spirit of their holy faith, joined hands in that day and answered: “Those whom God hath joined together no man can sever” (cheers). Never did the Irish people separate themselves from their clergy, nor the Irish priesthood from their faithful, loving people. When the Prophet Elias was taken up to Heaven Elias cried out to him: “Let me have thy two-fold spirit. Leave my spirit upon me.” And he who was borne along on the chariot of fire, let fall his mantle, and with it his two-fold spirit upon him. Laurence, ascending to Heaven, must have heard some great, some faithful bishop in Ireland:—“Oh, chariot of Israel and its charioteer, leave behind thee thy two-fold spirit,—the love of God and of thy country. Leave that two-fold love to be the inheritance of Irish priests and Irish bishops.” The prayer was answered, the mystic mantle has fallen. Ireland is bound to-day, as of old, as one man, the priests to the people and the people to the priests, by the golden fillet of a common faith, and the silver cord of a common love for their motherland (tremendous applause). Let me conclude. O, may the spirit of Laurence be still upon us,—at home and abroad. Thousands of miles of ocean lie between me and the land of my birth; between you and the land of your best recollections, your truest aspirations and your strongest love. But, whether at home or abroad, whether upon the green hillside, with its shamrocks covering the graves of the saints, or upon the splendid shores of this mighty Continent, O, may the spirit of Laurence be still your inheritance and mine, and that we may sanctify ourselves in our love for our religion and for our faith, and that we may sanctify ourselves before God and the world, in our love for the green land that bore us, and that holy religion handed down to us,—the most magnificent history that ever yet was the heritage of an afflicted people.

Father Burke concluded amid reiterated and enthusiastic applause.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE TWENTIETH OF SEPTEMBER.—According to announcement, says the *Catholic Opinion*, the solemn Mass of Requiem was sung at the Jesuit Church in Gardiner-street, Dublin, on Friday, the 20th of September, for the soldiers who died in defence of the Holy Father; but, with reference to the contemplated demonstration in the Rotundo, the following notice appeared in the *Freeman* of the previous day:—“We have been requested to state that the public meeting, advertised under the auspices of the League of St. Sebastian, to take place to-morrow, will not be held.” But even if there are no stirring words spoken on the anniversary of the blackest deed in modern history, to recall the incidents of the brave stand made by a few hundreds of Papal troops against the impious invader, surely the Catholic world will not let die the memory of the heroes who stood in the gap to die if they could not conquer, eight thousand strong against sixty-five thousand of the brutal hirelings of Italy. These men fought against such odds, and would have fought on to the last drop, but for the command of the monarch whose cause they were defending, and who, knowing both their courage and the fruitlessness of further resistance, ordered them to lay down their arms and submit to the invasion! Soon afterwards they received a parting blessing from the Holy Father, and went, some homewards, and others to the battlefields of France, where, under the banner of the heroic De Charatte, they proved of what metal the “Papal mercenaries” are made, extorting even the admiration of foes by their devoted courage. Scattered as the survivors are they live on in the Catholic hope that the day of the Pope's victory cannot be long delayed. *The Nation*, of September 21st, contained the following *Memorandum*:

I. Wait for the dead? Why wait for them? With tears you stain their glory? Calmly in Roman dust they lie, in cerecloths damp and gory; The years are dials to their fame, and chorus to their story.

II. No; let a nobler tribute wrap their grass-blown graves with splendour; The gallant hearts, the fiery souls, brimmed high with passion tender, Who faced the death hail for the Pope, and never would surrender.

III. Safe with the Saints and safe with Christ, they need not our lamenting; Ah, rather let us weep for him, the scorned, the unrelenting, Who, crowned and robed, treads straight to hell, un-housed, unrepenting.

IV. Their blood is frozen on his hands—the Heavens brook no denial; O crimson testament to burn at God's great bar of trial! When the last Seal shall crack, and the Angel pours the Vial.

V. No plea shall serve him in that hour, when Earth shall gape asunder, And in the skies the Cross shall flame, to all the stars a wonder, When rocks shall melt, and chaos quake with God's foretelling thunder.

VI. Then shall your triumph be, you Saints—ward past earthly gauges; A throne above the deep abyss in which the chained fend rages— The crown of those who fought and fell around the Rock of Ages. [J. F. O'D.]