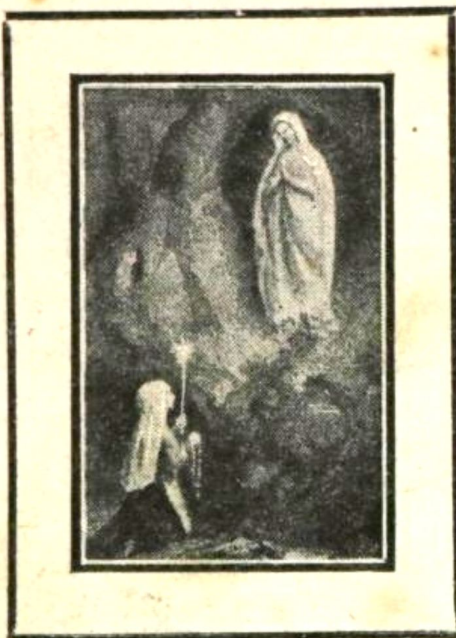


Our Lady of Lourdes intercede for him.

Jesus, Mercy!



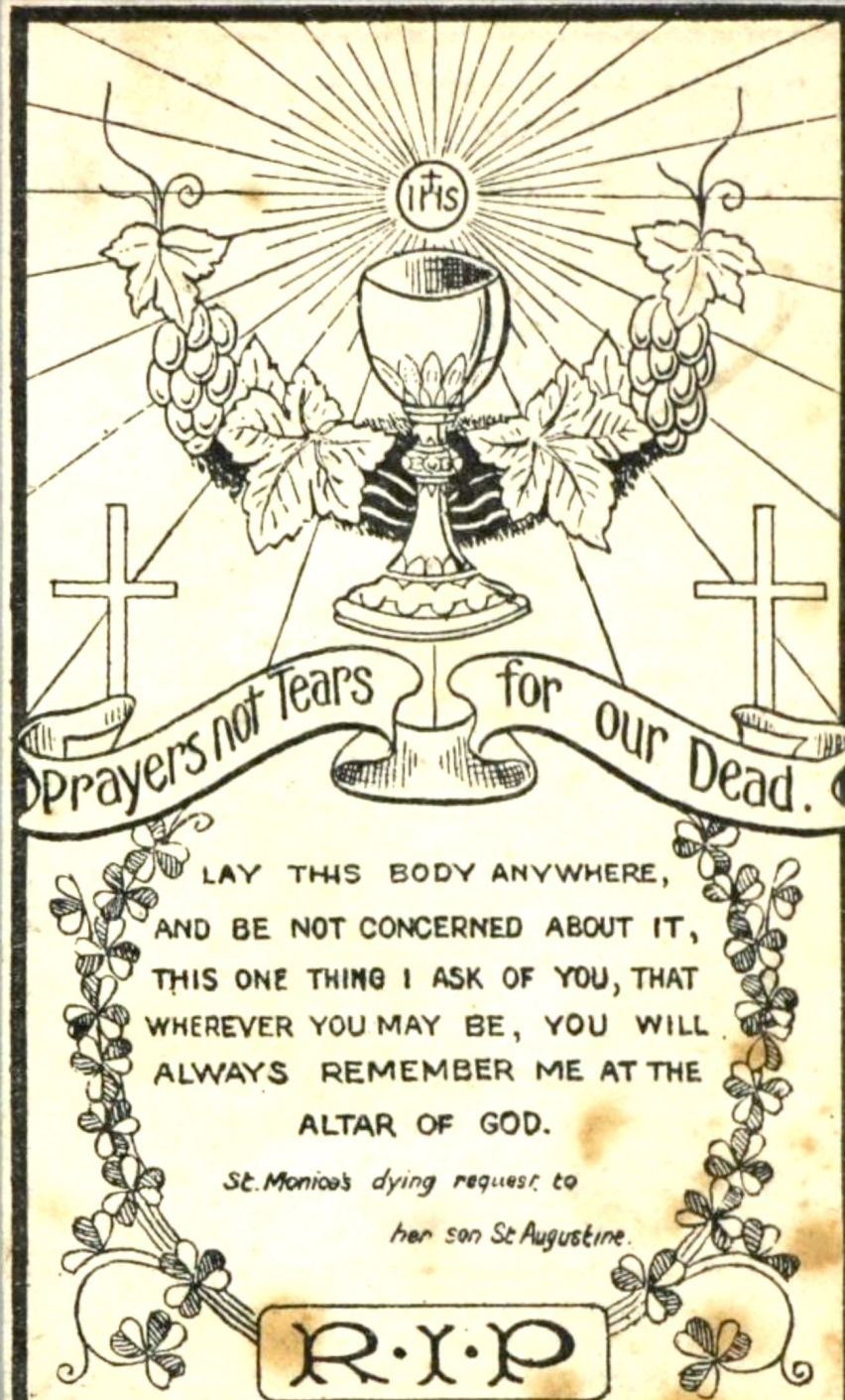
Mary, Help!

Weep not for him,
In his spring-time he flew
To the land where the wings of the souls
are unfurled;
And now like the star beyond evening's
cold dew
Looks radiantly down on the tears of
this world.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus,
Who bled upon the Cross,
Have mercy on dear FRANCIS,
We offer you our loss.

But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can
give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee!

St. Francis Xavier pray for him.



LAY THIS BODY ANYWHERE,
AND BE NOT CONCERNED ABOUT IT,
THIS ONE THING I ASK OF YOU, THAT
WHEREVER YOU MAY BE, YOU WILL
ALWAYS REMEMBER ME AT THE
ALTAR OF GOD.

St. Monica's dying request to

her son St. Augustine.

R.I.P.

"Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Crucified and most loving
Heart of Jesus have mercy
on him.



O Sacred Heart of Jesus
have mercy on his soul.

Hail most blessed Jesus, eternal Son of the Most High, O deign to be merciful to him for whom we pray. O good and merciful God, look on the face of thy son in whom thou art always well pleased, and permit the soul for which he suffered to rest eternally in thy divine presence.



A SACRIFICE.

A sacrifice that's promptly made
Is worth a double measure ;
A gift that's given with ready love
Becomes a richer treasure.

By all the love thou hast for God,
And He hath for thee ;
Be prompt, be generous to give,
Whate'er the offering be.

'Tis to the heart that gives He looks,
And not to what is given ;
For all we do on earth is weighed
By weight of love in Heaven.

In sad and loving memory of one of Ireland's
martyred sons.

St. Patrick, Patron of Ireland,
intercede for him.



St. Brigid, Patroness of Ireland
intercede for him.

Francis Xavier Flood,

1st Lieut. A.S U. Dublin Brigade, I.R.A.
EXECUTED IN MOUNTJOY.

MARCH 14th, 1921.

AGED 19 YEARS.

R. I. P.



By the vengeful tyrant stricken in his bloom,
But he met them face to face,
With the courage of his race,
And he went with soul undaunted to his doom.

He lived for his country,
For his country he died—
His brightest day-dream
That he might die fighting.
For her freedom.