

## "THE LION OF THE FOLD."

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FATHER TOM BURKE'S PANEGYRIC OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS ARCH-  
BISHOP OF TUAM—HIS SPEECH BEFORE THE KNIGHTS OF  
ST. PATRICK, ST. LOUIS, MO.

"Knights of St. Patrick, I am a friar, and one of the friar's vows is obedience (laughter and applause). Acting upon that vow a great big six-foot-four of a friar in Ireland was once known to eat the whole of a roast goose because he was told to do it (laughter and applause). 'It can't be done, ma'am,' said he to the farmer's wife. 'You will have to do it, your reverence,' says she. 'Well, ma'am,' says he, 'I was brought up to obedience, and I will try.' The voice of ecclesiastical authority calls upon me to speak, and I thought I might resist because this is not exactly an ecclesiastical meeting (laughter), but when the mailed hand of the leader of the Knights is lifted up (great laughter), and from out that visor of a good-humored face, the voice comes telling me I am in order, I said to myself, in the language of the old monk, 'The Lord Abbot may be wrong, but surely when the Baron comes in with him, he must be right' (laughter). Well, gentlemen, you have received with acclamations of honor and joy the memorable name, and I wish, in return for the manner in which you have received the name of the great Irishman, the best reward that I could wish you—that he were here himself to charm you with his eloquence in responding; but the old man is far away in the midst of his people, and it is indeed a pleasure and a joy to me to speak in response to that dear and venerable name. Dear to every Irish heart wherever that heart throbs, venerable shall it be, when the future historian of Ireland shall come to chronicle that grand character of a life over which seventy-three, aye, eighty, winters have passed, and have found a man always faithful to his country in the exigencies of the hour, a heart that never grew old in its love for Ireland; a mind that never lost its acumen in the pursuit of all that was truly for the interest of his country, and a man who to-day, blanched with the winters of nearly a century, is still as fervent as a youth of twenty in his love and aspiration for dear old Ireland (great applause).

"What does the name of John McHale, Archbishop of Tuam, bring before you? It brings before you the image of a man crowned with glorious and beautiful gifts of Irish genius and