FATHER TOM BURKE, O. P.

The Great Dominican Preacher on St. Catherine of Siena.

In the course of a sermon preached by the Very Rev. T. N. Burke, O. P., in St. Saviour's Church, Dominick Street, Dublin, on the Feast of St. Catherine of Siena, the eloquent Dominican said: Among the saints of God there are some to whom it is given in an especial manner to labor for the Church, who are raised up to be not only as humble children of the Church of God, but as mighty defenders of the Church—able to strike down her enemies to the right and to the left—able to proclaim her truths with a voice pre-eminently sonorous and decisive—able to convert all those who are without her to her love and her obedience—able to surmount the most stupendous difficulties in the service of the Church—and to illustrate her from within by the highest virtues and the most wonderfully miraculous powers. There are, I say, amongst the many saints a few—for they are only a few—to whom God vouchsafes this particular grace; and amongst these the very foremost—the very greatest—is that wonderful woman whose name to-day the Church celebrates on earth—whose name to day the Church triumphant joyfully celebrates in heaven—St. Catherine of Siena. She was born towards the middle of the fourteenth century, in the year 1347, of humble, industrious and honorable parents, in the city of Siena, in Tuscany, in the north of Italy. At the time of her birth the world was in a very strange and perilous state. For His own divine purposes Almighty God had decreed that His Church was not only to be divinely-instituted teacher of mankind the distributor of all His graces, the witness of all His truths, and the dispenser of His mercy, but He moreover decreed in His own Divine councils that for several ages in the history of this world the Holy Catholic Church was to be the greatest amongst all the powers of the earth, the guardian of public law and of international morality, the supreme tribunal to which kings and people alike appealed, and from whose decision there was no appeal, but implicit obedience, not only in spiritual things as there always must be, but even in temporal things, because of the compact which the kings and the nations of Christendom had made amongst themselves. During those ages of which I speak

THE POPE WAS THE FIRST KING IN THE WORLD.

The most powerful monarchs had to bow down to his decision even in temporal matters. The nations referred all their disputes to him. If two great nations were on the very point of going to war they were declared outlawed by international law unless they first referred their dispute to the decision of the Pope of Rome, and more than once in the history of Europe the sword was already unsheathed and in the hands of powerful leaders of great armies, and they were obliged very reluctantly to sheath it again by the solemn command of the Sovereign Pontiff, and to spare the blood and the lives of their poor people. It may be, dearly beloved, that the political economist, or the philosopher, or the historian, of the present day—a great writer, perhaps, and yet not knowing the first page of the Christian Catechism—will deplore this state of things and call it moral and intellectual slavery, but we have the great fact before us that the Pope of Rome for several hundred years was able to keep the peace of Europe; and it now takes 5,000,000 armed men to keep the peace, and they are not able to keep it. There are at present more than 5,000,000 armed men in Europe; the nations say they are at peace, but it is a peace far more terrible than war.

ALL THE YOUNG MEN ARE TAKEN AWAY

from the schools, from the colleges, from the workhouses, from the paths of industry, all to be devoured by that Moloch of military power, and to be sent forth shattered in soul, shattered and debilitated in body, polluted by every worst tradition, sent forth to give relics of a broken life to those pursuits of industry, science and religion which demanded the very flower of their age and of their youth and of their strength. However, so it was when St. Catherine of Siena was born. The Pope was the supreme arbiter of Europe, the head of the supreme tribunal that judged, not merely individuals, but nations and kings. It will be easily perceived, dearly beloved, that it was absolutely necessary for the pope, holding such a position, to be in the place that Almighty God had predestined and appointed for him—and that was the city of Rome. To be in Rome—in Rome, where he stood in the midst of all nations—belonging to none, but father of them all; in Rome, where his action was thoroughly independant of any supervening foreign influence; in Rome, where he could not be stigmatized as an Englishman, or a Frenchman, or a German, but where he was the Catholic man, the common father, the papa or Pope of all the nations of Christendom. Yet, for seventy years, by a false step—one of the most fatal that ever was taken in the history of the Church—the Popes had abandoned Rome, more or less forced to it, and driven out by the turbulence of the Roman people, and they had taken refuge in the City of Avignon, in the South of France, a very contrast in everything to the anciant, imperial city they had left.

ROME WAS MORE THAN HALF IN RUINS.

Avignon was one of the most beautiful cities of the time. Rome was in the midst of a waste and Campagna, Avignon was planted in the vale of the Rhone, one of the most beautiful and fertile spots in the world. Rome was peopled by a sullen population, full of prejudices, full of blind impulses, and full of bloodthirstiness at the time. At Avignon the Pope was surrounded by all that made life the most refined, and refining and charming. For seventy years the Popes remained at Avignon—the eyes of Christendom turned instinctively and sought him in vain in the Eternal City. The Vatican hill had lost its crown, the grass was growing in the streets of Rome, and Italy was given up to the most frightful disorder and turbulence that entered into every state, city, and family in the land. And, in the midst of all this confusion, Catherine was born, and grew apace in her father's house in the city of Siena, and she was already 23 years of age before Almighty God revealed to her the great and wonderful mission which He had destined her to accomplish. During these twenty-three years she was growing every day in virtue and holiness, and we shall see a little later on she had already established her character for sanctity and for wonderful powers, and in an ecstacy of prayer, whilst she was weeping over the miseries that afflicted the Church of God and the world; whilst she was bemoaning to her Divine Spouse, who had revealed to her the frightful schism that was to rend asunder the seamless garb of the Church's unity; whilst she saw the future heresies and miseries that were in the womb of time; when she was deploring all this and weeping before her Lord, He suddenly flashed into her presence in a vision, and said to her: "Arise, O Catherine, arise, my beloved, put aside the heavenly solace of thy prayer, lay aside thy womanly timidity, go out into the world; the world has all gone wrong, preach to the nations; bring back my vicar, the Pope of Rome from the city of pleasure to the city of power as well as of repentance, set my vicar upon his throne; go forth, for as I sent Moses of old, so do I send thee armed with my power, and all things shall yield to thee." Catherine arose, and went forth upon

THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY MISSION EVER GIVEN TO WOMAN.

She becomes in our eyes a very Deborah of the New Testament, for, as when every man in Israel had sheathed his sword and flung aside his lance, a woman arose, a mother, rallied the forces of Israel, and drove the enemies of God's people before her; so this new Deborah arose in the power of her God and went forth and accomplished all that the Lord God had commanded her to do. What were those wonderful works? Dearly beloved, it is almost incomprehensible, unintelligible to us, when we reflect upon the state of Italy at that time. It will give you some idea of the people amongst whom St. Catherine had to go freely, speak loudly, argue boldly, and denounce fearlessly in the name of God—it would give you some idea of what these people were when I tell you that when Pope Gregory XI. sent his nuncio in 1376 to the city of Florence, that was in the rebellion against him—the city that was excommunicated and interdicted—when he sent a messenger of peace, a high ecclesiastical dignitary, to offer them forgiveness, and peace, and pardon, what did they do with the Pope's nuncio? Oh, they took him into the public place of the city, and there they flayed him alive under circumstances of such cruelty that I would not thrill my own heart and offend your ears by detailing them. Such were the people. What manner of men were their princes? One instance will give you some idea of what the noblemen, and the princes, and the dukes, and the leaders of the people were in the days of St. Catherine. The strongest lord in Italy, was Barnabo Visconti, Duke of Milan. He held sway over nearly the whole north of Italy; he hunted the poor through his territories as if they were wild beasts; he slew them without pity; he was the veriest savage that walked this earth! And yet he was a first-class statesman and a brave warrior. His people fled before him

AS IF HE WERE A DEMON FROM HELL;

he kept 5000 bloodhounds, with which he hunted through his territories. At length two holy friars thought, perhaps, they could awake him to some sense of duty. They made up their minds to run the risk and face these savages; and accordingly they presented themselves to him and said, "Oh, man of blood; oh, man of lust, and adultery, and murder! the Lord God above thee will take thee to task for thy crimes." He listened for a moment; he was in the midst of his guards; he saw those two servants of God before him fearlessly; he burst into a loud laugh; then and there he commanded them to be seized; a fire was made in his presence, and the two priests were burned to death before his face. Such were the princes of Italy, such were the people of the middle of the fourteenth century, when Catherine received orders to go out amongst them. But she went fearlessly, heralding her coming with some of the most extraordinary miracles, especially in the conversion of sinners. She went to Florence, entering the city; it was immediately bruited about that Catherine of Siena, daughter of the people, was come, and all the magistrates of the city came—partly from fear, partly from reverential curiosity—to see her. She spoke to them words that still are recorded spoke to them in the Tuscan tongue, which she spoke so well that every utterance and letter of hers are still kept as the highest type of the purest Italian language ever spoken. She spoke to them of God and His judgment, and, above all of His love; and

THE HARDEST HEART AMONGST THEM WAS MELTED,

and they put themselves into her hands, excommunicated as they were, and, by a solemn decree of the Florentine Republic, Catherine of Siena was sent to Avignon, to the Pope, as an ambassadress to treat with him of peace. She was received at Avignon with royal honors. She presented herself before the Holy Father, spoke to him, commanded him in the name of God to make peace with the Florentines and help them to save their souls. She spoke to him other words; she told him secrets that no one knew except God and the Pope and herself. She said to him. "Oh, Holy Father, on such a day, when you were praying in secret, you made a vow that you would go back to Rome. I know it, and I, Catherine of Siena, command you, in the name of that God to whom you made the promise, to fulfill it." The Pope was astonished, stricken with fear, and he acknowledged that the woman that spoke to him was a messenger inspired of God. The peace which she obtained was rejected by the wicked people of Florence, and two years afterwards, after they had lain for two years under excommunication and interdict, not a single candle lighted, not a Mass celebrated, these people began to think that they could do without the Pope and without the Catholic Church and the magistracy ordered many churches to be pulled down, and

THEY EXPELLED FROM THE CITY EVERY PRIEST

who would not injure his conscience and despise the Church by violating the interdict. And now all was confusion, the city was given up to two different mobs of people—the Guelphs and the Ghibellines were filling the streets with blood, when in the midst of them appeared Catherine of Siena once more in her Dominican habit. This time they had lost their reverence for her, they attacked the house in which she dwelt, they came with naked swords, dripping with citizens' blood, and cried out, "Where is this disturber; where is this wicked woman until we put an end to her?" And she came forth with the joy of God in her heart, thinking she was about to suffer for the Church of God, and she said to them, "I am Catherine of Siena, whom you seek; put me to death, for I am willing to die for God and His Church." Just as the crowd fell back, thrown to the earth, as when the Lord said to them, "I am Jesus of Nazareth," so this angry and bloodthirsty rabble turned aside and fled from the face of the virgin saint, who simply asked them as a favor that they might pass their swords through her heart for the Church of God, and they left her weeping, and turning to her companions, and saying, "Ah me, I am not worthy that my spouse should shed my blood." But she brought the Pope back from Avignon to Rome. She reconciled these hungry wicked Florentines, and made them kneel down humbly and obediently to receive the pardon of the Church of God. The Pope returned to Rome in 1376;

ALL THE CATHOLIC NATIONS OF THE EARTH

gave glory and thanks to God, glory and thanks to the wonderful woman who had restored the Vicar of Christ to his throne upon the Vatican Hill; who had restored peace to the Christian world. Catherine sank into the obscurity of her loved private life at Siena, and there for a year she remained as usual—fasting, praying, macerating and afflicting her emaciated body, abstaining almost entirely from food, and living more than once for fifty-five days from Ash Wednesday on to Ascension Thursday upon the sole Eucharist bread that she received every morning. But now Gregory XI., the Pope whom she brought back, died at Rome in 1378. The cardinals assembled to elect his successor. There were dissenions and misunderstandings amongst them; without a doubt the holy Bartolomeo, Archbishop of Barri, was elected Pope, and took the title of Urban VI., but a party of discontented cardinals assembled and elected another, and proclaimed him Pope, and a schism—the most terrible that ever fell upon the Church of God—came. Year after year, decade after decade, it continued, disturbing and confusing the whole Christian world; but the moment that anti-Popes were proclaimed Catherine flew from the cell in Siena, went to Rome, proclaimed to the whole world in letters to the King of France, the Queen of Naples, the King of England, and the various courts, that, at the peril of their salvation, they must stand by Urban VI., the true Pope, sounding the note of orthodoxy in a voice sonorous beyond any other, and fixing the faith of the Church to the true Pontiff, so that even when she passed away to her glory her word remained as the very index of faith for nearly a century of schism in the Church of God. But the schism went on;

ROME ITSELF WAS DIVIDED;

there was strife in every household; there was blood shed in every street; the cause of the true Pontiff seemed to be declining; the cloud of schism was deepening; kings and nations were passing away from the unity of the Church. Catherine prayed, Catherine fasted, Catherine scourged herself mercilessly, Catherine yielded herself to her Divine Spouse in every form that love for him and for His Church could dictate, and when she could do nothing more Catherine broke her heart and died in Rome in 1380, proclaiming with dying voice the future triumph of the Church—the spouse of Jesus Christ. Now, dearly beloved, surely before this woman could have exercised such influence, before her voice could have become so powerful, Almighty God must have prepared her by some wonderful preparation of grace; He must have given her something or other that proclaimed her influence and gave her a legitimate title to that unbounded authority that she seems to have exercised in her day over Pope, cardinals, bishops, priests and people throughout the Christian world; and in truth the secret of her influence lay in her sanctity—a sanctity that began in her infancy, a sanctity that grew with her years, never interrupted by anything like the commission of a mortal sin; never retarded by the salutary delay of conversion as of necessary repentence; a sanctity that was not changed in her, but beautifully developing, and ripening, and maturing, from the baptismal font to the throne in heaven; uninterrupted sanctity feeding upon prayer, maturing in the love of God until it became the one all-absorbing passion of her soul, breeding in her such a full intimacy with Jesus Christ, such an uninterrupted consciousness of His presence, that when she was saying her office, when she would come to the end of a psalm, instead of saying "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," she wrapped in her ecstacy, would say, "Glory be to the Father, and to Thee, and to the Holy Ghost." He was ever present to her; He was never absent from her mind, from her heart. Day after day He tried her in the crucible of the most terrible temptations. In her seventeenth year she obtained the longing of her youth and the prize of her early desires—she received the holy habit of the order of St. Dominic—and when she was twenty-three years of age she performed the first most wonderful miracle of her life.

IN HER TWENTY-THIRD YEAR A YOUNG NOBLEMAN

named Nicholas de Tolda was sentenced to death for some slight political crime—he had said a word against the magistrates of the city, and was supposed to be inciting the people to rebellion, and he was condemned to death. A nobleman of one of the first families in Perugia, full of life and health—ah! when he heard that terrible sentence that he was to be put to death he gave way to rage and despair. In his ragings he refused to turn to God, who appeared so unjust to him. He was taken back to his prison, and priest and bishop pleaded before him in vain. Catherine was told of this, and she knelt down to pray for him, and as she set forth all her soul in prayer, and when she was praying, a voice in his condemned cell seemed to say, "Nicholas, send for Catherine of Siena, and you shall die happily." He sent for her, and she came to him in his presence. She spoke to him, but she had scarcely begun to speak of the love of Jesus Christ when his poor despairing heart melted into tears of love and hope and sorrow. She had him in a short time at the feet of his confessor weeping away all the sins of his life, and then he consented and resigned himself to die upon one strange condition, namely, that Catherine of Siena should go with him to the scaffold and should hold his head in her hands whilst the executioner's knife fell and severed it from the body.

SHE WENT AND MET HIM AT THE SCAFFOLD.

She took that head which was so soon to be severed from his body, took it fearlessly to her bosom, that he might hear with a dying ear how lustily that heart was throbbing for the love of God. She knelt by his side to encourage him, she laid her own head down on the block. Rising with a smile, she said, "Do this, wait but a moment, and you shall see my Lord." And then holding his head in her hands, she kept pouring into his ears the names of Jesus and Mary, and he repeated "Jesus, Mary, Catherine," her own name. The knife fell, and the bursting blood gushed on her habit, but she was lifted up in prayer, and saw him ascending in glory and pardoned by Almighty God. Yet, in the midst of all her labors and anxieties and cares and dangerous journeyings and voyages, she never for a moment relaxed in her prayers; never for a moment forgot the justice of that God whose love was the one passion, the one good, the one joy of her life. She was thirty-three years of age when she died in Rome; like the Saviour whom she loved, she died for the Church, and she died of a broken heart. Five hundred years have passed away, and she is only beginning to taste the eternal glory and happiness which shall be hers forever. Five hundred years of heaven's joy have passed, as if they were yesterday; but an eternity of joy awaits thee, O virgin spouse and lover of Jesus and of His Church. On earth, O Catherine, thy voice was strong to soften the hardest heart and comfort the greatest sinner; surely, in heaven thy voice has not lost its charm or its power. Oh, pray for the Church of God to-day; pray for the persecuted Pontiffs, for the imprisoned bishops, pray for the people; pray for Ireland, that no schism, no heresy, no coldness or infidelity may ever come in between a martyred people and the Church for which their fathers died. Amen.

MAGNIFICENT SPEECHES OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL.

At Kilkenny on Saturday Dr. Croke received another of these popular tributes to which he is now so accustomed, but one the cheery heartiness of which could only be found in Tipperary. His Grace, in his annual visitation of the parishes of the archdiocese, arranged to begin with Ballingarry. The notice of his coming was short, but the people of the historic district hastily determined that the welcome should be no cold one. The archbishop about three o'clock, having driven over from Thurles, arrived within a mile of Ballingary, and must have been considerably surprised at the vast gathering which greeted him at that spot. The committee of the Ballingarry Land League were foremost in the assemblage, behind them were a number of members of the Ladies' Land League on side cars and then a long column of people, choking the hedge-enclosed roadway, with green banners in their midst, and a couple of bands playing welcoming music.

All hats were raised and a mighty cheer went forth as his Grace's carriage rolled up. A rush was made to take out the horses, but the Archbishop wished this mark of the people's feelings to be omitted. For a short time obedience triumphed over enthusiasm, but only for a short time, and then in a few minutes a score of stalwart Tipperary men were dragging the carriage along amid continuous cheering and the music of bands. In this way the village was entered under a triumphal arch, which bore the inscription, "Welcome to the great Archbishop of the South." The carriage was drawn up a short hill to the church gates, and there his Grace was received by the Very Rev. Dr. Ryan, P. P., V. G., and president of the Ballingarry Land League; Rev. J. Hickey, C. C., vice-president; and Rev. P. Ryan, C. C.

An address from the Ballingarry Land League was then read.

His Grace replied: Mr. Fitzgerald, Dr. Ryan, and men of Ballingarry, I thank you very sincerely for this short but at the same time emphatic and cordial address. It has been my lot to receive many addresses during my life-time, and in all probability, I have received as many, perhaps, as any other ecclesiastic in this or in any other country, for, as you know, it has been my fortune, either for good or evil, to have travelled a great deal, and to have encountered the scattered children of my race in almost every land upon which the sun shines, and I am proud to be able to say that I never yet met a body of Irishmen in any country, whether in the British colonies or in the great Republic of the West, who did not entertain for me some kindly feelings, and bid me accordingly, when I came in their midst, a cordial and hearty welcome (applause). But I can safely assure you, and you can trust to my word, because whatever I am, I trust I shall be truthful, that I never received an address or a reception in any part of the world, which gave me greater gratification than the address I have received this evening, and the manifestation of kindly feeling you have shown in my regard. The name of Ballingarry, I may say here fearlessly, was

ASSOCIATED WITH MY YOUNGER DAYS,

and many and many a time, when I was a much younger man than I am to-day, I was asking myself was it not a strange thing that in the troubled times of the past why was it that those men who risked everything for their country's good went and made their last, as it was their first and, unfortunately, unsuccessful effort for their country, why was it they pitched on Ballingarry. Ballingarrry, I said, after all was a country-place; it did not seem to afford any strategical position, and why was it that Ballingarry was selected for commencing the battle which in those days was a very foolish thing to commence and which would be foolish to commence now, but at at all events which was forced upon them, and from which they could not shrink (applause). I can answer now what I could not answer then, because

I SEE MEN HERE WHO ARE STALWART IN SIZE AND HEROES IN HEART:

I see there are men here prepared to mark any little effort that a man may make for his country, and it is only on that supposition I know that I have been welcomed here so warmly as I was this evening. I have done but little, but I tell you what it is—I would be prepared to do more and to dare more (applause). There was a time in the great Republic of Sparta when if a crisis came the law was that no man should be neutral. A man should declare for or against the Republic, and all my life through, thank God, I never acted upon the principle of neutrality (hear, hear). I nailed my colors to the mast (cheers), and I told at once what I believed and what I did not believe, and I took the consequences (renewed cheers). That has been my course all through life, and for the rest of my life I am not inclined to depart from it. Therefore, my principles are unmistakable, my principles are embodied in one thing—

I AM A MAN OF THE PEOPLE, AND SHALL BE ALWAYS WITH THE PEOPLE

(cheers). I know that in other countries the people are sometimes a very dangerous lot to follow. Following the people in France or in Germany, or in Italy, or, unfortunately, now in Belgium, and almost all the countries in Europe, would be doing what would be wrong. But do you know what I have said—and I have said it in high places, and every day of my life confirms me in the conviction—that the instincts of the Irish people are so good, it is impossible that they can be wrong (applause). And therefore, when, *en masse* in a body, the religious, sacrament-receiving, supernaturally-gifted—people of Ireland, who would not wilfully do any wrong to anyone—when they seize upon a certain principle and wish to carry it into action, and strive to do so, I am as sure as I am of my own existence that that principle is right, and the action of the people is, therefore, to be commended (applause). Therefore, when I saw this business of the League, this uprising of the Irish heart and the Irish head and the Irish arm against the tyranny by which the people of this country were kept down for ages—when I saw that swelling like an immense hurricane and sweeping over the country I said, "It is impossible that can be wrong, because the Irish heart is always right and the Irish head guides it to a secure aim." Therefore, independent of any reasoning of my own, that is what I say. I have acted upon it, and shall act upon it, to the end (applause). Therefore, I say to you,

NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT, WE ARE ALL LEAGUERS HERE;

we are all men who do not wish to do any injury to any one; we do not wish to injure the landlord or to injure the shopkeeper. We will pay the landlord legitimate rent; we will pay the shopkeeper his debt. We wish no wrong to anybody; but is there not an old saying charity begins at home? and if we do not wish the landlord any wrong, or the shopkeeper any wrong; we do not wish ourselves any wrong either. The people have their rights, and now that they have risen in their might I pray them to stand to their guns (applause), not to give up in any way whatsoever, or abandon in any way the path they have taken until they have secured their rights, and nothing but their rights (applause). Well, then, those being my views, of course, you know very well that I am glad to receive an address from the Land League of this place. I wish the Land League of this place and every other place success. I know they will achieve success, and they will achieve it by always keeping two things in view—first, the principle of right that I spoke of a short time ago, and next, the desire not to do wrong. You can do wrong in two ways—first, by refusing to pay your just and legitimate debts, which

I KNOW THE IRISH PEOPLE NEVER WILL DO,

and, secondly, by offering violence to any one. I tell you we are an excitable people, and when a man is excited the chances are, if there is a man opposing him on the other side, he may do something that is wrong, offer violence to somebody, and thus not only break the law but give strength to the enemy. Therefore, I say, you are sure of success, because right will always prevail, and you are right; but it will be upon the two conditions that you do no man any injury and offer violence to no man. No outrage, no shooting, no collisions with the police and military; we are not prepared for those things, and if they are attempted, the people will be sure to be the worst off in the latter end, and it will give strength to the enemy. We don't know what God Almighty might have in store for this country yet, but it would be a most anomalous thing if the most religious, the most God-fearing, the most devoted and the best people in the world, in one sense of the word, would be the poorest, most miserable, most persecuted and abject in another. Hence I have hope for Ireland (cheers).

I HAVE HOPE THAT WE WILL RISE YET.

I have hope, if not in my time, and probably not in my time, yet at some time or other, that Ireland will be what she ought to be. She ought to be a happy country; she ought to be a prosperous country; we ought to have plenty to eat and drink and be well housed, and having that, we would have made a great step in advance (applause). It grieves me to see the people in rags, it grieves me to see their houses poor, it grieves me to see them distressed and trampled upon, and my aspiration and prayer, standing close to your beautiful church, beside your pastor, and in the presence of this great gathering, is that Ireland may be what it ought to be—be happy, prosperous and contented (loud cheers).

His Grace the Archbishop of Cashel visited Mullinahone on Monday night, and met with a most enthusiastic reception. His Grace had been engaged during the day at Gurtnahoe in the visitation of the clergy of that district, and it was not until near seven o'clock in the evening that he left that village to proceed to Mullinahone, a drive of eleven Irish miles. The evening was fine, and every hundred or two hundred yards along the road groups of men, women and children were found assembled to salute his Grace. Triumphal arches had been erected at intervals along almost the entire route, but as Mullinahone came nearer the number of these increased, and the decorations more elaborate. A procession was formed headed by a score or two of well-mounted horsemen, followed by his Grace's carriage, in the rear of which came many thousands of people, mostly on foot, but some hundreds of them in waggonettes, croydons, cars and other vehicles. Several bands were present, and played appropriate airs. The town, which was not reached until a quarter-past nine o'clock, was in a state of great excitement. The houses were all illuminated, numerous arches spanned the principle streets, fronts of the houses were profusely decorated with evergreens, the effect of which was to some extent lost through the lateness of the hour. The cheering having subsided, Mr. Nicholas Shee read the following address to his Grace:

May it please your Grace,—We, the people of the parish of Mullinahone, hail with raptures of joy your visit to our parish. We welcome you as our beloved Archbishop and as one of the greatest Irishmen of our time. We are proud to have you as Archbishop of Cashel and Emly; and we merely express the wishes of Irishmen all the world over when we say that God may give your Grace health and length of days to enable you to plead the cause of our country and to vindicate the honor of Ireland's daughters.—Signed on behalf of the people of Mullinahone.

His Grace the Archbishop of Cashel, who was loudly cheered, said: Mr. Shee and friends of the parish of Mullinahone, and Irishmen, though I am somewhat fatigued after the very long and arduous duties that I had to discharge to-day in another parish, I can assure you that when I come and see here before me so large, so respectable, and so patriotic a body of my countrymen, all the fatigues of the day vanish (cheers), and new strength, as it were, infused into me. Certainly, I cannot but be proud of receiving this address this evening from the people of Mullinahone. Mullinahone has a history of its own. Mullinahone seems to me to have been the birthplace of many a true Irishman; and I believe myself that the spirit of that grand party that lived in this country over thirty years ago remains here still (cheers). I am convinced that, in honoring me here this evening, you are not honoring me individually, but you are honoring me as one of the Bishops of the Irish Church; and, let me assure you—and I have the greatest possible pleasure in doing it—that there is not a bishop in Ireland—I believe there is not a priest in Ireland—who does not love Ireland as well as I do (cheers). One man has one way of showing his love for his country, and another man has another way of showing it; but I believe that, if the moment came, and if persecution were to fall upon us, and if we were otherwise tested, there is not a bishop presiding over any see in Ireland, nor any priest deserving of the name, who would not be found amongst the ranks of his countrymen (cheers). I am not singular, therefore, in any way. All the bishops met the other day, as you know, in Dublin to consider the great land question which is agitating the heart of the country at present. You have seen their declaration. Was there any want of unanimity amongst them? Did they not agree that the great curse of the country was that the land was not emancipated? There was no divergence of opinion on this—that the land laws by which the country is regulated at present cannot subsist any longer (cheers). We all agree upon that. The priests agree upon that—the bishops are all as one man—the people are all as one man—and, as far as I can read history, there never was an instance in which the ecclesiastical and the lay body united against the common foe in which they were not victorious (cheers). I will add more—the priests and the people of Ireland are more united now than ever they were before (cheers). They were persecuted together, and it would be a most unfortunate thing if anything divided them from one another. I am proud of Tipperary, but I am especially proud of Tipperary's imprisoned members (cheers). The moment I find any man taken up by the Government and clapped into prison by the Government, even if I knew nothing of him before, I come to the conclusion that there is something in him, something sound in him, and that the Government think there must be something dangerous in him (cheers). Therefore, if I knew nothing of John Dillon, if I found that on his leaving my house, where he spent the last evening of his free life—if I found that they arrested him, put him under lock and key, to keep him there while this agitation lasts, I would say Mr. John Dillon must have a power else they would not have cared to grapple with him (cheers). I am proud of our people. The priests are one with them in this agitation. I am proud of priests and people. But amongst these there is not one that I am more proud of than of our county member (cheers). I knew his father; I worked with him in my young days, worked with him after his return from exile, and he is a worthy son of such a sire. With the traditions of our race, with the traditions of our county, with the priests and people united, with a fixed determination to win our rights, to do nothing wrong, our country will become, if not free in our time, she will become a happy, a contented, a prosperous and a fine country to live in (cheers). I shall as long as I live co-operate fearlessly with the people in order to bring round this most desirable result (cheers).

The vast assemblage then dispersed.

When doctors disagree who shall decide? The people often decide by "throwing physic to the dogs," and trying *Burdock Blood Bitters*, and the result is always satisfactory. Burdock Blood Bitters is the *Multum in Parvo* of medical science, curing all diseases of the Blood, Liver and Kidneys. A trial bottle only costs 10 cents. A dollar bottle may save you many dollars in doctor's bills.

If you are suffering with a cold do not fail to try Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam; it is daily relieving its hundreds throughout our Dominion. It is pleasant and palatable.

The Liver is the grand purifying organ of the system; when inactive or obstructed bad blood and ill health are certain results. Burdock Blood Bitters cure all diseases arising from disordered Liver, Stomach, Bowels or Kidneys, purifying, restoring and strengthening. It regulates the Bowels, cleanses and enriches the Blood, and imparts tone to every organ of the body. Trial Bottles 10 cents.

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is the most reliable article in use for restoring gray hair to its original color and promoting its growth.