BRING A MEMOIR NOW FIRST PUBLISHED DO COMPLETE FORM OF THE EARLY LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF COLONEL JOHN MODSELL KKOWN AS SPANISH JOHN, WHEN LIEUTENANT IN THE COMPANY OF ST. JAMES & THE REGIMENT BLANDIA. IN THE BERVICE OF THE KING OF SPAIN OFERATING IN ITALY

BY WILLIAM M LENNAN. III.

1743-1744.

Of the soldiering Father O Rourke and I did in the R zimen Friandia tegather; how we fared at the Battle of Veiletti, and until the arm, divij d under the walls of Rome, during which time I wan more than one promotion.

"There's a whirring noise across the night.
The Wild-G - 89" are a wing.
Wide ov reas they take their flight.
No will they come with Sprinz.
Blownigh, blow low, come fair, come foul,
No d night will they shak.
Ill they do if their grey for the blue and the

buif ne R giment et Barke!

"All Spain and France and Italy
Have on hed to our name!
The burning sums of Africa.
Have set our arms at time!
But to-night we toust the morn that broke
And wakened us to fame!
The day we beat the Germans at Cremona!

· Would you read our name on Honour

k not for royal grant;

1) 18 witten in Cassano, Ancey, and Alicant. Saragossa Barsiona— Whorev.r dang.rslurk. You will find in the van the blue and the buff Of the Regiment of Bucke!

"All Spain and France and Italy
Have echood to our name!
The outning sums of Africa
Have set our a.ms affiame!
But to night we toast the morn that broke
And wakened us to fame!
The day we beat the Germans at Cremons.

" Here's a health to every gentleman Who follows in our trata! Here's a health to every lass who walts

Here as heatin to every Till we return again! Here's confusion of the German horde, Until heir knavish work Jestepped by the sight of the blue and the buff Of the Regiment of Burke!

'All Spain and France and I sly

Have conced to our name!
The burning successful Africa
Have set our arms aftern!
But to right we to sat the nearn that broke
And wakened us to fame!
The day we beat the Germans at Cremona!

In the little inn at Narni, in com pany with six young gentlemen volun-teers who had been enjoying a furlough in Rome, I sate and roared out the me they were glorious, and the ai divine. At all events, the song was an improvement on many that went before

and followed after.

I was prepared, in a measure, to meet with much looseness among gentlemen, whose many vicissitudes and harassing calls on their temper and endurance may excuse a heat and vivacity of languere that would not be fitting in an ordinary man. Indeed, my Uncle Scottos swore whenever his pleased him, and no one ever thought the worse of him for that. But here were boys, none of them much older than myself, using oaths that fairly made my blood cuidle, with all the asgrance of a Field-Marshal at the least and besides this, they did their best to make out they were practised in blackest vices. Indeed, so ribald did they grow that I felt it did not beme to sit quiet and listen to such

wickedness.
"Gentlemen," I said, "my Uncle Scottos served in this regiment when it was part of the Irish Brigade, led by Colonel Walter Burke himself, and it was then held that no officer under the rank of Lieutenant had the privilege of swearing or using loose language; and I make oold to say it was a wise regu-lation, and one which I would like to see in force now."

These very fitting observations were greeted with a roar of laughter, at the end of which Mr. Fitzgerald, an ensign, said, with a mighty air of gravity Your Reverence is perfectly right the same rule is still in force, and most strictly observed; but the truth is, strictly observed; but the truth is, that, like, like his Sacred Majesty, James III., our rightful positions are are not fully recognizedde facto, as you Collegioners say, we are only En signs and Cadets, but de jure, we Captains and Lieutenants in all the different degrees-just as Your Reverence is in the company of coarse, com mon soldiers, instead of hobnobbing the heads of the Sacred College And his ribalary and other holy men."

was rewarded with a burst of laughter.
"Mr. Fitzagerald," I retorted, "you can spare your gibes on me. I neither understand nor like them. But if any of you think you can better me in a bout at single-stick, I II shew you I can take a drubbing without grumbling from any of you who can give it me."

But Mr. Fitzgerald excused himself, as he had no skill except with the Mr. O'Reilly, who would have had no mean play had he been schooled by such a tutor as my Uncle Scottos. Then they challenged me to the small sword, thinking it my weak point, but I held my own as easily as at the other; and after this, if any one attempted to draw me on with "Your Reverence," I had only to answer "Single stick" to turn the conversation. Let a lad put take advantage of his early opportunities and he need not make a poor shewing in any company.

On our arrival at Paro, I was sented to His Excellency General Mac-Donnell, in command of the Irish troops in the Neapolitan service, which then consisted of the Regiments Hibernia and Irlandia, the latter including the remnant of "Burkes," in which I was entered as a cadet in the Company of St. James, under Colonel Donald Mac Donnell, his brother Ranald being Captain en second.

The first injunction laid on me by the al was to dine every day at This, of itself, was forward was forwarding me at once into public notice, as he was constantly surrounded by Spanish noblemen and officers of note in the army, to whom he always introduced me as a young Scotch Highlander from the college in Rome, strongly recommended, come to acquire some knowledge of military affairs. Here I met his brother, Major General Mac Donnell, who was allowed to be the best foot officer and engineer in Spain, Sir Balthasar Nihel, our General of brigade,

fulfilled his promise of fitting me for a soldier, for I was allowed to go out on active service whenever a company or battalion was given its orders, my duty being to report faithfully to the Gen eral every transaction that happened to the command I was in.

I made many and pleasant acquaint-ances, not only in our own troops, but also among the Neapolitans and Spaniards, who formed the bulk of our was railidly getting on with army, and my education, a much easier task than out to me at College.

. O'Rourke, now Father O'Rourke, probably through the high favor h held in the Santi Apostoli, had joined us as Chaplain—although, I believe, such a course was unusual from the Propaganda-and was soon friends with Though he had lost nothing of his old lively disposition, he was a different man from what I had ever seen him when he stood up in his robes before us at the Holy Office of the Mass.

No one who has not seen it performed in the open field, for men who, by their very calling, should have a more lively sense of the uncertainities of this life, can have any idea how grand it is in its simple surroundings. The altar is raised beneath an awning, and the service goes on before the kneeling men, without any of those distractions which meet one in a church; the Host is elevated to the roll of drums, the celebrant is half a soldier, and his acolytes cadets. Surely no more grateful seris ever offered to the God of Battles.

I shall not attempt to go into the detail of my experience in the army; it was that of a lad well introduced and handsomely befriended, and hundreds have gone through as much, and me but perhaps it would be hardly honest to pass over my first trial under

In the spring of '44 our army marched along the Adriatic, by way of Ancona and Loretto, to cover the Kingdom of Naples on that side. The Austrian van-guard came to an action with our rear pefore we reached Loretto, and pressed hard. Father O Rourke and I were marching side by side with O'Reilly, Fitzgerald, and some other young gent'emen near the Colonel.

This strikes me much like a good imitation of running away, General McDonell of Scottos," said he, at which we only groaned, for the day was hot and we could not understand why the enemy should be allowed to annoy as in this fashion; indeed, we were to trongly impressed by the same thought answer his challenge as it deserved.

But the answer soon came in an order or a reinforcement, and we all besieged the Colonel-who was good-nature itself and treated us like his own children-or permission to join. "Run off, then, for permission to join. "Run off, then the lot of you, and let the Germans see what your faces look like," he cried, laughing: and off we went, overjoyed

at our good fortune.

The required troops were halted and formed, and at once marched to the rear; the moment we saw the confusion and terror there and heard the groans of the wounded as they were roughly orne on with the hurrying mass, th took on a different look. What added to it was that, for some time, we had to stop and allow our people passage in a narrow way, and, by the balls that ng over our heads and the went whistlin cheering of the enemy, we knew they

were coming on with a rush. Suddenly a man near me sickening kind of grunt and tumbled down in a heap, like a pile of clothes. My heart thumped as if it would burst through my ribs and my head swam so I could hardly see. O Reilly, who was beside me, and, I suppose, moved by the same feeling as myself, put out his hand, which I grasped tightly, and there we stood with our pale faces, when, to our great relief, some old hand just behind us began to sing in a low voice, "The Day we Beat the Germans at Cremona"; then, at the same critical moment, came the sharp command, "Advance, quick!" and we were saved from a disgrace that we were saved from a disgrace t would have been worse than death.

we rushed in some kind der. I suppose, but I do not Out suppose, remember anything but the great blue back of the grenadier in front of me, and how he worked his shoulders as he ran. Then came the ord "Halt!" and almost as quickly Fire!" My piece went off with the others, and when the smcke cleared I had my senses again about me and could see the enemy about one hundred paces ahead of us checked by our fire. the enemy retired, whereon we rejoined our own army and encamped for the

That night in the General's tent after dinner he called me to him and asked, "Well, my lad, have you smelt powder to day?"

"Yes, sir," I said, "and plentifulls."

"What, sir," said he, "are you

wounded?"
"No please your Excellency," answered, feeling somewhat ashaned I had not attained his full approbation in

bringing back a whole skin. Sir," he said, sternly, "you will er smell powder until you are wounded. But in order to give you a better chance, and as a reward for not running away, you will be rated as Ensign to morrow in the place of poor

Jamieson, killed this afternoon."
So I won my first promotion for not being brave enough to take to my heels. where my heart was during the first part of the engagement at least; I never had the courage either to ask O'Reilly what his feelings had been when he held out his hand to me.

"Well, well," said Father O'Rourke, when I told him of my good fortune, "Jeremiah was far sighted when he prophesied 'the wild asses shall stand in the high places' (et onagristeterunt in rupibus). 'Tis Drum-Major they'll on rupibus). 'Tis Drum-Major they'll be making you next, and never a step for me, though I've the hardest and most dangerous work in the world trying to keep your heathen souls out of the clutch of a bigger enemy than Prince Lobkowitz himself. But 'tis a

Colonel, and a Captain and a Lieuten ant, and that poor little orphan, Angus, you left behind in Rome, and now they just needs make an Ensign of you Faith, you're so plentiful hereabouts, I begin to believe the story that you had boat of your own in the

"Indeed we had not, Father O'Rourke," I returned, indignantly, "that was the McLeans."

"Oh, well, McLeans or McDonnells tis all one. And Noah showed his wisdom there, too, for had he let any more Highlanders into the Ark, they' have been sailing it themselves inside of a month, for they've a rare scent for he went on, wit all the high places,' of his Irish laughing. And I a roar of his Irish laughing. A went off angry, but thinking strange it was so sensible a man in many things should find a pleasure in this childish way of jesting on any subject, and should so often choose me for his funning, who didn't relish it at

Colonel Macdonnell confirmed my rank as Engign on the morrow, and for days we were hard at it marching across Italy to cover the northern frontier of Naples, next the Ecclesiastical States on the Mediterranean, where we got news that the Austrians were advancing in force under Prince Lobkowitz and the famous General Browne. had an army of forty-five thousand men Austrians, Hungarians, and Croats, while we were joined by thirty thou-sand Neapolitan troops, under King Carlo, so our forces were fairly equal. We took possession of the town of Velletri, within the Pope's dominions, the king making his headquarters in the Casa Ginetti, a handsome modern palace fronting on the principa quare, while our army occupied the evel country and the heights above. level country and the heights above. The Count di Gages was at the head of the Spanish, and the Duke of Castro pignano of the Neapolitan, troops, each

taking command day about. By some oversight the enemy were allowed to gain possession of the heights Monte Artemisio and Monte Spina, which cecasioned great inconvenience to us, as by this means they commanded the high-road to Rome, and cut off our supply of water by the duit which fed the great fountain in the principal square, so that we were obliged to search for water every even ing at the cisterns and fountains about the country, or at the river, which ran in the great ravine between the two main armies, which lay about four miles asunder. To add to this, there was constant and severe enough fight ing almost daily, but without any result proportionate.

About an hour before daybreak one morning, being on sentry, I was alarmed by the tramping of horses and the still en advancing towards my post. challenged, and was answered by Lieutenant-General MacDonnell, whose I knew, and he knowing mine called out:

"Is that you, McDonell?"

"Yes, your Excellency," I answered. "Get yourself relieved then, and While the relief was coming, I asked,

Where is your Excellency going?' To beat these rascals from their post," and nothing more was said until

got relieved and joined.
Off we went in the darkness, General bidding me lay hold of his stirrup-leather; and as we went, he explained our object was to carry a battery of four eighteen pounders near-est our camp. This we did with a rush, receiving only one discharge, and cap turing near three hundred mea, who had hardly time to strike a blow. Then, seeing that the battery could not be maintained for a moment, being com-pletely exposed to the heights, he without waiting for orders. acted into three column and instantly led them against Monte Hot work we had of it for Artemisio. two hours, but at it we kept until we whose force on Monte Spina, seeing our success, retreated to their camp, of which we had a full view, and which seemed to be in great confusion.

The General formed us up without hesitation. "Your work is only half done, my lads! Here's for another touch of Cremona!" and down the hill we swept on the enemy, shouting the song of the old regiment: but never waited for us, deserting their camp and taking post in a wood hard It was a disappointment, but by. other was quick on its heels, for now who should ride up but an aide de camp with the most positive orders from the General in-command to retreat. I heard a general officer swear for the lirst time !

However, there was nothing to be done; the camp was fired in as many places as possible, and we reclimbed Monte Artemisio and held it until relieved by the engineers under Major-General MacDonnell, who at once set about fortifying it with strong batteries, whereon we returned to camp.

and the General to headquarters. There was some talk, we afterwards heard, of his exceeding orders, which were to take the first battery only, and in a mixed army like ours it will be readily understood there was always a certain jealousy of any personal suc cess : one would have thought it was an

or to have beaten the enemy. How far would you have General, had you not been recalled? sked the young Duke of Alba, anxious to settle the matter.

"To the devil, your Highness, if necessary," the old soldier answered.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Missions to non-Catholics.

"It is the hope of the non Catholic mission movement," says the Missionary, " to make the paths plain to all-to make so clear the porch of th to make so clear the porch of the Church that every wayfarer may find it, and so pleasing that he will see in its pleasures an irresistible invitation to stay and enjoy them. This is a large contract, and it may take some years to accomplish it. But enough has been done to assure us that more will be done, and enough has been done to convinc althasar Nihel, our General of brigade, and many others.

Colonel MacDonnell most handsomely

family party you are, anyway—here's a less that before many years the party you are, anyway—here's a less than you are you ar s a us that before many years the paths a will be so lighted that no longer will

SUBLIME DEVOTION.

Pranslated for the Catholic Mirror from the French.

It was in the month of January of " terrible year.'

In a little village, a few miles from Mans, Father Lefrancois had just flu-ished saying the Mass. He was taking off his sacerdotal vestments when a woman whose face was bathed in tears, entered the sacristy and threw hersel knees, exclaiming:

Oh! wretches will shoot him!

"Shoot him! Who?"
"My husband! my poor Victor!" And the sobs of the unfortunate woman

The priest, with tender sympathy, pressing 'he trembling hands of the poor woman in his, bade her rise and hen offered her a chair :

" Bat how, your husband ?" Yes, because several Unlans were killed last evening by the Francs-Whereup tireurs. Whereupon the Prussia caused lots to be drawn this morning

. . there are three to be shot. My husband is among the number. Save him, Reverend Father! "But in what way?" replied the priest, whose enotion grew deeper and

do not know, Father, but for heaven's sake save the father of my

children.' Father Lefrancois said no more With head bowed down he began to re flect. His heart was broken at the thought of the great misfortune visited upon his parishioners. But, what could he do to save them all? God alone can touch the heart of the enemy.

And yet, how could be let this weep ing woman go away, who, in all confidence, come to ask him to save her

He knew well, this Victor Dubuisson. He was one of those workmen who had wandered away from the path of salvation, misled by reading bal books and frequenting grogshops, and who looked upon the clergy as an enemy. On more than one occasion the good Father had to complain on account of Duquisson's waywardnes. But, at this time it could not be considered: "I must could not be considered: "I must save him at any price," he muttered. Then raising his head:

"Well, let us go, courage, my poor Henrietta; God is good; hope and

Father Lefrancois hasti , put away his vestments, and after spending a quarter of an bour before the tabernacle in prayer, left the church and proceeded to the court house, the captain commanding the platoon of of Uhlans was stationed, after captur-

ing the village without striking a blow. After some parley, the priest was passed into the council chamber. He stood erect, with a note in his hand from one of the staff officers, while the captain was dictating orders to two nonemmissioned officers. Presently the ficer looked at the priest squarely in the face, for he had boldly planted himself before him—Father Letrancois was a man of fine stature—and in a gruff tone of voice, said to him in

"What brings you here, Monsieur le Cure ?' The priest, with a slight tremor in

his voice, replied:
"I come to ask you to spare the inhabitants of this village... they

are innocent."
"Not entirely so. They encourage those Francs tireurs, who are killing our men daily. It must end, and a lesson be given to the other villages who might also be tempted to offer their ospitality to these irregular soldiers Moreover, I have my orders.

Father Lefrancois tried to argue the case, but all his pleadings made no impression against the unrelenting logic of the German. Finally, con-vinced of his powerlessness, he made an effort to save one of the men conhusband of the unfortunate Henriette. "Grant me at least the pardon of Dubuisson. He has five little children

and is anticipating the birth of the sixth child.' I wish I could, Monsieur le Cure, but I cannot do it. I repeat, I bave formal orders from Prince Frederick Charles. I must obey. I am a soldier. Turee Uhlans were killed, three Frenchman must be shot. The law is severe, but it is the law."

The priest, inclining his head for a moment, did not utter a word. He asked God to come to his aid. Sudhe raised his head, his face betrayed a sudden pallor:

Captain, will you accept me as the victim in his place?"

This time the officer looked upon him with sympathy upon the priest who was

After a pause, anxious for an answer.

the captain finally said:
"Monsieur le Cure, it is a very serious question to ask. You are still young, perhaps you have a mother of ng, perhaps you have a mount of m you are the support and the joy the honor . . and yet you to die . . . in the place of wish to die . . . in the place of another . . Consider well . . "I have considered the matter.

The pastor should give up his life for his flock. The disciple is surely not above the Master. Captain, I beg

Without answering, the officer went to his desk and began writing. Then arising from his seat he presented to the priest a sheet of paper

"Here is the urgent order granting Dubuisson's liberty in compliance with your request to take his place.' And in a grave tone of voice filled emotion, he added:

"Monsieur le Cure, you are a brave man; do you wish to grant me a sig-nal honor? Allow me to shake you by the hand, for it is the hand of a hero shall be privileged to clasp."

Father Lefrancois extended his hand

widely opened to the captain, who squeezed it warmly without uttering a Happy in the sacrifice he was about

to make, the good priest, with a light step, hastened to the little schoolhouse where the prisoners were detained.

At the doorstep he was confronted by the officer of the post-a giant, red

tially.
"Please enter, sir."
At the class door father Lefrancois
the officer of the guard to

call Dubuisson.

Overwhelmed, his eyes filled with tears, the unfortunate prisoner seized the priest's hands, exclaiming:

" Pardon me, Father, pardon me for the wrong I have so often sought to

"Do not say a word about that, my friend," said the good priest. "I come to inform you that you are free. You can go and see your wife and chii-And then quietly he informed him that he was pardoned on account of his

family. They then left the school house together and proceeded to the humble home of the Dubuisson's. When they entered, Dubuisson's wife, surrounded by her children, was praying and crying.
Cry no more, my good Henrietta,

God has heard your prayers and those of your little angels: I bring your husband back to you. He will not be Husband and wife then threw themselves in each other's arms, cheek

cheek, silently crying, while the children jumped about the room in joy, clapping their hands. Finally, the woman said, how can we thank you. And yet, without you

The priest, profoundly touched by his stirring family scene, replied : 'Your happiness is my reward. My friends, love each other tenderly. Let each one of you be good Christians. God never abandons those who trust in Him and love Him. Pray for your pas

He then shook them by the hands, kissed the children and hastened to re torn to the school house to take Du

ouisson's place. He placed himself between the aged Vigneron, a veteran gendarme, and the young Couraud, a maker of wooden shoes. Vigneron was swearing between his teeth, Courand was crying. Father Lefrancois took each one by the arm

and said:
"Cheer up my dear friends, swearing, no tears. Confidence in God. Let us show to the world that we are Frenchmen, and let us stand firm

this night."
"Ha! What of that! Press in with us against the wall," muttered the old gendarme.

'Yes. I will, in Dubuisson's; place you understand he has a wife and chil

Carried away by enthusiasm the old soldier taking the priest by the hand, exclaimed:
"Ah well! Monsieur le Cure, I did

not expect this from you, you have a brave heart. This action reconciles me fully with the priests. Oh! certainly, we will hold together. I never was afraid to die." With a smile on his face, Father Le-françois thanked the old man for his

kindly sentiments, then turning to Courand asked him if he would like to make his confession. The young man Well! and you, Father Vigneron

do you not desire to do as much ? "Oh! me, you know Father, I am is quite a while since not devout ; it have brightened my kettle, but if it

will please you.

"It will be a source of very great pleasure, my friend, for if I cannot save your body, I will have at least the joy of preparing your soul for heaven. Then the veteran gendarme, placing himself upon his knees, said, "I am ready," while the eyes of the priest

vere filled with tears of joy. After regenerating and comforting ese two souls by divine grace, Father Lefrançois returned to his house, hav ing been paroled until the time set for the execution, which was to take place at 5 o'clock in the evening.

After partaking of a little nourish while waiting for Vespers, he put his affairs in order, made such arrange ments as were necessary, wrote his testament and then went to the church. On his knees before the tabernacle, where the God of love was con fined, he said:

"In three hours I shall die! Is it possible that I shall die at the age of forty years, in good health and full life, in the place of some one else And yet, I must. Should not the Good Shepherd offer his life for his flock? Jesus, my Master and my examplar, You to whom the sorrows of the agony in the Garden of Gethsemane are so well known; You who at the approach of death endured all its terrors even unto the bloody sweat, come to my aid, sustain me to the end and acce sins and the salvation of France.'

While Father Lefrancois thus drew on the Heart of Jesus for that courage necessary to die happy in the place of one of his parishioners, the people of the village and surrounding country poured into the church as if the occa ion was one of great solemnity. When the clock struck 3 the edifice was filled to its utmost capacity. In presence of the great misfortune which crushed the village, the most incredu-lous joined with the most fervent of the congregation and grouped them selves around the man who represe one felt at that supreme hour the nee of imploring Divine assistance.

The good priest, who had retired

to the sacristy, emerged therefrom robed in his surplice, preceded by the to the altar boys and singers, and then Ves pers began.

After the Magnificat, Father Lefrancois, forged his way through the rowd of faithful worshippers, ascended the steps of the pulpit, and in a slow but grave tone of voice said :

"My very dear brethren, I am, indeed, happy to see you meet this evening in so great a number at the feet of the God of mercy. United in heart and soul, we shall pray for those condemned to death; the favor has been granted me of securing Dubuisson's pardon, but I could not obtain the release of the brave Vigneron bearded and red haired—to whom he and young Conraud, I have seen them, handed the order. After reading it I have reconciled them with our good

God. They are ready to die as Christians and as Frenchmen." the officer said to the priest deferen-

tians and as Frenchmen.
Then, with great simplicity, but
not without warmth, he addressed them on the subject of duty, the sacrifices of life and the love of country. He pointed out how God rewarded for all eternity those who in order to faithfully discharge their duties did not even fear He concluded by quoting the words of the holy liturgy : les coeurs." These word les coeurs." These words caused chill to run through the congregation many of whom present were inclined to upon the ideal side of the present life in that which constitutes its enjoy. pent, At that moment, ever voice, understood that there was an something greater and better the goods and pleasures of this world.

The benediction given, Father Le. francois, turning toward the congrega-

Now we will sing the De Profundis for those who will presently fall under the fire of Prussian bullets."

And then he intoned in a firm voice the doleful chant, the assistants re-sponding. Finally he blessed the people, exhorting them to be calm and resigned, inviting each one to retire to his or her home and there remain in order to avert further trouble. His object in thus speaking to them was to spare his dear flock sight of the tragic death of their pas tor and the consequent explosion of wrath such a tragedy would provoke. This hero had concealed from them his

When the church was emptied Father Lefrancois came out alone, slowly crossed the courthouse place which was deserted and reached the schoolhouse ere his two condemned companions were waiting for him.

An unforseen circumstance caused the delay of the execution of the three martyrs until next morning. This was

heir salvation. Toward midnight, during a thick fog, a small body of Francs-tireurs, led by an intrepid commander, entered the village unnoticed by the enemy's senti nels, killed the guards at the court-house and set the prisoners free. It was not until the morning following when the inbabitants of the village, which had been cleared of the enemy by a battallion of chasseurs and pied learned that their pastor was con-demned to be shot by the Germans in place of Dubuisson. Then they rushed in a body to his house to congratulate and thank their beloved pastor for his sublime devotion.

He was not at home. Father Lefrancois had already gone to the church, and to it the crowd rushed. In seeing this enthusiastic mass of people pour-ing into the house of God without readily understood what had happened. Then rising from his knees and turning toward the people, he exclaimed

"Be calm, my friends, be calm, I entreat you. Well! yes, God, Who holds in His bands life and death has preserved me to remain longer with you, the object of your affections. Always pray to God that I may continue to do my duty among you as your

And, falling on his knees, he began in a loud voice the Master's prayer: 'Oar Father, Who art in heaven.

WHERE THE LAST STAND WAS MADE FOR THE OLD FAITH IN ENGLAND.

A writer in the Evening Post, New York, describing some country comm ities in England, says of the hamlet of Sampford Courtney, Devonshire, that it lies with its cottages of yellow deep-thatched and with outer stairways, looking much as it must have looked when the Devon folk gathered there to make a last stand for the Old Faith.

"In that very church, whose fine perpendicular tower overlooks the hud-dled cottages," says the writer, " was the new English service Prayer Book of Edward VI., read to a murmurous congregation on a fair Whit-Sunday in the year 1549. On the next day the people went to their priest and called on him to sav Mass as of old. They would keep to the old and ancient religion as their fathers before them had done.' The flame of revolt, once kindled, spread to Exeter and through all the country. The Catholic insurgents, in the vigorous language chronicler, Hoker, could not 'abide to hear of any other religion than the one they were first nuzled in. Wherefore, to keep and observe that was their only endeavor, and in respect thereof they regarded not king nor keisar, passed not for kin nor friendship, regarded not country nor commonwealth, but were wholly of the opinion of the rebels and would have no reformation in re-

ligion. " The stand for the ancient faith and the ancient language was all in vain. Lord Russell, seconded by the Carews and Courtneys-great Devon namesput down the rebellion. Russell re-lieved Exeter, which had been straitly besieged by the rebels, and stamped out the last embers of the revolt in the very town where it had first been kindled."

For some three hundred and fifty years the gray old church of Sampford Courtney has been given over to Pro-testant worship, yet even now it is not hard to call back that far off time when people, defrauded of their ancient faith, rose against the armed might of the anti-Catholic Government in tempt to win back their spiritual herit-

Some day, Catholics devoutly believe, the old faith of which the English people were robbed in those days as of old in England.-Sacred Heart Review.



FEBRUARY 25, 1905. IF SCOTLAND WERE CATE THE FRUITS OF THE REFORMA

THE FRUITS OF THE REFORMA By a Convert.

Long ago in boyhood, while si the Calton Hill and gazing on t of Holyrood Abbey, St. A Chapel, and thinking of those rose, Dryburgh, and Jedburgh that unused little chapel on the Book. I nondered this question Rock, I pondered this question had no delight for me: they sp had no delight for me; they sign of failure, of men's hard height by some age when religion we real, art more precious, God's Conce in their aisles God's gestolled, His praises sung, and maidens, young men and and maidens, young men and met there to worship Him, the and rest, the sinful to find for Now the bats and owls lodge niches bereft of saints, and dark weeds cover the grav Christian souls who sleep Often, pondering these thing ered through the streets of E Old and New, and wondered a place of rest could now Few and far between they church gates were securely be Sunday to Sunday, eloquently silent language that t ant religion was limited to the week, and so only in the church I could find what I so there I used to rest and pray These churches had a stration for me, even in the Protestant days; there was light burning before the al

us Jesus was there; there same statues—Jesus pointi Sacred Heart, telling the w to seek for rest, and I was in those olden days; there always with the same glad come, and sometimes with Jesus, holding out His litt boys like Himself and bi take heart again. But the were far apart, and for th hidden away, and I used Will those old ruins ever again, and will the poor bout them learn to go the find in them rest for souls?" A Protestant la ter's wife, once said to me are worried or sad we go olic church and pray. asked, half wondering at l another that I was not si practice, and adding, "I your husband's church ; there and pray?" the same," was the answer all the week it is locked thow in Catholic churche

ething we have not go traveller poe When a traveller toe haven to Dieppe he notice the harbor of the latter above him on the cliff, a of Calvary. There is Ou Cross, there is Mary and hand, and no matter who his religion may be, the at once a call to religiou that he has come to a belief in God and calling Again, as he wanders the and passes a way little peasant boy is al his basket on his arm; beside him on the gro down and says his pra he rises the look on hi old, that God ha child. Did Scotland eve

like these ? Yes, once On the Road to Queen Climb the Bank on opposite the furthest lo you will find a waysid ruin, but a witness of th Thither formerly came on their way to Dun for a safe passage at Firth. They were goi the shrine of St. Ma they got their first glorious abbey tower rested the body of the saintly body rested on and here her son, St. and prayed. No wone make one's heart bleed Lo they not also spea of a shrine that' one presence there no long were Catholic, would speak of Christ and Hi

> substantial, not altog ing, the poorhouse It is only one of man tended by the chari man's home, where in life he and his family declining years. No self a scene, once writer, in the town Here in a miserable idirty street, an old ridden, has nearly days of life; his paralysed, is no learner the rent, unpaid for he says that as he learner that as he learne he can wait, and v For days the poor of on bread and wat day which now, also relieving officer is only say, "Come The old woman to " Can I ta for I cannot part w MOTHER DIED ON I

Calvary on the cliffs a Not far cutside E

against the regularity won't be for look woman: "Job to go, and we honest lives, but leave our bed and house." We cou testantism providas this, but wait, thing? Off we g before long carried off the and all, and when days later, I saw old lady whispere she do be a kind he actually kis been kissed sinc other case. A li suddenly left org

Remembering J

" No, no, we can