DEING A MEMOIR NOW FIRST PUBLISHED IN COMPLETE FORM OF THE EARLY LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF COLONEL JOHN M'DONELL ADVENTURES OF COLONEL JOHN M'DONEL KNOWN AS SANASH JOHN," WHEN LIEUTENANT IN THE COMPANY OF SI JAMES F THE REGIMENT REANDLA. IN TE EE-VICE. OF THE KING OF SPAIN OF REA ING IN ITALY

BY WILLIAM M'LENNAN. 11.—CONTINUED.

1740-1743.

How, out of a school boy's quarrel, it came that I kissed the hands of His Majesty James III.; that I met with H R. of the Prince of Wales and other company, both high and low, until, from one thing to another, I took leave of my Books to follow the Drum.

. Then you will never come within these doors again unless the King sends for you, and as soon as you go home you will tell Father Urbani where you been this winter. Do you under stand

" I do, sir." "Very well. Now, honour for honour. will take up your affair with this man Greach, or Graeme, or whatever else he may call himself, and you may rest satisfied that your quarrel will not suffer. And now, God bless you, my lad, and when you are older you will thank me for this day's most. thank me for this day's work. And he shook my hand warmly, and stood watching me until I passed out into the hall.

I may as well admit here, that at am slow at displacing any idea which has once taken root in my mind, and it was not until some years after I conceived the explanation that Creach was never this fellow's name at all, but for some reason best known to himsel he had chosen to fare under it when we met with him at Aquapendente, other-wise honourable men would never have answered for him as they did. But this is by the way.

vent forth from the Palace with my head in a wnirl; for, though I was satis-fied with the part I had played towards Creach, there was my promise to the Colonel, and, despite every effort I might make, my visits did not appear to me so defensible as before. I tried to argue to myself that I had not been forbidden; but, somehow, that did not seem sufficient, and I was the more uncomfortable when I called to mind the Colonel's dislike of the company I had been in the habit of keeping.
However, it must be faced, and so,

after the evening meal, I asked to be allowed to see the Rector and was almitted to his room. When I entered was sitting at his table alone, and so nehow, when I saw his kind old face, I knew suddenly why none of my excuses would answer; I had been deceive ing this old man who had been like a ae, who had never treated me save with kindness, and had trusted me without questioning. I was so overwhelmed with an utter sense of edness-until he stretched out his hand

and said, gently, "Come."
"On, Facher," I cried, "let me leave the Codege! Let me go away!" too miserable to think of anything else.

No, no, Giovannini. That would be a coward's way of meeting trouble. Come, tell me what the matter is, and well see if there is not some better than turning your back on, and he patted me on the cheek as if I were still a child. Indeed, I felt like one then, and for the matter of that always did when talking with him. So I blundered out the story of my

his quiet, gentle way, helping me out a I found it hard to go on, until the whole story was told, whereupon I felt relief, for the worst was now over and I had quite made up my mind as to what part I would take from now After all, he did not say very much

in the way of blame, except that should I ever meet with Colonel MacDonnell again the first duty I had before me was to request his pardon for mixing him up in my affairs, as if the Colonel of a regiment had nothing else to do than look after a school-boy's quarrels.
"Among picters and schemers," he
said, with some touch of scorn, "you must meet with strange company, and, if you will take up with such, you may have to welcome 'Captain Creachs' and think he matter well over until I have seen Colonel MacDonnell and have dean only sorry, Glovannini, that you have not trusted in your best friend."
And with a heavy heart I said goodnight, and took my way to my ro

In the morning word was brought to the that I was to remain in my room, which I did all the more gladly as it sed well for the gravity of my for above all things what I most feared was its being taken as merely a boy's whim. However, I was speedily of its importance by the visit of one of our Jesuit fathers, who very soon introduced his mission and began to arge his arguments why I should con tinue my studies and some day propare for the priesonood. But this I resented at once, saying, "Sir, I was left here for reflection by the order of the Rector, have no wish to be disturbed.

A hint he was wise enough to take; and, grounding something about "like father, like son," he left me once more

My next interruption was an order to wait on Father Urbani, which I did with great readiness, and to my joy saw that his reflections had not rendered him any less kindly to me or my hopes, "Well, my dear Giovannini," he said, furure with Father Paole. He tells me you have caught somewhat of the camp already.'

But his smiling reassured me.
"No, Father," I said, "I held, in
the absence of my own father, you are the only one to whom I am bound in such matters; but I had no intent to

o, with this introduction, we began our argument, and to all he said I asbut a sorry priest if my heart were could not help strutting as we passed I cast my eyes on him. Would you

always in another calling. "My father promised that neither he nor you force me to become a priest against my will, and I can never be happy unless I have a right to wear a sword by my side," I ended.

Thereupon, seeing my mind so firmly resolved, he bade me prepare for a visit to the Cardinal Protector, and in all haste I made myself ready. The truth is, now that I saw Father Urbani had yielded, I would have faced His Holiness the Pope with the whole College behind him, without a second thought. we took our way in a coach to the Palace, and were ushered into the presence of the Cardinal with the usual ceremonies. He was a thin old man, with a long, dark face and a grumbling voice. We partook of chocolate and sugar biscuits, and made polite conversation until the object of our visit was

broached; thereupon, a mighty storm began—that is, a storm from His Emine, for we stood side by side in the middle of the great room, silent before the torrest of his wrath. After thundering hotly at Father Urbani, as if he, dear man, were to blame, he turned on

me. "What were you ever sent here to the College for? And since when has it been turned from a House of God into a training school for every worth-less cockatrice that would follow the drum? Tell me, sir, what did you come here for?" he stormed.

But I told him I would rather join at

once, for there was no one to dispute my resolution at home, as my only sister, Margaret, was with Lady Jane Drummond in France, and my father had promised my choice should be free

when the time came.
"Well, then," he continued, "I say nothing of the rights of the quarrel the King of Naples has on his hands now, but if you will enter the Queen of Hunservice. I will see you are strongly recommended to persons of the greatest interest, and a recommendation will mean advancement.

"Oh, Father," I say, "I could not do that! The Regiment Irlandia was my Uncle Scottos' regiment, and I could not join any other.'

"You Scots are a famous people for hanging together!" he said, smiling; "and I suppose you wouldn't care it the regiment were fighting for the Grand Tark himself?" and he smiled again.

No, Father," I said, seeing nothing to laugh at, "it could make no uncertainted ence to me; I would be only a cadet." it could make no differ-"such questions are perhaps as well left to older heads. Now to bed, and sleep if you can, for your days will be full until you leave.

True to his word, the Rector sent to ne a tailor, by whom I was measured for two full suits of regimentals; a proker, with side-arms and equipment; and, to my great satisfaction, a periwigmaker, who took my size for my first wig, until my hair should grow long ugh to be dressed in queue.

At last all was ready, and I swaggered about in my finery, and bade fare-well to my comrades, all of whom great-ly envied me—even Angus, though he ould not confess to it. However, he had the satisfaction of walking through the streets with me to pay our respects to Mr. O'Rourke, who had just cometed his course, and was to take orders immediately.

He at once pretended great astonishbegged Angus to introduce him to "the General," and then broke into an old ranting Irish air:

Wid your gold an' lace In a terrible fright ye threw me-Glovanni, me dear.
You locked so queer!
Oh, Johnny, I hard y knew ye!

And away he marched up and down to his doddering old se and then drew up before me, making passes as if he were saluting, and bowe almost to his knees, bringing his hands up to his forehead and performed a low salute, which he informed Angus was only given to the Grand Turk on great

Well, well," he said, at last, with a great sigh of relief, "my heart is easy now I see they wouldn't trust you with a sword: though I might set you o with the cook's skewer, it they won't anything better for you!" And ere, at last, he succeeded in angering me, for it was a point I was somewhat uncertain about, and only my delicacy ad prevented my speaking of it to

"Tis lucky for you, Mr. O'Rourke, that I haven't it," I said, "or I would truss you so that the heathen you are oing to feed would have nothing o do than baste you!" For I supke most of those from the Propaganda

I don't know about the eating. Giovannini, my son, but you are quite right about the heathen, for I am going follow the Drum like yourself, and you ever come properly accredited the Chaplain of the Company of St. James, in the Regiment Irlandia, you nay have a surprise."
"Oh, Mr. O'Rourke!" I shouted,

embracing him at the same time, surely this isn't only another bit of our funning.

"Funning? 'Tis genuine brimstone nd piety combined, that's what it is, and within a week after I take orders 'tis only 'good bye' till 'good-day' again.'

The next morning, when I went to take leave of Father Urbani, I saw be ore him on the table a silver-mounted word, at the sight of which my ave a great leap, for I could not doubt it was for me. He did not keep me in se what you think of that, Giovan nini?

I drew out the beautiful blade, found it balanced to a nicety, and could not forbear making a pass or two, even in his presence, at which he smiled and sail, "Carry it bravely, little one, carry it bravely, and sometimes remember the ald man who cave it to recommend per the old wan who gave it to you will nightly pray that you may be kept in safety in the path of honor. Come, will see you somewhat on your way. he added, and we passed out into the street together.

the fashionables then abroad in the Piazza di Spagna, until I was recalled to a more fitting frame of mind by his gentle voice: "Here I must leave you, mio caro Giovannini. Surely, some times, in a quiet hour, you will turn your heart to me, lonely these walls, for I love you like a son, Giovannini, my little one. May God and all His saints have you in their holy keeping this day and forever," and he

mbraced me tenderly.

And so ended my life in the old Scots College in Rome.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE LAST TRYST.

An old woman was walking up and down the long acacia avenue in the garden of the Home for the Ages-

garden of the Home for the Ages-under the supervision of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

She had her beads in her hand, and presently, kissing the silver crucifix, depending from the rosary, she made the sign of the cross. A Sister was sixting darning stockings in a little sitting darning stockings in a little

summer-house near by.
"Good morning, Catherine," she
said, as the old woman reached the

door, "Good morning, Sister," was the reply. "I wish my eyes weren't so bad till I'd give you a hand at the mend-ing. 'Twas I was fine at the needle once, but that's a long age. I'm good for nothing now but peeling the vegetables and savin' my prayers.

"And giving every one a cheery word," said Sister Beatrice, with a smile. "That counts for a great deal, Catharine. Sit there on the step and rest yourself."

The old woman sat down. wore a coarse black gown, but her long gingham apron and the white silk handkerchief about her neck were scrupulously clean. Softly waving ver locks framed a sweet, restful that must once have been very beauti

"That is a curious crucifix you have there, Catharine," remarked the nun "Perhaps it belonged to your mother."

"No, Sister, but to his."
"His? I thought you were never married ?

Nor was I, Sister, Catharine Blake I was born, and Catharine die. But there was a boy I liked once, and he gave it to me when he left home. 'Twas on account of him I came to America."
"And why didn't you marry him,

Catharine? "Sure, I never found him.

people wouldn't have me speak to him, if they could help it. He was shiftless, they said—and maybe he was.
But he had a kind heart, and he was fond of me. He was a great singer, and he played the fiddle fine, and a better lookin' boy there was not in whole barony. And you came to America looking

for him? That was not very wise Catharine." 'He sent me the address of the

place where he lived. I waited seven months till I earned enough money. was at service with a farmer. had the money in hand I came."
"Without telling your people?"

"Without telling my people. My mother was dead long since, my brothers and sisters all married. And when I came to New York he was gone. And I never found him." "That was some time ago, Cathar

ine?" said the Sister, glancing at the withered hands closed about the silver erucifix in the old woman's lan. "Nearly fifty years ago -no less. But there's never a day since he gave me

the cross that I did not say my beads for him. I worked an' I worked, I went here an' I went there, but I never found him. There was a great tale of gold in California in early days, and came out, thinking maybe I'd meet im. But I never did, Sister dear, I never did. Blessed be the holy will of

It was a strange little processioninaugurating the Forty Hours. Four of the least decrepit among the old men carried the canopy, while such of companions as were able fol-. Behind came the old women, then the Sisters, chanting the Pange

Suddenly from among the group of men a voice chimed in—feeble at first but swelling in volume as it gained courage. A flutter ran through the whole length of the procession.

Some of the men looked at one an-

other with a surprised and disapproving shake of the head; many of the women pressed their lips together, hardly able to restrain a smile. Cath arine Blake walked at the end with

"God bless ms!" whispered Bridget.
"What old man is that? 'Twas a fine voice, though, Catharine." Catharine put her finger to her lips, and made no sound. But there were

tears in the faded blue eyes, and the hands that wrapped themselves about he silver crucifix trembled as with was late in the afternoon before

the old woman could waylay Sister Beatrice, for whom she had been watching. At last she saw her com-ing out of the chapel, where she herelf had spent the greater part of the day. "Sister, dear," she asked, "can you

tell me the name of that man who joined in the singin' this mornin'? Is he here a long time?"
"His name is Arthur Donahue," said

Sister Beatrice. "He is a newco-very feeble, but begged to be allo " He is a newcomer walk in the procession to-day. meant no harm, poor man, and his voice is remarkably good for a man of his age.

"That is so, Sister," Catharine replied in a low tone. "But years ago it couldn't be beat in all Ireland. That's the boy I told ye of, Sister, dear.

Are you sure, Catharine ?" "Yes, Sister; that's the seen him. His hair is ow, and his face old, now, and his face old, it would take more changes

ask the good Mother could I see him, Sister? If he knew, he'd be just as glad as me, I'm sure."

"I will, I will, Catharine," answered Sister Beatrice cheerily. 'To morrow morning we'll arrange it—and I'm cer

tain, as you say, he will be as glad as yourself. What a strange, strange happening that you should find each other here, after all these years!"

The old women were leaving the re fectory next morning when Sister Bea-trice again sought Catharine Blake. Taking her by the hand, she led her into the garden.
"Catharine," she said, "I have

something to tell you."

"Yes, Sister," replied the old woman, with trembling lips.

"You were right. He is the man you knew. Last night he was suddenly stricken and is now dying. It is paralysis. At first his mind wandered, and he called your name. Later he came to his senses and has already received the sacraments. I will take you to him."

Catharine did not speak. Side by side two women entered the infirmary, where the old man lay dying. In a moment Catharine was leaning over "Do you know me, Arthur?" she

asked, wiping the tears from her cheeks with one old shriveled hand, while the ther rested on his outside coverlet. calmly. "But where are your brown locks?"
"Gone with yours, Arthur," she

answered, smiling through her tears. "And where were you all the time?" "Looking for you mostly till I came to this good place."
"And I thought you went back on

me! I thought it-God forgive me, Cathie. I-1 was very bitter oncebut I never married. "You were not in New York at the

place you told me, and no one knew where you'd gone, Arthur." "I waited nigh seven months with-out tale or tidings."

"'Twas my fault, Arthur. I should have come when you told me."
"No, but mine. I was too hotheaded, and a rover always—always from the day I was born."

"I knew your voice in the chapel yesterday."
"An' did you? Well, well, 'Twas a crazy thing to do, Cathie, but I couldn't help it. I had to sing out as

used to at home "Twas God did it. Arthur. Praise and thanks be to His holy name. After all our wanderin's we're together at

last."
"Will you let her stay near me,
Sister?" asked the old man, with a wan smile, as he softly patted Catharine's hand. "As long as she likes," said the ister. "All day if she wishes." Sister.

"Then I'll never leave him, Sister dear," said Catharine, drawing a chair to the bedside.

Sister Beatrice went away. Do you mind this, Arthur?" asked Catharine, after a moment.

He lifted his eyes, and feebly ex-tended his hand, chill with the touch of death. The fingers closed about the crucifix—he pressed it to his lips.
"My mother's cross! Oh, Cathie," he murmured, "yours was the brave,

true heart, acushla, the loving heart-After that he spoke no more. People came and went, but Catharine neither heard nor saw them. Till the last fluttering breath faded away into she sat, her hand in his, the crucifix between them, token of a life long human love, emblem of the love everlasting that was soon to encompass him; her quest forever done,

ST ANTHONY OF PADUA AND THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

BY REV. FRANCIS DENT. Chapter I.

Padna has its university, with a history of several hundred years. It was the birthplace of Livy, the historian, and it is enriched with many catural beauties, but in none of these les it glory. The name suggests one thought, and one tradition excludes every other. A church and a tomb farm its chief attraction. Millions o hearts turn to Padua, because it is the resting place of St. Anthony, the wonder worker of every land, and the illustrious son of the Seraphic Patri

Padua was not, however, his birthplace, neither was Anthony always his name. Lisbon, the chief city of Portugal, gave him birth and he received the name of Ferdinand in baptism. His parents were Martin Bulhan and Teresa Tevera. His mother was des cended from the ancient kings of Asturis, and on his father's side he be longed to the same stock as Godfrey de Boulton, the leader of the first crusade for the liberation of the Holy Land from Moslem rule.

He was born, on the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, in the in the Cathedral of Lisbon, eight days The baptismal font was after. served for ages, and it was exposed to the veneration of the faithful on every feast of the saint.

The cathedral was dedicated to the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin; and this circumstance, together with the day of his birth, seemed to presage his future tender devotion to the Queen of Heaven. While yet a babe, he gazed with delight, on the sacred temple, and his mother often had to carry him to the door or window from which it

could be seen. The family residence was converted into a magnificent church, and it was destroyed by an earthquake on the 1st of November, 1755. A fire consumed the ruins, and everything combustible was reduced to ashes, except the altar dedicated to our saint. When the work of removing the debris began, a young man was found alive and well. He took his preservation as a mark of the divine protection, but all Lisbon marveled. During his confinement a Franciscan friar came to him with food, and cheered

his lonely hours with devout conversa-

Anthony was a saint from his infancy. He could scarcely speak when his advancement in perfection began. In him the exercise of virtue seemed to pro-cede the use of reason. Docility, com-passion for the poor, and an earnest desire to be taken to the church filled his parents with consolation. He heard Mass every day; and some biographers made a vow of chastity at the age of five years, through filial devotion to the most pure Mother of On his mother's knee, the future apostle of Mary learned to love the August Queen of the Seraphic Order. The first song that fell from the lips of little Ferdinana was the hymn "O little Ferdinand was the hymn Gloriosa Domini!" In after yea Gloriosa Domini!" In after years it came from his lips in solitude and pub lic places. It cheered him in trials and temptations. He sang it along the roads of France and Italy, and he intoned it in the midst of his powerful sermons. Mary was his companion and his hope. Throughout his busy life he never forgot the beloved of his childhood. Her presence gladdened his last moments, and, while she sang his favorite hymn, she led him in triumph to the mansions of bliss.

As soon as permitted, little Ferdinand was enrolled among the cleries of the cathedral, where he excelled his companions in learning and piety. charity is the queen of virtues, so it was resplendent in his conduct; and, like Francis of Assisi, he never refused request made in the name of God. Long before he became acquainted with the sainted founder of the Friars Minor, his character appeared to be formed after the Seraphic Prototype. For the love of Jesus Crucided he wailed the miseries of the poor and afflicted. His sweet conversation and agreeable manners revealed a tender heart, algentle disposition, and a

adorned with charity.

Thus he passed his childhood among the young levites of the Cathedral of Lisbon; and to this day, he is revered as their model. In the middle ages, the cathedral schools, under the immediate guidance of the bishops, were nurseries of sanctity and learning. secular turmoil, within the shadow of the sanctuary, the youth of Lisbon grew in age, in wisdom, and in innocence. Such was Ferdinand's childhood. How beautiful the day, in its noontide splendor, that followed so lovely a

Chapter II. THE AUGUSTINIAN CANON.

A simple consecration of himself to the service of the Blessed Virgin, purity of life, did not satisfy the ardor of the holy youth. He was one of those heroic souls who never stop at any thing short of the highest perfection their state. At the age of fifteen years he resolved to abandon the world entirely. After mature delib-eration, he asked to be received among the Regular Canons of St. Augustine, and his request was granted.

Regular Canons are secular priests leading a community life. Several such communities sprung up, in the era of monastic reformation, a couple of centuries before. Among them were cathedral chapters, and the clergy of other churches. The canons of the Monastery of St. Vincent, near Lisbon, were living under the rule of St. Augustine, and in that holy abode our saint began his religious career.

The silence, the retirement, the strict discipline, and the regular ob servance charmed the young novice, but it had one serious disadvantage. It was too near his home, for it was just outside the walls of Lisbon. Fre quent visits of relatives and friends brought distraction of spirit, and left little time for prayer. When he aspatience rewarded, faithful to the end.

- Mary E. Mannix, in Benziger's sumed the religious habit he resolved His sole aim was to advance in perfection, and he longed for greater retire-Hence he begged to permit him to go to the Monastery of the Holy Cross at Coimbra. religious were unwilling to part with so rare a treasure, but the divine will was manifest in the desire of the holy

youth. The Monastery of the Holy Cross, at Coimbra, was at the head of all the houses of the Regular Canons of St. Augustine in Portugal, and the fame of its rict observance had gone throughout pe. Anthony entered therein, to the end of September 1212, after having passed two years in the Monas-tery of St. Vincent. At this period, two miracles occurred to render connicious the hidden virtue of our saint.

A member of the community being taken seriously ill Anthony was as signed to the duty of serving him. The disease had progressed so far that neither skill nor other human agencies could bring any relief. The attending physicians confessed their inability to effect a cure, and every earthly hope was gone. In this extremity our saint betook himself to prayer, and he asked God to do what appeared to be impossi-ble to man. In faith and charity, he merely touched the sufferer, when the nalady disappeared. The sick man in stantly arose, and, running to the church. he extolled the power of God and char ity of His servant.

The other miracle was not less remarkable. It was the custom of Anthony to turn toward the chapel, and adore the Blessed Sacrament whenever heard the sound of the altar bell. One day the bell rang while he was engaged in some duty; and, as usual, he kaelt in fervent adoration. To reward his faith and devotion, the wall opened. and he was able to assist at the Holy Sacrifice celebrated in the adjoining chapel. The Bellandists say that a similar favor was granted to other saints, but the miracle, in this instance, does not become less marvelous.

Anthony's chief aim was to be hidden

in Christ, and deprived of earthly honors, that he might win a crown of celestial glory. Hence he delighted in being assigned to menial duties, but devoted to study and prayer all his time not taken up in other works of obedience. As the bible was his favorite book, so it may be inferred that prayer was his most fruitful study. Thus we read of the Seraphic Doctor, St. Bonaventure, that he pointed to the crucifix, when asked by St. Thomas to

show him the book from which he drew such beautiful doctrine; and Thomas replied: "I shall no long marvel at your proficiency in the sacred science since you apply yourself so assiduously under the guidance of so great a Master. in like manner the prayer at datudy of our saint were so combined that they formed a constant union of his soul with

FEBRUARY 18, 1905.

the Incarnate Wisdom.
At the Monastery of St. Vincent, Anthony was so fortunate as to have for superior, the venerable Gonzalez Men dez, who died in the odor of sanctity At Coimbra, his professor of philoso and theology were graduates of the University of Paris. So great was his genius, so close his application and so tenacious his memory, that he learned by heart the entire Bible; in he was always ready to explain the sacred text with choice passages from the Holy Fathers. Nay, it was believed that he could write the Old as well as the New Testament from memory. Hence he was called the Ark of the Two Covenants

by Pope Gregory IX.

To some it appeared that he was enriched with a wisdom all infused, but it is not necessary to resort to a miracle to account for his excellent memory wonderful genius. choicest gifts were given to him in abundance. A quick perception, strong reasoning powers, and a retentive memory enabled him to amass a fund of knowledge without great effort. ous habits brought forth Nature's fruits The dews of heaven's grace enriched the garden of his soul. There is no wisdom except from God. At the feet of Jesus, and in constant union with the Incarnate Word, the Young Augus tinian Canon became a prodigy of sauc tity and learning.

THE SAINT OF LITTLE INTERRUP. TIONS.

A charming story is told of St. Frances of Rome, that holy wife, mother, foundress of a religious order, widow, and then a nun in the order that she founded. She was born in 1384, and died in 1440; but the story told of her has its peculiar adaptation

of our hurrying, strenuous 1905.
For indeed ours is a hurrying, rest-less, active life today; and "American-itis" is not a thing to be laughed at, but a very serious matter. We many calls upon our time, so little leis ure, so many interruptions, while such constant inroads are made upon our strength and resources, that our nervous faculties are demoralized and our patience is well-nigh gone.

And who is it that does not maintain "little, nagging things worst of all? The trifling interrup tions, the ceaseless chatter, the ratt ing electric cars, the twanging tele phone, the door bell, the callers, the business agents for sewing machines or 'postum cereal," for anything we want or nothing we want, — oh! it may be an age of many conveniences. but they have brought in their train endless an noyances as well. If we could only be still for a while, and attend only to what

is important, to what is great Father Faber has declared that little, constant interruptions form the daily trial, the far from self-imposed mortification of the priest. St. Frances of Rome, however, teaches us something more than that. So now for her story.

One day, this noble Roman lady knelt down in her quiet oratory to say the prayers and read the psalms she dearly loved. It was all so very quiet, and peaceful, and restful, as she read, in Psalm 72, the words: "How good is God to Israel, to them that are a right heart. . . . I am always with Thee. Thou hast held me by my right hand; and by Thy will Thou hast conducted me, and with Thy glory Thou hast received me." But there and then came a knock at her door; her servant waited to say that Lorenzo, her husband, was departing for the chase, and wished to say farewell to her.

Sweetly she rose and left her prayers she was wont to say that " a married o nan must leave God at the altar to find Him in her domestic cares; saw her husband ride away, watching him faithfully till he was out of sight; then she returned to her oratory, only to be interrupted three times m that selfsame verse. to speak to her, she met him with a loving smile; a pilgrim had come from the Holy Land, she humbly knelt and washed his travel stained feet, and reverently heard his story, and gave his food; a gay young nobleman, passing by, came in for an idle chat, and was patiently and courteously received. Not once did a murmur cross those holy sealed against any querulous o complaining utterance by the one sooth ing, uplifting thought of "the will of

But when she went back, peacefully, the fourth time to her little room, i seemed to her she saw a radiant form of heavenly beauty disappear from her prayer-desk; and, on the page of her missal, shone out in golden letters of unearthly loveliness the words of her psalm at which she had been so continually interrupted, and by "little interruptions" only: "I am always with Thee. Thou hast held me by my right "I am always with hand; and by Thy will Thou hast con-ducted me, and with Thy glory Thou hast received me."

Here lies the cure for our nervous less, our worry our "Americanitis if you choose to call it so. ake our little interruptions, as we try to take our great ones, simply and sweetly as the will of God. This is the one thing necessary, and by doing it, we embrace always the Mary; for he who the better part of Mary; for he who does God's will everywhere, in small things as in great things, finds God everywhere, and whether in crowds and tumult, or in prayer and Communion, he stirs not from his place at Jesus' feet. Let us look thus on "little interruptions," that come, uncalled-for but imperative, in our daily lives sooner or later, in God's good time, our restless, nervous, storm tossed beings will become s the whirlpool's central drop."
—Sacred Heart Review.

Send us 50 cents and receive one dczen GOLDEN HARP SHAMROCK for St. Patrick's Day. RED STAR NEWS CO., Lon-

THAT DIVORCE COMPI REPLY TO REV. DR. M'KIM'S TER TO CARDINAL GI

FEBRUARY 18, 190

In the Sua (New York) of there appeared an open let ed to Cardinal Gibbons by Randolph H. McKim, par Church of the Epiphany, The letter was copied dailies in other cities. In Sanday last appeared th masteriul reply, written b John Webster Melody, of t the Catholic University of To the Editor of the Su

an open letter published in January 8th, the Rev. Dr. tor of the Episcopal Ch Epiphany, Washington, I exception to the following Cardinal Gibbons reported more San of November 4: "The recent convention apparently made an ender promise on the subject.

Gospel, which prohibits and women who are ried from entering into According to Dr. McK no compromise on the que riage and divorce at the tion of the Episcopal Chu

effective remedy is to go

He said : "The distinct issue, was this: "Shall the Ch the attitude which it has this subject of marriage since 1808 and graft up-law a modified recognition ciple of the absolute indi-marriage? The battle of fought out on that issue, was not a compromise, bu re-assertion of the right of party in a divorce for adultery to marry again.

As president of the c do not forget that Dr. M. do not forget that Dr. M position to know the cleancements. Neverthele accept the testimony affor ports contained in the caccredited Episcopal organical ing Church, we are say that Dr. McKim's compromising canon is can generally be accept that this action of the Ho last fall was radically that of the clerical and The former were for the of the canon that would marriage even of the atter divorce for the cau To this the clerical and dissented, and it was only day previous to the clerical and the cl canon modifying the abs canon modifying the acceptance of the two houses of an agreement was final was this canon, which canon, either of the canon, either of the canon, either that received the trees of the canon, either that received the canon. puties, that received the

majority of which Dr.

PROOF OF ITS COMPRO

McKim justly describe

Nor, we venture to

TER.

in this final enactmen them merely "provisi them merely "provision prevent the abuse of canon." The requirem should elapse after the of divorce before the may apply for remarr the other conditions it second nuptials may b may of course be un safeguards thrown abs existing canon. But t are not the only conte ment. For it is "p that it be within the minister to decline to minister to decline to marriage "—the rem innocent party. Thi dare to say, is altogeth it is just herein that th character of the legisl this law having been piscopalian pastor marry a man or wom tion who should ask their nuptials, ever had been the guil a divorce brought of adultery; even rigidly complied win though in the highest furch there has been of Dr. McKim, "the tion of the right of a in a divorce for the to marry again." pastor such discreti may not say that th anything like mere ca It can only defer scruples on the par

> Can a better sample measure be afforded THE GOSPEL Dr. McKim declar accord with the sta Gibbons that "th remedy in this quest go back to the Gospais official relations vention his word when he says that the canon that fin body were of the sar observed that Dr. M for those who favo that was eventually would not, however ers of the House majority of the House sitting in a commit These, no less than voted for the succ dare say, would opinion regarding Gospel to the quest of Bishops and the in the co fer the absolute in riage. And so will attitude toward the ing the only effect

Therefore, while it

marriage after a div

it implicitly declares

to proclaim the rig

sacred grounds call

eause of education