

REPLY TO REV. DR. MCKIM'S... THE SUE (New York) there appeared an open letter to Cardinal Gibbons by Randolph H. McKim...

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

SPANISH JOHN.

BEING A MEMOIR, NOW FIRST PUBLISHED IN COMPLETE FORM OF THE EARLY LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF COLONEL JOHN McDONNELL, KNOWN AS SPANISH JOHN, WHEN A LIEUTENANT IN THE COMPANY OF ST. JAMES, OF THE REGIMENT IRLANDIA, IN THE SERVICE OF THE KING OF SPAIN DURING THE WAR IN ITALY.

BY WILLIAM MELNAN.

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. H. A. 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 have been this winter. Do you understand?"

"I do, sir." "Very well. Now, honour for honour. I will take up your affair with this man Creach, 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 work. Good-bye!" 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 times I 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 himself had chosen to fore name it when we met with him at Aquapendente, otherwise honourable men would never have answered for him as they did. But this is by the way.

I went forth from the Palace with my head in a whirl; for, though I was satisfied with the part I had played towards Creach, there was my promise to the Colonel, and, despite every effort, I could not 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 admitted to his room. When I entered he was sitting at his table alone, and, somewhat, when I saw his kind old face, I knew suddenly why none of my excuses would answer; I had been deceiving this old man who had been like a father to me, who had never treated me save with kindness, and had trusted me without questioning. I was so overcome that I could not speak—overwhelmed with an utter sense of wretchedness—until he stretched out his hand and said, gently, "Come."

"Oh, Father," I cried, "let me leave the College! Let me go away!" too much to think of anything else. "No, no, Giovanni. That would be a coward's way of meeting trouble. Come, tell me what the matter is, and we will see if there is not some better way out than turning your back on it, 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 it, I was always glad when talking with him. So I blurted out the story of my doings, to all of which he listened in his quiet, gentle way, helping me out when I found it hard to go on, until the whole story was told, whereupon I felt a mighty relief, for the worst was now over and I had quite made up my mind as to what part I would take very much on."

After all, he did not say very much in way of blame, except that I should 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 to lose a school-boy's quarrels. "Among plotters and schemers," he said, "with some touch of scorn, and my most meet with strange company, and, if you will take up with such, you may have to welcome Captain Creach and his wife. Now I am not going to talk with you to night, and I want you to think on the matter well over until I have seen Colonel MacDonnell and have determined what is best to be done. I am only sorry, Giovanni, that you have not trusted in your best friend. And with a heavy heart I said good-night, and took my way to my room alone."

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

A hint he was wise enough to take; and, grumbling something about "like father, like son," he left me once more alone. 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 studious to me or my hopes. "Well, my dear Giovanni," he said, "so you did not wish to discuss your future with Father Paolo. He tells me that you have caught somewhat of the busyness 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 be rude."

So, with this introduction, we began our argument, and to all he said I assented, but assured him I should make but a sorry priest if I must work

always in another calling. "My father promised that neither he nor you would 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 my 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.

So 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 parted of chocolates and sugar biscuits, and made polite conversation until the object of our visit was brought; thereupon, a mighty storm began—that is, a storm from His Eminence, for we stood side by side in the middle of the great room, silent before the torrent 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 into a House of God had a training school for every worthless 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 Hungary's service, I will see you are strongly recommended to persons of the greatest interest, and a recommendation will mean advancement."

"Oh, Father," I said, "I could not do that! The Regiment Irlandia was my Uncle Scotto's 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 if the regiment were fighting for the Grand Turk himself?" and he smiled again.

"No, Father," I said, "making nothing to laugh at, 'it could make no difference to me; I would be only a cadet.'"

"Well, well," he said, quietly, "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 me a tailor, by whom I was measured for two full suits of regimentals; a broker, with side-arms and equipment; and, to my great satisfaction, a periwig-maker, who took my size for my first wig, until my hair should grow long enough to be dressed in queue.

At last all was ready, and I swaggered about in my finery, and bade farewell to my comrades, all of whom greatly envied me—even Angus, though he would 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 completed his course, and was to take orders immediately.

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

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 Giovanni. Surely, some time, in a quiet hour, you will turn your heart to me, lonely here within these walls, for I love you like a son, Giovanni, my little one. May God and all His saints have you in their holy keeping this day and forever," and he embraced 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 Aged—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 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 mending. 'Twas I was fine at the needle once, but that's a long ago. I'm good for nothing now but peeling the vegetables and sayin' my prayers."

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

The old woman sat down. She wore a coarse black gown, but her long gingham apron and the white silk handkerchief about her neck were scrupulously clean. Softly resting silver locks framed a sweet, rufled face, that most once had been very beautiful.

"That is a curious crucifix you have there, Catherine," 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, Catherine Blake I was born, and Catherine Blake I'll 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."

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, Catherine," answered Sister Beatrice cheerily. "To-morrow morning we'll arrange it—and I'm certain, 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 woman was leaving the refectory next morning when Sister Beatrice again sought Catherine Blake. Taking her by the hand, she led her into the garden.

"Catherine," 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."

Catherine did not speak. Side by side two women entered the infirmary, where the old man lay dying. In a moment Catherine was leaning over him.

"Do you know me, Arthur?" she asked, wiping the tears from her cheeks with one old shriveled hand, while the other rested on his outside covert.

"Surely I do, Cathie," he said, quite 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—I was very bitter once—but I never married."

his lonely hours with devout conversation. 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 precede the use of reason. Docility, compassion for the poor, and an earnest desire to be taken to the church filled his parents with consolation.

At the Monastery of St. Vincent, Anthony was so fortunate as to have for superior, the venerable Gonzalez Mendez, who died in the odor of sanctity. At Coimbra, his professor of philosophy and theology were graduates of the University of Paris. So great was his genius, so close his application and so zealous 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 is 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 and wonderful genius. Nature's 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. Studiosity had brought forth Nature's fruits. The dew 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 Augustinian Canon became a prodigy of sanctity and learning.

THE SAINT OF LITTLE INTERRUPTIONS.

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 1381, 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, restless, active life today; and "Americanitis" is not a thing to be laughed at, but a very serious matter. We have so many calls upon our time, so little leisure, so many interruptions, while such constant interruptions 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 that "little, nagging things" are the worst of all? The trilling interruptions, the ceaseless chatter, the rattling electric cars, the twanging telephone, 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 annoyances as well. If we could only be still for awhile, 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 devoutly 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 of 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 woman must leave God at the altar to find Him in her domestic cares;"—she 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 more at that selfsame verse. Her child wanted 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 him food; a gay young man, passing by, came in for an idle chat, and was patiently and courteously received. Not once did a murmur cross those holy lips, sealed against any querulous or complaining utterance by the one soothing, uplifting thought of "the will of God."

But when she went back, peacefully, the fourth time to her little room, it seemed to her she saw a radiant form of heavenly beauty on the page of her prayer-book; and, as the words of her missal, shone out in golden letters of unearthly loveliness, those of her palm 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 hand; and by Thy will Thou hast conducted me, and with Thy glory Thou hast received me."

Here lies the cure for our nervousness, our worry our "Americanitis." If you choose to call it so. We must take 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 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 imperious, in our daily lives sooner or later, in God's good time, our restless, nervous, storm tossed beings will become "calm as the whirlpool's central drop."

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