

THE PROFESSOR'S SACRIFICE

THE SACRED HEART REVIEW

The professor threw down his pen. The last word was written, the work was done. The most pile of closely written manuscript on the table before him represented months of patient toil before which the strongest day laborer would shrink appalled. Days whose long mental strain knew no relaxation, when the needs of the body were almost forgotten; nights when the taxed brain, still whirling under the fierce pressure, could not be soothed to rest. But now it was done, the work that would rouse the admiration of all his contemporaries, that would give him the only immortality, so, which he hoped, the work that, like the mighty tower of old, was reared defiantly against the power and wisdom and justice of the living God.

Of a statesman. You cannot know Sister Angela without believing there is some place better than earth where such women belong. But here in the room of my poor young patient. You may guess he is in a bad way when even Sister Angela cannot manage him. I have been obliged to get a strong man to hold him in his paroxysms. They entered to half-open door as he spoke. On the spotless bed, in the middle of the little room, lay the pitiful wretch of a once glorious manhood. The gaunt, wasted form still showing what had been its early strength and grace, the well-shaped head, with its dark, curling locks, must once have been a fitting model for an Apollo or an Antinous. Now it lay so rigid and gleamingly bare that the doctor thought for a moment all was over. "Come, has he?" he asked of the man who had met him near the doorway. The nurse shook his head. "No, but just worn out after one of his wild spells. He will break out again in a minute; his pulse is strong yet. I don't see how he holds out. "Keep firm as quiet as you can! This is Professor Lester, the gentleman he has been asking for. When he rouses, let him see him."

unfaltering in its hope; angelic in its tender charity. When it was over, the dying man was sobbing like a passionate child, his hand clasped in that of the sweet saint beside him. "Send Father Down here; he will see him now," he whispered to the attendant. As the man left the room the professor followed him, gropingly, like one flattered after long darkness. The calm, pure eyes of the kneeling sister had not turned to the stranger in the shadowy room, but worn, changed, spiritualized into higher beauty as she was, the professor recognized Sister Angela at the first glance. She was the woman he had loved in the long ago. Two days afterward a bulky package was received at "La Misericorde," directed to Sister Angela. She read the accompanying letter with amazement; "My Dear Madam—I trust you will not consider this an intrusion of a forgotten past upon the noble duties of the present. I was a reluctant visitor at your hospital last Thursday, and your words, your example, your youth whose living arrangements of me and my unapproached teachings I can never forget. I recognized you at a bedside, and in the light of your life-work I saw mine. Years ago I made you an offering which you wisely refused, it was, as I see now, beneath your acceptance. To-day I venture to make you another. The package I send you is a work upon which I have expended all the powers of my ripened years. It is an attack upon that Christian faith which makes lives like yours possible. "With that death-bed scene before me, I dare not give it to the world. I lay it at your feet. Do with it what you will. Faithfully and respectfully yours,

LAMBERT LESTER.

There were tears in Sister Angela's eyes as she gazed at the bulky of closely-written manuscript. She knew enough of Lambert Lester's character to understand what this "offering" was to him. Then in a little brazier before the altar of the Sacred Heart she made the burnt offering, and as it went with sweet odours of incense, the pagan sacrifice went up to heaven, and Sister Angela's pure prayer arose with it that he who walked so uprightly in the darkness might see and know, the light. And that prayer was heard. The professor's dim morning dream is again a reality. Holding a mother's hand, he again walks through holy ways "as a little child."

THE BALLAD OF GREY NORRIS

Norris of Keem, the rich Lord of Achill, To land good soil for his garden bed Sent down his vassals to Doogort Abbey To fetch the dust of the holy dead. Full deep they burrowed, with ribald jesting (Beneath the walls and the cross-marked stones Dark clay they took for his garden's dressing. Piling in heaps the uncovered bones, Bleached and whitened by rain and wind-blust Naked and pitiful things were they, Till spoke Grey Norris, "A great fire build ye, Consume this plague from my sight away."

They built the fire 'gainst the abbey's chancel (It's blood-red mark doth the peasant show). The hallowed relics of God's own servants Crumbled to ashes within its glow.

Norris of Achill, one night walked homeward By the dark road through the abbey wood. Sudden he stopped and his veins ran icy, A great red wolf-hound against him stood.

Was it a hound?—for the form was changing— Lo! as he looked 'twas a fiery horse. Grey Norris shielded his eyes in terror. Then gazed again—on a shrouded corpse.

The dead approached him all grisly staring, And caught his hand in a cold, cold grasp. Home thro' the night went the Lord of Achill, And never the dead hand loosed its grasp.

Loud in the castle they heard a knocking, And quick unbolts the ponderous door; Grey Norris entered his marbled hall-way, A gibbering madman for evermore. —Rev. J. B. Dollard in the Gael.

THE CROWN AND QUINLAN'S ASS.

An Irish exchange reports a scene in the House of Commons—Mr. Reddy put the following question: "I beg to ask the chief secretary whether his attention has been called to the case of the larceny of Quinlan's ass, which was the only case to go before the grand jury at Tillamore assizes, and to the remarks of Mr. Justice Johnston. The attorney-general for Ireland said his attention had been called to the newspaper report of this case. The magistrates returned the accused in the case for trial on the charge of larceny. The depositions in the case disclosed a strong prima facie case. Mr. Reddy—"May I ask is it not true that Judge Johnston censured the crown solicitor for bringing this case forward?" Mr. Flavin—"Can the right honorable gentleman say what was the age of Quinlan's ass?" (Laughter.) The attorney-general did not reply. Mr. Roche—"I desire to know, will the right honorable gentleman act on the suggestion of Judge Johnston, viz., that when Quinlan's ass comes to the end of his days he be stuffed and carefully preserved in the National Museum in Dublin?" (More laughter.)

A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT

MARCOLEA ROCK IN BENZIO'S MAGAZINE

"Jem Kenyon, of all men!" Edgar, Mayfield ejaculated, delightedly. "Jem old fellow, where did you sprang from?" Jem Kenyon laughed. His friend's greeting recalled the days when they had been close chums at Stonyhurst. "From the Hotel Meggopole immediately. Previously from South Australia." "You have been touring, I recollect. And now have you come home to get down to a country squire's life?" Mayfield asked. "Probably not; but I have no plans. The time was somewhat dull. "Not for to-day even?" "No. I have been wandering aimlessly about. London is unattractive," Jem said. "Then I'll tell you what I'm at the Langham. Had to come up to town over some confounded law business. Dine with me, and we'll go afterward to the Haymarket. There's a play running there written by a friend of my wife's."

Jem agreed. The meeting between the two men had taken place not very far from the office occupied by Mr. Mayfield's lawyer, and that gentleman's thoughts were more occupied with his old friend than with his law business as he walked on ward when the two parted.

"I'll see something of Jem, anyway," he said to himself. "Bertha would not welcome him at the Laurels on account of his treatment of Miss Courtney. I never could understand Jem behaving so badly in that affair. I suppose he must have felt that his action was shabby when he started out to travel round the globe. I must not touch the subject of matrimony this evening or I'll blunder. Bertha says I always do."

Notwithstanding Mr. Mayfield's efforts to confine the after-dinner conversation to reminiscences of college days, the talk at length drifted to the subject he was anxious to avoid. "And so you're married?" Jem said, after a pause. Mr. Mayfield nodded. "To anyone I know?" "Yes; Bertha Newcombe." "Oh, Bertha! Bertha and I were very good friends once."

"We were married two years ago, and after a short wooing," Mr. Mayfield informed his friend; and then he made an effort to get back to Stonyhurst, but Jem was not so disposed. "It was at the Newcombes' place that I met with the—" Jem paused for a word—"with the disappointment that sent me wandering from England."

"At Abbeyland?" Mr. Mayfield questioned doubtfully, and rather at a loss what to say. "Yes. I was engaged to Marion Courtney at the time. You know that?" "Yes. I heard something—nothing definite, you know—of—of—" "Of the engagement being broken off?" Jem put in. "Yes. Of course Bertha didn't, nor does not understand—" Mr. Mayfield paused, and remembered that his wife insisted that Jem Kenyon had been very much to blame, even if she did not, as she admitted, understand the entire circumstances under which the engagement between Marion Courtney and Jem Kenyon had ended five years before.

"I dare say not. However, here are the facts. I need not say how I loved Marion."

Mr. Mayfield nodded. "Well, we were engaged, and our marriage was to take place on the autumn. Marion had been staying at Abbeyland, and when Charlie Newcombe asked me to run down from town with him for a few days I gladly consented. We arrived unexpectedly, and found the entire family, and Marion also, absent at a picnic, or something of that kind. Charlie left me in an apartment used by his sisters as a sort of workroom while he went to find out where the picnic was held. He had some intention of joining the party."

"Yes," Mr. Mayfield said, as Jem hesitated. "I was fully turning over some magazines when the wand from an open window blew a few loose pages of note-paper from a writing-table across the floor. As I lifted the last sheet I saw it was partly covered with Marion's writing, and was intended for me. The opening words of the communication were a shock. I remember them too well. They were: 'Dear James—Since coming here I have learned that our engagement is a wretched mistake. You did not give me time to know my mind, and I mistook friendship for love. My now another has brought me that such a mistake must be righted. I know that you will agree to the cancelling of this unfortunate engagement. I think I should say that it is Francis.' The letter broke off there. Possibly Marion had been interrupted while writing."

"Well?" "Much to Charlie Newcombe's surprise, I insisted on returning to town. From thence I sent Marion the letter that gave her the freedom she craved, and next day I left England."

Mr. Mayfield rubbed his head, a way he had when puzzled. (When he spoke however, it was to suggest they get out for the theatre. "A Woman's Way" was by no means badly written; the principal characters in the play were taken by well-known actors and actresses, and the scenery and dresses were superb. Nevertheless, neither Jem Kenyon nor his companion gave it very close attention. Mr. Mayfield was trying to recollect his wife's certainly rather vague account of Jem's action over his engagement and Jem's own, while the latter was thinking of the past. Suddenly he was very effectively roused from his thoughts. A man was reading aloud the identical words in which Marion Courtney had forewarned her engagement. He looked forward in his

seat, and heard the actor repeat some additional words. "What does it mean?" he whispered to Mr. Mayfield. "Those were Marion's words."

"I don't know," his companion replied, when he took in the nature of the question. "Only—" Mr. Mayfield stopped, doubtful of his own wisdom, and wished his wife were near. Then he blurted out, "Miss Courtney is the author of the play."

"Miss Courtney! Is she not married?" "She wasn't a week or two ago."

"And she wrote this play? I remember the title and she could write one, but I never knew she attempted anything of the kind."

"The 'Woman's Way' has been before the public for a length of time, but I never witnessed it before."

"Come away, Mayfield," Jem said, excitedly. "I may have made a mistake. Come somewhere where we can talk." And an hour or so later the two were still endeavoring to explain the coincidence.

"Did Marion write any portion of the play at Abbeyland, do you think?" Mr. Mayfield asked the sixth time, and his friend shook his head. How should he know? He did know that it was while staying at Abbeyland that she learned that she had lost the greater part of her fortune.

"Her guardian absconded, or something," Mr. Mayfield explained. "I have heard Burton say how quietly she took the news."

"Lost her fortune?" "The greater part of it. However, she did not grieve over that misfortune; and she even something by her writings, I believe."

At length the two separated for the night. Mr. Mayfield was about early next morning, and despatched a telegram to his wife. Her reply caused him to send a second message. Then, with what the family hoped was an impressive countenance, he sought Jem, and found him at luncheon.

"See here, Jem," he said. "I am going home this afternoon. Come with me, and talk over old times with Bertha. She'll be delighted to see you."

Jem demurred. "I won't take a refusal, old fellow—so there. You can return as soon as you please." And Jem consented to accompany his friend to the Laurels. He wondered a little at Mr. Mayfield's restlessness and very evident excitement as the train bore them northward, but his own affairs occupied his mind for the most part.

"There, there," Mr. Mayfield said impatiently, after he had peered from the door of the pretty village station-house, never mind the luggage, Jem. One of the porters will see to it till the cart comes. Come along!" And passing his arm through Jem's, he led him to where a stylish landau was drawn up.

"I have brought an old friend with me, Miss Courtney," Mr. Mayfield said to the lady who occupied a seat in the vehicle. "You haven't forgotten Jem Kenyon?"

Jem took off his hat with mechanical politeness, and held forth his hand. He did not notice that Marion Courtney's voice shook as she murmured some conventional words, nor that the soft pink flush faded from her cheeks. Mr. Mayfield shoved him into the carriage.

"Please tell Bertha, Miss Courtney, that I have a message to deliver to Dr. Gray," that gentleman said. "No, no, from—to the coachman—" You need not wait. I prefer walking home."

"And how," Mr. Mayfield said to himself, as the carriage moved away, "surely they can put everything straight during a five-mile drive."

Mr. Mayfield was not mistaken. His wife met him at the hall door. "O Edgar, it was all a dreadful mistake. The letter Mr. Kenyon saw was a copy of one to be used in the play Marion was writing. She didn't wish anyone to know she was attempting the like. Then she got Mr. Kenyon's letter, on which he merely said that the best thing he could do in the new state of affairs was to leave her free. Marion naturally thought he referred to her loss of fortune."

"And now?" "Oh, it is all right, of course. I could hardly make any sense of your first telegram—" "One can't explain much in a telegram," Mr. Mayfield put in apologetically. "And Marion wondered why I insisted that she should go to the station. And, Edgar, the wedding is to be almost immediately. But we can't wait. They dread lest there should be another broken engagement, perhaps," Mr. Mayfield said, and laughed.

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten its fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis, and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest.

UNIQUE.

"I think we ought to give this wedding a display head on the first page," said the city editor. "Our of the ordinary, is it?" asked the managing editor. "Well, I should say it was," answered the city editor; "why, there was no 'tower of roses,' no 'floral bell,' no 'wide-spreading canopy,' no 'blushing bride,' nothing 'beautiful in its simplicity,' no 'solemn strains to the 'Gawdies' melody,' no—"

"Enough!" cried the managing editor. "Double lead it and give it a scare head; it's the only one of the kind!"

PERSONAL.

A literary contemporary notes the fact that the Scotch medal for education which was recently competed for in Glasgow was awarded to an Irishman, Mr. J. J. Moran, who comes from Sligo. Mr. Moran is well-known in the publishing world north of the Tweed.

Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., has consented to preside at the next meeting of the London Metropolitan Branch of the United Irish League, to be held in the Ruchelieu Room, Hotel Cecil, on April 21th, when Mr. Wm. Boyce will read a paper on "The Gentlemen of Ireland."

A Glasgow telegram states that Archbishop Byrne has been seized with a slight attack of paralysis, and his condition is causing some anxiety. The Archbishop, who is 81 years of age, has been in charge of the Catholic Church in Glasgow since seventy-eight.

A seventeen-year-old actress, in regard to whose future career there has been much interesting speculation on account of her success, as Miss Maud Fealy, who is known as "the youngest leading woman on the American stage," the youngest Juliet. Miss Fealy was practically discovered by the late Augustus Daly, who built high hopes on her, and formed ambitious plans for her career.

The oldest French Canadian newspaper in the city of Quebec, "Le Courrier du Canada," has just suspended publication. Hon. Thomas Chapais, ex-president of the Legislative Council, and ex-provincial minister, was its chief editor and owner. "Le Courrier du Canada" was founded in 1857, in the interest of the Conservative party, by Sir Hector Langlois, the Abbe Racine, who died as Bishop of Sherbrooke, and the late Dr. J. C. Tache.

Madame Elizabeth Van Hoes Ten Broeck, who died on the Feast of St. Joseph, at the convent of the Sacred Heart, Eden Hall, Slatersdale, Pa., was an extremely interesting personality, chiefly as a convert to the faith from the old Dutch Protestant stock, which has given also to the Church in America the late Most Rev. Jas. Roosevelt Bayle, D.D., eighth Archbishop of Baltimore, and the Rev. Henry van Rensselaer, S.J., of New York.

Harriet Spencer DeCosta, wife of Dr. Benjamin F. DeCosta, the well-known convert, died at her home in New York last week. Mrs. DeCosta was a daughter of Harvey Spencer, and was a widow when she married Dr. DeCosta. Her eccentricities are said to have been caused by the death of her son. Dr. DeCosta and his wife were personally presented to the Pope on a visit to Rome some years ago, and received the Pope's blessing, which Dr. DeCosta afterward enumerated as among the influences which led him to leave his former faith.

Mrs. Kingsley-Tarpey, who published last week a first volume, entitled "Idylls of the Fells," is a daughter of the late Mr. John Kingsley, of Manchester, who was in early years a devoted friend and fellow-student of Thomas Davis. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy in his "Memoir of Thomas Davis," quotes some of Kingsley's letters to his friend. It was in replying to him in 1845, asking for guidance in the study of Irish history, that Thomas Davis made his most earnest injunction to study Gaelic. "The native language," he insisted, "should be cherished not only because it was the most necessary instrument of all original research in our early history, but because without it the geography, music and nomenclature of the century would be unintelligible."

A POLISH NOVELIST.

Henryk Sienkiewicz has written, purely from a love of the art, indeed for Poland, authorship, unless combined with journalism, as a luxury which none but the rich can afford. Auth and there are the backs of the book-mellers, the conditions of Great Street prevail, and the payment for a sheet of sixteen pages falls below what even a moderately popular author in England receives for his thousand words. Fortunately for modern literature, Sienkiewicz is a man of fortune. A curious particularity about Sienkiewicz's method of work is that he invariably uses red ink. His red ink is as much his fetish as the golden drying-sand is Zola's, or the little Nuremberg figurines are Ibsen's. He is a great traveller and a lover of sport and adventure. He has held his own against pirates, he has shot lions, he has fought with crocodiles on the banks of the Kingarzi Wami, and has been attacked by an infuriated hippopotamus.

She is a pretty Canadian girl, spending the winter in Berlin and wrestling with "that awful German language," which Mark Twain has so delightfully described; but if her German is painful to her neighbors it cannot be more astonishing than the English to which she is compelled to listen. She has written back to her friends in America the record of her exploits in belled-ship and as modestly as is becoming in one with a long line of social successes.

"I must write you an extract," she says, "from a note one of the German officers wrote me. He is stationed at Bremen, but came up here for his holidays and took me to a dance. The spirits bear witness I shall never go to another German dance. But this is the extract:—"

"I am glad that I made your association on my holidays, and that I could be about you on the last hours of my presence at Berlin on the ball, which shall be by you the most agreeable dancing."

"As if that were not sufficient in the way of elegant English phraseology for me to think over for the winter," she continues, "he has sent me a photograph of himself and has written:—"

"May it be an remaining remembrance of some wonderfully fine together spent fortunately days."

"Heigho! His mother has been here to negotiate with my mother in true German style—but any. I fear that after we were married, our days would not be so wonderfully fine together, most fortunately."