## THE PROFESSOR'S SACRIFICE

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The last mord was written, the work man done. The most pile of closely written manuscript on the table before him represented months of pafore him represented months of pa-tient hold before which the strongest day daborer would shrink appalled. Days whose long mental strain knew no relations, when the needs of the body were almost forgotten; nights when the taxed brain, still whirling under the fierce pressure, could not be scothed to rest. soothed to rest.

But now et was done, the work that would rouse the udmifration of all his confreres, that would give him the only anmortality so, which he hoped; the work that, like the mighty tower of old, was reated defaultly against the gower and wisdom and justice of the diving God.

Not that the professor had any such satume intention; indeed, he cherished vague, hender mensories of a certain phadowy old cathedral, through whose meensed under, echoing with solemn chants, the had been led by his sweetfaced Catholic mother at the far-off mast.

But this memory only lingered like a poetic fancy, a morning dieam. His mother had died in his early child-hood; his father, a careless parent, had married spain; and life had become stern, hand prose. A godless home, godless schools, godless teachers, had thone their work. Now at durty-five, the professor was as honest to pagam as any who lived before the Star of Bethlehem beamed on the darkened world II down in his deep,

darkened incided If down in his deep, strong hature, there were any doubts, olamorings, ilongings, he silenced them with the shibboleth of his clan. "I cannot hee—I do not know."
The professor was a bachelor. Many yours ago a beautiful and noble women had crossed his path, to whom his heart had yielded the homage that is only given once in a liftined. His love had been hopeless; aircady her pure soul find chosen the "better part" and, a few months after her gentle but decoded rejection of his suit, she had entered a religious order abroad Since then Soience had been the only queen of his life, and right royally

man entered a trengmos order aboutly gueen of his life, and right royally frad she rewafded his service. As a writer, 'ecta.cr. teacher, this fame extended over two continents; and now this work which he had just completed be felt, with a thrill of pride, would be his crown.

It was the close of a wintry day when the professor put the last stroke upon his manuscrapt, and rising, with a flong high of relief, looked out of mis window. If he avestern sky burned with a crimson sunset that was flashed back from the city's apires and case ments hugh! It melted softly into the violet blandows gathering among the violet sleadows gathering among eastern hills.

the eastern fills.

There was no warring of the light and darkness; but in the opaline gulf, between, one istar already trembled on the very borderland of night and day. Just opposi'e the professor's apartments was a little Gothne church, with whose pustor, an old French priest, the had a slight acquaintance. It was bodality evening, and as he stood watching the sunset, the solemn tones of the organ, accompanying a tones of the organ, accompanying a chorus of sweet young voices, welled

chorus of sweet young voices, werear through the air.

"Father Blanc seems holding high festivel this evening." said the pro-fessor with a smile, as he flung up the sash that he might better hear, the music which recalled the sweet

the music which recalled the sweet dream of early childhood the clearer vision of her who had turned from him into high mist-veiled paths beyond his sight and reach.

Anid awary with the long strain of effort, the professor stood lost in softening freverie when as hearty clap on the shoulder boused him to meet the cheery gaze of his old friend, Doctor Grey, who had entered unobserved.

"I knooked three times, Lester, and secong the door ajar ventured to push

"I knooked three times, Lester, and, seeing the door a jar ventured to push it open. Whal's the matter? Are you hypocitical?"
"No," jarid the professor laughing, "I was simply relaxing; unbending the flow after a long strain. It has been it year since I have taken time to dream."

to dream."
"I am glad to find you at leisure,"
continued the doctor, diristly, "I came
with an odd request. There is a poor
young chap dying in "La Misericorde"
who begra to see you."

young chap dying in "La Misericorde" who begs to see you."
"Who as the?" aske I the professor.
"Oh, tyou don't know him. His name is Ward—Philip Ward—and though not more than twenty-three or four, not more and twenty-ting the fines, I judge, run the gamuil of life protty trapidly. It has brought him down in a quick decline, and he is in a fine day, usind and body."

"But what can I do fon han f" quer-

ied (the professor.
"Absolutely mothing that I can see."

"Absolutely holfling that if can see," was the gram answer. "It's one of those queer slying dancies that one camplet account for; but he seems to think you can quiet him; give him backbone ito meet the inevitable. It seems thalf he has attended your lectures; read your books; in short, regards you as a sort of high priest of the new scientific out, and feels that you can obeer or encourage him. I you can cheer or encourage him. I told him I would see you this evening

for the poor lad's hours are numbered. [Will you come ?"

"Cortainly," answered the professor, though conscious of chilling reluctance to visit. "I will go with you

It was but a short distance to "La Miscricurde." It was a superbnew, building the bequest of a wealthy philanthropist to his mative city—entirely firee and con-sectarian in its beneficence; manged by trustees, and attended by physicians of all denominations. Its founder has made only one binding clause—that it should be under the Sisters of Cherity for ever."

"And a level-heated arrangement," said Doctor Gray, as he led his friend through the grounds and entrance

said Doctor Gray, as he led his friend through the grounds and entrance hall. "No fussing; no love-making; no fighting for places and salaries. There's a woman here in charge that I believe could command an army; they imported for for us. She has been through war, famine, and pestilence above, and fears nothing. She like the feart of a salar, and the head 

The professor threw down his pen. I all the professor three was done. The most pile of closely written an anuscript on the table before him copresented months of particular full before which the stronger day daborer would shrank appalled. Days whose long mental strain knew in the professor of t strong man to hold him in his parox-

> They entered to half-open door at he spoke. On the spotless bed, in the middle of the little room, lay the pitiful wreck of a once glorious man

> The gaunt, wasted frame still show ing what had been its oarly strength and grace, the well-shaped head, with its dark, curling locks, must once have been w fatting model for an Apollo or an Antraous. Now it lay so rigid and ghastly or fits pillow that the doctor

ghastly on the pillow that the doctor thought for a moment all was over "Gone, has he ?" he asked of the man who had thet han near the doorway. The nurse shook has head.
"No, ba; just won out after one of his wild spells. He will break out again in a minute; his pulse is strong yet. I shou't see how he holds out." "Keep firm as quiet as you can! This is Brofessor Loster, the gentleman he has been asking for. When he rouses, let him see him."

lot him see him.

Idt ham see him."

And the doctor hurried away to his other patients.

"You lare not a clergyman, sir?"
said the nurse doubtfully.

"No," was the answer.

"Because I couldn't youch for my patients."

"No," was the answer.
"Because I couldn't vouch for my patient's civility if you were. He raves at the very mention of one. Take a chair, lift, the is rousing now."
The dying man turned restlessly on his faillow as his visitor scated himself at this bedefide. The face that met the professor's gaze was that of an absolute littranger, yet the dark burning eyes, lumken in their exvernous sockets, thashed with recognition.
"Professor Lester!" was the hoarsely-gasped greeting "Yau've come to me; I thought you would."
"Certainly," was the kindly reply, as the professor look the icy hand extended to tim. "I am glad to be of any bervice to you. What can I do for you!"
"Do for me! What have yo been doing all these years."

"Do for me! Wdart nave young all these years."

"All these years," repeated the professor, mystified. "My dear friend, I fear foot mistake me for someone else. We hrave never, to my knowledge, met before. I do not know you."

"But I have known you," panted the sick man eagerly. "I've heard your

"But I frave known you." panted the sirk man eagerly. "I've heard your lectures; read your books, your writings. You've traught me to see things as you bee them, prafessor, to break loos: from tall the cursed shackles the prating, canting fools would put on us; to be a man—a free man. I've done ft."

The implessor shrank from the evil

the it of the a man-a recommendation of the colding that that the shear into the dying eye. "There wasn't any heaven or helt to stop me; so why shouldn't a fellow have his swing? Mine was a wide swing and a fane one, though it seems it maken't to be a long one. Now they the stop me to die "wo they to die"—a khiver convulsed the gaunt frame—"to die. I've believed in you, professor. You've studied and read and bettled any all these things, I know. I've heard you knock all the priests' and parsons' teachings to bits. I want tyou to tell me mow, again, so it I want you to tell ma now, again, so it will stready me, what this thing they call klying is i"

will steady me, what this thing they call dying is?"

There was a moment's silence; the professor found himself mastered by a hortor, a repulsion too deep for words. This shartened, evil wreck boasting himself his pupil; appealing to him for guidance and help. But this mast no time for protest of argument; the burning eyes, the working lips, the dealth-damp on the brow, compelled is brief and kindly reply;—"Death is the end of all pain, all weakness, all sorrow, all suffering," he answered gravely.

"Do you know that? How do you know it?" gasped 'the sick man, clutching his drand.

"That's twhat comes troubling me in the darkness; that's what burns in my forain and sounds in my wars; that

my forain and sounds in my cars. ; that what is driving me mad with--cold, orecepting fear. Do you know, it's the end? Because if you do, I'll snap any fingers at death and all that the cold is the cold of the cold of

it brings. I'll believe what you tell me. Look in my face; tell me—as man to man—do you believe that dying is the cald of all? Do you know?" The professor, honest gentleman that the was, could only reply;—"My friend, d casswar you as I think, as I believe. I carnot see, I do not know?"

as I believe. I camen see, I do not know."
He was temprepared for the awful subburst that threeted his reply. "Liar! traiter!" were the words that with a korrent of awful imprecations fell from lithe fushing lips. "You have fled line to the brink of hell, and you do not know."
[Shrick after shrick rest the air as the worstehed man waithed in another

the swretched man writhed in another wild paroxysm of rago and pain and

fear. Shocked beyond words at his own part in this seeme of despairs the pro-fessor sat mute, bewildered, helpless, while the strong nurse strove to hold while the strong names across to hote the struggling partient, when a slen-der, white-colfed tigure glided to the bedside. "Leave me to him, Sister Angela," warned the attendant; "he may harm

you."
"Hegone, woman, begone," hoursely cried the dying man; "don't come near me with your cant. It is too late.

I am flost."

"Not but, not yet," buswered a low "Not but, not yet," baswered a low voice, sweet but sterm in its melody. "You shall listen ito me, Ward. I will not search you. If an going to kneel here beside you and hitay to the God infinite goodness and love, before whom you soor will uppear, that He may have pit; on your poor soul, and in this last hour of His mercy spare you land save you yet."

And kneeling thoughing words that a child himple, itouching words that a child.

he himple, touching words that a child-could have undergood, for mercy, for phy, for pair tous

It was a heaver mighty in the faith;

unfaltering in its liope; angelic in its tender charsty. When it was ever the dying man was sobbing like a passionchild. Ins hand clasped in that of the aweet maint deside him.
"Send l'ather Louisthere; he will see him now," she whatpared to the at-

tchdont. As the man left the room the pro-fessor followed him, gropingly, like

tessor dollowed him, grophally, like one diazzled after dong darkness. The asim, pure eyes of the kneeling, sister fluid not turned to the stranger in the bhadowy room, but worn, changed, spiritualized into higher hauty as the was, the professor recognized Sister thageta at the direct glance. She was the woman he had loved in the long ago.

Two days afterward a bulky package was acceived at "La Miscricorde," 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 hast upon the noble duties of
the hresent. I was a reluctant visitor ut your hospital last Thursday,
summoned there by an unfortunate
youth whose dyang arraymment of me
and my mis.pprohended teachings I
can hever forget. I recognized you
at hesbedside, and in the light of your
life-work desaw mine. Years ago I
made you an offering which you wisely irefused, the was, as I see now, beneath your acceptance. Ifo-day I vennot consider this an intrusion of a formeath your acceptance. Ho-day I ven-ture to make you another. The pack-age 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 leves like yours possible.

"With that death-bed scene before me, d dare not give it to the world. Iday to 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 bulktof closely-written manuscript. She knew enough of Lambert Lester's career to understand what this "offering" was

Then in a little brazier before the altar of the Sacred Heart she made the burnt offering, and as it blent with swedy 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 the darkness might see and know the

And that prayer was heard. The professor's dim morning dream is grain a reality. Holding a mother's hand, he again walks through holy ways "as a dittle child."

THE BALLAD OF GREY NORRIS

Norms of Keem, the rich Lord of Achall, To find good soil for his garden bed Sent down his vassals to Doogort Ab-

To filch this dust of the holy dead Full deep they burrowed, with ribald

(Bestzing (Besneath the walls and the cross-marked Biones Dark clay they took for his garden's

dressing, Piling in heaps the uncovered bones,

Bleached and whitened by rain and

wind-blasti
Naked and putiful things wore they,
'Till bpoke Grey Norris, "A great fire
build ye,
Consume this plague from my sight away.'

They built the fire 'gaint the abbey's (It's blood-red mark doth the pea-

sant ishow), The frallowed relics of God's own ser Vants Orumbled to ashes within its glow.

Norris of Achill, one night walked

homeward By the dark road through the abbey Sudden me stopped and his veins ran icy,
A great red wolf-hound against him
stood.

Was it a bound?—for the form was changing— Lo! so be looked 'twas a fiery horse. Grey Norris shielded his eyes in ter-

ror.
Then gazed again—on 'a shrouded

The dead approached him all grisly starting, And caught his hand in a cold, cold

clasp; Home thro' the might wout the Lord of Achill,
And never the dead hand loosed its
grass.

Loud in the castle they heard a knock-

And quick unbolted the ponderous door; Grey Norris entered his marbied hall-

A hibbering madman forevermore.

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 Trilamore assizes, and to the remarks of Mr. Justice John-

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 lar-

the case to train in the charge of intecept. The depositions in the case discolered a strong prima face case.

Mr. Reddy—May I sak is it not true that Judge Johnson consuced the crown solicitor for bringing this case

Mr. Flavin-"Com the right honor

Air. Flavin—"Cam 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 Johnson, viz., that when Quinlan's ass comes to the end of his days he be stuffed and carefully preserved in the National Musicolar in Dublish." (More laughters)

## A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT

MACDALEN ROCK IN BENZIGER'S MAGAZINE



Jem Kennyon, of all men!" Edgar, Mayfield ejaculated, delightedly. "Jem old fellow, where did you spring from?" Jem Kennyon laughed. His friend's to Mr. Mayfield. "Those were Margreeting recalled the days when they had been close chums at Stonyhurst. abrow a'noi "From the Hotel Metropole imme-

diately. Previously from South Australia." "You have been touring, I recollect.

And now have you come home to set-tle down to a country squire's lafe ?" Mayfield asked.

"Probably not; but I have no plans."
The tone was somewhat dull.
"Not for to-day even?"
"No. I have been wanderun; aimlessly about. London is unalterer,"

Jem said.
"Then l'Il 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 gentle-i man's thoughts were more occupied with his old friend than with his l. w

business as he walked on and when the two parted.
"I'll see something of Jem, anyway."
he said to himself. "Bertha would not, welcome him at the Laurels on ac-count of his treatment of Miss Court-

count 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 remainiscences of college
days, the talk at length drifted to the

days, the talk at length drifted to the subject he was anxious to avoid. , "And so you're ma'rried?" Jem said, offter 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. Mayand after a short wooding, Mr. May, field enformed 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 Eng-

"At Abbeyland?" Mr; Mayfield questioned doubtfully, and rather at a loss what to say.

"Yes. I was engaged to Marion Courtry at the time. You knew

Yes. I heard something-nothing

"Yes. I heard sometiming—atoming 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 Kennyon had been near much to blame even if she did insisted that Jehr Kenholm 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 Kennyon had ended five years before

"I dare say not. However, here are the facts. I need not say how I lov-ed Marjon."

Mr. Mayfaald nodded. Mr. Mayfield modded.

"Well, we were engaged, and our marriage was to take place or the autumn. Marion had been staying at Abbeyland, and when Charlis Newcombe asked me to wun down from town with him for a few days I gladly consented. We arrived unexpectedly, and found the entire family, and Marion biso, these at a picne, or something of kirut fiend. Charlie left me in an apartment used by his sirers as a sort of workroom whale he tern as a sort of workroom while he want to find our where the picnic was want to grad our wante one point wind held. He shad some intention of join-ing the party."

"Yes," Mr. Mayfield Baid, as Jem

"I was felly turning over some magazes when the wand from an open window blew a few loose pages of note-paper from a writing-table across the floor. Its I lifted the last sheet I saw it was partly covered with Marion's writing, and was intended for line. The opening words of the communication were a shock I remember them too well. They were; Thear James—Since coming here I have learned that our engagement is a wretched mistake. You did not give hesitated. a wretched mistake. You did not give mo time ho know my mird, and I mis-took friendship for dove. Get now an-other has fraught me that such a mistake must be righted. I know that you will agree to the canceling of this unfortunate engagement. I think I should say that it is Francis—' The letter broke off there. Possibly Marion had been intermupted while writ-

ing."
"Well !" "Much to Charlie Newcombe's sur-prise, I fusiated on returning to town. From there I sent Markon the letter that gave her the treedom she crav-ed, and next day I left England." Mr. Mayfield rubbed his head, a way

Mr. Mayfield rubbed his bead, a way he had when puzzled. When he spoke however, it was to suggest they sat out for the theytre.

"A Women's Way" was by so means badly written; the principal characters in the play won taken by well-known actors and antresses, and the somery and dresses were superb. Nevertheless, neither Jem Kennyon nor his commanion waye it very close athis companion gave it very close at-

. Flavin—"Can the right honorgentleman say what was the age
usulan's ass?" (Laughter.)
: attorney-general did not reply.
: Roche—"I desire to know, will
right horiorable gentleman act on
unggestion of Judge Johnson, viz.
when Quinlan's ass comes to the
this days he be stuffed and carepreserved in the National Nutie Dublic." (More lawy re-

addition. I words.

"What does it mean?" he whispered to Mr. Mayfield. "Those were Mar-

ion's words,"
"I don't know," his companion replud, 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 foliuted out, "Mass Courtney is the author of the play."

"Mass Courtney! Is she not married?
"She wasn't a week or two since"

"And she wrote this play? I re-member she often said she could write

member like liften said she could write one, but I never knew she attempted anything of the kind."

"'A 'Womin's 'W iy' has been before the lipuble for a length of time, but I never witnessed it before."

"Come away, M iyfield," Jem said, excitedly. "I miy have made a mistake. Come somewhere where we can talk." And an hour or so later the two wire stall endeavoring to explain the concidence.

explain the concidence.

"Dad Marson write any portion of the play at Abboyland, do you than'?" Jem asked for the fixth time, and his friend shock has head. How should be know? He did know that it was while trained at the latter than the property of the while staying at Abbeyland that she learned that she had lost the greater part of bur fortune.

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

"Lost her fantune ? ' "The greater part of it. However, she did not grieve over than misfortune; and she carns something by her writings, I believe."

writings, I believe."

At dength the two separated for the night. Mr. Mayfield was afoot early next inorming, and despatched a telegram to his wife. Her reply caused him to send a second message. Then, with what the fondly hoped was an impassive countenance, he sought Jenn, and found him at luncheon.

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

Jem idemuting.

tha. She'll be delighted to see you."
Jem idemunred.
"I twon't trake a refusal, old fellow—so there. You can return as soon as you please." And Jem consented to incompany his friend to the Laurels. He wondered a little at Mr. Mayfield's restlessness and very evident exertement as the train bore them southward, but his own affairs occurred his mind for the mostlinger.

occupied his mind for the mostipart.
"There, there," Mr. Mayfield said impartiently, after he shad peered from the door of the pretty village stationhouse, "never mind the luggage, Jem. One of the porters will see to be rill the cert course. Compalers." the cart comes. Come along!" passing his arm through Jem's, he led him to where a sylish landau was

ham to where a synsh landau was drawn hp.
"I have brought an old friend with me, Miss Courtney," Ofr. Mayfield said to the daty who occupied a seat in the vehicle. "You haven't forgotten

the vehicle. "You haven't forgotten Jem Kennyon?"

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 murmared some conventional words, nor that the soft pink flush faded from her checks, Mr. Mayfield shoved him into the carriage.

"Please tell Bertha, Miss Courtney, that if have a message to deliver to

that I have a message to deliver to Dr. Gray," that gentleman said.—"No, no, from,"—to the coachmon—"you need not wait. I prefer waiking

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

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. Kennyon 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. Kennyon's letter, in which he merely tempting the tike. Then she got Mr. Kennyon's letter, on whoch he merely said that the best thing he could do in the new state of affairs was to leave her free. Marion maturally 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 tele-gram," Mr. Mayfield put in apologet-ically.

"And Marion wondered why I insisted that she should go to the station. And, Edgar, the wedding is 10 be almost immediately."

"They dread lest there should be an-other troken engagement, perhaps," Mr. Mayfield said, and laughed.

It may be only a triflir 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 Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the medicine that Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis, and an affections of the throat, lungs and

## UNIQUE.

"I think we ought to give this wedding a display head on he first page," said the city editor.
"Our of the ordinary, is it?" asked

the managing editor
"Well, I blould bay it was," answer-

ed the city editor; "why, there was no bower of roses,' no 'floral bell,' no 'wide-sproading canopy,' no 'blushing bracks,' nothing 'beautiful in its simplicity,' no 'solemn strains' to the

wedding merch, no-"
"Enough," cried the managing ediior; "double lead it and give it a scare
hand; it's the only one of the kind."

BIVISCHIER FOR THE CATHOLIC

tion which was nevertly competed for in Glasgow was ewarded to an Irish-man, Mr. J. J. Maran, who comes from Sligo. Mr. Moran is well-known in the publishing world much of the Hon, Edward Blake, M.P., has con-

sented so preside at the next meeting of the London Metropolitan Branch of the United Irish League, to be held in the Richelieu Room, Hotel Cecil, on April 21th, when Mr. Wm. Boyle will read a paper on "The Gentlemen of Ireland."

ERSONAL

A distordry contemporary notes the fact that the Scotch medal for elecu-

A Glasgow telegram states that Arohbeshop Eyre has been seized with a hight attack of paralysis, and his condition is causing some anxiety. The Arohbeshop, who is 84 years of age, has theen in elegage of the Catholic Church it Glasgow ance seventy-eight. eight.

A neventeen-year-old actress, in regard to whose future circer there has gard to whose future circum there has own fouch interesting speculation on account of her success, is Miss Maud Poaly, who asknown as "the youngest leading woman on the American stages," the youngest Juliet. Miss Fealy was practically discovered by the late Augustin Daly, who built hash and a series of the grand architecture. the late Augustin Daly, who built high hopes on her, and formed ambitious plans for her career.

The oldest French Canadran newspaper in the city of Quebec, "Le Courier du Canada," has just suspended publication. Hon. Thomas Chapais, ex-president of the Legislative Council, and ex-firovincial minister, was its chief editor tand owner. "Le Courier du Canada" was founded in 1877, in the interest of the Conservative party, by Sir Hector Langevin, the Abbe Racine, who died as Bishop of Sherbrooke, and who died as Bishop of Sherbrooke, and the date Dr. J. C. Tache.

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

Harriet Spencer DeCosta, wife of Dr.

Harriet Spencer DeCosta, wife of Dr. Benjamn F. DeCosta, the well-known convert, died at her bome in New York last week. Mirs. 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 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 Jeave his former faith.

Mrs. Kingsley-Tarpey, who published that 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" "Dutter some of Kingsley's letters." 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 is a luxury which none but the rich can afford. Authors those are the hacks of the booksellers. The conditions of Grub street prevail, land the payment for asheet of exiteen pages falls below what even a moderately popular author in England receives for this thousand words. Fortunately for modern literature, Sienkiewiez is a man of fortune. 'A curious particularity about Sienkiewiez's unethod of work is that he invariably uses red ink. His red inkl is as much his detish as the golden drying-sand is Zola's, or the little Nuremberg figurines are absen's. He is a great straveller and a lover of sport and adventure. He has held his own against pirates, he has shot lions, be has fought awith crocediles on the A POLISH NOVELIST. he has fought with crocodiles on the banks of the Kingarzi Wami, and has been attacked by an infuriated hippo-

botamus. She is a pretty Canadian girl, spend-ing 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 belleship and as modestly as is becoming in one with a long line of social suc-

cesses. "I must write you an extract," she says, "from a note one of the German officers wrote me. He is r ationed at Bremen, but came up here for his holi-days and took me to a dance. The espirits bear witness I shall never go to another Garman dance. But this

is the extract;—
"I am glad that I made your asso-cirtion on my holydays, and that I could be about you on the last hours of my pressure at Berlin on the ball, which shall be by you the most agree-

able dancing."
"As if that were not sufficient in the way of elegant English phraseology for me to think over for the cinter." she contanues, the has sent me a photograph of hunself and has writ-

"May it be an aremaining remem-

"May at the an archammag lenking brance of some wonderfully fine together spent fortunately days."
"Heigho! Ills mother has been here to megotiate with my mother in true Gorman style—but nay. I fear that after we were married, our days would be the beautiful to the state of t not be no 'wonderfully fine together

ment fortunately