

professionally trustworthy and reliable, but who had been his rival, jealous of his success and openly hostile to him personally.

He wrote a brief note, touching in its bold statement of fact, to his betrothed; a note which she treasured away, to be read with aching heart and tear-dimmed eyes in the days that were to come. Then he went up to his room to do his packing. This did not take long. He was not a man to indulge in superfluities, and when all was completed he stood before the picture of the Sacred Heart and looked long and earnestly into the face divine. He smiled as he thought of his poor little joke about the magic which had been the cause of his unprecedented good fortune.

'So this is what you want of me, Sacred Heart of my God,' he said; 'this is what it all meant. You gave me success, a certain amount of wealth, reputation, happiness, that I might imperil them all, or, perhaps, lay them down. Well, a soldier must be true to his leader, and the path you trod was not rose-strewn. I pray, at least, that the magic may follow whither I am going and do good to those who need my skill. I leave the rest in Your hands.'

The old man wondered much at Dr. Jack's shining face and the air of almost boyish happiness with which he came down to him. He had seen many brave things done on his profession, he had done them himself when they came in his way, but not with this joyousness, this glad acceptance of what was, strictly speaking, in this day's work of this young man.

He leaned on Doctor Jack's steady, vigorous arm as together they walked down to the station, the latter carrying his satchel for him, and in all respects acting as a son to his father, so that the worn and wearied heart of the aged physician was comforted exceedingly.

Unnecessary here to speak of the days which came into Doctor Jack's experience and of the terrible struggle which he had to maintain against fever in its worst form, aggravated in most cases by poverty, insanitary surroundings, and insufficient nursing. Golden accounts reached the city of the doctor's almost superhuman heroism, devotion to duty, and tireless self-immolation, even after the old doctor was worn out and the other who had remained at his side collapsed. This success in combating the disease was universally conceded, and his brethren of the city laughingly said that Doctor Jack's magic had followed him thither.

At last the plague gave evidence of having worn itself out, and Doctor Jack wrote to his betrothed declaring that he hoped soon to be home and that their wedding might not have to be postponed after all. Scarcely had the letter reached its destination when Doctor Jack was stricken so suddenly that it came upon the plague-polluted town like a thunderclap, and almost broke the heart of the old doctor, who had learned to love his younger colleague as a son.

Nor did the disease take long to finish what over-work had begun. There was never any hope from the first. A priest came and administered to the dying man. In his short intervals of consciousness he seemed to await the end calmly and bravely. He would not permit his betrothed to be informed, lest she should run any risk of infection by coming to his bedside. This was a last, supreme sacrifice, but the doctor made it cheerfully, and the aged physician watching at the death-bed was amazed at the other's fortitude. He himself had never been a religious man until he had been brought into contact with the brave young spirit which was soon to pass from earth. He had but a poor opinion of religion and its professors. But he knew, as he sat there, that all that was past, and that for the few remaining years of his life he would strive to order his life by those maxims which inspired his dying confrere.

'Doctor,' said Jack to him in the afternoon of that day upon which he had received the viaticum, 'I used to make a joke and say that all my good fortune in my practice was due to magic. Do you know what that magic is?'

His voice quivered and dropped till it was inaudible. The old man, who could not speak for tears, only shook his head and gazed mournfully on the unnaturally bright eyes and pale face over which the solemnity of death was stealing.

'I would like to bequeath to you my secret,' murmured the young man, 'and recommend you to try my magic.' His voice failing, trailing away into unconsciousness, he yet made one more effort: 'It was devotion to the Sacred Heart.'—'Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart.'

The Catholic World

AFRICA—The Congo Mission

In 1885 there were but three Catholic missions, with six missionaries and an insignificant number of converts, in what is now the Congo Free State. To-day there are 59 fixed posts and 29 temporary ones, in charge of 384 missionaries and Sisters and 72,382 Christians. Such is the result of twenty years' work. The reason of this great success is given by Mrs. French Sheldon, who has been travelling through that section of Africa, and although not a Catholic does not hesitate to express her views very freely: 'In all the Catholic missions which I visited a strange condition impressed me, and as this was in direct opposition to my former conviction it is worthy of note. The natives realize that the Fathers, Brothers, and Sisters have come among them to stay, to live with them, nurse them when ill, and when the time comes to die with them. This state of realisation has bred a feeling of greater community between the native and the Catholic missionaries than is usual with other missionaries, and has contributed to cement a confidence such as exists between parents and children. The services of the Sisters, as nurses for the white people, have been a great boon. The unselfishness of their lives, the relinquishment of all mundane ties for their vocation as Sisters, imbue them with a certain spirit of fearlessness in regard to contagious maladies; their freedom from personal domestic ties and the knowledge that their parents and relations are resigned to, or accept, whatever befalls them add vastly to their usefulness in a country like Africa.'

ENGLAND—A Signal Honor

Mr. John St. Lawrence has received a signal honor from the Sovereign Pontiff in recognition of his services to the cause of Catholic education. At the express wish of his Grace the Archbishop of Westminster, the Holy Father has conferred the dignity of Papal Knighthood on Mr. St. Lawrence. He has for many years been associated with Lord Ripon in the work of the St. Vincent de Paul Society in England, and for some time he discharged the responsible duties of honorary secretary of the Westminster Catholic Education Committee. Born in Limerick, Mr. St. Lawrence served close upon fifty years in the War Office.

FRANCE—The Anti-Clericals

It is a common abusive epithet of anti-clericals (says the 'Catholic Times') to call religious people obscurantists; to tell us we hate, because we fear, the light of truth and knowledge. We may easily return the compliment. The College de France has its Chair of Assyrian Language and Archaeology vacant, and the professors in due course proposed the Rev. Father Scheil O.P., for the post. Father Scheil's reputation as an Assyrian scholar is world-wide. His monogram on the stele of Hammurabi is the classical authority, and none can doubt his competency to fill the Chair of Assyrian at the College de France. But the choice of the professors has aroused the fury of the anti-clericals. A Dominican to lecture in the college where Renan taught? The bare idea is sacrilege. So the Minister of Education is warned, and threatened with something akin to excommunication if he dares to ratify the choice of the professors. Notice, the choice is a good one—the very best. The candidate is admitted to be the most learned Assyriologist living. His appointment would do honor to the College de France. But he is a priest, a Dominican. So out with him, and let us have a less competent man. Oh, the obscurantism of the clericals!

ITALY—Charitable Bequest

The Marchesa Zambecari, who has just died at Bologna, has left a legacy of £80,000 to the Superior-General of the Salesian Order.

ROME—Christmas Greetings

The Holy Father having abolished the customary reception of the Sacred College for the exchange of Christmas greetings, his Holiness spent the whole of Saturday, December 23, in receiving the Cardinals and other high ecclesiastical dignitaries in separate audience.

The King of Spain's Bride

The Roman correspondent of the 'New Free Press,' of Vienna, says the formalities for the reception of Princess Victoria Eugenie of Battenberg into the Church, prior to her marriage with the King of Spain, have been arranged. Father Whitmee, Rector of San