

**LOST ANGEL OF A
RUINED PARADISE: A
DRAMA OF MODERN LIFE**

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Lost Angel of a Ruined Paradise: A Drama of Modern Life by P. A. Sheehan

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P. A. SHEEHAN

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DRAMA OF MODERN LIFE**

0 "LOST ANGEL OF
A RUINED PARADISE"

A DRAMA OF MODERN LIFE

BY THE VERY REV.

P. A. SHEEHAN, D.D.

AUTHOR OF "LUKE DELMEDE," "MY NEW CURATE," ETC., ETC.

"When shall we three meet again?"

—MACBETH

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Written specially for the benefit of the Sick Children at the
Hospital, Temple Street, Dublin, to whose comfort and help all
proceeds will be devoted in the NEW CONVALESCENT HOME

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.

SCENE.—*The dressing-room of an improvised theatre. Three school-girls, Grace O'Meara, Eva Farrell, and Lilian White, about to appear as the Parca, Clotho, Lachæsis, and Atræpos, are giving the final touches to their toilettes. On the stage in front twelve of their school companions, dressed in antique Greek costumes, with sandals, cymbals, etc., are going through the mazes of certain classical tableaux.*

EVA (*rushing about wildly*).—There goes the last crash of the cymbals! Quick, Lil, for goodness' sake! Where's that fillet for my hair?

GRACE.—Oh, dear, dear, I'm shaking all over. I wouldn't care but for that horrid Lord Mayor.

EVA.—And I wouldn't care but for Dr. L——. I see him put up his pince-nez, throw back his head, and look us all over with surprised contempt. He cannot despise you, however, Lil!

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LILIAN (*studying leisurely the arrangement of stars in her hair*).—And why not, Lachësis?

EVA.—Why not, you darling? Because you are so grand and lofty and stately. There, let me fix that white rose! (*Throws her arm around Lilian's neck.*) That's the reason you are Atrôpos. It will be snip, snip, snip, all your life.

GRACE.—Have you your verses committed, Eva?

EVA.—Yes, Miss Prue. Have you? Now, no blunder, Miss Prue, or I shall certainly laugh out, and shan't I get my penance in the morning? "You disgraced the community, Miss! You shamed the Institute before all Dublin!" Thus saith, or shall say, the gentle mistress, already niched and stuated as a saint!

GRACE.—Shame, Eva! There's no one like our mistress in the whole world! What's this I've got to do? Hold the distaff, isn't it? These blessed stars will keep coming off?

STAGE-MANAGERESS (*bursting in, in a high state of frenzy*).—Quick, quick, quick! The tableaux are nearly over, and the statues are waiting!

EVA.—And a very proper thing for statues to

do. Where's that blessed spindle? How's that it goes?

LILIAN (*calmly*).—'For the great Gods born in Time, and watching the flowing of tears,—'

EVA (*interrupting*).—'Have left me only a spindle, and you but a broken shears.'

LILIAN.—No! no! 'For the great Gods——'
'For the great Gods——'

STAGE-MANAGERESS (*excitedly*).—Come, be ready in an instant! The prompters will help you. But, mind your bows to the audience!

EVA.—All right, Mattie, though the Fates are not much given to bowing, I believe. I expect mine will be a profound salaam. This horrible skirt, ahem! drapery, will tangle around my feet; and down I shall go, as if it were my profession ceremony!

GRACE (*disdainfully*).—Your profession ceremony?

EVA (*saucily*).—Yes, Miss Prue! My profession ceremony. Do you think you have sole and exclusive right to that celebration?

LILIAN.—Hush, Eva! There goes the bell. St. Antony, pray for us! Now Eva, look dignified if you can, and mind your steps!