

fine ! He isn't a poor man, that's sure, and the man smiled.

" I was about to go on, when some impulse arrested me.

" I'll see about him, I said in a low voice, for I carried the sacred pyx.

" I went to the office and inquired. I learned that a strange man, a gentleman by his dress, was brought there quite insensible. He had been picked up in the street, and lookers-on, judging from his inflamed face, thought he was intoxicated. An examination by medical experts at the police station proved that it was a developed case of smallpox, with high fever. At once everybody drew back, and he was hustled into the pest house ambulance and hurried off. He had a valuable watch and a diamond pin, plenty of money and his clothes were of the best material, but there were no papers—nothing that could as yet identify him. He had not spoken or unclosed his eyes since he came.

" And Father, said the office man, they say he is an awful sight. You would not know whether he was a white man or a negro ; it is the worst form of black smallpox !

" I must see him, I said.

" I don't think there is much use, said the clerk. No one knows anything about him, and as he is entirely unconscious you can't give him religious rites, for there is no mark of religion about him.

" The impulse within me was too strong to resist. I want to see him, I persisted.

" All right, Father ; just as you say, and he led the way down the corridor, with its pungent smell of iodine-form, and pointed to a closed door. In there, Father.

" I knew the place. It led to a room where hopeless cases lay, never again to see the outside world. I opened the door of the passage and found the room. The door was ajar. The light was dim, but I could see the man was alone. He was breathing heavily. The nurse was pacing the hallway. The patient was a terrible sight. His face was so swollen it was hardly human and in the dim light would not be recognized by his closest friend.