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POISON

There are many imita-

tions of this best of all

Ask for Wilson's, be sure you get them, and avoid disappointment.

Mr. Joseph P. Byers, Commissioner

of Charities and Corrections of the

State of New Jersey, describing

As the evening drew near the

what real reformation is. And then

those men, who so often in the pub

lic mind are only calloused and hardened by the nature of their work

talked of the influence of religion

in the reformation of convicts. With

one accord they bore testimony to their belief that until the consciences

sults, is beset with a great difficulty. Catholic prisoners, as a class, are woefully ignorant of their religion.

Attendance at neutral schools and

parental neglect are mainly responsible for this state of affairs. Thus

of ninety Catholic young men and boys committed during one month to the City Prison in New York, the Catholic chaplain found that forty-

seven had attended Public schools

two had been at city night schools

twenty-two were listed as "no school, or no school in United States;" three

were from institutions, and sixteen

were from parochial schools. Of these last sixteen, seven were Ital-ians. To instruct the ignorant pris-

oner much time is required, while the short sentences of minor offend-

ers frequently make the needed in

struction impossible. For this and

other reasons Catholic chaplains in public institutions are ever consci-

Catholic charitable organizations

should act in union with the chap-

and hospitals by overzealous and im-

prudent w rkers frequently hinder the priest in his work. The care of

discharged pay ents and prisoners, the continuing of interrupted relig-

ious instructions offer a fertile and

almost neglected field of labor in un-

ion with that of the chaplain. A good number of Catholic female pris-

oners could be saved by such

lain. Independent visits to prisons

meeting of prison wardens, said :

fly killers.

1

the stars and the sea, and the city; and why even the best of our lives seem waiting to make it a fact." would advise you, Cecily," he "to send home Emma forth-

Cecily almost laughed outright at the quiet suspension of her own topic; yet she honored the calm soul of Moore. She made no remark, but, by a playful look, she said she had

derstood him.
'Her confessor," Gerald continued,

will 'exorcise' her."
"How? What mean you?" "The fact of the monster's pres-ence here proves the girl to be 'ob-sessed,' as it is called, and a man like her confessor will do his duty."

Banish the evil thing?' "Certainly."

Gerald spoke in the assured tone of one who had seen the thing accomplished, rather than like one give

"As firmly as my existence. Of course all clergymen have power over evil spirits, 'They will cast out devils in My name."

I shall go to see it!" said Cecily "I shall go to see the said of whether the said of will write her confessor. Let Ailey be your correspondent."

"Always wise!" she said, looking

into his face, as a woman looks who views the controller of her destiny; "always wise!" she repeated.
"I must depart, Cecily," he now continued; "I have much to do, and the events of the day have engaged

us long."
"Go!" cried the young woman.

"Yes, Cecily, I must go."
"But, Gerald, you must see my

uncle, and I have not had any conversation, really!"

Gerald smiled, as she sometimes remarked him smile when a thing

was vainly said or vainly done.
"You will leave me!—leave me here with all those burning thoughts and undirected wishes; leave me to

this dark, insipid—"
"Cecily, what am I to understand? What do you wish? What do you need? Is there on earth an exertion or a sacrifice which you would command ? Sneak !"

For a moment the brow flushed and the eye lit; Cecily got deadly

"Gerald!" she cried, "I am rich, but what is wealth? I am pursued by selfish idiots and heartless knaves;

"Really, Ce'cy," said Baron St.
John, entering the room, "you hear
nothing and nobody since Mr. Moore
came to town. Mr. Moore," he said, addressing himself to Gerald, " if my niece were much less of a philoso pher, I should not fear the company of a man like you; I have given ur nephew to common sense on the subject of "Our own Ailey Moore.'"
"Hurra!" said the parrot, "Ai-i-ley

There! listen there!" said the

TO BE CONTINUED

ETERNAL LIGHT

Father Charles used to say that only once did he meet any man, ex-cepting some very holy religious who expressed himself as perfectly contented, and it is worth while to see what sort of earthly blessedness that man enjoyed. As a condition of contentment, we ask at least a modest competence;" but Father Charles contented friend was a penni less pauper living on New York city charities. Happiness spells "home" to most minds; but this man was practically homeless, and the "City Home" that sheltered him on hospitable some three thousand or more other paupers, was hardly a substitute, despite the unselfish devotion of nurses and matrons. It is hard to say what goods of life David Dwyer possessed that could give him much happiness; youth it is true; but what is youth without health? What is youth when you are paralyzed and wasting away in anguish?

A feeling of awe came upon Father Charles, who was then Catholic chaplain of the City Home, the first time he stood before that strangest sadhe stood before that strangest sad dest of human figures. You had to thread your way, he said, down a long row of beds to come to David Dwyer, and when the nurse pointed him out, you were shocked to notice that he could not enjoy the comfort of a bed. He was fitted in some peculiar way to the queerest sort of wooden rack, and on that rack he had lain eight years—from 1902 to 1910. Before you lay a living skele. had lain eight years—from 1902 to 1910. Before you lay a living skeleton, immovable, as if dead, except for the keen Irish eyes that gazed gravely from the upturned face, the face that still showed a ghost of David's old self, when he was "as nimble a lad as ever walked down Broadway;" when he exulted in his strength, and allow rejice was a new face. clear vision, and sure foot. He had been a structural iron and caisson, worker, fearless and invaluable. As he lay there helpless, he recalled, with a humorous irony, how he had once balanced himself over the abyss of Niagara, when he helped build the famous Suspension Bridge. He had worked, too, as deep, as high, and it was down in the compressed air chambers under the North River that he contracted this mysterious affliction, which had baffled all medical knowledge. Photographs and reports of his condition were sent to the greatest physicians of the world,

his instant prayer to his beloved St. Rits, he was rewarded with a slight motion of his finger tips, so that at least he could again recite his rosary, least he could again recite his rosary, next after Holy Communion the greatest solace of his life. But the helplessness was not the only trial; there was a deeper vale of suffering, for it had been eight years of torment—often of agony. His strange affliction, while withering him away, had swollen his feet to such incredible proportions that the slightest touch or change of temperature brought unutterable suffering, for which all that medical skill could suggest brought scant relief. suggest brought scant relief.
As Father Charles saw him there

As Father Charles saw him there in the noisy, draughty corner of that great ward, surrounded by rough and uncouth companions, and lying with knees drawn high upon his wooden rack, kept alive by the merest ghost of a diet, he seemed to see a life on which all the sunshine of human happiness had set forever. To visit such a place we derived the surshine of human happiness had set forever. such a place was depressing, to live there was a trial, but to be paralyzed and in daily and nightly agony there for eight years! Yet the sun had not quite set on that life. The soft light of prayer beamed from that pain-worn countenance. Every hour pain-worn countenance. Every hour in the day was apportioned with its holy duty. The Sacred Heart, our Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, St. Rita, the Holy Angels, each had their own time of praise and thanksgiving and petition. The beads moved cease-lessly through the stiffened fingers. lessly through the stiffened fingers.
Not only prayer, but labor, too, found
place in that strange day. From the
frame of gas-pipe that surrounded
his wooden rack hung a French grammar that David studied faithfully two good hours daily; and it was with mischievous delight that he

sprang his self-taught French on the unsuspecting visitor. Nordid he stop with bringing happiness into his own life. A warm heart for his fellowsufferers, for the wayward and the afflicted. If you told him of some poor fellow in need of advice or, warning, "Look in the little drawer under my head," he would say, and you found there David's spiritual dispensary—his pictures and leaflets and booklets, sedulously gathered from friends and visitors, to be distributed in an unceasing apostolate

All was a matter of concern to him his visitor's health, the improvement in the hospital, the poor lad in the next ward who wouldn't make his Easter duty, the Protestant inquirer after religious truth, the Sisters asking for prayers. He had a remedy, a suggestion for all.
So when the fourth of March,

1910 came around, the time for the Novena of Grace in honor of St. Francis Xavier, Father Charles's first thought was to enlist good David's prayers. A special intention that year was recommended by the Jesuit Fathers all over the world, the cure of a young Religious who had been struck blind by a painful accident. How ready were those hundreds of poor, devout souls in the City Home to join in the great world-wide plea for clemency! There simple faith shames our all to frequent skepticism. There was of course no trouble

in enlisting David. He was eager at the very scent of the spiritual chase. The famous little drawer had to be stocked with extra novena leaflets, and before night had set in, old Tommy, David's secretary and companion, as faithful as he was maimed and halt himself, had sent them speeding to everyone whom David's active mind could designate.

But Father Charles valued David's prayers too much to run even the nance of his relaxing in fervor. "You haven't forgotten the novena,

David?" he asked, when happening

by the next day.
"No, Father," but then David stopped, as if embarrassed. You haven't any difficulty in

making it ?"

"Not exactly, your reverence but there is something which I should

"I thought that it might please God if I were to ask St. Francis in this novena to take away my own eyesight and give it to the young Father who has been struck blind. You see, your reverence," he went on to-day with more than his usual animation, "what is my eyesight compared to his? I am only a poor laborer, good for nothing in the world; and his eyesight will help him to save thousands and thousands of souls. of souls. If I am blind, nobody suf fers but myself; but if he is blind, thousands suffer besides."

For a few moments Father Charles was too much moved to reply. His heart spoke only compassion for poor David's miseries, and yet something whispered to him that here was the triumphant humility of the saints, which glories in infirmity. Still hesitating to answer, he asked fur-

"Can you think of any other reason, David, why you should wish God to transfer your eyesight to Father H.? Beside the good to souls, do you look for any spiritual benefit to yourself?"

crazy long ago if it hadn't been for my eyesight."
"Well, then, why do you want to

lose it ?" Lord on the cross. You see, Father," he continued with the air of a boy explaining some cherished plan, "there is nothing whatsoever for me to look for except a big share in Christ's cross. He had no comfort at all. He had nothing but suffering. Now, if God takes my eyesight from me, I shall lose all comfort, as Our Blessed Lord did: and, Father, that thought makes me happier than anything else in the world. But, of course, Father, I shouldn't care to make that offering without your permission. Will you grant it to me?"
"Granted!" said the chaplain, feel-

"Granted!" said the chapiain, feeling himself about as humbled as a man can be. "If God does not accepted your offering, you have all the merit, and no harm is done. If He does accept it, that will be a sign of His good pleasure."

All that day David was jubilant. He lived and planned only for that novement trying by every device of

novena, trying by every device of pious ingenuity to wrest this unique favor from God. The rest of the week Father Charles was called away to a neighboring institution; but when he could pay a flying visit to David's ward, he was greeted by jubilant satisfaction."

"Eight years ago, said David, "I should have gone mad at the thought of such sufferings as mine have b Without the grace of God I should have lost my senses long ago. And yet, Father, now I would never pray to get well. Sure," he added with an air of unearthly conviction. am ready to lie here for thirty years more, too, if it would be pleasing to Our Blessed Lord."

The novena was concluded and David received Communion that morning. God had apparently not granted David's prayer. His were as bright as ever, and gazed in peace upon His Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, Whom he was trying so closely to follow. "But there is still time," he replied. I'll keep on knocking, and God may give my eyes

away yet."
His prayer, however, was being heard in a different way. Father Charles did not hear, in his absence that David had suddenly sickened and weakened near to death, and had been anointed on Wednesday by another visiting chaplain, Sunday night Father Charles happened by and heard the news.

"But don't worry," David said, "I am't tell you what peace I have. I am perfectly happy. Never in my life have I had such peace. Oh, God, be praised!" And he repeated: "I am perfectly happy. I wish only for the cross of Our Lord."

"Thenk God for the graces He has

"Thank God for the graces He has given you, David," said Father Charles. "I'll be back to morrow

And early the next morning Father Charles kept his promise. He hur-ried in the familiar corner, but was bewildered when he saw there no sign of David.

Where has he been moved to? Father Charles asked in astonish-The old men around the ward were

still, as if they, too, were bewildered. Then the nurse explained.

"Mr. Dwyer is gone," she said.

"He died at 2 in the morning; a most peaceful and effortless death."

David's prayer was answered in God's own way. His eyes were at last closed to the light of the earth; but they were already opened-so was Father Charles' conviction as he knelt that morning in prayer for David's soul - to the unutterable glory of the Eternal Light.-John La Farge, S. J., in the Messenger of the

THE PRIEST AND THE CRIMINAL

like to ask you before I commondered to me of a sudden last night, as I was I ying there awake praying to St.
Francis Xavier. It is a thought that gives me the greatest happiness you could think of; yet I don't like to trust to it until I have asked your reverence's advice."

Twenty years ago the Catholic priests in State and municipal institutions was viewed in general with hostility by Protestant officials. Time has brought a change. Prejudice and narrow-minded intolerance are giving way to appreciation and friendliness. Closer association with the priest change. Sacraments as an aid in charitable and correctional work. The words of the late Dr. Langdon, Superintendent of the Hudson River State Hospital, express the increasing conviction among non-Catholic doctors hat Catholic religious influence is a helpful factor in the treatment of Catholic patients in public hospitals. Speaking of his services to the insane, Dr. Langdon said: "For thirty years I have been engaged in such work and have found that nothing has exercised so beneficial an influence on these patients as the ministrations of Catholic priests."

Prison wardens, especially, have learned to appreciate the work of Catholic chaplains. The priest is a power in calming discontent, and a prudent go between, trusted by officials and viewed with respect by both Catholic and non-Catholic pris-oners. Public report of our large penal institutions now generally acknowledge the efficient services of acknowledge the efficient services of their Catholic chaplains. Where such work is only of the Sunday type such work wardens regret the non-Catholic wardens regret the neglect of a field of labor where much cal knowledge. Photographs and reports of his condition were sent to the greatest physicians of the world, at home and abroad, yet his disease remained an enigma.

Except for a slightsideward turn of the head he had never moved from one position, nor seen even his own hands; though after five years, on

they could easily be placed in safe positions and guarded against dan-ger. Of 6,962 major and minor female offenders confined in 1904 in penal institutions, 76.6 per cent. were servant girls. Of these 6,962 women only 12 6 per cent. were committed for offences against chastity. In general, Catholic women offenders leave our penal institutions well dis-posed. All they need is encourage-ment and a new environment. Even Lombroso, while defending in La Donna Delinquentz his doctrine of criminal atavism and the criminal type, repeats Guillot's assertion, that a woman "is more easily moved to repentance than men, recovers lost ground more quickly, and relapsed into crime less frequently." This is the lesson of experience, and in view of this truth, it seems too bad that so many unfortunate women are left to shift for themselves as best they may after leaving penal institutions. Perhaps these few words will inspire some of their more fortunate to inaugurate a really efficient system for saving them from old temp-tations and sin.—Charles J. Mullaly,

It is not great calamities that em bitter existence; it is the petty vexa-tions, the small jealousies, the little disappointments, the "minor miser-ies" that make the heart heavy and

S. J., in America.

the temper sour. No man is so evil as to be utterly barren of good. Most men are far better than we believe them to be The worst has a way of showing, and

and souls of men are touched and awakened by the regenerating influence of religion reformation is not THE ONTARIO LOAN & DEBENTURE CO To secure the reformation of Cath olic prisoners is, of course, the Cath-olic chaplain's duty. This work, while fairly fruitful in permanent re-



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