

the stars and the sea, and the city; and why even the best of our lives seem waiting to make it a fact.

"I would advise you, Cecily," he said, "to send home Emma forthwith."

Cecily almost laughed outright at the quiet suspension of her own topic; yet she honored the calm soul of Moore.

"Her confessor," Gerald continued, "will exorcise her."

"How? What mean you?" "The fact of the monster's presence here proves the girl to be obsessed, 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 giving an opinion.

"You believe that?" "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 vehemently.

"Introduce her to Alley, and I will write her confessor. Let Alley 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? Speak!"

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

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

"Really, Cecily," 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 philosopher, I should not fear the company of a man like you; I have given up all hope, however, of bringing my nephew to common sense on the subject of 'Our Own Alley Moore.'"

"Hurry!" said the parrot, "Ai-!-ley! Moo-o-o-r-a!"

"There! listen there!" said the baron.

TO BE CONTINUED

ETERNAL LIGHT

Father Charles used to say that only once did he meet any man, excepting 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 penniless 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 Blackwell's Island, together with 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 saddest 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 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 as had as ever walked down Broadway"; when he exulted in his strength, and 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, at home and abroad, yet his disease remained an enigma.

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

his instant prayer to his beloved St. Rita, he was rewarded with a slight motion of his finger tips, so that at 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.

As Father Charles saw him there in the noisy, draughty corner of that great ward, surrounded by rough and unsmooth 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 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 in the day was appointed 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 ceaselessly 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 a scholastic delight that he sprang his self-taught French on the unsuspecting visitor. Nordin he stop with bringing happiness into his own life. A warm heart for his fellow-sufferers, 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 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 too 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 chance 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 like to ask you before I continue the novena. It was a thought that came to me of a sudden last night, as I was lying 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."

"Go ahead; what was your thought?"

"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. If I am blind, nobody suffers 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 further:

"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?"

"I surely do look for it, Father," David replied. "You see my eyes. They are the only comfort I have left. They are strong and fine as ever. I can read all day without fatigue, and I can watch a fly crawling up the wall over on the other side of the ward. I should have been

crazy long ago if it hadn't been for my eyesight."

"Well, then, why do you want to lose it?"

"To be more like Our Blessed 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, feeling himself about as humbled as a man can be. "If God does not accept 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 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 been. 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. "I 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 eyes 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 after religious truth, the Sisters asking for prayers. He had a remedy, a suggestion for all.

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THE PRIEST AND THE CRIMINAL

Twenty years ago the work of 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 has taught the power of the Catholic 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 that 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 prisoners. Public report of our large penal institutions now generally acknowledge the efficient services of their Catholic chaplains. Where such work is only of the Sunday type non-Catholic wardens regret the neglect of a field of labor where much could be done in reclaiming those not yet classed as hardened criminals, for religious influence is now looked upon as indispensable in successful penal work. This necessity was stated clearly in the National Conference of Charities and Correction, held in Seattle, July 5-12, 1913:



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Mr. Joseph P. Byers, Commissioner of Charities and Corrections of the State of New Jersey, describing a meeting of prison wardens, said:

As the evening drew near the discussion turned more and more on what real reformation is. And then those men, who so often in the public 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 and souls of men are touched and awakened by the regenerating influence of religion reformation is not complete.

To secure the reformation of Catholic prisoners is, of course, the Catholic chaplain's duty. This work, while fairly fruitful in permanent results, 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 in 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 Italians. To instruct the ignorant prisoner much time is required, while the short sentences of minor offenders frequently make the needed instruction impossible. For this and other reasons Catholic chaplains in public institutions are ever conscious of the need of organized help. Catholic charitable organizations should act in union with the chaplain. Independent visits to prisons and hospitals by overzealous and imprudent workers frequently hinder the priest in his work. The care of discharged patients and prisoners, the continuing of interrupted religious instructions offer a fertile and almost neglected field of labor in union with that of the chaplain. A good number of Catholic female prisoners could be saved by such work. As these women come almost entirely from the servant and working class

they could easily be placed in safe positions and guarded against danger. 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 disposed. All they need is encouragement and a new environment. Even Lombroso, while defending in La Donna Delinquente his doctrine of criminal atavism and the criminal type, repeats Guillo's assertion, that a woman "is more easily moved to repentance than men, recovers lost ground more quickly, and relapses into crime less frequently." This is the lesson of experience, and in view of this truth, it seems too bad that 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 sisters to inaugurate a really efficient system for saving them from old temptations and sin.—Charles J. Mullaly, S. J., in America.

It is not great calamities that embitter existence; it is the petty vexations, the small jealousies, the little disappointments, the "minor miseries" that make the heart heavy and 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

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