



“ Pat Casey’s Prayer. ”

An Irish soldier, after ten months of hard, active service, applied for a furlough. His request was granted, and then it dawned on him that he had no money to take advantage of his holiday. He wanted 100 dollars to go to Paris.

He was at his wit’s end, there being no time to be lost, when he recalled his old Mother’s advice to apply to the good God above in time of trouble. So he wrote and posted his letter.

“ Dear Lord : Here I am after fightin’ ten months in mud up to me neck. The work is somewhat unpleasant, but Ye’ll be glad to hear that I killed fifty Germans. Now I’m a little tired and I have me furlough all right, but I have no money left, having spent most of what I had for prayer books. Ask Father Mc Carthy if ye don’t believe me. So, Lord, I ask ye in the name of all the saints for the small sum of 100 dollars. Sure, ye’ll never miss it, and if ye send the money I’ll never forget ye in me prayers.

PAT CASEY. ”

In due course this appeal reached the censor’s Office which happened in this particular locality to be housed in the Y.M.C.A. quarters. The letter was passed around and aroused considerable attention and interest, as Casey was known to be a brave and cheerful fighter.

Contributions were sought, and finally the sum of 50 dollars was raised. This was sent to the applicant, without comment, in a Y.M.C.A. envelope. The next day the following acknowledgement was received :

“ Dear Lord : I’ve received your 50 dollars as per application for furlough money, and I thank ye. May yer shadow never grow less. But I make so bold as to give ye a word of warnin’. Send the next money by the K. of C’s. Ye sent the last by the Y.M.C.A. and they nipped half of it on ye.

PAT CASEY. ”

