



The Goodness of the Master



HAD come from a visit to the city, where I found a young clerical friend about leaving for the West to regain his lost health. I was grieved ; for his zeal and usefulness were unbounded, and the few years he had spent in the ministry gave promise of an apostolate worthy of a hero of Christ.

While I was with him, I could not but be impressed with his cheerful optimism, which rode down all the appearances that were against him. He was determined to get well and return to his work.

My heart misgave me as he told me he had been chaplain to the City Pest House and the Tuberculosis Hospital.

He had labored untiringly and without a thought of danger, and with the assurance that he was taking all possible care against infection, that he was immune.

Suddenly he awoke to the fact of the approach of the insidious white plague. Instantly his Bishop had ordered him to Colorado where physicians declared he might shut off the danger and recover what he had lost. A new volunteer was appointed in his place and my young friend was relieved of the fear that his dear patients might be neglected.

I looked at him with dubious eyes ; he was pale and frail and now and then a tell-tale cough was in evidence. But he had youth and hope, and with a silent prayer I encouraged him. Heroes are scarce in this selfish world and here was surely one.

Before we parted he told me of an experience he just had. I could find no greater incentive to trust in the