

'Didn't you send a little boy for the priest?' persisted Kittie, dazedly.

'He was just hit,' the men repeated, staring at her. Blue Pete struck out in a minute for the doctor and Hank's sister, but he ain't had time to get back yet.'

'Hit just now,' the dressmaker repeated to herself, as though awakening from a dream, 'hit just now! Then somewhere on the night breeze behind her a voice floated to her ear: 'Tell my son,' it said, 'I will—watch—over him.'

When Miss Mary, awakened by the kind-hearted rail-roader, came stumbling down to the tracks, a wrapper thrown carelessly over her nightdress and opened at her shrivelled neck, and her sparse grey hair straggling about a wild face, the doctor was already bending over Hank. The priest was beside him too, kneeling in the cinders, praying as only a priest can pray. The men had brought up the stretcher. Miss Mary brushed against it as she rushed forward.

'Oh, my God!' she shrieked, and threw out her old hands to Hank.

The doctor put her aside roughly.

'Hurry, boys, the stretcher!' he cried, in a strange, ringing voice, and get this man to my office as quick as you can! It looks like only a few ribs broken—' He stopped and chuckled nervously; he was a soft-hearted man. 'It's not often, boys, an engine strikes a man and lets him live to tell the tale!'

The men picked up the stretcher with unspeakable relief written on their rough faces, and Hank was borne away, groaning a little, but with such a look upon his face as it had not worn in twenty years. The priest followed them.

'By jingo!' cried the remaining switchman, in his rough, coarse way that meant so much less because it was but part of the iron-bound life that he led. 'I believe that Hank ain't done for yet, Miss Mary! An' I dunno what saved him!'

Miss Mary stumbled away from the track. The little dressmaker rose up from the darkness and confronted her. 'I went after the priest, Mary!' she cried. 'Your mother came to the door with a little boy and sent me after the priest! I couldn't see her, but I saw the child, and I heard her running beside me all the way, and I could hear her breathe! Oh, Mary, Hank's been to Confession and he isn't dead!'

Miss Mary shook her head in dumb bewilderment and mumbled wildly. Her breath gurgled in her throat, her eyes were dry and staring, and a feverish red had crept into her blanched cheeks. She stumbled past and up the black, bush-lined path, looking straight ahead, and Kittie Klein followed her, weeping hysterically now. Once she looked down and saw that Miss Mary's feet were bare and bleeding from the sharp cinders.

At the doctor's steps they met a man coming out.

'The ribs on his right side and his right leg are broken,' he said to Miss Mary in a kind of awe-struck voice; the railroad didn't often leave its victims thus. They're going to set the leg now, and then the doctor says he can be carried straight home.'

Miss Mary answered him incoherently, an uncomprehending look of fear upon her wild face. Kittie had her own shoe off and was upon her knees, forcing them on Miss Mary's bare feet.

'I'll go right home for you and get his bed ready,' the little dressmaker was saying. 'You go in and hold his hand while they set his leg. Poor old Hank!' she added wistfully.

Miss Mary turned upon her fiercely. 'I guess I can get his bed ready myself!' she choked. She stood looking down at the little woman kneeling at her feet. The wild look went slowly from her face. 'And Hank ain't killed?' she murmured dazedly.

The little dressmaker sobbed anew. 'Ain't God good?' she cried.

Miss Mary stooped and lifted the little dressmaker to her feet. 'I wouldn't have hysterics!' she said in her old sharp way. 'Go on and hold his hand yourself!'

She gave Kittie Klein a gentle push towards the doctor's door; the years had suddenly rolled away.

And Kittie Klein went into the doctor's office, her pale, faded face all pretty with a new light. Hank would live and the past was past. The men turned curious eyes upon her. They didn't know, but that didn't matter. She went to Hank, and he put out his hand to her. Outside, Miss Mary was hurrying home to get things ready for the coming of Hank. Her face had not held a look like this for many years.—Liverpool 'Catholic Times.'

Mr. Patrick Egan, formerly treasurer of the Irish Land League, has been awarded £5000 damages for libel, in an action which he took against the 'New York Sun' in the American Courts.

The Catholic World

AUSTRIA—The Catholic Press

At the recent Catholic Congress in Austria an important resolution was submitted by Father Kolb, S.J., in favor of the Catholic press. He pointed out the power of the anti-Catholic newspapers, and said that the only opposition to them was furnished by the Catholic journals, few and badly supported. He pleaded for increased interest in them on the part of Catholics throughout Austria. The Congress took up the matter, and will try to strengthen the existing Catholic newspapers by subventions and also by furnishing them with news, facts, and political and apologetic articles likely to be of service to the good cause of building up a strong, efficient Catholic newspaper press. At the same time no attempt will be made to interfere with the political complexion of the journals; provided they observe the Catholic point of view nothing further will be asked of them. This is as it should be. Liberty is as the breath of his nostrils to a journalist; and so long as in essentials he is correct, he may be allowed freedom in matters doubtful and unsettled.

ENGLAND—Army and Navy Chaplains

The Holy See has decided that commissioned chaplains in the army and navy are to be under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Westminster, except for troops in Ireland, India, and South Africa.

The Bishop of Birmingham

The Bishop of Birmingham, Right Rev. Dr. Ilsley, on December 4 completed a quarter of a century's tenure of the episcopal office. There was no formal recognition of the occasion, as his Lordship was presented with congratulations and gifts when he entered upon the year of his silver jubilee. The day was, however, one which awakened grateful emotions amongst both the clergy and laity of the diocese, and the lengthening years do but deepen the affection in which the people hold their Bishop. On the ensuing day at the Aston Workhouse, where a chapel was handed over to his Lordship for the use of the Catholic inmates, a touching reference was made to the Bishop's jubilee by the Chairman of the Board of Guardians, who said that in Dr. Ilsley they had a prelate who had carried out the best and highest traditions of the Church to which he belonged.

FRANCE—Hasty and Ill-considered legislation

Law-making at full speed (says the 'Catholic Times,' December 8) sums up the method of pushing the Separation Bill through the French Senate. Every inch of steam is put on; and the engines are driven at full speed. Article after article, clause after clause, is read, talked over, and voted. Arguments count for nothing. Indeed, when one of the Senators moved to omit article seven, which transfers Church property, given for charitable purposes, to secular institutions doing similar charitable work, he was bluntly told that his contention had good reason in its favor, but the Bill must go through! And it is going through very gaily. Day after day the discussion proceeds, but no changes in the text take place. M. Rouvier has pledged his word that he will pass the measure, and in virtue of that pledge the majority of the Deputies support him in power. The bloc would sacrifice anything rather than miss the pleasure of dealing a blow at the status of religion in France. Within a month the French Church will be separated from the State, and the time of trial, perhaps the crisis, for her will have begun. Catholic France is wondering what the end will be.

ROME—Sacred Music

The two great mid-November feasts (writes a Rome correspondent) alone suffice to mark the change in sacred music brought about by Pope Pius X. At St. Cecilia's Church, for its festival feast, even the cantantibus organ of the elder Capocci was omitted this year as last in deference to the Motu Proprio, and Cardinal Rampolla, Titular of the Church, pontificated amid grave Gregorian. As this year's omission of the remarkable and much-admired piece of highly symbolic music was the second, and the Motu Proprio was dated only on St. Cecilia's Day, 1903, better observance could not have been given. At San Clemente, for its patronal feast, two days later, the Schola Gregorian sang a Mass of Vittoria and Vespers of equal musical chasteness, while the Plain Chant was after the new Vatican issue of choral books.