

Their voices were suddenly hushed by the sharp ringing of a bell which hurried these talkative nurses to distant portions of the building. The subject of their light remarks had been, unavoidably, a listener to this painful criticism, and it was with a sad face and a heavy heart that he turned his steps into the corridor.

The chapel door stood open. Through it could be seen the image of the Virgin Mother, seeming to look out towards him with pitying eyes. He started to pass the chapel, but something seemed to draw him to its sweet inclosure. In a moment he had stepped within, and, closing the door, knelt at the altar rail.

The young doctor's heart was very sore to-day. Before him rose the picture of his mother's face and that of his darling sister, who had, toiled so patiently for him—he simply could not face her! No wonder, then, that a fervent prayer went up to the Sacramental King—no wonder that he lifted pleading hands to the Mother who had never yet forsaken him. He said the 'Memorare' as he had never said it before, and when he had left the altar it was with a lighter step and an easier mind than he had known for days.

'Doctor,' called a well known voice from a room at hand; and Sister Agnes made her appearance at the door. 'You are wanted right away. Professor Miles intends to address the students on fractures, and wishes to see you at once. Ah, there he comes now, so he can speak for himself.'

Simultaneously the gray-haired professor stepped to the young man's side, and with a pleasant smile remarked: 'Doctor, let me have a subject, will you? The class is already assembled in the lecture-room, and there is no time to lose. Is there a patient with a broken limb?'

The doctor winced, but he answered simply, that the only one at present in the hospital was the man whom Doctor Kennard had treated.

'Very good, let us have him,' briskly ejaculated the old professor, who heard the story, but who liked Doctor Randall too much to give him intimation of the fact. 'Order him brought down at once.'

Fully a hundred students were seated in the grand auditorium as the professor and Doctor Randall entered. Several physicians, members of the Board, were grouped on the lecture platform; among them was Doctor Kennard, who chatted composedly with a fellow surgeon. In a moment there was wheeled into the room a table bearing on its snow-white surface the figure of the sufferer, whose recent accident had wrought such havoc to Doctor Randall's peace of mind.

A careful observer at that moment might have seen a slight change in the features of Dr. Kennard as the sick man was brought into the room. A look of surprise, mingled with a certain anxiety, showed itself upon his face, but it changed again as did that of each man present as the name of Doctor Randall was uttered. Simultaneously a hiss, scarcely audible at first, but gaining strength as half a hundred voices took it up, went round the lecture hall—the expression of bitter indignation against him who had shirked his duty.

Dr. Randall's cheeks paled. One hand clutched the chair near where he stood, but bravely enough he faced the accusing assembly, his clear, honest eyes never wincing.

One imperative gesture from the gray-haired professor silenced the declaration of scorn before his voice, thrilling with righteous indignation, spoke:

'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I am shocked at such an insult offered to a member of our staff. This unfortunate accident might have happened while the victim of it was on his way to the station house, whence, I understand, he was taken on leaving here. I will now proceed with the lecture, if you please.'

'You will see, gentlemen,' remarked the professor, after speaking at some length, 'we have arrived at that point where, to better illustrate our lesson, it will be necessary to examine the subject's broken limb. Please draw closer, gentlemen.'

The professor bent and examined the recumbent form as the bandages were slowly removed. At once his countenance changed. He stooped low, and for a moment there was an impressive silence as the lecturer carefully moved his fingers up and down over the injured member. Then he stood erect, and his voice, thrilling with emotion, rang through the auditorium in tones they never forgot.

'Gentlemen, there has been a great injustice done. The surgeon who examined this man the second time has either been guilty of the same blunder of which Doctor Randall stands accused or he has perpetrated a malicious imposture! Examine this limb for yourselves and prove to your satisfaction what I now declare is the truth—this man's leg is not and never has been broken!'

As the professor's voice ceased, a profound silence fell upon the astounded gathering. It was broken a moment later by the loud utterance of Doctor Randall's name, accompanied by a wild cheering that made the great room ring. They who had refused to join in the

recent expression of disapproval now crowded round the late object of scorn, shaking his hand and congratulating him warmly, while the others, thoroughly ashamed and hesitating to approach, hung back until Doctor Randall, with rare magnanimity, heartily reached out his hand to receive the most friendly of pressures.

Only one man failed to share in the general rejoicing, and he was Doctor Kennard. As Professor Miles suggested that the bandages be removed, he had hastily quitted the room, and when the students and surgeons, thoroughly incensed against him, sought the man, he was nowhere to be found.

The post of resident physician was immediately tendered Doctor Randall by the St. Ambrose Board of Directors, who felt they could scarcely recompense the young physician for his recent bitter trial. Professor Miles, however, supplemented the offer by another on his own account.

'I am going to Europe for some months, doctor,' he said to the young physician, 'and I must have a competent man to take charge of my sanatorium in my absence. I have always admired your qualities and feel every confidence in you. I desire you to take entire charge during my stay abroad, and on my return to become my assistant. Do you accept?'

This offer, made in the presence of the entire hospital corps, was received with much applause by all assembled. The young doctor, now the lion of the hour, did not make his decision until in the quiet chapel he had sought counsel of his Lord. At the conclusion of a few minutes spent in earnest prayer, his resolution was taken, and Sister Agnes was the first to learn it.

'I shall be sorry to see you go, dear friend,' she exclaimed, warmly clasping his outstretched hands, 'but I feel that a golden opportunity lies before you. It would be unwise to let it pass. Embrace it and labor diligently for advancement, but bear in mind that we are nothing if we stand alone and that even for material things we must ask for heaven's aid.'—'The Church Progress.'

The Catholic World

BELGIUM.—Exiled French Religious

The famous religious Order of Chartreuse, recently expelled from France, is about to establish itself at Cambron-Casteau, in the province of Hainaut, Belgium, where they have purchased the old Cistercian Abbey, which is one of the jewels of Belgian architecture. Here they will establish (says the 'Morning Leader') their convent and the distilleries of their famous liqueur. The future Convent of the Chartreuse is a remarkable property, the gardens of which are arranged in terraces, connected by monumental stairways. Some time ago the Belgian Government was disposed to purchase the interesting and picturesque old abbey, but the Commission on Monuments considered the expense too heavy. Over 36 Orders of French monks and nuns have purchased property in Belgium, and more are coming.

ENGLAND.—The Marist Brothers

The 'Univers' announces that the Marist Brothers, expelled from their great secondary college in Paris, will open a secondary school at Grove Ferry, near Canterbury, whither many of their old pupils have expressed the desire to follow them.

A Successful College

St. Francis Xavier's College, Liverpool, has once more won the Lord Derby prize, which is given to the first boy in Liverpool at the Oxford Local examinations. The first girl in Liverpool (senior candidates) is A. Quirk, of Notre Dame High School, Mount Pleasant.

An Industrial School

The Right Rev. Dr. Whiteside, Bishop of Liverpool, laid recently the memorial stone of a new industrial school for girls, which is being erected at a cost of £10,000 at Blackbrook, near St. Helens. It will accommodate between 120 and 150 girls, who will be under the charge of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart.

Pilgrimage to Rome

English Catholics will be afforded an early opportunity of being presented to the new Pope, owing to the fact that the London Catholic Association has arranged for a pilgrimage to Rome during the present month. A congratulatory address will be presented on the occasion.

Message to King Edward

I learn (says the London correspondent of the Liverpool 'Post,') that the Pope has sent a message of great cordiality to King Edward in response to his Majesty's letter of congratulation. His Holiness writes with a warm appreciation of British hospitality to Roman Catholic refugees, and of his Majesty's personal character.