

"Come on, Father, get up ; you must say Mass in a queer chapel this morning. The chance is too good to let it go by. I'll be bound—"

"Wha--what?" inquired the priest with surprise. But the boys had already laid hands tenderly on his vestments, and were eagerly awaiting to take up the march forward to the postal car. In a few moments the priest had donned his cassock and followed in amazement.

As we reached our own car a clear ringing voice struck up the beautiful Christmas processional, "Adeste Fideles," and, involuntarily, all of us, including the priest, who, by this time, had been enlightened as to our situation, joined in the chorus.

In the farther end of the car we found a pile of mail bags, some of them registered, whose aggregate value of contents amounted to thousands of dollars, if not more. And on this strange, improvised altar, the priest prepared to offer the Holy Sacrifice ! It was perhaps the first and only one of the kind ever erected. No need to go back to the awful days of the Irish persecution, nor to the time of the Roman catacombs for a church romance. Imagine for a moment, if you can, the scene in the mail car on that memorable Christmas morning. The faintest light from without, the lanterns of the conductor and brakeman, added to the lamps within, and the three candles borrowed from Charley, the porter, partially and barely enough illuminated this strange miniature chapel where the Sacrifice of Calvary was renewed in a bloodless manner during that early Christmas hour. Five grimy, hungry and sleepy postal clerks in their overalls, and the conductor and brakeman were the only worshippers, kneeling apart, one by one, and making their confessions to the young priest, who was so suddenly and strangely called to exercise his priestly powers !

And that Mass ! It is, indeed, doubtful if ever a priest at the altar was served by a man, wearing instead of altar garments, a suit of overalls and one of "Uncle Sam's mail slinger" uniforms ; a choir composed of three more in the same regulation garb—young fellows who had seen "volunteer service" in more than one choir during their younger days—their clear, sonorous voices contend-