

"Papa dear," the child again pleaded. He raised his eyes from the paper.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Will you give me a Christmas gift?" This question was entirely unthought of, and the man, delighted to please his daughter in every way, replied:

"Certainly, what would you like?"

"Just to have you come to church with Mama and me to-night, and see me make my First Communion. Please don't say no."

His dark eyes clouded, the mouth shut firmly, and he gazed for a moment at his daughter in astonishment and anger.

"Mary, what do you mean by even mentioning such a thing? If I had my way neither you nor your mother would go there. Such foolishness, mockery, he mumbled, rising; and pushing past the child, he left the room.

One, two — eleven, twelve — midnight. Only the measured tread of his footsteps were heard as Mr. Donnelly passed back and forth in his room. The chimes soon wafted their tones across the snow and announcing the glad tidings, "Glory to God, good will to men," finally ceased. He was all alone; something tore at his heart. "Why cause thy child sadness on such a happy night! Go, visit the Christ Child, see your daughter's happiness and your wife's peace when they receive the Divine Child." Surely there must be something in this religion that so suddenly changed his wife, and was making his little one so happy. Who could it be that she loved more than she loved him? "Will I go?" he meditated. "Go," his Guardian Angel prompted. "Don't be foolish; why show your wife how weak you are? What will the other people think?" the evil spirit whispered. He struggled hard, such promptings tortured him. With a last, final struggle, he banished temptation and seizing his overcoat and hat he hastened from the house.

The chapel was crowded as the man entered, and dazed by the scene before him, stood motionless near the door. The altar was lighted with numberless candles and an odor of incense pervaded the place. The altar bell sounded three times; the children in white advanced slowly to the