Before the Tabernacle ugh the narrow chancel win-

cams the light of setting sun; leams the ingit of setting sun; ile a surpliced child is lighting lear candles, one by one.

It ar candles, one by one.

We have the Holy Fucharist, Bends a priest, above his head inlight through a crimson win-

paints the crucifix blood red.

hite-robed choir boys softly chanting "Nunc Dimitis." Solemnly lingled voices low responding To the mystic litany.

yhispering soft a haughty woman Prays, her proud head bended

low, As the symbol's lifted heavenward Beats in faith her breast of snow.

Man of wealth and mighty station Bows his head and bends his knee, Lips held firm but heart respond-"God be merciful .o me."

Lights are out. The prayers are ended. Shadows 'round the altar creep. a my heart the benediction Lingers with life's shadows deep.

The Great Lottery

(By W. Phillip Sheppard.)

(Continued from last week.)

"But Miss Lomas ... Claire," he urged, "you are surely not serious in thinking - well, I hardly know how to phrase it."

"Nor I, Wilfred, at the moment! There! I've called you by your Christian name; take hope from that. Perhaps I'm only in fun, perheps I don't quite know my own mind yet. Will you wait as I ask you?"

Nothing could have been more provokingly bewitching than her half-serious, half-jesting mode of dismissing him; and if it is right to imagine any deeper depths of love than that from which springs a "proposal," he certainly then and there sounded them.

Father David, who was soon in possession of the facts, considered it was as good as an engagement; but as he had never been an ardent lover in a worldly sense, perhaps Wilfred Challis was justified in con-sidering his opinion of doubtful value. At any rate, he returned to town unsettled and irritable, and half inclined to think the fates were not using him very well. Father David went about his accustomed parochial duties, Claire Lomas continued the education of Westborough's little ones — and the world

ough's little ones — and the world went on very much as usual.

A week passed, and at the end of it he returned to Westborough to renew his proposal and press for a more definite answer.

"Still after my lottery ticket?" she said, laughing.

"Still seeking a prize beyond value," he corrected; but neither that nor any argument he could advance sufficed to alter her determination.

mination.

Another week passed, and by the earliest Saturday train he could tumble into he was back again in Westborough with new arguments and more tender entreaties.

"You have designs on poor Fa-ther David's £500," she answered. "I shall tell him not to receive you any more."

He kept good-tempered and smil-

"There are hotels," was all he

answered.

He had passed through a halfmiserable. miserable, half-exquisite fortnight of hope and doubt, and would endure another week, for at the end of it the lottery excuse would end with the publication of the winning

"Now, don't come down next Saturday," she urged. "Be a sensi-ble man and wait until the Monday, when I shall know."

But late on the following Saturday night Father David was dis-

oay night rather by a visitor.

"Bless mel" he ejaculated, "you lovers have neither respect nor reason. Truly a disgraceful hour. I shall leave you to find your way to hed by yourself."

But instead he foraged for suplies, and placed some supper ready icr him.

"You will hurry if I stay with

"You will hurry if I stay with you." he said, "and I must be up earlier than you. Good night, Don Wilfred Quixote."

As a matter of fact, Wilfrid Challis was up and out by sunrise, saying "Good morning" to such arly ramblers as the local constable and extra diligent mikman. Claire saw him from her window Claire saw him from her window at least half an hour before time for the early mass, and he was waiting for her when she at last emerged from the street door.

"What a man for exercise!" she exclaimed. "How early you must have risen."

"I rose very early," he answerd quietly, "and for a particular reason; that it might give me a longer day in which to insist upon your answer. I am persistent. No-



THE INFANT SAVIOUR.

grasp, Your hearts a better trust.

Oh, bend aback the lauce's point,

And break the helmet bar;

A noise is in the morning wind,

thing that you can say will satisfy me but 'Wilfred, I will be your wife.'"
"Now, this is downright unreasonable, Mr. Challis," was her rejoinder. "You know my wishes, you have waited some weeks on account of them, and on the very last day of the waiting you come down here practically to bully me into an answer. It is utterly unfair, and I shall certainly not an

into an answer. It is utterly unfair, and I shall certainly not answer you."

"Not bullying, Claire — only per suading. I want your answer today. I may have been wise towait this long at your request, however little I could understand the reason of it, but now I am wise in waiting no longer. I want your answer to-day."

"Connot you see how it strength."

"Cannot you see how it strengthens my idea that you are running after my lottery ticket? It must be that, or it would not matter to you if you waited just another day," Claire answered.

"It would matter. I have rea sons," he said.
"You have already heard that have won it?" she asked quickly.
"On my honor, I have not. Bu if I had heard — if you had won

would it make any difference to your answer? We shall not be

married by to-morrow, and I as sure you I should have no powe

whatever to touch a penny of the money — if you win it." She ben

ner nead.
"I should at least be independ
ent," she said, with a half-bated
breath. "You would not be marrying a penniless girl."

Then they entered the church gate

and the conversation was inter-rupted; and after mass she some-

in diametrically opposite directions,
—"which one they didn't quite/
know"— and, in doubt as to
which village to seek her in, he
went to neither, but fumed and
fretted away the afternoon alone.

It was dusk when she returned, and he eventually caught her; and

But it was dusk and he was desperate and sleepy Westborough offered no onlookers at the moment.

fered no onlookers at the moment.
He held her two arms firmly, but
yet very gently, and wheeled
around so that the twilight caught
her eyes, and he looked into them
for the secret they might contain.
And though she struggled a little

her head.

effrontery.

But not the note of war.

Put

kings,

THE DAWN OF PEACE

Upon the grassy mountain naths off, put off your mails, O The glittering hosts increase -They come! They come! How fair their feet! And beat your brands to dusc

Your hands must learn a surer They come who publish peace. And victor fair victory,

> Our enmies are ours! For all the clouds are clasped in

Aye, still depressed and dim with dew!

But wait a little while, And with the radiant deathless rose The wilderness shall smile.

And every tender, living thing Shall feed by streams of rest; Nor lamb shall from the flock be

Nor nursling from the nest.

—John Ruskin.

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all stomach and digestive ubles has been indisputably even by many who have exrienced their benefits. Here is

I cannot say enough in favor of dd's Dyspepsia Tablets. I suf-ed for a long time with Dyspep-i, and was constantly getting bree-till I read an advertisement ntaining a testimonial from a dy whose symptoms seemed to ; been just like wine and who been cured by Dodd's Dyspepa Tablets. I sent right away for a box and began taking them. They relieved me at once and I kept on and now I am cured. I can honestly recommend them as a cure for

Dveronsia." This statement is signed by G. V Campbell, of Little Shippegan, N. B.

They that deny a God destroy a man's nobility; for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature.

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and the control of the most gratifyand after mass she somehow managed to elude him, and
again after the High Mass, at
which she assisted in the choir.
In the afternoon he called, but she
had gone to two villages which lay
had gone to two villages which lay
and the control of the most gratifyconcluded one of the most gratifyconcluded one of the most gratifyconcluded one of his life, for he was not concluded one of the most grachy-ing days of his life, for he was not wrong in imagin, the pleasure he knew was in store for her when the morning's post told her that the new ticket bore the magic number of the first prize she so much desired. "You knew it at the time," she

then she affected the blindest ig-norance of the fact that he had been seeking her so long. "Have you had a nice day?" she asked him, with bewitching said, when they met at the railway station. "You must have done, station. "You must have done and so it was not a fair exchange."

"A bargain is a bargain," he reminded her, "and what should I care, dear, for that sort of prize when I had already won yourself?"—Catholic Fireside.

(The End.)

around so that the twilight caught her eyes, and he looked into them for the secret they might contain. And though she struggled a little and tried to look cross, and sold she was sure she had hated him and would never marry him, she