

and friend. In one pew sat a line of Americans from Harvard, Chicago and New York, who had enlisted with the Canadians at the out-hrvak of war and who had all been wounded. Above them towered a white status. "Look!" whispered one. "they've got Lincoln here in our honor." But it was only Lord Beaconsfield, whose chiseled features in the dim light bore a remarkable resemblance to America's "Great Heart." I saw an old British general, his uniform revered with medale and orders, limp slow-valong. His foot was bandaged, and three times he had to sit down and rest. With had to sit down and rest. With

limits he had to sit down and rest. With him was his orderly, who was beseeching him not to undertake the ceremony. "Eush!" was the answer. "Don't you znow there are six British generals buried at my feet, and their ghosts will haunt me forever if I give in to a mere trifling wound"

It was a very strange scene. At the inf altar knelt the finest fighters of the Diss, admirals and generals and com-nanders, wide by side with the humblest ad the rawest of recruits. Class and disinction were quite forgotten. The kings and queens of England slumbered peace-fully on within their marble tombs, a long line of them, duting back to King Sebert of the Saxons, who died in 616.

CHOIR BOYS' CHANT.

CHOIR BOYS' CHANT. The wonderful organ was playing a song of triumph. "The fight is o'er, the battle dome," sang the choir boys. And one's syss involuntarily turned to the long line of wounded officers and the still longer line of Anaki-clad figures whose fight was all to como, and whose battlefield still ay be-fore them. There they were, Maoris and Sensgalese, Boers and British, French and Sensgalese, Canadians and Americans. Ser-biens and "Anacs"—all kneeling at the high altar and taking communion before returning to the fight. Had Westminster in all its centuries ever seen a finer or a more all its centuries ever seen a finer or a more ve sight?

A long stream of blinded officers and non were waiting their turn patiently.

102

The Stroud Pienola

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"I was certainly shot out into the road." "I was certainly shot out into the road." said the Frenchman solemnly. "and blown up in many places where it is not con-venient to be blown up. But le bon Dieu permitted me to recover • • and now he is permitting me to meet my kind rescuer face to face once more." eventful

So the young American and the French man walked off arm in arm. And the French-and queens of England slept on peacefully within their marble graves, while once marble graves, while once again the old Abbey was wrapped in silence.

New Castle Postmaster Named WASHINGTON, May 15.—President Wilson today nominated Henry M. Good to be postmaster at New Castle, Pa.

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