

along the streets? These are secrets that Jacques did not reveal, but what he did say, and freely, is that after several months of wandering through the streets of the city, when he rolled himself up in his torn and ragged coverings on the night of the 24th of December, 18—, he was sure he had profited nothing despite all his trouble and pains. He was mistaken however; it was impossible for this child to have thus paraded though all unconsciously, his misery in the streets, without exciting pity and drawing the attention of the generous-hearted members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul; and so, on Christmas Eve Jacques had scarcely forgotten his woes in a profound sleep when one of those brave old citizens that are the pride of our country, slowly made his way up the rickety stairs which led to Jacques' garret, carrying on his shoulder a large bundle which he deposited on the floor near the bed of the little sleeper. What was in this mysterious bundle? Was the good old man playing Santa Claus and bringing Jacques a trumpet, a jack-in-the-box, a magic lantern or some other of the marvellous products of wonderland which make of Christmas Eve the eve of eves for children? No, he had been wise in his choice and brought what would be at once pleasing and useful—a complete suit of clothes of warm and durable material. It was just such an outfit as would protect against the attacks of the bitter Canadian winter. And such a pair of boots! No cold could pierce them.

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Suddenly in the middle of the night Jacques awoke and sat bolt upright in bed.... Is it a dream?.... He thinks he hears sweet strains such as he had never heard before. Then suddenly he remembers the sound: it is the music of the chimes borne to him by the North wind. Again another sound strikes his ear, this time the clamorous voices of the school-children rejoicing in the birth of the Infant of Bethlehem. They seem to say: Arise, Jacques! ... those warm clothes are yours!.... It is Christmas Eve! See the myriads of lights shining through your window like stars?.... See the throngs that hurry over the glistening snow! Come with us!.... The chimes are carolling forth their invitation to everyone to come to Midnight Mass! Come! Come!