

DECEMBER 23rd, 1886.]

suspense, which seems like the suppressed breathing of all the inmates. Sometimes they dream, and call aloud in their sleep; some have night-mare, and tremble terribly; while in the street below there comes a faint sound as of passers-by, voices hushed in the dark, cold night, as if in some cathedral porch, they sound so far away. One starts back at the mystery of a religious fête placing lights in the city and illuminating the church windows at such a time.

"Are you asleep, Bernadon?"

On the little table near the head of his friend's bed Salvette had placed very quietly a bottle of wine and a white loaf—Christmas bread—in which the branch of holly is placed in the centre. The wounded man opened his eyes, which were bloodshot from fever. In the indistinct light, and from the reflection of the roof where the moon shone on the snow, this improvised Christmas seemed very odd to him.

"Wake up. It must not be said that two men of Provence have left Christmas Eve pass without drinking a cup of wine together."

And Salvette remembered his poor old mother. He filled the glasses, cut the bread, and they touched their glasses together, and spoke of that dear country of Provence. Little by little, Bernadon became animated and softened. The wine: old memories, etc., were awakened. With that childishness which comes to invalids, he asked Salvette to sing him a Christmas carol in his mother tongue. Nothing pleased his companion better.

"Let us see. Which one would you like? 'The Landlord,' or 'The Three Kings,' or 'Saint Joseph Said to Me?'"

"No! I like 'The Shepherds' better than any; it is our favourite at home."

With his head between the curtains, Salvette commenced humming "The Shepherds" in a low tone. All at once, at the last verse, when the wise men came to see Jesus in the stable, and having put their offerings of fresh eggs and cheese on the manger, were being graciously dismissed by these words:

Joseph leur dit: Allons! soyez bien sages,  
Tournez vous-en et faites bon voyage.  
Bergers,  
Prenez votre congé, . . .

at this point poor Bernadon slipped, and fell heavily over on his pillow. His friend, thinking him asleep, called him, shook him; but the wounded man did not wake. The little branch of holly laid across the stiff sheet seemed like the green palm which one places at the head of a death-bed.

Salvette understood it all now. Then beginning to cry, and being a little excited by the fête and such trouble, he began to sing at the top of his voice, in the quiet ward, the joyous refrain of Provence:

Bergers,  
Prenez votre congé,

ZARA.

## ROSE LATULIPPE.

A FRENCH-CANADIAN LEGEND.

The story or ballad of Ma'amselle Rose, Surnamed Latulippe, as the story goes.

Seventeen hundred and forty, I'm told, The winter was long and dark and cold.

The frosts were hard, and the snows were deep,  
Lake and river were wrapped in sleep.

The days so short, and the food so dear,  
At Christmas-time made sorry cheer.

The drifts piled high, and the roads left bare,  
Made New Year's Day a slow affair.

Yet Noël and New Year's as Paradise were  
To Lent with its vision of fasting and prayer,

And lively girls like Ma'amselle Rose,  
In her dark-blue skirt and her scarlet hose,

All over the country felt the same,  
With their restless feet and their eyes of flame,

Striving to make the most of their fun  
Ere Mardi-Gras should behold it done.

The day before has Ma'amselle Rose,  
Standing on tip of her little toes,

Petitioned her father with modest glance  
To let her give—a little dance.

And here we know just what came about,  
For Rose, too cunning to beg or pout,

At once is accorded—so frank, so sweet,  
Who could refuse her?—the wished-for treat.

Great were the preparations then,  
The asking of girls, the finding of men;

For partners are rare in this wild new land,  
Where girls grow as ripe and ready to hand

As in any tropical island or town,  
(Lying becalmed 'neath a starry crown,

Rich with clustering fruit and flower,  
With gaudy creeper and glowing bower.)

Though few are as fair as Ma'amselle Rose,  
In her dark-blue skirt and her scarlet hose.

As for Mardi-Gras—ciel! What a day!  
The wind it blew this way, that way,

All ways at once, you would have said,  
Till the snow was whirled far over the head,

And towards the evening a storm uprose  
Which frightened all save Ma'amselle Rose.

The windows rattled—what did she care?  
She was upstairs plaiting her long brown hair.

The watch-dog howled, but she did not hear,  
She was hanging an ear-ring in either ear;

And thinking of onyx and filigree,  
And musing, of these, which shall it be,

She hardly observes old Mère Marmette,  
Who has come in a tremble to look for her pet.

Old Mère Marmette, with her withered face,  
Under the cap with its starched white lace,

Just as one sees in a cold March wood  
An old brown leaf, with its snowy hood

Pushed back a little, that one may know  
Will melt full soon the frost and the snow.

"O Rose, chérie, did you not hear me call?  
I fear for you, child, and I fear for us all!

'Tis the wildest night the Curé has known,  
And to hear that good dog howl and moan

Is enough to drive one on to one's knees,  
Though there, to be sure, we all might freeze

Such a night as this!"—"Why, how you  
talk!"

Says Ma'amselle Rose, as she stops in her  
walk

To drape her flowered Indian shawl,  
Thinking it makes her look quite tall.

"Mon Dieu, you talk," says Ma'amselle  
Rose,

With her laughing eye and her petulant  
pose,

"As if we had not seen nights as dark,  
Or had never heard old Pierrot bark!"

Then to the window quick she flies—  
"Look, Mère Marmette, look, look, what  
eyes!

What a figure! what grace! what a noble  
steed!

Now, who can it be?" Now Who, indeed?

"Ciel, I know not! Some stranger bold—  
The town is full of such, I'm told;

And Rose Latulippe, look you do not forget  
The last advice of your old Marmette,

Dance, dance, little Rose, dance all you like  
Till the midnight hour from the clock shall  
strike;

But to dance after twelve to-night is a sin,  
Whether with stranger or kith or kin.

And the Curé says—"I know, I know,  
Good mother Marmette, you tease one so!"

And with in the mirror a flying peep,  
Away to the dance flies Rose Latulippe.

Already the guests are gathering all  
In the long low room and the narrow hall,

Where hang the rude sticks and the stout  
raquettes,

And the great fur coats in patches wet  
With the falling snow that still outside  
Is whirled aloft in an eddying tide!

There are the tenants from west and east,  
From north and south, all bidden to feast

On pâtés, and fowls, and ragoûts immense,  
All at their generous Seigneur's expense.

And here is old Jacques the blind habitant,  
Who can sing you the whole of *Le Juif  
Errant*,

And play on his fiddle such tunes so gay,  
As *Le vent frivolt* and *J'ai tant dansé*.

And now all the Seigneury forms in a line,  
Then the *Grande Promenade* with an air so  
fine,

One can hardly believe it is Homespun Grey  
And *Bottes Sauvages* who are leading the  
way.

And next they engage in a merry round  
dance,  
Imported, of course, direct from France,

Which must surely gladden our gay little  
Rose,  
In her dark-blue skirt and her scarlet hose.

But where is Rose? In the window seat  
She seems to have found a cosy retreat,

And with her the stranger, tall and bold,  
From her window she saw alight in the cold.

His eyes flash fire, and his brow is stern,  
Yet his words with a thrilling music burn.

He knows her name, he has called her Rose,  
Till her cheek with a brighter crimson  
glows;

He takes her hand, he holds it fast,  
And into the circle they slip at last.

Then who so happy as little Rose,  
While her red cheek redder and redder  
grows!

Again and again they dance like this,  
And once has the stranger stolen a kiss,

That has almost frightened our brave little  
Rose—  
Like a shudder of fire through her frame it  
goes—

Till the girls all stand in a whispering ring,  
And deem it the very strangest thing,

That Rose should have known this cavalier,  
And finish by deeming it *very queer*—

As girls in all ages somehow do  
When they have not been courted too.

But Mère Marmette is troubled still,  
She follows her pet about until

The stranger has thrown her a wicked  
glance,  
That might have sent her into a trance

Had she not quickly crossed herself,  
And gone on washing and drying the delf;

For now, the feasting and supper all done,  
Is the very height of Mardi-Gras fun.

Soon it will be the midnight hour  
When to dance or play will be out of the  
power

Of all good Catholics, young and old,  
Who may wish to remain in the Church's  
fold.

But so proud and happy is Ma'amselle Rose,  
In her dark-blue skirt and her scarlet hose,

With the stranger's arm around her waist,  
And her hand on his shoulder lightly placed,

That when he beseeches for one turn more,  
She slips on his arm out through the door

Into the dim and narrow hall,  
Where creep the long shadows up the wall.

And lo, in a minute or less, that same Rose,  
Surnamed Latulippe, as the story goes,

In the stranger's arms is spinning around  
To a strange and diabolical sound,

Which cometh from no known instrument,  
As old blind Jacques, in his corner intent

On a big pork pâté, very well knows:  
Alas for poor little Ma'amselle Rose!

For presently, louder than Rose quite likes,  
The tall old clock on the staircase strikes.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she cries, "you must let me  
go;

'Tis twelve and after!"—"Nay, nay, not  
so!

I have you and hold you, and fold you tight,  
You are mine," says the stranger, "from  
to-night.

Dance, dance little Rose, a word in your  
ear,  
You are dancing with Lucifer, what dost  
thou fear?"

But Rose is praying—she breaks the spell,  
A gasp, a scream—now that was well.

Old Mère Marmette is on the scene,  
She sees it all, and with terrible mien

She rushes about, she gives the alarm,  
Now who will save her child from harm?

This no one can do. The dancers spin—  
(God save us all from such mortal sin.)

The room is full of horrible fumes,  
The stranger a horrible shape assumes;

He is nearing the door, he will bear her  
away,  
His steed is in waiting, they hear him neigh,

(And of all vile sounds of things accursed,  
The neigh of the Devil's own steed is the  
worst!)

When from the outside the handle is turned  
And in walks the Curé, smiling and learned.

The Curé! the Curé! He takes it all in,  
From Rose, in her peril of horrible sin,

To Mother Marmette and the aged Seig-  
neur,  
The whispering girls and the dazed voya-  
geurs.

And breathing a hurried and silent prayer,  
And making the sign of the cross in the air,

And saying aloud, "The Church hath  
power  
To save her children in such an hour."

He taketh the maiden by both her hands,  
Whilst Lucifer dark and discomfited stands;

Snorting and stamping in fiendish ire,  
He gains his steed with the eyes of fire,

Who gives one loud and terrible neigh,  
And then in the darkness thunders away.

Such is the story of Ma'amselle Rose,  
Rose Latulippe, and the sequel shows

That the stranger *really* was Lucifer, since,  
When lights were brought, and the horse's  
dints

In the snow were looked for, strange to say,  
The snow was actually burned away.

The fiery steed with the fiery hoofs  
Had melted it all. Beside such proofs

No more is needed, that is clear,  
And the girls who had grudged her her  
cavalier,

Though they looked askance for a week or  
two,  
Made friends again, as good girls should do.

As for the moral, I only can say,  
That Rose never danced again from that  
day.

If this be not sufficient, I think we can  
find  
Another reflection good for our mind,

In the fact that there is not on earth a land,  
Whether worlds away or close at hand,

Barren or populous, rich or poor,  
That dare practise deeming itself secure

From the wiles of the Evil One, Father of  
Lies.  
Lucifer, fallen from heavenly skies.

And maidens in Canada, just as in France,  
Should ever remember the terrible dance,

Which once with the devil danced Ma'am-  
selle Rose,  
Surnamed Latulippe, as the story goes.

SERANUS.