

extraordinary stranger. About four acres from the shanty they found an Indian boy or child about four or five years old, half buried in a huge snowdrift, and partly crushed under a fallen pine branch. With all the care possible the men lifted the little fellow up and carried him into the shanty.

Then was there a scene of wonder. How came the boy to be there? It was at least six miles from the Tête-de-Boule camp over on Moose Creek, it was over thirty-five miles from the next nearest human habitation. Again, how did the little fellow live through the storm? Who was he? A thousand such questions suggested themselves; but no one could answer any of them. It was about ten o'clock when the foreman carried in his little burden; it was half past eleven before the urchin was able to open his eyes and look about him. At first he could not speak, but gradually as the camboose heat affected him he thawed out, so to speak, and at last he managed to ejaculate "*Sego! tile Paul, tile Jêsu.*" These were the only words he could pronounce or perhaps that he knew—anyway he kept constantly repeating them for about ten minutes. All hope was given up of drawing anything farther in the way of information from the lad; but it soon became apparent that the boy was either dying or going to faint. Not only was he badly frost-bitten, but he had received some serious injury from the pine branch that struck him, moreover fatigue, hunger and thirst were playing havoc with his frail body. Towards mid-night it became evident that the child was dying.

"Come boys," said the foreman, "we will say a prayer around this little fellow. He can only say little or *petit Paul* and *petit Jêsu*. No matter: the *petit Jêsu* was born to-night, at this hour, and perhaps he will take the *petit Paul* to himself now. Come let us say a prayer."

They all knelt down—six and thirty rugged shantymen—and with eyes fixed upon the dying child they offered up a

prayer for the little Indian and a prayer for the dear little ones at home—little ones that were safe from the dangers and hard fate of *petit Paul*. When the prayer was ended the cook suggested that he should baptize the child, as it might have never received that sacrament. No sooner said than done! with thirty-six sponsors, for each one of the men wished to be a God-father to the *Petit Paul*, and with the word "*petit Jêsu*" on his young lips, there at mid-night, Christmas 1849, just as the bells all over the Christian world were ringing out a peal of joy on the occasion of a Savior's birth, that hour, and in the far off woods the white soul of the red man's child escaped its frail prison and winged its flight to heaven.

The next day *Petit Paul's* father came to the shanty in search of his child. He said that down at the Caldwell Depot, last year the priests had baptized little Paul and that they told him to love Little Jesus. His mother nightly repeated the advice to the child; and he was taught that to say "Little Jesus, take care of little Paul," would save him from all harm. We had wandered away in the afternoon and getting into the net work of roads in the lumber works became lost and finally night and the storm overtook him near the shanty.

They buried little Paul behind the shanty, and the handy-man spent Christmas making the cross; the cook carved the inscription; the men planted the cross with all due solemnity—and there it stands until this day to tell the story of *Petit Paul*, and to remind the explorer, hunter or traveller, of the simple and glorious faith of those pioneers of our country. Such is my Christmas story—and its moral is that the "victory which places the world at our feet, is Faith." Glory to the missionaries who carried that light to the Indian's home. Glory to the simple sons of toil who revered that revelation! "Glory to God on high, and peace on earth to men of good will."

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