

their depths. Another story credited the graves with being opened. The old village pastor, dead for years, awoke from his long sleep, rose amid the other departed spirits who had appeared upon the scene, beckoned them to follow him and all to meet around the cemetery cross, to join in reciting the prayers of the Nativity. After this, each one indulged in a brief glance at the hamlet of which he was once a resident, surveyed his former dwelling, and then vanished once more for the place of departed spirits.

Whether in the great French-Canadian city temples of Montreal and Quebec or in their humble parish churches, the midnight mass of Christmas Eve is the grandest and most imposing of the year. The most gorgeous decorations that can be supplied, the most brilliant display of multi-colored electric and gas lights, tapers and miniature lamps and the most beautiful music are reserved for the great fête. In the midst of a driving snowstorm men and women will journey for miles in sleighs or on snowshoes to attend the only midnight mass of the year. If it be a clear, frosty, starlight night all the churches are crowded to the doors, for Protestants as well as Catholics attend the service in large numbers, delighted to witness the grand spectacular scene and to hear, interspersed among the rich music of the mass, the singing of the peculiar French-Canadian cantiques de Noël, and often some French carols, too, such as Adam's *Noël* and Fléchier's *Dans cette étable*, of which latter, the first verse runs as follows :

Dans cette étable,
Que Jésus est charmant !
Qu'il est aimable,
Dans son abaissement !
Que d'attraits à la fois !
Tous les palais des rois
N'ont rien de comparable
Aux beautés que je vois
Dans cette étable.