and poor Jeanne, gently swaying him in her arms, murmured soothing worde, and the old grandfather, leaning forward, touched the round cheek careasingly—the situation was becoming more and more dramatic. The cry incressed to a roar.

A fine moisture began to gather on the mother's long lashes. The grief of her darling seemed to pierce her own soul, and turning toward the priest she gave one entreating, voiceless prayer. The Abbe, absorbed in mediation, was still conscious of that silent appeal.

"Give him the breast," he sa'd, as if in answer, and turned again to his devotions. Then in that poor little sanctuary, in an out-of the-way corner of the bleak Covennes, I was witness to a strange and rare s'ght. The young peasant girl, noble in her motherbood, pure, beautiful, pressing the lips of her child to her modest breast under the white cloud of the Vargin's mantle, was like some supernatural creature in whom the simple virtues of humanity were clothed with the lineaments of divine grace. She bent above her child, her blue eyes filed with a gentle and tender light, somewhat touched with awe at the strangeness of her surroundings, as that other Mother, "Blessed among women," might have bant over the manger eighteen hundred years ago. It was in itself a Christmas anthem beyond all that had been said or sung before.

"Listen, Monsieur," said Targan, softly.

It was the sound — learty, healthy, human—of the baby nursing. I do not know what strange connection brought back to me the memory of my own mother, but the next moment tears as large as those now dry on his cheeks were pouring over mine; and if old Guillaume Targan had not led me by the hand I could not have seen the way back to my corner by the altar. When I raised my head again it was to see Abbe Couplac in the midst of the grotto giving the Bread of Life to Miguel and Jeanne as they knelt before him, and to hear him repeat above each bowel head: "May the body of our Lord Jesus Christ bring your soul to eternal life (Corpus Pomini nostri Jesu Christi extendit experience in mostri Jesus Christ bring your soul to eternal life (Corpus Pomini nostri Jesus eternal life (Corpus Pomini nostri Jesu visti custodiat animam tuam in vitam

ternam). Amen.
The midnight Mass was over. as the last words of the Gospel of St.

John had been read the glare of numerous
torches in the yard without began to
throw a red light through the windows, and a confused sourd of voices and ories came through the open door. The priest laid aside part of his vestments and clothed himself in a long mantle, his cope—splendid yet, though well worn—which covered him from head to foot. His mas sive head and face, brown and wrinkled, as it appeared above this gorgeous garment, made him look like some pictures and the stance of the stanc esque Eastern Magi, or some strange Hierarch taken bodily from an old Bysan

"What is going to be done now?" I whispered to Targan.
"Now it is going to be the beasts' turn to have their Christmas blessing. If Mousteur will have the goodness to follow

The Abbe took from the hand of his as The Abbe took from the hand of his as sistant an aspersoir dripping with hely water. Then, turning toward the grotto, with the long folds of his regal mantle sweeping the floor, he commanded:

"The stable of Bethlehem in front!"

Eight robust arms lifted the poles which supported the green roof with its boughs and flating streamers of ribbon.

boughs and fl. ating streamers of ribbon, and the Virgin, with the Child in her arms and St. Joseph at her side, advanced with slow and solemn step under the humble and symbolic shelter. After them walked Gu liaume l'argan, proudly bearthe holy-water vessel, with the Abbe following, surrounded by the four acolytes. The people crowded and pressed behind, and I took my place in the cortege, which moved on to a wide platform outside the church door and raised a few feet above the level of the courtyard. Upon this the priest mounted with his immediate atten dants, while the remainder of the parish grouped itself closely about. Under the white moonlight and the glare of scores of torches the vast mass of animals rested in a semi transparent shadow worthy the pencil of Rembrandt. The cxen of Border-Lands were drawn up so as almost to touch the hem of the priest's garment. to touch the hem of the priest's garment. I could see the great brown, astonished eyes of Jacquon and Blereau as they slowly turned their heads.

"My brothers," said the Abbe, lifting his voice so as to be heard by the groups scattered among the animals as well as by those near him, "on this radiant festival, which commemorates the birth of His those near him,
which commemorates the birth of His
divine Son, God, who Himself blessed
you within the church, has sent me
here to bless your flocks and herds in
His name. They too are part of His
creation, useful and dear to you in help
ing to till your fields and make your
and the services of rest and comfort. He desires that they shall have their place in this glorious festival, and be associated with you, according to our time-honored cus tom in the celebration of our midnight Mass. I desire you then to slog what we of Cabrecolles have named 'The Christmas Hymn of the Flocks,' for God is pleased to hear all creatures that He has made to live proclaim the glory of His name."

And he himself intoned "In the midet of angels singing," while every voice, re-freshed by the few moments' silence, burst with a hearty, joyous, swinging rhythm into the words after him. The animals, startled by the sudden outburst, lifted their heads and roared in chorus, as if they desired to join the strain, and thus the wild and beautiful chorus was borne away to come back in ringing echoes from the dark mountain sides beyond. Far above the whole the high, thin, clear voice of the Abbe led those of his parishioners, man and beast. The old peasant nature again claimed the ascendant, and he stood with eyes uplifted and hands raised in blessing from the majestic folds of his The old peasant pature long mantle, singing in an costasy of de-light and emotion. Here are the words, written generations ago for this simple and touching ceremony by some unknown and humble St. Francis of our wild and lonely mountains of Cevennes:

CHRISTMAS HYMN (F THE ANIMALS.

Chorus.
In the midst of angels' singing,
To our stables as we slept

The Ozen.

On a trues of straw He's lying, Paie His cheek and cold as death; Let us, to His call replying, Warm and cheer Him with our breath.

Bending low to soothe and cheer Him,
And the pangs of birth torgot,
See the Blessed Virgin hear Him,
Smiling at her happy lot.

The Goats. With a broom of thick green rushes, Working well with hand and might, Good St. Joseph sweeps and brushes Soil and dirt from Jesus' sight.

As the last words died away the Abbe lifted the aspersoir full of holy water; Jacquon and Biereau, guided by Voirce and followed by all the herds of their own and followed by all the herds of their own farm, passed proudly before the priest, receiving the sprinkling with perfect dig nity, and moved away into the outer shadows, while the flocks and cattle of every holding. little or great, in the limits of the Black Expiners walked in pictur eque confusion after them. With a regular and benign movement the Abbeblessed, and blessed, and blessed, until the last lamb had disappeared, then, as he turned, happy and ifred, to follow the rustic stable which was being borne again into the church over the Holy Family, a voice sharp and tremulous stopped him at voice sharp and tremulous stopped him as

the door.
"And I, Moneieur le Cure! Aud I?" "You, L. Monsteur le Cure ! And I?"

He turned to see a little old woman,
witbered and substanceless as a haudful of
dried grass and covered with regs, who in
her esgerness had caught his robe to attract attention.

"You, Babet?" he said.
"You, I. Monstang le Cure . I. Rebet

"Yes, I, Monsteur le Cure; I, Babet Enjolier, of your own parish of Gin-

"I remember you well, Babet. Alas! you are almost the only one left me to remember—so many have passed away."

And stammering, with a gleam of tears in his eyes: "Glaestet! my Glaestet!

Your churchyard holds all that is mine

"I knew your mother and your father who used to be called 'The Partridge,' and I have come to you with my old donkey Magnette, that she may gain courage and strength to carry me well over the rough ways,"

"And where do you go over the rough

ways, Babet ?"
"Here and there, begging saving your
"Here and there, begging saving presence. I was seventy-eight yesterday, and there's little more than skin and bones on me to bear jolting. Life is a hard journey, Moneleur."

"Be consoled, my good Babet. Heaven is at the end of the road." The old woman stepped back a pace or two and drew forward a wretched animal,

as thin, as old, and as dilapidated as her-"Babet," said the good priest, "since

you came to me at Christmas you shall remain as you like. God sent you; I re ceive you and Magnette from His hand." ceive vou and Magnette from His haud."
And in a louder voice: "On your
knees." Babet knelt upon the stone pavement, holding her donkey by the bridle.
Abbe Couplac lifted the aspersoir once
more, sprinkling the two with the last
drops of holy water; then raising his arms
he murmured in a fervent undertone:
"May the all-powerful God bless and protect you. (Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus,
Pater, et Filius, et Spiritus, Sanctus)."
"Amen!" responded Pere Targan; and

"Amen!" responded Pere Tayan; and the little procession took up its inter-rupted line of march to the sacristy with

rupted line of march to the sacristy with all the pomp imaginable.
Within the vestry the assistants in the ceremony were disrobing with all possible haste and preparing to go home. The good priest only, his lips moving in silent prayer, slowly laid aside his vestments, then turning to me a little archly:

"So you are to share the feast at Border Lunds? They have killed the fatted calf in your honor."

in your honor."
"What do you think?" I asked, repress-

ing a strong desire to yawn.
"Your eyes look as if they would

smiled at clumsy Pierre wrapping a warm woolen shawl around her yellow locks and rolling her like a child into a great

"Au revolr, then, my dear friend. We will meet in the morning "
Outside all was silence and repose.

Outside all was slience and repose. An ideal screnity fell from the crystal-clear sky on the sleeping earth; only a few faint wandering lights, like falling stars, showed where the patient herds were moving slowly homewards. On beavenly night of Christmas in the Black E-pinorzs! Oh, unforgetable night! What a memory of innocence and peace you have left with me!

It is humiliating to confess, but I could not j in in the homely feetivity of the farm house. A lamb had been stuffed with chestnuts and rossted whole. Jeanne placed the most delicate morsels on my plate; the family looked at me with kindly smiling eyes; the old grandfather brought the rosy Bambluo to put in my arms. In vain! in vain! Nature re-venged herself for this unusual night venged nessit for this unusual night watch after the twelve days spent in her company, and I had to beg at last like a child to be allowed to go to rest.

"Bat certainly, Monsteur. The bed is

"But certainly, Monsteur. The bed is quite ready—the bed of Monseigneur. May you sleep well! After a wolf hunt one needs to close the eyes. Only it would have pleased us well to see you able to eat a little."

Father Targan himself, with Pierre bearing a second candle, lighted mo up the stairs to the carpeted chamber and the great four posted couch of Monseigneur.

great four posted couch of Monseigneur the Bishop. Ab, what a night I passed in that soft, warm solitude! Did Moneelg. Ab, what a night I passed in neur know such delicious rest that night after the last Confirmation at Cabrecolles Did any thought fit through his dreams, as through mine, of that gentlest, sweetest, purest of souls, the Abbe Cyprien Countries, who is but the countries.

Espiners ? And did he regret, as I, the hardness he was obliged to use in casting loose that beloved band of little creature from the heart that so loved them—especially the blackbird who, receiving his freedom with a sigh, turned back again to perch on the thornbush outside his benefactor's windew, and to call for the last time "Cou-pi ac! Cou pi ac!"—Mary Rizabeth Blake in Catholic World for December.

VISION OF THE FAITHFUL DE-PARTED.

THEIR TRUE STATE.

London Universe London Universe.

On Sunday evening the Rev. Dr. Suili van delivered the last of his course of sermons in the Church of Our Ludy, Grove Rad, S.: John's Wood, on the "Faithful Departed," taking for his text the words from the Apocatypee, "I heard a voice from heaven saying, 'Bleesed are the dead that die in the Lord.' Even so, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, for their works follow them," He said that one of the greatest revelations made by Christ our Lord to this tions made by Christ our Lind to this world was included in these beautiful world which St. John heard doubtless from his Savour in the Apocalyptic vision on Patmos. That revelation, which had had the greatest effect in reconciling men to a life of resignation and sudurance. to a life of resignation and endurance, was the thought that

the thought that

AT THE END OF ALL CAME DEATH,
which, after ail, was not pata or suffering,
though accompanied by suffering, but was
only a kindly rest. He had spoken to
them of the condition of the dead,
of their sleep, of their sufferings, of
the commemoration they made of them,
and now he had only to speak to them of
their rest—the joys and the consolation
which awaited those who departed this
life in the Lord. Only they who died in
the Lord were blessed. Sacred Scripture
eadd that the death of sinners was accursed,
and no one who had ever stood by the and no one who had ever stood by the death-bed of a man or woman who had cast in their lives wholly with

THIS LIFE AND ITS FLEETING PLEASURES could fail to realize most powerfaily the words of Sacred Scripture, that the death of sinners was accursed, Sad retrospect if they went to their death-beds having control pathing before than to plead if they went to their death-beds having sent on nothing before them to plead their cause at the judgment-sast of our Lord and Saviour. But, blessed beyond measure were they if they had heaped up treasures in heaven, because no moth could ever fret away those treasures, and no thief could ever break in the safe keep. no thief could over break in there to steal, for such treasures were in the safe keeping of Aimighty God. What was the rest of the faithful departed? The faithful were divided into two classes—those who passed directly into the presence of their passed directly into the presence of their Master without delay, and those who were delayed in the outer world courts of the heavenly city because they needed purification. The rest of the faithful departed

WAS THE REST OF WEARIED HUMANITY WAS THE REST OF WEARIED HUMANITY They were like poor thred children who had gone to sleep. He did not know whether many who heard him that night had ever read that touching story entitled "Misunderstood." It was the story of two brothers, one of whom was in tensely loved by their father, and the other disliked, because the father could have understand the nature of his elder. never understand the nature of his elder son. He looked upon him as a light, callous, heartless boy, but it so fell out that the end of that boy's life was full of exceeding pathos. He broke one of his limbs as he fell from a tree, and he was taken home and laid upon a couch under the image of his mother whom his father thought he had never loved. He lay

and no healing art, as the story told, could bring relief. As he was breathing his last breath his little brother, who

his last breath his latter to the was brought to see him, knelt by his death bed, and prayed for a considerable time whilst his father and other relatives stood around. At last the little fellow locked into his face. "It is no use praying any more," he said, "because he has gone to sleep." Death to cause ne has gone to sleep." Death to the innocent soul was nothing but a kind of rest—it was the repose of wearied humanity. There was no revel-ation which had brought greater com-fort to the wearied stricken hearts of men than the thought that at leat who will be the "Your eyes look as if they would rather sleep."

"To tell the truth, after these weeks in the open air, I would rather be in bed than at a banquet."

"And it is all prepared for you, Monsieur," said Jeanne. "A bed where Monsieur," said Jeanne. "A bed where Monsieur will elsep like a saint;" and she amount of the saint of the traveller. The saint is the traveller, or

to the traveller, or THE EXILE WHO HAD BEEN BANISHED for years. Who could think of the death of St. Bede, the English saint, whose life was one of surpassing loveliness—a life which united in itself the most beautiful characteristics possible to possess—who was a scholar, a priest and a saint. In his old age, after having worn himself out in the service of the Lord and the English Church (when there were no divisions in the faith in English of the church England, but when all were united in one faith and one hope), his death came on the eve of Ascension Day. He was in his little cell which overlooked the church where the monks were assembled courch where the monks were assembled singing the anthem on the vigil of Ascension Day. It was in the summer time, amid the glad twilight, and St. Bede listened to the strains of that anthem as it ascended upwards, and as he repeated the words his soul went with them into the presence of the risen Lord of heaven. Death was not only a rest from the trials of humanity, but was a of heaven. Death was not only a rest from the trials of humanity, but was a

rest from sin-from THE DARK INCENTIVES TO SIN THE DARK INCENTIVES TO SIN
which men bore within them, because of
their fallen nature and the scorching
temptations that come from without. As
the flowers turned their faces towards the suc, so the heart of any man that was not spoiled by a course of sin must free sibly turn towards its Creater. And so, though the souls in purgatory suffered unspeak ably, yet in some unspeakable manner hard to understand they related weard. hard to understand, they rejulced expeed-ingly. They were like St. Paul, who said, "I abound exceedingly in joy in the midst of tribulations." They were like those Japanese girls who, while suffering at the stake, stooped and kissed the burning wood through love of their Divine Master like those who was been staked the burning wood through love of their Divine Master like these who was the state of t place through mine, of that gentlest, sweetest, pure to f souls, the Abbe Cyprien Couples, who is but the counterpart of many a hidden life among the poor parishioners of flues that they might the more speedily—

If diseases are multiplying and complicating, as most people think, it must be owned, says the London Standard, that the inventors of "cures" keep up with them fairly. The name of our latest benefactor is Sebastian Kneipp, kie dwelling place the hamlet of Voerishofen, near Augsburg, and bis atate of life that of parish priest. All three he has made famous throughout the Austrian Empire and beyond. Each year for a long while past the little village has been more and more beyond. Each year for a long while past the little village has been more and more crowded by invalids of every rank. Herr Kneipp has built a hotel lately, at which the charge per diem for board and lodgings is 21, paid by such as can afford the extravagance. There is no fee for treatment, no sale of medicines, no recommendation of patent articles, no ingenious device to extract the sufferers' cash. Wealthy patients are expected to contribute for the support of their poorer breth ren. Medical men not only send patients from Vienna itself; doctors come to study from Vienna itself; doctors come to study the good priest's methods on the spot These methods, sre, in brief, a return to nature. Herr Kaelpp is satisfied that people generally consume an undue pro-portion of meat, and he recommends more vegetables. White bread he detests; portion of mean, more vegetables. White bread he determe, of fire he strongly disapproves; tea is his shomination. Invalids may smoke and

abomination. Invalids may smoke and drink wine if they please.

Fifty years ago the good priest of Voershofen became convinced that the softness of our skins, above all our feet, is the root of bodily evils. Therefore to begin with, finnel is banished, together with all woolen materials for underwear.

He has devised or introduced a very He has devised or introduced a very coarse inen which scratches the skin mildly and inen which scratches the skin mildly and keeps it aglow, while flaunel enervates it. Koelpp linen" is commonly manufactured now in Munich and Stuttgart. Constant plunging in cold water is the second rule. It must be a mere plunge, and to dry the body is forbidden; throwing on his clothes with the utmost speed, a nation, tarry to you for a question of the starry to you have the young patient starts to run for a quarter of an hour, if he be able—at least, he takes strong exercise. At the end of that time his dip, his moistened linen, and his scratched skin, together, have generated an intense warmth vastly wholesome.
The feet in especial must be hardened.
English doctors have begun to protest
against the usage of covering this part of
the body from early years. As soon as a
child oan walk its feet are incased in materials more or less calculated to exclude terials more or less calculated to exclude air ; and so they remain for life, excepting only the hours passed in coddling and softening them under blankets.

It is this mischief which Herr Knelpp sets himself to remedy. His patients—men, women and children—run barefoot through snow, where snow can be found; at other times in wet grass or coli water. Half an hour of this exercise is prescribed, but the limit is reached gradually; they the the term limit is reached gradualty; then the inva-lid hurries on his socks—of linen—and his boots, and sets off briskly for a walk. It is needless to quote a multitude of success-ful cures. Weak brethren may be im-pressed by the case of a Rothschild, which has carried the fame of Herr Kneipp to these islands.

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whose heart was filled with the love of Jesus found intense joy in suffering for Him. The rev. preacher then sketched the life of Clara Vaughan, who, he said, was a member of ONE OF THE CLIEST CATHOLIC FAMILIES

solation. Brattiful were those lines in Dante's poem where the pagen poet Virgit told him that when he had passed through hell and witnessed the punishment of the loat, he would see those who were content in the fismes, because they hoped that one day they might come to the happy people. So it was with the suffering souls. They knew that release must come some day, and they had an unspeakable longing to reader themselves worthy to stand in God's presence. Then, the holy dead were secure, and men on earth were not secure.

FATHER KNEIPP'S CURES.

fi mes that they might the more speedily Minard's Liuiment relieves Neuralgia.

OME OF THE CLDEST CATHOLIC FAMILIES.

which had kept the faith steadily and resolutely during three hundred years of persecution. She was a sample of what the homes of Catholic England were be fore the land was robbed of its faith. In her were to be seen the force, the traditions which were alive in England before the deadly work of the Reformation began. He could not explain how the suffering of the souls in purgatory could exceed those of earth, while at the same time those souls could rejpice, and even pray that suffering might be sent to them, and all the while enjoy unspeakable consolation. Be autiful were those lines in Dante's poem where the pagan poet Virginia and the consolation where the pagan poet Virginia which was a sent to the same time those souls could rejpice, and even pray that suffering might be sent to them, and all the while enjoy unspeakable consolation. Be autiful were those lines in Dante's poem where the pagan poet Virginia was a sample of the same time the same time those souls could rejpice, and even pray that suffering might be sent to them.

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