

meanor piccolo
the Nonna all alone? Ah, Gesu! ah, Maria! by the love with which you loved each other, help poor Toto."
He crawled on his hands and knees for a little while, and at last fell forward on his face, utterly powerless to go on. His breath seemed to fail him, his eyes closed, a chill faintness came over him. He had a dim sense of feeling that this was death.

"Thy will be done," he tried to say, "Lord Gesu, receive my spirit." Gentle arms raised him tenderly, a sweet fragrance revived the fainting boy. He was able to open his eyes and look at his deliverer.

"Ah, dear Gesu," he sighed, "Thou hast heard my prayer. Dear angel, I thank thee with all my heart."
For he was in the arms of a beautiful angel with robes of dazzling whiteness, on whose countenance played a smile of celestial sweetness and compassion which comforted the sick boy.

Swiftly and noiselessly the angel passed on through the streets of the great city. The bells were ringing for midnight Mass, lights shone through the windows of every church, the faithful were hurrying to celebrate with joy and thanksgiving the birth of the Saviour of the world. The angel passed on with his burden to the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, and entering he laid the sick child there in the place of heavenly benediction, right before the Divine Child.

With the deepest gratitude little Toto thanked the dear Lord, who had heard his prayer, and he begged to be made quite well for his grandmother's sake.

"On, marvel of marvels! A new strength was infused into the weak, aching little body and feeble limbs. Toto stood up—yes, he was quite strong; he could no longer hear the cracklings in his chest when he breathed, his poor, tired head ceased to ache, the fever no longer burned in his veins."

Then as he knelt and poured forth his ardent prayer of thanksgiving to our compassionate Lord, the angel took his hand, led him to a priest, to whom the little boy told the wonderful deliverance, while the angel stood by as a witness of the truth of his tale. And the priest bade him draw near the holy table, at the solemn midnight Mass, and as he knelt before the high altar and the priest approached with the most holy Communion, it seemed to the little boy as if he saw his Lord surrounded by throngs of holy angels, and his heart almost broke with gratitude and love.

And when he had received his Lord into his soul he was wrapped with divine love, and he knelt for hours heart to heart with Jesus in an ecstasy of love and joy.

But as the day began to break, and the voice of the joyful bells rose up to heaven, calling an all the city to celebrate the birth of Jesus, Toto bethought him of his grandmother, and he left the church and wended his way homeward. He was so strong, his heart so light and buoyant, that he reached home as his grandmother came out of the six o'clock Mass. She had not missed him: seeing the clothes in a heap in the centre of the little bed, she had fancied that he was asleep, and the doctor had told her that a long, refreshing sleep was most useful for the sick boy. When she saw him come dancing along the village street, she cried out, and almost fell to the ground.

many of the most neglected, placed by the Padre in an honest calling, rose to be prosperous and respectable.

And at last, weighed down by the cares of so many souls and bodies, the Padre del Poveri fell ill himself. Still he worked to the very last. On Christmas Eve all his boys met in the little chapel attached to his house. All those who were able came from their homes or situations, and the Padre prepared them to receive the holy Communion on the great feast day. The last Christmas Eve he was on earth he was very weak, but he gathered his boys together and spoke to them with burning words of the love of Jesus. At last he fell back in the pulpit quite exhausted, and the young priest who assisted him begged him to take a little rest and not to tire himself by singing Mass at midnight.

"But," said the Padre, "I must give my children Communion for the last time."
The young priest begged him with tears in his eyes to take his advice for the sake of those who could ill spare their Padre.

"It is finished," said the Father of the poor, smiling. "I am going home to night."
He came down to the little chapel at midnight, sang the Mass, gave Communion to his dearly loved children, and then knelt in the choir to make his fervent thanksgiving. The hours went by: the priests, who knew he spent all the night in prayer very frequently, took no heed until 6 o'clock, when the Father was used to say morning prayers with his boys. But when they went to call him, they found it was even as he had said. His dearly loved Lord had called his faithful servant to receive his everlasting reward.

Father of the poor.

AT A COUNTRY TEA PARTY IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

A broad winding ribbon of dull Indian red, edged on each side with soft green sward, such is the appearance of the road leading westward from the little town of Summerside, and which, taking a few miles further up country, the name of the Great Western Road, leads to the North Cape, the extreme western limit of Prince Edward Island.

During a holiday visit to the little seagirt Province last August, it was suggested that we should "take in" one of the country "Tea Parties," which have become quite an established institution in the Maritime Provinces. And it was on a very lovely summer morning, in the most comfortable of carriages, and driven by no less a person than the Mayor of the town, that we started on a drive to the Acadian parish of Our Lady of Mount Carmel in the settlement of "Fifteen Point," where a Tea Party was being held.

settling Miscouche, Fifteen Point, Egmont Bay, and the various French parishes which culminate in Tignish, the largest and most populous parish of the diocese, whose homesteads extend even to where the North Cape juts its rocky promontory into the tossing waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Miscouche, the first settled of these, is an extremely neat and pretty village, with a church and presbytery which reflect credit upon the taste and management of the young parish priest, the Rev. John A. Macdonald, under whose superintendence they have been built. Miscouche has also enjoyed for many a year the privileges of a convent school for its little girls, taught by Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, the mother house of which is in Montreal.

As we drove through Miscouche on the morning in question, it presented a rather deserted appearance, everybody having gone west to the "Tea Party." There was not much variety in the country through which we passed—but oh! the fertility of the land, the beautiful fields of grain waving on all sides—the warm coloring of the red soil ground, and the yellow corn, and then the bright green banks that skirt the road-way all along, these were all very far to see.

We had a good many stoppages on our way, for the Mayor is fond of mushrooms, and those fungi abound in this locality, so that every few moments a tempting patch of them would be espied, and a rapid descent and gathering would follow.

The tea, that had in the local papers been advertised to be "On the Tables at 10 o'clock," must have been several times replenished when we finally drew rein at Fifteen Point, and the tea grounds presented an animated scene. The entire parish was present, together with the greater number of Miscouche people, and a fair sprinkling from other parishes in the vicinity.

These Tea Parties began their existence as gatherings held with the view of raising money for parochial wants. As such they were patronized by so large a portion of the country population that politicians conceived the idea of utilizing them in carrying on their campaign. So, of course, the rival candidates for the coming Dominion election were at Fifteen Point, and so were the various senators and chief dignitaries of the county, and, of course, a goodly contingent of the diocesan clergy.

The picturesque national dress of the Acadian women was well represented on the grounds. In former times all the "Acadiennes" wore this dress. Now it is only seen on the old women—and very quaint and pretty it is. Many of these old ladies were smoking, with the great amusement of my little daughter, who struck up an acquaintance with one of them.

The old woman, delighted to meet with a stranger who spoke her own tongue, grew confidential, and told us for how many years that identical pipe had been her solace!

The tea party was held in a large field upon a cliff of red sand stone overlooking the Straits of Northumberland. There was, near the edge of the cliff, a goodly tent in which were tables provided with well-cooked viands calculated to tempt the hungry.

all fairly represented on the tea grounds, together with a small sprinkling of the Indians from their reserve on Lennox Island, which lies in Malpeque Bay. These Indians are of the Mic-Mac tribe, and are peaceable, and for the most part well conducted. There is among them a local celebrity named Frank Snake, of whose knavish ways and quick wit many a joke is told.

In bygone days when a certain great clerical dignitary was a parish priest in P. E. Island he worked hard to obtain the salvation of Frank Snake, more especially to cure him of his love for intoxicating liquors. On one occasion the priest met Frank in a semi-intoxicated condition, and stopped to remonstrate with him. Frank promised amendment and even submitted to having the cherished bottle that he carried in his pocket, emptied out into the snow. Just one week later the *paltus* (1) met Frank on the same road. The Indian was even more under the influence of whiskey than on the former occasion, but his wits did not desert him. Looking sadly into the priest's face, he said: "Some odd drunk, Father, some odd drunk!" Needless to say that His Grace does not enumerate Frank Snake among his Temperance converts. At the tea Frank was in low spirits. A few days previously Miss Pauline Johnson had visited Summerside, giving one of her beautiful entertainments. Society had made much of Miss Johnson, and one of the leading families of the place had shown the talented young Indian lady much attention. Frank became jealous, as the family in question were his benefactors in the matter of tea and warm clothing. Being asked why he sulked he replied: "O! Frank of no more count now—Muhawk woman come. Mr. take her for a drive—no more give tea and flannel to Frank—Muhawk all the go now—Mic Mac nowhere."

During the course of the afternoon we took a walk on the sands, and visited the lobster factories then closed for the season, greatly to the disappointment of my little daughter who had been promised the sight of a real live lobster. The beach here is hard and firm, in fact the schoolmaster of the parish was disporting himself on his bicycle, which skimmed over the shining sands without difficulty. The shore rises in high cliffs of red sand stone in which antiquarians discover marks from the moles of the sea-cocks or walrus, for those extinct animals were at one time quite common in these parts, and used to disport themselves playfully in the sunny waters of the Straits of Northumberland.

Some years since there was some talk of a discovery of gold dust in the vicinity, but the rumor died out, and so did the gold dust, and as far as I know the value of land in the neighborhood has not gone up.

The history of the little parish of Mount Carmel is in itself rather interesting, as told to me by some of the oldest inhabitants and by those silent witnesses, the parish registers.

The emigration of Acadians from the estate of Colonel Compton continued until 1815, when the last of the St. Eleanor's fisher farmers left the banks of the little river Platte, crossed to Bodega Bay, shipped their goods and chattels in *piraguas* (2), and peddling off to sea, near the point of land joining into the Straits of Northumberland on the eastern side of Cape Egmont. This small cape takes its name from the township in which it is situated and is called Fifteen Point. Here they disembarked and at once set to work clearing the land. They erected temporary shelters which they afterwards replaced by good, warm, log houses. For the first few years the dwellers in the settlement of Fifteen Point attended Mass in the little chapel in the charge of the Abbe Beaubien Cecile succeeded in the French Missions in the Gulf, and on the 7th of June of that year he arrived at Fifteen Point, and took up his abode at Firmin Gallanis house, where the missionaries were in the habit of lodging until such time as a presbytery was built for their accommodation.

On the 23rd June two worthy parishioners, Thomas Richard and Suzanne Ancelin, his wife, signed an agreement in which they bestowed upon the Mission of Fifteen Point, otherwise called "The Village of Our Lady of Mount Carmel," a piece of land "thirty yards square," to be used as a site for a church and cemetery. The first church was built of logs, and was pulled down after a few years to give place to one of superior workmanship, which was built by the Rev. Bernard D. Macdonald, afterwards the second to wear the mitre of the diocese of Charlottetown.

Father Macdonald was replaced by Father Perry (Poirier) who added to the church a sacristy, which served both as a vestry and a residence for the priest. Father Perry, who was for many years in charge of this mission, was the first of his nation to be ordained for the diocese.

At intervals other priests served the mission, one a French Canadian named Quevillon, erected a large building, in which he hoped to establish a Christian Brothers' school. This project not being feasible, the building was given to the people of Summerside, and was hauled there (a distance of about six or seven miles) on the ice. Parochial tradition says that the abode of one Sam Reliant, was the first resting place on the road that the abode of one Sam Reliant. Some member of Sam's family had been married that morning, and just as the huge house halted in front of the humble log hut, the family were sitting down to a wedding breakfast. The tired teamsters were welcomed with true Acadian hospitality, and invited to the banquet of which, so say the oldest inhabitants, they ate every crumb.

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The Father Queviller above referred to erected a beautiful shrine to Our Lady of Mount Carmel. This was a pillar about forty feet in height, surmounted by a colossal statue of the Blessed Virgin.

The statue was a very fine one perfect in outline and with a face of exceeding beauty, the head crowned with a golden crown. The column stood within an enclosure beside the church and could be seen far out to sea. Many a storm-tossed fisherman in the straits owes his safety to the statue of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and many a prayer has gone up to God suggested by the beautiful figure which seemed to bless the boats passing to and fro.

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