

congregation who had assembled to assist at midnight Mass. The school girls, under the charge of the sisters and some ladies of neighboring villages, occupied the gallery ; the school boys, under the devoted care of Rev. DeVries, O. M. I., sat on benches in the body of the church, as also a number of gentlemen from the neighboring towns and the employees of the agency ; the Indians—the men on one side and the women on the other—sat on the floor to economize space.

The hour having arrived for the service to commence, Rev. Father Chirouse, who has been an Indian missionary in this part of the country for thirty years, pronounced an earnest and even eloquent discourse explanatory of the festival and the consoling lesson it taught in the Indian, Chinook, and English languages. After the sermon a scene, new to me, but full of beauty and edification, ensued, namely, the lighting of candles, provided for the purpose by each individual, and the formation into line of the entire congregation, which marched into processional order within the sanctuary to the crib where the Infant reposed, where the candles were deposited as an offering. The scene was beautiful and edifying, I have said, but it was more than that—to me it was touching, grand, sublime ! Although it was humble, poor, very poor even, it equalled in religious solemnity the grand ceremonies which I have witnessed in Notre Dame of Paris, the Duomo of Milan, and San Genaro of Naples. Yes, I confess it, the poor wooden altar, covered over with wall paper, appeared to me—under the influence of the circumstances, time, and place—as beautiful as a marble block of Italian elaborately sculptured ; the brass crucifix upon the tabernacle as rich as a cross of gold ; the rude candlesticks as resplendent as candelabra of precious metals : the plain vestment of the humble missionary as rich as the jewelled cape of a prelate ; the artificial