

He ends by saying: "Let him who has sinned and is repentant rejoice, for Christ has said, '*Pax hominibus bonae voluntatis.*'" He has finished and is giving the kneeling congregation his benediction, when a stifled sob is heard,—it comes from the poor friendless tramp, who is hiding his face in his hands.

They then return silently to the house; but, as they enter, Baptiste joyfully exclaims: "Now, we must all be merry. Louise, we are hungry. *Vive le reveillon de Noël* (Hurrah for the Christmas supper). See to the table; give us something good, while I find out whether Santa Claus has been around here."

He goes out of the room and returns with the bundles and parcels which he places on the table. Little Josette, by this time, has been awakened by the noise and puts in an appearance in her night gown. "Come, little one, see what Santa Claus has brought for you," and he places the big doll in her tiny arms. She does not at first realize, but she suddenly starts laughing, hugging her doll; she jumps on her father's knees, her eyes all alight with joy, and gives him a sweet, grateful kiss.

"What about our little man now?" and he produces the raquettes, sleigh and harness with real *grelots*. Carlo seems to understand and starts barking. Jean at first cannot speak, but he rushes into his father's arms. His joy is so great that he is able only to say: "*Merci, petit père, merci,*" (thank you, little father, thank you).

"Louise, my good Louise, Santa Claus has not forgotten you either, and he places the pelisse on her shoulders, forces her hands in the muff, and puts the cap on her head. She is bewildered at first, and can only say with a deep, loving look: "My darling, you are the best man that ever lived."

"Well now, *a table mes enfants*, and let us thank the good Saviour, for we are all very happy, are we not? We will take a glass of wine and drink to your health, my friend," he says to the stranger.

The poor fellow, in a voice trembling with emotion, says: "You have saved me to-night I should be a villain if your kindness and hospitality does not make a new man of me. Listen to my sad story, and

accept the blessings of one whom you have placed in the right path again. I live but a short distance from here. One day, two years ago, I had a quarrel with my father concerning some money matters, and I left home. How bitterly I regretted it; I became a wanderer and almost a tramp. I asked for work, but often had to go without food or shelter. When I met you, Mr. Guerin, I had nothing left and had been without food for almost two whole days. I became desperate, and was determined to obtain money by any means in order to reach the city and secure employment or end my life if I could not succeed in finding any. You remember what happened in the hotel and on the road. You overpowered me, not so much by your superior strength as by your kindness to me. And to-night the good priest has touched my heart, and the sight of your happiness has made me wish to return to my family. I will go to my father and implore his forgiveness. Providence has been merciful in placing you in my path. Christmas has brought me happiness, and to-night I feel happy as I have not felt for a long time. Baptiste—allow me to call you thus—you are a good soul; I shall never forget what you have done, and God will bless you for it."

Baptiste hurriedly wipes the tears from his eyes. "All right, my friend, do not thank me. We are all happy to have you with us to-night. Act the man now, and if anything goes wrong, remember that I am your friend. *Bonsoir*, have a good rest, and I will drive you home to-morrow, to your father."

Louise puts little Josette to bed, the child insisting on having the doll by her side. Jean goes to sleep forgetting to take the harness off his faithful dog.

Louise folds her loving arms around her husband's neck and says: "Baptiste, you good, dear husband, you have thought of everybody, but you have left yourself out, Santa Claus did not bring anything for you." "Oh, yes he has, my beloved wife, he has given you and the little ones health, we are now free from debt, and we are happy and contented. I cannot wish for more. But Louise, you forget, yes, he has given me a fine Christmas box: he has placed