

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

A bird upon a holly spray, Sang sweetly all on Xmas day: "Good morning, folks. How do you do? A merry Xmas, all of you!"

Father Lamier's New Cassock.

"Jeanne, you will give nuts, red apples and dried plums to Gelynotte and Moreau to fill the sabots of the little ones. Et in secula seculorum," murmured M. le Cure, who then resumed the reading of his breviary, which had been interrupted by the numberless preparations for the fete of the following day.

This year, for the first time in his life, the cure was to celebrate the holy anniversary with a delight less intense, a heart less light, than usual. Care irritated and troubled his serene benevolence and checked his compassion for others, his forgiveness of wrongdoing.

"MATTHEW, HAVE YOU MY CASSOCK?" a heart less light, than usual. Care irritated and troubled his serene benevolence and checked his compassion for others, his forgiveness of wrongdoing.

A roll of drums was heard beneath the window, and M. Lamier sprang to his feet. The nasal voice of Father Onesime, the public eric and game-keeper, was heard distinctly calling aloud in the same tone as the worthy man ordinarily invited the citizens to kill the white worms or to muzzle their dogs.

"Hochary Troupe, Soulaire Theatre (Grain Market), this evening. For the first time the great success, 'The Abbe Constantin,' comedy by Ludovic Halévy of the Academie Francaise. M. Artemon of the Chatelet will fill the role of the Abbe Constantin. Mlle. Valerie, from the theaters of Brest and Algeria, will appear as Bettina. The usual price of admission."

"Come, Matthew, the abbe's new cassock," said Jenne. "Matthew, have you my cassock?" suddenly cried from a window in the hotel du Dauphin a man who displayed a face covered with soap, a napkin round his neck and a shaving brush in his hand.

"How annoying, fellow! There has been some mistake, mademoiselle. Mademoiselle," he called despairingly to Jeanne, who had turned away with a majestic air, "are you sure that you have not the cassock?"

"Scamp!" said the haughty house-keeper disdainfully. Down the stairs M. Artemon flew, four steps at a time, and rushed into the greenroom, where the rest of the company were assembled. His hurried entrance filled them all with consternation.

"My friends," he exclaimed tragically, "the posters must be changed or the performance postponed. I cannot play the role of the Abbe Constantin tonight."

"But can you not understand? I have not a cassock!" gasped the unhappy Artemon, letting his arms fall with dejection.

"Cannot a cassock be improvised with a black dress and a cloak of one of the ladies?" hazarded Hochary.

"The ladies are much too short and slight," groaned Artemon, who rejoiced in an imposing corpulency.

"As for me, I have only the Figaro costume, Peruvian pantaloons and the black coat for Pierrot and a flowered morning gown," said the manager pensively.

"For heaven's sake, ladies, aid us with your suggestions! We must play the piece at any cost."

The situation was critical for the poor artists, whose present tour had been far from successful. The leading man then proposed to gallop at full speed to the neighboring city, but this suggestion was not deemed practicable.

"What is to be done? There is not one garb of the required kind among the properties of this accursed hotel," repeated Hochary in an outburst of impotent rage.

Suddenly Artemon struck his forehead violently, and his entire bearing denoted a genuine inspiration.

"Ah, my friends," he exclaimed, in a voice full of emotion, "what a wild hope! So much the worse. I will attempt the adventure. It is our only hope of salvation."

In a few words he explained. "Come to my arms, my son!" exclaimed M. Hochary, extending his legs with enthusiasm.

And Artemon ran off to finish his shaving, to don his black frock coat and then direct his steps to the cure's.

Happily for the actor, Jeanne was absent putting the last touches on the church decorations, and it was one of the chorus children who innocently opened the door of the rectory and introduced the visitor into the room where the good cure was terminating his devotions.

"No, M. le Cure," he said; "it is not thus we ask. Lend us simply your cassock!"

"My cassock!" gasped the Abbe Lamier, astonished. "You wish my cassock?"

"The oldest and most worn out in your possession, one that you may have thrown aside," Artemon hastened to say. "I am to play tonight the role of the Abbe Constantin, and I cannot represent my character without conforming to its demands and carrying out its sacerdotal dignity."

M. Lamier sprang from his seat. "Do you think for a moment, monsieur," he said, overcome by surprise and anger, "to profane a gown that has served at worship and to make me the accomplice of these sinful amusements? Your ignorance respecting holy things and religion is your only excuse."

"Pardon me, M. le Cure," continued the actor, slightly embarrassed, but not the less determined. "It would not be the first time religion has lent its aid to the drama. Do you recall the celebrated mysteries of the middle ages? Moreover, I was educated in a seminary, and it was there I was led to adopt the vocation of actor in playing the role of Athalie for the fete of the superior."

M. Lamier, without being disarmed, looked again at the actor with new interest. If this unhappy man had followed a bad calling, his point of departure had at least been good. His heart could not, therefore, be corroded throughout, and perhaps it would be possible to point out to him the error of his ways.

"How comes it," said the abbe, with bitterness, "that you play on Christmas eve?"

"Alas, M. le Cure," replied Artemon, with simplicity, "we must eat on that night, as on any other."

theater is the school of morals which seconds those of the church. Our dramas are simply sermons put into action. There is no piece in which virtue is not lauded and vice and hypocrisy scourged. Ah, it is a noble work, that of the comedian, in the eyes of those who understand it!"

"What a pity this Artemon is not a preacher!" thought M. Lamier, fascinated. "His large face, closely shaved, with its cheeks like a Dominican, would look very well in a pulpit, and his insinuating voice and speaking gestures would be very effective for good."

"Among us, I dare to say, there are many good fellows," continued Artemon. "United households, good mothers of families, good citizens, abound with us."

He proceeded to cite examples. Mlle. Valerie, a child of the stage, who was the support of her parents; M. and Mme. Hochary, models of conjugal tenderness—one and all held their hearts in their hands and never refused a service or kindness to a comrade, never refused to do a good work, a good action.

"Is an actor ever to be seen on the culprit's stool except for debt?" said the comedian, bringing his warm panegyric to a close. "It is true we are, for the most part, roving grasshoppers, and grasshoppers have not at more chance today than they had in La Fontaine's time."

The words were spoken with discouragement, owing to the immovability of the cure. As he spoke the actor arose and brushed his hat with gloomy energy.

"Well," he sighed, "we alone shall pass a sad Christmas while all the world besides will be blithe and happy. M. le Cure, pardon me for having taken up so much of your time."

He turned toward the door. The old priest aroused himself. "Jeanne," he called in a loud voice, full of the exaltation of triumphant charity, "bring me at once my new cassock!"

"Ah, M. le Cure!" exclaimed the actor, overcome by the unexpected success and pressing the priest's hands with effusion.

As Jeanne entered with the cassock upon her arm in great folds the priest rebuked her for loitering.

"Now bring me my shoes with the silver buckles. Run quickly! Why, a snail would go as fast. Is it not so, M. Actor? And a hat also—you must have a hat."

"What?" said Jeanne, shuddering. "Are you going to lend your clothes to the theater, M. le Cure—your new cassock—you, who will hold mass at midnight?"

"Truly, I do not ask so much," protested Artemon, confused, while the cure laid the cassock on his arm. "An old cassock would serve my purpose. I beg that you will not deprive yourself."

"What are you thinking?" replied M. Lamier. "Beneath the robes my cassock will not be seen, while yours will be, so to say, under fire, and if the rents were viewed it would be a pity. The Abbe Constantin must not call forth ridicule."

"How can we ever prove our gratitude?" said the actor, his eyes actually filled with tears, and he reiterated his thanks until he had crossed the threshold of the door.

"My dear fellow," said the cure in a trembling voice, fearing to appear to place a price upon his kindness, "go as quickly as possible, accomplish what you have to do and return when the performance is over to attend the midnight mass. The good God will thus be satisfied with you, and I also."

On this evening Artemon fairly vibrated with emotions, surpassing himself in his acting.

When, before the gloriously illuminated altar, the good pastor extended his arms lovingly above the crowd kneeling before him, he trembled with joy to perceive, at the lower end of the lateral aisle, among the workmen and laborers, a group of men and women with weary faces and varied costumes, who bowed their heads reverently.

"What? Are you going to lend your clothes to the theater?"

speetfully under the benediction. The poor people had also arranged a little surprise for their benefactor, and the weak but expressive voice of Valerie sang with warmth the "Christmas of a Saint," accompanied by a harmonium.

Whatever may have been their past, or whatsoever the future might have in store for them, for that hour at least a ray of God's grace had filled their souls, recalling the sweet and holy remembrances of their childhood.

"Peace on earth and good will to ward men! Hosanna in the highest!"

The Abbe Lamier, in an ecstasy of mercy and love, raised his dazzled eyes toward the vaulted roof and seemed to see at this sacred moment, among the quivering wings of the angels and the sparkle of the stars, the luminous smile of the Saviour who walked upon the roads of Samaria and Galilee, surrounded by the miserable and wretched, and whose feet the sinful woman had wiped with her golden hair. San Francisco Call.

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BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA R. R. Time Table taking Effect July 21st, 1899. "The Grand Scenic Route."

Buffalo and Susquehanna Railroad and Connections.

Map of Buffalo and Susquehanna Railroad and Connections showing routes to Buffalo, Erie, and other locations.

Table with columns for stations and times. Includes Buffalo, Erie, and other locations.

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