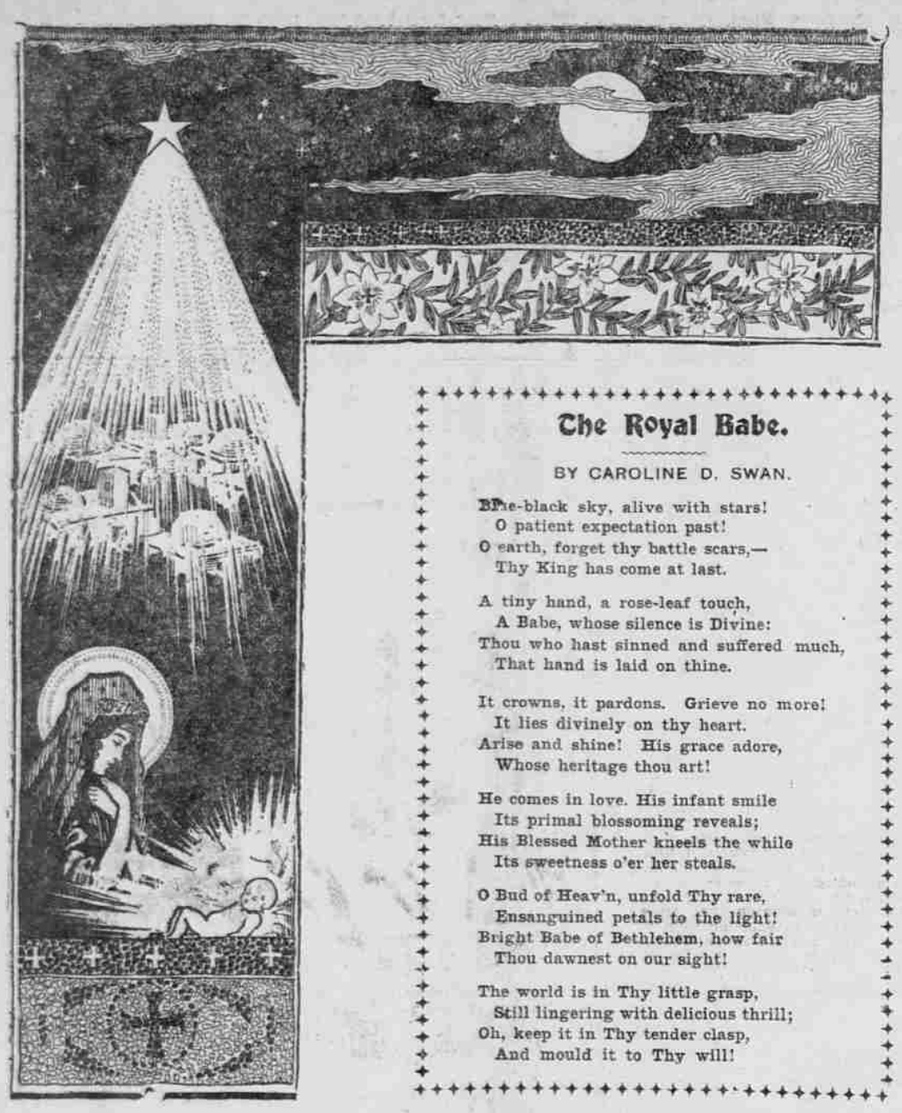


The Royal Babe.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

Blue-black sky, alive with stars!
O patient expectation past!
O earth, forget thy battle scars,—
Thy King has come at last.

A tiny hand, a rose-leaf touch,
A Babe, whose silence is Divine:
Thou who hast sinned and suffered much,
That hand is laid on thine.

It crowns, it pardons. Grieve no more!
It lies divinely on thy heart.
Arise and shine! His grace adore,
Whose heritage thou art!

He comes in love. His infant smile
Its primal blossoming reveals;
His Blessed Mother kneels the while
Its sweetness o'er her steals.

O Bud of Heav'n, unfold Thy rare,
Ensanguined petals to the light!
Bright Babe of Bethlehem, how fair
Thou dawnest on our sight!

The world is in Thy little grasp,
Still lingering with delicious thrill;
Oh, keep it in Thy tender clasp,
And mould it to Thy will!

Christmas in Rome

BY GRACE V. CHRISTMAS.

It is Christmas time, and there is a sense of stir and excitement in the crisp, cool atmosphere. The pavements of the "Eternal City" are trodden by people of varied nationalities speaking in various tongues, and the shops are gay with glittering baubles.

"Plum puddings for sale." The printed notice attracts the eye from the windows of the "English Tea-Rooms," and the English and Americans, as they pass to and fro across the sunlit Piazza di Spagna, seeking souvenirs of the season for "the old folks at home," discover suddenly that the prosaic announcement is invested with a touch of poetry and pathos—under an Italian sky! Scarlet hollyberries gleam amongst the purple violets and many-hued chrysanthemums at the flower stalls, and Christmas cards may be purchased on every side. The native shopkeeper has fully grasped the situation, and finds both pleasure and profit in supplying the national wants of the lavishly disposed forestieri within his gates.

Regarded from a Roman point of view, however, Christmas day is not so much a family festa as is the case in other countries. It is celebrated with all possible pomp and magnificence as one of the greatest feasts of the church, but the presentation of useful or ornamental gifts plays no leading part in the programme.

The exception to the lack of Christmas presents is found within the walls of the Quirinal Palace. Queen Margherita is extremely lavish in her ideas, and enriches her maids of honor and particular friends with a variety of splendid gifts, thereby gladdening the hearts and filling the pockets of the shopkeepers on the Corso on these occasions. King Humbert of the melancholy visage is also not behindhand in this respect, and his nephews come in for a large share of his munificence.

Christmas gifts of a more ideal character flow from the outstretched hands of the saintly Prisoner in the Vatican in the shape of practical assistance to God's poor, who are also provided with several Christmas dinners through the

Balcony Scene In Rome.

charity of the various Catholic societies in Rome.

In sunny Italy, by the way, the Christmas dinner is not quite such a solemn function as it is in England and Germany; still the natives of this fair land are well able to appreciate the delicacies of the season. The huge sirloin of beef, and the flaming plum pudding, whose memory is apt to linger in the form of indigestion, as known items in an Italian dinner, their place being usurped by a capon stuffed with chestnuts, and the gala dish on all festive occasions, "panna montata," or whipped cream. The following is a fairly typical menu of a Roman dinner party on the 25th of December. It varies according to tastes, but this is the general order of the courses: Clear soup with "capelletti" floating in it, viz., little hat-shaped pieces of maccaroni filled with forcemeat. This is followed by the "lesso," or meat of which the soup has been made, an inevitable feature on the majority of Italian tables, and served with a piquant sauce and vegetables. The next course is the "fritto misto," a dish of brains, liver, potatoes and various vegetables, all fried that rich golden color which seems to be only obtainable in a foreign frying pan. Bologna sausage, a specialite of the season, is then partaken of; no Christmas dinner being considered complete without its somewhat garlicky presence. Now appears the capon in all its substantial glory, surrounded by siffets of fried bread and pounded anchovies, and accompanied by a fresh green salad. Then follows the sweets, ices and "panna montata," etc.

Notwithstanding the fact that Christmas Eve is a black fast, the evening meal on that solemn vigil partakes somewhat of the nature of a festa. The changes are rung on roast, boiled and friend fish, and the piece de resistance consists of a diss of stewed eels.

Many of the quaint customs which formerly distinguished a Roman Christmas have in these modern days unhappily fallen into disuse. Time was when during the nine days of the novena which precedes the feast of Christmas picturesquely clad shepherds from the Abruzzi mountains made their appearance in the "City of the Saints" to herald the birth of Christ. The "Pifferi," as they were termed, played carols on their bagpipes before the shrines of the Madonna which adorns so many of the old Roman streets, and on the payment of a few "soldi" their services could be obtained in private oratories for family devotion.

—x—

We have considered Christmas from a material and gastronomic point of view; now let us glance at the spiritual side of things.

It is Christmas eve, and the broad flight of steps leading to St. Peter's is thronged with the cosmopolitan crowd. Inside the vast basilica the first Vespers of the feast are being sung, the sweet voices of the Sistine Choir rising and falling in melodious cadences, and blending together in waves of harmony which echo through the lofty dome. Now they are singing the "Magnificat," and a procession headed by the cardinal-secretary of state with his scarlet robes and dignified presence, passes on its way to the altar of Blessed Sacrament—a gorgeous procession of ermine-coped canons and students from the Vatican Seminary in their deep purple cassocks.

On this Christmas Eve of 1899 begins the solemn year of Jubilee, and the "holy door," closed for so long a space of time, is to be thrown open by the Holy Father, as a sign that the "Anno Santo" has begun to run its course.

There is no Midnight Mass within the walls of this grand Basilica, but the office of Lauds is chanted, and an exquisite "Pastorelle," sung by the Sistine Choir in the "wee sma' hours" before the dawn, and the first High Mass on Christmas morning is celebrated at 5 o'clock a. m. In every college and convent chapel in Rome, however, and in many of the churches, the Holy Sacrifice is offered up at midnight, and the joyful tidings "In terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis"—once sung by the angels—are repeated over and over on earth and are echoed in heaven. * * * It is Christmas morning. Rome on her seven hills lies bathed in sunshine, and overhead stretches a canopy of cloudless, unfathomable blue. Bells are pealing gally from many a gray old belfry and lofty tower; the churches are decked with silken hangings of gold and crimson, and waxen tapers gleam on every altar, and shed their light beside the Crib of the Babe of Bethlehem.

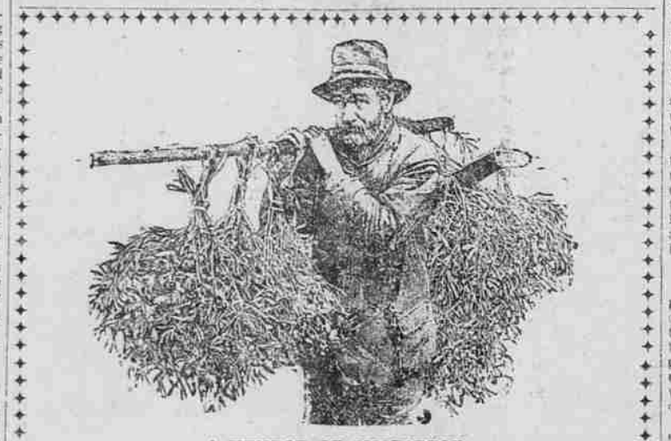
Let us ascend the historic flight of steps leading to the side entrance of the Church of Ara Coeli. We are treading upon haunted ground—haunted by the spirits of the pagan past. Here Tiberius Gracchus met his death in front of the Temple of Jupiter, and at the summit is the spot where Valerius the consul fought with Herdonius for the possession of the Capitol. Here, also—but these memories are incongruous with the joyful festa of today.

The picturesque old church is thronged with worshipers, and the brown-clad sons of St. Francis are singing the "Gloria in Excelsis." There is no touch of modernity in this spacious building, where the dust of centuries lies on the mediaeval tombs, and time has laid a heavy hand on the once gorgeously tinted frescoes of Pesaro and Pinturicchio, and on the rich gilding of the lofty roof. It presents, in fact, a certain dim, dingy appearance; but, as it has been happily described, it is "the dimness of faded splendor."

Let us turn to the Chapel of the Presepio, where the celebrated image of the Bambino d'Ara Coeli lies in His Mother's arms. It is but fitting that the most beautiful crib in Rome should be found in a church of the Franciscan Order, for it was the Seraphic Friar of Assisi who first conceived the idea of a representation of the stable at Bethlehem.

In the foreground the life-size figures of our lady and St. Joseph are placed in a grotto, and immediately behind them we see the ox and the ass. On one side shepherds and kings are kneeling in adoration, and overhead the Eternal Father is surrounded by smiling cherubs and angels "harping on their harps." In the background is seen a pastoral landscape, in which the perspective is admirably executed. Shepherds are reposing under the shade of palm trees, and sheep, made of real wool and cotton wool, are feeding near a crystal fountain, while women bearing baskets of oranges and other fruits on their heads, are approaching the grotto. Diamond pendants sparkle in the ears of the Virgin Mother, and the Bambino, swathed in gold and silver tissue, glitters with precious stones.

A temporary platform is erected opposite the Presepio, from which every day the octave juvenile orators deliver eloquent sermons on the Incarnation. It is amusing to



A VENDOR OF MISTLETOE.

watch the gestures and the varying expressions of these tiny preachers as they stand surrounded by a group of admiring relations. The quality of shyness is usually conspicuous by its absence from these performances, and whenever a trace of it does appear it is invariably in a little boy.

Space will not allow us to dwell upon the history of the Bambino d'Ara Coeli. Hare describes it as the "oldest medical practitioner in Rome," and many are the miraculous cures attributed to it. There is a very pretty legend concerning it which, if not true, is at least "ben trovato." A woman had cast covetous eyes upon the wonder-working image, and, having feigned sickness, begged that the "Bambino" might be brought to her bedside. As soon as she was alone with her prize she dressed up another image, with which she had provided herself, in its garments, and eventually returned it to the Ara Coeli, retaining the original in her own possession. That night the sleeping friars were aroused from their slumbers by a violent ringing of bells and thundering knocks on the west door of the church, and hastening thither saw a tiny pink foot peeping through a crevice. They opened the door, and there stood the little naked figure of the true "Bambino," shivering in the wind and the rain.

Since then it has never, under any pretext, been left alone with those who demand its presence. On the Epiphany it is carried in procession round the church, accompanied by priests and people. Tertiaries in their brown habits, gendarmes to guard the diamonds, rubies and emeralds with which it is encrusted, and a band of music. The great west door is thrown open, the golden glory of the sunset gilds the Mosaic pavement, and the "Bambino" is raised high above the crowd to bestow its blessings upon the "Eternal City." The scene on this long flight of 124 steps leading to the west door has been well described in "Roba di Roma:" "Here are to be seen all sorts of curious little colored prints of the Madonna and Child, little bags, pewter medals and crosses stamped with the same figures, all offered at once for the sum of one soldo. Here also are framed pictures of the saints and of the Nativity. Little wax dolls clad in cotton wools, to represent the Saviour, and sheep made of the same material, are also sold by the basketful. Children and 'contadini' are busy buying them, and there is a deafening roar all up and down the steps of 'Mezzo soldo, bello colorito, Diario Romano, Ritratto colorito—Bambinello di Cera—un soldo!' None of the prices are higher than one soldo, except to strangers, and generally several articles are held up together, enumerated, and proffered with a loud voice for this sum. Meanwhile men, women, children, priests, beggars, soldiers and 'villani' are crowding up and down, and we crowd with them."

In the afternoon of Christmas day all Rome flocks to Santa Maria Maggiore, on the Esquiline hill. Solemn Vespers are sung by the Sistine choir, and at their conclusion the "Holy Cradle," in its crystal and gold case, is carried in procession, followed by canons, priests and acolytes, the cardinal titular of the basilica bringing up the rear.

Apart from the religious ceremonies Santa Maria Maggiore is a rendezvous for friends and acquaintances on Christmas afternoon. One must have arrived at a very high pitch of spirituality to be able to follow undistracted the never-ending psalms as rendered by Rome's sweetest singers. Those, therefore, who are still clinging to the lower rungs of the ladder of perfection walk up and down the spacious edifice waiting for the procession, or stand about in groups of twos and threes, exchanging the greetings of the season. That "great endings have small beginnings" is an aphorism which is truer than most. Two conversions to Catholicity within our knowledge, and possibly many others, have originated in a few chance words spoken on Christmas day in the old historic church of Santa Maria Maggiore. In one case, by the way, the instrument chosen by God for a soul's salvation was a young man, then studying for the priesthood at the North American college, and who is now laboring in his own country for the good of his fellow-creatures. And she who was led by his influence into the one true fold of Christ has gone to receive her eternal reward in heaven.

The Epiphany, or "Befana," is preeminently the children's feast in Rome, and the day on which they reap a fine harvest of presents. It is a time of family rejoicing especially.

This year the beautiful custom of having the "Quarant' Ore" all night long will be observed in every church in Rome on the eve of this feast to usher in the new century.

Vespers are over on the feast of the Epiphany; the last verse of the "Magnificat" has died away upon the incense-scented air; the momentary twilight has faded and the stars are beginning to glitter in the southern sky. The festa is at an end, but it leaves behind it deep and lingering memories, and though it may be that we shall celebrate succeeding anniversaries of the birth of Christ in other lands, and amidst other surroundings, the recollection of our Christmas in Rome will be stamped forever on the tablets of our minds.

Birth and History of Our Lord Jesus

At Christmas time, when you visit the crib, you will see a figure of a little baby lying in a miserable stable, with not even a bed to lie on, or clothes to wear, and that will remind you of the birth of Our Lord in the stable at Bethlehem.

Now I must tell you what wonderful things happened on the earth the night Our Savior was born. The first people to know of His birth were some poor shepherds, who were minding their sheep on a mountain near Bethlehem. As they were sitting round their fire they heard a sound of most beautiful music, and looking up they saw an angel, who said:

"Be not afraid, for behold I bring you tidings of great joy, for tonight a Savior is born to you."

Then the angel told them that they would find the Savior lying in a manger in a stable at Bethlehem. Then a great number of angels appeared in the sky, and they were praising God, singing "Glory be to God in Heaven, and on Earth Peace to Men of Good Will;" that is, to people who wish to be good.

As soon as the angels had gone, the shepherds said to one another: "Let us go at once and see what is this wonderful thing that has happened." So they went down the mountain, and found the stable in which the infant Jesus was, and they adored and worshiped Him.

The next people to hear about the birth of Our Lord were very different from the poor shepherds. Far away in the east there lived three very wise and good kings. God had told men that one day a Savior would be born to redeem the world, and that wonderful things would happen when He was born, so that men should know that their Savior was come. Among other signs a new star was to appear.

Now, once while these kings were praying, they saw the new star in the heavens. So they knew that the Lord was about to be born. Immediately they set off to go to Him, taking with them presents of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. Gold, as the symbol or image of money, given in alms to the poor; frankincense, as the symbol of prayer and praise; and myrrh, as that of penance.

While the wise men were traveling the star moved in front of them, and at night it shone brightly. When they had gone a long way they came to Jerusalem, where the King of the Jews, whose name was Herod, was living. So they went to him and said: "Where is He that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His star, and are come to adore Him." Herod was much frightened and troubled.

So he called the priests and his advisers together, and asked them if it was true that a new King was to be born, and in what place. So they looked in all the holy books, and they told King Herod that the time had come for the promised Savior to appear, and that He would be born in Bethlehem.

Herod was angry when he heard this, and he determined to find this new King, and kill Him. Of course, he did not tell this to the wise men, but he said to them: "When you have found out where this new King is, come back and tell me, so that I too may go to Him and adore Him." This they promised to do. They traveled on towards Bethlehem, and still the star moved in front of them, to show them the way. At last it stopped over a poor stable, and the wise men knew they had come to the end of their journey. They got down from their camels, and went into the stable, and there they found the Blessed Virgin Mary, and the little baby Jesus, wrapped in His swaddling clothes; and, kneeling, they adored Him, and laid at His feet the gifts they had brought.

When it was time for them to return to their own country, an angel appeared to them in their sleep and told them to go home another way, and not tell Herod what had happened.

A Complete Exhibit.

(Chicago Record.)

"Eliza, there is to be a model American postoffice at the Paris Exposition."

"Well, Henry, you ought to go along to show how the model American husband forgets to mail his wife's letters."

By Which Gate Did Jesus Enter

The question of the particular gate through which Jesus entered Jerusalem that first Palm Sunday with the people shouting around him may seem superfluous, for common tradition has named the Golden Gate. But the kaiser's visit to Jerusalem in the spring of last year brought up another version. The Hulda gate was mentioned then, and it is high time to look into this question and determine the truth.

The Hulda gate is the name that the Jews of today give to the old temple gate that lies at the foundation of the mosque of Aksa, but it is also known as the double gate. Josephus tells us that there were gates on the south side of the temple, and the Talmud says there were two Hulda gates on the south. Today there are two gates in the southern wall, some 225 feet apart.

This gate has been called the mole gate. A mole works into the earth, travels underground and then comes up. So does this gate. In Solomon's time it was not roofed over, but later, when Herod enclosed the royal grounds in the temple court, he put a roof over it, so it became kind of tunnel from the outer wall to the inner court. At present the gates are walled up on the outside. Because the western gate was double, the name Hulda was later given to it alone, and not to the eastern one.

The Jews of a later period did not like the name with its application to the mole, so they connected the name Hulda with that of the prophetess who, they say, was the only one besides the kings to be buried in the city proper, and that her tomb was near this gate, hence the name.

NOT A TENABLE THEORY.

That Jesus and his disciples often passed through this gate may be accepted as certain, but that he entered there on Palm Sunday is absolutely untenable. Not one of the many pilgrims before and after the crusades mentions this as the gate through which Christ entered Jerusalem. Only of late has this idea been suggested.

The Golden gate is to be found in the eastern wall of the present haram, or court of the mosque of Aksa. The lower portions belongs to the period of the temple, while the upper part are Byzantine. The top is Moslem. This gate was made into a fortified tower. Like the other temple gates it had a double entrance. It has been built up by a wall for a long time.

From time immemorial has this been considered the one through which Jesus entered and passed to the temple. Jesus came from Bethany; whence there are three paths to Jerusalem. The southernmost, the modern high road, passes over the lower ridge between the Mount of Offense and the Mount of Olives proper. This is the longest route. The second, the middle path, leads directly over the summit of the Mount of Olives, and then southerly. The third and northernmost path also passes over the heights. All three pass by the present Garden of Gethsemane, and there run into a single road. The valley of the Kidron is then traversed by a bridge.

Now, according to Luke, "Jesus descended the Mount of Olives," which could apply to the northernmost or to the middle road, and besides, "he saw the city and wept over it," which points to the middle path. By the southern road little could be seen of the city, but all the extensive temple buildings were visible.

And, too, it must be remembered that the path pursued by Jesus did not lie far from Bethpage, which was on the eastern declivity of the Mount of Olives, so it was impossible for Jesus to have taken the southern path. And it is just as certain that Jesus did go by the middle path, which passed directly over the ridge of the Mount of Olives.

SOME REASONS.

As you come down from the mountain you are directly in front of the Golden Gate. This would have been the case no matter by which path he had come from Bethany. It was the nearest gate of the city, and its threshold was only about 100 feet above the road along the garden of Gethsemane and the bridge, and but 725 feet away in an air line. Here, too, the valley was at its widest; here the valley running from the northern side of the city opened into the valley of Kidron, broadening the whole valley. As a result of this the path had to run along a curved line.

Now the Golden Gate is in the temple wall, but at that time the city wall was from fifty to sixty-five feet outside of the wall of the temple. Necessarily there must have been a gate in the city wall at this point, but it was not a double, only a single gate like all the other city gates. After Jesus had ridden through this gate and approached the temple gate, he had to get down from his ass; nor would he have been permitted to ride through the Hulda gate. This caused a slight delay during which the accompanying multitude crowded together, increased also by others, especially children, who came out of the neighboring houses that were built between the two walls.

The rest of the city now heard the loud cries of Hosanna; the people came to see what it was all about, and went into the temple with Jesus. This is a reasonable and natural account of the occurrence.

But if, on the other hand, it is supposed that Jesus entered by the Hulda gate, everything becomes unnatural and forced. Even here the Kidron valley had to be crossed. But it was certainly easier there, where it was not so deep, as lower down where it was not only deeper, but also narrower and steeper. Sepp admits that Jesus went by the southerly path, but did not go as far as the Garden of Gethsemane, but turned off westward into the valley to shorten the route. A northerly short cut would have led by the so-called tomb of Absalom into the valley to the lower bridge. But this road is very steep, much steeper than that which led to the Golden Gate. In fact, in order to ride to the western suburb comfortably on the ass, so as to pass through Ophal, the route had to be followed further in the valley, as far as the Pool of Siloam, and then an ascent of 300 feet to the threshold of the Hulda Gate had to be made. Besides the road to the Golden Gate was only one-fifth as long as that to the other gate.

Therefore there can be no doubt that Jesus entered by the eastern gate. All subsequent historical notices agree with this idea.

That this eastern gate was partially destroyed by the Romans is proven by the discovery of the ruins of the lower section. It is possible that this gate was partially restored by Hadrian in the second century, but not probable. This emperor's architectural achievements were chiefly in the city, not in the temple. The real restoration of these gates only took place later.

LATER HISTORY.

The Hulda gate was rebuilt by Justinian in the sixth century, as we know from an inscription on a stone used for it. The gateway formed the foundation for his Church of St. Mary. As to the Golden gate, in the year 562, when Justinian died, it had not been restored, for a little later, between 570 and 600, Antonius Martyr saw it still in ruins. He says: "From Gethsemane we ascended many steps to the gate of Jerusalem. This gate is connected with that once beautiful gate of the temple, whose threshold and posts still stand."

Here we have mention of two separate gates; first the city gate, of course, in the city wall; and near it, but somewhat removed, were the ruins of the former temple gate, which had been part of the temple wall. The steps that he mentions are those which had been long used by foot travelers, leading directly from the valley up to the gate from the south of the Garden of Gethsemane. This has nothing to do with the path by which Jesus made his festal entrance into the temple.

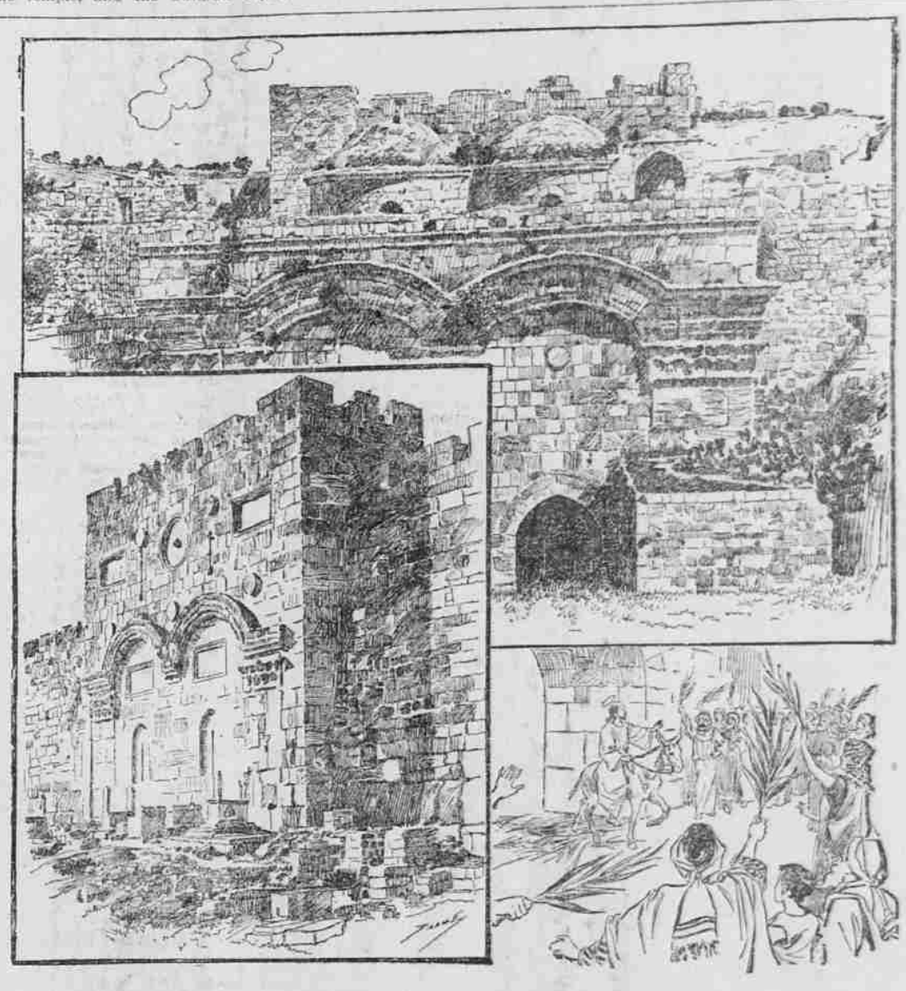
A little later the Persians, under Chosroes, captured the city and destroyed many buildings, especially churches, among which were those that had been in the valley of Jehosaphat (Kildron valley). The eastern gate was included in this destruction. The Christian emperor, Heraclius, besieged the Persians and entered Jerusalem in 629 with the holy cross, which he had recovered. He came in through this eastern gate. I think that Heraclius, who wanted to rebuild something in Jerusalem, was the one who undertook the reconstruction of the Golden Gate on its ancient foundations, but, according to a new Byzantine plan. In this way it became a monument of his victorious entry into Jerusalem, and the bringing back of the holy cross, and at the same time a reminder of the former entry of Christ.

Baedeker assigns the rebuilding to the seventh century; others place it earlier or later. The monumental building was, however, never completed, as it was begun and partly carried out. This would be inexplicable if Justinian had been the rebuilder; for he certainly would have finished it.

But the Mohammedans captured the city under Omar in 637, only eight years after Heraclius' triumphal entry, when he had not yet finished the work of rebuilding. It was never added to after that. In fact, Omar had the entrance to the gate walled up.

When, in 1187, Saladin captured the city, the entrances to the gate were once more walled up. And so it stands to this day.

C. SCHICK.



EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR OF THE GOLDEN GATE.

Entire Life Was Devoted to Charity

Some interesting facts concerning the career of one of the most remarkable men in the history of Vermont are being brought to light in Burlington. A month ago the Rt. Rev. Louis de Goesbrand, bishop of Burlington, died in a small, poorly furnished room in the Providence Orphan asylum.

After the bishop's remains were laid to rest in front of the episcopal residence in Burlington, Vermonters began to wonder how much of an estate he left to be divided among his relatives and friends. It was known that he was at once time a very rich man.

The exact or even approximate extent of his wealth had been a mystery always, but it is estimated that the late bishop was once worth between $300,000 and $2,000,000. Some of his intimate friends who had known him for many years place the figure at $1,000,000. He had lived frugally, and of late the knowing ones have been declaring that there would be some surprises in store for the poor people of the diocese when the bishop's will should be read.

BISHOP LEFT A TRIFLE ONLY.

But the bishop left no will. The surprise, however, has happened. It is announced by the Rev. Father Clouzec, rector of St. Joseph church, that the fortune left by the late bishop consists of exactly $2.12. Not another penny did he leave.

The money was found in the late bishop's writing desk at the Providence Orphan asylum. Bishop Michaud, successor to the deceased bishop, searched the desk for further evidences of the fortune that once existed, but besides this small amount of change, there was not even a postage stamp.

Bishop de Goesbriand believed that no man should die rich. It was his ambition to die in poverty. He gave his fortune to charitable institutions, to churches and to the poor. The amounts that he gave are known only to the beneficiaries. Not even his most intimate associates were made aware of the way in which he disposed of his wealth.

FRIEND OF THE ORPHANS.

The bishop's great hobby was the Providence Orphan asylum, which he erected on North avenue in this city. He solicited subscriptions to build this institution, but most of the funds came from his own private fortune. There he spent his declining years in prayer and meditation, surrounded by the little ones. Before he became seriously ill the late bishop de Goesbriand asked the Mother Superior:

"Sister Joseph, you make up a report of the inmates of the orphanage regularly; where do you place my name in your report? Am I classed with the children?"

"Oh, no, my lord; your name appears in the list of old people."

"I would like to be classed with the orphans hereafter. I am one of them," he said, and his wish was gratified. In the last report of the inmates of the orphanage his name appeared with those of the children.

A SELF-SACRIFICING MAN.

"He was the most remarkably self-sacrificing man I ever knew," said the Mother Superior at the Providence Orphan asylum to a newspaper reporter. "During his stay here I could not fail to notice many little things that would illustrate his character. His greatest desire was to make the children happy. He was extremely humble, and aside from the small change he left in his desk, his earthly possessions consisted of his clothing, and I can assure you his wardrobe was scanty and poor at that.

"When his body was taken from the asylum to the cathedral the little ones followed it. Now that he is gone some of them will come to me with tears in their eyes and ask when he will come back to them. One day Father Campeau of Essex, died and left $60 to the orphanage. When the check was brought to the bishop he said:

"'Father Campeau has been very good and there are others who will follow his example, but when I die I will not be able to leave them anything. I don't intend to have anything to leave. I am going to die a poor man.'"

Bishop de Goesbriand was born in Brittany, France, eighty-three years ago, and he was the senior Catholic bishop in the United States. He was of noble parentage, his father being Marquis Henri de Goesbriand of Berdelas, Brittany. His mother also was of noble parentage.

THE THREE-FOLD NATIVITY.

(By Richard S. Cartwright.)

Hail, holy Child, eternal-born!
Receive our humble praise.
We come to Thee this Christmas-morn,
And high our anthems raise.

O Blessed Babe! we worship Thee,
Our Strength, our Life, our Way;
Thou comest now to set us free.
O happy Christmas-day!

Hail, holy Child of mother mild!
Stretch forth Thy tiny hand,
And bless today this world, we pray,
And peace breathe o'er the land!

All earth is glad, the heavens sing,
And angels veil their eyes.
In truth Thou art the new-born King,
Who in the manger lies.

Hail, holy Child! hail, Babe divine!
For man's salvation born;
Oh, make our hearts like unto Thine,
This joyous Christmas-morn.

We bring to Thee, not gifts of gold,
Of incense, nor of myrrh;
But offerings of love untold,
Of purity, of prayer.

HEAR US, BLEST MOTHER.

(Tune: "Vox Angelica." Key of E.)

Mother Divine, whose heart o'er all is yearning,
Each orphan-soul turns longing eyes to thee;
Hear us, in love, and guide us, home returning,
Out of life's discord into harmony.
Refrain:
Hear us, Blest Mother,
Hear us today;
Send to the lonely
Some thought of home, we pray.