Beautiful Fnow.

In the early part of the American war, one eark instartesy morning in the deed of winter, there died at the Commercial Hospital, Uncinneti, a young woman overwhose head only two and twenty summers had passed, the had once been pressessed of an enviable share of beauty—had been, as she charm of her face;"—but, miss! upon her fair hrow had long been written that terrible word—failen! Once the pride of respectable parentage, her first wrong step was the small beginning of the "asme old story over of thousands. Highly educated and accomplished in manuers, she might have suons in the best society. But the evil hour that proved her role was but the door from childhood; and having spent a young life in malers, the poor friendless one died the melancholy death of a broken hearted out.

melancholy death of a broken nearted outamong her personal effects was found, in
manuscript, the "Beautiful Stow," which
was in mediately carried to Enos B. Reed, a
gentleman of culture and literary tastes,
who was at that time editor of the National
Maton. In the columns of that paper, on the
morning following the girl's death, the
peem appeared in print for the first time
when the paper containing the poem came
out on Sanday morning, the body of the
victim had not yet received burial. The
attention of Thomas Bucknass Head, one of
the best American poets, was soon directed to
the newly-published lines, who was taken
with their sitring pathos that he immediately followed the surpes to its final restingplace.

seh are the plain facts concerning ber se "Beautiful Snow" will long be re-ted as one of the highest gems in Amer-literature.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the say and earth below,
Over the housetops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet;
Daucing-Filring—Stimming along
Beautiful snow! It can do no wrong;
Flying to kies a fair iady's cneek,
Clinging to lips tu froitcome freak;
Beautiful snow from heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow, How the fishes gather and laugh as they go Whirling about in maddening fun; Chasing-Laugning-Hurrying by. Its lights on the face, and it sparkies the And the dogs with a bark and a bound Suap at the crystale as they eddy around: The town is alive and its heart is a glow, To welcome the coming of beautiful anow!

How wild the crowd goes swaying along, Hailing each other with humor and song; How the gay sleight like meteors shan by, Bright for the moment then lost to the eye; Bright for the moment then lost to the eye; Bright for the moment then lost to the eye; Goyer the crust of the beautiful show—thou so pure when it falls from the sky. To be trampled and tracked by thousands of the state of the sta Till it blends with the filth in the horrible

Once I was as p are as the snow, but I fell— Fell like the snow flaxes from neaven to Fell to be trampled as fith on the street,
Fell to be soofed, to be spit on and beat,
Fell to be soofed, to be spit on and beat,
Relling feature (carriage Dreading to die,
Seiling in one to whoever would buy;
Dealing in one for a morse of bread,
Hating the living and tearing the dear.
Merolful God, have I failen so low?
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow!

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow, With an eye like a crystal, a heart like it Once I was loved for my innocent grace— Flattered and sought for the charm of my

Flattered and sought for the charm of my face;

face Teachers—Mothers—Sisters, all,
God and myself I have lost by my fall;
The vertest wretch that goes shivering by
Will make a wide sweep lest I wonder too
nigh; nigh;
For all that is on or above me I know,
There is nothing so pure as the beautifu

How strange it should be that this beautifu show fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it should be when the night
comes again
If the snow and the les struck my desperate

Fainting—Freezing—Dying alone. ioged for prayer, too weak for a moan heard in the streets of the noisy

ad in the joy of the snow coming down.
To be and to die in my terrible woe.
With a bed and a shroud of beautiful snow.

Helpless and foul as the trampled snow, Sinner, descair not! Corist stoopeth low To rescue the soul that is lost in sin, And raise it to life and erjoyment again. Groaning—Biseding—Dying for thee, The Crucified hung on the cursed tree! His accents of mercy fails oft on thine ear, "Is there mercy for me! Will He heed my wash prayer?"

O God in the stream that for sinners did flow.

Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

INTERESTING MISCELLANY

Sleter Caprini, one of the nuns captured the Mahoi during the reign of terror in Egypt, has just arrived in Verona. One of her companions died after cruel suffer or her companies the first and the first and the first and her way, after terrible hardships, to the English and Egyptian outposts at Berder, whence she easily reached Naples. She bore the horrors of her eight years' imprisonment with unshaken fortitude, and still disclaims any title to beroism.

A precious little rescal was noticed on best endeavors to ring a doorbell just beyond his reach. A well known minis-ter happened along, and, with the impulse of a good Samaritan, wanted to help the

"Like to ring the bell sonny?" "Yes, sir: but I can't reach it."
The divine stepped to the verauda an gave the bell a vigorous pull, as he patted the interesting invariance and

e interesting javentle on the head.
"Now run like the devil!" shouted the kid as he shot down the street at top speed. All the man could do was to laugh at this deplorable bit of worldliness and make ex anation when the call was answered.

A WITTY ANSWER.

It was a witty answer by which a hero whom Blamarck was commissioned by the Emperor to decorate with the Iron Cross of the the first class discomfixed the Chan cellor's attempt to chaff him. "I am authorized," said Blsmarck to him, with that liking for playful jokes which has been so strong throughout his career—"I am authorized to offer you a hundred thalers instead of the cross." "How much is the cross worth?" ssked the soldier. "Taree thalers" "Very well, then, high-ness; I'll take the cross and ninety seven thalers" Bismarck was so surprised and pleased by the ready shrewdness of the reply that be gave the man both the cross

"I'M NOT YOUR SON." SAVED HIS MOTHER FROM A BROKEN

The recent death in Canada of Mrs. Serling, mother of Chas. M. Sterling, who was executed for murder at Youngstown, Onto, has unveiled the facts concerning an incident that occurred shortly before his execution. His mother came from Maxwell, Canada, and though he had left home when but a lad, with maternal intuition she recognized him. When brought to his cell Sterling, without the quiver of a muccle, said :

"You are mistaken, maden ; 1 am not

your con."
She implored him to recognize her, but he refaced, and she returned home half convinced that she was mistaken. To his councel Sterling said:
"She is my mother, but I could not break her heart by telling her that her son would be hung. Keep it a secret until she dies."
Har death the past week caused his at-

she dies"

Her death the past week caused his attorney, W. S Anderson, to break the seal of silence to day.

"It was the most dramatic scene I ever witnessed," said Mr. Anderson. "I have seen all the tragedians for the past quarter of a century, but none that so compared to the scene on that occasion. The mother, every line in her face showing the most intense suffering, and her heart nearly broken, while her son, knowing that the truth would kill her, stood like a statue, his face showing the pailor of statue, his face showing the pailor of death, assuring her that she was mistaken. Such intensity of action was never produced on any stage. It could not be." A TOUCHING RAILWAY INCIDENT.

A TOUCHING RAILWAY INCIDENT.

It was a hot, dusty day when two or three passengers entered a train on the lowa division of the Chicago and North-Western road at Bridgewater. Among them was a stylishly dressed young man, who wore a stiff white hat, patent leather shoes, the neatest of cuffs, the thirdest of stand up collars. He carried a cane, and carefully brushed the dust from the seat in front of me before he sat down. in front of me before he sat down.

in front of me before he sat down.

Just across the aisle, opposite him, sat a tred woman holding a baby. I never saw in my life a more discouraged, wornout, desparing look than that on the mother's face. The baby was too sick even to cry. It lay moaning and gasping in its mother's lap, while the dust and cinders flew in at the open doors and windows. The heat and dust made traveling, even for strong men, unbearable.

ing, even for strong men, unbearable.

I had put down the stylish young man in front of me as a specimen of the dude family, and was making a mental calculation on the probable existence of brains under the new bat, when, to my astonishment, he leaned over the aisle and said to

the woman:

"Medam, can I be of any assistance to to you? Just let me hold your baby awile. You look so very tired."

The woman seemed much surprised, though the request was made in the politest and most delicate manner.

"Oh, thank you, sir," said she, tremulously. "I am tired," and her lips ulously. "I am tired," and ner mysquivered.
"I think the baby will come to me,"
"I think the baby will come to Poor

ald the young man, with a smile. "Poor thing! It's too sick to make any objection. I will hold it carefully, madam, while you lie down and rest awhile. Have

"From the Black Hills."

"Yes, but the baby was well when I started. I am on my way to my friends in the East. My—my husbard—my—"

"Ab, yes, I see, I see!" continued the young man in a sympathetic tone, as he glanced at the bit of crape in the Hittle traveling hat. By this time he had taken the baby and was holding it in bis arms.

"Now you can lie down and rest a little Have you far to go?"

"To Connecticut," replied the woman almost with a sob, as about the seed of the woman almost with a sob, as about the woman almost with a sob, as about the seed of the circumstances attending the birth of our friends.

"Whilst the shepherds of Beit Sacon friends are the baby and was holding the woman almost with a sob, as about the woman almost with a sob, as about the seed of the circumstances attending the birth of our friends."

"Whilst the shepherds of Beit Sacon friends are the seed of the circumstances attending the birth of our friends."

"Whilst the shepherds of Beit Sacon friends are the seed of the seed of the circumstances attending the birth of our friends."

"Whilst the shepherds of Beit Sacon friends are the seed of the seed o

"To Connecticut," replied the woman, almost with a sob, as she wearlly arranged a shawl over a value and prepared to lie

down in the seat.

"Ah, yes, I see! and you have not money enough to go into a sleeping car, have you madam?"

have you madam?"

The poor woman blushed faintly and put one hand over her face while the tears dropped between her worn fingers. I looked out of the window, and a mist came over my eyes, while I changed my calculation of the young man's mental ability. He looked thoughtfully and tenderly down at the baby, and in a short tenderly down at the baby, and in a short time the mother was fast saleep.

The woman sitting across the sisle from

The woman sitting across the sisle from me, who had heard as much of the conversation as I had, came and offered to relieve the young man of his charge. "I am ashamed of myself for not offering to take the baby from the mother before. Poor little thing! It's asleep."

"Soitis. "Ill surrender it to you now," with a cheerfal armie."

"So it is. I with a cheerful smile, with a cheerful smile, a cheerful smile, a stopped at a cheerful smile, and in his station, and the young man rose in his seat, took off his hat and said in a clear, earnest voice : "Ladies and gentlemen, here is an opportunity for each of us to show that we have been brought up in a Christian land and have Christian fathers precious little rascal was noticed on around the other day making his endeavors to ring a doorbell just and his reach. A well known ministrappened along, and, with the impulse good Samaritau, wanted to help the to travel in a sleeping car, and is all tired out and discouraged. What will you do about it?"

"Do!" cried a big man down near the water-cooler, rising excitedly. "Do! water-cooler, rising excitedly. "Do! Take up a collection"—the American cltiz.n's last resort in distress. "I'll give \$5."

The effect was electrical. The hat went around, and the way silver dollars and quarters and ten cent pieces rattled in it would have done any true heart

I wish I could describe the look of the woman's face when she awoke, and the money was given to her. She tried to thank us all, and failed. She broke down completely. But we didn't need thanks.

There was a sleeping car on the train. and the young man saw the mother and child transferred to it at once. I did not hear what she said to him when he left her, but it must have been a hearty "God bless you!"

Cold Waves

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ANSWER TO AN INFIDEL.

PEHE DIDON'S "LIFE OF CHRIST" IS

PARIS' LIFERARY SENSATION.

HOW THE BOCK WAS WRITTEM—IT IS IN
IT TEMPED AS A REPLY TO REMAN'S "VIE

DE JESUS"—THE CHARM OF ITS LITER

ACOUDAT OF CRRIST'S BIRTH.

The literary sensation of the hour in

France is Pere Didon's book—the "Life of Christ." The work is bought and read even with greater segences than that which was displayed on the production of Renan's shocking attack on Christianity, "the Vie de Jesus," says the Catholic Times, of Liverpool. Pere D don has not written a direct reply to Renan. The fallacies and false statements of that writer have by this time been fully exposed. But the learned Dominican has presented to his readers an indirect reflectation of the feetbinker's subtle criticism by travelling over the same ground and describing the facts and the scence of our Lord's life so accurately and vivaciously as to bring the truth home to the mind with irrestabile force. It was Renan's boast that his sketches, as he called them, were drawn, in 1860, on the spot. He traversed the whole region covered by the Gospel History; visited Jeruselem, Hebron and Samaria; made himself familiar with all the escretal colities, and wrote his life of Christ in a Mironite cable on the top of Lebanon. In that respect he has had no advantage over Pere Didon. The good Father devoted a vertal years to a pligrimage in Palestine. His tour was not that of a smatterer in theology who desired to put over Pere Didon. The good Father devoted reveral years to a pligrimage in Palestine. His tour was not that of a smatterer in theology who desired to put forth novelties in the guise of an esprit fort. The beauties of the Galliean landscape, its shady valleys, its harmoniously scattered hills, he viewed with the eyes of a man of faith who felt to the depths of his soul that he was treading on holy ground. A priest and a religious, his ambition was to contribute by his magnum opus to the development of the kingdom of God in the souls of men. The knowledge of the souls of men. The knowledge of the fact that he has succeeded in this aim must be to the author the highest recompense that he could desire for his labyrs. Renan's shortcomings and the superfic-Renan's shortcomings and the superfic-iality with which he treated his mighty theme, have been sgain and again notified even by the members of the unbelieving and skeptical school; but there is one

point on which he stands almost above criticism-that is in the charm of the style. Graceful, limpld, and yet full of color, it is the perfection of descriptive language. It is said, that whilst at college he made Chateaubriand his model; certainly his style has Chateaubriand's brilliaccy, and tenderness, and something also of

holding their watch, a flood of heavenly light is poured around them. Alarmed they see beside them an angel of the Lord. 'Be re assured,' he says to them, 'I am Be reassured,' he says to them, 'I am come to announce to you a great joy for all the people. To day there is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the City of David. You will know Him by this sign: He is wrapped in ewadding clothes and laid in a stable.' At the same moment great voices filled the sir. The multitude of heavenly spirits, in concert with the angel, were praising God and saying: 'Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will.' The world of Divine spirits leaps with joy at world of Divine spirits leaps with joy at the birth of Jesus. Nothing is accom-plished here below which has not been are the consequences of celestial and im-penetrable causes. All the future, all the penetrable causes. All the lature, all the mystery of this cradle, is in these two words which fill space and time, glory and peace—glory to God, peace to man. Henceforward the earth, which despised God, has a Son Who is to teach us His name and establish His kingdom Humanity, delivered up to the brutal law of destruction in the struggle for existence, is to know the law of peace, because it will be regulated by the law of love. The angels withdrew and disap-peared in the Heavens, and the shepheros, said amongst themselves: 'Let us go up to Bathlehem: let us go to see this Word which has just been accomplished, and which the Lord has made known to us. They went, hastening forward, and found Mary and Joseph, and the Infact laid in a manger. On seeing Him, they under stood what had been said to them of the Child. Simple souls enlightened by God have a penetrating vision: they divine what sages, with all their philosophy, can not understand. Fatth alone knows God not understand. Faith alone knows God and His designs; reason discusses them in exalted language, but they escape and bilnd it. It desires to bend them to its exigencies and narrow formulas; it finishes only by denying them, or, oftener still' by disguring and miminizing them. The shepherds returned to their flocks and related what they had seen. Their story excites wonder, and they glorify and praise God. Still it does not appear that the testimony of these poor men moved Jerussiem, or troubled the peace and humility of the cradie of Jesus. He remained unknown between His mother and Joseph. But Mary preserved in her heart Joseph. But Mary preserved in her heart that what she had heard; like all mothers, she made a treasure of her memories, a sort of interior book which she read over with tenderness. The shepherds' country is still there; the flocks feed there during the winter season, as in the days of Jesus, under the olives and through the land

to the Church of Helens, of which the debris only remain, and in the half ruined crypt they appeal to the intercession of the shepherds of Bett Saour, their ancestors, who were the first Apostles.' Pere Didon's work has, as was expected, been subjected to a good deal of criticism, but the criticism has come mostly from those who hoped to discover in his writings symptoms of disregard for Catholic authority. At one time, when the

where the grass grows green again and the anemones flourish; cultivation has never

deserted this spot, where shone the first

splendor of the dawn of Christianity. On Christmas night the Bethlemites repaired

Christ, and hence of the salvation of the world. We must believe that no one merits blessedness unless by the grace of God, and by his cor sequent finding of God Mary always interposes before the merits of our sins, because the obtains for sinners that they repent. Hence there is no sex, age, state, or condition in the human race that needs not to implore the aid of the

Christian education is steadily gaining ground in France, as even its bitterest opponents are reluctantly forced to admit. Le Matin, a Parisian journal that will not be suspected of any leaning toward cleri callem, notes with regret the diminution in the number of students attending the State University and lycess. In Paris, Nantes, Orleans, Charres — in fact, throughout the Rapublic—Catholic universities and colleges are drawing young men from the baleful influence of an in tellectual training from which the idea of God and religion is eliminated. All true friends of France will rejoice in learning that the future of that country is likely to be guided by men of another stamp than those who have so long shaped has destinies.

Pittsburg Catholic. Rev. David Street, a Protestant clergy-mau, of large experience as a home mis-sionary, gives his testimony to the desadence of Protestant denominations. He gives the following picture of one place in the Est: "In a beautiful village of two thousand persons, there is a large Catholic church, one self supporting church, four feeble churches which cannot maintain pastors, and seven additional churches within a radius of five miles. The business men of the place generally are la secret societies, and the churches are beggare."

Catholics have long been compelled to complain of much unfairness in the present ation of Catholic subjects in Encyclopedias.
The Appleton firm of New York gave a good example in the preparation of theirs, by assigning Catholic items to competent Catholic writers; and now, we learn, that acyclopedia the articles on Lafalliblity' and the "Immaculate Con-ception" will be written by Cardinal Manning; and the one on the "Jesuits" by Father Anderledy.

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this. So, spiritual II us up, to m tively come to rise from exciting m Day, the fi and fasts, c and put on the calls ou

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Christmas, urged to ma eaddened with joy at t sion means s ness is broug If you ex; bigh position would you uself to receive yourselves i with uccom your patron Certainly not for some it their lives; crease of g of the Holy come to the hearte, but God has in st

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