

words, the crucifix bowed itself to her lips, and she breathed her last, in peace and joy.

The book abounds in touching incidents of the exceeding great rewards vouchsafed to the blessed ones among the children of Saint Dominic who had extraordinary devotion to the sufferings of our Divine Redeemer.

K. E. C.

A LITTLE NEWSBOY'S CHRISTMAS.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

I.

ONE dreary autumn evening, four or five years ago, the cold rain fell steadily, and the winds whistled and shrieked through the almost deserted streets of one of the poorer quarters of the great city of Chicago. A frail little boy was struggling through the storm, protecting beneath a fold of his ragged jacket the stock of papers which it was his daily business to dispose of. His step was slow and uncertain ; and through the gathering shadows of night two great black eyes, full of anguish, shone from a face pinched and pale with hunger and premature sorrows.

His proceeds for that day had been even less than usual : only fifteen cents had he been able to take to his wretched and drunken mother, who received him with a shower of blows, and turned him out supperless to complete his sales. Bad and cruel as was the storm of the streets, it was yet more tender in its caresses than that of the miserable lodging he called his home.

Going at random, he hurried along as fast as he could, his little heart more despairing than ever before in his young life. He was only eight years old, and was very ignorant — knowing, in fact, little else than his own misery ; and he asked himself what had condemned him to this wandering and desolate life, while other children had warm roofs to protect them, loving hearts to care for them, and never wanted for bread.