APRIL 7, 1688

The infidel sat in his great arm-chair,
With his child upon his knee—
A dear little daughter with golden hair,
And sweet as a child can be.
But never a smile on the rosy face,
Where the smile was wont to play.
And the blue eyes filled with a sober grace,
Spellbound by a thought that day.

"Now, why is my daughter so grave and

The infide! lightly said.

And the child made answer: "Oh, father,

tell What happens when we are dead?"
The infidel looked at the fair young face
With a sudden thrill of pain.
As he thought of the years coming on

As he thought "They are all in vain."

"Why do you ask such a question of me?"
She only spoke it again.
"We are laid in the ground to rest," said he; And she gravely asked. "What then?" Ie spoke of an end that is only dust,

He spoke of an end that is only dues, And a long, long rest from care: But her eyes were filled with a dark distrust, "Oh, how can I love you there?"

And the round, blue eyes that scanned his

face,
Seemed to pierce him through and through:
And the dove that nestled against his side Seeming saying, "It is not true!"
"It is not true!" said the hungry love That out of the blue eyes shone,
While her pure young spirit began to move With a strange faith all its own.

Years passed, and he stood by an open

grave,
grave,
Where the child of his love was laid;
He scoffed no more: he had ceased to rave;
For sorrow had bowed his head.
His thoughts went back to her childhood's hour;
He seemed to see her again,
And hear the words with a strange, new

power, "When we are dead—what then?"

The infidel sat in his great arm-chair,
Alone in his silent room;
His face wore a look like a shade of care,
His heart was oppressed with gloom,
But he read a book till the dawn of morn,
And his heart was sad no more,
For out of his sorrow a joy was born,
He had never known before.

Then he said: "I know I shall see my

child,
When the long, long night is past;
For the light of faith I have long denied,
Shines into my soul at last."
Oh, thus could the heart-changed infidel

when his loving child was gone;
And sooff no more from that blessed day
At the truth of the Holy One. -LE MARO GLOBE.

THE BROKEN LOOKING-GLASS.

"Judy!" called Mrs. Calligan up the rickety step ladder leaning to the loft that served her daughter as bed room. "Judy! Is it the whole day you're takin' to make yourself purty up there, and the market half over by this, and Phil Caesidy been gone wid his pigs an hour already, and our poor ould mother with a crick in the back packing your baskets an' all, sure it's me heart that's bruk wid you. Come down this minute." Here Mrs. Calligan accompanied her abjurations with a sounding spank of her broomstick on the side of the step-ladder, disturbing considerably a cock

throwing on her ample blue close, tucked her stockings into her pocket, picked up her shoes, and prepared to descend the ladder; when, just as her foot was on the top step, with a crash and a rattle down fell the looking glass from its nail on to the floor. With an exclamation of horror, the floor. With an exclamation of horror, Judy was turning to where the little frame lay on its face, when her mother's voice, pitched in a considerably higher and sharper key than before, again reached her ears. "Is it comin' down ye are, or must I come up and fetch ye?" It was evident, from Mrs. Calligan's tone, that delay was dangerous, and Judy descended the ladder precipitately, nearly overturning the irate old woman, who had already commenced the threatened ascent.

"Well, well! where did you larn man. ners? Not from yer mother, I'll be bound." This was true, though not in the

bound" This was true, though not in the sense Mrs. Calligan meant it.
"Now, then, be off wid you, and don't be takin' bad money to-day; they say there's a dale of it about, and your head's as soft as a boiled pratie, since that amadhawh, Pat O'Connor, has turned it with courtin' you and tellin' you you was purty, and a hape of lies beside, bad luck to—"

"Oh! wirra, wirra, mother, don't be wishin' bad luck," interrupted Judy, passing her arms through the handles of the two baskets of eggs and butter. "Sure it's bad enough it'll be without wishin' more, the looking-glass is broken into smitherens; it fell off the nail just now, and there it lies on the floor, and myself no time to pick it up with all your callin' time to pick it up with all your callin' and drivin' of me."

and drivin' of me,"

Mrs. Calligan sank on a stool and covered her head with her apron, completely overcome with this crowning disaster.

"Oh, whilew murder!" she exclaimed, rocking herself to and fro. "Would nothin' serve you but to break your grandmother's looking glass that's been in the family these seventy years? Ohone!

Ohone! Get out of my soight, or I'll be the death of you!" she exclaimed, starting up again in a transport of rage. "You hat the Dutch."

Judy did not wait to be asked twice, and the towa of Ballyborsen, Out
of the barony must have burned that day, give light to your heart."

No mortal yet has e'er forecast. The moment that shall be his last, blooking glass, the looking-glass! What from the nail on which it hung securely for years, to try and see the back of her hair with it that morning?

While Judy lamented ner ill-luck, and sacrificed the characters of her suspected rivals, her soitive feet rapidly carried her over the six miles that lay between her home and the towa of Ballyborsen, Out-

but fied the house, trembling both at her mother's wrath and her own bad luck, while the old woman, with sundry bewail ings and mutterings of prayers preservative from evil, repaired to inspect the scene of the disaster.

Tripping nimbly along on her bare, shapely feet, with that graceful carriage of the body peculiar to Irish pessant girls, her long blue cloak covering her arms and the baskets on them, the hood thrown back off her smooth black hair and rosy face, Judy descended the rocky mountain path from her mother's cabin to the road below with the activity of a gost. Just as she turned off the path on to the main road, she raised her dark eyes with a farewell glance to her mountain home, and perceived that her mother was standing in the doorway shouting and gesticulating Judy paused for a moment, and tried to make out what her mother was calling, but catching nothing but the words "broke" and "looking glasa," mingled with various others indistinguishable, wisely pursued her way to the market, fervently hoping all the time that the storm might wear itself out before her return at night.

The day was one of those lovely ones—few and far between, alas!—when one might walk in Connemara and think it Italy. The blue sky with its fleecy clouds, the mountains bathed in sunlight, the smell of the heather, and the purling murmur of the stream, that ran its amber course through the valley, the springy turf of the roadside, soft as a velvet carpet to her bare feet; the very delight of living on such a day soon drove from Judy's head all dismal forebodings of misfortune.

Half a mile more, and she would be round the aboulder of the mountain.

head all dismal forebodings of misfortune.

Half a mile more, and she would be
round the shoulder of the mountain, and
able to see Pat O'Connor's cabin in the
valley below, and a little further on, at
the cross-roads, there would be Pat waiting, sitting on the wall, with the same
humorous, careless smile in his eyes that
had won Judy's heart. The girl accelerated her pace in very joyousness almost to
a run; her twinkling white bare feet
fairly danced along the path, when illtimed light-heartedness—a little trip, a
stumble, she is down. The fall is nothing,
she is up in a moment; but the eggs she is up in a moment; but the eggs—
half of them are broken. Judy sat down
on the roadside and stared at the ruin in
utter despair. "Ah, wirra, wirra! after
breaking the lookin glass, and knowing
what I had to look forward to and all, and

breaking the lookin' glass, and knowing what I had to look forward to and all, and nothing must serve me but capering along like a mad girl," she lamented. "Half the eggs spattered in bits, and every sixpence of the money wanted for the rint, at the end of next wake." But we have it on very ancient authority that it is no use crying over spilt milk, or eggs; and Judy finally came to the same conclusion, and, drying her eyes, proceeded on her way, after she had re-sorted her eggs, and carefully packed the sadly diminished freight in moss from the wayside.

A few steps further, more staidly taken, and she is in sight of Pat's cabin. Judy's keen sight recognizes the figure standing in front of the house; there is no mistaking that well-knit figure, in the long frize coat, with the gray blue stock ings peeping cut below. He stands with his hands shading his eyes, looking down the path from his door to the crossroads. A spasm of disappointment touches the young Irishwoman's heart. What is he doing away over there? Why is he not waiting at the cross-roads, as in duty bound, with the expectant smile and set it the whole day you're takin' to make a yoursel purity up there, and the market half over by this, and Pail Cassidy been gone with helps an hour already, and our poor ould mother with a crick in the base of disappointment of disappointment of disappointment and the market half over by this, and Pail Cassidy been gone with helps an hour already, and our poor ould mother with a crick in the base of disappointment of disappointment of the path from his door to the cross road, as passed on disappointment with the path from his door to the cross road, as passed on the sharp and the smarter with the path from his door to the cross road, as passed on the sharp and the smarter with the path from his door to the cross road, as passed on the sharp and the smarter with the path from his door to the cross road, as passed on the path from his door to the cross road, as passed on the path from his door to the cross road, as passed on the path from his door to the cross road, as passed on the path from his door to the cross road, as passed on the path from his door to the cross road, as passed on the path from his door to the cross road, as passed the path from his door to the cross road, as passed the path from his door to the cross road, as passed the path from his door to the same time and the ward will of God, we shall not have a standard the cross road, as passed the path from his door to the same time are more in the three in the path from his door to the same time are more in the path from his door to the same time are more in the path from his door to the same time are more in the path from his door to the his heart to prest he to come over the path from his door to the same time are more in the path from his door to the path of the Church to the cross road, and the ward of a mile across the path from his door to the his highly as the path of the his path from his door to the his his path to the path from his door to the his his path to the path from his door to the his his path to the path from his door to the h baskets seemed to feel suddenly lighter, perhaps from some mysterious sympathy with her heart. She hurried on with a smile on her lips, but when she again looked across the valley it suddenly left them. A female figure in the blue cloak universally worn by the Irish peasant women was coming up the path to meet Pat with an eager step. Judy stood transfixed, as she saw them meet with a close embrace and walk arm in arm to the close embrace, and walk arm in arm to the cabin; then suddenly giving way to her impulsive nature, the poor girl placed her basket on the ground, and sitting down again on the roadside burst into a storm

of sobs and tears.

The storm was sharp, but short. The The storm was snarp, but anothe another feelings of disappointed love were soon succeeded by those of wounded self esteem and jealous anger. She sprang from the ground with burning cheeks, snatched up her burdens, and hurried on with rapid steps. "Is it tears Judy Calligan, you

her burdens, and hurried on with rapid steps. "Is it tears Judy Calligan, you would be after wasting on a miserable forsworn creatur' like that? If you do you're not the girl I tuk you for." A lump rose in her throat, but Judy choked it down, and walked on, with her little nose "tip tilted" in the air.

"Och, you mane spurrited blaggard!" said she, apostrophizing the faithless absent one. "It's a bit of my mind I'll be after tellin' you when next we mate." Then her angry thoughts turned towards the female figure. Who could it have been? Mary Brady, perhaps. No, it was too short for Mary. Besides that, Mary was a "dacent colleen," and would not steal any poor girl's sweetheart. More likely "that cratur" Norah Cassidy. She was no better than she should be. Thus was no better than she should be. Thus Judy's resentment transferred itself in great part from Pat to the unknown female figure, and if there be any truth in old saws, the ears of all the young women of the barony must have burned that day, for Judy passed them all in merciless review before her, as she tried to fit the

The night was far advanced before the light of the cabin came in sight on the hill-side. As Judy ascended the path she thought she heard voice; and a woman's merry laugh on the road below. Her heart responded with a pang.

She entered the cabin quietly. Her mother was asleep by the fire, and the "praties" were knocking at the lid of the pot suspended over it. Worn out and sick, poor Judy sank down beside the blaze. The thought of her cruel desertion, which had been kept at bay by occupation during the day, returned upon her with redoubled force; repressed nature gave way at last, and she burst into floods of tears; and wild sobs and hysterical struggles ended at last in unconsciousness.

ness. She awoke from her swoon to find her

"there they are standin' forenest you; you never tak them away, my darlin, and me callin' you back to tell you of it, and the note and the good luck, and not inch would you come; and that long-legged Pat O'Connor been here wid his steer Kathleen, that walked over from Ballyborean to see him to-day, and they waited and waited here for your comin' back, and me wantin' to sleep all the time, till at last I clean tould him to be off and come back to supper." Here there was a knock at the door

"An' talk of an angel, and here is one. That supper was a merry one."

A slight cold often proves the fore-runner of a complaint which may be fatal. Avoid this result by taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, the best remedy for colds, coughs, and all throat and lung diseases.

GOOD WORKS.

Good works performed while in the state of mortal sin avail nothing in regard to eternal life, writes St. Lawrence Justinian, but aid in moderating the punishment imposed for disobedience and the transgressions of God's commandments. They give temporal goods, such as honor, long life, heath, earthly happiness, &c; they prevent us from falling deeper into sin, and prepare the heart for the reception of grace; so the pious Gerson writes:
"Do as much good as you can even though
in the state of mortal sin, that God may give light to your heart."

the town she stopped and set down her stopped and set down her feet and put on her stocking and she feet and put on her stocking and show, while I she country gith unsured and show while I she country gith unsured and stocking and show while I she country gith unsured and stocking and show while I she country gith unsured the same and the she has a show the same and shoes, which lifes country (tilt usually keep clean by this primitive custom when going to the market. Judy sat on the bank, he hot and dusty feet dangling in the water, while she took her stockings from her pocket, and smoothing them. Then preparatory to donning them. Then drying her feet in the soft moss and turf of the bank, she drew on the stockings and looked in the basket for her shoes. Not in that one! Surely she had not put them along with the eggs! Not, they were not in that one. Merey on us, the shoes are missing! Not in her pocket; nowher to be found. Judy searched everywhere, but did not mend matters—the shoes were saill missing.

"Onose! Ohone!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands in despair, "sea ever such a day of bad luck? Me shoes lost that I give ten shilling's for at the fair list, year, and me to Stand in the market all day with hare feet, like a duck in a puddle, and me mother ruthin' a farm an' all! Sure it's disgraced we'll be before the baroup; all becase I must break me grandmother's looking glass this morning. Ohone! Ohone! I'm her that's the une lucky girl this day." There was nothing for it but to take off her tooking sagh, and hurry on, as she was already too late to waste time. So on Judy went in no every pleasant mood, thinking of the figure she would cut in the market bedde the other girls, with their clean stockings and bright shoes.

Ill luck seemed to follow poor Judy all though the day. Purchasers were few and far between, and the two backets emptied terribly slowly, and the leather purse in her pocket remained woffully thin. The day wore on, people began to think of the long six miles she had to only see she reached home. She could not possibly stay any longer, and relationally commenced to pack up the segs and butter left on her hands, and a last turned her face homewards with an aching heart, not any the lighter for the discovery that a shilling of her scanty glass. Would there never be an end of it.

The night was far advanced before the light of the cabla came in sight on

perceiveth not the things of the spirit of God." Now the word "sensual" is too exclusive in its meaning to represent the meaning of St. Paul. The word which we render "sensual" in our translation would be better expressed by "natural"—"the natural man," that is, the man in the state of nature, and with the powers and faculties of nature. Insemuch as nature is fallen, no doubt there will be vicious inclinations, but the word itself signifies the animal man, body and soul, with the faculties, passions, and affections of the soul. And the man in that state has a natural faculty, a natural discernment, but that is not enough. "The things of the spirit of God" are supernatural, and no natural faculty is sufficient; and, as St. Paul says, "they are foolishness unto him." We see this every day. I have heard men say that the mystery of the ever Blessed Trinity is contrary to reason; that

him a dreamer, and a theorist, and a mystic. This is precisely what was fore-told by our Divine Lord. He said, "When the Paraclete is come whom I will send you, even the Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive and for this reason, because "it seeth Him not"—there is no sensible evidence—"neither knoweth Him." "But you shall know Him for He shell be with you and shall Him, for He shall be with you and shall be in you, giving you spiritual discernment to know Him; but the world, having no spiritual discernment, will think

which has no proof." What, then, is a spiritual man. It is he who, having been born again by water and the Holy Guost, has received the three great spiritual virtues—theological virtues, as our Catechism calls them—of faith, hope, and charity, and, beyond this, has received the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, first, initially in Holy Baptism, and then in all their fulness in the Sacrament of Confirmation. And of these seven gifts in the Sacrament of confirmation. And of these seven gifts have a will holy and perfect. The other four perfect the intellect or reason. The intellect or reason. The intellect or reason. The intellect or reason. The intellect or reason is of two kinds. There is the purely intellectual power by which we can distinguish truth from falsehood. There is also a moral power in the intellect which we call conscience, for conscience is reason judging BELIEVERS IN THE INVISIBLE, power in the intellect which we call con-science, for conscience is reason judging right and wrong, as the intellect is reason judging between truth and falsehood. cernment—as for instance, reading the inward meaning of Holy Scripture, not

PROSELYTE
and when they had made him he was
ten times more the child of hell than
before. No; nor is almsgiving the test,
for does not St. Paul say, "If I give my and when they had made him he was ten times more the child of hell than before. No; nor is almsgiving the test, for does not St. Paul say, "If I give my goods to feed the poor, and have not charity, I am nothing?" Nor again is it martyrdom, for the same Apostle tells us, "If I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." We read a very wonderful legend in the life of St. Anthony. Satan appeared to him, according to the legend, and said, "Anthony, you fast legend, and said, "Anthony, you fast much, but I never eat. You watch by night and by day; but I never sleep. You mortify your body, but I have none to mortify. But there is one thing you do which I can't do. I can't obey." That is to say, pride, inflexible, that would never bow, never obey. What, then must we do? St. Philip Neri used to put his three fingers on his forehead and say, "Mortify these three fingers"—that is, the intellect and the will, for there is a double leprosy in the soul, and that leprosy consists in our own judg ment and our own will; an it until we can mortify our own private judgment in submission to a higher—supernatural and Divine—than our own will, so that our will is conformed to another, and that the will of Ged, we shall not have as tatained the first evidence that we are spiritual men. What is the second mark? A great mistrust of ourselves.

ity and all other things besides. And what was the end of Solomon's He became a fool, and fell away from God. He mingled himself in idolatries; he commit-ted all manner of sensualities, and so he died. We are not wiser than Solomon; we have not made a choice which in the sight of God entitles us to the benediction which he received. Once more, I might take the example even of Judas, for

into that man—on yes, I see whathe is.

They think they have an intuition into
the character of others, and they forget
who said, "First, pull the beam out of
thine own eye, and then thou canst see
clearly to take the mote out of thy
brother's eye." There is only one person in the world that we have a right to
be sometry upon and we may be as severe There are two of these gifts that perfect be severe upon, and we may be as severe the reason as an intellectual power. The first is called intellect. It means dis we really do know him; we know him within and without—and that is our-selves. Anybody in whom there is a

(of which he kindly says, 'I have been again, and even more, impressed with your accuracy, as I have found absolutely nothing demanding correction') adds: 'I was especially glad to see your notice of the Bishop of Granads. I remained in Spain during all the cholera scourge of 1885, most of the time in Maorid, but

of 1885, most of the time in Maorad, but also making a visit to Valencia; and I know from personal observation that as a rule the Catholic clergy were very faithful to their people during that trying time. The outside world never appreciated the extent of its ravagas. The British Commissioner sent to study the subject told me it was the worst plague (for Spain) which had visited Europe since the Middle Ages."

"Many years ago we passed a night on the top of the Alps, in the Hospice on the Pass of the Simplon; and as we lay down to rest, sheltered and warmed and fed by the good Monks who pass their lives amid eternal snows that they may rescue lost travellers, we felt humbled in the presence of men who showed a devotion and self-denial of which a comfortably settled pastor knows nothing. Can we not be permitted to love and honor such men without incurring suspicion of soundness of faith?"

Mr. Field will never be forgiven by his critics for saving a good word of the

Mr. Field will never be forgiven by his critics for saying a good word of the Catholic Church. He must ignore or deny Catholic Church. He mustignore or deny all its beauty and grace and exaggerate the shortcomings of its human side, or he has committed the unpardonable sin in the eyes of his wilfully blind and woefully unjust opponents.—N. Y. Catholic Review.

We hear a great deal said about the beneficial effect upon invalids of the climate of Colorado and other western localities, but when a man changes his place of residence in the hope of improving his health without first trying Dr. Pieroe's Golden M-dical Discovery, he makes a great mistake. In nine cases inward meaning of Holy Scripture, not the letter merely.

"THE LETTER KILLETH, but the spirit giveth lite." The second is science, and that gives us light to know that God is in all things, or rather that all things are in Him, for all things are finite, and He is infinite. The other two gifts are called counsel and wisdom. Counsel is that moral judgment by which we distinguish right from wrong—and not only that we discern what a right, and they make answer, we are the deblitated system. House. So far as Inthis is the most note event of the week. respects, it is one of Irish events that he Irish events that he some time. I do not there has been anyth ment for a long time ment has made such do in the dark. At efforts would make a well as amueing litt ways, or rather the Irish misgovernment ried on in the Englishopse we try that acc pose we try that acc help to foil in some n to cloak the dirty jo First, let me expla case of all money Bil this matter was first motion is made affirm of creating this office liamentary Under Sc

APRIL 7, 1

FROM THE IRE

Lieutenant, and se moneys for the sala This motion is consi and it is only when ted in this form the the House in the st Balfour's first proceing to get through of I may style the heel Ever since the opethis shamefaced mo boldly (for you kno only a 1ew months man himself, that, nentary Under-Sec ing patriotism, the to cost the country lurking about at th lying in wait, like a nity to break in awares. Every day orders; and every n drew near Mr. Balf seen dodging behin hoping against hop the Irish benches n like curse must the bestowed upon his for many a wakefu have been consecra ched business co quite a common the towards 12 o'clock pale and heavy li himself with concealed in his of sneaking thro possible a bill of p dottiere he has e was passed, he was the morning, and the night was ove running through when everybody w home, and the hoped, suspecting home likewise, M was no go. The en vedette-"tongou group, as watch advance-guard, wa benches. With counter they g "Now," in respo "What day!" who "Parliamentary U Lord Lieutenant Committee." So to give up the he and try some oth The reader, no

> big servile majo ward with their night at all, an ith a front of b Balfour had at house by was not going to one would think insolent and cyn insolent and cy Why not here i for a salary for (and adviser, as and adviser, Co Cains, and the the Chamberlain lobby obediently arrow to approp these furtive and as if he wanted, country's pocke not looking. This, I think, testimonials the British Pathe Governmen that must arise posal on at a pr of any effect th mind If the A ing committees Commons, this been referred tees, where it v bundles of ot dozen member stairs, and the the session to b stages in the s and while a patiently to re House. Happ prevail yet in which still re

Why do not the

enlightening proceedings of to my mind is tion of Parlian debates and it of publicity of work of Govern