

Cassino. He soon grew weary of the childish games, and retired to a solitary spot, where a monk, seeing him pensive and absorbed in thought, asked what troubled him. Fixing his eyes on the aged servant of God, the child replied : « Master, I am trying to comprehend God, could you tell me what God is ? » — How many mothers could give a satisfactory answer to their child's simple question, « *Mamma, who is God ?* »

F. J. S., C. SS. R.

---

**After mass — Ireland.**

The Sacrifice is over and complete, —  
A simple country mass, —  
The people rise and worship as is meet,  
Then from the temple pass ;  
Each face the glory of the mercy — seat  
Reflects, as't were a glass.

The withered features of the aged folk,  
To me less wrinkled seem ;  
On rugged forms, bent by the toiler's yoke,  
There rests a softening gleam ;  
As Moses' face, when God from Sinai spoke,  
Caught a transfiguring beam.

The girls in groups adown the steep bareen  
Move with unstudied grace ;  
While here and there, close hooded, may be seen  
A sweet Madonna — face.  
The eager, bashful boys, two minds between,  
Loiter behind a space.

The acolytes that in the altar's ray  
Like purple orchids bent,  
Transplanted to the common light of day,  
Shout in pure merriment ;  
Thrice happy boys, in whose unclouded way,  
Pastime and prayer are blent.

(*Irish Monthly.*)