

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- August 5, Sunday.—Tenth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 6, Monday.—Transfiguration of our Lord Jesus Christ.
 „ 7, Tuesday.—St. Cajetan, Confessor.
 „ 8, Wednesday.—SS. Cyriacus, Largus, and Smaragdus, Martyrs.
 „ 9, Thursday.—Vigil of St. Lawrence.
 „ 10, Friday.—St. Lawrence, Martyr.
 „ 11, Saturday.—SS. Tiburtius and Susanna, Martyrs.

Transfiguration of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

The miraculous Transfiguration of our Blessed Lord, in the presence of the Apostles Peter, James, and John, is narrated by St. Matthew in that portion of his Gospel which is read at Mass on the second Sunday in Lent.

St. Cajetan, Confessor.

St. Cajetan, the son of wealthy parents in the north of Italy, was remarkable for his charity to the poor. On the death of his parents, he expended a great part of his patrimony in the establishment of hospitals and pious associations for the relief of the sick and indigent; the remainder he divided between the poor and those of his relations who were in straitened circumstances. In conjunction with Archbishop Caraffa, afterwards Pope Paul IV., he founded the religious congregation of the Theatines. He died in 1547, worn out by labors and austerities.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

A WORD TO ME!

A word to me? A word for me apart,
 No other ear to hearken, heart to heart?
 A word Thy hidden pleasure to impart?
 O Master, say it!

Is it a word of love entreating mine
 Poor recompense indeed for love divine,
 Yet precious to that human Heart of Thine?
 Dear Master, say it!

A word to cast aside my craven fears,
 To bravely bear my cross, these many years,
 Dragged after Thee with protest and with tears?
 O Master, say it!

Perchance a dreaded word, not once or twice,
 But often suing for a gift of price:
 Can I invite the call to sacrifice?
 Yes, Master, say it!

One tender word to Thomas brought relief,
 One pitying word, Thy Kingdom to the thief,
 One only word would bring my soul relief.
 O Master, say it!

Mother M. Loyola.

REFLECTIONS.

As a father hath compassion on his children, so hath the Lord compassion on them that fear him.—Psalm cii. 13.

No man can be a friend of Jesus Christ, who is not a friend to his neighbor.—Mgr. R. H. Benson.

Silence makes us great hearted and judging makes us little hearted.—Father Faber.

A chariot full of good works driven by pride is bound for hell, but driven by humanity it takes the road to heaven.—St. Gregory of Nyasa.

If we take all things as from God, and behold all things as in the light of the brightness of His coming, all shall be well.—Cardinal Manning.

Misunderstanding and neglect occasion more mischief in this world than even malice and wickedness.

The Storyteller

THE O'DONNELLS OF GLEN COTTAGE A TALE OF THE FAMINE YEARS IN IRELAND.

(By D. P. CONYNGHAM, LL.D.)

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED).

"And yet, Kate, our neighbors, the English, will not allow us the poor privilege of claiming the harp a national instrument."

"I always thought," said Frank, "that they left us this much of our nationality, at least; I should not wonder if the Scotch, as they have seized Ossian, took the harp also."

"Dr. Percy says," said Willy, "that 'the harp was the common musical instrument of the Anglo-Saxons'; but Dr. Beauford says, 'I cannot but think the *clarseach*, or Irish harp, one of the most ancient Irish instruments we have among us, and had, perhaps, its origin in remote periods of antiquity.'"

"The Irish tradition is, that we are indebted for this instrument to the first Milesian colony that settled in this country. The music of the harp was grand indeed, though inferior to the bagpipes, as soul-stirring, martial music in the field; it far surpassed it in sweetness and pensive grandeur. How gay and animating is the Irish jig, and what surpasses the *reuecadha*, or war dance, which corresponds to the festal dance of the Greeks. Previous to the innovation of foreign dances, all our balls or dancing parties concluded with the *reuecadha*, as they often do now with a country dance. The last time it had been danced in honor of a great national event, was to welcome James the Second on his arrival in Kinsale."

"You said something, Frank," said Kate, "about Ossian being a Scotchman: do the modern Scotch claim him as such?"

"Certainly, sister mine: what is it the English and Scotch don't claim? I shouldn't wonder if Carolan should become a Scotchman or an Englishman by and bye, and most likely, after a time Tom Moore too; but happily their claims to Ossian are now exploded. To Macpherson is undoubtedly due the merit of collecting the scattered Ossianic poems: but then he so changed names, or rather Scotchified them, as to give them something of a Scotch smack."

Night was fast setting in, so they prepared to leave for home.

"I tell you what," said Frank, as they left the grove, "winter is now setting in; as soon as the weather breaks we must leave our bower for the season. Now, I propose that we take a cold dinner here to-morrow; and to make it a banquet worthy of the gods, I will bring my clarinet, and you your flute, Willy. Now, who seconds the resolution?"

"I do," said Willy, "provided Kate will be our fair hostess, and Bessy our guest."

"Agreed, agreed!"

"Do you know, Frank, whom we had at dinner, and is to stay to-night with us?"

"No, whom, pray?"

"Your friend, Mr. Baker."

"Now, capital, by Jove! Tell me, has he many on his list of killed and wounded? any new victims?"

"Oh! I suppose he has; but then we did not wait to hear of all his bloody deeds, so we left himself and papa to settle about the killed and wounded over their punch, and strolled out here."

"Willy, my dear fellow," said Frank, "we must draw out old Baker; he is the oddest fish in the world, a regular Jack Falstaff; if you credit himself the county is trembling with the very dread of his name, while I must tell you there never breathed a more arrant coward."

Our party found the worthy couple enjoying their punch together, and Mrs. O'Donnell, seated on a settee near the fire, enjoying Mr. Baker's "hair-breadth escapes by flood and field."

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