

## Friends at Court

### GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- March 9, Sunday.—First Sunday in Lent.  
 „ 10, Monday.—Feast of the Forty Martyrs.  
 „ 11, Tuesday.—Of the FERIA.  
 „ 12, Wednesday.—St. Gregory, Bishop, Confessor and Doctor. Ember Day.  
 „ 13, Thursday.—Of the FERIA.  
 „ 14, Friday.—Of the FERIA. Ember Day.  
 „ 15, Saturday.—Of the FERIA. Ember Day. No Abstinence.

#### Feast of the Forty Martyrs.

The Forty Martyrs were a party of soldiers who suffered a cruel death for their faith, near Sebaste, in Lesser Armenia, victims of the persecution of Licinius, who, after the year 316, persecuted the Christians of the East. The earliest account of their martyrdom is given by St. Basil, Bishop of Cæsarea (370-379) in a homily delivered on the feast of the Holy Martyrs. The feast is consequently more ancient than the episcopate of Basil, whose eulogy on them was pronounced only fifty or sixty years after their martyrdom, which is thus historic beyond a doubt. According to St. Basil, forty soldiers who had openly confessed themselves Christians were condemned by the prefect to be exposed naked upon a frozen pond near Sabaste on a bitterly cold night, that they might freeze to death. Among the confessors, one yielded and, leaving his companions, sought the warm baths near the lake which had been prepared for any who might prove inconstant. One of the guards set to keep watch over the martyrs beheld at this moment a supernatural brilliancy overshadowing them, and at once proclaimed himself a Christian, threw off his garments, and placed himself beside the thirty-nine soldiers of Christ. Thus the number of forty remained complete.

### GRAINS OF GOLD.

#### BEFORE THE TABERNACLE.

Here where the footfalls of angels tread lightly  
 Flicker so lonely the light's ruby rays;  
 In mute adoration the sentient stillness  
 Seems throbbing with melody, pulsing with praise.

Here have I sped me, and here have I fled me,  
 Harking my restless heart's tyrant decree,  
 Thirsting for love as the hart for the fountain,  
 Nowhere I find it, sweet Lord, but in Thee.

Weary and faint from the stress of life's battle,  
 Penitent, humbled, I lie at Thy feet.  
 Oh, that I always had cherished Thy friendship!  
 Had I but known, Lord, Thy love is so sweet.

Here, at Thy altar I pledge my devotion;  
 Take back my poor heart, so sin-stained, so cold.  
 Jesus, be friend to me here in my exile,  
 Bring me to Thee when my life's tale is told.

Say often with the holy Apostle, at least in your heart: "Lord, increase my faith, make it purer, more lively, and more perfect."—*Mother M. of the Sacred Heart.*

The just man lives by faith, that is to say, his ardent simple and strong faith is so vivifying that it has become the very life of his soul.—*Mother M. of the Sacred Heart.*

The religious who lives by faith is so completely and habitually penetrated by it that all the thoughts of her mind, all the movements of her heart, in a word, her whole life, is entirely guided by that spirit of supernatural faith in such a way that she judges things only in its light, and acts only under its influence.—*Mother M. of the Sacred Heart.*

## The Storyteller

### THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

(By arrangement with Messrs. Burns and Oates, London.)

#### CHAPTER XII., LONDON (Continued).

The next morning Mr. Must kept shop while Kevin was sent some miles out westward to bring home the "goodish lot" of books purchased at a private sale the day before. The day was clear, and all the wonders of the shops were laid before his dazzled eyes. As he passed out of the teeming thoroughfares and into Piccadilly, with its mansions, he began to take in the magnitude and splendor of London—magnificence which is real enough, if prosaic in form, and disappointing in its outward expression to beauty-loving eyes. The sumptuous outlines and jewelled details of the ideal city which his brain had unconsciously pictured to him during the days of his travel melted away and were seen by him no more; but the great world of London became henceforth for him a solid and familiar fact.

As he threaded his way for mile after mile, following the directions he had received, the fear seized on him that two people might seek for each other in and out these mazes of streets for years, and yet never meet. In such walks as his occupation would allow him to take could he hope to be so fortunate as to cross the wandering path of those lonely little feet? The thought struck him like a blow as he stood gazing down one of those myriad streets which the duty of his errand forbade him to explore.

"Lost h'anything, young man?" asked a policeman, looking into his troubled face.

"Yes," said Kevin; "how did you know?"

"Knows the look of it," said the policeman; "been brought up to the business. How much was there in the purse?"

Kevin stared. "Oh—I wasn't speaking of money. I am looking for a child."

"Lost to-day, or yesterday?" asked the policeman.

"Neither," said Kevin. "It's a long time ago, now; five or six months, and more like five or six years. She was stolen by gipsies in Ireland."

"H'Ireland! That's a long way off, h'aint it? What brought you here to look for her?"

"I have tracked her to England, and I have reason to think she has escaped from the gipsies and made her way to London. I am here for the purpose of searching for her. Can you tell me how I ought to proceed?"

"What sort of child is she? Little or big, 'and-some or h'ugly? Gipsies generally picks out the pretty ones."

"She is ten years old, strikingly pretty, dark hair, grey eyes, slender limbs, and the most remarkable thing about her is her voice. She sings wonderfully, and the gipsies have taught her to dance." The policeman put his brawny hand on Kevin's shoulder and looked in his face while he said emphatically: "See here, young man; I'll tell you where you'll look for her, if that's the sort she is. A gel like that's worth more than her keep to some people. You go round the singing saloons, and the music halls and all the low theatres in London. You won't do it in a day, for there's a deal of such places to be found. If she isn't making money for some such h'establishment, I don't know where you're going to find her. I'll make a note of it myself, and you can give me your h'address and take my number."

"Thank you," said Kevin, eagerly, who had turned pale and red by turns while listening.

"Not at all; it's all in the way of business. But I think I have put you on the real track. Spangles

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