

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- March 16, Sunday.—Second Sunday in Lent.
 „ 17, Monday.—St. Patrick, Bishop and Confessor. No fast or abstinence.
 „ 18, Tuesday.—St. Cyril, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
 „ 19, Wednesday.—St. Joseph, Spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
 „ 20, Thursday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 21, Friday.—St. Benedict, Abbot.
 „ 22, Saturday.—Of the Feria.

St. Patrick, Bishop and Confessor.

The nationality of St. Patrick is much disputed, some naming France, others Scotland, as the place of his birth. When but sixteen years of age, he was carried captive into Ireland, where he remained for six years, thus by a remarkable disposition of Divine Providence becoming acquainted with the language and customs of the people whom he was afterwards to evangelise. Having escaped from captivity, his one desire was to return to Ireland, bringing with him the blessings of the true faith to its pagan inhabitants. The desired mission was confided to him by Pope St. Celestine about 432. His labors were crowned with complete success. By his exertions Ireland has ever since not only kept the faith pure at home, but has helped to propagate it in nearly every country in the world. St. Patrick died about 464, and was buried in Downpatrick.

St. Joseph, Spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

St. Joseph was chosen by God to watch over the infancy of Christ, to be a protector of Mary's chastity, and to secure her from calumnies in the birth of her Divine Son. So great a dignity, such familiar intercourse with the Deity, required a sanctity far above the common. That St. Joseph possessed this, we know from the inspired Word of God. He is styled in the New Testament "a just man," one, namely, endowed with all the virtues. From the fact that no mention is made of him after the finding of the Child Jesus in the Temple, we conclude that he must have died before the beginning of our Lord's public ministry. We cannot doubt that he was comforted and assisted in his last moments by Jesus and Mary. Hence his intercession is sought particularly to obtain the grace of a happy death.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

TO ST. PATRICK.

Hail to thee, St. Patrick dear,
 Ireland's honor art thou here;
 Great thine apostolic name,
 Worldwide is thy Christlike fame:
 But in heaven how bright and fair
 Shines thy crown of glory rare,
 Twined thy holy staff of gold
 With that leaf the Faith which told.

Sweet St. Patrick, tender heart,
 Throned with Jesus as thou art,
 Thou wilt stoop at Erin's cry,
 Lean to her from out the sky;
 Take her prayers, her tears, as gifts
 That her love to God uplifts;
 Shield her with thy loving care,
 Be her Patron faithful e'er.

Irish mothers comfort thou,
 Hearts that 'neath their sorrows bow;
 Irish maidens cherished be
 In thy care so fatherly;
 Ireland's sons protect and guide,
 Hearts of gold so sorely tried;
 So shall all thy children meet,
 One day, Father, round thy feet!

The Storyteller

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

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

CHAPTER XIII.—FAN'S NEW FRIENDS (Continued.)

Little "Mamzelle," as she was called, or, to speak more properly, the Signora Dolce, was an Italian. In her leisure hours, when not poring over Dante or Tasso with a pupil, she sat at her easel either at the National Gallery, or in her own little room, and many a sweet little picture, a copy in miniature of one of the old masters, or perhaps only a head, or a group taken from a corner of some of their great works, went forth from her hands to be sold in the print shops, bringing her a modest sum of money in return, which helped to keep the fire alight upon her lonely hearth.

When Mrs. Wynch entered the room, she was sitting before her easel doing such work as could be done by lamplight. The lamp stood on a high stand beside her, and the yellow light fell on her fair, pale hair, a mixture of gold and silver, which hung loosely about her large head, and just at this moment had somewhat the character of a nimbus. She was not young, and yet there lurked round her an air of youth, somewhat of the look and expression of a child, which made one sad for her, suggesting that she had never been suffered to ripen or mature, perhaps for lack of sun or dew, and forced one to wish that Time had not overtaken her so cruelly just yet.

Her brows were knit almost fiercely over her work, but the soft "come in" that invited Mrs. Wynch to appear proved that there was no real irritation of spirit within her.

"Not here!" exclaimed Mrs. Wynch. "Goodness me! Mamzelle, what has become of the child?"

"Is she gone? I left her sleeping on your sofa."

"So did I; but she has taken herself off. Oh my, my! The ungrateful little baggage. But I might have known what a folly I was doing. I must go and see how much of my property she has stolen."

"Not any, I trust," said the signora. "The little one had so sweet a face. I cannot bear to believe—"

"Ah, that is so like you, Mamzelle! You are always thinking of the angels in your pictures, and you have wings ready made for every little beggar you set eyes on. What took her off in such a hurry if she hasn't got something with her? Without even saying 'thank you' or 'good-bye,' the ungrateful monkey. I that paid her train, and her cab, and gave her her breakfast and scrubbing. I shall hand the matter over to the police, I shall!"

"Won't you search first?" said the little signora. "Search the house and see if anything is missing."

"There!" exclaimed Mrs. Wynch, angrily. "There's never any use in asking your advice about anything, Mamzelle. You always go off on a hobby of your own, and leave one to worry out the rest for one's self. If she isn't a thief, now just tell me what do you think she is?"

"I don't know," said Mamzelle, softly. "We must try and find out." But her irritated landlady had already bounced out of the room.

The signora's work was at an end for that night. She tried in vain to recover the mood so rudely broken in upon, and giving up the attempt, laid down her brushes with a sigh. She took up her needlework and put it away again, opened a book and closed it, just glanced at a guitar that hung on the wall between two small bronzes of Michael Angelo and Titian, and shook her head. Her mind would not rest upon anything, and finally she locked her hands behind her back, and began a little trotting walk up and down and round about the room.