

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

April 27, Sunday.—Low Sunday.
 „ 28, Monday.—St. Mark, Evangelist.
 „ 29, Tuesday.—St. Peter, Martyr.
 „ 30, Wednesday.—St. Catherine of Siena, Virgin.
 May 1, Thursday.—SS. Philip and James, Apostles.
 „ 2, Friday.—St. Athanasius, Bishop, Confessor,
 and Doctor.
 „ 3, Saturday. Finding of the Holy Cross.

St. Mark, Evangelist.

St. Mark, who was a Jew by birth, wrote his Gospel at the request of the Romans, who wished to have set down in writing the Divine truths, which they had learned from St. Peter by word of mouth. Writing for Gentiles, he represents Christ, not in His character of Messiah promised to the Jews, but as "the Lord of all . . . Who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed by the devil." St. Mark was sent by St. Peter to preach the Gospel in Egypt, where he received the crown of martyrdom in 69. His remains are said to have been transported, in the ninth century, to Venice, where a magnificent Cathedral bears his name.

SS. Philip and James, Apostles.

St. Philip was a native of Bethsaida in Galilee, and was called to the Apostolate on the day after the vocation of St. Peter. From several facts mentioned in the Gospels, he appears to have been specially dear to his Divine Master. After the descent of the Holy Ghost, he preached in Scythia and Phrygia. He lived to an advanced age, and finally received the crown of martyrdom at Hierapolis, in Phrygia.

St. James, surnamed the Less, on account of his stature or youth, was a brother of the Apostle St. Jude, and a relation of the Blessed Virgin, being a son of her sister or cousin. He was called to the Apostolate in the second year of our Lord's public ministry. After Pentecost, St. James became the first Bishop of Jerusalem, and took a prominent part in the Council of the Apostles held in that city in 51. He was stoned to death by the Jews, A.D. 62.

The Finding of the Holy Cross.

This festival has been celebrated in the Latin Church since the fifth or sixth century. It commemorates the discovery of St. Helena, mother of the Emperor Constantine, A.D. 326, of the Cross on which our Blessed Saviour suffered. In the words of St. Jerome: "If the ark was held in such high veneration by the Jews, how much more ought Christians respect the wood of the Cross whereon our Saviour offered Himself a bleeding victim for our sins? Christ selected the Cross to be the glorious instrument of His victory, and the Cross is the standard under which all His followers must fight His battles."

GRAINS OF GOLD.

ECCE CRUCIS.

I met with the Cross in a wayside place,
 And I bowed my head at the sign of grace,
 And I knelt at its foot for a holy space.
 The form of the Cross o'er my path lay spread,
 And I turned me aside with a pious dread
 Lest ever my foot on the Cross should tread.
 I met with the Cross in the living day,
 And I gazed at it full and I turned away,
 And I bowed not my head nor stopped to pray.
 It lay o'er my pathway pleasure-bound,
 And I looked on the Sacred Sign and frowned,
 And I trampled it there on the flower-strewn ground.
 Ah, would, dear Lord, that the faith were mine
 To honor each moment the Holy Sign;
 For every cross in life is Thine!

The Storyteller

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

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

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE POEM IN THE CURRENT CENTURY (Continued.)

Established in his new way of life, he felt no ungrateful contempt for what he had left behind. He thoroughly valued the advantages furnished by his sojourn in the old bookshop, and yet no words could express his intense appreciation of the change with which fate had surprised him. Instead of the dusty, dingy den where he had "pored," with all London surging and roaring around him, he lived in Mr. Honeywood's elegant apartments, where everything suggested repose, and delicate objects of beauty soothed and satisfied the eye. The green park lay beyond the window at which he worked; the odor of books, so sweet to bookish people, was crossed by the scent of flowers; the only noise was a hum of life, sufficiently remote to be pleasant and stimulating, without jar to an excitable brain. Then, in exchange for the kindly but vulgar Mr. Must, he had the companionship of a refined and educated man, who spared no pains to turn everything to account for his pleasure, education and improvement. Together they went to concerts, to picture-galleries, to the opera, and after some little time Kevin found himself introduced to assemblies of intellectual and interesting people, where a whisper from Mr. Honeywood had the effect of winning him smiles and encouraging speeches. And the strangest part of all to him was this, that though he found himself thus drawn further and further away from the sphere in which he had lived with Fanchea, yet in all his approaches to what is most refined and most cultured in life, he seemed only drawing nearer to her, instead of widening the distance between them; for the centre of all ideal refinement lay, to him, within the clear eyes, and was expressed by the pure voice of the little peasant-maid who was still the chosen idol of his imagination.

Mr. Honeywood mused a good deal over Kevin's story and the touching purpose of his life. "Poets must always have an ideal mistress," he said, and this charming idyll of his boyhood will keep him safe, I hope, for many years to come. The worst is, that the end may disappoint him. Either this child may never be heard of again, or, when later in life she is, perhaps, discovered, he will find her but a coarse and unfaithful likeness of the creature he imagines to exist. What can be expected from the training of such experiences as she will meet with, the association of such companions as those with whom she will live? Heigh-ho! What a harvest of disappointments life is! But all the sweeter is it to light on anything so ingenuous as the heart of my friend Kevin. If years spoil it—well, I must let it go with the rest; but in the meantime I will indulge myself by placing him where he deserves to be in this world where things are generally upside down.

"You must give me a complete description of your little girl," he said to Kevin. "Our best plan will be to put an advertisement in the *Times*, offering a reward. Yes, I know; that you can repay me afterwards; but I will advance it now."

Kevin's description of Fanchea was, it must be said, more suited for a poem than a newspaper paragraph, but Mr. Honeywood picked from it a few common facts which he put together in the most matter-of-fact way.

"Eyes as blue as violets, but look black, so thickly shaded with curled dark lashes." That must