

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- May 4, Sunday.—Second Sunday after Easter.
 „ 5, Monday.—St. Pius V., Pope and Confessor.
 „ 6, Tuesday.—St. John at the Latin Gate.
 „ 7, Wednesday.—Solemnity of St. Joseph, Spouse of the Blessed Virgin and Patron of the Universal Church.
 „ 8, Thursday.—Apparition of St. Michael.
 „ 9, Friday.—St. Gregory Nazianzen, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
 „ 10, Saturday.—St. Antoninus, Bishop and Confessor.

St. John at the Latin Gate.

In this feast the Church commemorates the miraculous deliverance of St. John the Evangelist, when, having been cast, by order of the Emperor Domitian, into a cauldron of boiling oil, he emerged uninjured. This miracle happened in Rome in the year 95, near the gate of the city through which passed the road to Latium.

Apparition of St. Michael, Archangel.

The feast which we keep to-day was instituted by the Church to commemorate a famous apparition of St. Michael on Mount Gargano, in the kingdom of Naples. This was the origin of a noted pilgrimage, and gave occasion to the erection of a magnificent church in honor of the great Archangel.

Solemnity of St. Joseph, Patron of the Universal Church.

This feast was instituted by Pius IX. shortly after his elevation to the pontificate. Later on, in 1870, the same Pontiff placed the Universal Church under St. Joseph's patronage. Few, if any, of the saints, with the exception of the Mother of God, appeal more strongly to our love and veneration than St. Joseph—spouse of the Blessed Virgin, and foster-father of our Redeemer. As the Son of God was subject to him on earth, so we believe his intercession to be most efficacious in heaven. St. Thomas of Aquin says of him: "Some saints are privileged to extend to us their patronage in certain cases with peculiar efficacy; but to St. Joseph is given to assist us in all cases in every necessity, in every undertaking."

GRAINS OF GOLD.

OUR TRUST IN MARY.

Thy fair month is dawning, O sweet Mother Mary,

The flowers are rushing to greet its sweet day.

Thy children all cluster about thee in fervor

To lovingly call thee, the bright queen of May.

O bless us, we pray thee, and be the sweet guerdon,
 Through storms that assail us, and perils that rise;
 And hasten the day that the world may look upward
 To read the grand message of peace in the skies.

Oh, grant us this boon, blessed Mother, as round thee
 We gather to beg thy assistance to-day;

No refuge but thine can we seek in this moment,

No surer response our petition repay.

Thy children have never implored thy protection,
 Without being comforted Mother, by thee;

With no less devotion to-day we have sought thee,

And tranquilly trust what thy answer shall be.

(Helena Frances O'Hara in *Catholic Columbian*.)

The sufferings borne in setting up a good work draw down the graces necessary for success.—St. Vincent de Paul.

The Storyteller

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

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

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XX.—A PRIVATE REHEARSAL.

One summer day Captain Rupert, nephew and heir of Lord Wilderspin, made his appearance at the Park, and finding his uncle absent from home, had an interview with Mrs. Browne, who was informed that the new visitor would stay the night, being not very well and feeling over-tired. He had returned unexpectedly from India on sick leave: though there was little sign of ill-health about him, unless it might be detected in the languor of his manner and in the sallowness of his handsome face.

"And so there is no one here?" he said, wishing he had stayed in London, for few hated solitude more than Captain Rupert Wilderspin.

"No one but the young lady and her governess, sir, and they are gone to town to a concert."

"The young lady?"

"Yes, sir; the young lady his lordship has adopted."

"Adopted!"

"Yes, sir; adopted to educate for the musical profession. That is how I have heard it expressed."

"Oh, hobbyhorsing as usual!" Captain Rupert relaxed his stare and walked to the window with a slight laugh. "And does the young lady live at the Park?"

"Yes, sir." Mrs. Browne, though longing to pour forth a multitude of details, felt rather in awe of the gentleman's level eyebrows, which changed their expression so often as to bewilder her, and surprised herself by giving short answers.

While he sat at dinner in solitary state, a sound of wheels on the gravel suggested to him the return of the young lady and her governess, whom Mrs. Browne had described as being harbored in some corner of the Hall. He began to wonder what the young girl was like, and feeling sadly in want of society, he wished he had any excuse for presenting himself to these ladies, whose company might be more amusing than solitude. He revolved the idea of inventing a message from his uncle, but after entertaining himself for a while with imaginary scenes which might follow upon the indulgence of such a freak, dismissed the fancy as unworthy of being put into practice. No great wine-drinker, he was soon out of doors smoking his cigar on a leafy terrace, and listening to the nightingales beginning their nightly song. How long was it since he had heard a nightingale? Certain thoughts of grace were associated in his mind with the delicious nocturnes of the romantic bird; they had their way while he paused and listened, paused and listened; but finally they became troublesome, and were cast rudely off as he flung away his cigar with an impatient sigh and turned indoors, resolved rather to go to bed than sit down alone in the great solitary rooms. In this mood he took his way upstairs, lighted by the mellow moon.

Fan and the signora had finished their evening meal in their retired apartment, and, with the lamps lowered and banished to a remote corner, were enjoying the pale lustre of the outside world, and the music that came in fitful waves through the open window out of a black screen of trees looming near. The signora lay in her chair, weary with her late exertions, but her pupil walked restlessly about the room as if the day's share of energy and life had not yet been exhausted in her young veins. Fan at seventeen had grown to her