

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- May 11, Sunday.—Third Sunday after Easter.
 „ 12, Monday.—SS. Nereus and Achilles, Martyrs.
 „ 13, Tuesday.—Of the Octave.
 „ 14, Wednesday.—Octave of the Solemnity of St. Joseph.
 „ 15, Thursday.—St. John B. de la Salle, Confessor.
 „ 16, Friday.—St. Ubaldus, Bishop and Confessor.
 „ 17, Saturday.—St. Paschal Baylon, Confessor.

SS. Nereus and Achilles, Martyrs.

These holy martyrs were attached to the service of St. Flavia Domitilla, and were banished with her to the island of Pontia by the Emperor Domitian. They were beheaded at Terracina in the reign of Trajan.

St. John Baptist de la Salle, Confessor.

This saint was born in France in 1651. Even before his ordination he took a keen interest in the education of children, a work for which he was naturally fitted, and to which he afterwards entirely devoted himself. He was the founder of the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

St. Ubaldus, Bishop and Confessor.

St. Ubaldus was born near Ancona, in the Papal States. Consecrated Bishop of Gubbio, he adorned that high dignity with all the virtues of a true successor of the Apostles. He died in 1160, after an episcopate of thirty years.

St. Paschal Baylon, Confessor.

This saint was born in the north of Spain of parents who, if they could not endow him with worldly possessions, endeavored, what was of more consequence, to instil into his mind principles of solid piety. On entering a monastery of Franciscan Friars, he showed himself proficient in every virtue, but was especially remarkable for an ardent devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. He had attained the fifty-second year of his age when he died in 1592.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

MY MOTHER'S SON.

I hold within my Mother, O Mother Queen,
 Thy little Son, thy Child. The right is thine,
 And yet, by wondrous gift this grace is mine!
 'Twas thou who first within thy heart serene
 Thy God received. By mortal eyes unseen
 He dwelt secure, thy loving heart His shrine.
 In first Communion with the Word Divine
 Thou hadst a foretaste of our Gift supreme.
 O thou, sweet Mother, who didst first embrace
 Our God, teach me thy potent way of grace,
 That in these precious moments that are mine
 I may constrain my Guest, thy Son Divine,
 To bide with me, Oh, may He ne'er depart!
 Behold—His living chalice, my unworthy heart!
 Florenz, in *Queen's Work*.

REFLECTIONS.

Consummate sanctity must be that which can mix freely and easily with the crowd and condescend thoroughly to its ways, and not only remain pure as the sunbeam that pierces the foulest dungeon, but be also a source of life and moral health and renovation to all around it.—*Father Coleridge, S.J.*

Every man has, with God's help, the strength to do his duty if he chooses to put it forth, to be a man and not a dumb driven creature, the mere shape of a man driven like a cloud of dust across the field of life by the wind of destiny.

The Storyteller

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

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

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXI.—ONE SUMMER MORNING.

Lord Wilderspin was making one of his erratic tours abroad, and was expected to return to the Park in a fortnight; and Captain Rupert decided on remaining at the Hall to await his return, rather than pass the intervening time in London. Already the fresh breezes of the country were telling upon his health and spirits. The days passed pleasantly; a long ride through the sheltering woods, and over the sunny downs; a lounge in the library, dipping into old favorite books; and occasional conversations with the signora and Fan, furnished him with sufficient amusement and occupation. Surprise at the simplicity of his own tastes enhanced his enjoyment of the novelty of this unworldly way of life, and he was happier than he had been for many years.

Aware that he was looked on by the signora as a dangerous person, likely to undo some of the difficult work done in Fan by increasing her dislike to public exhibition, and encouraging her to lower her aspirations to the level of those of ordinary commonplace mortals, he was careful to choose wisely his subjects of conversation, and to propitiate the enthusiastic little Italian. But Fanchea's music was her least attractive charm in his eyes; neither was it altogether her beauty that fascinated him, though that was pleasant to look upon as a rose in June. Never had any girl so near womanhood treated him with so much of the cordial simplicity of a child. It was the joyous transparency of her character that delighted him.

Not a great lover of books, it yet pleased him to read to the ladies under the shelter of the trees, of a morning, while Fan performed the tasks of needlework which the signora considered a necessary part of the education of a gentlewoman. The signora's embroideries were works of art, such as hang on walls in dusky corners of old Italian palaces; and Captain Rupert professed an interest in their daily growth. But Fan's fresh comments on the tale or poem he recited to her were more to his taste than the most wonderful tapestries in the world.

Finding that he did not return to unpleasant subjects of conversation; that he invariably spoke with respect of Lord Wilderspin, and that he was careful never to intrude upon their society beyond the most reasonable limits, the signora forgot the pang of distrust and displeasure she had felt at the close of their first interview, and made Captain Rupert welcome to share their walks and their hours of outdoor recreation. Herr Harfenspieler came and went without even seeing the gentleman, and Fan's industry at her studies was no way decreased.

Fan felt kindly to their new companion from the first, because he had sympathised with her dislike of the career to which she was destined; but she wondered why he held opinions so different from those of her other friends. Her own dread of public exhibition was instinctive; but she could see no reason why a stranger should object to see her fulfilling her vocation in life. One morning the signora, more easily tired than younger people, had sat down to rest, and Fanchea and Captain Wilderspin had wandered a little further into the wood.

"May I ask you about something," said Fan, "something that has been in my mind? Why were you displeased at the idea of my going on the stage?"

Captain Rupert was startled at the directness of the question, and paused a moment before answering,