

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

June 1, Sunday.—Within the Octave of the Ascension.
 „ 2, Monday.—Of the Octave.
 „ 3, Tuesday.—Of the Octave.
 „ 4, Wednesday.—St. Francis Caracciolo, Confessor.
 „ 5, Thursday.—Octave of the Ascension.
 „ 6, Friday.—St. Norbert, Bishop and Confessor.
 „ 7, Saturday.—Vigil of Pentecost.

St. Norbert, Bishop and Confessor.

St. Norbert was born in Westphalia in 1080. After giving himself up for a time to a life of ease and worldly pleasure at the court of his cousin, the Emperor Henry IV., he received the grace of a complete conversion. He was ordained priest, and thenceforward displayed extraordinary zeal in the work of preaching and in the discharge of the other duties of the sacred ministry. He established an Order of monks, called from their first monastery Premonstratensians, whose special object was to promote among the faithful frequent Communion and regular attendance at Mass. St. Norbert died in 1134, after having governed for over seven years the archiepiscopal see of Magdeburg.

Vigil of the Feast of Pentecost.

After the Ascension of our Lord the Apostles remained in Jerusalem, preparing themselves by prayer and recollection for the coming of the Holy Ghost. By commemorating this fact, the Church invites us to dispose ourselves for the worthy celebration of the great feast of Pentecost.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

A SONNET FOR JUNE.

O sweetest Heart of Jesus: to Thy shrine
 In this dear month of June, Thy saints have brought
 Their offerings of word and deed and thought.
 Like fairest blossoms blown in fields divine,
 The blood-red roses of a charity
 Whose seed was gathered from Thy open side;
 The lilies of surpassing purity,
 Amid whose petals Thou dost please abide.

Ah! woe is me, I cannot choose but hide
 My blushing face, for I have naught for Thee
 Save these poor violets, these tender-eyed
 And drooping blossoms of humility;
 All wet with tears they bloom for Thee alone,
 Ah! make the giver and the gift Thine own.

—ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

REFLECTIONS.

In general pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes. All other passions do occasional good; but wherever pride puts in its word, everything goes wrong, and what might be desirable to do quietly and innocently, it is morally dangerous to do proudly.—Ruskin.

Though I prefer learning joined with virtue to all the treasures of kings, yet renown for learning, when it is not united with a good life is nothing else than splendid and notorious infamy.—Sir Thomas More.

At any moment death may come, not only to overturn all our plans, to disturb all our pleasures, to tear from us all our goods, but, what is infinitely more terrible, to lead us to the judgment-seat of God.—Bossuet.

When a Catholic goes to confession and Communion regularly, it is *prima facie* evidence that all is well. If a man is not honest with God, it is too much to expect him to be honest with his fellow-man.

The thoughts that absorb you will also mould you.
 —Bishop Lightfoot.

The Storyteller

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

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

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXIV.—RACHEL WEBB AGAIN.

"So, madam, you have been crying?"

Lord Wilderspin had sent for Fan to his private study, and while waiting for her appearance had been striding about like an angry giant, darting fiery glances from under his shaggy eyebrows. He was bent on frightening Fan from listening to what he was pleased to call his nephew's impertinence. She must snub the fellow, ignore him, have nothing to do with him for the future; and he expected to find her saucy, but obedient. When the girl came into the room, however, there was something in her face which he was not prepared to encounter—the traces of her last night's vigil, a paleness of the usually blooming cheeks, a redness round the heavy-lidded eyes. The old lord was quite put out of countenance, and became fiercer than ever accordingly.

"How dare you sit down to cry under my roof, you little baggage?"

"My lord, I have a right to my own tears," said Fan, throwing back her head with a smile. It was not in his power to frighten her with his gruffness.

"You have nothing of the kind," shouted his lordship. "Everything in this house is mine; you and your tears, as well as the rest."

"Then I am sorry I have wasted your property, sir: the tears are all shed and gone."

"Come here to the light till I look at you, Miss Impertinence. Ehen! did anyone ever see such a pair of eyes! You ungrateful monkey, did I ever refuse you anything you wished for?"

"No; and I am not asking for anything you can give me."

"A very likely story, with such a face."

Lord Wilderspin turned away from her where she stood in the full light of the window, and went puffing and sighing up and down the room, tugging and striving with his obstinacy and pride. The truth is, he had never noticed a woman weeping before since one day when a girl like this had looked at him piteously with such red-rimmed eyes. He and she had been saying farewell, and a year after the girl was in her grave. That is the story of Lord Wilderspin's old bachelorhood. It had never occurred to him that little Fan was one to cry; and he had no doubt whatever as to the cause of her tears. "Are you going to break her heart, you old ogre?" he said to himself. "Are you going to put her into her grave?"

He wheeled suddenly round on Fan.

"A little fresh air will be good for your complexion," he said, "and that rascally nephew of mine is bringing round a horse for you to ride. You have my orders to ride with him, and mind there is no crying about it."

"But, my lord—"

"No buts, you monkey; I am as cross as a bear!" and, putting her out of the room, he bowed, and shut the door in her face.

The next hour Fan and Captain Rupert were cantering over the downs together, while the signora and Herr Harfenspieler sat at home and lamented over his lordship's weakness.

Captain Wilderspin was enraptured. Although fully determined to have his own way at any price, it would have pained him to quarrel finally with his good old uncle, and the cessation of his lordship's hostilities delighted much more than surprised him. He had not expected so speedy a surrender, and was all the more