

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

June 8, Sunday.—Feast of Pentecost.
 „ 9, Monday.—Whit Monday.
 „ 10, Tuesday.—Whit Tuesday.
 „ 11, Wednesday.—Of the Octave. Ember Day.
 Fast.
 „ 12, Thursday.—Of the Octave.
 „ 13, Friday.—Of the Octave. Ember Day. Fast.
 „ 14, Saturday.—Of the Octave. Ember Day. Fast,
 no abstinence.

The Feast of Pentecost.

On this day, in accordance with the promise of Christ, the Holy Ghost, the Third Person of the Adorable Trinity, descended on the Apostles. "This day," Butler remarks, "is the birthday of the Church. Christ had indeed begun to form His Church during His ministry on earth, when He assembled His disciples, selected His Apostles, and placed St. Peter at their head. But by the descent of the Holy Ghost He completed His Revelation, and gave to His Apostles a special and extraordinary assistance, by which they were directed and preserved from all error in teaching. He thus, as it were, infused a soul into His mystical body—the Church—and endowed it with a vigorous principle of life and action. From this time its rulers, ministers, and officers, being completely commissioned and qualified by the miraculous effusion of the Holy Ghost, set themselves to exercise their respective functions in governing and propagating the spiritual kingdom of Christ, which was then perfectly settled and established."

GRAINS OF GOLD.

LITANY OF THE SACRED HEART.

O, Heart by men so little known;
 Heart left forgotten and alone,
 To us Thy pity sweet be shown,
Miserere, nobis!

O, Heart so humble and so meek;
 Heart waiting long, that we may seek;
 O, silent Heart, to us now speak:
Miserere, nobis!

O, Heart which we would fain console,
 Shield us beneath Thy vast control;
 Be Thou for us our only Goal;
Miserere, nobis!

We would with Thee ourselves unite,
 And worthy be within Thy sight;
 All humble we before Thy might,
Miserere, nobis!

Grant us to live that we may be
 As having life, alone, in Thee,
 That heavenly joys one day we see:
Miserere, nobis!

—AMADEUS, O.S.F.

REFLECTIONS.

Do not stop to examine the evils which others do, but think only of the good that you should do yourself.

A good deed is never lost. He who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants a kindness gathers love.

Minds are sometimes more impressed by the example of a faithful soul than by work of doctrine.—St. Gregory.

Since the King of Heaven allowed His Holy Mother to suffer anguish of heart, then suffering must be a blessing. To suffer with love is the purest happiness.

The Storyteller

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

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

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXVI. FAN'S TRIUMPH.

The signora was walking impatiently about the room, reflecting on the downfall of her own and Herr Harfenspieler's hopes. Another disappointment was about to be added to the many troubles of her life. She cast remorseful glances at the large canvas that stood in the corner, with its face to the wall. Had she carefully guarded her pupil instead of wrapping herself in foolish dreams, this great misfortune might have been averted.

"Oh me, oh me!" she moaned, "to think of all the care and pains we have lavished on her for nothing. Only that she may turn out a fine lady after all. Who could have imagined that Lord Wilderspin, in making himself so nobly the friend of genius, was but providing an unfortunate alliance for his nephew.

The door flew open and Fan came in radiant.

"Mamzelle," she cried, springing to her side, "whether you like it or not, I cannot do without your sympathy. You must wish me joy."

The signora heaved a bitter sigh. "I cannot but wish you well. I have loved you too dearly for that. But the lady of Wilderspin must learn to be independent of so humble a person as myself."

"The lady? oh, Mamzelle, you do not know what I mean. That is all over—at least, nothing more has been said, and I had forgotten it."

"Forgotten!"

"Mamzelle, you do not know what I have heard to put everything else out of my head. Kevin is found."

"Kevin!" shrieked Mamzelle, feeling that this was, indeed, "out of the frying-pan into the fire."

"Where is he?" she added, with an accent of despair.

"I do not know."

"You said he was found."

"He is in the world; he has been seeking for me; he is clever and learned and a gentleman. Is not that enough?"

"Quite enough for me," said the signora, tragically, "and I am glad to hear it is also enough for you."

"Ah, Mamzelle, had you never any childhood, any youth. Have you no recollections of early friends and home?"

"It is my duty to think above all of your vocation."

"My vocation is in the hands of Providence. Heaven will not ask to sacrifice all natural feelings as you would do."

"Fanchea, you are unkind."

"I want to be kind, Mamzelle, and you will not let me. Kiss me, and I will not trouble you any more with my good news."

And Fan went away to her room and had a thorough good cry.

For a nature so sympathetic as hers to be solitarily glad is a trial; and she felt keenly the refusal of those around her to rejoice in her joy. She had early learned to keep her cares to herself, but to be happy in silence was a more difficult matter.

Lord Wilderspin and Herr Harfenspieler had almost quarrelled that afternoon on the subject of his lordship's weakness in yielding to his nephew's caprice.

"The child is the child of genius," said the professor. "A pedestal is awaiting her in the temple of Fame. Your lordship has generously chosen to put her there in her place; and why should you suffer the