

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- June 29, Sunday.—Third Sunday after Pentecost.
SS. Peter and Paul, Apostles.
„ 30, Monday.—Commemoration of St. Paul.
July 1, Tuesday.—Feast of the Most Precious Blood.
„ 2, Wednesday.—Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
„ 3, Thursday.—Of the Octave.
„ 4, Friday.—Of the Octave.
„ 5, Saturday.—St. Anthony Zaccaria, Confessor.

Commemoration of St. Paul, Apostle.

The miraculous conversion of St. Paul is commemorated on January 25. After his baptism he spent three years preparing himself in solitude and prayer for the work of the Apostolate. At the end of that time he proceeded to Jerusalem to confer with St. Peter. During his stay in the Holy City he preached in the synagogues with such success that the fanatical Jews endeavored to take away his life. The missionary career on which he thus entered terminated only with his death. The history of his labors, journeys, and sufferings occupied the greater part of the book of Acts of the Apostles. In the midst of his labors he found time to write to different churches the 14 epistles which form part of the New Testament, and which manifest so clearly his lively faith, his zeal for souls, and especially his ardent love of his crucified Lord. St. Paul was beheaded outside Rome, near the place where the magnificent basilica which bears his name now stands.

The Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The event which this feast commemorates is the visit of congratulation paid by the Blessed Virgin to her cousin, St. Elizabeth. The circumstances of this visit, as narrated in the Gospel of St. Luke (chap. i., 36, etc.), reveal to us the greatness of Mary's charity, and teach us that we ought to rejoice at the favors which God bestows on our neighbors, as if we ourselves had received them.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

WITH THEE, O LORD, FOR EVER.

(For the N.Z. Tablet.)

"Thou art the God of my heart, and the God that is my portion for ever."—Ps. 72, v. 26.

The God Thou art of my poor heart,

My portion be Thou for ever.

From Thee let nothing make me part,

Or from Thy sweet favor sever.

Fast hold me, Lord, by my right hand;

Inspire and lead me ever still,

And waft me into "that right land,"

For evermore to do Thy will.

Thy Spirit gentle lead me on,

And guide my footsteps day by day.

Let earthly longings all be gone,

And grace benign my heart let sway.

A happy exit from this life

In mercy grant me, Jesu good.

At whatso hour Thou'lt end my strife,

My soul regale with Thine own Food.

—J. GOLDEN.

Love the will of God, love it alone, and thus make a heaven upon earth.

Turn your eyes to God and try to please Him in all things and He will not fail to provide for you in all things.—St. Teresa.

The work of our lives may be summed up thus: To leave ourselves and all things to take the cross for our standard, arms, and recompense, and to attach ourselves for ever to Jesus Christ.

The Storyteller

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

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

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXX.—HIGH REGIONS.

Herr Harfenspieler could not rest in his bed, nor sleep the sleep of the just. At daylight of the summer morning he arose, and, taking his violin, went to soothe his soul with music in the solitude of the woods. Along the rose-wreathed terrace walk was a little glade, a well of deep green shadow, dim and solemn as a sanctuary, and here throwing himself on a mossy trunk, he poured out floods of mournful music on the air. After a time the signora, taking her morning walk, floating along the terrace like a streak of grey mist, with her silver ringlets and colorless dress, heard his strains and found her way to the spot whence they came.

"Maestro!" she cried, clasping her hands, "how is it all to end?"

"Well," said the Harfenspieler, "Kevin has proved a friend after all. Our Fanchea will not leave us to marry Captain Rupert."

"But if we should meet with this Kevin?"

"Signora, you do not rightly understand our pupil. She has the ideal mind that is always seeking to fix its eye on something nobler and greater than itself, than the ordinary run of mortals. Life will torture her with disappointments; one after another her idols will cast themselves down before her eyes. As soon as she meets this Kevin, who has till now been her ideal, because unseen and unknown, she will begin to perceive flaws in him which now she could not believe to exist. Her imagination will pass over his head and fix itself on some noble abstract being; and so it will be with her, till through suffering and in all humility she will come to acknowledge that such ideal cravings are not to be satisfied on earth; and she will eagerly follow the voice of music, which alone can assuage the sorrows of the soul, by expressing its yearnings after the unseen. Behold the narrow and painful track which our Fanchea's feet have got to travel through life. And therefore she will not fail us: to-morrow she will be with us in Italy."

"To-morrow?"

As soon as we can arrange to start. Let us go to Lord Wilderspin and talk about it."

Lord Wilderspin was in the library when the musicians appeared before him.

"Yes, it is a beautiful morning," said the professor; "but we have come to speak about our pupil. Take her to Italy at once, my lord, and she will be ready to make her *début* in a few weeks hence."

"Are you not aware, sir, that I have other views for that young lady?" said the old nobleman, getting very red and angry.

"She will not carry out those views. Let us go back to our original intentions regarding her."

"Here comes the person who must answer you," said Lord Wilderspin, as his nephew entered the room.

"Rupert, you must tell us whether or not my ward has consented to go on the stage."

"I know nothing more on the subject than you do, uncle," said Rupert, coldly.

"You do not mean to say, sir, that you are jealous of the child's Irish affection for her foster-brother?"

Rupert was silent.

"I will not allow you to shake her off, sir. My daughter and niece she shall be if she wishes it. We will decide this matter at once." And he rang the bell and sent for Fanchea.

She came in, looking pale and frightened.

"Come here, Fan," said the old man, kindly, "and don't look so scared. We are not plotting to make