

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

July 6, Sunday.—Fourth Sunday After Pentecost.
 „ 7, Monday.—SS. Cyril and Methodius, Bishops and Confessors.
 „ 8, Tuesday.—St. Elizabeth, Queen and Widow.
 „ 9, Wednesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 10, Thursday.—The Seven Brothers, Martyrs.
 „ 11, Friday.—St. Pius I., Pope and Martyr.
 „ 12, Saturday.—St. John Gualbert, Abbot.

The Seven Brothers, Martyrs.

The seven saints whose glorious death is commemorated to-day were sons of St. Felicitas, and suffered at Rome about the middle of the second century. They were exhorted to constancy in suffering by their heroic mother, who herself soon after received the crown of martyrdom.

St. John Gualbert, Abbot.

St. John was born at Florence of noble parents in 999. Like many of the class to which he belonged, he grew up imbued with a pride which would neither brook opposition nor allow any injury to pass unavenged. Having, however, on one occasion, in obedience to the promptings of Divine Grace, forgiven a defenceless enemy, this exercise of Christian charity proved the beginning of his complete conversion. He entered a Benedictine monastery, and afterwards founded the famous abbey and Order of Vallombrosa. He died in 1073.

GRAINS OF GOLD

THE HILLS OF GOD.

Dear God, unto Thine everlasting hills

I lift mine eyes—eyes haply dim with tears
 Or wan with waiting through the lonely years.
 Yet evermore in deathless hope 'mid ills
 Of earth, to Thee they turn. And swift fulfils
 Itself Thine olden word: for griefs and fears—
 Like phantoms of the night when dawn appears—
 Are folded in a peace that calms and thrills.

O hills of God, that adumbrate His strength,
 Security, and peace, but most His love.

The watchful love that slumbers not nor sleeps!
 Your mystic voice, calm hills, through all the length
 Of ages, cries: "Be still! From heaven above
 The Lord of Hosts His Israel surely keeps."

REFLECTIONS.

God converses with man in prayer and reveals many things between a Pater and an Ave.—Father Olivaint.

The smallest action done with a great love of God is more agreeable to Him and more meritorious for us than a great and more difficult action done with less love, or one in which is found some traces of self-love.—
Mother M. of the Sacred Heart.

The ideal man, the ideal woman, is, first of all, a courageous soul. It calls for courage to decide, in the fair morning of youth, that the straight white way of honor is the way to follow; it requires courage to continue it when the voices of the world and one's own lower nature clamor for its forsaking; it takes courage when one has yielded to swing back into the old high path. Yes, it takes courage to strive after the ideal.

Our life here must decide our eternity, "for the living know that they shall die." Every act here must be declared hereafter, for "all things that are done God will bring into judgment." Doing all things well, life shall not have been lived in vain, for "the blessing of God maketh haste to reward the just."

Man's greatest enemy is himself. If everyone should be as careful of deserving an honest opinion of himself as he is of securing the good opinion of others, there would be a vast difference in the standing of the majority of mankind. Look carefully into yourself and discover your own flaws.

The Storyteller

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

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

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXXI.—THE PRIMA DONNA.

"I hear that a new *prima donna* makes her *début* to-night," said Mr. Honeywood, "at the Teatro della Scala. Let us go and hear her sing."

"It will probably be a disappointment," he added. "All kinds of people make their *début* here, who are utter failures, and never heard of again."

Kevin heard these words with a strange mixture of feelings. He remembered the old days when his nightly haunt was the theatre, when he never entered one without a hope of seeing Fanchea, and never left it without despair in his heart. He had long since made up his mind that not in such a place was he to look for the reappearance of the lost one. If Fanchea had been all these years receiving a musical education in Italy, he must have discovered the fact, considering all the inquiries he had made. Now the idea that this *débutante* might prove to be the little singer of Killeevy just presented itself to his mind to be coldly put aside. He had been too often beguiled by such fancies, too often and too bitterly disappointed to be able to tolerate such vagaries of hope any more. Yet he was not unwilling to pay this visit to the theatre. Music had always a powerful fascination for him.

As they took their seats, our friends had no expectation of a brilliant entertainment; the vast house seemed but imperfectly lighted, and was still more imperfectly filled. They had not thought of inquiring what the opera was to be, and found it was "Lohengrin." They had all heard Wagner's great opera in London, and expected but little excitement from the long performance.

Mr. Honeywood grumbled a little, but Kevin declared he was willing to sit it out.

"The scenery, the accessories will all be so bad," said the fastidious Thistleton, "even if the *débutante* be equal to the part of Elsa."

The performance began. The great crowd of chorus singers did their duty well; the scenery was better than might have been expected. Evidently every effort had been made to bring out this young *débutante* with *éclat*. Elsa herself was a slight youthful figure in white, with a mantle of dark hair hanging upon her shoulders.

"A fair Elsa would have been better," said Honeywood.

"She is fair enough, except her hair," said Kevin. "Exceedingly fair and pale. Actresses generally put a little color on their cheeks, but she has none."

"Probably we should see it if we had a glass," said Honeywood. So little had they intended visiting theatres during their travels that they had not thought of putting an opera-glass among the baggage. Of so little importance was their present visit that they had forgotten the desirability of procuring one.

"She turns her face too much from the audience," said Honeywood. "I can scarcely see what she is like."

At first sight of the slight, dark-haired figure, Kevin had felt a quiver of agitation for which he was not unprepared. The old thought would occur to him, "Should this be Fanchea?" When they spoke of her hair he had said, "She is an Italian, of course. They will get her a fair wig by-and-by if she proves worthy of it."

Saying this lightly, he tried to smile away the unreasonable fancy that was striving to gain sway over his mind. Nevertheless, he found himself comparing the features, and mien, and gesture of the youthful songstress with the ideal maiden into whom Fanchea had grown.