

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- July 13, Sunday.—Fifth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 14, Monday.—St. Bonaventure, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
 „ 15, Tuesday.—St. Henry, Emperor.
 „ 16, Wednesday.—Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel.
 „ 17, Thursday.—St. Alexius, Confessor.
 „ 18, Friday.—St. Camillus of Lellis, Confessor.
 „ 19, Saturday.—St. Vincent de Paul, Confessor.

St. Camillus of Lellis, Confessor.

St. Camillus was a native of the kingdom of Naples. Having embraced the military profession, he soon found himself reduced by his gambling propensities to the direst distress. Poverty became for him, through the Providence of God, the occasion of his conversion. Thenceforward he devoted himself to the care of the sick and dying, and for this purpose established a religious Order, the members of which are known as "Ministers of the Sick." St. Camillus died in Rome in 1614, at the age of 65.

St. Vincent de Paul, Confessor.

St. Vincent was born in the south of France. Having been ordained priest, his heart was touched by the state of spiritual destitution in which he found the remoter country districts of France. The remedy for this appeared to him to be a series of retreats, or missions, in which the Eternal Truths might be taught in a clear and vivid manner. For this purpose he instituted a Congregation of Priests, popularly known in English-speaking countries as Vincentians. Spurred on by his ardent charity, he founded many asylums, hospitals, and orphanages, and established confraternities for the education of children, the care of the sick, and the relief of the destitute. St. Vincent died in 1660, at the age of 85.

GRAINS OF GOLD

MATER AMABILIS.

O Mary Queen, what fair similitude
 May best befit thy soul's most high estate?
 We hail thee House of God and Heaven's Gate,
 The Virgin Bride whom very God hath wooed;
 Yet naming thee, all speech grows harsh and rude.
 What human words are handmaids meet to wait
 On that divine, unshared "Immaculate,"
 O Lady, with all loveliness endued
 "Seek not," she saith, "'mid angels' eloquence
 My fairest name: 'tis writ upon earth's page,
 The purest melody of human ken.
 It holds the vision of young innocence,
 And sunset-tinted memories of age;
 For I am 'Mother' unto God and men."

—Sister Mary Benvenuta.

REFLECTIONS.

God converses with man in prayer, and reveals many things between a Pater and an Ave.—Father Oliphant, S.J.

No one is so blind to his own faults as a man who has the habit of detecting the faults of others.—Faber.

The Catholic Church teaches the doctrine of Christ to men for the salvation of their souls because she recognises the dignity of man.

Every human being has a work to carry on within, duties to perform abroad, influences to exert, which are peculiarly his, and which no conscience but his own can teach.

It is only the little kindnesses that one can do that really abide; it is only the people one associates with some little kindness that one is sure to recall in retrospect.

The Storyteller

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

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

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER XXXII.—AT LAST.

Kevin had thrown himself into the train going to Pavia, without having made up his mind at what intermediate station he would get out.

"What is there worth seeing between this and Pavia?" he had asked of a fellow-traveller, and received for answer:

"Why, the Certosa, of course. Unless you are in a very great hurry, do not pass it by."

"The Certosa," said Kevin; "how could I have forgotten it?" And thither he resolved to go.

Leaving the train at a station within a few miles of Pavia, he took his way along an avenue which led him out into an open, flat country, covered with rice-fields and mulberry-trees. A little streamlet tinkled alongside of him as he went, but there was scarcely a habitation to be seen. A blue dragon-fly, flitting from spear to spear of the long, lush grass, beguiled his attention for awhile, and then his eye, suddenly raised, caught sight in the distance of the light pinnacle on the summit of the magnificent cupola of the monastery.

Like the enchanted palace of fairy tale, suddenly rising before the traveller, a solitary wonder in the wilderness, so this ancient Certosa surprises the eye that is seeking for it, springing up in the midst of the flat and featureless country which was a forsaken swamp before the labor of the monks converted its marshes into fertile fields.

Pausing before its royal and forlorn entrance, Kevin's heart stood still with amazement. The echo of his solitary footsteps rang through the arched gateway, with vaulting all painted in fresco by Luini, pictures still fresh and bright and full of sweetness; and thence he passed into the great quadrangle, coming face to face with the exquisite façade of the church, on the lonely splendor of which the sunlight fell, deepening the colors of the rich marbles, bringing into striking relief the encrustations of delicate sculpture, and kindling strange fires in the jewelled windows. On either side of the quadrangle were the bakehouses and brewhouses of the monks, the apartments where were lodged the poor travellers who knocked at their gate, and the doors whence they distributed the food which the hungry came to claim. Such busy scenes are in the past. Silence now reigns in these deserted buildings; the sound of labor no longer disturbs the air; the hum of voices, the melody of bells are hushed; and this magnificent centre of prayer, charity, and toil stands mute like a great heart that has ceased to beat. The men who risked their lives and toiled without counting cost to put wholesome meadows where the poisonous swamps had been, are driven from the home that sheltered them and their poor. The Certosa, in all the dream-like beauty and splendor of its spires, towers, galleries, and cupola, stands there for no purpose but to astonish the traveller, like a pile of jewels forsaken and forgotten in a desert.

At Kevin's summons an old monk appeared, and unlocking the great doors of the church, led him into a region of solemn splendor, of magnificent tranquillity, where beauty and peace sit for ever wedded and enthroned smiling in God's face, witnesses of the fidelity of the soul of man to its Maker, of the faith of time in eternity.

Step softly, Kevin, and hold your breath in wonder and deep joy, for your wandering feet have now reached the holy and beautiful spot that is to witness your attainment of the desire of your heart. You do not yet know why this glorious sanctuary seems to smile upon you like a home known in some other exist-