

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- July 20, Sunday.—Sixth Sunday After Pentecost.
 „ 21, Monday.—St. Prassede, Virgin.
 „ 22, Tuesday.—St. Mary Magdalene, Penitent.
 „ 23, Wednesday.—St. Appolinaris, Bishop and Martyr.
 „ 24, Thursday.—Vigil of St. James, Apostle.
 „ 25, Friday.—St. James, Apostle.
 „ 26, Saturday.—St. Anne, Mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

St. James, Apostle.

St. James was a brother of St. John the Evangelist, and a near relative of the Blessed Virgin. After Pentecost he preached to the Jews, who, having left Judea, had found homes in the neighboring countries. According to a very ancient tradition, he voyaged to Spain, which honors him as its patron. Going to Jerusalem in 43, he was apprehended and beheaded by order of King Agrippa for teaching the doctrines of Christ.

St. Anne, Mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

St. Anne is proposed to the faithful as a perfect model of a wife and mother, and as the special patron of those who have entered the married state, or are entrusted with the care of children.

GRAINS OF GOLD

MARY THE MAGDALENE.

When all had gone and left Him to rest,
 The woman crept back softly through the gloom
 That veiled the night-hushed hill, and, weeping, pressed
 Her cheek against the stone that sealed the tomb.

Of all who loved Him, she loved most of all.
 And she a daughter of Jerusalem,
 With ruddy locks that rippled in their fall
 Of veiling beauty to her garment's hem.

And in her arms, still faintly sweet with myrrh,
 She carried three tall lilies, fragrant white,
 And these she left beside the sepulchre,
 Pale tapers in the purple dusk of night.

Then forth again went Mary Magdalene,
 And woeful was the heart her bosom bore,
 And morning lay upon the mountains when
 She sought that lonely garden place once more.

The dew empearled the grasses. Faint and far
 The sounds of day came upward from the main.
 Against the dawn was but a single star
 When Mary, wan with watching, came again.

Her feet were shod with sorrow, and in woe
 Upon her breast was bent her heavy head,
 And thus she reached the sepulchre, and so
 She knelt a moment weeping for her dead.

REFLECTIONS.

The longer I live the more convinced I become that the only two things that really count in national existence are a succession of writers of genius and the proud memories of great, noble, and honorable deeds.—Right Hon. A. Birrell.

Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and every setting sun be to you as its close; then let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others, some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourselves.—Ruskin.

Work without ceasing to establish deeply in your heart the reign of the theological virtues, which are the source, support, and perfection of all other virtues.—Mother M. of the Sacred Heart.

THE ST. BARTHOLOMEW MASSACRE

Paper presented to the Historical Society of St. Kieran's College, March, 1875, by RIGHT REV. PATRICK F. MORAN, Bishop of Ossory.

[Before publishing our next serial story we wish to give all our readers an opportunity of studying for themselves Cardinal Moran's masterly paper on the *Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day*. This tragic occurrence of a purely political nature is still described as a Catholic outrage by No-Popery writers and ranters of the uneducated type. Scholarly Protestants have long recognised that it is a mark of ignorance to attribute to the Catholic Church any complicity in the massacre. However, as it still serves bigots of the "Civis" class and newspapers like the *Spectator*, whether through their lack of ordinary historical knowledge or through their dishonesty, it is well that this exhaustive presentation of the subject by one who was peculiarly qualified to write on it, be set before our readers. If the younger generation should find it difficult and heavy, let them remember that they have only to possess their souls in patience for a few weeks, after which they can revel in that good old Irish novel, *Willie Reilly and His Colleen Bawn*.]

The 24th of August, 1572, marks a rubric festival in the annals of France, for it recalls a terrible deed of vengeance executed by the Court and by an outraged nation against the Huguenots. It is also a rubric feast in the calendar of those who assail the Catholic Church in this kingdom, whilst it affords a popular theme for declaiming against her persecuting spirit, for all the crimes and horrors of that bloody day are laid at the door of the Sovereign Pontiff, and of the Catholics of France. That no link might be wanting in the terrible accusation, the French infidels of the last century supplied an abundance of imaginary details, all of which were accepted without hesitation by the agents and abettors of the Protestant tradition of England. The words of Chenier were repeated in English pulpits—that the Cardinal de Lorraine had blessed the poignards of the assassins at the Louvre, and had given the signal for the massacre: it mattered but little that that illusrious Cardinal was, at the time, far away from France, not having as yet returned from Rome, whither he had gone to take part in the Conclave for the election of Pope Gregory the Thirteenth. The words of Voltaire were also accepted as historic truth—that the clergy were the active agents of this butchery, and that the assassins immolated their unhappy victims, wielding a dagger in one hand and holding a crucifix in the other; and yet it was well known that this wicked picture rested solely on the fancy of that prince of infidels, and proceeded from his diabolical hatred against the Catholic priesthood, and against the cross, the symbol of redemption.

Three years ago the second centenary of this massacre was not forgotten amongst us, and then these stories were once more eagerly repeated in the pulpit and in the press, with all the earnestness that Protestant fanaticism could inspire, and with such variety as each one's imagination could supply. The Westminster Abbey celebration merits to be specially referred to, though many would, perhaps, expect that at least the Dean of Westminster would be raised high above such prejudices: nevertheless, he availed himself of his sermon on that occasion to inform the British public that the massacre was perpetrated "with the express approbation" of the Sovereign Pontiff. A few years earlier, Froude, in his *History of England* (vol. x.), had pictured in minute detail all the particulars that could be imagined connected with that St. Bartholomew's feast, repeating the most childish tales regarding it. Since then the very same tales have once more found a place in his pages, whilst he accused the Catholics of Ireland of a premeditated massacre of their Protestant neighbors in the memorable year 1641. By such imaginative writers, the Catholics of France, accused of every crime, are painted in the darkest colors,