

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

July 27, Sunday.—Seventh Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 28, Monday.—SS. Nazarius and Celsus, Martyrs.
 „ 29, Tuesday.—St. Martha, Virgin.
 „ 30, Wednesday.—SS. Abdon and Senen Martyrs.
 „ 31, Thursday.—St. Ignatius, Confessor.
 August 1, Friday.—St. Peter's Chains.
 „ 2, Saturday.—St. Alphonsus, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.

St. Peter's Chains.

This feast commemorates the miraculous deliverance of St. Peter from the prison into which he had been cast by order of King Herod Agrippa. The circumstances of this miracle are narrated by St. Luke in the twelfth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

St. Alphonsus, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.

St. Alphonsus Liguori was born at Naples in 1696. At the age of 30 he abandoned the legal profession, in which he had already made a name for himself, and, in spite of the opposition of his father, he became a priest. Applying himself zealously to the duties of his sacred calling, he touched by his fervent discourses the hearts of the most inveterate sinners. Still more abundant was the fruit which he gathered in the tribunal of penance, where he joined a singular prudence and firmness to the most tender sentiments of paternal affection. He founded and for a long time governed the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. For eight years he was Bishop of St. Agatha, but at length obtained leave to resign this responsible office, which he had accepted only very reluctantly. In the midst of his labors he found time to compose a number of doctrinal and devotional works, which have earned for him the title of Doctor of the Church. St. Alphonsus died in 1787, at the age of 90.

GRAINS OF GOLD

PLEADINGS OF THE SACRED HEART.

Forget Me not! 'Tis thus My Heart is pleading
 With you for whom I fain again would die;
 Forget Me not! for oh! this Heart once broken
 Still loves you from Its glorious throne on high.

Forget Me not! upon the silent altar!
 They pass Me by and leave Me all alone;
 They've love enough for all, for every other,
 For Me, their God—their hearts are cold as stone.

Forget Me not! for oh! I'm ever waiting
 For friends who will My bitter wrongs atone;
 Forget Me not! for I am ever craving
 Devoted hearts who'll make My woes their own.

Forget Me not when desolation tempts thee
 To plunge into the world's tempestuous sea;
 Remember how the sin-laden and weary
 My Heart invited, saying: "Come to Me."

Forget not lest one day I thus reproach thee!
 "When I came in thou gavest Me no kiss,"
 And oh! no thought in bitterness can equal
 The self-reproachful agony of this.

Forget not in the weariness of sorrow,
 There is a Home for thee—thy Saviour's breast;
 Be comforted—the day is ever nearing
 When there thou'lt find thy long—thy endless rest.

Let no one despise the day of small things. Hold out a hand to a friend in distress, though this tiny act of sympathy may be the limit of your ability to help him.

THE ST. BARTHOLOMEW MASSACRE

(CONTINUED).

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

Charles, at the request of his mother, signed, without hesitation, a Royal mandate for the execution of the Huguenot leaders, and to a chosen band of their enemies was allotted the arduous task of carrying it with secrecy into effect. The evening of Saturday, the 23rd, rolled on with all the stillness of a summer vigil in the French capital, and not a murmur foretold the storm that was so soon to burst upon the heads of the unsuspecting Huguenots. But no sooner had the clock of Notre Dame struck 3, on the morning of St. Bartholomew's Feast, than the bell of St. Germain d'Auxerre tolled the signal for the massacre. The morning's sun of August 24 saw completed the work of blood, so far as it had been planned by Catherine; but the passions of the populace being once let loose, it was not easy to withdraw them from deeds of violence, and two or three days passed by before order could be fully restored in the capital.*

On the evening of the 24th, the King addressed Royal letters to the governors of the various cities of France, commanding them to maintain tranquillity, and to preserve the lives of the Huguenots. But the example of Paris proved too contagious for the excited populace, and as soon as the terrible news reached Orleans, Rouen, Lyons, and other towns, fresh scenes of rioting were witnessed, and new names were added to the roll of the murdered Huguenots.

Two days after the fatal festival of St. Bartholomew, the King, by a public order, assumed to himself the whole responsibility of the dreadful massacre; and before the Foreign Ambassadors and Parliament, assembled in the Gilded Chamber of the Palace of Justice, he made the solemn announcement that that execution on the leaders of an incorrigible faction which they had witnessed had been done "by his express orders, not from any religious motive, or in contravention of his edict of pacification, which he still intended to observe, but to prevent the carrying out of a detestable conspiracy, got up by the Admiral and his followers against the person of the King, the Queen Mother, her other sons, and the King of Navarre."† Without a dissentient voice, the Parliament passed a vote of thanks, commending the King's foresight and energy, and adding its official sanction to the Royal sentence already executed against the traitors. To add greater solemnity to the occasion, the whole Parliament and Court, with Charles at their head, walked in procession to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and there offered up solemn thanksgiving to God that so great and imminent danger had been averted from the kingdom. Medals were struck to commemorate the event, and it was ordered that the public procession and thanksgiving of Parliament should be annually repeated, to perpetuate the memory of their providential escape from the dreadful conspiracy.§

* It is amazing to find with what carelessness the standard Protestant historians deal with the events which they profess to register. Thus, for instance, Hume, in his account of the St. Bartholomew massacre, writes that it began on the evening of August 24: "On the evening of St. Bartholomew, a few days after the marriage, the signal was given for a general massacre of those religionists, and the King himself in person led the way to these assassinations." (*History of England*, vol. v., page 147.) For this statement regarding the King there is not even a shadow of authority, and all the contemporary writers are agreed that the massacre took place, not on the evening, but on the morning of August 24. Beza writes that "c'était au point du jour" (*Mém. de l'Etat de France*, i., 217). M. Puygaillard, in a letter of August 26, 1572, says: "Dimanche matin, le Roi a fait faire une bien grande execution à l'encontre des Huguenots." (See *Revue des Questions Hist.*, page 340.) To omit other equally explicit statements, the Duke of Anjou attests that the King and the Queen Mother, with himself and some trusty counselors, met at the Louvre soon after midnight of August 23, and at early dawn of the 24th, "ainsi que le jour commençait à poindre," sent a messenger to withdraw the order which had been given for the massacre: but it was too late, the deed was already done (*White, The Massacre*, page 416.)

† The Official Declaration, in *White*, page 449.

‡ A facsimile of one of these medals is given in vignette of title page by *White in Massacre of Saint Bartholomew*. It bears the motto, "Virtus in rebelles," and serves to confirm the opinion that the Huguenots were punished, not as heretics, but as rebels.

§ Saint-Victor, *Tableau Historique de Paris*, xiii., 210.