

## Friends at Court

### GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

May 14, Sunday.—Fourth Sunday after Easter. St. Carthage, Bishop and Confessor.  
 „ 15, Monday.—St. Dymphna, Virgin.  
 „ 16, Tuesday.—St. Brendan, Abbot.  
 „ 17, Wednesday.—St. John Nepomucene, Martyr.  
 „ 18, Thursday.—St. Venantius, Martyr.  
 „ 19, Friday.—St. Peter Celestine, Pope and Confessor.  
 „ 20, Saturday.—St. Bernardine of Siena, Confessor.

St. Carthage, Bishop and Confessor.

St. Carthage was the first Bishop of Lismore, in the south of Ireland. He founded there a monastery and a school, which became so famous that scholars flocked to it from all parts of Ireland and Great Britain.

St. Dymphna, Virgin and Martyr.

St. Dymphna was the daughter of an Irish chieftain. Having vowed her virginity to God, she fled to Belgium to escape the snares to which she saw herself exposed at home. She was pursued, however, and put to death by some persons to whom her virtues had rendered her hateful.

St. Brendan, Abbot.

St. Brendan was a native of Ireland, and a disciple of St. Finian. Passing into England, he established there two monasteries. On his return to Ireland he continued the same good work, and founded, among others, the famous abbey of Clonfert. He died in 578, in the 94th year of his age. According to a tradition accepted by some historians, St. Brendan voyaged to America, and landed in, or near, the present State of Virginia.

### GRAINS OF GOLD

#### IN THE SANCTUARY.

He is waiting, ever waiting,  
 Through the brightness of the day,  
 Through the sound of many footsteps,  
 And the clamor of the way;  
 From the first glad hours of morning.  
 To the solemn hush of noon,  
 Through the bleakness of December  
 And the sultriness of June.

He is waiting, ever waiting,  
 Through the stillness of the night,  
 When the moon rides high in heaven  
 And the silent stars are bright;  
 When the rose lamp burns forever,  
 Like a guide to weary feet,  
 And the very silence murmurs:  
 "Wanderer, pause, the rest is sweet."

He is waiting, ever waiting,  
 Through the day and months and years.  
 He has peace for bruised spirits,  
 He has balm for bitter tears.  
 On the Cross through death and anguish  
 Once He made us all His own.  
 Oh ye thoughtless sons of Adam,  
 Shall He wait and watch alone?

—Sacred Heart Review.

The most unprofitable thing to hold in this world is a grudge.

Happiness depends greatly on trifles, yet it is no trifle. Therefore take pains to keep trivial annoyances away from those you love, lest you mar their happiness.

Don't be unwilling to let strangers know that you are Catholics. If you are not ashamed of Christ, or of His Church, stand out in the open as believers in His religion.

As the ceremonial of the Church is the expression of its faith, so are religious customs in the home an expression and evidence of the belief that animates it. Do away with the ceremonial of the Church and you weaken faith; for our composite nature calls for an outward expression of our inward belief. Remove the Catholic atmosphere of the home by banishing the external evidence of faith from the domestic hearth, and you sap religion at its very foundation.

The passing of years is like the coming of dawn—slow, silent, inevitable. The most eager cannot hasten the quiet, irresistible movement, and the most reluctant cannot forbid. Some gifts the years bring which we would fain decline—age, sorrow, disappointment. Some treasures they take which we would keep for ever—youth, beauty, innocence. But there are more precious treasures which time cannot supply and the years cannot remove—friendship, patience, faith, and love.

## The Storyteller

### DAN'S DILEMMA

#### CHAPTER I.

Dan's love story began under very romantic circumstances. I shall tell you as briefly as possible how it all came about.

Dan O'Connor was just about to start for South America (tempted thither by the enthusiastic letters of a cousin of his, who was rapidly making his fortune in the Argentine), when fate stepped in—as all his Irish friends declared—and at the eleventh hour altered his entire plans for the future.

An old bachelor uncle of Dan's died just in the nick of time and left his favorite nephew and namesake a fine old property in West Cork, within half a mile of Glandore.

The two conditions of this bequest were that Dan should spend at least eight months of every year at Droumgariff—as the old place was called—and that none of the ancient oaks and beeches, for which the estate was remarkable, should fall beneath 'the sacrilegious axe.'

'This puts an end to all my wild dreams of making a fortune in the Argentine,' Dan said to his widowed mother on the afternoon of the reading of his uncle's will. 'Henceforward, mother, I am to live the simple, uneventful, tranquil life of a country squire. I daresay I shall like it well enough, too; but I am sorry that you dislike the country so much.'

Mrs. O'Connor had been an invalid—suffering from an affection of the heart—ever since her husband's death, some five years before this epoch. Since that great sorrow had fallen upon her she had been a martyr to nervous depression, and she had found the monotony of a small country town absolutely unendurable henceforward.

Dan's father (the late Dr. Robert O'Connor, a well known medical practitioner in the South of Ireland) had left his widow and his only son fairly well off, and Dan, who had been a briefless barrister in Dublin, had abandoned his profession when, about five years after his father's death, he had decided on seeking his fortune in South America.

Mrs. O'Connor had settled down in Dublin, where a great many old friends and relations of hers resided. She was constantly, indeed, surrounded by these people, and she had no time at her disposal to indulge in those dreadful moods of depressed spirits from which she had suffered so acutely while residing in the small country town.

Her loved and only sister, Alice, who for many years had been the matron of a well-known Dublin hospital, had about this time retired into private life, owing to an incurable malady, and had gone to live with Dan's mother in the comfortable, old-world house in Merriion square.

'I shall never move from here,' Mrs. O'Connor often told her son. 'The thought of returning to the country sends a chill through every vein of my body.'

This, then, was Dan's sole regret when he proceeded to Glandore to take up his inheritance and follow the conditions of his uncle's will; for Dan O'Connor was passionately devoted to his mother, and it would have entirely reconciled him to face the lonely life which he anticipated in his new home had Mrs. O'Connor decided to accompany him thither and spend the remainder of her days at Droumgariff.

But although Dan's mother found it impossible to entertain the idea of burying herself alive in the heart of rugged Carbery, it was by no means her intention that her beloved son should not be well looked after by a specially selected deputy.

She accordingly decided, with no small reluctance, to part with Martha Hanlon, who for upwards of thirty-five years had been a faithful servant of hers, first in the home of her girlhood, and afterwards in the country town where Mrs. O'Connor had settled down with her husband.

Martha Hanlon was a woman of mature years, and of unimpeachable loyalty to 'the family.' Mrs. O'Connor, therefore, felt perfectly satisfied and happy in committing her boy to the tender mercies of Martha.

'And you will drop me a line every week at least, Martha,' Mrs. O'Connor said to her faithful and confidential old retainer, 'just to let me know exactly how Master Dan is getting along, so that I can always feel that I am in spirit with him at Droumgariff, although unfortunately compelled, owing to my state of health, to remain beddy here in Merriion square.'

And good old Martha, the soul of discretion, faithfully promised to obey this parting request.

Dan O'Connor arrived in Droumgariff on a glorious afternoon in October.

He had visited his Uncle Dan once or twice during the previous ten years; but these visits had been brief ones, so that he knew very little of the neighborhood, and nothing at all, so to speak, as to the inhabitants.

He now completely lost his heart to his new home, and to the people whom he met day by day, hour by hour, after his arrival.

Droumgariff is an ancient, weather-slatted house, standing in a sheltered nook, among rolling, healthy hills, and surrounded with magnificent old oaks, beeches, and sycamores.