

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

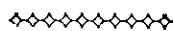
- June 3, Sunday.—Second Sunday after Pentecost.
 .. 4, Monday.—St. Francis Caracciolo, Confessor.
 .. 5, Tuesday.—St. Boniface, Bishop and Martyr.
 .. 6, Wednesday.—St. Norbert, Bishop and Confessor.
 .. 7, Thursday.—Octave of Corpus Christi.
 .. 8, Friday.—Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.
 .. 9, Saturday.—St. Columba, Abbot.

St. Norbert, Bishop and Confessor.

St. Norbert was born in Westphalia in 1080. After giving himself up for a time to a life of ease and worldly pleasure at the court of his cousin, the Emperor Henry IV., he received the grace of a complete conversion. He was ordained priest, and thenceforward displayed extraordinary zeal in the work of preaching and in the discharge of the other duties of the sacred ministry. He established an Order of monks, called from their first monastery Premonstratensians, whose special object was to promote among the faithful frequent Communion and regular attendance at Mass. St. Norbert died in 1134, after having governed for over seven years the archiepiscopal see of Magdeburg.

Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Since the Person of Christ, including His human nature, is the object of divine adoration, the worship which is due to His Person is due to all that is united to His Person. For this reason the Fifth General Council condemned the Nestorians, who introduced two adorations as to two separate natures and to two separate persons. The Council affirms that one adoration is to be offered to the Word united to His humanity. The material object of this divine adoration is Christ, God and man; the formal object or the reason for which this divine adoration is given to Him in both natures is the divinity of the Incarnate Son. Thus the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the human heart which the Son of God took from the substance of His Immaculate Mother, is adored with divine worship in heaven and on earth—at the right hand of His Father and in His real presence in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar. "Devotion to the Sacred Heart reveals to us the personal love of Our Divine Redeemer towards each and every one for whom He died. It is a manifestation of His pity, tenderness, compassion, and mercy to sinners and to penitents. Nevertheless its chief characteristic and its dominant note is His disappointment at the return we make to Him for His love."—Cardinal Manning.



Grains of Gold

HEART OF MY SAVIOUR.

O, Heart of my Saviour, sore wounded for me,
 Each day let my heart draw closer to Thee.
 In the fount of Thy blood do Thou cleanse the world's stain,
 In the light of Thy love do Thou guide me again.

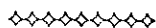
It was our sins that mocked Thee and wielded the rod,
 It was our sins that crushed Thee and drained Thy Heart's
 Blood.

And yet, O the wonder of grace by love sealed,
 By Thy stripes are we strengthened, by Thy bruises healed.

Dear Heart of my Saviour, where Thou watch'st alone
 In dim, weary vigil o'er cold altar stone,
 Let me come and watch, too, and let gratitude be
 In the heart that Thou ransomed full fervent for Thee.

In the Heart of my Saviour, lo! what splendor there lies!
 Oh, Thou sun without setting, Thou light of the skies,
 Shine full on my gloom, fill my soul with Thy grace,
 Until at Thy summons I may look on Thy face.

—SARAH H. JONES.



REFLECTIONS.

They who shall enjoy the eternal light can never be blind; they who serve the Lord need never be afraid."—St. Clare.

Let your heart be anchored upon that sure Rock and upon that alone.—St. Hugh.

The Storyteller

Knocknagow

OR

The Homes of Tipperary

(By C. J. KICKHAM.)

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"Well, Jer," said Richard, "any chance of a wedding this time?"

"We're goin' on wud a couple, sir," replied Jer, "but I don't say they'll come to anything. Everything was settled wud Miss Jane; an', begor, there was no fear at all of the fortune they wor givin' her. She was tryin' on her weddin' dress on Saturday, when I went to tell her he couldn't marry her; an' she tuck on terrible intirely."

Richard laughed, but evinced no surprise.

"The ould mistress an' the young ladies is tryin' to bring it on again. But," added Jer, solemnly, and as if he himself were the principal party concerned, "'twon't do."

Richard explained to his friend that Mrs. Lloyd and her daughters lived in Kiltubber. "Devilish nice girls they are," he added; "particularly the second."

"They're anxious to have him settled," Jer continued with a sigh, as if the settling were a great weight on his mind. "An' sure God knows so is myself. But 'tis so hard to meet a shootable woman. I'm after promisin' Tom Otway," he continued, "that we'll run down to the County Carlow in the course of the week to see his cousin. Himself is for goin' by the coach; but I'm thinkin' 'twould look better to drive tandem. What do you think?" he asked, as if he found it hard to decide.

"Oh, the tandem, by all means," said Richard.

"That's what I think myself," rejoined Jer, as he left the room, followed by his dogs, except two that had got into the bed for a nap.

"Is this all a joke?" Mr. Lowe asked.

"No. Bob's wooings are always carried on in this way, and Miss Jane can hardly have been taken by surprise, for she had examples enough to warn her."

"And how does he escape the consequences?"

"Do you mean why is he not called out? The idea of such a good-natured fellow as Bob Lloyd shooting anybody or being shot at! But he will tell you 'the heaviest cloutin' match'—to use his own phrase—he ever had, was with young Alcock for refusing to marry his sister, who declared that he had popped the question and been accepted in the most formal manner."

"But the law," said Mr. Lowe. "Have you no such thing as breaches of promise in Ireland?"

"They are not quite unknown, though very rare, down here. But the immunity which Bob enjoys may in some measure be accounted for by the fact that the business is all done through Jer. Bob never writes letters; and, perhaps, as he would say himself, that saves his bacon."

It must not be inferred that writing was not among Mr. Lloyd's accomplishments. He wrote a fair, round hand, and was fond of displaying his caligraphic skill whenever pen, ink, and paper chanced to come in his way—particularly, and almost exclusively, in the execution of the words:—

"Command you may your mind from play."

which he was wont to finish off with a flourish, and seemed to derive great pleasure from the performance.

"Can we get a shot without going into that infernal bog again?" Richard asked when they had returned to the parlor.

"Ay, faith," Mr. Lloyd replied. "If I went out to that well beyond ten times a day, I'd be sure to meet a snipe there."

"Get your gun and come with us."

Mr. Lloyd strapped a shot-belt over his shoulder, and was taking up his gun, when the door opened, and a stout, middle-sized man, with a round face, unceremoniously walked in.

"Morrow, Wat," said Mr. Lloyd.

"Morrow, kindly," Wat replied, offering him a slip of paper.

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