

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- June 10, Sunday.—Third Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 11, Monday.—St. Barnabas, Apostle.
 „ 12, Tuesday.—St. John Fagondez, Confessor.
 „ 13, Wednesday.—St. Anthony of Padua, Confessor.
 „ 14, Thursday.—St. Basil, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
 „ 15, Friday.—St. Vitus and Companions, Martyrs.
 „ 16, Saturday.—Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

St. Barnabas, Apostle.

St. Barnabas, a follower of Christ and one of the 72 disciples, accompanied St. Paul on his first missionary journey to Cyprus and Asia Minor (45-48). Of his apostolic labors, beyond what is contained in the Acts of the Apostles, nothing certain is known.

St. Anthony of Padua, Confessor.

St. Anthony was born in Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, but he lived for some time in Padua, a city of Northern Italy. Having entered the Franciscan Order, his humility led him to conceal his exceptional ability and profound learning. For some time he was employed in menial offices, but his gifts of mind having been providentially discovered, he was ordained priest, and appointed to teach theology in Bologna, Padua, and other cities. It was, however, as a preacher that he became known in Italy, Spain, and France. Formed by nature and grace for this office, the effectiveness of his preaching was enhanced by the sanctity of his life and by the miracles by which God often deigned to signalise his labors. He died near Padua in 1231, at the age of 36.

Grains of Gold

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS.

Little Flower of Jesus,
 Thou art pledged to shower
 Roses of rare beauty
 From thy heavenly bower,
 Roses white and fragrant,
 Roses red—aglow—
 From the Heart of Jesus,
 Whence all blessings flow.

Little Flower of Jesus,
 Blooming at His Throne,
 For our imperfections
 May thy love atone,
 While thy soul, all perfect,
 Dwells in ecstasy
 Through the endless ages
 Of eternity.

Little Flower of Jesus,
 Blossom set apart,
 Whisper our petition
 To His Sacred Heart;
 From thy shining petals,
 Wrought of heaven's gold,
 Gifts divine, eternal,
 May the years unfold!

—MARY B. MARR.

REFLECTIONS.

Aim at nothing but loving Jesus and seeking to please Him.—St. Margaret Mary.

I know a source where "they that drink shall yet thirst," but with a delicious thirst, a thirst one can always allay. That source is the suffering known to Jesus only.—The Little Flower.

Oh, that I could find words to tell of the reward that they will receive from this Adorable Heart, who employ themselves, in making it known and loved.—Saint Margaret Mary.

The way to please God is to perform our own duties—not those of other people, with whom we have nothing to do.

The Storyteller

Knocknagow

OR

The Homes of Tipperary

(By C. J. KICKHAM.)

CHAPTER XVI.—AN UNINVITED VISITOR.

Grace had run to the window a dozen times in as many minutes, to see if the sportsmen were returning; and though Mary smiled at her impatience, she could not conceal from herself that she shared it in no small degree.

"Here they are at last," Grace exclaimed, gleefully.

Mary started from her chair, but sat down again quickly. She blushed, and was glad that no one had seen her.

Grace ran to open the door; and there was a little affectation in Mary's manner as she said, while passing through the hall:

"Grace, tell them dinner will be on the table in a few minutes."

But, as if ashamed of this "acting," she turned back and met the young men on the door-steps.

"I hope you enjoyed the shooting," she said to Mr. Lowe.

"Oh, yes," he replied, devoutly hoping that her inquiries would extend no further.

"Well, dinner will be ready immediately," said Mary. "And I need not remind you we are to have a few friends in the evening."

"Who are they?" Richard asked.

"I thought I told you. But I am glad to have an agreeable surprise for you. It is the Miss Hanlys."

The doctor glanced at Bob Lloyd's unmentionables, and rushed up the stairs like a man bent upon throwing himself out of a window.

As Maurice Kearney took his place at the head of the table, his first question, as he looked at the edge of the carving knife, as a matter of course, was—

"Did you shoot much?"

"Only four or five brace, sir," replied Hugh.

"Oh, only that much," Grace exclaimed, "after all the firing we heard. I thought at one time there was a brisk skirmish going on, if not a pitched battle."

"Well, now," said Hugh, who sat next her, "how would you feel if there was really a pitched battle going on in the bog?"

"Oh, I'd be delighted. The excitement must be so pleasant."

"And which side would you wish to win?"

"The Irish, of course. How I should like to bind up the wounds of some gallant young chief like Robert Emmet or Sir William Wallace."

"That is the Sir William Wallace whose picture you have 'drawing the fatal sword' in the 'Scottish Chiefs'?"

"Yes; I mean some young chief like that who

"Fought for the land his soul adored,
 For happy homes and altars free,
 His only talisman—the Sword,
 His only spellword—Liberty."

"Mr. Lowe says you are a rebel," said Mary.

"Oh, I don't know that," she replied, looking a little frightened. But observing that Mr. Lowe's smile indicated anything but displeasure, she added: "But I do admire a hero. And who is so great a hero as the patriot who fights and bleeds for the land of his birth?"

"Will ye go to the bull-bait?" Maurice Kearney inquired.

This question caused considerable surprise and some amusement.

Mary, who knew her father's talent for such surprises, could not be sure whether the bull was hauled in after his usual manner of introducing subjects that had not the remotest connection with that under discussion, or whether Irish patriots, fighting for their country, suggested to him the baiting of a bull.

"A bull-bait, sir?" said Hugh. "Why, the practice has been entirely done away with for years."