

## Friends at Court

### GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- July 8, Sunday.—Seventh Sunday after Pentecost.  
 „ 9, Monday.—Of the Feria.  
 „ 10, Tuesday.—Seven Brothers, Martyrs.  
 „ 11, Wednesday.—Blessed Oliver Plunket, Bishop and Martyr.  
 „ 12, Thursday.—St. John Gualbert, Abbot.  
 „ 13, Friday.—St. Anacleto, Pope and Martyr.  
 „ 14, Saturday.—St. Bonaventure, Bishop.

#### The Seven Brothers, Martyrs.

The seven saints whose glorious death is commemorated to-day were sons of St. Felicitas, and suffered at Rome about the middle of the second century. They were exhorting to constancy in suffering by their heroic mother, who herself soon after received the crown of martyrdom.

#### St. John Gualbert, Abbot.

St. John was born at Florence of noble parents in 999. Like many of the class to which he belonged, he grew up imbued with a pride which would neither brook opposition nor allow any injury to pass unavenged. Having, however, on one occasion, in obedience to the promptings of Divine Grace, forgiven a defenceless enemy, this exercise of Christian charity proved the beginning of his complete conversion. He entered a Benedictine monastery, and afterwards founded the famous abbey and Order of Vallombrosa. He died in 1073.

#### St. Anacleto, Pope and Martyr.

St. Anacleto, the second successor of St. Peter, was martyred under Trajan about the beginning of the second century.

## Grains of Gold

### BEYOND.

Earth holds no treasure in her breast,  
 No love within her heart,  
 But cold and stern at every turn,  
 Takes toil in full her part;  
 Toil, woo and death are her bequest,  
 No crown she has to give,  
 And man's brief day is sped away  
 Where broken idols live.

No lasting joy may we behold,  
 The dusk falls quick and sure,  
 Where love we planned hate's chains are spanned,  
 A cross we must endure;  
 The desert's waste bold and unchaste,  
 Rides out the meadows green,  
 Where whirlwinds clash we shivering pass  
 And bend as tempest gleam.

Earth holds no treasure to repay  
 For what she claims as due,  
 Her's is a tomb, a mortal doom,  
 All must at length pass through.  
 Then, only then, the souls of men  
 A wisdom come to know,  
 And cast above for Light and Love  
 Where stars and angels grow.

—JOHN G. WINTER.

### REFLECTIONS.

Write, O Lord Jesus Christ, Thy wounds on my heart in Thy precious blood, that I so may read in them Thy sorrow, as to bear all sorrow for Thee, and that I may so read in them Thy love, as to despise all wrong love for Thee.—St. Augustine.

If you desire to see me, seek me in the wound of the side of our sweet Saviour; for as it is there only that I dwell, it is there that you shall find me; if you seek me elsewhere, you will search in vain.—St. Elzean.

Nothing can give me greater pleasure than to hear again and again what my beloved Master suffered for me.—St. Francis of Assisi.

Accuse not another of a crime, from which you cannot clear yourself.—St. Pacian.



## The Storyteller



### Knocknagow

OR

### The Homes of Tipperary

(By C. J. KICKHAM.)

#### CHAPTER XXI.—FIVE SHILLINGS' WORTH OF DANCE.

"Well, what a contrast!" Grace exclaimed. "Do come here, Mary, and look on this picture and on this. Apollo is really a divinity near that satyr."

Mary could see Mr. Lowe and Mr. Beresford Pender from where she sat at the table writing.

"You are right," said she, with an emphasis that made Grace open her eyes.

"Pon my honor, Mary, you *can* be energetic occasionally."

Mary was so absorbed in her own reflections, she took no notice of this observation. She thought to herself that Mr. Lowe was a person to be liked; and the more she saw of him, the better she liked him. The thought even occurred to her that, if there was no difference of rank or religion between them, she could like him sufficiently well to be happy with him as his wife. There was not one among the young men who honored her with their attentions whose character she could admire so much—that is, assuming her estimate of Mr. Lowe's character to be correct.

But Mary Kearney felt her heart sinking within her at the thought that there was a hard struggle before her—that a victory should be gained over herself before she could think of any one as a husband.

She took the note Barney had thrown up to Grace in the window, and read it over.

"I fear," she murmured—and the tears welled into her eyes—"I fear he thinks I refused to see him."

She moved away the letter she had been writing, and placed a clean sheet of note-paper in its stead. She wrote the date at the top of the sheet, and then stopped irresolutely.

There was a careworn look in her face as she leant back in her chair, pressing her left hand against her bosom.

"May God direct me what to do!" she murmured.

"Did you speak?" Grace asked.

"No," she replied, recovering herself, "or if I did it was to myself."

"To whom are you writing?"

"To Anna."

"Oh, really that young lady's head is very full of romance. 'Tis to be hoped she'll find the *beau monde* all her fancy painted it. How long is she in Belgium now? I can't remember."

"Nearly two years," Mary replied.

"And all that time in the convent! 'Tis dreadful," returned Grace, shuddering.

"Do you feel it so dreadful yourself?" Mary asked.

"Oh, I have a visit from my friends sometimes, and can come home at vacation. But even that is hard enough," she added with a sigh.

I thought you always liked being at school. At least you told me so when I went to see you."

Grace shrugged her shoulders, but made no reply.

"Am I to suppose that you only said it to please Mrs. Clare? Is that your sincerity?"

"No; I really was sincere," replied Grace. "I did like being at school then. But, my dear Mary," she added, with a pensive shake of the head, "'tis quite different since I got notions."

Though Mary was just then in anything but a laughing mood, she could not help laughing at this; and the laugh, she felt, did her good.

"If you got your choice," she asked, "would you remain at home and never go back to school again?"

Grace remained silent for a moment, and then said, in a low, firm voice:

"I would go back."

"And why would you go back if you think it so dreadful?"

"Because it would be right."