

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- July 15, Sunday.—Eighth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 16, Monday.—Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.
 „ 17, Tuesday.—St. Alexius, Confessor.
 „ 18, Wednesday.—St. Camillus de Lellis, Confessor.
 „ 19, Thursday.—St. Vincent de Paul, Confessor.
 „ 20, Friday.—St. Jerome Amillian, Confessor.
 „ 21, Saturday.—St. Mary Magdalen, Penitent.

St. Camillus of Lellis, Confessor.

St. Camillus was a native of the kingdom of Naples. Having embraced the military profession, he soon found himself reduced by his gambling propensities to the direst distress. Poverty became for him, through the Providence of God, the occasion of his conversion. Thenceforward he devoted himself to the care of the sick and dying, and for this purpose established a religious Order, the members of which are known as "Ministers of the Sick." St. Camillus died in Rome in 1614, at the age of 65.

St. Vincent de Paul, Confessor.

St. Vincent was born in the south of France. Having been ordained priest, his heart was touched by the state of spiritual destitution in which he found the remoter country districts of France. The remedy for this appeared to him to be a series of retreats, or missions, in which the Eternal Truths might be taught in a clear and vivid manner. For this purpose he instituted a Congregation of Priests, popularly known in English-speaking countries as Vincentians. Spurred on by his ardent charity, he founded many asylums, hospitals and orphanages, and established confraternities for the education of children, the care of the sick, and the relief of the destitute. St. Vincent died in 1660, at the age of 85.

St. Mary Magdalen, Penitent.

Of the few who stood by the Cross of Our Saviour, one was Mary Magdalen, a woman who, previous to her conversion, had lived a worldly, if not a sinful, life. An old tradition states that after the Ascension she went to France, where she spent many years of solitude and austerity. She is put before us by the Church as the model of a perfect penitent.

Grains of Gold

THE NUPTIAL DAY.

To-day I met the bridegroom,

In His Nuptial robe of red,

With wounds on His hands and feet,

And thorns on His sacred head.

His heart was full of mercy,

This I could plainly see,

And I heard His voice calling,

"My child, come follow Me!"

The cross My greatest treasure,

This day I give to thee

If thou wilt deny thyself,

And come and follow Me.

The path will lead to Calv'ry,

Where the Holy Cross once stood,

Where Mary's heart was broken.

Where did flow the Precious Blood.

Remain at the foot of the cross,

If My love you wish to gain,

For should you seek Me elsewhere,

You will seek for Me in vain.

What could I tell my Saviour,

Or what could I ask for more,

Than to kneel beneath the cross,

And His Precious Blood adore.

REFLECTIONS.

Paradise was not made for cowards.—St. Philip Neri.
 All sins displease God, but especially those of the flesh and covetousness.—St. Philip Neri.

He then follows Christ, who treads in His Commandments, who follow His footsteps and pathways, who imitates that which Christ both did and taught.—St. Cyprian.



The Storyteller



Knocknagow

OR

The Homes of Tipperary

(By C. J. KICKHAM.)

CHAPTER XXII.—THE BLUE BODY-COAT WITH GILT BUTTONS.—ABSENCE OF MIND. "AULD LANG SYNE."

"Mat," exclaimed Barney, brightening up suddenly, "ye'll have a great night uv id at Ned Brophy's weddin'. Is id at the young woman's house the weddin' is to be?"

"No," Mat replied, putting on his coat; "they're on'y going to be married there. The weddin' is to be at Ned's."

"'Twas said there was to be no weddin'," observed Tom Maher; "how was that?"

"Well, the girl's father is hard," replied Mat, "an' the priest is chargin' a show of money for marryin' 'em, and so the ould fellow wouldn't agree to the weddin'."

"Some people do be very cute," said Tom Maher.

"And," Mat continued, "Ned's mother stood out agin him till I brought her round, and she gev into id at last."

"She'd skin a flint," returned Tom Maher.

"The divil a lie in that," replied Mat, shaking his head.

"Sure the divil a bone in her body I don't know," continued Tom; "an' good raison I had, livin' in one house wud her for two years an' three months."

"I won't contradict you," said Mat, "though she's my own fust and second cousin."

"Do you remember what you tould her about the stir-about?" Tom asked, eyeing the Thrasher with a smile.

"What was that?" said Mat.

"You tould her to bring out the pot an' empty it on the top of Corrigeen Hill, an' the divil a greyhound in the barony would be able to ketch id afore id got to the bottom. We got betther stirabout ever after."

"Well, to give her her due," returned Mat, "she always minded anything I'd say. Ned himself could get no good uv her about the weddin' till I persuaded her. Not that I cared about it myself, only I didn't like to have Ned get the name of bein' a screw."

"A bad right any wan would have to call Ned a screw," said Tom Maher. "There's not a dacent man from this to himself for his manes."

"He is that," replied Mat.

"No sign of anything here this turn," Tom observed, with a motion of his thumb towards the house. "Though they say there's many an eye after her, Faith, Kitty tells me," he added, dropping his voice, "that she has the heart across in this young fellow from England. An', begor, a nice fellow he is, although he has no property, on'y what'll buy a commission for him."

"I don't say Miss Mary'd think uv him," replied Mat, "no matter what he had."

"I don't know that," returned Tom with a wink. "She's mighty sweet on him. But Kitty tells me," he added, "she'll never think of any man but the wan."

"Who is that?"

"Begor, that's what I can't make out. What are you delayin' for?"

"I was thinkin' of waitin' till the master'd be home to know how is pigs. If there was a stir I'd sell them two I have, male is so dear."

"I'd like to see you in a farm of your own," said Tom, "like every wan belongin' to you."

"I don't know that, Tom," Mat rejoined. "A man ought to be continted; an', thanks be to God, I was never in the want uv a shillin'. An' maybe if I had what you say, I wouldn't lie down to-night wud as aisy a mind as I have now."

"Here is the masther," exclaimed Barney, running out to take the horse.

Mat followed, to inquire about the price of pigs; and, after being satisfied on that head, he turned to Tom Maher, who was locking the barn-door, and asked him to "take a walk over."