

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- January 20, Sunday.—Second Sunday after the Epiphany. Feast of the Most Holy Name of Jesus.
- 21, Monday.—St. Agnes, Virgin and Martyr.
- 22, Tuesday.—St. Vincent and Anastasius, Martyrs.
- 23, Wednesday.—Espousals of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
- 24, Thursday.—St. Timothy, Bishop and Martyr.
- 25, Friday.—Conversion of St. Paul.
- 26, Saturday.—St. Polycarp, Bishop and Martyr.

The Holy Name of Jesus.

St. Paul tells us that Our Lord 'humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross. For which cause God also hath exalted Him, and given Him a name, which is above all names; that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of those that are in heaven, on earth, and under the earth.' The object of the Church in instituting the feast which we celebrate to-day was to bring before her children the sacredness of the name of Jesus, and to make atonement for the sins of those who use it irreverently.

Espousals of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

In this feast we commemorate the providential care with which God assigned to the Virgin Mother and her Divine Child, in the person of St. Joseph, a faithful guardian and protector in the necessities and trials of their daily life.

St. Timothy, Bishop and Martyr.

St. Timothy was a disciple of St. Paul. He was Bishop of Ephesus, and martyr, and died in 97. Born at Lystra, Lyaconia; attached himself about the year 51 to St. Paul, who associated him in all his apostolic labors; became the first Bishop of Ephesus in 65, where, being opposed to the celebration of a feast in honor of Diana, he was stoned to death. We have two Epistles of St. Paul to Timothy.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

I OFTEN WONDER WHY 'TIS SO.

- Some find work where some find rest,
And so the weary world goes on
I sometimes wonder which is best—
The answer comes when life is gone.
- Some eyes sleep when some eyes wake,
And so the dreary night hours go;
Some hearts beat where some hearts break.
I wonder why 'tis so.
- Some wills faint where some wills fight;
Some love the tent and some the field.
I often wonder who are right—
The ones who strive or those who yield.
- Some hands fold where other hands
Are lifted bravely in the strife;
And so through ages and through lands
Move on the two extremes of life.
- Some feet halt where some feet tread
In tireless march a thorny way;
Some struggle on where some have fled.
Some seek when others shun the fray.
- Some swords rust where others clash,
Some fall back where some move on.
Some flags furl where others flash
Until the battle has been won.
- Some sleep on while others keep
The vigils of the true and brave;
They will not rest till roses creep
Around their name above the grave.

—Father Ryan.

The 'Advocate' reports the death of the Rev. Brother Bernard Joseph Morgan, a venerable and exemplary member of his Order.

The Storyteller

A SIXTEENTH CENTURY HEROINE

It was an old escritoire, black with age, the four corners brass-tipped, and the top transparent with many polishings. It had spidery legs and feet that sprawled amid the oases of the time-worn carpet like some grotesque insect. When it was opened, a delicious odor of pot-pourri filled the room, and also revealed numberless little drawers with mother-of-pearl knobs that were reflected in the blackness of the wood like so many miniature ghosts.

The house to which this treasure belonged bore a certain resemblance to the escritoire, inasmuch as it preserved the same dignified front to the inroads of time. It was old and gray, but its walls were stout, and had stood many a blockade when the bullets whistled round it like hail, and the clang of arms resounded as Irish pike crossed English steel in fierce encounter. And, as if to hide its wounds, a glory of ivy clothed it in a robe of russet brown, wherein the birds nestled and sang, and a broad green meadow fronted it, sloping down to the river, and in the meadow there was a fairy ring where the little folks came out o' nights in the moonlight and danced a fairy measure to the sound of weird music.

To the lonely child lying amid the long grasses at the river brink, the old house was a veritable palace of dreams. Sometimes the sun kissed it, and the diamond-paned windows flamed with lights which were reflected in the river, and to the watcher came visions of ladies in farthingales and brave knights in armor and battles fought and won, until her little brain, tired with thinking, would wander from her enchanted garden into the dream-land of sleep.

It was in this ancient house that I, Eithne, daughter of the O'More, one of the gallant eleven who held the bridge at Athlone, first saw the light. After that desperate fight we fled to France. My mother had the spirit of a hero, and rejoiced rather than grieved that my father had died in such a glorious cause.

After the signing of the Treaty of Limerick we returned to the old home, where we lived in the strictest retirement. In those days my education would have been sadly neglected had it not been for my mother and Peggie, our ancient serving-woman, for the Penal Laws were still in force, though not so severe, and unless one conformed to the so-called established religion it was next to impossible to acquire an education. Peggie jabbered to me in French, having learned the language during our sojourn at St. Cloud.

I called her ma bonne; indeed, with her huge white crimped cap, underneath which her face shone like a rosy pippin, she looked not unlike a French nurse. What was more useful, she taught me the mystery of pot-hooks. Many an hour I spent at the old escritoire trying to form letters, my fingers smudged with ink, a quill pen in my hand, and my forehead puckered with the effort, Peggie standing over me in despair.

From mother I learned the harpsichord, and how to dance a minuet. I could flirt my fan and twist my small person in ludicrous imitation of the court beauties, much to the delight of Peggie, who never tired watching me. Mother also taught me to embroider. I soon became proficient in the art, and my first attempt was an emerald green silken banner, on which shamrocks and the Fleur de Lis of France were entwined. To Peggie, in a great secret, I confided that I intended sending it to Sarsfield, who was in France fighting the enemies of Ireland. Next to my father he was my greatest hero.

These accomplishments I greatly liked, but abhorred my pot-hook lesson. To escape it, I would quietly hie me to the river where my curragh was always at hand, and my wolf-hound Finn lay basking in the sun awaiting my appearance. With Finn seated at its prow I would row to my favorite haunts. Ah! those were the golden hours as we glided past the emerald-tinted banks with round towers and castles standing like gray sentinels, past the fields of yellow corn waving in the breeze, past the wood of young larches where the sun filtered through in a fairy network of light, past the great black thicket where the ogre lurked waiting to devour perverse young maids who would not hearken to their mother's advice. I always trembled when I passed that wood, knowing well that I came under that category. Finn would glance at me with a look almost human in his soft