

## Friends at Court

### CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- April 28, Sunday.—Fourth Sunday after Easter.  
 „ 29, Monday.—St. Peter, Martyr.  
 „ 30, Tuesday.—St. Catherine of Siena, Virgin.  
 May 1, Wednesday.—SS. Philip and James, Apostles.  
 „ 2, Thursday.—St. Athanasius, Bishop and Confessor.  
 „ 3, Friday.—Finding of the Holy Cross.  
 „ 4, Saturday.—St. Monica, Widow.

#### SS. Philip and James, Apostles.

St. Philip was a native of Bethsaida in Galilee, and was called to the Apostleship on the day after the vocation of St. Peter. From several facts mentioned in the Gospels, he appears to have been specially dear to his Divine Master. After the descent of the Holy Ghost, he preached in Scythia and Phrygia. He lived to an advanced age, and finally received the crown of martyrdom at Hierapolis, in Phrygia.

St. James, surnamed the Less, on account of his stature or youth, was a brother of the Apostle St. Jude, and a relation of the Blessed Virgin, being a son of her sister or cousin. He was called to the Apostolate in the second year of our Lord's public ministry. After Pentecost, St. James became the first Bishop of Jerusalem, and took a prominent part in the Council of the Apostles held in that city in 51. He was stoned to death by the Jews, A.D. 62.

#### The Finding of the Holy Cross.

This festival has been celebrated in the Latin Church since the fifth or sixth century. It commemorates the discovery of St. Helena, mother of the Emperor Constantine, A.D. 326, of the Cross on which our Blessed Saviour suffered. In the words of St. Jerome: 'If the ark was held in such high veneration by the Jews, how much more ought Christians respect the wood of the Cross whereon our Saviour offered Himself a bleeding victim for our sins? Christ selected the Cross to be the glorious instrument of His victory, and the Cross is the standard under which all His followers must fight His battles.'

### GRAINS OF GOLD.

#### QUEEN OF THE MAY.

The fairest of flowers,  
 Sweet Virgin, we bring,  
 To lay at thy altar  
 While glad voices sing:  
 And each heart is weaving  
 Its garland to-day,  
 To crown thee, our Lady,  
 The Queen of the May!

Life may hold its burden  
 Of sorrow and tears,  
 And sin may endeavor  
 To darken the years—  
 But wilt thou remember,  
 Though far we may stray,  
 How pure were our hearts when  
 We crowned thee in May?

And so, while our voices  
 Thy praises proclaim,  
 In fond supplication  
 We murmur thy name—  
 Ah! grant that our souls  
 At the end of life's way  
 May crown thee in heaven  
 Our Queen of the May!

None but God, eternal and incomprehensible, Who fills all things, can afford true comfort to the soul and true joy to the heart.

## The Storyteller

### FABIOLA;

OR,

### THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMBS

(BY CARDINAL WISEMAN.)

#### Part First—Peace

#### CHAPTER XVIII.—TEMPTATION.

Very early next morning a mule and guide came to the door of Chromatius's villa. On it was packed a moderate pair of saddle-bags, the whole known property of Torquatus. Many friends were up to see him off, and receive from him the kiss of peace ere he departed. May it not prove like that of Gethsemani! Some whispered a kind, soft word in his ear, exhorting him to be faithful to the graces he had received; and he earnestly, and probably sincerely, promised that he would. Others, knowing his poverty, put a little present into his hand, and entreated him to avoid his old haunts and acquaintances. Polycarp, however, the director of the community, called him aside; and with fervent words, and flowing tears, conjured him to correct the irregularities, slight, perhaps, but threatening, which had appeared in his conduct, repress the levity which had manifested itself in his bearing, and cultivate more all Christian virtues. Torquatus, also with tears, promised obedience, knelt down, kissed the good priest's hand, and obtained his blessing; then received from him letters of recommendation for his journey, and a small sum for his moderate expenses.

At length all was ready; the last farewell was spoken, the last good wish expressed; and Torquatus, mounted on his mule, with his guide at its bridle, proceeded slowly along the straight avenue which led to the gate. Long after every one else had re-entered the house, Chromatius was standing at the door, looking wistfully, with a moist eye, after him. It was just such a look as the prodigal's father kept fixed on his departing son.

As the villa was not on the high road, this modest quadrupedal conveyance had been hired to take him across the country to Fundi (now Fondi), as the nearest point where he could reach it. There he was to find what means he could for prosecuting his journey. Fabiola's purse, however, had set him very much at ease on that score.

The road by which he travelled was varied in its beauties. Sometimes it wound along the banks of the Liris, gay with villas and cottages. Then it plunged into a miniature ravine, in the skirts of the Apennines, walled in by rocks, matted with myrtle, aloes, and the wild vine amidst which white goats shone like spots of snow; while beside the path gurgled and wriggled on a tiny brook, that seemed to have worked itself into the bright conceit that it was a mountain torrent; so great was the bustle and noise with which it pushed on, and pretended to foam, and appeared to congratulate itself loudly on having achieved a waterfall by leaping down two stones at a time, and plunging into an abyss concealed by a wide acanthus-leaf. Then the road emerged, to enjoy a wide prospect of the vast garden of Campania, with the blue bay of Cajeta, in the background, speckled by the white sails of its craft, that looked at that distance like flocks of bright-plumed waterfowl, basking and fluttering on a lake.

What were the traveller's thoughts amidst these shifting scenes of a new act in his life's drama? Did they amuse him? did they delight him? did they elevate him, or did they depress? His eye scarcely noted them. It had run on far beyond them, to the shady porticoes and noisy streets of the capital. The dusty garden and the artificial fountain, the marble bath and the painted vault, were more beautiful in his eyes than fresh autumn vineyards, pure streams, purple ocean, and azure sky. He did not, of course, for a moment turn his thoughts towards its foul deeds and impious practices, its luxury, its debauchery, its pro-