

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- June 22, Sunday.—Within the Octave of Corpus Christi.
 „ 23, Monday.—Of the Octave.
 „ 24, Tuesday.—Nativity of St. John the Baptist.
 „ 25, Wednesday.—Of the Octave of Corpus Christi.
 „ 26, Thursday.—Octave of Corpus Christi.
 „ 27, Friday.—Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.
 „ 28, Saturday.—St. Leo II., Pope and Confessor.

Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Since the Person of Christ, including His human nature, is the object of divine adoration, the worship which is due to His Person is due to all that is united to His Person. For this reason the Fifth General Council condemned the Nestorians, who introduced two adorations as to two separate natures and to two separate persons. The Council affirms that one adoration is to be offered to the Word united to His humanity. The material object of this divine adoration is Christ, God, and man; the formal object or the reason for which this divine adoration is given to Him in both natures is the divinity of the Incarnate Son. Thus the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the human heart which the Son of God took from the substance of His Immaculate Mother, is adored with divine worship in heaven and on earth—at the right hand of His Father and in His real presence in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar. "Devotion to the Sacred Heart reveals to us the personal love of our Divine Redeemer towards each and every one for whom He died. It is a manifestation of His pity, tenderness, compassion, and mercy to sinners and to penitents. Nevertheless, its chief characteristic and its dominant note is His disappointment at the return we make to Him for His love."—Cardinal Manning.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

HEAR THE HEART OF JESUS PLEADING.

Hear the Heart of Jesus pleading,
 "Come and sweetly rest in Me,
 With a peace and joy exceeding,
 Meek and humble ever be:
 In My Heart, serene and holy,
 All your selfish cares resign,
 Dearest Jesus, meek and lowly,
 Make, oh, make our hearts like Thine!

Purer than the lily's whiteness,
 Fairer than the fairest snows,
 In the beauty and the brightness
 Of your soul I seek repose;
 Calmly keep your hearts before Me
 From the stain of passion free.
 Heart of Jesus! we implore Thee,
 Make, oh, make us pure like Thee.

Heart of love: in Thee confiding,
 We shall learn to do Thy will;
 In Thy sacred wounds abiding,
 Burning love our breasts shall fill.
 We shall bless Thee and obey Thee,
 Ever serve Thee faithfully;
 Sweetest Heart! we humbly pray Thee,
 Let us live and die in Thee!

—Eleanor C. Donnelly.

Work tends to make a man healthy, virtuous, and cheerful. If a man does not apply himself to doing something good, he will turn to evil. Vice and idleness always go hand in hand.

Let us accept our trials in a spirit of humility, of penance for our own sins and for those which are committed around us. To suffer for God is a happiness.—*Mother M. of the Sacred Heart.*

The Storyteller

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

(By arrangement with Messrs. Burns and Oates, London.)

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.—IN THE OLD CHURCHES.

Besides the sensations produced by the mere presence of vastness enriched with beauty felt by the wanderer in foreign churches, he will often, if at all peacefully minded, be conscious of an influence which grows on him as he proceeds, and springs from the continual association with the large and gracious company of the saints, whose images people the walls. Gathered from all ends of the earth the faithful servants stand in God's house, their sculptured faces shining with the smile of the glorified spirit that is far away, sunned in the light of paradise. Enshrined high above our heads, clothed with strength, their feet lifted for ever out of thorny ways, they would seem at first to be not of our kind, till presently the sword, the palm, the wheel remind us of the toils and wounds with which they fought the battle of life and scaled the heights of eternity. Cecilia, with sword and lyre, Vincent de Paul and his clinging babes, Dorothea blooming among the roses, the great Christopher stemming the torrent—who shall call the roll of the beautiful army? Far over our heads, our thoughts, they are gazing, wrapped in the contemplation of their ineffable secret, or they look down pityingly on pilgrims still faring below. Weary, poverty-stricken, heartbroken, they dragged themselves to God's gate, too feeble even to knock: what they knew when it opened to them is not told. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard" aught of the mystery whose sweetness lies locked behind the silence of their marble lips; but whither they have penetrated we too may come; the bliss they taste we also may share. Passing from church to church the Christian will find himself eagerly looking for certain angelic countenances, as the links of a living litany followed by his heart. Beauty, Fortitude, Meekness, Fervor, each embodied virtue has a face that he has learned to greet as the face of a friend. Stately Barbara, with her tower of strength; delicate Elizabeth among her cripples; Francis surrounded by his lepers and birds; the meek and mighty Paul—every one stands serene in his own place. Happy are the feet that linger reverently before their sculptured semblance, blessed the hearts that muse on the lovely lessons of the imperishable lives they recall.

Even a mind little given to religious thought will find a soothing influence from the presence of this white company. Gradually and almost unconsciously the hearts of Honeywood and Kevin were swayed by the silent meanings of holy faces, whose smile when living had given help and hope to humanity; of folded hands, whose toil had been the charity of Christ. Great must be the Master whose servants are such, is the thought such meanings lead up to, and eyes of those whose work may still be waiting for them, whose pilgrimage is far from its close, will turn, laden with it, to the face of the Redeemer, whose behests these strong ones have fulfilled.

Day after day our travelling friends explored the strange old churches of Verona. Leaving the noisy, deep-colored streets and piazza where the strong sun burned fiercely down on haughty palace, ancient dwelling, and tower frowning with all the arrogance of bygone warlike days, the strangers raised the heavy curtain meant to shut out a world of passion, and stepped from glow and glare into dimness and mystery. As strange, in their own way, as its colossal fortresses and fantastic tombs, are the churches of Verona, with a solemn, half-barbaric splendor all their own.