

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- May 1, Sunday.—Fifth Sunday after Easter. SS. Philip and James, Apostles.
 „ 2, Monday.—St. Athanasius, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor. Rogation Day.
 „ 3, Tuesday.—Finding of the Holy Cross. Rogation Day.
 „ 4, Wednesday.—St. Monica, Widow. Rogation Day.
 „ 5, Thursday.—Ascension of Our Lord. Holiday of Obligation.
 „ 6, Friday.—St. John at the Latin Gate.
 „ 7, Saturday.—St. Benedict II., Pope and Confessor.

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 by 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.'

The Ascension of Our Lord. Holiday of Obligation.

Christ risen from the dead remained forty days on earth, instructing His Apostles, and proving beyond all doubt the truth of His Resurrection. At the end of that time He ascended into Heaven from Mount Olivet, in full view of His Apostles. Thus He secured for His sacred humanity the happiness and glory which He had merited by His sufferings, and at the same time opened to us the gates of Heaven. From the time of the Apostles this event has been commemorated in the Church by a special feast.

GRAINS OF GOLD

FAITH AND LOVE.

God, Who registers the cup
 Of mere cold water for His sake
 To a disciple rendered up,
 Disdains not His own thirst to slake
 At the poorest love ever offered,
 And because my heart I proffered,
 With true love trembling at the brim,
 He suffers me to follow Him
 Forever, my own way—dispensed
 From seeking to be influenced
 By all the less immediate ways
 That earth, in worships manifold,
 Adopts to reach by prayer and praise
 The garment's hem, which, lo, I hold!

—Robert Browning.

We tarnish the splendor of our best actions by often speaking of them.

A fault which humbles a man is of more use to him than a good action which puffs him up with pride.

Let us have the faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it.

Strength lies in character. Deceit is weakness; sham and pretence are enfeebling. Only the genuine and the sincere are worth while.

The man who prefers to live a quiet life, doing his daily duty faithfully, is more truly successful and happy than he who aspires to reach the heights of fame and riches, but fails to see that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.

Let each one accept his task—a task which should fill his life. It may be very humble; it will not be the less useful. Never mind what it is so long as it exists and keeps you erect. When you have regulated it without excess, just the quantity you are able to accomplish each day, it will cause you to live in health and in joy.

Good nature is one of the best assets a woman can have. A good-natured woman is always welcome even when she is rather slow-witted, and a woman of the opposite class is to be dreaded and shunned, because whatever brightness she possesses is of the personal kind. Many a woman, brilliant and entertaining, is feared quite as much as she is admired, because even her closest friends are not safe from her wit and satire. Many a social engagement is broken on account of such women. Good nature, like other desirable attributes, can be cultivated. One can be educated to accept little annoyances with complacency. The victory over one disagreeable thing gives strength to meet the next two, and when the philosophy that teaches one to remedy ills when a remedy is possible and accept the incurable ones with fortitude and good nature, is learned, life is comparatively smooth.

The Storyteller

THE CREAMERY GIRL

The Creamery Girl, as Michael Kilrush had learned to call her, going the road to Curraclough Creamery of a May morning, was fresh as the dew and sweet as a May blossom. She was dressed always in cool, clean prints, blue as her eyes or pink as her cheeks. With a sunbonnet a-top of her neat, shining hair and little brogans on her feet, with blue worsted stockings knitted by her own clever hands, she was as pretty as a picture.

Even Michael Kilrush, the hard-headed, shrewd, practical 'strong' farmer—a 'strong' farmer being in Ireland a prosperous one—found the neat figure uncommonly pleasant when he passed it two or three times a week in the early morning, he being on his way to fair or market, while she was at the creamery to receive the milk as it came in and to pour it into the wide shallow pans on the dairy shelves.

'That 'ud be the girl for my money,' the old fellow said to himself one morning, his set mouth relaxing from its grimness. 'If it was to be the like of her now, and not that girl that went to America in the spring, that omadhaum of a son of mine was to be after lookin' to marry!'

It was on the morning when the Creamery Girl had taken a stone out of the mare's foot for old Michael. Michael always drove a rather antediluvian jaunting car, but the mare had a bit of blood in her, and although she was old could yet show a clean pair of heels to her younger rivals.

It was in the first golden hours of the day, with the dewdrops glistening on all the wet grass blades, and Michael, in a great hurry to Tullybrackey Fair, where he had a few bullocks to sell, was fuming while he tried to hammer the stone out with another picked up on the road.

'Is it a stone she's got in the hoof of her, the creature?' asked the softest voice, just by his head.

Michael stood upright, his face very red from his exertion, and stared at the Creamery Girl, who this morning was attired in a lilac print, prettier even than the blue and pink ones, though Michael had thought they could not be improved upon.

'She has,' he said, 'an' I on the way to the fair. Sorra a bit of me can stir the ould stone. What am I to do at all, at all?'

'Let me,' said the girl.

'Is it you?' said Michael, with rough gallantry. 'What would a little girl like you know about how to take a stone from a horse's hoof?'

Whisking her lilac skirt aside, revealing a stout linen pocket suspended from her waist under her skirt, she felt among its contents for what she wanted, and brought out a penknife, which seemed to have many uses besides the ordinary one. She opened something which revealed itself as a kind of hook. Stooping down, she lifted the mare's foot and looked into it. Old Michael stared in amazement. The mare did not usually permit liberties to be taken with her by strangers. Then with a deft twist of the little instrument the stone rattled on the road.

She put down the foot gently, and slipped the knife into her pocket again. Old Michael looked at her in wonder and delight. He had never seen her so close before. She was wonderfully bright and shining, her skin of a satin smoothness of texture, and the waves of hair under her bonnet and about her ears like yellow silk.

'Tis the clever little girl you are,' he said, 'and it's a very nate contrivance you have in that knife of yours.'

'Tis nothing,' she said. 'Twas bought for me in Limerick.'

'Twas a rale box of tools you had in it!' said Michael. 'An' now, my girl, supposin' you get up the other side of the car, an' I'll lave you at the creamery gates in no time. 'Tis wettin' your feet you'll be crossin' the fields.'

'Tis very kind of you, sir,' said the girl, without hesitation, pulling down the other side of the car and stepping up on it lightly.

'I'll give you a lift any time at all I'll be comin' this way,' said Michael. 'Tis a bit of a walk across the fields an' a heavy dew most mornings.'

'Thank you kindly, Mr. Kilrush,' said the girl.

'So you know my name, aushla?'

'Doesn't everyone know Mr. Kilrush?' said the girl, with an air of innocent audacity.

Michael did not object to the flattery. It was true that he was well known and well respected, a man who had a good balance at the bank besides shares in this or that company, and had plenty of gear as well as money. His long low white house with the stockyard behind it was a comfortable sight. He had eight horses for his farm-work, plenty of cattle and sheep and pigs. All his fortune he had made with his own hands and head. And to think that that foolish boy of his had wanted to bring home a girl from a bankrupt family, and had threatened to go away out of it to America after her! He was getting over it, the father thought, though at first he had been sulky and rebellious. As though the man who made the money hadn't a right to a word in its ultimate disposal! Still,