

## Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

February 24, Sunday.—Sexagesima Sunday.  
 „ 25, Monday.—St. Matthias, Apostle.  
 „ 26, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.  
 „ 27, Wednesday.—Of the Feria.  
 „ 28, Thursday.—Of the Feria.  
 „ 29, Friday.—Of the Feria.  
 March 1, Saturday.—Office of the Blessed Virgin.

### St. Matthias, Apostle.

After the Ascension of Our Lord, St. Matthias was chosen by lot to fill the place which the treachery and suicide of Judas had left vacant. Tradition assigns as the place of his labors and martyrdom Cappadocia and the countries bordering on the Black and Caspian Seas.

### Grains of Gold

SERVICE.

I was longing to serve my Master,  
 And lo! I was laid aside,  
 From the party of busy workers  
 Who toiled the fields so wide.  
 They were few—yes, few in number,  
 And I could not understand,  
 Why I should be kept inactive:  
 'Twas so different from what I had planned.

I was longing to serve my Master,  
 I knew that the work was great;  
 To me it was easy to labor,  
 But oh! it was hard to wait.  
 To lie quite still and be silent,  
 While the song was borne to my ear  
 Of the reapers with whom I had mingled  
 In the work to my heart so dear.

I was longing to serve my Master,  
 Ah! this was my one fond thought;  
 For this I was ever pleading,  
 When His footstool in prayer I sought,  
 And the seasons of sweet communing  
 Were few and far apart;  
 Not of Him so much as His service,  
 Were the thoughts that filled my heart.

I was longing to serve my Master,  
 He led to a desert place,  
 And there, as we stopped and rested,  
 His eyes looked down in my face—  
 So full of tender reproaching,  
 They filled me with sad surprise,  
 Did He think I had grudged my service,  
 And counted it sacrifice?

“Oh, Master, I long to serve Thee,  
 The time is so short at best!  
 Let me back to the fields,” I pleaded:  
 “I care not to stay and rest.”  
 I knelt at His feet imploring,  
 I gazed in His face above.  
 “My child,” He said gently, “your service  
 Is nothing without your love.”

I was longing to serve my Master,  
 I thought that His greatest care  
 Was to keep all His workers busy,  
 In reaping the sheaves so fair.  
 But there in the lonely desert,  
 Afar from the busy scene,  
 It dawned on me slowly and sadly,  
 Where the awful mistake had been.

My mind was so full of service,  
 I had drifted from Him apart,  
 And He longed for the old confiding,  
 The union of heart with heart.  
 I sought and received forgiveness,  
 While my eyes with tears were dim;  
 And now though the work is still precious,  
 The first place is kept for Him.

## The Storyteller

### Knoekmagow

OR

### The Homes of Tipperary

(By C. J. KIOKHAM.)

CHAPTER L.—(Continued.)

Edmund Kiely looked the very opposite of the pale, slightly built student whose thin hand he grasped in his warm palm, while his blue eyes and fresh, laughing face beamed with hearty good-nature. Edmund, as his little sister Grace used to say, was a “jolly fellow,” never by any chance out of spirits for more than five minutes at a time. And yet the two friends whose society he most loved were Arthur O'Connor and Hugh Kearney. His father wished him to commence the study of the law, as he had a strong dislike to his own profession. But the young man had set his heart upon an open-air life, and in order to prevent his flying away to the antipodes, or to hunt buffaloes on the prairies of the West, Doctor Kiely promised to purchase some land for him in Ireland when a favorable opportunity presented itself. And Mr. Edmund Kiely is now one of those enviable mortals who have nothing on earth to trouble them. He and Arthur and Father Carroll had made several tours together, which proved such out-and-out pleasant affairs, that he is now bent upon adding one more to the number.

“I like the look of your house,” he said, as he shook hands with the priest at the door of his thatched domicile. “There is something suggestive of the romantic about it. I have no doubt many a runaway couple dismounted at this door in the good old times, to demand the services of Father Cleary. Oh,” he exclaimed on entering the parlor, “surely that armchair in the corner must have belonged to him. I can almost fancy I see the venerable old *soggyarth* sitting in it at the present moment.

“Yes; it and all the rest of the furniture belonged to him,” Father Carroll replied. “I bought them all at the auction; and though, as you see, they are not over elegant or expensive articles, I am in debt on account of them for the first time in my life.”

“And talking of romance,” Edmund went on, “of course, it was in this room Sir Thomas Butler's brother was married. I'd like to know all about it. Did you ever see his wife?”

“No; but Arthur can tell you all about it. She was his cousin.”

“So she was, sir,” old Mrs. Hayes, the housekeeper, who was laying the table, quietly observed—somewhat to Edmund's surprise. “You'd think he'd break his heart crying after poor Miss Annie. ‘O uncle,’ he used to say, ‘what made you let that old man take her away?’ An' sure he wasn't an old man, though he was stooped and delicate-looking. We all thought he was only a painter, or an artist, as he used to say; but he told Father Ned who he was, an' when he saw poor Miss Annie so given for him, consent to the marriage. The poor thing got delicate soon after, an' when she found that his brother and family were makin' little of him, I know it used to fret her. He took her away to Italy for the air, for he was as fond of her as of his life. But she only held two years, an' her last letter to her uncle would bring tears from a rock, 'twas so movin'. Her husband, she said, was as kind an' lovin' as ever, an' she was sure he'd be kind an' lovin' to her little Annie when she was gone.”

“How did they happen to become acquainted first?” Edmund asked, as Mrs. Hayes took her bunch of keys from her pocket, and ostentatiously shook them, preparatory to unlocking one of the drawers of the brass-mounted desk.

“Well,” Mrs. Hayes replied, as she selected the key she wanted from the bunch, “herself an' Father Ned gave three weeks that year at the water. An', it seems, Mr. Butler spent all his time abroad learning the paintin' business—an' sure, I never see a man so fond of anything as he was of makin' pictures. He painted all Major French's