

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

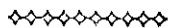
- March 9, Sunday.—First Sunday in Lent.
 „ 10, Monday.—The Forty Martyrs of Sabaste.
 „ 11, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 12, Wednesday.—St. Gregory the Great. Pope,
 Confessor, and Doctor. Ember
 Day. Fast.
 „ 13, Thursday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 14, Friday.—Of the Feria. Ember Day. Fast.
 „ 15, Saturday.—Of the Feria. Ember Day. Fast.
 (No abstinence.)

The Forty Martyrs of Sabaste.

These holy martyrs were soldiers from different countries, but serving in the same troop. By order of the Governor of Armenia, they were exposed naked, in the depth of winter, on a frozen pond in the neighborhood of Sebaste, A.D. 320.

St. Gregory the Great, Pope, Confessor, and Doctor.

St. Gregory was born in Rome about the year 540. In 590 he endeavored in vain to decline the dignity of Supreme Pontiff, to which he was elected on the death of Pelagius II. In the calamities which befell Italy in consequence of the invasion of the Lombards, St. Gregory showed himself a father to all in distress. He was most successful in maintaining the purity of Catholic doctrine in some of the countries where heresies had arisen. In 597 he sent a number of monks, with St. Austin at their head, to preach the Gospel in England. He died in 604, having by his eminent holiness, great erudition, and illustrious achievements earned for himself the title of "The Great."



Grains of Gold

A MONK'S VISION.

I read a legend of a monk who painted
 In an old convent cell in days by-gone,
 Pictures of martyrs and of virgins-sainted,
 And the sweet Christ-face with crown of thorn.

Poor daubs, not fit to be a chapel's treasure,
 Full many a taunting word upon them fell;
 But the good abbot let him, for his pleasure,
 Adorn with them his solitary cell.

One night the poor monk mused: "Could I but render
 Honor to Christ as other painters do,
 Were but my skill as great as is the tender
 Love that inspires me when His cross I view!

"But no; 'tis vain! I toil and strive in sorrow;
 What man so scorns still less can He admire;
 My life's work is all valueless; to-morrow
 I'll cast my ill-wrought pictures in the fire."

He raised his eyes within his cell—O wonder!
 There stood a visitor; thorn-crowned was He,
 And a sweet voice that silence rent asunder:
 "I scorn no work that's done for love of Me."

And round the walls the paintings shone resplendent
 With lights and colors to this world unknown;
 A perfect beauty, and a hue transcendent
 That never yet on mortal canvas shone.

There is a meaning to the strange old story;
 Let none dare judge his brother's worth or need;
 The pure intent gives to the act its glory—
 The noblest purpose makes the grandest deed.



The Storyteller



Knocknagow

OR

The Homes of Tipperary

(By C. J. KIOKHAM.)

CHAPTER LI.—MAT DONOVAN IN TRAMORE—MRS. KEARNEY AND HER "OWN CAR"—THE "COULIN."

Tramore—the "Great Strand"—is a household word in very many Tipperary homes. There the child gets the first sight of those waves, whose singing had been so often listened to in the sea-shell on the parlor chimney-piece; and there the grandsire, leaning upon his staff, gazes for the last time upon the same waves with wonder and delight more childish than the child's. Few married couples will you meet along the Golden Vale, and for many a mile to right and left of it, who have not wandered over that level, velvety strand, or reclined upon the sloping turf above the steep shore, while the bay flashed in the autumn sun, when life's journey seemed to them a very "path of rays." And when the corn is "drawn in," and the orchard "shook," and October frosts make it pleasant to come within the glow of the farmer's fire, see if the mention of "Tramore" will not call a dreamy look into the eyes of stalwart youths and blushing maidens!

Yes, pleasant memories of the sea are cherished in the homes of Tipperary. Yet who could ever look upon the sea without a sigh for the homes of Tipperary—and the homes of Ireland?

Father Carroll and his two young friends were walking down the steep street towards the beach, when Edmund exclaimed:

"Surely, that is Mat Donovan with the spade in his hand. What on earth can have brought him here?"

Mat was greeted as an old acquaintance by both Edmund and Father Carroll, but Arthur O'Connor had never seen him before, and contented himself with admiring the broad shoulders and sinewy limbs of the young peasant.

"Miss Mary, an' Miss Ann, an' the Misthress, sir," said Mat, in reply to a question from Father Carroll. "We're goin' home to-morrow, an' the misthress wouldn't be satisfied to have anyone dhrove 'em but myself, an' she sent for the car the week before last, so that I'm here now nearly a fortnight."

The fact was, Mrs. Kearney found that her neighbor, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, had her own car at the seaside, and discovered at the same time that she herself was by no means well, and required "the sea air" to bring her round. Mary pointed to the window-curtain, which was fanning her mother's face at the moment, as she watched the breakers leaping up to clasp the dusky cliffs in their white arms, and then slide down and hide themselves in the bosom of the blue waves that rolled in as if to call back the truants to their proper home.

"What do you mean?" says Mrs. Kearney with severity, on observing the laugh in Mary's blue eyes.

"Is there not sea air enough here?" returned Mary. "And sure you can sit' on the rocks, or on one of the seats on the Doneraile Walk. You have the sea air wherever you go."

But Mrs. Kearney had made up her mind that the sea air could only be taken in its purity while driving in "her own car" down to the Rabbit-burrow and back again. And so the car and the old mare and Mat Donovan were sent for; and every day after their arrival Mrs. Kearney might be seen, with her plump hands fo'ed over her stomach, jogging slowly by the tide—which ever and anon glided under the old mare's feet and startled the two young ladies on the other side of the car, whose exclamations were utterly ignored by their mamma, as she gave her whole mind to the "sea air"; with Mat Donovan "in an ezad"—to borrow his own expression—on the driver's seat. For Mat's legs were long and the driver's seat was low, and he always descended from his throne after a long drive, vowing that he was metamorphosed into the last letter of the alphabet.