

## Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- April 6, Sunday.—Passion Sunday.  
 „ 7, Monday.—Of the Feria.  
 „ 8, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.  
 „ 9, Wednesday.—Of the Feria.  
 „ 10, Thursday.—Of the Feria.  
 „ 11, Friday.—Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary.  
 „ 12, Saturday.—Of the Feria.

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The Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

To drink of that chalice of suffering which the Redeemer of mankind drained to the dregs has fallen to the lot of all the saints, but most of all to the Mother of God. Owing to the closeness of the sacred tie which bound her to her Divine Son she felt most keenly every danger which threatened Him, and every pang that wrung His Sacred Heart. Her seven principal sorrows, commemorated to-day were: the prophecy of St. Simeon, the flight into Egypt, the loss of the Child Jesus, the meeting with her Divine Son on the way to Calvary, the Crucifixion, the taking down from the Cross, and the burial of Our Lord.

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### Grains of Gold

MATER DOLOROSA.

His Mother?—aye, the Christ who suffers; dies,  
 Her Son—Oh! crown of sorrows passing deep,  
 Beside the Cross she stands with anguished eyes,  
 Each piercing stab doth feel, nor doth she weep,  
 Her Mother heart is rent with piteous woe.  
 Yet, even now, she greets the Father's Will.  
 Her Virgin soul great sacrifice doth show,  
 And Simeon's words their prophesy fulfill,  
 His voice she hears, her Jesus; passing sweet;  
 "I thirst"—and then the parching sponge of gall.  
 A Queen of Dolours crushed beneath His feet,  
 She suffers pangs of grief eclipsing all.  
 And how she views His mangled form and spent,  
 Her trembling lips doth press, His tortured head,  
 Her fingers touch each wound, each cruel dent,  
 And silent therē she mourns her Sacred Dead.  
 Our Mother? Yes, by that bright crimson stream,  
 Blest mediator framed on Calvary's sod;  
 Bright Star of Hope, divine, effulgent beam,  
 To light each toil-worn life to bliss, to God!

EASTER DUTY.

Easter duty is an obligation now incumbent upon all Catholics. The Church attaches to the non-fulfilment of the Easter duty her gravest penalty. Those who fail to receive Holy Communion between the first Sunday in Lent and Trinity Sunday, through culpable negligence, not only commit a mortal sin, but are no longer considered practical Catholics, and are liable to the penalty of excommunication.

CHARITY.

There are three theological virtues, faith, hope, and charity. All Christians have faith, most of them have hope, it is charity that is most frequently found wanting. Yet St. Paul says that the greatest of these is charity. Catholic life is energised by charity. If we say that we have faith, that we have hope, and yet fail in charity to God or to our neighbor, we are boasting. If we have not charity, all else will profit us nothing. This is why the Holy Father in his programme for pacification places such insistence on charity. If the world forgets, and turns cold to God or fellowmen; let Catholics give the example.

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REFLECTIONS.

Brother, body is our cell, and the soul is the hermit who dwells in it, there to pray to the Lord and meditate.—St. Francis of Assisi.

For, of a truth all goods come from Thee, O God; and from my God is all my health.—St. Augustine.

One God without division in a Trinity of persons, and three persons without confusion in a unity of substance.—St. Leo's Statement of the Trinity.



## The Storyteller

### Knocknagow

OR

### The Homes of Tipperary

(By C. J. KIOKHAM.)

CHAPTER LIII.—THE HURLING IN THE KILN-FIELD.—CAPTAIN FRENCH THROWS THE SLEDGE AGAINST MAT THE THRASHER.—BARNEY IN TROUBLE.—FATHER McMAHON'S "PROUD WALK."

"What a pity it is," said Mrs. Kearney, "that Mr. Lowe is not a Catholic. 'Pon my word he's good enough to be one. And 'tis often my uncle Dan said the same of his uncle."

Grace, who sat with Mr. Kearney on one side of the car, laughed as she turned quickly round and looked at Mary, who was with her mother on the other side.

They were returning from last Mass, and Mr. Lowe stood outside the door to hand the ladies off the car.

"I wonder Richard would be making such a fool of himself about that Kathleen Hanly," continued Mrs. Kearney; "walking by the side of their old phaeton all the way from Kiltubber, instead of driving home with Hugh in the gig, and leaving poor Mr. Lowe by himself all the morning."

"Where is Wattletoes?" Mr. Kearney called out as he got off the car.

"This was his day to be at first Mass," Mrs. Kearney observed, "and he ought to be at home an hour ago."

"He was 'nt at first Mass then," said the dairymaid, who ran out on hearing her master's voice, and who had a grudge against Barney for a reason of her own. "He spent his mornin' at Kit Cummins's, card-playin' wud the lads."

Mrs. Kearney raised her hands in horror and amazement at this damning proof of Barney's wickedness. Running after ballad-singers, peep-shows, and Punches-and-Judys, were mere venial sins compared with losing Mass on Sunday; and spending the time with "the lads" deepened the offence to the darkest hue of guilt. A certain little club or fraternity, of whom one Andy Dooley (*alias* Andy Meeawe) was the leader and oracle, who frequented Kit Cummins's, were universally known as "the lads" or "the school"; and with them, we grieve to say, Barney was tempted to spend the morning, sitting upon a skillet, and playing "scoobeen" upon the bottom of Kit Cummins's wash-tub, which was turned upside down for the purpose. Barney, however, was hurrying home early enough to escape detection, counting his coppers on the way, when, in an evil hour, he espied Brummagem (who, owing to early impressions, could never be persuaded that anything more was required to keep holy the Sabbath-day than washing his face in the pool in the quarry, and drying it with his cap) placing a small stone on the smooth part of the road, and, after moving backwards half-a-dozen yards, pitching a penny at it. Barney pitched a penny at the "bob" too. It required a critical eye to judge which was the better pitch; but Brummagem, taking a bit of iron hoop from his pocket, used it as a rule, making it plain that his penny was the eighth of an inch nearer to the "bob." This Barney admitted by a nod of assent in reply to a look from Brummagem. The hopeful youth then laid a halfpenny on the bit of hoop and held it towards Barney, who placed another halfpenny beside it; and Brummagem, after solemnly spitting upon them for good luck, whirled both halfpence into the air with a peculiar movement of the wrist. They came down "heads," and Brummagem pocketed them in silence, and pitched again. So the pitching and tossing went on with varying luck till Tom Maher announced to Barney that the family were home from Mass "this hour," and that the mistress had found out how Barney had been engaged during the morning.

"Begob, I'm done for now for ever," exclaimed Barney. And he began to debate with himself whether it was to his mother's cabin above Glonnamuckadhee, or to his relations near Ballydunmore, he had better fly to escape Mrs. Kearney's wrath.

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