

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

July 6, Sunday.—Fourth Sunday after Pentecost.

„ 7, Monday.—SS. Cyril and Methodius, Bishops and Martyrs.

„ 8, Tuesday.—St. Elizabeth, Queen and Widow.

„ 9, Wednesday.—Of the Feria.

„ 10, Thursday.—Seven Brothers, Martyrs.

„ 11, Friday.—Blessed Oliver Plunket, Bishop and Martyr.

„ 12, Saturday.—St. John Gualbert, Abbot.

SS. Cyril and Methodius, Bishops and Confessors.

The conversion of the Moravians and other Slavic tribes was the work especially of SS. Cyril and Methodius, deservedly called the "Apostles of the Slavonians." They were brothers, born at Thessalonica, of an illustrious senatorial family. The mission of Cyril and Methodius in Moravia was crowned with wonderful results. They baptised Radislav, the king, and securely established Christianity in his country. Cyril invented a Slavic alphabet, called after him the "Cyrillic," and with the aid of his brother, translated the Holy Scriptures into Slavonian. Cyril died at Rome in 869, and Methodius in 885.

The Seven Brothers, Martyrs.

The seven saints whose glorious death is commemorated to-day were sons of St. Felicitas, and suffered at Rome about the middle of the second century. They were exhorted to constancy in suffering by their heroic mother, who herself soon after received the crown of martyrdom.

St. John Gualbert, Abbot.

St. John was born at Florence of noble parents in 999. Like many of the class to which he belonged, he grew up imbued with a pride which would neither brook opposition nor allow any injury to pass unavenged. Having, however, on one occasion, in obedience to the promptings of Divine Grace, forgiven a defenceless enemy, this exercise of Christian charity proved the beginning of his complete conversion. He entered a Benedictine monastery, and afterwards founded the famous abbey and Order of Vallombrosa. He died in 1073.

GRAINS OF GOLD THE CROSS.

Once, midst the long dark pall of night,
In restless lethargy,
I fain would lay aside the cross
That weighed me heavily.

When lo! as in a vision clear,
Three crosses filled my sight;
A cross of gold, a cross of flow'rs,
And one of purest white,

In ecstasy, I clasped the gold,
And basked within its ray;
Yet soon I stumbled 'neath the weight—
I put the cross away.

With eager arms, I grasped the flow'rs.
Fragrant of tropic lands;
Alas! with saddened heart I found,
Sharp thorns soon pierced my hands.

Anon, from out the sombre night,
A Voice spoke unto me;
"Go thou, and bear thine own cross well,
This white one is for thee."

—M. E. BEATON.

REFLECTIONS.

Let us therefore shake off and burst the bonds of sleepiness, and be instant and watch in prayer, as the Apostle exhorts us, saying Continue in prayer and watch in the same.—St. Cyprian.

The soul that seeks recreation out of the Creator, and consolation out of Christ, will never find them.—St. Philip Neri.

The Storyteller

Knocknagow

OR

The Homes of Tipperary

(By C. J. KIOKHAM.)

CHAPTER LXI.—(Continued.)

"Begob, Phil," Barney answered, when he had smacked his lips and wiped his mouth after the Ballinaclash bacon, "'tis all like a dhramo to me; but I don't much care as Bobby came home safe, as that was what was throublin' me." And Barney did look contented, and in a very happy frame of mind.

"But tell us where you went to and what kept you away so long."

"Well, whin the steamer dhrove off wud Mat, I felt so down-hearted I didn't know what to do wud myse'f. An' as Bobby wanted a rest, I walked up an' down lookin' at the ships. There was wan big wan full uv people, an' the sailors shoutin' an' singin' an' pullin' ropes, an' women an' childher roarin' an' bawlin' for the bare life, till you wouldn't know where you wor standin'. 'Is that Barney?' says some wan out from the middle uv 'em. An' who was id but a b'y from Ballingarry side that challenged Mat Donovan to rise a weight wan day at the colliery; an' begob he put Mat to the pin uv his collar the same day. So out he comes an' pulls me in on the deck; an' who the blazes did I see sittin' furninst me but Patherson the piper playin' away for the bare life. Thin three or four more fellows that wor in the habit uv comin' to the dance at the Bush med at me, an' you'd think they'd shake the hand off uv me. The divil a wan uv 'em that hadn't a bottle, an' I should take a small dhrop out uv every wan uv 'em for the sake uv ould times, as they said. Thin nothin' 'd do but I should dance a bout; an' Patherson changed the 'Exile of Eryin' to 'Tattered Jack Walsh' while you'd be lookin' about you. Well, Phil, you know that's wan of Callaghan's doubles, an' if I didn't show 'em what dancin' was, my name isn't Barney. But some way or other some wan knocked up agin me, an' my fut slipped on the boards, an' down I fell."

Here Barney scratched his head and fell into a reverie.

"Well?" said Phil Lahy. "What happened you when you fell?"

"That's what I'm thryin' to make out, Phil," returned Barney, "but I can't. Barrin' that I suppose I forgot to get up; for whin I kem to myse'f there I was on dher a hape uv canvas, an' Patherson lyin' o' top uv me gruntin' like an ould sow. 'Twasn't long any way till a couple uv sailors pulled us out, an' whin I stood up the divil a stand I could stand no more thin a calf afore his mother licks him. So there I was spinnin' about thryin' to studdy myse'f, when the flure slanted down, for all the world like as if a cart heeled an' you standin' in id, an' I was pitched head foremost, an' was d—n near dhrovin' my head through the captain's stummuck. 'Where's your passage-ticket?' says he, shoutin' out loud; for you couldn't hear your ears wud the wind, and the say dashin' up agin the sides uv the ship, till you'd think we wor goin' to be swollied afore you could bless yourse'f. 'Where's your ticket?' says the captain again, seein' that I had my arms twisted round a rope, an' I houldin' on for the bare life. 'Arra, what 'd I be doin' wud a passage-ticket?' says I, 'whin I'm not goin' anywhere.' 'Come, my good fellow,' says he, 'I want none of your humbuggin'. Hand me your ticket an' go below.' 'I'm not a cuddy at all,' says I. 'Let me go look afther me little ass.' 'He's a stole-away,' says the captain, turnin' to the mate. 'That's what they'll say at home,' says I, 'an' if you don't let me out, Bobby'll be a stole-away, too, God help me,' says I. 'An' where do you want to go?' says the captain, an' I see he couldn't help laughin'. 'Good look to you, captain,' says I, 'an' let me out on the quay uv Watherford, an' that's all I'll ax,' says I. 'We have another here,' says the mate, pintin' to Patherson, 'rowlin' hether an' over on the broad of his back.' 'That's the piper,' said the captain. 'What are we to do wud 'em?' 'Let

W. F. Short

MONUMENTAL SCULPTOR, POWDERHAM STREET, NEW PLYMOUTH
Every Description of Monumental Work undertaken in latest and up-to-date style