

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

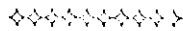
- July 13, Sunday.—Fifth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 14, Monday.—St. Bonaventure, Bishop, Confessor,
 and Doctor.
 „ 15, Tuesday.—St. Henry, Emperor.
 „ 16, Wednesday.—Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel.
 „ 17, Thursday.—St. Alexius, Confessor.
 „ 18, Friday.—St. Camillus, Confessor.
 „ 19, Saturday.—St. Vincent de Paul, Confessor.

St. Camillus of Lellis, Confessor.

St. Camillus was a native of the kingdom of Naples. Having embraced the military profession, he soon found himself reduced by his gambling propensities to the direst distress. Poverty became for him, through the Providence of God, the occasion of his conversion. Thenceforward he devoted himself to the care of the sick and dying, and for this purpose established a religious Order, the members of which are known as "Ministers of the Sick." St. Camillus died in Rome in 1614, at the age of 65.

St. Vincent de Paul, Confessor.

St. Vincent was born in the south of France. Having been ordained priest, his heart was touched by the state of spiritual destitution in which he found the remoter country districts of France. The remedy for this appeared to him to be a series of retreats, or missions, in which the Eternal Truths might be taught in a clear and vivid manner. For this purpose he instituted a Congregation of Priests, popularly known in English-speaking countries as Vincentians. Spurred on by his ardent charity, he founded many asylums, hospitals and orphanages, and established confraternities for the education of children, the care of the sick, and the relief of the destitute. St. Vincent died in 1660, at the age of 85.



GRAINS OF GOLD

M. A. R. Y.

What a precious name you carry,
 Little maid with eyes of blue;
 Just to think dear Mother Mary
 Shares her holy name with you!

Sweetest name in all the ages,
 Loved of God and loved of man;
 Honored by all saints and sages
 Ever since the world began;

Praised by countless voices ringing
 In the bright celestial choirs;
 Blessed by little children singing
 Hymns of thanks and fond desires.

Gracious with a grace supernal,
 Lovely as a moon in May,
 With a grace that is eternal—
 This the name you bear to-day.

'Tis a priceless gem you carry,
 Little girl with eyes of blue;
 Yet I know dear Mother Mary
 Gladly shares her name with you!

—H. M. KENNEDY.

The need of good influences is imperative in the crucial years of adolescence. What guidance shall be given to the ardors and enthusiasms, the hopes and ambitions of restless, unsettled youth? The truths of God must enrich the unfolding mind. The law of God must become the norm of conscience. The sense of personal responsibility to God must direct and control conduct. A thorough Catholic education is the perfect safeguard as youth makes its perilous advance into maturity of years.—Cardinal O'Connell.

The Storyteller

Knocknagow

OR

The Homes of Tipperary

(By C. J. KIORHAM.)

CHAPTER LXII.—(Continued.)

Grace was by no means unmoved by the passages in this letter in which Mary glanced at the sufferings of her poor neighbors, and the sad change that had come over Knocknagow, where, Grace used to say, the idea must have been suggested to her favorite poet:—

"You'd swear they knew no other mood
 But mirth and love in Tipperary."

But that allusion to Hugh and Miss Delany put her into a brown study. Could it be that matters had gone so far between him and Minnie Delany? He had only met her once, but Grace now remembered he was quite "taken up with her," and scarcely took any notice of herself. Grace was angry, and angry for being angry. For, what was it to her? The arrival of the dress for the ball—which fitted to perfection, and looked even more becoming than she expected—put everything else out of her head for an hour or two. Then, as she sat down to take breath, after trying the effect of all her ornaments, strange to say, she found herself thinking of Tommy Lahy, an educated gentleman, handsome and rich—perhaps famous—crossing the wide ocean to lay all his wealth and laurels at her feet. But then it occurred to her that the moustache with which, in fancy, she had adorned his lip was not yet a reality, and Tommy Lahy was dismissed contemptuously.

When dressed for the ball she went, as was her custom, to her father's study, in order that he might see her in all her glory. She was startled, on entering, to see a man standing alone at the table wrapped in a great-coat. It was Hugh Kearney. For a moment surprise kept her from giving him her hand, which she did give at last without speaking. He almost hesitated to touch the dainty glove, for he was wet and travel-stained, the rain glistening upon his face and beard. She thought the dark eyes glistened, too—and she was not mistaken. How immeasurable seemed the distance between them at that moment! She was so bright and so beautiful, so fitted for the sunshine, that to draw her towards him, into the gloom that hung over his pathway, even if he could do so, would (he thought) be almost a crime.

Recovering from her first surprise, she became quite formal, almost haughty, in her manner, as she sat upon a chair, at the opposite side of the table from him and said:—

"I had a letter from Mary to-day, and was glad to see by it that ye were all well."

This was a relief to him; as he feared she might ask a question which he would have found some difficulty in answering.

"I'll be back in a moment," said the doctor, entering hastily with a letter in his hand. "O Grace!"—Hugh made a sign and the doctor checked himself. "You are already dressed for the ball," he added; "I see you are determined to be early in the field."

"Mrs. D— is to call for me," said she, laughing as she left the room.

"I don't like to bring you out such a night as this," said Hugh, "unless you think it absolutely necessary. Dr. Cusack assured me there was no immediate danger."

"Well, I prefer going at once," returned Dr. Kiely. "Will you have some refreshment?"

"No, thank you. I had something at the hotel. And I have no time to lose," he added, looking at his watch.

"Well, I hope you will succeed in the object of your journey. If not, don't forget to let me know. Good night."

As Hugh Kearney sat upon the top of the mail-coach, regardless of the cold rain dashing into his face, he could wish that the night and his journey were a year long. It galled his proud spirit to think that he was going to