

FRIENDS AT COURT

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S
CALENDAR.

- June 14, Sun.—Second Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 15, Mon.—Of the Octave of Corpus Christi.
 „ 16, Tue.—Of the Octave of Corpus Christi.
 „ 17, Wed.—Of the Octave of Corpus Christi.
 „ 18, Thur.—Octave of Corpus Christi.
 „ 19, Friday.—Feast of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus.
 „ 20, Sat.—Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Since the Person of Christ, including His human nature, is the object of divine adoration, the worship which is due to His Person is due to all that is united to His Person. For this reason the Fifth General Council condemned the Nestorians, who introduced two adorations as to two separate natures and to two separate persons. The Council affirms that one adoration is to be offered to the Word united to His humanity. The material object of this divine adoration is Christ, God and man; the formal object or the reason for which this divine adoration is given to Him in both natures is the divinity of the Incarnate Son. Thus the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the human heart which the Son of God took from the substance of His Immaculate Mother, is adored with divine worship in heaven and on earth—at the right hand of His Father and in His real presence in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar. "Devotion to the Sacred Heart reveals to us the personal love of Our Divine Redeemer towards each and every one for whom He died. It is a manifestation of His pity, tenderness, compassion, and mercy to sinners and to penitents. Nevertheless its chief characteristic and its dominant note is His disappointment at the return we make to Him for His love."—Cardinal Manning.

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## GRAINS OF GOLD

## TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

O wounded Heart of wounded love!  
 To Thee we lift our song;  
 To Thee in tale of sorrow tell  
 What ills to life belong.

Oh, guide us o'er life's dangerous path,  
 And frighten sin away;  
 And lead where virtue's blossoms bloom  
 In the eternal day.

Oh, whisper in temptation's hour  
 Of joys beyond the sky;  
 And teach our hearts to prize alone  
 What lives eternally.

And when the twilight shadows fall  
 Upon the silent sea,  
 The brightest beams that light our dreams  
 Shall be our thoughts of Thee.

# The Storyteller

## The Truce of God

A TALE OF THE ELEVENTH CENTURY.  
 (By GEORGE HENRY MILES.)

## CHAPTER II.

The golden sceptre which thou didst reject,  
 Is now an angry rod to bruise and break  
 Thy disobedience.

Gilbert de Hers, as the good priest withdrew into his own apartment, resumed his seat upon the bench, and soon became absorbed in meditation. His varying face betrayed the character of each thought as it filed before his mind in rapid review. For more than an hour he remained in that statue-like state, when we, in a measure, assume a triple being, as the past and the present unite to form a future.

But as all reveries, like life itself, must end, Gilbert at length seemed to be aware of the reality of the unpretending bed in the corner. Having repeated the prayers which his piety suggested, he extinguished the almost exhausted taper, and threw himself upon the bed. He could not sleep, however; for, great as the fatigue of the day had been, the excitement was greater. His mind was perpetually recurring to the events at the spring, from which they wandered to his father's lonely and anxious chamber: now he remembered the earnest appeal of Father Omehr, and now pondered the injuries he had received from the house of Stramen. Through a narrow opening in the wall he could see the noble church sleeping in the moonlight. Its walls of variegated marble had been built principally at the expense of the Barons of Stramen, for in those days it was not unfrequent for private families to erect magnificent churches from their own resources; and as his eye rested upon the misty window, perhaps he felt that though utterly opposed to all else, there was one thing in common between his own haughty race and the founders of that Church—religion.

The night wore on, and was far advanced; but Gilbert still kept piling thought upon thought, unable and even scarcely desiring to exchange them for the deep repose or more confused images of slumber. It must have been after midnight when, as he lay awake, he could distinctly hear the sound of blows. Gilbert was not a moment in conjecturing the cause; he knew at once that the venerable priest was subjecting himself to corporal chastisement. He did not live in an age when voluntary mortification was ridiculed, when a sacred ambition to imitate a crucified God insured contempt from men. Then, those self-denying religious were not taunted with "the hope of gaining heaven by making earth a hell." And perhaps Gilbert knew that the spiritual peace and delight derived from such chastisements, were infinitely sweeter, even here below, than the impure pleasures of worldlings. Feeling thus, he could not but contrast the mortified life of that holy man with his own indulged and pampered existence. He had never known the sting of adversity, and rarely

been thwarted in a single desire; yet how much greater his sins than those of Father Omehr! Amid such reflections he felt—and it is a salutary feeling—the truth of a hereafter.

But we will no longer pursue the reflections of the youth. Some time after the sounds had ceased he fell asleep, and was only roused by the sun streaming into his apartment, and the solemn tones of the church bell.

The morning was beautiful. The sun was everywhere; kindling the hoary tops of the Suabian Alps, sparkling on the broad Danube as it rolled majestically on from the south-west to the north-east, lighting up hamlet, hill, vale, rivulet, forest, and making the church glitter like a stupendous diamond. But Gilbert was ill-prepared to enjoy this blaze of beauty. In a melancholy mood he leaned against the window, watching the sturdy serf in the centre of his family, as he came to share the blessings of the Mass. He was rather startled when the outer door opened and admitted the lady he had seen in the church the night before with Henry de Stramen. She came unattended, save by an old female servant, who carried with some difficulty a basket filled with fruits, delicacies, and medicines of various kinds, designed for Father Omehr to apply to any purpose his piety might point out.

Though in the year 1076 chivalry was not the regular and well-defined institution it became during and after the Crusades, yet the same amount of valor and devotion to woman was expected from the knight. The spirit of Christianity, operating upon Teutonic virtue, which has raised the woman from the drudge of man to be the ornament of society, created a chivalric courtesy long before the cry of "Deus vult!" rang from Italy to England. Gilbert de Hers, born and bred in the courtly circle of Suabia, though his spurs were not yet won, was still familiar with the duties of knighthood. As the lady paused, surprised at his presence, he made a profound and respectful reverence, and he would have done the same had she been less noble, or had he known, as he then surmised, that the fair visitor was the daughter of his father's deadliest foe.

Their embarrassment was relieved by the appearance of Father Omehr, who extended to both his blessing, gratefully received the basket from the attendant, and, after Margaret de Stramen had retired, accompanied Gilbert to the church. As they emerged into the morning air, Gilbert caught a glimpse of the graceful figure of the young lady entering the church. But his attention was soon arrested by a strange, wild-looking being upon the church steps. She was apparently not over forty, tall, slightly built, and evidently the victim of insanity. Her long black hair hung in thick masses over her pale face and deathly-white neck; her

A. E. Borley

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