

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

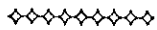
- April 15, Sunday.—Second Sunday after Easter.
 „ 16, Monday.—Office of the Day.
 „ 17, Tuesday.—St. Anicetus, Pope and Martyr.
 „ 18, Wednesday.—Solemnity of St. Joseph.
 „ 19, Thursday.—Within the Octave of St. Joseph.
 „ 20, Friday.—Within the Octave of St. Joseph.
 „ 21, Saturday.—St. Anselm, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.

Solemnity of St. Joseph, Patron of the Universal Church.

This feast was instituted by Pius IX. shortly after his elevation to the pontificate. Later on, in 1870, the same Pontiff placed the Universal Church under St. Joseph's patronage. Few, if any, of the saints, with the exception of the Mother of God, appeal more strongly to our love and veneration than St. Joseph—spouse of the Blessed Virgin, and foster-father of our Redeemer. As the Son of God was subject to him on earth, so we believe his intercession to be most efficacious in heaven. St. Thomas of Aquin says of him: "Some saints are privileged to extend to us their patronage in certain cases with peculiar efficacy; but to St. Joseph is given to assist us in all cases in every necessity, in every undertaking."

St. Anselm, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.

St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, was born at Aosta, Italy, in 1033. William II., during a dangerous illness, resolved to restore the estates which he had taken from the different churches; and urged by his nobles he nominated the learned Anselm, Abbot of Bee in Normandy, to the See of Canterbury. Only on the King's promise to resign the temporalities belonging to the See of Canterbury, to follow his counsels in things spiritual, and to acknowledge Urban II. as rightful Pope, did Anselm at last consent to receive consecration in 1093. But when restored to health, the King, by his renewed rapacity and despotism, soon gave much trouble to the new Primate. The refusal to acknowledge Urban II., and permit Anselm to receive the pallium from the Pontiff, led to a complete rupture. In his struggle with the King, Anselm was forsaken by the bishops, whilst the nobles of the realm earnestly supported him. Shortly after William acknowledged Urban, and was reconciled with Anselm. But fresh aggression compelled Anselm to have recourse to the Holy See. He set out for Rome in 1097 and was received by Urban with signal marks of respect, but his resignation the Pope refused to accept. While in Italy Anselm took part in the Councils of Lateran and Bari. Anselm remained in voluntary exile, living chiefly at Lyons, till the year 1100, when, upon the sudden death of William and the accession of Henry I., he returned to England. Difficulties again were placed in the way of Anselm by the new King. Anselm went into exile a second time. Action was taken by Pope Paschal II. against Henry and the venal prelates who had received investiture from the King. At last the good services of Henry's sister, Adela, led to a compromise. Anselm returned to England in 1106, and henceforth lived in peace till his death in 1109. Anselm is regarded as the earliest of the scholastic theologians, and is sometimes called the "Father of Scholasticism."



Grains of Gold

CONFIDENCE.

My fate is in Thy hands
 My God, I wish it there,
 My heart, my life, my health—
 I leave—entirely to Thy care.

My fate is in Thy hands
 Whatever it may be,
 Pleasant or painful, bright or dark,
 As best may seem to Thee.

My fate is in Thy hands,
 Why should I doubt or fear?
 My Father's heart will never cause
 His child a needless tear.

—The Missionary.



The Storyteller

Knocknagow

OR

The Homes of Tipperary

CHAPTER VIII.—HONOR LAHY'S GOOD LUCK.

The kettle was just beginning to join its song to the song of the old linnet when Mrs. Lahy—or Honor Lahy, as she was more generally called by her neighbors—returned from the Station. She was a comfortable-looking dame, enveloped in a blue cloth cloak, with the hood drawn over her head, and her hands encased in grey worsted mittens.

During the greater part of her life, Honor Lahy had found it hard enough to make both ends meet. For honest Phil used to "take a drop," and his earnings seldom did more than clear off the weekly score at the public-house. His customers dropped off one by one, the few who remained faithful to him having often to keep their purchases for weeks and even months till they could catch him in their own houses; and then Phil Lahy and his goose and lap-board were jealously guarded till the "new shoots" were finished off, when the artist was set at liberty, looking fat and healthy after a week or two of good fare and enforced sobriety. His wife eked out the necessaries of life by rearing poultry and fattening a pig; the pig going the way of most Irish pigs—to the landlord. In spite of all her exertions, however, she grew poorer and poorer, till at last she and her husband returned one fine evening from the fair of Ballymullin, and all the neighbors remarked that, instead of the "slip" which, as usual, they expected to see trotting before them, and which was sure to be a good one—for Phil Lahy was acknowledged to be "the best judge of a pig" in the county—Phil on this May evening carried a "bonneen" under his arm.

When the next gale day came round—'twas an "admiration" how fast and sure gale days did come round in Knocknagow—"Berky," in spite of the care lavished on her—including scratching her sides during meal times, to keep her in good humor—was little better than a "slip"; and poor Honor looked into her sick child's face with a heart almost breaking.

One fine morning, however, Barney Brodherick tumbled himself out of the little blue donkey cart in which he made his daily journeys to town, and announced to Honor the startling piece of news that there was an American letter for her at the post-office.

Honor flung her old cloak on her head, and set off to town in a very excited state of mind, a proceeding which caused every soul of a pretty numerous female crowd, who were "bitting" in the little stream, to "wonder" where she was going. There was a feeling of anxiety among the younger girls lest it might be that Norah had got suddenly worse, and that her mother was hastening for the priest or the doctor. But a girl standing on the bridge, with a child in her arms, removed their anxiety on this point by assuring them that she could see Norah from where she stood, sitting in her straw chair under the beech tree, reading a book, with "Friskey" on his haunches—"grug" was the word she used—on the "bench," snapping at the flies.

When Honor came back from the post-office she passed Norah without uttering a word. She took off her cloak and hung it on its own proper peg, and sat upon a chair, for she was rather out of breath, and waited patiently and in silence till her husband had dismissed a boy who was looking into the tailor's face, and evidently awaiting an answer of some kind to a message which he had just delivered with a pair of trousers, which, as Phil held them up to the light, seemed very suitable to drape the limbs of a scarecrow.

"Who sent this?" Phil asked, holding up the garment with both hands.

"Mr. Andrews, sir."

"Well, tell him," said Phil, in a tone of the blandest politeness—"tell him I don't mend. I only make and repair."