

## Friends at Court

### GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- October 21, Sunday.—Twenty-second Sunday after Pentecost.
- „ 22, Monday.—Of the Feria.
- „ 23, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.
- „ 24, Wednesday.—Of the Feria.
- „ 25, Thursday.—SS. Chrysanthus and Daria, Martyrs.
- „ 26, Friday.—St. Evaristus, Pope and Martyr.
- „ 27, Saturday.—Vigil of SS. Simon and Jude, Apostles.

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SS. Chrysanthus and Daria, Martyrs.

These holy martyrs were revered in Rome in the fourth century. Many Romans and Roman ladies, it is related, were converted by them, including the Tribune Claudius, his wife Hilaria, and two sons (Maurus and Jason), all of whom, with the exception of the mother, suffered martyrdom. Chrysanthus and Daria themselves were condemned to death, led to a sand-pit in the Via Salaria, and there stoned.

St. Evaristus, Pope and Martyr.

The death of St. Evaristus took place in 112. He is honored in the calendar with the title of martyr, but little is known of the events of his life or of his sufferings for the Faith.

SS. Simon and Jude, Apostles.

After the dispersion of the Apostles, St. Simon preached in Egypt, and then in Persia, where he received the crown of martyrdom. According to the common tradition, he was crucified like Our Blessed Lord.

St. Jude, called also Thaddeus, was a brother of St. James the Less. He was related to Christ by his mother. Nothing certain is known of the later history of this Apostle. Nicophorus tells us that after preaching in Judea, Galilee, Samaria, and Idumaea, he labored in Arabia, Syria, Mesopotamia, and Persia. He is said to have suffered martyrdom in Phoenicia, either at Beyruth or Arad.

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### Grains of Gold

DOMUS DEI.

It stood in Nazareth of yore,  
Half-hidden in the narrow street,  
The little house unto whose door  
Came every day Emmanuel's feet.

Thither He came at end of day,  
Not for an hour a passing Guest,  
But taking an accustomed way,  
A weary Householder to rest.

He passed unheeded through the throng,  
Their Townsman well-beloved and known,  
Nor sound of timbrel or of song  
Told when the Lord was with His own.

Men could not see about the door  
The myriad prostrate Cherubim,  
Nor know that low unto the floor  
His mother bent the knee to Him.

King Herod's palace lies in dust,  
Dank is the Golden House with death,  
But Angels keep in holy trust  
The Holy House of Nazareth.

When I, familiar with Thy grace,  
Am heedless of Thy glance, Thy word,  
That my soul was Thy dwelling-place,  
Keep this for my remembrance, Lord.

Then for no deed, no meed of mine,  
Who am forespent with futile things,  
But that this body was Thy shrine  
Bid Angels bear it on their wings.

—BLANCHE M. KELLEY.

## The Storyteller

### Knocknagow

OR

### The Homes of Tipperary

(By C. J. KICKHAM.)

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.—HOME TO KNOCKNAGOW.—A TENANT AT WILL.

A hand was laid on his shoulder, and on looking round he saw the dragoon standing close to him.

"Come and have a drink," said the dragoon.

"I don't take anything; thank you all the same," replied Billy Heffernan.

"Oh, d—n it," returned the dragoon, "as we were comrades on the road, don't refuse a treat."

"Well, I'm a teetotaler," rejoined Billy Heffernan; "but if you'd have no objection to come over beyond the Westgate, I know a place where they have peppermint."

"All right," said the dragoon; and they continued on their way through the drays and carts.

"Is this all corn?" the dragoon asked.

"All whate," replied Billy Heffernan.

"I never saw so much corn at a market," returned the dragoon; "and yet ye Irish are always talking of starving. How is that?"

"Begob," said Billy Heffernan, "'tis many's the time I said thin words to myse'lf."

"Where does it all go?" the dragoon asked.

"Some uv id is ground in the mills here an' up the river," replied Billy Heffernan; "an' more uv id is sent off wudout bein' ground. But ground or not off id goes. If you'll take a walk down to the quay, you'll see 'em loadin' the boats wud id. They brin' id on to Carrick, and from that down to Waterford, an' the devil a wan uv me knows where id goes aftler that. 'Tis ould Phil Morris that could explain the ins an' outs uv id for you. But 'tis the corn that's makin' a town uv Clo'mel; so there's that much got out uv id afore id goes, as ould Phil says; besides the employment uv tillin' the land and reapin' id. But 'tis the big grass farms that's the ruination uv the country. 'Twas on account of thryin' to put a stop to 'em that they made up the plan to hang Father Sheehy. So ould Phil Morris tells me."

The mention of Phil Morris's name seemed to have put political economy completely out of the dragoon's head, and he did not again speak till Billy Heffernan roused him from his reverie after they had passed the West Gate.

"This is the house," said he.

"Come in," returned the dragoon.

"Here's luck, any way," said Billy Heffernan, as he tossed off his glass of peppermint.

The dragoon blew the froth from his mug of porter, and took him by the hand.

"Good morning, friend," said he, laying his empty mug on the counter.

"Have another," said Billy.

"No, no," returned the dragoon. "Good morning."

"Oh, begob," rejoined Billy Heffernan, getting between him and the door, and putting his hand against the soldier's broad chest, "we don't undherstand that sort o' work in Ireland."

"Yes, yes, I understand your custom," returned the dragoon smiling. "And," he added, "I will take another."

Billy Heffernan sold his creel of turf, and, after breakfasting upon a brown loaf and a bowl of coffee in a cellar, was returning through the Main Street, thanking his stars that the big town with its noise and bustle would be soon left behind him, when his eye caught the big dragoon standing with folded arms opposite a shop window, and seeming absorbed in the examination of the articles there displayed. Happening to look round, he recognised his companion of the morning, and beckoned to him. Billy Heffernan stopped his mule, and waited till the dragoon had crossed over to the middle of the street.

"Going home?" said the dragoon.

"Yes," replied Billy; "I have the turf sowld."

"Would you," the dragoon asked, after a pause, "would you bring a message from me to Bessy Morris?"