

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- September 30, Sunday.—Seventeenth Sunday after Pentecost. St. Jerome, Confessor and Doctor.
- October 1, Monday.—St. Gregory, Bishop and Martyr.
- " 2, Tuesday.—The Holy Guardian Angels.
- " 3, Wednesday.—St. Adrian III., Pope and Confessor.
- " 4, Thursday.—St. Francis of Assisi, Confessor.
- " 5, Friday.—St. Galla, Widow.
- " 6, Saturday.—St. Bruno, Confessor.

St. Jerome, Confessor and Doctor.

This illustrious Doctor of the Church was a contemporary of St. Ambrose and St. Augustine. In his youth he became proficient in the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, thus fitting himself for the important work he afterwards undertook, of translating and explaining the Sacred Scriptures. He also composed many learned treatises for the instruction of the faithful and the defence of the Church. He died in 420, at the age of ninety-one.

The Guardian Angels.

One of the most consoling doctrines of the Catholic Church is the spiritual union which exists between mankind and the angels who surround the throne of the Almighty. These glorious spirits, with whom we hope to share hereafter the joys of Paradise, are appointed by God to be our protectors during our mortal life. Though not an article of faith, it has always been the constant belief of the Church in all ages that Divine Providence has assigned to each individual a special angel to be his guide and guardian during his pilgrimage on earth. To this doctrine, which is confirmed by many passages of the Holy Scripture, our Divine Lord alluded when He said: 'See that you despise not one of these little ones, for I say to you that their angels in heaven always see the Face of My Father, Who is in heaven.'

St. Galla, Widow.

St. Galla lived in Rome in the beginning of the sixth century. Having lost her husband within a year after her marriage, she made over her property to the poor, and gave herself up to a life of poverty and austerity.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

THE POET'S PRAYER.

I do not ask for spreading lands to hold,
For glory or for gold.

(Yet if my brother ask for gold or fame
His prayer I do not blame.)

But I make supplication every morn
For what the world may scorn:

I ask of God the grace to do my best,
And, after that, to rest.

If you feel happy to the point of saying so, listen! unhappiness is at your door.

The secret of progress lies in knowing how to make use, not of what we have chosen, but of what is forced upon us.

Shall I hold on with both hands to every paltry possession? All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen.

There are two easy roads to Heaven which shorten the distance immeasurably; for the poor it is patience, for the rich it is charity.

Each man is the maker of himself, the power he uses being God's; and each present moment bears within itself the future's form and substance.

If we wish to make the State the representative and exponent and symbol of decency, it must be made through the decency, public and private, of the average citizen.

The best path through life is the high road, which initiates us at the right moment into all experience. What is normal is at once most convenient, most honest, and most wholesome. Cross roads may tempt us for one reason or another, but it is very seldom we don't come to regret having taken them.

The Storyteller

THADY OBRIEN'S FORTUNE

Dr. O'Rourke had just returned from a professional call one biting December morning. On alighting from his carriage he caught the eyes of his daughter, as she stood at the front window, riveted on some object at his horse's head, with an expression of countenance in which pity and mirth seemed to be struggling for the ascendancy. Turning round to see what thus attracted her attention, the doctor perceived a little ragged and bare-footed boy hanging at the bit of his horse, with an air of as resolute a determination to hold on as if he had seized Bucephalus by the head-stall.

'Hallo! you little omadhaun,' he cried, 'who pays you to hold a horse that wouldn't run if you whipped him?'

'Is it me ye mane, sir? It's the less trouble to hold him, then, if he won't run,' said the boy; 'an' it's your honor should forget to gimme the sixpence, I'm no poorer than I was before!'

'Ho! ho!' said the doctor, 'it's a wit we have! Here, Tom, to the groom, who had come upon the scene, 'turn the horse into the stable and this little Arab into the kitchen, and administer some hot coffee with rolls, and half a pound of chops.'

'Sure, that will not be bad to take,' said the urchin, following the groom. 'Your honor has the name of the best doctor in the country.'

Dr. O'Rourke, at his comfortable breakfast with his family, soon forgot that such a being as Thady O'Brien existed; but his daughter Lucy, who had youth and charity on her side, descended to the kitchen to see for herself how the shivering little boy looked after a warm breakfast. On her return she said:

'Well, father, your little patient says he is ready to go now.'

'Patient? Oh, the little rogue I sent into the kitchen for his breakfast! Well, why doesn't he go, then?'

'Because, he says, you would never forgive him if he left without paying his respects. Biddy says he has kept the kitchen in an uproar of laughter.'

'Ho! ho! Well, we might as well have a laugh, too. Have him passed up, Lucy.'

'Now, then,' said the doctor, affecting a very stern look as Thady awkwardly bowed into the room; 'now, then, young man, what do you wish to see me for?'

'I'm entirely too much like yourself to forget that, your honor. Sure, you don't give up a case till you're regularly discharged.'

'Indeed!' said the doctor, laughing heartily. 'Pray what have you been doing all your little life?'

'Oh, sometimes wan thing, an' sometimes another, sir.'

'But what were you doing last?'

'Ate me breakfast at your honor's expense.'

Lucy now laughed, but her mother, who had been looking with pity at the lad's unprotected feet, brought forward a pair of one of the children's shoes and bade Thady put them on.

'On, millia muther!' shouted Thady, throwing up his hands with well-feigned horror. 'Is it me mother's son would do the likes o' that?'

'What is it you would not do, pray?' the doctor sternly asked.

'There's many things I wouldn't do, your honor, looking roguishly round the little circle, 'an' wan o' them is to disgrace the shoes of a son o' your honor's by puttin' me naked feet into them. Sure, they never saw the like.'

'What is your name, and where do you live? Have you a father, mother, sisters, brothers? Have you a place, or do you want one?' asked the doctor, rattling one question after the other, in order, if possible, to confuse the young hopeful.

'Thaddeus O'Brien, Blind Alley,' answered Thady, putting his hands behind him and standing erect. 'No, sir. Yes, your honor. Five o' them. No, sir. I wish I had; if your honor would only try me.'

'Are you really in distress or only shamming?' the doctor inquired after a half a dozen of 'Ho! ho's!' at the lad's ready wit.

'Maybe I shammed hunger, your honor,' said Thady. 'Ask Biddy if I ate any breakfast; then go an' ask me mother an' five sisters when it was that they took mate enough off the table to feed six—after they had done.'

'Another hint, Mrs. O'Rourke,' said the doctor, smiling. 'Just fill a basket for this original.'

BONNINGTON'S

CARRAGEEN

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