

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

August 30, Sunday.—Twelfth Sunday after Pentecost. St. Fiacre, Confessor.

August 31, Monday.—St. Raymond Nonnatus, Confessor.

September 1, Tuesday.—St. Louis, King and Confessor.

„ 2, Wednesday.—St. Stephen, King and Confessor.

„ 3, Thursday.—St. Elizabeth, Queen and Widow.

„ 4, Friday.—St. Rose of Viterbo, Virgin.

„ 5, Saturday.—St. Lawrence Justinian, Confessor.

St. Fiacre, Confessor.

St. Fiacre was an Irishman, who, having crossed over into France, lived for many years in a solitude not far from the City of Meaux. His life there was most austere—a continued exercise of prayer and heavenly contemplation, which he interrupted only to afford relief to the poor, or to attend to those who, led by the fame of his sanctity, came to seek his advice. After his death, in 670, his tomb became famous for numerous miracles, and was resorted to by pilgrims from all parts of France.

St. Raymond Nonnatus, Confessor.

According to the rule laid down by Christ, that Christian proves himself His most faithful disciple, and gives the surest proof of his love of God, who most perfectly loves his neighbor for God's sake. Judged by this test of true sanctity, St. Raymond should rank high among the saints. Born in Spain in 1204, he gave not only his property, but also his liberty, and even exposed himself to the most cruel torments and death, in order to promote the spiritual welfare and accomplish the redemption of Christians held in captivity by the Moors. After a life wholly spent in the service of his neighbor, he died near Barcelona in 1240.

GRAINS OF GOLD

THANKSGIVING.

Thank God for the trees and the flowers and the blue, blue sky!
Thank God for some happy hours and a hope that can never die!
Thank God though the way be long, for joy when the journey ends!

Thank God for the gift of song! And, oh, thank God for my friends!

—Ave Maria.

A Catholic paper in a home is like the lamp before the tabernacle—a constant reminder of God.—*Catholic Columbian*.

There are few things impossible in themselves: perseverance to bring them to a successful issue is wanting much more than the means.—*La Rochefoucauld*.

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal; those that dare mis-spend a day are desperate.—*Emerson*.

If you would lift me, you must be on higher ground. If you would liberate me, you must be free. If you would correct my false view of facts, hold up to me the same facts in the true order of thought.—*R. W. Emerson*.

The reason why so few people are agreeable in conversation is that each is thinking more on what he is intending to say than on what others are saying, and that we never listen when we subject ourselves voluntarily.—*La Rochefoucauld*.

Every individual who breathes a word of scandal is an active stockholder in a society for the spread of moral contagion. He is instantly punished by Nature by having his mental eyes dimmed to sweetness and purity, and his mind deadened to the sunlight and glow of charity.—*William G. Jordan*.

Confidence always gives pleasure to the man in whom it is placed. It is a tribute which we pay to his merit; it is a treasure which we intrust to his honor; it is a pledge which gives him a right over us, and a kind of dependence to which we subject ourselves voluntarily.—*La Rochefoucauld*.

It is not possible to live to one's self in this world. Even the hermit has a sphere of influence; even the secluded miser casts a blight over a certain segment of the human circle. Such being the case, how much better and finer to shed sunshine as we go through a world that has rough places and steep.

The Storyteller

AN UNWARY WORD

(Concluded.)

The evening was cloudy, and twilight closed in early. Every preparation had been made for Tunstall to leave the country; relays of horses were bespoken to carry him with all possible speed to the east coast, where lay a sailing vessel which had been chartered to convey him to the coast of France.

The proscribed servant of God had left his hiding-place—a ruined well in the grounds adjoining the residence of his rescuer—deeming himself safe in consequence of a domiciliary visit having already been made at the house, and had joined the friends who had afforded him shelter at the peril of their own lives.

A large wood fire blazed cheerfully on the hearth of the spacious hall where the family were assembled, and cast a flickering light on the faded tapestries on the walls. It was a sorrowful moment for the little group that stood around the hearth, about to bid farewell to the revered and beloved guest; and, to quote the touching and appropriate words of Holy Writ, 'they grieved most of all for the words which he said, that they should see his face no more.'

The future martyr, however, knew not the things that were to befall him. 'Bonds and afflictions' had already been his lot, and they were again to be his portion—aye, and death itself, sooner than he or his friends anticipated. Before he could be 'brought on his way to the ship,' like the apostle of old, a heavy step was heard in the vestibule, and Sir Percival Amhurst, using his privilege as a pursuivant, entered the hall unannounced, followed by the dismayed domestics.

'I crave pardon for my intrusion,' he said, with sarcastic politeness. 'I come in the King's name, and have here a warrant for the arrest of one Thomas Tunstall, alias Jones, a Popish priest.'

The stranger instantly stepped forward.

'I am he whom you seek,' he said; then he turned to take a courteous leave of his host.

At a sign from Sir Percival, two men-at-arms advanced to pinion his arms behind him; whilst two others took into custody the master of the house, who was compelled to accompany the prisoner to London, to answer before the Royal Commissioners on a charge of harboring a traitor.

Thus the day closed sadly indeed, not only for the unlucky denizens of The Grange, who lost for they knew not how long a period their husband and father, but also for Lady Margaret, who was a prey to the bitterest grief and regret when she learned the result of the expedition.

After the usual form of trial and condemnation, the priest was dragged to the scaffold and put to death according to the revolting fashion of the time.

Upon Sir Percival's return to Chislehampton Hall, not a single word was spoken upon the subject which was present to the thoughts both of husband and wife. But from that day forth their relations became painfully formal and constrained. How, indeed, could it be otherwise? Equally inevitable was it that Lady Margaret's health should fail and her splendid spirits desert her.

Sir Percival marked the change with great uneasiness. He well knew that remorse—the most cruel of all the demons which, since the days of Judas, have lacerated the human soul—was the cause of the increasing pallor of his wife's cheek, and the listlessness which replaced her wonted energy and interest in all that surrounded her. After the lapse of three or four months he surprised her one morning, as they sat at breakfast, by saying all at once:

'What would you say, my dear, if we were to go and pass the Christmas in London? It is dull work for you here in the winter. Business calls me thither; and, though I am not so young as I was, my limbs are not so stiff as to prevent me from enjoying a gallop with the hounds.'

'O, Percival, how good of you!' exclaimed Margaret, with sudden animation. 'I should like it of all things.'

Percival looked delighted; he had not heard her speak in this way for months.

'She wants only change of scene and amusement to free her from this fit of the blues,' he said to himself.

Then he added aloud:

'When shall you be ready to start, Maggie? You must take all your finery with you; for my wife shall be second to