

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

September 20, Sunday.—Fifteenth Sunday after Pentecost. Seven Dolors of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
 „ 21, Monday.—St. Matthew, Apostle.
 „ 22, Tuesday.—St. Thomas of Villanova, Bishop and Confessor.
 „ 23, Wednesday.—St. Linus, Pope and Martyr.
 „ 24, Thursday.—Our Lady of Mercy.
 „ 25, Friday.—SS. Eustachius and Companions, Martyrs.
 „ 26, Saturday.—St. Eusebius, Pope and Martyr.

St. Thomas of Villanova.

St. Thomas was born at Fuenlana (Leon), Spain, in 1488, and died at Valencia, of which he was Archbishop, in 1555. He was distinguished for his humility and charity, and merited the glorious surname of the 'Father of the Poor.'

St. Linus, Pope and Martyr.

St. Linus, the immediate successor of St. Peter, received the martyr's crown after a pontificate of twelve years.

St. Eustachius and Companions, Martyrs.

St. Eustachius, a Roman general, suffered martyrdom, together with his wife and two sons, shortly after the beginning of the second century.

St. Eusebius, Pope and Martyr.

St. Eusebius, who succeeded St. Marcellus on the Papal throne, was banished by Maxentius to Sicily, where suffering and privation soon caused his death. A.D. 310

GRAINS OF GOLD

FORGIVEN

(For the N.Z. Tablet.)

Oh that a chord from my heart would bind me
 Fast to the feet of my God above!
 Oh through my sins, that He would remind me
 All that I owe to His endless love!

Unto me ever has He been Father,
 Gently forgiving, and patient, mild.
 Ere I betray Him, oh, let me rather
 Die, when He wills, His forgiven child.

(Rev.) P. HICKEY.

Corowa, N.S.W., August, 1908.

Let us enrich our lives with precious friendships, read the best, think the best, do the best; so shall we become our best.

To do what seems right may involve an extra struggle sometimes, but one may be sure that in the long run it will bring the most happiness.

He that never changed any of his opinions never corrected any of his mistakes, and he who was never wise enough to find out any mistake in himself will not be charitable enough to excuse what he reckons mistakes in others.

John Ruskin, in counting up the blessings of his childhood, reckoned these three for the first: Peace. He had been taught the meaning of peace in thought, act, and word; had never heard father's or mother's voice once raised in any dispute, nor seen an angry glance in the eyes of either, nor had ever seen a moment's trouble or disorder in any household matter. Next to this he estimated Obedience; he obeyed a word or lifted finger of father or mother as a ship her helm, without an idea of resistance. And lastly, Faith; nothing was ever promised him that was not given; nothing ever threatened him that was not inflicted, and nothing told him that was not true.

The Storyteller

CLEMENTINE, PENITENT OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD

'How pathetic!' exclaimed Rosa Waldegrave. She had paused in the Church of St. Wilfrid's, Horne street, to read some obituary cards which were fastened by drawing-pins to a board covered with green baize.

'Which?' asked her niece, Cicely Archdall.

Mrs. Waldegrave pointed silently to a black-bordered card which was placed at the bottom of the board. On it, under a Latin cross, were printed the words:

Of your Charity,
 Pray for the Soul of
 Clementine,
 Aged 18.

Penitent of the Good Shepherd.

'Not half so pathetic as her story,' Cicely Archdall answered involuntarily.

Mrs. Waldegrave turned and looked at her in a mystified way.

'Did you know her?' she asked.

'Yes,' said Cicely simply.

'Then that was why—' and the speaker paused.

People who knew Rosa Waldegrave but slightly always pronounced the verdict of 'most tiresome' on her habit of leaving sentences incomplete. But her intimate friends were accustomed to it, and found no difficulty in following her train of thought.

'Why I took up that work,' Cicely finished for her now. 'Yes, Clementine was why.' Mrs. Waldegrave leaned forward towards her with one of the pretty foreign gestures acquired during her long residence abroad.

'Tell me some time, Cecil,' she pleaded. 'The story, I mean.'

'Why, yes, if you wish it,' said Cicely, 'but it's a story one feels better than one can express it, and I'm not much good at story-telling.'

'Is there anywhere else you want to go now?'

'The Bon Marche, Williams', and then home.'

The Catholic Truth Society met in Fordhampton that week, and, as Humphrey Archdall was a warm supporter of the Society, the Archdalls' house and time were alike devoted to the entertainment of lay and clerical guests during the two or three days which followed the visit to St. Wilfrid's.

'I'm so sorry, Aunt Rosa,' Cicely said one morning, 'we've simply been able to see nothing of you for the last few days, but you understand how it is, don't you?'

'My dear, don't apologise,' Mrs. Waldegrave answered; 'I've enjoyed myself thoroughly. You don't know what it is to feel the rush of life again until you've been out of England for nearly fifteen years. What are your plans for to-day?'

'The Conference ends to-day. There is a reception this afternoon, and a delegates' dinner at the Adelphi in the evening. Humphrey will be at that, of course, but you and I will have a quiet time at home, unless you'd rather do something else.'

'No. An interval sounds rather alluring, and besides, it will give me an opportunity of hearing that story. I haven't forgotten about it.'

Cicely Archdall smiled. 'You persistent person!' she said.

'Now, Cicely, begin!' Mrs. Waldegrave's eyes rested lovingly on her niece. Many people loved to look at Cicely Archdall. Scarcely above middle height, her slenderness of build, and the extreme distinction of her carriage, made her look tall when compared with other women. Her thick brown hair was brushed simply back from her face, and knotted loosely low down on her fair neck. Her mouth was too wide and her nose too irregular for perfect beauty; her claim to that lay in the sweet eyes, under their