

# Friends at Court

## CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

September 27, Sunday.—Sixteenth Sunday after Pentecost. Commemoration of All the Holy Roman Pontiffs.  
 „ 28, Monday.—St. Wenceslaus, Martyr.  
 „ 29, Tuesday.—Dedication of the Church of St. Michael, Archangel.  
 „ 30, Wednesday.—St. Jerome, Confessor and Doctor.  
 October 1, Thursday.—St. Gregory, Bishop and Martyr.  
 „ 2, Friday.—Holy Guardian Angels.  
 „ 3, Saturday.—St. Adrian III., Pope and Confessor.

Commemoration of All the Holy Roman Pontiffs.

In this feast we commemorate the virtues of those saintly men who, called by God to govern His Church on earth, have lived lives in keeping with their exalted office.

St. Wenceslaus, Martyr.

St. Wenceslaus, Duke of Bohemia, was remarkable for his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. His zeal for the propagation of the true faith led to his death, at the hands of his brother, A.D. 982.

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.

## GRAINS OF GOLD

IT IS ALL LOVE AND MERCY.

I bring no roses to Thy Shrine,  
 Sweet Jesus, Saviour mine,  
 With empty hands I dare appear  
 Before Thy Face, nor fear,  
 For lo! my sorrow and my tears  
 Will make amends for wasted years.

I have, alas! no golden store,  
 (For I am very poor),  
 To cast in homage at Thy Feet,  
 O Thou my Sovereign sweet!  
 Yet me Thou welcom'st, Sacred Heart,  
 Nor wilt Thou bid me hence depart.

Scant is the incense-breath of pray'r  
 That to Thy Shrine I bear,  
 The voice of gratitude and praise  
 I've oft begrudged to raise,  
 Yet bearest and forbear'st Thou,  
 Nor gifts accustomed lack I now.

My life, O Lord, is all unmeet  
 To offer at Thy Feet,  
 Yet since Thy Heart doth pity all,  
 The weak, the poor, the small,  
 I give to Thee what'er remains  
 Of mine—my days, my love, my pains.

I give Thee, Sacred Heart, my life,  
 Its endless weary strife—  
 I give Thee, open'd Heart, my death,  
 My last, my parting breath;  
 And tho' I bring at last no wine,  
 My cup of water, Lord, is Thine!

—Irish Messenger.

It so often happens that others are measuring us by our past self, while we are looking back on that self with a mixture of disgust and sorrow.

Your prosperity in life largely depends upon the goodwill and confidence and sympathy of those with whom you deal. Truth, honesty, fidelity, and purity win confidence. And this is capital for a young man.

# The Storyteller

## A WISE YOUTH

A mild hum filled the banking room. There was the click of many footsteps on the marble floor, and within the great polished railing clerks with monotonous voices were comparing long lines of figures. Men came and went, and all the machinery of the great institution seemed to move with the smoothness and regularity of the mighty clock that hung high on the painted wall.

The boy who paused at the threshold had looked in at this big financial hive, and somehow fancied that it made him feel very small. Everybody was so entirely unconscious of his presence, the currents of humanity flowed by him so steadily, he seemed so thoroughly on the outside of all this activity that for a moment it almost disheartened him. Could he ever break into this busy life? Could he make himself even the smallest factor in it? Was there any place for him in this ceaseless flow?

But he was not a boy to be readily discouraged. He was nineteen and well built; his health was excellent, his appetite good. He had come to the city from the farm, and he meant to make a brave fight to win solid foothold.

He advanced a little further, and as he did so a uniformed man, who resembled both a naval officer and a policeman, came toward him and looked him over inquiringly.

The boy pulled an envelope from his pocket and held it up.

'I want to see Mr. Barrington,' he said.

'Have you had an appointment with him?' the uniformed man asked.

'No. I have a letter of introduction.'

'You'll have to go round there by the gate and wait on the bench until Mr. Barrington is at leisure. When he's through with the people ahead of you, he'll come to the gate and ask you what you want. But he may not be through before afternoon. Better wait, however, if you've got the time.'

'Oh, I've got the time all right,' laughed the boy. 'I've got more time than anything else. Are you a bank officer?'

He was a good-natured man, and he smiled at the boy's question.

'I'm the bank officer,' he answered with a little chuckle. 'I keep order out here and tell people where to go, and have a general oversight over the whole affair.'

'Look out for robbers, too, I s'pose.'

'Yes,' replied the officer. 'But there's little danger that they will come here. They would have to be unusually clever to make the visit pay.'

'Maybe you're a detective, too?' said the boy.

'I was a detective,' the officer answered. 'This job is easier and pays better.'

The boy looked at him admiringly.

'Wouldn't like an assistant, would you?' he asked.

The big officer laughed.

'Not enough work for two,' he replied. 'Besides, it's no place for a boy who has come up from the country to make an everlasting fortune.'

It was the boy's turn to laugh.

'I won't forget you when I get to be the president of the concern,' he said. 'Something seems to tell me that we're going to know each other better. But I guess I'm detaining you.'

'That's all right,' said the big officer. 'I haven't lost sight of anything that's going on. See you again, perhaps,' and he sauntered away.

The boy walked around the long counter and reached the bench by the little gate. A man was sitting there, a man who looked up quickly as the boy took a seat beside him. He was a well-dressed man with a black moustache and a somewhat furtive look. The boy realised that the stranger was staring hard at him, and that the stare was not a friendly one.

'Want to see Barrington?' the man presently asked.

'Yes.'

'He won't be able to see you this morning. He's got half a dozen people in his room now.'

'I knew he was busy. But I ain't in a hurry.'

The man was silent for a little while. The boy leaned back and stared at the frescoed ceiling.

'Looking for a job?' said the man.

'Yes.'

'What kind of a job?'