

# Friends at Court

## GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- November 1, Sunday.—Twenty-first Sunday after Pentecost.  
Feast of All Saints.
- „ 2, Monday.—Commemoration of the Faithful Departed.
- „ 3, Tuesday.—St. Malachy, Bishop and Confessor.
- „ 4, Wednesday.—St. Charles Borromeo, Bishop and Confessor.
- „ 5, Thursday.—St. Comgall, Abbot.
- „ 6, Friday.—St. Columba, Abbot.
- „ 7, Saturday.—St. Francis of Assisi, Confessor.

St. Malachy, Bishop and Confessor.

This saint was born in the North of Ireland, in Armagh, of which city he afterwards became Archbishop. Deputed by his colleagues in the episcopate to proceed to Rome on ecclesiastical business, St. Malachy made the acquaintance of the great St. Bernard, who thus writes of him: 'He seemed to live wholly to himself, yet so devoted to the service of his neighbors as if he lived wholly for them. If you saw him amidst the cares and functions of his pastoral charge, you would say he was born for others, not for himself. Yet if you considered him in his retirement, or observed his constant recollection, you would think that he lived only to God and himself.' St. Malachy died at St. Bernard's monastery of Clairvaux, at the age of 54, A.D. 1148.

St. Comgall, Abbot.

St. Comgall was born in the North of Ireland, A.D. 516. He established the great monastery of Bencor, or Bangor, in the County of Down. This was the largest and most celebrated of all the Irish monasteries, and under St. Comgall's rule became a nursery of saints and scholars.

## GRAINS OF GOLD

### HAVE MERCY!

'Have mercy on them!' Sweet and holy thought.  
O! May it reach above  
To that Eternal Love,  
Who by His precious blood redemption bought.

And when, perhaps, my day of life shall cease,  
May others breathe my name  
In tender prayer, the same

'Have mercy on him; may he rest in peace!'

—REV. P. J. O'REILLY.

To be glad of life because it gives you a chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in this world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can, with body and spirit, in God's out-of-doors; these are little guide-posts on the footpath to peace.

Three men are my friends: he that loves me, he that hates me, and he that is indifferent to me. Who loves me teaches me tenderness; who hates me teaches me caution; who is indifferent to me teaches me self-reliance.

Be careful only of thyself, and stand in awe of none more than of thine own conscience. There is in every man a severe censor of his manners; and he that reverences this judge will seldom do anything he need repent.

From the least achievement to the greatest, from the lowliest station to the most exalted, this is a common truth—that only he who works with a will shall do what he sets out to do.

Those who aspire to exalted virtue must begin by practising the lesser ones. The foundation is not the building, yet the building cannot be constructed without it.—Rev. W. F. Hayes.

Every heavy burden of sorrow seems like a stone hung around our neck, yet they are often only like the stones used by pearl-divers, which enable them to reach their prize and to rise enriched.

# The Storyteller

## THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL

'Seein' as how the times be main bad for farmin', Mr. Longcroft.'

'Aye?' said John Longcroft, grimly, with his hands clasped on the crook of his stick.

'Main bad and difficult they be, and what with labor so scarce of late and all—'

'Aye?' said the old man again, gazing straight at the barrows on the door above.

'Well, I looked at it this way: My client being a liberal gentleman, uncommon liberal he be, and main set on this here notion, 'ee might be disposed to come half ways to meet him like, and be all the better for it, eh?'

'What do he want, then? I aint heard tell o' that yet,' the old man said, with a look in his eye that seemed to say he could make a pretty fair guess.

'Well, he be lookin' out for a nice bit of property, 'ee do see, some sweet pretty spot, he says, fine dry soil and all, and—well, there, Mr. Longcroft, I thought as how you might be willing to sell him Whitelands.'

The house agent mopped his face nervously and watched his friend out of the corner of his eye. The old man slowly turned and faced him.

'I know thee nigh forty year, Dan'l Pigg, and I never looked for thee to come to I and talk to I like that. Hark here—I were born at Whitelands, and my father, and his father, and many more before they, as thou dost know well enough; and I could just as soon sell Whitelands as sell they dead men in their graves up on the down.'

He pointed his stick at the crest of the great chalk hill above them, where the nine barrows stood dark against the fading October sky. A long stream of rooks was passing high above, and their far-off cawing came clearly through the stillness.

'Well, well, Mr. Longcroft,' said Daniel Pigg at last; 'I didn't think 'ee'd do it; no, I didn't think 'ee'd do it, that's sure. But we have our duties to one and to tot'her like, so I sort o' dropped along here to make certain o' what I should say.'

'Now, 'ee do know right enough, and that's the end on it,' said John Longcroft. 'Well, here be Mary and the missus come out to ask 'ee in to supper, Dan'l. Will 'ee stop and have a bit? There'll be a nice moon up in an hours' time for 'ee going ac'ross the down.'

But Daniel Pigg preferred for once to get clear of Whitelands without further delay. He shambled into his tax cart with a dim sensation of escaping from the neighborhood of a volcano in lively promise of eruption, a volcano, too, for which he himself seemed in some odd way to be personally responsible. He could hardly have expected, perhaps, he thought, that John Longcroft would take his proposal altogether kindly. Still, as his old mare jolted down in the twilight between the glimmering slopes of the white chalky fallows, he felt that circumstances had treated him rather unfairly. Half the country knew well enough that John Longcroft, of Whitelands, like most of the hill farmers, was in a main poor way of late. And when in his own line of business he had the opportunity of putting him in the way of selling his freehold at a price much above its present market value, it seemed a little queer that he should finish the interview feeling less like the most substantial property agent in Barndon than a tramp caught firing bricks.

As a rule, Daniel enjoyed nothing better than a gossip at meal times on his visits to Whitelands farm, and his early disappearance and general air of perturbation did not fail to put Mary Longcroft on the scent of trouble, when coupled with the air of taciturn displeasure which her father kept up for the rest of the evening. And of late all trouble had come to be bound up so closely for Mary in the ever-present fear of family ruin that it was not very hard for her to guess the errand on which Daniel Pigg had come. Her mother was a woman worn out before her time, and, though Mary was barely twenty, for several years past the management of the household had fallen naturally into her strong and capable hands. She was a true daughter of the southern downs, with the blue Saxon eyes and yellow hair that were handed down from generation to generation among the Longcrofts, of Whitelands, and a girl, too, of as cheerful a disposition when things were going passably well as any you could find in all the country. But the unspoken fear of being forced to sell their land, which of late had hung over