

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

August 19, Sunday.—Twelfth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 20, Monday.—St. Bernard, Abbot, Confessor, and Doctor.
 „ 21, Tuesday.—St. Jane Frances de Chantal, Widow.
 „ 22, Wednesday.—Octave of the Assumption.
 „ 23, Thursday.—St. Philip Beniti, Confessor.
 „ 24, Friday.—St. Bartholomew, Apostle.
 „ 25, Saturday.—St. Louis, King and Confessor.

St. Jane Frances de Chantal, Widow.

This saint was born at Dijon in 1573. She was married at the age of twenty to the Baron de Chantal, but eight years later she had the misfortune to lose her husband through an accident. Having completed the education of her children, she founded, under the direction of St. Francis de Sales, and with the co-operation of some other ladies of rank, the religious Order of the Visitation. She died in 1641.

St. Philip Beniti, Confessor.

St. Philip Beniti, a priest of the Servite Order, was born at Florence about the beginning of the thirteenth century. He was remarkable for his extreme humility, which caused him to refuse all offices of distinction, and for a burning zeal, which brought about the conversion of innumerable sinners in the different parts of Italy which he visited. He died in 1285.

St. Bartholomew, Apostle.

After the Ascension of our Blessed Lord, St. Bartholomew carried the Gospel to the most remote and barbarous countries of the East. He afterwards preached in Asia Minor, and crowned his labors by a glorious martyrdom in Armenia. The manner of his death is not absolutely certain, but the common tradition is that he was flayed alive.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

AT THE CATHEDRAL.

O Holy Spirit wings, so white and pure,

I seem to see you tenderly outspread

Above these worshippers, as if to shed

A softening influence their woes to cure,

Each soul has its own trials to endure,

Its cross to bear— from yonder priest in red

Of martyr fires to the small lad who said

Amen responsive with a face demure.

Hover above all these, O silver wings!

Console them, Dove of Grace, with the sweet sense

Of Thy Divine! As life's sea-surfing swings

Come lower, nearer still, with love intense!

Reveal Thine opening heaven! Bid warfare cease,

And drop the blessed olive-leaves of Peace.

Caroline D. Swan in the *London Times*.

REFLECTIONS.

How sweet it is to die after having had a constant devotion to the Sacred Heart of Him Who is to judge us. Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque.

The one who is truly wise, and who uses the forces and powers with which he is endowed, to him the great universe always opens her treasure house. R. W. Trine.

Do not judge the conduct of others; be indulgent. Do not think it enough to be good; you must also be amiable in that kind and energetic manner which we learn from the mighty and meek Heart of Jesus.

There is one principle which ought to be mentioned as a leading peculiarity of human nature. This is the desire of action. A person accustomed to a life of activity longs for ease and refinement, and when he has accomplished his purpose finds himself wretched.

The Storyteller

THE O'DONNELLS OF GLEN COTTAGE A TALE OF THE FAMINE YEARS IN IRELAND.

(By D. P. CONYNGHAM, LL.D.)

CHAPTER XL.—THE FOSTER BROTHERS— MR. BAKER'S EXPLOITS.

Frank found the party in the kitchen in the height of their enjoyment: the laugh, and jest, and voice of the players rose from the table, while high above the rest rose Shemus-a-Clough's voice chanting one of his hunting songs. Frank beheld all this from the hall, where he stood a moment to listen to the merry voices of the party.

"Poor souls!" thought he: "one would think that they never knew care nor sorrow, so gay and light-hearted are they. There are some of these poor fellows, now, under notice to quit their happy homes, and yet they can laugh and sing, as if they were secure from any landlord power. How would I feel if I were to be turned out of my fine house and place; and, who knows, in this land of uncertainties! Good God! I fear I could not bear it so quietly. Yet it is hard to know them; there is within them a deep current of underfeeling; they could be gay and light-hearted as now, and in an hour again they could band together in the wild spirit of self-revenge. Heigh ho! I pity the poor fellows if they should be turned out; and the Cornacks, my foster-brothers, what would become of them, and of their poor mother, my old nurse, and their fair sister; well, they shan't want while I am alive, anyway." So saying, Frank opened the door, and passed into the kitchen.

"Arrah! welcome, Misher Frank, welcome," was the exclamation that greeted him on his entrance.

"Thank you, boys, thank you, how are you?" said he, shaking hands with the brothers, James and John Cornack.

It is necessary that we should give some account of the relationship, if I may so call it, that existed between Frank and the Cornacks. This might be inferred from Frank's soliloquy at the door.

The tie of foster-ship is, or at least was, held as sacred as that of natural brothers. We have several instances of foster-brothers exposing, in fact losing their lives, in order to protect their wealthier relations.

In some work on '98 I have read a very feeling account of how a young insurgent gentleman was taken prisoner, and brought before the next magistrate; of course his committal was at once made out, but, it being too late—it was, on account of the disturbed state of the country, and the small force at the magistrate's disposal—thought better to detain him closely guarded, until morning.

The prisoner recognised in the butler his foster-brother. The latter did not pretend to notice him.

"Alas!" thought he, as he stretched in his little prison, "I am forsaken by the world: come death, I am ready for you!"

He heard singing and revelry going on through the house all night.

"These can laugh and be merry, while they hold revel over a poor wretch that is to die on the gallows," said he to himself.

At length the butler came in with something for him to eat. He looked at him—

"And have you, too, brother, forsaken me?" said he.

The other placed his fingers on his lips, in token of silence.

"Strip off smart," whispered he: "I have drugged their drink: the guards are all drunk or sleeping; put on my clothes, and act as butler; the hall door is open, and pass out."

"No," said the other; "it would endanger you; they might make a victim of you."