

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

August 26, Sunday.—Thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 27, Monday.—St. Joseph Calasanctius, Confessor.
 „ 28, Tuesday.—St. Augustine, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
 „ 29, Wednesday.—Beheading of St. John the Baptist.
 „ 30, Thursday.—St. Rose of Lima, Virgin.
 „ 31, Friday.—St. Raymund Nonnatus, Confessor.
 September 1, Saturday.—St. Giles, Abbot.

St. Augustine, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.

St. Augustine was born in Algeria in 354. In spite of the watchful care of his mother, St. Monica, he gave himself up in his youth to many excesses. When he was thirty-three years of age the prayers of his pious mother at length obtained for him the grace of a complete conversion. During the remainder of his life he endeavored to undo the evil which his teaching and example had wrought. He composed, in defence of the faith, a long series of treatises, which have rendered his name illustrious throughout the world as one of the most profound, ingenious, and prolific writers that have adorned the Church of God. During thirty-five years he governed the See of Hippo, in Africa, and showed himself endowed with all the virtues which form the character of a perfect Christian Bishop. He died in 430, at the age of 76.

St. Raymund 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. Raymund should rank high amongst the saints. Born in Spain in 1204, he gave, not only all his property, but his liberty, and even exposed himself to the most cruel torments, and risked his very life, in order to promote the spiritual welfare and secure the release 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.

FLOWERS WITHOUT FRUIT.

Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control
 That o'er thee swell and throng;
 They will condense within thy soul,
 And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feeling run
 In soft luxurious flow,
 Shrinks when hard service must be done
 And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favor bears,
 Where hearts and wills are weighed,
 Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
 Which bloom their hour and fade.

—Cardinal Newman.

REFLECTIONS.

There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the marks of weakness, but of power. They are the messages of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, and of unspeakable love.

Witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping off a broken string; but a word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up into a flower.

The Storyteller

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

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

(Continued.)

"God bless you! Frank, God bless you! it is just like your noble, generous nature. I see there is no use or need to conceal it from you. I love her dearly, Frank; she has been an angel to me; she has rescued me from the grave; she—"

"That will do now, Willy; we all think the woman we love an angel, at least until we get married; but married men say that there are no such things as human angels at all, and they ought to know best; but she is a noble girl no doubt, Willy. Get on as well as you can, my dear fellow, and you will find a firm friend in me," and he squeezed the student's hand in his.

"When must you return, Willy?" said Frank.

"To-morrow!"

"To-morrow! Will you promise to spend the Christmas with us? I will then introduce you to my lady-love."

"I shall feel most happy, Frank."

After crossing several fields, and meeting with but little game Frank stopped:

"Willy," said he, "I must pay a visit of charity to a poor widow here below. Kate told me that she is very ill, and as her poor children must be badly off, I will just call and see them."

"Why, Frank, will you not allow me to act the good Samaritan too?"

"As you please; here is the cabin below."

There was nothing peculiar about Nelly Sullivan's cabin; it was like Irish cabins in general, low, smoky, and badly ventilated. Small bundles of straw, stuffed into holes in the wall, answered the double purpose of keeping out the air, and keeping in the smoke; or rather, as Nelly herself said, of keeping the cabin warm.

"There is some one inside, Frank; I hear them speaking," said Willy, as they reached the door.

"We'll shortly see, Willy."

They had to stoop to enter the low doorway. In one corner, upon a bed of straw, lay the invalid, Nelly Sullivan; beside her, with her feverish hand in hers, sat Kate O'Donnell. Three or four wretched children were collected around some bread and broken meat, near the fire; beside Kate was a basket, in which she had brought some nourishment for the sick woman and her wretched orphans.

"Ha! Kate, is this you? So you have fore-stalled me," said Frank.

Kate looked up and blushed, for true charity, like true piety, seeks no other applause than the consciousness of having done right.

"It is she, Mither Frank, Lord bless her! only for her I was dead long ago."

"Good-bye, Nelly, I must go; I will call to-morrow," and she rose to depart.

"Can I do anything for you?" said Frank.

"Could you bring her the doctor, Frank?" said Kate.

"Certainly, I will have him come at once; poor woman, you should not be so long without him. Take this now," and he slipped a piece of silver into her hand.

Willy remained after them, and gave his mite to the widow.

"Don't tell any one," said he, as he went out.

"I think, Willy," said Frank, as the latter came up, "I will go over by the glen; there ought to be some game in it; you can see Kate home."

"With pleasure," said Willy, "and I wish you success."

"Oh, as successful as yourself, boy, I expect," said