

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- July 31, Sunday.—Eleventh Sunday after Pentecost.
 August 1, Monday.—St. Peter's Chains.
 „ 2, Tuesday.—St. Alphonsus, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
 „ 3, Wednesday.—Finding of the Relics of St. Stephen, Protomartyr.
 „ 4, Thursday.—St. Dominic, Confessor.
 „ 5, Friday.—Feast of the Blessed Virgin Mary of the Snows.
 „ 6, Saturday.—Transfiguration of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

St. Peter's Chains.

This feast commemorates the miraculous deliverance of St. Peter from the prison into which he had been cast by order of King Herod Agrippa. The circumstances of this miracle are narrated by St. Luke in the twelfth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

St. Alphonsus, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.

St. Alphonsus Liguori was born at Naples in 1696. At the age of 30 he abandoned the legal profession, in which he had already made a name for himself, and, in spite of the opposition of his father, he became a priest. Applying himself zealously to the duties of his sacred calling, he touched by his fervent discourses the hearts of the most inveterate sinners. Still more abundant was the fruit which he gathered in the tribunal of penance, where he joined a singular prudence and firmness to the most tender sentiments of paternal affection. He founded and for a long time governed the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. For eight years he was Bishop of St. Agatha, but at length obtained leave to resign this responsible office, which he had accepted only very reluctantly. In the midst of his labors he found time to compose a number of doctrinal and devotional works, which have earned for him the title of Doctor of the Church. St. Alphonsus died in 1787, at the age of 90.

Transfiguration of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

The miraculous Transfiguration of Our Blessed Lord, in the presence of the Apostles Peter, James, and John, is narrated by St. Matthew in that portion of his Gospel which is read at Mass on the second Sunday in Lent.

GRAINS OF GOLD

BEFORE THE TABERNACLE.

Seek I a cell for penitential thought,
 Contrition's grace to win?
 Behold, the house for me God's love has wrought,
 His sacred wounds within.
 Here to forget, O tide of Precious Blood,
 The little wrongs I mourn,
 And here to quench within this sacred flood
 The fires that sear and burn.
 A callous gaze upon the Crucified
 Too long for me sufficed;
 I cast self-pity and self-love aside
 To weep alone for Christ.
 What means the Reed unto the worldly wise?
 A cross-piece on a tree;
 Here silent at His feet, with downcast eyes—
 'Tis Love who died for me.

A PRAYER TO THE SACRED HEART.

Sweet Friend Jesus, it is hard to see my life running into ebb, hard to know my youth is gone and my maturer years fast numbered in the past. Hard, yes, Lord, very hard unless I realise that each day that brings me to the grave, brings me nearer home to You! Oh, how that drives the shadows back that crowd around the grave! Home to You and Mother Mary and all Your Saints! O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting? If the Lord of all, my Friend, is at my side to see me safely home? Dear Jesus, I trust You for my journey home. Oh, speed me in my coming!

The Storyteller

WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XXVI.—HARMANIANA.

"I'm the enemy, you know, Dawley. Beware of me! It's only fair to tell you that," said Mr. Hans Harman, with his back to the scant fire in his bleak study at Stone Hall. He seemed to have found a saving in coals by this system of heating. He absorbed sufficient caloric himself with a trifling consumption of coals, and his visitors were dependent upon him for their heat supply. If he wanted to freeze, he need only look it—there was nothing else in the room to counteract the impression. If he beamed and glowed, the visitor might still feel chilly enough, animally speaking, but Hans Harman's geniality only sparkled the more for the surrounding polar region. His large handsome eyes at present shone with mischief-loving warmth, like a frisky sea-coal fire. Dawley, the tailor, looked as though he were enjoying the privilege of warming his hands at them. It being a cold autumn-deathbed day, warmth in some form was opportune, and it never struck Dawley that the glow in Hans Harman's face would have been as well if it proceeded from the grate. "You're a famous rebel, all the world knows—something high up, now, I'd swear—a Brigadier-General with a cocked-hat, very likely? I hear the most desperate stories about the marching and the square-forming of your midnight battalions in the Glen. Well, well," he rattled along, noting pleasantly that the Brigadier-General's cocked-hat was already dancing proudly in Dawley's beady little eyes and on the tip of his cocked-nose, "we'll have to be shooting and charging one another one of those days, I presume—and, mind, you must expect no quarter from me!—but in the meantime, Dawley, I hope you won't disappoint me about that knickerbocker suit this week. I may have to wear it against you in the campaign hereafter; but that's no reason why it shouldn't be honorably paid for and a good fit—a credit to both of us."

"You'll have it by Saturday, sir, as neat as a glove, if I have to sit up all night for it on well-water," said Dawley.

"It's no business of mine, of course; but really one does sometimes scruple to see a smart fellow like you, with your interesting little family—the fourth or the fifth, that last little event, which, Dawley?"

"I thank God I'm not afflicted with them kind of things, sir," said the Brigadier-General, with a somewhat stiff toss of the cocked-hat and feathers.

"True, by Jove! I had forgotten that there was somebody as lucky as myself in this baby-squalling country," laughed Mr. Harman, imperturbably. "But it is all the more painful to see a man, who hasn't a houseful of brats to drag him down, and who might make his way in the world, made the dupe of men without a grain of his own honesty or capacity—men that are, perhaps, feeding on the fat of the land while he is squatted all night with his lapboard stitching a knickerbocker suit. Not but what I should be the last in the world to object to hard industry on a knickerbocker suit," he added, with a genial laugh.

"Indeed, it's de quare set of Democrats dat's going—dat's true enough," mused Dawley, as if to himself. "Making an Irish Republic be gallivanting in a Castle, and shaping up to de aristocracy. As if dat was what de people subscribed dere hard-earned money for!"

"Between ourselves, Dawley, I think your Democrats show their very good sense in not residing in Blackamoor Lane as long as they can enjoy high life in a Castle," laughed the agent. "Well, I don't want to worm myself into your confidence in matters of that sort; though, perhaps, it would be easy enough for me to make a good fellow of myself by pretending that I'm not against you—resolutely and mercilessly against you. I will only say that it's a pity, that's all; and if you only knew the kind of men you are trusting to—how they are trafficking on you and selling you in droves, by Jove! and not for a hatful of

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