

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- August 7, Sunday.—Twelfth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 8, Monday.—SS. Cyriacus, Largus, and Smaragdus. Martyrs.
 „ 9, Tuesday.—Vigil of St. Laurence.
 „ 10, Wednesday.—St. Laurence, Martyr.
 „ 11, Thursday.—SS. Tiburtius and Susanna, Martyrs.
 „ 12, Friday.—St. Clare, Virgin.
 „ 13, Saturday.—Vigil of the Assumption. No fast.

St. Laurence, Martyr.

St. Laurence, Deacon and Martyr, was born near Huesca, Spain. He was the chief among the seven deacons of the Roman Church. In the year 258 Pope Sixtus, as one of the victims of the persecution of Valerian, was led out to die, and St. Laurence stood by, weeping that he could not share his fate. The holy Pope comforted him with the words: "Do not weep, my son; in three days you will follow me." This prophecy came true. Christ, Whom Laurence had served in His poor, gave him strength in the conflict which ensued. His remains were buried in the Catacombs of Campo Verano. Constantine built over his tomb a basilica, which is one of the five patriarchal churches, and one of the seven principal stations.

St. Clare, Virgin.

St. Clare of Assisi, who renounced wealth and rank to embrace the religious state, was remarkable for her love of poverty and her devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. She became, under the direction of St. Francis of Assisi, the foundress of a very strict religious Order, the members of which practised the most religious austerities. She died in her sixtieth year, A.D. 1253.

GRAINS OF GOLD

BENEDICITE.

May every creature hymn Thy praise,
 O merciful and loving God,
 From brilliant sun that lights our days
 To humble-hearted goldenrod.

The stars that jewel heaven's vault,
 The torrents rushing through the land,
 The seas in calm and storm, exalt
 The greatness of Thy kingly hand.

The pale moon silvering our nights,
 The north lights flashing through the sky,
 The mornings laden with delights,
 The gorgeous rainbow arched on high;

Dumb beasts that on the land abide,
 And happy birds that cleave the air,
 The fish that through the waters glide,
 Thy wisdom and Thy power declare.

Let priests anointed praise Thy name,
 And cloistered nuns rejoice in Thee;
 Just souls on earth Thy might proclaim,
 Who livest from eternity.

May earth become a temple vast,
 And all Thy works their homage give;
 But call Thy children Home at last,
 Great God, in whom we move and live!
 —MAUREEN M'ARDLE, in *Arc Maria*.

REFLECTIONS.

Abiding things, therefore, and divine must be our pursuits, and all be done after the will of God.—St. Cyprian.

Sins are forgiven in the Church in three ways: in Baptism, in Prayer, and in the greater humiliation of Penance.—St. Augustine.

Be not afraid, ye shall have peace; but bless God for ever.—St. Raphael.

The Storyteller

WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Continued.)

Admiral Ffrench was a gentleman of ancient stock and of an ancient school. As a curly-headed boy, he volunteered from the British Navy to accompany Canaris in the almost incredible adventures of his fireships, and with his own hand tore down the ensign of the Turkish Vice-Admiral at Navarino. The last chapter of his youthful book of Greek romance was a marriage with a beautiful princess of the House of Ypsilanti, whom he brought home and worshipped with simple rapture for twenty years at Castle Ffrench, and at whose grave he continued to worship with a gentle resignation ever since. In the simple-hearted old gentleman who lived like an easy father among his tenants, presided over the bench of magistrates with the sweet stateliness of an Eastern Haroun, and warmed the community generally like an unobtrusive old sun beaming out of a silvery mist, it required some effort of imagination to remember the bright reckless curls and fiery eyes of the British boy who bounded up the rigging of the Turkish frigate "Amurath the Second" to the music of the guns at Navarino. It was indeed difficult to figure to oneself Admiral Ffrench being hard upon anybody. Nevertheless, there was some faint flush of Navarino under his brows this morning that rather discomposed the agent as he said: "I do think Lord Drumshaughlin might have spared us this. If he will not remain here himself to do his duty by his people, at least he might have some consideration for those who do not desert their post. Either that, or he might be a little more candid, and appoint his estate bailiff to the Commission of the Peace at once—"

"Well, well, my dear Admiral, you know what Lord Drumshaughlin is," began the agent, humbly.

"I knew what he was—a gentleman, and a not unworthy one," said the old Admiral, with something like a sigh.

"Of course, old Dargan is rather a trial to one in your position," pursued the agent, passing over the interruption; "but, you see, the old donkey kept pestering; he has got a good bit of land in one way or another—extensive ratepayer, and all to that—and there was such a row, you know, about the Roman Catholics not being represented on the Bench; and he has a ridiculous wife, who would sell herself to the devil to be called a Justice of the Peace's lady—absurd creatures! But I do assure you, my dear Admiral, old Dargan is quite harmless, and understands, you know—he will make no mistakes as between him and you, depend on it; and, after all, a local man like that may be useful. The Sub-Inspector has married that little girl of his—a very presentable little girl, and a tidy thing, you may be sure," rattled along the agent, who saw nothing better for it than to rattle along. "He's up for the Club—I do hope you won't say anything against it—your voice would be decisive, Admiral Ffrench; but you're too good-natured to do anything of the sort. He has promised a subscription of £50 a year to the Hunt, and, between ourselves, unless somebody like that comes to the rescue, I don't see how we're to avoid selling the dogs."

"Sell them, and be hanged, sir!—or, better still, shoot them, if our sport is to depend upon the alms or the bribes of a gombeen-man!" the old Admiral at last burst out, with a flash and shock as if every gun in Navarino's Bay was in action; but the smoke and thunder instantly died away. "I don't presume to understand how the world goes now," he proceeded, calmly. "In my day we used to think that a man wanted some better credentials than his bank-book to be called a gentleman. But I dare say, so many things are changing, we old fogeys may as well reconcile ourselves to Lord Drumshaughlin's latest appointment as well as to the rest."

"Just like your kind heart, my dear Admiral," cried the agent. "How lucky! here Dargan just comes. How do, Mr. Dargan? Wish you joy. Admiral, will you kindly let me introduce—"

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