Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

August 21, Sunday.—Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost.
,, 22, Monday.—Octave of the Assumption.
,, 23, Tuesday.—St. Philip Beniti, Confessor.
,, 24, Wednesday.—St. Bartholomew, Apostle.
,, 25, Thursday.—St. Louis, King and Confessor.
,, 26, Friday.—St. Zephyrinus, Pope and Martyr.
,, 27, Saturday.—St. Joseph Calasanctius, Confessor.

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.

St. Joseph Calasanctius, Confessor.

St. Joseph was born in the Kingdom of Aragon, in Spain. From his youth, and especially after becoming a priest, he felt a great attraction for the instruction of children. Having gone to Rome, he devoted himself almost entirely to his work. He died in 1648, in his 92nd year, after having founded a religious congregation, which had for its special object the education of the young, but particularly of the poorer classes.

GRAINS OF GOLD

MATER AMATA.

Most loving Mother, robed in white,
For thee the swinging stars are bright;
Yet down Life's labyrinth of pain,
What sinner calls to thee in vain?
Through thy calm eyes the blind have sight.

The world plucks men with master-might,
The River Vice runs swift by night;
Keep thou my soul immune from stain,
Most loving Mother!

Within this House of God's Delight,
Before thee pass, inhappy flight,
Angelic wings; but I would fain
Rise up,and with earth's sinners rain
Child-kisses on thee in my plight,
Most loving Mother!

—J. CORSON MILLER, in *Ave Maria.*

REFLECTIONS.

He can no longer have God for a Father who has not the Church for a Mother.—St. Cyprian.

Do not imagine that the Kingdom of Heaven is only for monks and hermits.—St. Hugh.

As charity is afraid to meet evil, so she never seeks after it; but whenever it falls in her way she turns her face aside, and does not notice it.—St. Francis de Sales.

The first step necessary for a Christian is to be humble. —St. Augustine.

"Four-score-and-six years have I served Christ, and He hath done me no wrong; how can I now blaspheme my King and my Saviour."—St. Polycarp.

A psalm is the soul's fair weather. . . For children safety, for old men a consolation, for women a convenient adornment.—St. Basil.

Let us have always in ourselves a tabernacle and a home for Him Who is the Lord God most mighty, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.—St. Francis of Assisi.

The Storyteller

WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Continued.)

The agent's keen, careless-looking eyes seemed to divine the explanation of his half-rapturous, half-shamefaced look. Don't suppose I want to swear you to loyalty over a bowl of blood," he said laughingly. "If, upon fair trial, you prefer a cell on Spike Island to a desk at the Four Courts, don't limit your ambition on my account. I should like to serve you—it's a whim of mine—and as soon as my whim is gratified, we're quits—if you don't choose still to look in on me once in a way and hear me pound out a sonata or so."

"Agreed, sir. I thank you, and—and *I* like *you*, also" —which was quite true, a *risque* acquaintance of this kind, among such unexpected surroundings, and cemented on such whimsical principle, having all the fascination of a romance of the Latin Quarter for young Harold's Bohemian soul. And Hans Harman could really be one of the most enchanting of men, with his frank, handsome eyes and audacious wit. So, of course, could one Mephistopheles, famed in German story; and, as he clasped Harman's hand to clinch the bargain, our poor Jack could not help thinking of that other bargain in Dr. Faustus' chamber. But Master Jack was not the one to draw back from quaffing a cup of pleasure once at his lips in order to analyse its supernatural or subternatural ingredients. Was it his fault that Harman should take a liking to him? Was it a bit stranger than his taking a liking to the pianoforte? Was he to repulse the pretty vixen, Fortune, like another Joseph, when she rushed into his arms, without any solicitation of his, and offered him safety, a career, a future, just when his future promised to be inclosed in a burglar's stone cage, and when he was cursing his pusillanimity in the department of suicide? He had never set up for a Joseph—the young cynic chuckled to himself, shrugging his shoulders; and though, of course, those ninety pounds a year would come out of the enemy's treasury, might not there peradventure be even some patriotic advantage in getting a footing in the enemy's camp? For example, could he possibly have a better cover for his embassy to Dublin? and that service once creditably performed for his friends, people would get accustomed to his continued absence in Dublin, and a hundred things might happen that would give people other things to think of, or cause them to think that he had behaved like a sensible son, who had bethought him at last of his duty to his mother's rheumatics and his uncle's well-worn hat. "I am ready, sir—I can start in the morning!" he cried, in the jubilant manner in which he always came to the end of his thinking; and he poured out a jorum of claret, which once more brought down the influence of the claret and champagne that went before it tingling and rioting in his blood.

"That's right; I like a fellow who can make up his mind," said Hans Harman, going to the piano; and presently a grey-faced woman in a plumed bed in her hearse of a room upstairs could hear the sonorous chords of one of Mendelssohn's Lieder faintly throbbing through the stony-hearted house, and, later on, Jack Harold's gay voice and funny French *Zim v'lan la*! mocking the dreariness of the sick-room like impish laughter. Considering for what a weary length of time, however, Mrs. Harman had chosen to be an invalid, she would have been a most unreasonable woman to expect her hard-working husband permanently to nail up the pianoforte, the only dissipation of his life, the only joyous whisper in the house; and, to give poor ailing, trivial, ineffectual Mrs. Harman her due, she never thought of doing anything so unreasonable, and requiring such a wild pitch of energy as complaining.

Just as Miss Deborah and the tea-service had arrived, a telegram was put into Mr. Harman's hand, with which the messenger had just posted over from Garrindinny. He left the room with some mumbled excuse about business, and the new clerk in the Pipe Roll Office, with some dismay, found himself *tete-atete* with the youthful Rock of Ages.

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