

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

August 28, Sunday.—Fifteenth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 29, Monday.—Beheading of St. John the Baptist.
 „ 30, St. Rose of Lima, Virgin.
 „ 31, Wednesday.—St. Raymond Nonnatus, Confessor.
 September 1, Thursday.—St. Giles, Abbot.
 „ 2, Friday.—St. Stephen, King and Confessor.
 „ 3, Saturday.—Of the B.V.M.

◆◆◆◆◆

RELIGION FIRST.

Our motto ought certainly to be "Religion First." We cannot afford to look on our religion as so many do to-day, as at best a mere department of life—at worst, as a mere side issue. We are living in a curious age. It is the age of opinion whose name is legion. Men are only certain of a few things. And one thing they are certain of, that religion—that is, dogmatic religion—is a thing of the past. That being so, it follows that the less thought or said about religious principles in the old Middle Ages sense the better. All is influx and reflux. Natural goodness is the only light left to go by. And it is by no means a steady light; rather, when one comes to think of it—a flickering, feeble flame, like the flame in an old lantern when the oil is running low.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

GRAINS OF GOLD

DANTE.

(From the Italian of Michelangelo.)

Living, from earth he plunged in the grim Pit;
 But when the one and the other Hell he had trod,
 Guided by the great thought, he rose to God;
 Then bore to us the flame that Truth had lit.
 Sole-shining star, whose vivid rays disclose
 Eternal mysteries to our blinded eyes!
 You won from the vile world the waiting prize
 Its hate on the heroic soul bestows.
 What Dante writ unread aside is thrust
 With his God-given aim; his folk ingrate
 From sanctuary only bar the Just.
 Would I were such a man! born to his fate,
 For his harsh exile and unwavering trust
 I would surrender the world's happiest state.

—GEORGE NOBLE PLUNKETT.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

TO THOSE WHO SUFFER.

O suffering ones whose ways are ever clouded!
 Whose yearning eyes
 Uplooking, ever seek to pierce the shadow
 That darkly lies
 Above you, closing out the vision
 Of kindlier skies!
 Be faithful; yet the darkness of the night-time
 Shall pass away.
 "A little while," and through the sombre shadows
 The dawning grey
 Shall come, then clearer light, cloudless, unfading,
 Eternal Day.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

REFLECTIONS.

I awoke in Thee, and beheld Thee infinite.—St. Augustine.

Patience not only preserves what is good, but also repels what is evil.—St. Cyprian.

The Gospel of Christ is the one thing you need.—St. Clement of Alexandria.

Serve, love, and honor the Lord God with a pure heart and a sincere purpose, which is what He asks above all things.—St. Francis of Assisi.

Be thou anxious to lead a good life on earth, and all further anxieties leave to the mercy of God.—St. Hugh.

It is wrong to look to one's own good rather than seek the welfare of others. Whosoever overcomes himself, treads the world under foot.—St. Columban.



The Storyteller



WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XXVII.—LORD DRUMSHAUGHLIN MAKES A RESOLUTION.

Miss Deborah Harman's epistle on the enormities of the picnic at Gougaun Barra followed Lady Drumshaughlin to a country house of the Marchioness of Asphodel at The Meads, in Primroseshire, where she was one of a large house-party assembled for the slaughter of the Marquis's pheasants. How Lady Drum came to be opening her letters in a pretty Louis Quinze room at the Meads, with the pink-like wolds and copses of a rural English shire unrolled like an ancient patent of nobility before her windows, is one of those mysteries of the great world which outsiders can only vaguely guess at. It is certain that Lady Asphodel, at this moment exchanging confidences with her husband in her boudoir, would have rung the bell and ordered Lady Drumshaughlin's carriage for the twelve o'clock train to King's Cross, and changed the most objectionable guest in the house into the Louis Quinze room in way of feminine irony, if she was at liberty to consult her own feelings. But what black slave seven hundred feet down in a coal mine is less at liberty than a great lady? and where is a great lady so little at liberty as in her own house? For some obscure reason, she invited the dark-skinned, dark-eyed woman to the house, and caressed her sufficiently in company. The chances are that young Lord Amaranth, who had taken to patronising Lady Drum, had given his mother to understand that he would not be of the Meads party if Lady Drum was ruled out; and the Marchioness, having reasons of her own for desiring to enchain her son in the quiet charms of Primroseshire, instead of seeing him entangling himself matrimonially with music-hall artistes, prize-fighting at Mile End, or gambling at Monte Carlo, had capitulated to his terms. Young Amaranth was a sad scamp; and all his mother's thoughts, and many of his father's, were devoted to reclaiming him. A fancy he had expressed for one of the American beauties of the season had offered the unfortunate Marchioness the first reasonable hope of rescuing him from the lake of fire and pitch which he was pleased to call life. Miss Ruysdael's satiny olive skin, blushing with modest self-satisfaction at its own loveliness—her soft dark eyes, tiny hands and feet, and lissom figure—her sincerity and fearlessness of speech, and withal the diamond neatness and sparkle of everything that rippled through the ivory and vermilion portals of her pretty mouth—carried all before them in the London drawing-rooms since that other *avis insolita*, the Wild Irish Girl, had flashed through them into space; and even Lord Amaranth, who was credibly informed that American women were creatures who lectured you by the hour through the nose on Woman's Rights, and probably spat on the carpet, was graciously pleased to pronounce the Knickerbocker Girl stunning. To his unhappy mother's dismay, however, Lord Amaranth having, under threat to take the next tidal train for Paris, obtained the addition of Lady Drumshaughlin to the shooting party at The Meads, would insist on devoting himself to that lady, who was old enough to be his mother, while he allowed the young men to flutter about the beautiful American with no more concern than if she were a hag of seventy and had a hump.

This little comedy, played on the poor Marchioness's own boards, she herself supplying all the appointments, did not, of course, escape the observation of the guests. The women would not be women if they did not temper their disgust of Lord Amaranth's infatuated flirtation with that old woman with a certain degree of indulgence in view of his neglect of the American heiress. High-born English women are wondrous fair. Who has ever seen the House of Lords on a great night without turning from the rickety mob of old fellows on the crimson cushions, to marvel at the beauty that rays down from the Peeresses' Galleries

Painting . . .
 Paperhanging

For house-painting that
 looks better and lasts

Jas. J. O'DONOGHUE.