

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

September 4, Sunday.—Sixteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

- „ 5, Monday.—St. Laurence Justinian, Bishop and Confessor.
 „ 6, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 7, Wednesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 8, Thursday.—Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
 „ 9, Friday.—St. Gorgonius, Martyr.
 „ 10, Saturday.—St. Nicholas of Tolentino.

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Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The birth of the Blessed Virgin Mary has been from very ancient times the occasion of a special feast in the Church. Conceived without stain, she was brought forth into the world pure, holy, and beautiful—adorned with all the most precious graces which became her who was chosen to be the Mother of God. The Church finds an additional reason for rejoicing in the fact that, as the aurora heralds the sunrise, so the birth of the Blessed Virgin announced that the advent of the promised Redeemer was nigh.

St. Nicholas of Tolentino, Confessor.

St. Nicholas receives his surname from a small town in the Papal States, where he spent the greater part of his life. He was remarkable for his austerity, being accustomed to fast on bread and water several days in the week. In the pulpit and in the confessional his zeal and prudence were productive of an incalculable amount of good. He died in 1306.

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GRAINS OF GOLD OUR LADY'S BIRTH.

Once a plant grew from the waters
Of a sin-enveloped world;
And two leaves, like Hope's fair banners,
Slowly to the light unfurled.

Then a lily bloomed beside them,
All of peerless, snowy white,—
At the dawn a golden sunbeam,
And a star-ray in the night.

David's stem it was that nourished
Through dark years of sin and rue
Anne and Joachim the blessed,
From whose hearts the lily grew.

Ah! dear Flower, thou radiant Lily,
God must love our poor, sad earth,
Since, for all its sin and weakness,
It has known thy blessed birth.
—CASCIA, in the *Ave Maria*.

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REFLECTIONS.

When assaulted by any vice, we must embrace the practice of the contrary virtue.—St. Francis de Sales.

Let them who will perish, perish alone by themselves, let no one take sons of the Church from the Church.—St. Cyprian.

After that the Lord was born for us, it did become a matter of necessity that we should be saved.—St. Francis of Assisi.

How can that man be joined with Christ, who is affected by either disgrace or danger in belonging to him? —St. Cyprian.

For I know, that although I have lived a life contemptible to some, nevertheless after my departure, you shall see more openly what I have been.—St. Cuthbert.

If death were external to the body, it would be right for the life also to be external; but if death was folded in the body and held it in subjection, it was needful that the life also should be in the body, that the body being endued with life might cast away corruption.—St. Athanasius.

The Storyteller

WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued.)

Lord Drumshaughlin had been all his life a lazy, but never a cowardly man. The second blow, instead of defeating him still further, only steadied him. Duty, which he had spent his feeble years in dodging, has come upon him at last like an armed man, and Ralph Westropp turned to face the enemy as unflinchingly as he had long ago faced Antonaccio's pistol in the hotel of the Rue de la Paix. That intolerable sting Humphrey Dargan had inserted in his easy-chair had cured him of his weakness for cushions. He had behaved like an idiot, like a coward, like a reprobate. Quite true. He almost felt the sanguine blood fly to his yellow cheeks as he thought of it all—how he had ceased to be an Irish gentleman, without becoming more than an English club Bohemian—how he had cringed to money-lenders instead of mastering his affairs like a man—how he had allowed his wretched Harry to drift from him into vacancy, and his beautiful Mabel into God only knew what fantastic follies of an innocent childish heart—and how for all these treasures wasted, and abdicated duties, he had substituted the dreary joys of that dreariest of egoists, the elderly-juvenile man of pleasure—the sodden club enjoyments of the table, the unwholesome appetite for late hours and gaslight and green tables and smoking-room banalities, and the rest of the feverish follies which make young cheeks pale and old ones shameless—these, and the little three-cornered note, whose scent had just died away in ashes. But it was not too late, at least, to die with harness on his back—who knew? Perhaps not too late to retrieve the fortunes of the day? Imprimis, these troubles must be faced on the spot—in Ireland. The first thing was to rescue Mabel from this monstrous rabble Harry's low associations had brought about the poor child: this much was so clear to him that he performed the whole journey to Drumshaughlin in imagination without a stop, even to telegraphing Mick Brine to have his chaise-and-pair in waiting at the night mail train in Garrindinny the night before, so as to press on without the intermission of an hour. So much accomplished, a resolute attempt must be made to grapple with the financial condition of the estate; and, above all, and at any cost, to shake off Humphrey Dargan's unbearable clutches. After all the Dargan mortgage was only for 55,000*l.* and upon not too advantageous terms in the present prospects of Irish landed security—six per cent. There could be no insuperable difficulty about contracting a fresh loan—at two per cent. additional, perhaps, but even so—that would beat the gombeen-man's insolent claws off the estate, and place Lord Drumshaughlin in a position to give the answer for which the creature's letter cried to Heaven. And in casting about for a financial Machine-god, Lord Drumshaughlin's thoughts recurred to Hugg, the second mortgagee, whose present lien was only for 30,000*l.* and who might be willing enough to consolidate the whole loan upon the estate at his own figure of eight per cent. Hugg, it seemed, was some city notable who, for reasons of his own, did not choose to be known as the money-lending Petite Bourse, and Hans Harman, who was in the secret (as he was in all others), had observed the obligations of confidence so rigorously that he had himself, with Mundle, witnessed the signature to the mortgage-deed; but Hugg was beyond question some Jewish Croesus, doubtless in the House—possibly on the Treasury Bench, as Harman once more than half hinted—and the thought had struck Lord Drumshaughlin that, if he could only get into communication with Hugg himself, who would scarcely fear to entrust his secret to the honor of a Westropp, it might be possible to strike up an understanding more satisfactory than could be obtained on pedantic lines of business. It seemed to him he could face the rearrangement of his affairs with a lighter heart, if he was in a position to approach Hans Harman with some bold and fruitful suggestion of his own, instead of turning to his agent helplessly for baby-feeding, as he

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