

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

September 11, Sunday.—Seventeenth Sunday after Pentecost.

- 12, Monday.—Feast of the Holy Name of Mary.
- 13, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.
- 14, Wednesday.—Exaltation of the Holy Cross.
- 15, Thursday.—Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
- 16, Friday.—SS. Cornelius and Cyprian, Martyrs.
- 17, Saturday.—Stigmata of St. Francis, Confessor.

Exaltation of the Holy Cross.

On this day we commemorate the recovery of the True Cross, which was left at Jerusalem by St. Helena, and which, having been carried off by the invading Persians, was regained by the Emperor Heraclius in 628.

Stigmata of St. Francis.

God, not content with enriching His saints interiorly with every grace, has also vouchsafed to bestow on certain of them external signs of their conformity to their Crucified Lord, by miraculously imprinting on their bodies the marks of His five Sacred Wounds. One of those who were favored with this extraordinary grace was the seraphic St. Francis of Assisi.

SS. Cornelius and Cyprian, Martyrs.

These two saints were contemporaries and friends. St. Cornelius was elected to succeed Pope Fabian in 251. During his Pontificate, the Church had to contend not only with the persecution of the Emperor Decius, but also with the internal disturbances excited by the heretic Novatian. In 252, St. Cornelius was banished to Civita Vecchia. Brought back to Rome in the same year, he there gained the crown of martyrdom. St. Cyprian was verging on old age when converted from paganism. He was consecrated Bishop of Carthage in 248. During 10 years he labored unceasingly to promote the spiritual interests of his flock. He was the author of several treatises on doctrinal and devotional subjects. He was martyred during the persecution of Valerian in 258.

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GRAINS OF GOLD

MATER PURISSIMA.

When I think long of Him,
What He may be,
My dreams in twilight dim
Wander to thee,—

How thou, so calm and mild,
Hast sung or wept,
And kist thy Holy Child
While soft He slept;

How then those gentle songs,
Kisses and tears
Waked pity for the wrongs
And grief of the years.

For a song in an infant's heart
Or dream uncurled,
In the man's soul hath its part
To save the world.

Wherefore we deem it meet,
O Star of the Sea,
Madonna pure and sweet,
To reverence thee!

—W. H. HAMILTON OF GAULDRY, in *Ave Maria*.

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REFLECTIONS.

A true orator does not rely upon the beauty and appropriateness of his word, his words derive their value from him.—St. Augustine.

If we are Christ's heirs, let us abide in the peace of Christ; if we are Sons of God we ought to be peacemakers.—St. Cyprian.



The Storyteller



WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued.)

The Secretary's lower lip fell. He did not like levity in such matters. These Irish lords were as bad as the rebels and the rivers. It wouldn't be such a bad thing to make absenteeism a treason-felony as well as burying an old pikehead. But the old Adam was not yet dead in John Jelliland. He at once concluded that he could see through this visit of Lord Drumshaughlin. He remembered their former interview, and his instinct as a politician smote him that he had never since done anything to propitiate a man who would almost certainly be elected for the vacant Irish Representative Peerage, and whose important County might at any moment fall vacant whenever a place sufficiently shady could be got for old O'Shaughnessy. Besides, at the remembrance of that odd stripling, Harry, a curiously humbling thought struck the Secretary.

"How is your son?" he said. "What a sharp fellow! I remember very well he was the first who told me all about this conspiracy—one of the best informed young persons I have ever met on the subject of Ireland. I have been casting about to see what we could do for him." He had been casting about for just three minutes on the subject; but John Jelliland, who, in the ordinary concerns of life, was stern Truth itself, admitted in politics a certain degree of what the theologians call "economy"—Political Economy, in the casuist's sense, not in Adam Smith's or Ricardo's. "You know a young fellow like that generally does best in the Colonies." There was some vague association in his mind between Harry and Botany Bay, which he could not for the life of him account for.

"The Colonies—a capital place for a young fellow," said Lord Drumshaughlin, with surprise.

"Well, they're raising a Cape Mounted Force, and I should say a commission there would suit your young fellow down to the ground. I'll write to Sir Frederick Flamwell, the Colonial Secretary, this afternoon, if you have no objection. It's a curious thing how my little dachshund Halmar took to your son," observed Mr. Jelliland, with a deep sigh. "Do you know I've lost Halmar since? As your boy said, I would give almost anything for a pup out of that bitch. Singular how capitally Halmar and your boy understood one another—and the whimsical thought flashed across his mind that upon the whole Pepper would have made a better Chief Secretary for Ireland than his master—a thought which, grotesque as it was, somehow saddened him. "Well, well, I suppose we cannot do better than put up Flamwell for that commission."

"I am very heartily obliged to you," exclaimed Lord Drumshaughlin, in much surprise and glee. "but—ah—to be frank with you, it was not about that I called."

"Oh!" said the Chief Secretary.

"No. The truth is, I suppose you're aware that my boy, Harry, is as wild as a young colt, and has drawn all sorts of loiterers and queer characters—Fenians and all that—about my place, Drumshaughlin Castle."

Ha! Now John Jelliland could read him through and through. So then this extraordinary business of the American Captain, and the strange doings reported by the police from Drumshaughlin Castle, were part of a plan to bring pressure to bear on the Government to make provision for this young scapegrace, Westropp; and now that the plot had been successful, and the young fellow handsomely transported to the colonies, Lord Drumshaughlin wanted to save the retreat of his minor accomplices. There was nothing too deep or base for those Irish place-hunters. But even maimed as he was by the catastrophe on the Suck, John Jelliland was, at least, not to be deceived by their knavery.

"I understand, my lord, perfectly," he said, with an icy smile of self-satisfaction.

"In particular, I am informed that there is an American emissary—"

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