

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- September 18, Sunday.—Eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 19, Monday.—SS. Januarius and Companions. Martyrs.
 „ 20, Tuesday.—SS. Eustachius and Companions. Martyrs.
 „ 21, Wednesday.—St. Matthew, Apostle and Evangelist. Ember Day. Fast.
 „ 22, Thursday.—St. Thomas of Villanova, Bishop and Confessor.
 „ 23, Friday.—St. Linus, Pope and Martyr.
 „ 24, Saturday.—Blessed Virgin Mary of Mercy. Ember Day. Fast Day. (No abstinence.)

St. Matthew, Apostle.

Before being called to follow Christ, St. Matthew was a tax-gatherer, and bore the name of Levi. After the Ascension he preached for some time in Judea, and under Divine inspiration wrote his Gospel to convince the Jews that Christ was the long-expected Messiah. St. Matthew afterwards proceeded to the East, where he won the crown of martyrdom.

St. Thomas of Villanova, Confessor.

St. Thomas was born near Villanova, in Spain, A.D. 1488. From his parents he inherited that charitable disposition which was his distinguishing characteristic during the whole course of his life. He was also remarkable for a profound humility, which caused him to shun the admiration of the world, and which his appointment to the Archbishopric of Valentia served only to render more evident. St. Thomas died in 1555.

Our Lady of Mercy.

In the thirteenth century, when the Mediterranean was swept by Moorish pirates, a religious Order was instituted under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary for the purpose of collecting alms for the relief and ransom of Christian captives, of visiting them in their captivity, and restoring them, when possible, to their friends and families. In memory of the institution of this admirable Order and of the tender compassion of the Blessed Virgin, to whom it owed its origin, the Feast of Our Lady of Mercy was instituted.

♦♦♦♦♦

GRAINS OF GOLD

QUEEN OF THE APOSTLES.

Dear Mother, whom we oft invoke,
And Queen of His twelve Fisher-folk.

We hail thee ever-blessed Maid,
When in the sunshine of thy May
White as the lily leaps the spray
Upon a sea of jade.

The Twelve have power to loose or bind,
And we believe that we shall find
Forgiveness through thee, Lady fair;
Thou art the Paraclete's chaste Bride,—
Virgin, whose symbol moves the tide,
Preserves us by thy prayer.

When fall the darkness and the storm,
Mother, who gave Him human form,
Our potent Mediator be;
Grant by the Lights of Pentecost
That men He sought may not be lost
To Christ of Galilee.

—HENRY C. McLEAN, in *Ave Maria*.

♦♦♦♦♦

REFLECTIONS.

Continency and chastity lie not in mere integrity of the flesh, but in honesty and modesty of dress and apparel.—St. Cyprian.

Obedience is the accomplishment of the commands of God, the key and seal of all religious discipline.—St. Bruno.

It is impurity to behold, to hear, to speak, to smell, or touch any immodest thing in which the heart entertains itself and takes pleasure.—St. Francis of Sales.

I have learned to renounce my own will.—St. Hugh.



The Storyteller



WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Continued.)

Miss Westropp was unquestionably responsible for throwing Georgey O'Meagher and the young Guardsman a good deal together; and could not altogether shut her eyes to the result of rides, croquet-matches, and parlor games (Georgey, like the inexperienced, buoyant-hearted country girl she was, once actually proposed bandaging Reggy Neville for blind-man's-buff) in which the great, shy, faithful soldier found himself warming and sparkling in the sunbeams of the young Irish girl's ruisselant wit and artless ways. Miss Westropp was not sure that Reggy Neville was not falling in love with Georgey O'Meagher. She was not even sure that she regretted it. Neville himself was almost the only person who did not suspect his danger. He was a poor hand at psychic analysis; but if he were asked off-hand why he found Glengariff so pleasant he would probably have thought of Harry's otter-hunting as readily as of Georgey O'Meagher's croquet-mallet. Pleasant he unmistakably found it. "What on earth is this the fellows are saying of you, old Reggy?" wrote his friend, Horace Westropp, from Birdcage Walk. "The very least I hear of you is that you have turned Rebel Chief, and are drilling and arming your outlaws by the thousand in the fastnesses of Glengariff. In solemn earnest, dear old man, there are all sorts of stories about the disaffection of the troops of Bantry, and it seems some of the soldiers in their cups have actually named you as designated to head the mutiny. Pray, don't laugh. Also, pray don't send me a second to arrange a duel in your bloodthirsty name. Of course it is all some ridiculous blunder; but I assure you solemnly there has been some portentous communication from the Horse Guards, and you mustn't be thunderstruck if you receive a missive one of these mornings from old Thirlwall cancelling your leave. It would be the best joke of the century, only you are such a muddling old good-natured Don Quixote, one can never be quite sure there may not be some grain of truth in it. For Heaven's sake run across and join me at the Liverpool Cup, and you and I will dress the whole thing into a practical joke that will drive old Thirlwall out of the service."

Reggy did not run over for the Liverpool Cup. He took the affair in deadly earnest, and by the next post addressed to Lord Thirlwall, who was commanding the Life Guards Grey, a communication as stiff as that grumpy veteran's rheumatic knee-joints: to wit: "My Lord,—I am informed that some insulting nonsense as to the object of my visit here has been whispered to you, and that, so far from kicking the person who brought you the report, your lordship is actually about to address a serious communication to me upon the subject. If the report is groundless I have to entreat your lordship's forgiveness. If my information is accurate, I may, perhaps, save you and myself any further annoyance upon the subject by begging you to accept my resignation of a commission in a corps whose commander is capable of such an affront to the honor of one of his officers. I have the honor," etc.

Nor was the young Guardsman's temper mollified by what happened between Mr. Hans. Harman and himself in the hunting field a morning or two after. "Will you allow one of the aborigines and an old fellow to make a suggestion to the unsuspecting stranger, Captain Neville?" said the agent, while the dogs were fumbling about the gorse of the cover.

"Willingly; only I warn you I'm the most mulish of men."

"It is," said Harman, speaking more seriously than usual, "that you will not increase the difficulties of men in our own rank in Ireland by giving to our enemies—low and dangerous enemies—the countenance of a name like yours."

"Oh! I thought you were going to ask me not to give a black bean against your friend Mr. Dargan," said Neville, brusquely.

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