

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

September 25, Sunday.—Nineteenth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 26, Monday.—SS. Cyprian and Justina, Martyrs.
 „ 27, Tuesday.—SS. Cosmas and Damian, Martyrs.
 „ 28, Wednesday.—St. Wenceslaus, Martyr.
 „ 29, Thursday.—St. Michael, Archangel.
 „ 30, Friday.—St. Jerome, Confessor and Doctor.
 October 1, Saturday.—Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

SS. Cosmas and Damian, Martyrs.

These two saints were brothers, born in Arabia, and renowned for their skill in medicine. They were remarkable for their charity, and for the zeal with which they endeavored to propagate the Christian religion. They were both beheaded in the persecution of Diocletian, about the year 303.

St. Wenceslaus, Martyr.

St. Wenceslaus, Duke of Bohemia, was remarkable for his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. His zeal for the propagation of the true faith led to his death at the hands of his brother, A.D. 982.



GRAINS OF GOLD

IRELAND AND THE ROSARY.

Since the days when dear St. Patrick brought the Faith to Erin's isle

To which, through ages we have faithful been;
 After love and worship of our God, we've ever been renowned

For devotion to His Mother, heaven's Queen.

And the gift we love to offer her, when at her feet we kneel,

Is a wreath of roses, white, and red, and gold;
 While we ponder on the mysteries in the Rosary contained,

In which her sorrows and her joys are told,

O Virgin blest! what joy was yours, when the Angel Gabriel came

And saluted you as Mother of our Lord;
 And when later on, in Bethlehem's Crib, you saw your infant Son

By the shepherds and the Eastern kings adored.

We, too, have had our time of joy, in the days of long ago,
 When religion in our country sped apace,

And to bring the Faith to other lands, and spread the Gospel's light;

Was the privilege accorded to our race.

But 'tis Mary's trials and sorrows that appeal most to our heart

As we meditate on each sad mystery;
 Of grief and tribulations, like to her we've had a part,
 For we've trod the path that leads to Calvary.

You bore your cross, dear Mother, with patience to the end;

Now with your Son you reign in bliss and love,
 And on Ireland's suffering children, who have ever sought your aid

You will look with pity from your throne above.

For after every sorrow there comes a time of joy;
 Every cross that's bravely borne will win a crown;

So we'll wait with patience God's own time for the glorious days to come,

When peace, through Mary's hands, will be sent down.

—AN IRISH EXILE.

Somewhere in France, May, 1921.



The Storyteller



WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Continued.)

This terror once removed, however, Katie's discomfort at sight of Harry completely disappeared, and the poor lad began to find himself as much at home in the family circle at the Mill as Snipe curled up on the hearthrug. Having no higher an opinion of himself than he had of Snipe, he was quite content like him to lie dumb in the firelight and blink his eyes respectfully at his mistress, and lie in wait for the slightest hint to fetch and carry for her; while Katie, for her part, began to entertain towards him very much the same sort of fondness that children commonly feel for a big dog. Mabel, only too happy to see him devouring tea out of Katie's dainty flowered evening-cups, instead of dipping in Moll Carthy's pewter measures, had not the heart to tell poor Harry that the secret of his present contentment was the certainty of his future disappointment. It must be stated, also, that Miss Mabel felt a growing vague necessity for assuring some mysterious accusing spirit within her that it was her interest in Harry's love affair which made her so frequent a figure in the chimney-corner at the Mill; she felt reluctant to cut off so capital a plea of self-justification. She did not dare to ask herself why young Rohan's name so incessantly crossed and recrossed her daily life, without her ever summoning it up, and yet without her ever feeling provoked to hear it. But when a young person, who has been listening to Georgey O'Meagher crowning a young man's brows with roses during the day, has sufficient patience left to watch new crowns of roses being plaited for him all the evening by an idolatrous mother and fanatical sister, the argus-eyed reader will know how to discount the firmness of soul of the haughty patrician who only a few days ago chafed under the scene at Mullagh and railed at lovers as the cutpurses and assassins of human happiness! I offer no opinion myself. I am perfectly sure that Mabel would have torn her flesh with whips if anybody had suggested to her that she was falling in love with Ken Rohan. Such a thought would have been to her simply horrible—inconceivable. But I am sure also that it was not Mrs. Rohan's cream-cakes alone that caused her to spend so many joyous October evenings in the ruddy parlor firelight at the Mill, trolling glees and duets with Katie, plotting future little raids of benevolence with the President of the Ladies' St. Vincent de Paul Society, and throwing Myles Rohan into ecstasies of perplexity between regard for his fame as an invincible backgammon-player and incapacity to hurt, even on a backgammon-board, an opponent so divinely fair.

"What can have delayed Harry?" asked Miss Westropp for the second or third time on one of those occasions. Harry had been falling into the habit of dropping in at or after tea-time at the Mill to pick up his sister and see her home. It gave him an excuse for coming, and it gave her an excuse for staying. It was growing late now, and Myles Rohan, who was forbidden late hours, had pushed away the backgammon-board and was looking sleepy.

"Ken, put on your hat, and see Miss Westropp safe to the Castle," said Mrs. Rohan, to whom the order seemed as natural as it would seem to a London middle-class mother to despatch her son for a cab. Nor did it seem a very much graver matter to the young people.

"All right, mother—Snipe and myself," said Ken, gaily.

"And won't Master Harry catch it!" said the young lady, half-laughingly, half-assuredly, tying on her hat.

When they got out of the homely warmth of the parlour into the open air not a word passed between them. Not that there was embarrassment on either side. She had no more apprehension of a renewal of the Mullagh nightingale song than of the sullen wintry sky falling. As for him, he was undoubtedly ill at ease whenever Miss Westropp was in the Mill parlor. She appeared to him to be as beautiful as the sun. When a luminary of the

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