

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- October 2, Sunday.—Twentieth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 3, Monday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 4, Tuesday.—St. Francis of Assisi, Confessor.
 „ 5, Wednesday.—SS. Placid and Companions, Martyrs.
 „ 6, Thursday.—St. Bruno, Confessor.
 „ 7, Friday.—Feast of the Holy Rosary.
 „ 8, Saturday.—St. Brigid, Widow.

St. Francis of Assisi, Confessor.

The great founder of the Franciscan Order was born at Assisi, in the Papal States, towards the close of the twelfth century. While yet in his father's house, he showed a more than ordinary compassion for the poor, often depriving himself of food and clothing in order to come to their assistance. To charity he joined the most profound humility of heart. Base and contemptible in his own eyes, he desired to be reputed such by all, and sincerely shunned honor and praise, saying: "What a man is in the eyes of God, that he is, and no more." St. Francis died at Assisi in 1226, in his 45th year.

Feast of the Holy Rosary.

On the first Sunday of October, 1571, was fought the great battle of Lepanto, which saved Europe from the Turks, and gave the death-blow to the Ottoman power. In memory of this victory, gained at the very moment when the faithful were reciting the Rosary for the success of the Christian arms, Gregory XIII. ordered the present feast to be celebrated.

St. Brigid, Widow.

St. Brigid belonged to the royal family of Sweden. From childhood she was remarkable for charity, love of retirement, and a distaste for worldly enjoyments. On the death of her husband she divided her property amongst her children and withdrew into a convent which she herself had founded. She died in Rome in 1373, at the age of 71, on her return from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

GRAINS OF GOLD

MY ROSARY BEADS.

In deepest night when storms arise;
 In hours of light 'neath clouded skies,
 One friend is nigh that my soul leads,
 One joy have I—my Rosary Beads.

When shadows fall across the day
 And darken all my homeward way,
 When friends are cold,—in cares and needs
 My fingers hold my Rosary Beads.

In grief and loss, in pain and care
 When Jesus' Cross is hard to bear,
 I strew a rose at Mary's feet,
 And change my woes to gladness sweet.

My joy of life, immortal joy,
 When care and strife my peace destroy:
 When towards the Night my roadway leads,
 My soul you'll light, my Rosary Beads.

—MICHAEL WALSH, in the *Ave Maria*.

REFLECTIONS.

"Long have I desired what I now suffer. Do what thou wilt, and add yet other tortures: I am a Christian, and for the name of Christ I am willing to die."—St. Euplius.

"Let us boldly bear the shield of faith, under whose shelter every dart of the enemy may be quenched."—St. Cyprian.

"For meet it is they should practise the example of Christ before they preach it, and preach and practise at the same time."—St. Francis of Assisi.

"Not Grace alone, nor man alone, but Grace working with man, will save."—St. Augustine.



The Storyteller



WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Continued.)

"It is glorious! No wonder Italy is free," said young Rohan, passionately. "'Parting Lovers' the poem is called."

"Poor Harry is my Giulio," she said, without noticing, "and oh, dear me, I do so grudge him—I do so shudder!"

Ken Rohan's heart said to him darkly, "She well may. If it were with us only a matter of 'flashing our souls out with the guns' there needn't be much shuddering; it is different when it is a matter of flashing our souls into a garotter's jacket—into a felon's hell." But aloud he said gaily, "Yes, but you'll end by saying 'Go!' and go he will, and return, too! Italy is not going to have all the poetry and triumph to herself."

"But why go at all? Why for ever these miserable flags and drums and the tears that follow them? O there is so much goodness in the world, so much unselfishness, so much affection!—and yet a handful of wicked, selfish, heartless men and women force guns into the hands of the millions who only want to be kind to one another, and bid them slay and mangle or be slain! Who would be the worse if our poor folk had their little cabins safe over their heads—had the genius of their indestructible old race restored again to its kindly throne in Eirinn of the Streams? Why should that shadow cross our path to-night? Why cannot the two nations—why cannot all the world—sit as you and I are sitting here to-night, respecting one another, admiring one another, liking one another—I only too happy to think that some of your bright Celtic blood flows in my veins—and you not, I think, at all disposed to let this foolish blood of mine flow out in order to analyse how much of it is Protestant and English? Oh! why cannot people be the same in millions?"

"Because there are not many like you in the world—if there is another one," he said fervently, almost in a whisper.

"I did not mean you to say that, and I did think you would have known that I did not mean you to say it," she said, with a flush of pain.

"I did—I do know it, Miss Westropp; forgive me," he cried, reverently bowing his head. "After all, what do we all dream but that there may be—that there are—millions like you in the most brilliant part of you—a compassionate human soul? Heaven grant it if ever this heart-breaking old world is to be put to rights!"

"Or," said she, her little head supported thoughtfully between her hands, "if the old nun is not wiser than all the philosophers and statesmen, and if all the pangs and complications of this shadowy world are not divine messages to remind us of a brighter—Didn't you hear some noise? Listen! There it is again—trampling on the gravel. Heavens! what has happened?" and she sprang to the window and tore aside the blind. "Look! The place is full of them—of armed men!"

At the same moment the great hall-bell was tugged and sent its alarum vibrating through the silent caverns of the Castle.

"May I leave you for one moment to see what it is about—one moment only, and I will be back?" he said, moving towards the door.

"No, no!—I must know," she cried, springing after him. "Thank you!—I am all right now"; and when he reached the heavy oaken portal, she was beside him, white, but calm.

"Who's there?" he demanded, as the bell went off into new and more violent convulsions.

"In the Queen's name open!" answered a deep voice outside.

Young Rohan undid the massive chain fastenings, and the great door swung slowly back. The light of the hall-lamp fell upon clumsy dark figures shrouded in frieze great-coats, and behind them a vague living mass, amidst which the light picked out flashes of scarlet and the tips of bay-