

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- October 9, Sunday.—Twenty-first Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 10, Monday.—St. Francis Borgia, Confessor.
 „ 11, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 12, Wednesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 13, Thursday.—St. Edward, King and Confessor.
 „ 14, Friday.—St. Callistus, Pope and Martyr.
 „ 15, Saturday.—St. Teresa, Virgin.

St. Edward the Confessor.

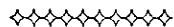
St. Edward after spending his youth in exile, was crowned King of England in 1042. Though by his piety and simplicity he seemed better suited for a cloister than a court, yet the kingdom of England was never more blessed than during his reign. He had no other desire than to see his people happy, and they, for their part, loved him as a just and generous ruler, while they revered him as a saint. St. Edward died in 1066.

St. Callistus, Pope and Martyr.

The Pontificate of St. Callistus, which began in 217, terminated in 222 by the martyrdom of this holy Pontiff. A detailed account of his sufferings has not come down to us, but it is probable that he lost his life in a popular uprising during the reign of Alexander Severus.

St. Teresa, Virgin.

St. Teresa, the glory of the Catholic Church in Spain, was born at Avila, a town of Old Castile, in 1515. In her twentieth year she made her religious profession in a convent of Carmelite nuns. She showed herself henceforward a perfect model of obedience, humility, and self-denial. She was also blessed by God with an extraordinary gift of prayer, on which subject she has left us books full of profound knowledge and of the greatest utility to all those who seek to walk in the path of spiritual perfection. After spending close on 50 years in the cloister she died a saintly death in 1582.



GRAINS OF GOLD

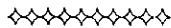
THE CHILDREN'S PRAYER FOR PEACE.

Lord, Thy little children
 Come to Thee to pray
 That Thou mayst guard us
 And our land to-day.
 Hear us, gently pleading
 That all strife may cease—
 Jesus, Friend of Ireland,
 Give Thy people peace.

Guide the nation's leaders,
 With Thy light inspire
 Ireland's trusted envoys;
 Set their souls on fire
 With love, truth, and justice,
 So that they may free
 Our dear isle from bondage
 And give her liberty.

Lord, hear Eire's children
 Knocking at Thy Door:
 Heal our stricken people,
 With hearts grieved and sore;
 A future bright and happy
 To holy Ireland send;
 In this grave hour of danger,
 Lord, be our dearest Friend.

—MICHAEL DOUGLAS, K.B.S., Tara, in the *Irish Catholic*.



REFLECTIONS.

All the disciples of the Lord are priests.—St. Irenaeus.
 No man is strong by his own strength, but is safe in the indulgence and pity of God.—St. Cyprian.

Thee we never lose, unless we forsake; and, if we forsake, whither do we go, whither fly, but from Thy love to Thy wrath?—St. Augustine.

Why should we become drowsy in so much sloth, and not seek by some means or another the way of Salvation?—St. Cuthbert.



The Storyteller



WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XXIX.—(Continued.)

Five minutes afterwards the old pony and its old rider were plunging away into the night. As Owen slunk away under the cloak made for him by the hurrying clouds, another figure, which had been lurking about the chapel, moved up to him. "Gimme de tool, now, quick—and get home," whispered the new comer. "My God! what is dat patch? It's blood."

The moon had suddenly shot out upon the two men like a flash of limelight. It revealed a great dark smear upon the white flannel vest which the young man wore over his chest under the outer jacket. "I suppose it is!" he said in a voice out of a sepulchre. "I did not notice. It must have been the body—while I was carryin' it."

"Man, how you are trembling! Are you a coward?" said the other, plucking him roughly by the arm.

"A coward!" was the deep reply. "I brought the body to his mother's doore—I sent the priest to him myself—how many men would daar do that? Would you do it?" he said, turning on him like a young wild beast, as another flying ray of moonlight fell on the little hellfire-tipped nose of Dawley. There was something in the sight that enraged him. He seized Dawley by the throat with both his hands, and shook him as easily as if he were a small dog in the claws of a young tiger. "Look!" he cried, in a terrible whisper, "I hope there is no mistake about this night's work, or—"

"Mistake!" replied the other, wriggling himself free, and gasping for breath. "Yerra, in de honor o' God, man, do you want de people to tink you escaped from a mad-house? or are you goin' to bring de Bobbies down atop of us admirin' dat shirt o' yours? Gimme de ting you know, I tell you, an' peg away home, an' burn dem bloody rags of yours to blazes." The other pulled a pistol, whose barrel still smelt of gunpowder from his bosom, and Dawley pounced on it and covered it up. "You're a brave lad, Owen," he said, "an' you've ridded Ireland of a scorpion to-night."

"God sind Father Phil'll be in time whatever!" were the young peasant's last husky words, as he stood for a moment gazing down the road by which the priest's pony had disappeared; then plunged into a narrow laneway, and made for the mountains.

Quish, in addition to his nest over the stables at the Castle, possessed a more regular home of his own among the Bauherlin Mountains, where they join hands with the wild range over Gougaun Barra. The cabin was pitched under shelter of a black escarpment of rock, down which in wintry weather a savage young yellow cataract smashed its way, and reeled headlong in foaming torrents under, and now and again over, the ruins of the bridge which spanned the public road lower down. Quish's "stripe" of land consisted of some black potato beds descending steeply from the cabin door, and at present littered with rotten stalks; and outside these some diminutive ragged fields which had once been reclaimed and fenced in with enormous stone fences by some former tenant, but were now re-invasioned by gorse and flowering heather, as though it was these Vandal tribes that had broken down the massy stone walls and were reconquering their old territory, blasting and burning up everything on their barbaric line of march. Quish was no farmer. His duties as estate bailiff supplied him with the means of living, and his avocations on the moors and rivers were the only delights, except red-headed whisky, which it ever entered into his overgrown bulbous head to conceive. He cultivated as many black beds of potato-mould as he himself in an industrious mood could plant, and as his old mother at her leisure could dig out; and his only other agricultural appurtenances were a stunted mountain milch-cow, as ill-favored as himself, and some goats which gave the old lady's legs and voice a wholesome degree of exercise in hunting and cursing them all over the mountain. In the one-windowed hut which dominated this bleak mass of mountain, and which to Father Phil as he caught sight of it on the public road

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