

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

October 16, Sunday.—Twenty-second Sunday after Pentecost.

- „ 17, Monday.—St. Hedwige, Widow.
- „ 18, Tuesday.—St. Luke, Evangelist.
- „ 19, Wednesday.—St. Peter Alcantara, Confessor.
- „ 20, Thursday.—St. John Cantius, Confessor.
- „ 21, Friday.—St. Hilarion, Abbot.
- „ 22, Saturday.—Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

St. Luke, Evangelist.

One of the four Evangelists, and a disciple of St. Paul, whom he joined at Troas in the year 53. He was a native of Antioch, in Syria, a physician by profession, and a painter of no mean skill. St. Luke shared the travels and trials of St. Paul, and was with him in his second imprisonment. He afterwards returned to Macedonia and Achaia, and died a martyr at Patrae, at the age of 74. St. Luke is the author of the third Gospel and of the Acts of the Apostles. He wrote both works in Greek.

St. Peter of Alcantara, Confessor.

St. Peter was born at Alcantara, a town in Spain. While still a mere youth he entered the Order of St. Francis. His life in the Order was a perfect example of humility, meekness, obedience, and almost incredible austerity. He died in 1563, in the 64th year of his age.

St. John Cantius, Confessor.

St. John was born at Kenti, in Poland. Ordained priest, he exhibited the most ardent zeal for souls, and a boundless charity—in a word, all the virtues of a good pastor. Severe to himself, he was ever indulgent to others, who were sure to find in him a generous friend in all their necessities. He died in 1473, being then 70 years of age.

St. Hilarion, Abbot.

St. Hilarion, founder of the monastic life in Palestine, was born at Tabathe, near Gaza. He became a Christian at Alexandria, and visited St. Anthony in the Thebaid. Returning into his own country in 307, he divided all his goods among the poor and retired into the frightful solitude of Majuma, where numerous disciples placed themselves under his direction. He founded numerous monasteries in Palestine and in Syria, and left his solitude and retired to the island of Cyprus, in order to escape celebrity.

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GRAINS OF GOLD

A PRAYER TO MARY.

Oh, Mother Mary, at thy throne,
I kneel to-night in prayer;
All sorrow with the day has flown,
And peace reigns everywhere.
My weary heart finds comfort sweet,
Where candles burn for thee,
And earnestly I now repeat,
My holy Rosary.

Oh! make my heart as pure and white.
As roses fresh and rare.
That beautify thy shrine to-night
In garlands, everywhere.
Grant to my soul the grace divine,
To love thee more each day,
And make my love for Jesus more
Like thine, dear Queen of May.

Wilt thou, dear Mother, be my guide,
Through life's dark perilous way,
And keep me close to Jesus' side,
Lest from the fold I stray?
Thou hope of sinners, hear my prayer,
My trust is all in thee,
And thy sweet mercy let me share,
Until eternity.

—FRANCES KANE.

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REFLECTIONS.

The true servant unceasingly rebukes the wicked, but he does it most of all by his conduct, by the truth which shines forth in his words, by the light of his example, by all the radiance of his life.—St. Francis of Assisi.

Matter had its origin in the uncreated loveliness, and throughout the whole range of matter there are echoes of spiritual beauty through which we may be led to their immaterial archetypes.—St. Dionysius.

It is impossible that God should lose the honor due to Him; either the sinner freely pays what he owes, or God receives it from an unwilling giver.—St. Anselm.

The Storyteller

WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XXIX.—(Continued.)

Quish raised himself on his elbow and gazed intently into, or rather around, the priest's face. "Whisper, Father Phil," he said, in a voice that seemed to be evolved from the clashing of rusty iron files. "Do you think there is a chance for an object like me up there—you know where?"—the eyes rolling violently towards the thatch.

"A chance! my poor boy—yes! I wish I had as good a chance as you have this moment, with God's holy help!" said the old priest, laying a soothing hand upon the burning forehead and leaving a tear glittering there, too, like a jewel. "Quish," he added solemnly, "you forgive them that did this night's work?"

"Oyeh, I do an' welcome, Father," was the reply, with the oddest contorted expression, like a hobgoblin jest, struggling on his features. "I daar say some o' the boys heerd that Hans Harman gev me a half-sufferin or so once an' away to play the informer for him, an' they didn't onderstand, the craythurs—they didn't onderstand!"—he repeated with something like a ghoulish laugh.

"Then it wasn't true?—they wronged you along with murdering you?" cried the priest.

"True! Sell Masther Harry to Hans Harman for half a sufferin! True!" cried the dwarf, starting up and flinging out his hairy paws in a way that made Father Phil himself recoil in terror; but when the paroxysm was at its worst it broke in hideous laughter like the rattling of rusty iron chains in his chest. "Why," he jerked out in spasms of frightful merriment, "Masther Harry know'd every word—we med it all up together—we turned every pinny of Hans' dirty money into honest pewthers at Moll Carty's. True!" and he was going off into another volcanic eruption of delirious laughter; when, changing his thoughts to some more torturing one, he gripped Father Phil by the coat-sleeve with his burning paw, and whispered feverishly: "Father, will you do one thing for a dying man?"

"I will," said the old priest solemnly.

"See him—tell him—don't tell him to come—no, no, don't so much as hint such a thing—let him know ould Quish is goin' home—that's all," he gasped; and then, falling back with a yell of pain: "Quick, Father Phil—I'm a'most bet; but I won't give in till—till I know there's no use in waitin'."

An hour wore away, and another. The old woman, swinging her body to and fro in that rhythmic movement which is to Irish grief what dancing is to French gaiety, accompanied herself with a low crooning orchestra which, mingling with the moaning treble of the winds, had the effect of a lullaby for the dying. The patient doggedly refused to open his lips to give expression to his internal torments. He was waiting like one of those patient-eyed animals that you see tethered uncomfortably in a cart on the way to the shambles. The sense of waiting seemed to have killed the sense of pain. He lay so still that the *calliagh* once or twice ceased her chant to make sure that the eyes turned so intently towards the doorway were not glazed in death.

"It's he! I hear the step down the *boheen*. It's he!" he suddenly shouted, flinging out his arms, and seeming to make the crazy cabin tremble with the wild, shrill halloo he had learned among the beaters on the mountains. After which, he fell back motionless, and his eyes closed.

Quish's keen ear was not at fault; but it took a long while yet before Harry Westropp, toiling up the jagged watercourse by the help of an occasional flash of moonlight, had his hand on the latch of the bailiff's cabin.

"A weenuch, a weenuch, it's too late!" wailed the old woman, dragging him to the bedside, and holding the sooty lamp over the ghastly figure extended there.

"Mother, howld yer whist!" cried the dwarf opening his eyes with as terrifying an effect as if he had opened them in his coffin. "Masther Harry," he whispered, "who are thim with you?"

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