

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- October 23, Sunday.—Twenty-third Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 24, Monday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 25, Tuesday.—SS. Chrysanthus and Daria, Martyrs.
 „ 26, Wednesday.—St. Evaristus, Pope and Martyr.
 „ 27, Thursday.—Vigil of SS. Simon and Jude, Apostles.
 „ 28, Friday.—SS. Simon and Jude, Apostles.
 „ 29, Saturday.—Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

SS. Chrysanthus and Daria, Martyrs.

These holy martyrs were revered in Rome in the fourth century. Many Romans and Roman ladies, it is related, were converted by them, including the Tribune Claudius, his wife Hilaria, and two sons (Maurus and Jason), all of whom, with the exception of the mother, suffered martyrdom. Chrysanthus and Daria themselves were condemned to death, led to a sand-pit in the Via Salaria, and there stoned.

St. Evaristus, Pope and Martyr.

The death of St. Evaristus took place in 112. He is honored in the calendar with the title of martyr, but little is known of the events of his life or of his sufferings for the Faith.

SS. Simon and Jude, Apostles.

After the dispersion of the Apostles, St. Simon preached in Egypt, and then in Persia, where he received the crown of martyrdom. According to the common tradition, he was crucified like Our Blessed Lord.

St. Jude, called also Thaddeus, was a brother of St. James the Less. He was related to Christ by his mother. Nothing certain is known of the later history of this Apostle. Nicephorus tells us that after preaching in Judea, Galilee, Samaria, and Idumaea, he labored in Arabia, Syria, Mesopotamia, and Persia. He is said to have suffered martyrdom in Phoenicia, either at Beyruth or Arad.

GRAINS OF GOLD

NOTHINGNESS.

Lord, I am nought, and yet I pray Thee take
 That nothingness, and from it meetly make
 That which Thou wilt. My only care shall be
 Not to undo the work Thou dost in me.

Thou out of nothing, in the days of old,
 Didst make the world,—its beauties manifold,
 The creatures of the earth and sea and sky:
 The sun, the moon, and all the stars on high.

So canst Thou fashion from my nothingness,
 A heart to love Thee, and a voice to bless;
 Hands that can serve, lips to bespeak Thy praise;
 A life that lives for Thee through all life's days.

—L. JOAN CHUBB, in *Ave Maria*.

REFLECTIONS.

Let this be my penance, to wit, that I eat together in one dish with my brother Christian.—St. Francis of Assisi.

If we burn within with a fervent desire for our Heavenly country, easy it is to endure the exterior cold.—St. Francis of Assisi.

You are the flowers of Paradise; you are precious jewels in the Crown of the King of Heaven.—St. Hugh.

With steady steps must we therefore move, with earnestness and striving we must advance.—St. Cyprian.

Thanks be to Thee, O God. Fifty-six years have I lived in this world—I have guarded my virginity, I have preserved the Gospels, I have preached the Faith and Truth—Oh Jesus Christ, Lord God of Heaven and Earth. I offer my neck as a sacrifice to Thee, Who abidest to Eternity, to Whom be glory for ever.—St. Felix.

Despise not those of the household of faith, who come to you seeking hospitality.—St. Cuthbert.



The Storyteller



WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XXX.—(Continued.)

It was a night of miserable discomfort; and as Lord Drumshaughlin drove past the stone catamountains over the lodge-gate, his own hair bristled up catamountain-like with the prospect of the cheerless reception that awaited him and the fine store of grievances he would thereby accumulate. He had omitted to advise his daughter of his coming, lest he should balk the ends of justice by putting the American Captain on his guard; and now he hugged himself upon the rich materials that a man in a towering rage would find ready to be sworn at in a cold and sleepy Castle at the end of a dismal journey in the grey winter dawn. It was downright provoking to him to find a light beckoning to him cheerily from the hall; as who should say, "Don't expect to catch us napping, you dear old Lord Catamountain; we shan't let you have so much as a growl or a profane adjective in comfort after your journey; you will find everything as snug as if you had sent on a regiment of flunkys—your breakfast-kettle simmering on the knob, a fire roaring in your bedroom, your slippers lying in wait on the hearthrug to welcome your gouty old toes in their soft embraces." Nay, the driver had barely tugged at the bell, when Lord Drumshaughlin found Mabel's clinging arms round his neck and her bright hair wooing him in a shower of gold. Which made him a sulkier Roman Father than ever.

"Why, Mabel, how is this? You have not been in bed, child," he cried, when he had leisure to examine her pale face in the cheerful light of the breakfast-room. "It was high time to put an end to this kind of thing," he growled, with knit brows, as though Mabel were a young spendthrift whose nights were habitually passed in the dissipations of the gaming-table and he had just arrived as a grey-haired angel-guardian in the nick of time to avert her ruin. She saw that he was too well contented with his own virtue to be reminded that he had forgotten to take her into his confidence as to his movements, and had obliged her to remain up all night in miserable uncertainty as to the hour or method of his coming. He took the offensive from the beginning. Poor Mabel's anticipation of an easy victory over Mr. Hans Harman was utterly dispelled in presence of her father's angry and lowering face. She trembled like a peculiarly depraved schoolboy under the master's uplifted rod. All her poor little plots for his comfort were sternly stamped under foot. He insisted that the bedroom fire smoked abominably. He threatened to stamp the breakfast things under foot in a realistic sense. "Nonsense, child—you ought to know it's not slops of that kind, but a glass of grog a man wants after such a journey." He expressed a preference for whisky, in the hope that none might be at the moment procurable; and when the whisky appeared, he muttered: "Hum, I daresay that boy has been drinking—or perhaps that American fellow, Mabel," he cried, turning on her his fiercest scrutiny. "I understand that the police have failed to apprehend that man. I trust I may take it for granted that my house is no longer a sanctuary for rebels and assassins—I hope I may conclude that the man is not concealed anywhere on my premises—in any of those old turrets, for instance, or in the stables?"

"Papa!" she cried, with a proud flash of indignation, "I have pledged my word!" Then she broke down and cried like the most commonplace young lady going.

"Come, come, Mabel, I beg there shall be no scenes—I am not equal to it," he exclaimed, playing the martyr for one pathetic moment in order to heighten the effect of his iron determination. "You see what your folly has brought us to—my house watched by the police like a coiner's, my family made the subject of gossip, my bailiff murdered, and, perhaps, for all I know, the murderer entertained in my own house by my own daughter."

"Father!" she cried, her eyes positively blazing through her tears, "you are the only person living who dare say that

Painting . . .
 Paperhanging

For house-painting that
 looks better and lasts

Jas. J. O'DONOGHUE,