

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

October 30, Sunday.—Twenty-fourth Sunday after Pentecost.

„ 31, Monday.—Vigil of All Saints. Fast Day.

November 1, Tuesday.—Feast of All Saints. Holiday of Obligation.

„ 2, Wednesday.—Commemoration of All Souls.

„ 3, Thursday.—Of the Octave.

„ 4, Friday.—St. Charles Borromeo, Bishop and Confessor.

„ 5, Saturday.—Of the Octave.

✠
Commemoration of All Souls.

The month of November is also known as "the month of the Holy Souls in Purgatory." According to the Church's teaching, not all who die in God's friendship are at once admitted into heaven. Some have not paid the full debt of atonement which Divine Justice sometimes requires after the guilt of mortal sin has been forgiven, or are still stained by lesser faults, which do not merit everlasting punishment, but at the same time debar the soul from entrance into the pure presence of God. These are they of whom St. Paul says: "They shall be saved, yet so as by fire." They suffer in Purgatory in proportion to the number and gravity of the faults they have committed. In commemorating these holy souls, the Church invites us to pray fervently that God in His mercy may shorten the term of their atonement, and admit them to their reward.

St. Charles Borromeo, Bishop and Confessor.

This great reformer of morals in the north of Italy was born of an illustrious Milanese family in 1538. From his youth he gave evidence of great talent, combined with a well-grounded piety. At the early age of 26 we find him discharging the arduous duties of Archbishop of Milan with a zeal and prudence which evoked the admiration of all Italy. The wise provisions which he made for the education of the clergy and the advancement of religion in his province have ever since served as a guide for those whom the Church has called to the episcopal office. That he possessed the good shepherd's love for his sheep was shown by the heroic charity with which he ministered to the sick and dying in a terrible pestilence which visited Milan during his episcopate. Compelled as Cardinal-Archbishop to maintain a certain exterior state, his private life was simple and austere. The death of St. Charles, which occurred in 1584, was in perfect keeping with his saintly life.

GRAINS OF GOLD I HUMBLY PRAY.

Dear God, I have no offering
Of frankincense nor myrrh,
No ointment rare like Magdalen,
With great love did confer.

But I can offer such poor gifts
As seemeth best to Thee:
Faith, hope, and love, and bright above
The star of charity.

Then day by day, I humbly pray.
These gifts untarnished be;
That faith and hope and love may crown,
Immortal charity.

—SUSAN W. CLUNE.

REFLECTIONS.

There is no so certain evidence of friendship as never to overlook the sins and failings of our brethren.—St. Chrysostom.

Need have we of continual supplication and prayer, that we perish not from the Heavenly Kingdom.—St. Cyprian.

The pursuit and love of virtue begin to make us virtuous, but the pursuit and love of honor make us contemptible and unworthy of blame.—St. Francis de Sales.

Thou art the Life of souls, the Life of lives, having life in Thyself, and never changest, O Life of my soul.—St. Augustine.

The Storyteller

WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XXX.—(Continued.)

Lord Drumshaughlin, who was drawn up haughtily before the fire in his dressing-gown, and who had taken up a cigar as if to beguile the time until the agent's importunesses should have been fired off, suddenly started, and flung the cigar under the grate.

"Your lordship will do me the justice of admitting that I have frequently warned you that financial projects of yours were injudicious, improvident, hazardous; but I have never until now felt myself compelled to go further and use the term impossible. I now decisively say—impossible," proceeded the agent, alive to the effect he was producing. "Hugg will do no more, and I am not sure that Hugg and Dargan are not acting in concert. I omit that little thing of my own, which, of course, is of small importance to anybody except a pigmy capitalist like myself; but, putting that aside, it would take a sop of a hundred thousand in round numbers to stuff the mouths of Hugg and Dargan. If anybody can tell me where you're to get such a sum as that in a country about to be delivered of a rebellion—on the security of an estate where rackrenting, I make bold to say, has been developed to the utmost limit of high art, and where the tenants are so expert in the use of firearms—all I can say is I shall be happy to learn the address of so romantic a financier; but I should myself be inclined to inquire for him at the County Lunatic Asylum. No, my lord," he continued, elated with the unexpected ease with which he had cowed his irascible tyrant, and putting the finishing touch to his triumph now by showing that he could be as amiable and resourceful as he was firm, "we cannot afford to demand Dargan's patent of gentility for fear he might play us the ugly trick of producing a parchment deed with your lordship's signature at the bottom of it. These fellows have their own grim sense of humor. No, we must manage Dargan, and thank Providence which has created him with tastes so easily manageable as the taste for a spurious coat of arms. Believe me, nothing is simpler than to keep Dargan on your hands and make him eternally indebted to you. His name is up for the Club at this moment, and there are symptoms of opposition."

"For the Club!" echoed Lord Drumshaughlin.

"For the Club," repeated Harman. "Your lordship's influence would be decisive one way or the other. Dargan may not be the partner you would choose for a rubber of whist; but your lordship won't be there to want partners. Even if you were, you would find Dargan no more in the way than a spittoon, and we should always have his cheque book writing excuses for his presence. Your lordship has already offended the old hidalgos as much by making him a magistrate as you could do by quartering him on them at the Club. Let me only hint that you mean to carry him—that you have made this journey over specially for the purpose—and I hardly know any proposal you could make to Humphrey Dargan, short of putting his mortgage behind the fire, that he would stickle at. The overdue interest he would throw into capital without a second thought—that I'll answer for—and I'm not at all certain that he could not be induced to consolidate the whole of the encumbrance on terms that would enable you to snap your fingers at Hugg and, for that matter, at myself, if my own little debt in the slightest degree embarrasses you. My lord, may I announce to Humphrey Dargan that you have come across to back him up, and not to throw him over?"

"Harman, you used to be a teetotaler. You do not look as if you had been drinking," said Lord Drumshaughlin, with the unnatural calmness which Hans Harman had mistaken for fear. It was the first time a servant of his had ever braved his wrath, and the first effect of the phenomenon upon him was one of bewilderment, as of a monarch whose footstool had risen up and was flying at his head. He had all his life stinted himself in temper less even than in money; and an arrogant temper is the most

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