

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- November 6, Sunday.—Twenty-fifth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 7, Monday.—Of the Octave.
 „ 8, Tuesday.—Octave of All Saints.
 „ 9, Wednesday.—Dedication of the Lateran Basilica.
 „ 10, Thursday.—St. Andrew Avellino, Confessor.
 „ 11, Friday.—St. Martin, Bishop and Confessor.
 „ 12, Saturday.—St. Martin I., Pope and Martyr.

Dedication of the Lateran Basilica.

This church is commonly known as the Basilica of St. John Lateran. It is the Cathedral of Rome, and was the first of the great basilicas consecrated to Divine worship after the accession of Constantine had given peace to the Church.

St. Andrew Avellino, Confessor.

St. Andrew Avellino was born in 1521 at Castronuovo, a small town in Sicily. His baptismal name was Lancelotto, which out of love for the cross he changed into Andrew when he entered the Order of Theatines, founded by St. Cajetan. From his youth he was a great lover of chastity. At Naples he studied Canon and Civil Law, obtained the degree of Doctor of Laws, and was ordained priest at the age of 26. Later he was made Master of Novices of his Order, and subsequently superior. He was indefatigable in preaching, hearing confessions, and visiting the sick. He died at the age of 88. In 1624, only 16 years after his death, he was beatified by Pope Urban VIII. and in 1712 was canonised by Clement XI. He is venerated as patron by Naples and Sicily, and invoked especially against sudden death.

GRAINS OF GOLD

THE LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS.

Sheltered from storm within the cloistered walls
 Of Carmel's garden, bloomed a Little Flower;
 From gazing oft upon the Sacred Face,
 It shed new radiance o'er that holy bower.

Full-blown to beauty by the Spirit's breath,
 Warmed by the sunshine of Eternal Love,
 Too frail for earth, the Gardener Divine
 Transplanted it to grace the courts above.

Drawn by its fragrance, clients throng the shrine,
 Youth flushed with joy, and old age bowed with care.
 Brave soldiers, battle-scarred, their homage pay,
 And little children lisp a fervent prayer.

Purchased with pearls, the tears which Jesus shed,
 These are, O Soeur Therese, thy rightful prize;
 Be thou their guide along thy little way,
 Until they reach the gates of Paradise.

—JOHN A. LENNON, S.J., in *The Messenger*.

REFLECTIONS.

We but think of God worthily when we own Him to be beyond our thought.—St. Cyprian.

In the nightly hours let there be no omissions of prayer, no idle waste, in the moments of worship.—St. Cyprian.

Yes, so great is the Virgin, that he must be ignorant of the greatness of God, who does not wonder, yea, more, is not filled with admiration at the greatness of the Virgin's soul.—St. Peter Chrysologus.

Receive, O Lord, the whole freedom of myself. Accept my memory, my understanding, my entire will. Whatever I have or possess, Thou hast of Thy bounty bestowed upon me. All this I restore to Thee, and surrender it to be disposed of absolutely, according to Thy will. Only give me love for Thee, along with Thy grace, and I am rich enough; I ask for nothing more.—St. Ignatius.

I have not lived so as to be ashamed to live among you: nor do I fear to die, because we have a gracious God.—St. Ambrose.

The Storyteller

WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XXX.—(Continued.)

Another force in Humphrey Dargan's favor was set to work upon the hurried arrival home of Sub-Inspector Flibbert and his bride. His honeymoon was sadly darkened by the news of the tremendous events that were enacting at Drumshaughlin in his absence and without his authority. Upon the first hint of the warrant for the American Captain, he expressed grave fears to his wife that she would have to give up the Castle Drawing-room, as if the prospect of escaping that awful presentation were not the best bit of news the poor child had heard on her honeymoon. When later on in the day he purchased from a bawling news-vendor the intelligence of the assassination of the bailiff, he rushed in to bid her to pack her trunks for the night mail to the South; and the alacrity with which she obeyed his joyous message did not in the least diminish his resentful feeling that it was somehow to his wife's passion for Viceregal festivities he owed his absence from Drumshaughlin when the two greatest opportunities of his life had arrived and caught him napping. "Indeed, indeed, Augustus, I never wanted to remain at all," she was experienced enough in the ways of men to plead. "Of course, dear," he answered, sweetly, "only you forgot to mention that in time. Now we have managed matters so that we have not only missed my chances at Drumshaughlin, but we shall miss the Drawing-room here as well." To which Lily thought it inadvisable to make any retort, even in the shape of a furtive tear; but all the way down in the stifling train had oppressive dreams of putting forward the date of the murder, and putting back the date of the Drawing-room for her own wicked purposes; and towards the end of the journey began to cast timid looks at Augustus George, as if it was really she herself who had committed the murder and was being brought back in custody. It may easily be inferred that poor Lily had found the honeymoon the most trying episode in her life, since a day long ago when a child she had missed her little companions and been delivered to Mother Rosalie at the Convent gate by a strange man who had found her crying, and who had made faces at her and personated "The Boo Man" for the purpose of illustrating the horrors that awaited bold little girls who had niched from school. Augustus George had not at all made faces at her, but, on the contrary, doated very sufficiently on her blush-rosy cheeks; still she could not help associating his figure with that of the strange man, and once or twice, perhaps, she sighed for a dear old Mother Rosalie at the end of the journey to take her back and slap her. The only real friend she made on the wedding trip was an ancient sentimental chambermaid at the dreary hotel, with whom she found shelter from the eyes of those awful waiters, and who patronised her like a pretty baby. Mr. Flibbert's friends at the Depot—the "County," with a fierce moustache which had ceased to be civilian without having become quite military: the "County's" lady, a terrific personage who was to present her at the Drawing-room; the barely razorable cadets, who were quaffing their first goblet of Dublin life, and whose talk was of the new regulation in the Code as to boot-money, and whether young Hankoff found his old station at Killala or his new station at Killaloe the beastlier hole of the two—all those great folk, and the more dazzling ordeal they prefigured to her of the Throne-Room, simply filled with terror the shrinking, convent-bred little country girl. Flibbert admired her so much that he considered it almost a personal affront that she could not be got to "come out." A criticism which he overheard one green cadet confiding to another, "Devilish pretty, you know, but such a little ninny!" rankled in his mind to such a degree that he seriously thought of consulting the "County's" wife as to whether a course of lessons in elocution, or at an Academy of Deportment, or perhaps in a Riding School for Young Ladies, was usually found to be of most effect in such cases. At home at The Roses (which Mrs. Dargan had

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