

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

November 13, Sunday.—Twenty-sixth Sunday after Pentecost.

- „ 14, Monday.—St. Josaphat, Bishop and Martyr.
- „ 15, Tuesday.—St. Gertrude, Virgin.
- „ 16, Wednesday.—Of the Feria.
- „ 17, Thursday.—St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, Bishop and Confessor.
- „ 18, Friday.—Dedication of the Basilicas of SS. Peter and Paul.
- „ 19, Saturday.—St. Elizabeth, Widow.

St. Josaphat, Bishop and Martyr.

St. Josaphat, a native of Poland, displayed, while still in his boyhood, such piety and fraternal charity as to excite the admiration of all who knew him. After having been for some years a monk of the Order of St. Basil, he was raised to the dignity of Archbishop. The zeal and success with which he preserved his flock from heresy and schism drew upon him the hatred of some sectarians, who compassed his death in 1623.

St. Gertrude, Virgin.

St. Gertrude was for many years Superioress of a community of Benedictine Nuns in Saxony. By fasting, perfect conformity to the rule of her Order, constant denial of her own will, and frequent meditation on the Passion of Our Blessed Redeemer, she endeavored to check the growth of any inordinate affection, and unite all the powers of the soul in a pure and intense love of God. She died in 1292, after having enriched the Church with writings which are of incalculable utility to all who aim at spiritual perfection.

Dedication of the Basilicas of SS. Peter and Paul.

These two basilicas are situated in Rome, the one on the Vatican Hill, the other on the road which leads to the mouth of the Tiber. They are famous throughout the world for size, richness, and magnificence of decoration; but the most precious treasures which they contain are the relics of the two great Apostles—St. Peter, the Vicar of Christ; and St. Paul, the zealous missionary of the infant Church.

GRAINS OF GOLD

DIVINE IMPORTUNITY.

And do you wish me to possess
Your heart and dwell therein?
Dear child, how can I when you've barred
And bolted it with sin?

Lo, I have stood and humbly knocked
In patience year by year
Upon the portals of your heart,
But you would never hear.

I've waited at your threshold, sad,
Nor left it night or day;
Ah, had my love been less intense,
I would have gone away.

Year in, year out, 'twas all the same:
For Me you had no part;
The sinful world had gained complete
Possession of your heart.

But now at last that fickle men
Have turned their backs on you,
Upon your knees in shame you kneel!
And ask Me what to do.

Dear child, My love grows never cold
To-day, as oft before,
I stand and knock entreatingly
Upon your bolted door.

Oh, haste and swing it open wide
To One who loves you well;
For in your chastened, contrite heart
I long to come and dwell.

—CHESTER A. BURNS, S.J., in *The Messenger*.

The Storyteller

WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XXX.—(Continued.)

Shortly after Lord Drumshaughlin's arrival in the reading-room there seemed to run around the buzzing groups some strange electric current, the first effect of which was a whispering hush, and the next effect a polyphloisboisterous hum of voices, laughter and excitement. The knowledge that Lord Drumshaughlin had brought not a white but a black bean in his pocket circulated rapidly, and added to the interest of the struggle in the ballot between the old school and the new a fresh excitement as to the result of the inexplicable duel between Lord Drumshaughlin and his agent. Harman's face darkened, but his eye glanced over his own musters with assurance.

"This is deuced bad conduct on Lord Drumshaughlin's part," said Mr. Flibbert, tugging nervously at his moustache, as if it were the American Captain he were dragging out of his lurking-place. "I really must get Mr. Dargan to take notice of it."

"Pooh!" was the agent's whispered reply. "The notice to take of it is to win without him and in spite of him." Then undauntedly to his wavering legionaries: "Of course everybody understands Drumshaughlin's position is a peculiar one. He is bound to make some show as the haughty Custos Rotulorum and all that, you see, but they will be no friends who will do him the ill turn of voting with him."

The voting went on slowly. Men seemed to have been stricken with a sudden incapacity to make up their minds. Harman flitted more actively than ever through the rooms, without, however, approaching Lord Drumshaughlin's group. Admiral Ffrench, who had come to lead a forlorn hope, was beginning to feel (not now for the first time in his life) that forlorn hopes sometimes in a twinkling turn to glittering victories. The excitement was running higher. So was the betting.

"I'll give you five to one still on the Gombeen-man," said one of the young gentlemen in white coats, scarlet gills, and horsey continuations, to Reggy Neville.

"No," said the Guardsman. "Can't, as a stranger, interfere; very sorry, for I should dearly like to lay something against that little policeman."

"I had hardly hoped ever to see a spark of public spirit in the county again," said a delicately-featured old Deputy-Lieutenant, who had hobbled in on a crutch and on the arm of Admiral Ffrench.

"It was really time for Lord Drumshaughlin to put himself at the head of the county," said another.

"The presumption of the fellow!" remarked the landlords' attorney of the district, a loud-lunged, truculent plebeian, who had only edged his way into the Club himself some six months before. "And Harman swears he'll carry him still."

"No, he won't!" cried one of the younger men, bursting into the group. "Harman has thrown up the sponge. The nomination is withdrawn."

The news was true. Upon a rapid review of his mutinous forces, Hans Harman had come to the determination to withdraw the name and stop the balloting. "You have won, my lord," he said, laughingly, but with something like a faint red glare lurking out of his smiling dark eyes. "I hope it may turn out that you have been as wise as you have been brave."

"Trust me, Harman, as you have failed as a diplomatist, you will never be a success as a bully," replied Lord Drumshaughlin, as he drew his furred overcoat about his ears and passed out on the arm of Admiral Ffrench.

Two mornings afterwards Lord Drumshaughlin was served from the Landed Estates Court, in Dublin, with notice of a conditional order of sale, requiring him within twenty-eight days to show cause why the court should not proceed to a sale of the estate on foot of a certain mortgage transaction duly set forth in the matter of Ralph Adalbert Warbro Westropp, Baron Drumshaughlin, Owner; Humphrey Dargan, Petitioner.

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