

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- November 20, Sunday.—Last Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 21, Monday.—Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
 „ 22, Tuesday.—St. Cecilia, Virgin and Martyr.
 „ 23, Wednesday.—St. Clement I., Pope and Martyr.
 „ 24, Thursday.—St. John of the Cross, Confessor.
 „ 25, Friday.—St. Catherine, Virgin and Martyr.
 „ 26, Saturday.—St. Silvester, Abbot.

St. Cecilia, Virgin and Martyr.

St. Cecilia was a member of a noble Roman family. Betrothed by her parents, against her own wishes, to Valerian, a pagan, she succeeded in converting him and his brother to the Christian religion. On this coming to the ears of the Prefect of the city, the two brothers were beheaded. The same sentence was passed on St. Cecilia, but owing to the clumsy manner in which the executioner performed his task the holy virgin lingered for three days in great agony. A.D. 230.

St. John of the Cross, Confessor.

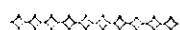
St. John was a Spaniard. He received his surname from his special devotion to the Passion of Christ. He was associated with St. Teresa in reforming the Carmelite Order, of which he was a member. At the time of his death, in 1591, St. John was in his fiftieth year.

St. Catherine, Virgin and Martyr.

St. Catherine, a native of Alexandria, and illustrious for her brilliant talents and profound learning, was, after suffering many cruel torments, beheaded by order of the Emperor Maximian II., in the beginning of the fourth century.

St. Silvester, Abbot.

St. Silvester was born near Loreto, in Italy, in 1177. At the age of 40 he retired into a desert, in order that, free from worldly cares, he might be able to devote more time to prayer and contemplation. Having been followed by a number of disciples, he founded several monasteries, to which he gave the strict rule of St. Benedict. St. Silvester died in 1267.



GRAINS OF GOLD

THE PRESENTATION OF OUR LADY.

Day breaks on temple roofs and towers;

The city sleeps, the palms are still;

The fairest far of earth's fair flowers

Mounts the Zion's sacred hill.

Not all the vast angelic choirs,

That worship 'round the eternal throne,

With all their love can match the fires

Of thy one heart alone.

Since God created land and sea

No love has been so like divine;

For none was ever like to thee,

No worship like to thine.

Angels in heaven and souls on earth

Thousands of years the songs may raise,

Nor equal thee, for thine was worth

All their united praise.

Not only was thy heart above

All heaven and earth could e'er attain—

Thou gavest it with so much love,

'Twas worth as much again.

O Maiden most immaculate!

Make me to choose thy better part.

And give my Lord, with love as great,

An undivided heart.

• Would that my heart, dear Lord, were true.

Royal and undefiled and whole,

Like hers from whom Thy sweet love took

The Blood to save my soul.

—FATHER FABER.



The Storyteller



WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XXXI.—(Continued.)

Monsignor McGrudder sprang to his feet. He was not superstitious. Still less was he a coward. He did not believe there was question of anything supernatural, and he was not afraid of anything human. The next minute he was in the open air, unfastening the wicket into the graveyard, his gold-knobbed oak cudgel grasped in his left hand. The graveyard looked deadly dark. For the first few moments he could distinguish nothing but the spectral cypress sentinels over the tombs, and hear nothing but the dismal w—u—u—h of the wind through the trees. His feet stumbled over a mound. He remembered it was the grave where the murdered bailiff, Quish, had been interred less than two weeks before.

As to which, I must break through all the rules of art to narrate *hic et nunc* a circumstance that marked the burial. It was a lonesome affair poor Quish's last earthly expedition—the most lonesome of all terrestrial sights—an Irish funeral avoided by the people. It was not that anybody specially disliked Quish, or that everybody was not horrified by his fate; but the mere whisper of his having suffered as an informer made the coffin exhale a certain nameless contagion that made people shrink from it as from the first unburied body in a medieval plague. Those who kept away from the funeral could not have explained in the least why they did so. Law is so often villainy in Ireland that the presumption is always in favor of a breach of it. When Monsignor McGrudder said the last prayer over the coffin in a strain that made it sound like a stern exorcism of the murderers, the only mourners left were Harry Westropp and Ken Rohan (who took Harry's arm and who noticed Dawley's scowling eyes fixed on him as he walked behind the coffin) and Mr. Hans Harman, who seemed to take a more important part than the corpse in the ceremonial. Mr. Harman was giving the gravedigger some instruction in the use of his mattock, when Harry, who had barely tolerated the agent's proceedings until now, flew at him like a tiger with fiery eyeballs, and snatched the mattock out of his hand. "Be off out of this!" he shouted, furiously. "You've done enough already to put Quish in his grave. 'Twas you and your infernal attempts to bribe him to spy upon me that brought him where he is. There was better stuff in Quish than in a regiment of fellows like you. It's you, and not he, that 'twould be worth somebody's while chastising. Be off! I'll stand no more of your hypocritical grief, damn you! Leave the rest of this to me. Quish would sooner have one shovelful of earth thrown on his coffin by me than if you were to raise a tombstone of gold over him. Be off, I tell you—this instant—or——." His terrible look and uplifted mattock told Hans Harman for the first time in his life what terror is. He grew as ashen pale as a corpse and staggered out of the graveyard; and Harry not only dropped shovelfuls of earth upon his dead friend's coffin, but wetted them with tears such as a National Funeral Procession does not always draw in Westminster Abbey. Poor Quish's happy super-earthly face would have been worth beholding at that moment.

It was not of Quish's ghost, however, that Monsignor McGrudder was thinking as he fumbled over the new-made grave. The confused muffled noises had reached his ear again. They proceeded as before from the direction of the Tower, which was at present screened from his view by some thick pyramids of yew-tree. He groped towards the path which he knew led directly to the door of the belfry. Just as he had found the path, a peremptory voice beside him called out:

"Who goes there?" and at the same moment he saw the figure of a man emerge from between two yew-trees and stand full in front of him.

"Who are you, yourself, fellow? and what are you doing here at this time of night?" answered Monsignor, sturdily grasping his stick.

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