

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- September 5, Sunday.—Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 6, Monday.—St. Rumold, Bishop and Martyr.
 „ 7, Tuesday.—St. Eugene III., Pope and Confessor.
 „ 8, Wednesday.—Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
 „ 9, Thursday.—St. Kyran, Abbot.
 „ 10, Friday.—St. Hilary, Pope and Confessor.
 „ 11, Saturday.—St. Nicholas of Tolentino, Confessor.

Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The birth of the Blessed Virgin has been from very ancient times the occasion of a special feast in the Church. Conceived without stain, she was brought into the world pure, holy, and beautiful, adorned with all the most precious graces which became her who was chosen to be the Mother of God. The Church finds an additional reason for rejoicing in the fact that, as the aurora heralds the sunrise, so the birth of the Blessed Virgin announced that the advent of the promised Redeemer was nigh.

St. Kyran, Abbot.

St. Kyran, an Irishman, founded and gave a rule of life to many communities of monks in his native country. He established, among others, the famous abbey of Clonmacnoise, on the Shannon. After his death, in 549, he was honored as principal patron of Connaught.

GRAINS OF GOLD

SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

Sometime, somewhere, in the eternal plan,
 Will come a good to offset every ill,
 As Nature's book is balanced so to man
 A balance perfect come there must and will:
 This then our solace, when the way is dark
 And only sorrows we are called to share
 As came God's sunshine to the storm-tossed Ark
 'Twill come to us sometime, somewhere.

Sometime, somewhere, in this world of the next,
 And in some way, a perfect equipoise
 Will come to souls by troubles now perplexed,
 And all our griefs find compensating joys;
 Go on, brave heart, in doing what you can
 Life's burdens as they come to fully bear—
 Fear not! the justice that is due a man
 Will all be yours sometime, somewhere.

From the cradle to the end of life's stormy voyage, since God's mercy and good ever accompany us, we ought never to forget the presence of God.

He that has once begun to taste how sweet it is to live united to God, and devoted to His service and love, cannot, without doing great violence to himself, break off so delightful an exercise.—Aloysius Gonzaga.

Oak, tall and stately, yet mostly sterile, thou art symbol of pride and arrogance. So unlike those small trees laden with fruit, like saintly souls, the fruit of whose virtues lower them in their humility; unnoticed by the world, but dear to the sight of God!

God lets men have their playthings like the children they are, but they may learn to distinguish them from true possessions. If they were not learning that, he takes them from them, and tries the other way; for lack of them and its misery, they will, perhaps, seek the true.

Truth itself has assured us that we cannot serve two masters. Nevertheless, there are persons who think otherwise; who discover no difficulty in what our Redeemer declares to be impossible; who endeavor to assimilate the vicious maxims of the world with the sublime truths of the Gospel.

Broken friendship, like china, may be repaired, but the break will always show. And it is a bit of real truth and wisdom. Friendship is a precious thing—too precious a treasure to be carelessly broken or thrown away. The world handles the word 'friend' lightly; its real, true, deeper meaning is forgotten, and the acquaintance of an hour or the chance comer is designated by the term, which in itself bears a wealth of meaning.

We have never more than we can bear. The present hour we are always able to endure. As our day, so is our strength. If the trials of many years were gathered into one, they would overwhelm us; therefore, in pity of our little strength, God sends first one, then another, then removes both and lays on a third heavier, perhaps, than either; but all is so wisely measured to our strength that the bruised reed is never broken. Each one is sent to teach us something, and altogether they have a lesson which is beyond the power of any one to teach alone.—Cardinal Manning.

The Storyteller

A STREET BOY'S STRATEGY

The boy had made a strong effort to smarten up his appearance. His well worn shoes were highly polished, his dingy clothes thoroughly brushed, his hair closely smoothed down. He was a boy of eighteen, black-eyed and slender.

He had his cap in his hand—it was a well washed hand—and he smiled and nodded to the old man at the desk.

'Want a boy?' he asked.

The old man stared at him.

'No,' he answered, 'I don't want a boy.'

'Your card in the outside window says, "Boy Wanted,"' the lad pleasantly remarked.

'I know nothing about it,' said the old man sharply. 'See Mr. Summers.' And he turned back to his papers.

'I saw Mr. Summers, sir,' said the boy, 'and he told me to go to the—I won't repeat what Mr. Summers said, sir.'

The old man looked up.

'That would seem to settle it,' he said.

The boy shook his head.

'No, sir, that doesn't settle it. Mr. Summers gets hot too easy. He thinks I'm a street boy, and no good for steady jobs. Well, I have been a street boy. I've knocked around in all sorts o' things. But I want to be something better now. I want to learn th' things you can't learn in th' street. I looked around for a while and then I picked out your business, Mr. Spelman. That's the business I'm going to learn.'

He said all this in an earnest fashion and with a smile lighting his keen face.

'That's very complimentary to the business,' said the old man in his curt way. He couldn't resist a dry chuckle. 'Possibly the simplest way for you to get familiar with it will be to start a plant of your own.'

'No,' said the boy, and his eyes twinkled, 'I wouldn't care to do that. Th' fact is, Mr. Spelman, I want to get in with you. You're sharp an' you're solid. When you put your name to a thing it goes. You help th' old town along just by living in it.'

The old man stared again at the boy.

'Do you think that sort of talk will help you any?' he remarked.

'Well, it's all straight, just the same,' replied the boy, with a quick flash of his white teeth.

'You can see that I'm very busy,' said the old man, still frowning.

The boy passed out, softly closing the door behind him. When he reached the sidewalk he crossed directly to the young woman in the dainty electric stanhope. His cap was in his hand as he spoke.

'Mr. Spelman will be out soon, Miss,' he said.

The girl looked down at the keen young face.

'Thank you,' she said, with a pretty nod. 'Are you employed by my father?'

'Not yet,' he answered. 'I'm just a caller. I hope to be something better after a while.'

She softly laughed.

'Did you tell my father this?'

'Yes, miss.'

'And what did he say?'

The boy shook his head.

'He was very busy, miss.'

The girl laughed and looked at the boy more intently.

'Haven't I seen you at your home?'

'Yes, miss. I brought you a bouquet one evening.'

You remember, perhaps? She did remember. A sudden flash crossed her face. 'You gave me a quarter and two big oranges.'

He leaned a little forward. 'How is Mr. Bradford? He went somewhere out west, didn't he? I know him pretty well, you see. Is he all right, miss?'

He saw that she was a little startled, and this added to his glibness.

'I haven't seen Mr. Bradford since—since last summer,' she said in a low voice. 'What is your name?'

'Stokes, miss, John Paul Stokes—most times called Stocky. It's something like Stokes, you see, miss, and then before I began to grow I was built kind o' broad an' thick—stocky, you know.'

'And what have you been doing?'

'I'm a street boy, miss. I've sold papers and run errands and knocked around and done anything I could find to do.'

'Haven't you a home?'

'No.' He suddenly laughed. 'That's goin' to come later.' He looked around. 'Guess Mr. Spelman's coming out. He won't want to see me again, so soon. You haven't Mr. Bradford's address, have you, miss?'

'No,' she replied, with a little tremor in her voice.

'Maybe I can get it,' said the boy. 'If I do, I'll let you know what it is.'

'Thank you,' said the girl, and her cheek flushed again.

Good-bye, John Paul.

He laughed.