

## Friends at Court

### GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

November 3, Sunday.—Twenty-fourth Sunday after Pentecost.  
 „ 4, Monday.—St. Charles Borromeo, Bishop and Confessor.  
 „ 5, Tuesday.—Of the Octave.  
 „ 6, Wednesday.—Of the Octave.  
 „ 7, Thursday.—Of the Octave.  
 „ 8, Friday.—Octave of All Saints.  
 „ 9, Saturday.—Dedication of the Lateran Basilica.

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. 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.

#### THE CHILD ON FIRST COMMUNION DAY.

The Little Infant Jesus

Came down to earth one day,

To find a sweet and pretty place

A little while to stay.

And so, He saw your heart, my child,

And found a garden there,

Where rosebuds near a lily grew,

And daisies white and fair.

It was so pure and spotless, dear,

The Babe was pleased to stay,

He loves you much, but most of all,

On First Communion Day.

Jesus will come again, my child,

So keep the flowers bright,

To be with children, good and true,

Is His one great delight.

He will tell His Holy Mother

Of the little girl He met,

And she will be your Mother, too,

She'll not this day forget.

Your gentle Guardian Angel

Who has watched each step you trod,

Is very happy on this day,

Dear little child of God!

—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

If thou hadst a good conscience thou wouldst not much fear death.—Thomas a' Kempis.

I have been driven to my knees many times by the realisation that I had nowhere else to go.—Abraham Lincoln.

Like Holy Communion, each absolution is "an unspeakable gift" of God—one for which we ought to be intensely thankful.—Madame Cecilia.

## The Storyteller

FABIOLA;

OR,

THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMBS.

(BY CARDINAL WISEMAN.)

Part Second—Conflict

CHAPTER XXXI.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΟΥ  
 ΙΑΤΡΟΥ  
 ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΕΡΟΥ

The great thoughts which this occurrence would naturally have suggested to the noble heart of Fabiola were suppressed, for a time, by the exigencies of the moment. Her first care was to staunch the flowing blood with whatever was nearest at hand. While she was engaged in this work, there was a general rush of servants towards her apartment. The stupid porter had begun to be uneasy at Fulvius's long stay (the reader has now heard his real name), when he saw him dash out of the door like a maniac, and thought he perceived stains of blood upon his garment. He immediately gave the alarm to the entire household.

Fabiola by a gesture stopped the crowd at the door of her room, and desired only Euphrosyne and her Greek maid to enter. The latter, since the influence of the black slave had been removed, had attached herself most affectionately to Syra, as we must still call her, and had, with great docility, listened to her moral instructions. A slave was instantly despatched for the physician who had always been sent for by Syra in illness, Dionysius, who, as we have already observed, lived in the house of Agnes.

In the meantime, Fabiola had been overjoyed at finding the blood cease to flow so rapidly, and still more at seeing her servant open her eyes upon her, though only for a moment. She would not have exchanged for any wealth the sweet smile which accompanied that look.

In a few minutes the kind physician arrived. He carefully examined the wound, and pronounced favorably on it for the present. The blow, as aimed, would have gone straight to Fabiola's heart. But her loving servant, in spite of prohibition, had been hovering near her mistress during the whole day; never intruding, but anxious for any opportunity which might offer of seconding those good impressions of grace which the morning's scenes could not fail to have produced. While in a neighboring room, she heard violent tones which were too familiar to her ears; and hastened noiselessly round, and within the curtain which covered the door of Fabiola's own apartment, she stood concealed in the dusk, on the very spot where Agnes had, a few months before, consoled her.

She had not been there long when the last struggle commenced. While the man was pushing her mistress backwards, she followed him close behind; and as he was lifting his arm passed him, and threw her body over that of his victim. The blow descended, but misdirected, through the shock she gave his arm; and it fell upon her neck, where it inflicted a deep wound, checked, however, by encountering the collar-bone. We need not say what it cost her to make this sacrifice. Not the dread of pain nor the fear of death could for a moment have deterred her; it was the horror of imprinting on her brother's brow the mark of Cain, the making him doubly a fratricide, which deeply anguished her. But she had offered her life for her mistress. To have fought with the assassin, whose strength and agility

1 "[The tomb] of Dionysius, physician [and] priest," lately found at the entrance to the crypt of St. Cornelius, in the cemetery of Callistus.

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