

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

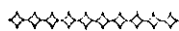
- September 7, Sunday.—Thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 8, Monday.—Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
 „ 9, Tuesday.—St. Gorgonius, Martyr.
 „ 10, Wednesday.—St. Nicholas of Tolentino, Confessor.
 „ 11, Thursday.—SS. Protus and Hyacinth, Martyrs.
 „ 12, Friday.—Holy Name of Mary.
 „ 13, Saturday.—Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

St. Nicholas of Tolentino, Confessor.

St. Nicholas receives his surname from a small town in the Papal States, where he spent the greater part of his life. He was remarkable for his austerity, being accustomed to fast on bread and water several days in the week. In the pulpit and in the confessional his zeal and prudence were productive of an incalculable amount of good. He died in 1306.

Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The birth of the Blessed Virgin Mary has been from very ancient times the occasion of a special feast in the Church. Conceived without stain, she was brought forth 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.



GRAINS OF GOLD

THE NATIVITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Hail happy hour! Hail fairest morn!
 Blessed day on which our Queen was born!
 "Cause of our joy"! Most powerful she,
 Deceed from all eternity

To crush beneath her feet our foe,
 And shield us in this vale of woe.
 Our beacon-light, when darkness creeps
 Along life's sea, where Satan keeps

His vigils for unwary souls,
 But Ocean's Star points to the goal
 And bids the Prince of darkness flee
 Before her rays on storm-tossed sea.

"Mother of Mercy"! "Queen of Grace"
 Sole help of Adam's fallen race,
 "Mother of our Redeemer," too,
 Who oped the gate of heaven anew

By that great saving crimson tide,
 Flowing from hands and feet and side,
 Hail, holy Mary! Angel bands
 Throng round thy cradle, kiss thy hands;

With them we kneel; with them we pray
 A favor on thy natal day;
 "Keep us forever in God's love
 Until we come to thee above."

—SISTER M. VERONICA, O.S.D.



REFLECTIONS.

I find nothing in this world that gives me pleasure, and this is the one thing that gives me supreme pleasure, that I find nothing that pleases me.—St. Philip Neri.

Let no one think of death, but immortality, nor temporary affliction but eternal glory.—St. Cyprian.

He tramples on Christ who sins freely without fear and without sorrow; so too does he sin who receives Him unworthily, an unworthy receiver of Christ is a slayer of Christ.—St. Ambrose.

The Storyteller

Knocknagow

OR

The Homes of Tipperary

(By C. J. KIOKHAM.)

CHAPTER LXV.—(Continued).

Mary clasped her hands together, and turned her mild blue eyes upwards, but made no reply.

"But where is he now?" Grace asked.

"Writing in his own room," Mary replied. "He has little Grace with him. He is very fond of little Grace."

"Oh, between little Grace's prattle and her mother's singing," returned Grace, with a frown, "he has no time to devote to other people."

"I'll go tell him what you say," rejoined Mary, laughing.

"You have kept the old writing desk during all your wanderings," she observed, on entering Hugh's room.

"Yes," he replied; "I have brought it with me everywhere."

"Oh! and you have kept this, too?" she exclaimed, opening a loosely folded paper she had carelessly taken from the desk.

"Yes, of course," he replied, smiling, on seeing what she had discovered.

"And is it really somebody's that you care for?"

"Well, it is," he replied, gravely; but he reddened immediately, and would have recalled the words if he could.

"And can't you tell me who it is? Do I know her?"

"Oh, you must ask no more questions," he replied, snatching at the paper.

But she was too quick for him, and carried it off in triumph.

"Here is that mysterious lock of hair," said Mary to Grace, who was still standing at the window, gazing at the mountains. "Can you unravel the mystery, as you did that of the tracks in the snow?"

"I can't imagine who it can be," she said, after looking for a moment at the tress of hair.

"He admits it is somebody he really cares for," said Mary.

Grace scrutinised the hair again, and as her own hair fell down on her hand while she did so, Mary observed:

"It is very like your own. But what is that written on the paper?"

Grace looked sharply at the half-obliterated pencilling, and said, "Oh, yes. 'Only a woman's hair'—Swift, you know—"

"The passionate tremble of the heart

That ripples in the little line—

"Only a woman's hair." "

But he has made a change which is by no means an improvement. He has—"Only a girl's hair." "

"There is something else written under it," said Mary.

"Yes, it is the date. 'January 9, 18——.' "

The words swam before her eyes, and she fell senseless upon the floor. Mary caught her up, and placed her upon a low chair, by the side of which she had fallen. She was about to cry out for assistance when Grace's bosom heaved, and her eyes opened.

"Oh, what has happened to you?" Mary asked anxiously.

"O Mary," she replied, as if she were just awaking from a deep sleep, "it is my hair."

Mary could only look the surprise she felt.

"Do you remember," continued Grace, "when Mr. Lowe was here, the day Mat Donovan asked me to play the air of the song he was to sing at Ned Brophy's wedding? It was the same day that Lory Hanly brought me the jay."

"Yes, I remember," returned Mary. "But what has that to do with it?"

"Look at the date on the paper," said Grace, closing her eyes.