

Friends at Court-

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

October 19, Sunday.—Nineteenth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 20, Monday.—St. John Cantius, Confessor.
 „ 21, Tuesday.—St. Hilarion, Abbot.
 „ 22, Wednesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 23, Thursday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 24, Friday.—St. Raphael, Archangel.
 „ 25, Saturday.—Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

St. John Cantius, Confessor.

St. John was born at Kenti, in Poland. Ordained priest, he exhibited the most ardent zeal for souls, and a boundless charity—in a word, all the virtues of a good pastor. Severe to himself, he was ever indulgent to others, who were sure to find in him a generous friend in all their necessities. He died in 1473, being then 70 years of age.

St. Hilarion, Abbot.

St. Hilarion, founder of the monastic life in Palestine, was born at Tabathe, near Gaza. He became a Christian at Alexandria, and visited St. Anthony in the Thebaid. Returning into his own country in 307, he divided all his goods among the poor and retired into the frightful solitude of Majuma, where numerous disciples placed themselves under his direction. He founded numerous monasteries in Palestine and in Syria, and left his solitude and retired to the island of Cyprus, in order to escape celebrity.

St. Raphael, Archangel.

It is narrated in the Old Testament that the Archangel Raphael was sent by God to guide the young Tobias on a journey. The description of this journey, given in the Book of Tobias, enables us to better understand the exceeding charity of our guardian angels, who, though invisible to our eyes, preserve us from evil, and guide us on our way to heaven.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆ GRAINS OF GOLD THE ONE TRUE BARQUE.

The night is dark and the winds are high,
 On the face of the angry deep,
 And clouds look wild in the stormy sky,
 As tossing in the mist they sweep.

We're riding down through the fearful sea,
 In our voyage of life and death;
 We're riding down to eternity,
 Over breakers that roar beneath.

Strange shadows of rocks before us rise,
 Through treacherous wave and squall,
 And ever anon as the lightning flies,
 We hear strange voices call.

To leeward far, where the billows dash
 And the sea in surges swells,
 We see dim, shadowy vessels crash,
 And we hear the sound of bells.

No barque can live in this awful sea,
 Nor ever to port be moored,
 Unless it floats from its pennons free
 The banner of Christ, Our Lord.

His vessel alone, the one true Barque,
 For twice a thousand years,
 Has weathered, with ease these wreck-strewn seas
 And glorious still appears..

—THOMAS WALSH.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆ REFLECTIONS.

Despise not those of the household of faith, who come to you seeking hospitality.—St. Cuthbert.

For even prayer itself, when it hath not the consort of many voices to strengthen it, is not itself.—St. Basil.

The Storyteller

NORA

Translated from the German by

PRINCESS LICHTENSTEIN

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CHAPTER II.—Continued.)

In Helen's room there reigned the most profound silence. She had hardly eaten anything since the morning, and lay inanimate on her couch. The recent excitement seemed to have exhausted her, for not one word passed her lips, only the dry cough sounded now and then at short intervals.

The nurse, hoping that she was asleep, prevented the child from going in to her. The lively and high-spirited little thing soon found the room too small, and, according to her father's permission, went out for a romp in the corridor. Nora also entertained the shadow of a hope that she would meet her new acquaintances. She was not deceived. As she looked dreamily over the high balustrade down into the courtyard, which was full of people, she saw the priest coming up the stairs with his pupils.

"So quiet and so lonely!" he said kindly, as he caught sight of the child.

"Papa is gone out, mamma is asleep, and Hannah is scolding," reported the child concisely.

"Those are three sad things for you, little one," said the chaplain smiling. "Don't you feel bored?"

"I thought you would come," said the child openly, "and that's why I remained here. I already heard your little girl crying in there," she added, pointing to one of the doors in the passage.

"Yes, Lily is there with our mother," said the elder boy. "Come in with us," he added, kneeling before her so as to bring his tall limbs down to her height, whilst she laid her hand confidently upon his shoulder. "Come with us," he repeated.

"I may not do that," she answered. "I may not go to strangers; mamma has forbidden it once for all. But I may play here," she added wistfully.

"Well, then, we will play here," said the boy. "You don't mind, do you, sir?" he said, turning to the chaplain.

The latter nodded assent; he also felt attracted towards the child.

"What shall we play at?" asked the boy again. "Can you skip?" he said, pointing to the skipping-rope she had brought out of her room with her, as the long passage seemed a favorable ground for the purpose.

"If I can skip!" she said contemptuously. "I can do a deal more than you think. Strike it for me!"

The boys complied with her wish. The small creature then raised herself on her toes, drew her body up to its full height, threw back her dark hair, and lifted her arms high above her head. Graceful like a fairy she danced on to the rapid curves of the rope with the most wonderful and nimble movements.

All of a sudden the loud applause of the boys made her stop. "I have learnt that from Miss Emily," she said; "but I ought not to have done it," she added, abashed and contrite; "mamma cannot bear my doing it before strangers."

"And why does your mother dislike it?" asked the chaplain interested.

"Mamma says that it is not nice to show one's self off. She does not like my riding either."

"Does not your mamma ride, then?" asked the chaplain again.

"Mamma ride!" she said, with a pretty little movement of pride, and throwing back her head on her shoulders. "Papa's people only do that; and they do it for money!"

"Can you ride already?" exclaimed the boys, full of wondering admiration.

"Of course I can! Ride and drive too!" she said, shrugging her shoulders. "I have four piebald ponies