

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

September 26, Sunday.—Eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 27, Monday.—SS. Cosmas and Damian, Martyrs.
 „ 28, Tuesday.—St. Wenceslaus, Martyr.
 „ 29, Wednesday.—St. Michael, Archangel.
 „ 30, Thursday.—St. Jerome, Confessor and Doctor.
 October 1, Friday.—St. Remy, Bishop and Confessor.
 „ 2, Saturday.—Feast of the Guardian Angels.

SS. Cosmas and Damian, Martyrs.

These two saints were brothers, born in Arabia, and renowned for their skill in medicine. They were remarkable for their charity, and for the zeal with which they endeavored to propagate the Christian religion. They were both beheaded in the persecution of Diocletian, about the year 303.

St. Wenceslaus, Martyr.

St. Wenceslaus, Duke of Bohemia, was remarkable for his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. His zeal for the propagation of the true faith led to his death at the hands of his brother, A. D. 982.

Feast of the Guardian Angels.

One of the most consoling doctrines of the Catholic Church is the spiritual union which exists between mankind and the angels who surround the throne of the Almighty. These glorious spirits, with whom we hope to share hereafter the joys of Paradise, are appointed by God to be our protectors during our mortal life. Though not an article of faith, it has always been the constant belief of the Church in all ages that Divine Providence has assigned to each individual a special angel to be his guide and guardian during his pilgrimage on earth. To this doctrine, which is confirmed by many passages of Holy Scripture, Our Divine Lord alluded when He said: "See that you despise not one of these little ones, for I say to you that their angels in heaven always see the Face of My Father, Who is in heaven."

GRAINS OF GOLD

THE FAVORED ONE.

(For the *N.Z. Tablet*.)

THABOR.

He came to me, the resplendant God,
 And His face did outshone the sun;
 I saw Him in glory, in youth, and joy—
 Was I not the favored one?

CALVARY.

He came to me, the rejected One,
 And His face bore no beauty then.
 I drank the blood that fell from Him,
 So freely shed for me.
 He spent His sorrowing soul on me,
 I saw the great deed done,
 I held the precious ransom tree—
 Was I not the favored one?

OLIVET.

Thabor's glory and Calvary's wounds
 He brought them to me at last;
 He came to me, the triumphant Lord,
 When the night of His life had passed.
 He bore my dust to His Father's House;
 Oh, say while the ages run,
 May I not write on my crest sun-crowned—
 "Behold the Favored One"?

—V. E. KIELY.

Auburn, N.S.W.

Painting . . .
 Paperhanging
 and Glazing

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The Storyteller

WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER V.—ST. CECILIA.

Ken Rohan was not long in St. Fergal's before he knew that Jack Harold, in the teeth of the President's warnings against him, was a privileged person. Having been bred up to the pretty graces and vices of school-boy life in Paris (where his father had been, up to the time of his death, a physician in one of the poorer northern suburbs) he could do a number of things which in Clonard might well pass for genius; he could turn the song of "The Shan van Vocht" into jingling Latin; he could remove the celestial and terrestrial globes and substitute a mock pair, charged with powder, which would explode at a touch from Father Mulpetre; he could make his own songs, sing them, and play them—meltingly on the fiddle, like a charge of cavalry on the pianoforte; he could, as occasion required, enact Brutus in the play of "Julius Caesar," or Dr. O'Toole in the farce of "The Irish Tutor," and bring down the house in both; it was he who painted the scenes which were the admiration of rural mammas on speech-day every summer; it was he who modelled the *logos* of the Senators (with the help of the College tailor); he taught those clumsy little Romans what to do with their legs and arms, his own hands attached to the neighborhood of the heart of Julius Caesar the bladderful of blood which he was presently to shed; on all things, from the color of gloves to the plotting of a mutiny, he was the glass of fashion and the mould of form at St. Fergal's—a young person whom every mamma, who came once a year to see great Caesar die, longed to see her darling imitate, even though it was rumored that Master Harold smoked cigarettes. It is easy for me here to observe that his attainments were rather broad than deep, rather brilliant than accurate; but boys do not break their idols as they do their toys to know what is in them. Of what consequence was a miserable rule of syntax to a fellow who could chirp Beranger's choruses like a bird? He used to say himself that the Great Bear was the only constellation on the globe he could get into his head, because he had painted him to the resemblance of Father Mulpetre, with the addition of a yellow moustache and a black pipe; and the boys admired his ignorance immensely. What, indeed, had a chap like that to do with beggarly little stars? Dr. O'Harte, no doubt, judged more wisely; but Harold had a ready wit, a fertile brain, not a bad heart, and a turn for a thousand things; and was, besides, an ornament and a centre of culture in St. Fergal's. He was, therefore, sedulously maintained there at a reduced pension (his mother having been left poorly off, and his uncle, who paid the pension, being only a country curate). There was some vague consideration as to his assisting in the teaching of French conversation. Except that in ordinary speech he stumbled frequently into what was in fact his native tongue, this condition was never put in practice; and far from owning any position of dependence, he lived as a benevolent despot among his fellows, and claimed, even from his seniors, the privileges of a valued, though somewhat dangerous favorite.

One of these privileges was the possession for his sole use of the small circular chamber in the small foolscap tower which ornamented an odd corner of the college buildings. He called it "the Observatory," and was very proud of it. The name was very likely a tribute to an old-fashioned telescope, which stood there mounted upon a brass carriage, gazing out upon the heavens with a wise look which would never have led you to suspect that one of its eyes was out—the far one. The telescope was bequeathed to Jack by a whimsical old professor who loved star-gazing and

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