

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- October 10, Sunday.—Twentieth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 11, Monday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 12, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 13, Wednesday.—St. Edward, King and Confessor.
 „ 14, Thursday.—St. Callistus, Pope and Martyr.
 „ 15, Friday.—St. Teresa, Virgin.
 „ 16, Saturday.—Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

St. Edward the Confessor.

St. Edward, after spending his youth in exile, was crowned King of England in 1042. Though by his piety and simplicity he seemed better suited for a cloister than a court, yet the kingdom of England was never more blessed than during his reign. He had no other desire than to see his people happy, and they, for their part, loved him as a just and generous ruler, while they revered him as a saint. St. Edward died in 1066.

St. Callistus, Pope and Martyr.

The Pontificate of St. Callistus, which began in 217, terminated in 222 by the martyrdom of this holy Pontiff. A detailed account of his sufferings has not come down to us, but it is probable that he lost his life in a popular uprising during the reign of Alexander Severus.

St. Teresa, Virgin.

St. Teresa, the glory of the Catholic Church in Spain, was born at Avila, a town of Old Castile, in 1515. In her twentieth year she made her religious profession in a convent of Carmelite nuns. She showed herself henceforward a perfect model of obedience, humility, and self-denial. She was also blessed by God with an extraordinary gift of prayer, on which subject she has left us books full of profound knowledge and of the greatest utility to all those who seek to walk in the path of spiritual perfection. After spending close on 50 years in the cloister she died a saintly death in 1582.

GRAINS OF GOLD

THE ROCK IN A STORM.

Far out at sea where wild the sea-birds flew,
 Lay waves in trembling heap, like fleecy flock.
 Then broke with pent-up rage upon a rock
 That rose in shade 'gainst distant line of blue,
 With head upturned as if for help to sue
 From Heaven, but yet withstood each cruel shock
 Unmoved, and by her calmness seemed to mock
 The surging waves that hid her off from view.

From parted clouds there stole a sudden light
 That lit with flame the rock amid the deep;
 And storm-spent waves, like weary babes at night,
 Upon their mother's breast were hushed to sleep.
 See in the rock thy type, soul tempest-tossed!
 Be brave: God's light will shine when all seems lost.

—ELEANOR MARY BAILLON, in *Ave Maria*.

REFLECTIONS.

Though a man may become learned by another's learning, he can never be wise but by his own wisdom.—Montaigne.

It is Mary who upholds us in our sufferings: she fights for us, and makes us partake of the fruit of her victories.—S. Bonaventure.

Because Jesus was acquainted with grief, because He endured torments—to suffer as He suffered is a veritable joy to the soul filled with His holy love.—Abbé A. Sandreau.

The Storyteller

WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER VI.—IN ASPHODEL-LAND.

"Rashleigh Street—where is Rashleigh Street?" It was getting late in the smoking-room of the Chrysanthemum Club, and the young men who had loitered over their brandy-and-seltzer since dinner-time were dispersing for the night's business of pleasure. An outsider following their night's adventures closely would be apt to conclude that their time in the smoking-room was the only real oasis of pleasure amidst the dreary solemnities of the night—a joyous *Mi-Careme* set between two drab-colored and long-faced Lenten seasons. Who could suppose that these ruddy, high-spirited young fellows, who boisterously pitch at one another's vacuous heads the tittle-tattle of the Newmarket stables or of the burlesque stage-doors in a choking atmosphere of alcohol and cigar-smoke, are the same who at eight o'clock were gloomily sitting down to the silent worship of their dinners, and at eleven will be boring themselves to death in a quadrille with the loveliest girls in England? It was with a yawn, tempered by an admiring glance at his own baby face in a mirror, that young Lord Amaranth rose, and reiterated wearily: "Where the deuce is Rashleigh Street?"

"The Irish house? You don't mean to say *you* are going?" said a man, whose careful juvenility was somewhat disputed by a sharp line or two round the corners of his thin lips, and by a certain air of desperate clean-shaving.

"Must pick up my mother. Promised to be with her to Beaumanoir's at twelve. She wants me to do something for a living, and old Beaumanoir is to vet. me—nothing is to be got without him in the Prince's household, it appears. I dare say the cabman will make out this place: don't you think so?"

"Shouldn't be surprised if it was somewhere down the Seven Dials way. That's where most of the Irish hail from. Lay you a pony you don't pronounce your hostess's name properly, Amaranth."

"Thanks. I am not good at conundrums," said the young lord, wearily.

"Ah! here's your man. Neville, *you* can tell Amaranth all about Lady Drum and the Wild Irish Girl, eh?"

"I can tell all about your infernal impertinence: so can every man of your acquaintance," was the reply of the young fellow addressed, in a deep, passionate half-whisper, as he was passing out.

"Jove, Mortlake, you caught it!" laughed the young man, in high glee. "You scarily the people because they don't ask you, and you would scarily them lots more if they did. I say, Reggy, you're going to this house, I know. Will you take me with you, there's a good chap?"

"Brougham's at the door; come along," said Horace Westropp's "stable companion," in the Life Guards Grey.

Lord Amaranth, being a young man who called in to Lady Drumshaughlin's dance as he had dressed for dinner, or as he would have dashed into the ride at Balaclava—as one of the inevitable drawbacks of a life which, upon the whole, the worship of prize-fighters and music-hall goddesses, and parasites like Mortlake rendered fairly endurable—bowed to Lady Drumshaughlin at the head of the stairs, as he might have bowed to any woman whose handkerchief he had picked up in the street, and thought he had done enough for duty. He made his way up to the Marchioness of Asphodel, who was enthroned at the hostess's side like a fat guardian angel, and said in a low tone: "Here we are, mother. Let's get away. Shall I order your carriage?"

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