

# Friends at Court

## GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- September 29, Sunday.—Nineteenth Sunday after Pentecost. Dedication of the Basilica of St. Michael, Archangel.  
 „ 30, Monday.—St. Jerome, Confessor and Doctor.  
 October 1, Tuesday.—St. Gregory, Bishop and Martyr.  
 „ 2, Wednesday.—Holy Guardian Angels.  
 „ 3, Thursday.—St. Adrian III., Pope and Confessor.  
 „ 4, Friday.—St. Francis of Assisi, Confessor.  
 „ 5, Saturday.—St. Galla, Widow.

Dedication of the Basilica of St. Michael, Archangel.

The dedication of the famous Church of St. Michael, on Monte Gargano, in Italy, gave occasion to the present feast; but the Church also proposes to our devotion on this day the veneration of all the angels. To-day, therefore, we are called upon to give thanks to God for the glory and happiness which the angels enjoy, and to join with them in adoring, blessing, and praising Him.

St. Jerome, Confessor and Doctor.

This illustrious Doctor of the Church was a contemporary of St. Ambrose and St. Augustine. In his youth he became proficient in the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, thus fitting himself for the important work he afterwards undertook, of translating and explaining the Sacred Scriptures. He also composed many learned treatises for the instruction of the faithful and the defence of the Church. He died in 420, at the age of ninety-one.

St. Gregory, Bishop and Martyr.

St. Gregory, Apostle of the Armenians, was born about 257 at Valarshabad, in the province of Ararat, Armenia, and educated at Caesarea, Cappadocia. In 302 he baptised King Tiridates, and, with the aid of Greek priests, propagated the faith throughout the whole country of Armenia. Having been consecrated bishop by Leontius, Archbishop of Caesarea, in Cappadocia, and constituted Metropolitan of Armenia, he ordained a great number of bishops (it is said about 400) for the converted nation. He left the Church of Armenia in a flourishing condition when he died, in 332.

## GRAINS OF GOLD

### THY WILL BE DONE.

Let there be light—  
 Came the decree;  
 And in God's might  
 The Will to be  
 And Being are the same as one:  
 He willed—accomplished fact—'twas done.

Will all you know  
 As good and pure;  
 The seed you sow  
 Will to endure;  
 Will that the world be bright and fair:  
 Will Love, and love is everywhere:  
 Will Truth in life and find it there.

Will to overcome  
 And strength shall be;  
 When tempted, will  
 What ought to be;  
 Christ willed—and in Gethsemane—  
 That we should live. Count it not loss  
 He died—we live—and by the Cross.

Christ died—  
 He died that Love might reign.  
 Christ willed  
 He will not die again.

—Austral Light.

Remorse is the shadow of sin.  
 Work is the pathway to worth.  
 Reverence reigns in loyal hearts.  
 Buried hopes require a deep grave.  
 To think well is the way to act rightly.  
 The best policy is simplicity and truth.  
 When life's goal is set, its end will be Grief.  
 All sins are big, no matter how small they look.

# The Storyteller

## THE THREE MISSES FARQUHAR

(Concluded from last week.)

“What is the result, Cicely?” she cried, as Miss Cicely descended first.

“Everything is quite right. Sister Barbara will tell you,” answered Miss Cicely, passing her sister without pausing on her way into the house.

“Come in, Catherine,” said Miss Barbara. “I have some of the silver here, and the rest will follow. The silver is of no consequence in comparison with what I have to tell you.”

“No consequence!” echoed Miss Catherine, following her sister into the house in amazement. Her practical nature then re-asserting itself, she demanded if they had taken tea. “I’ll call Cicely down in a moment, then, before I hear a word, for you must be fainting,” she said, when Miss Barbara told her that they had omitted that important addition to their welfare. “Wait, sister Catherine,” said Miss Barbara, putting out a detaining hand. “Don’t call Cicely down, nor go to her; let her alone.”

“Is Cicely ill?” demanded Miss Catherine sharply. “No, but she must not be disturbed,” Miss Barbara replied. “Just sit down and let me tell you what has happened.”

“The more happens, the more need there is of keeping up her strength. If you think she would rather not see me I’ll have her tea taken up to her, and yours brought in here,” said Miss Catherine. “And Barbara,” she added, coming back after she had given the order, “I wish you would tell me as quickly as possible what is the matter, for I hate mysteries,” and Miss Catherine sat down to conceal the fact that she was trembling.

“Squire Ledyard met us at the station,” Miss Barbara began, and took us immediately to the courtroom. Here we were not detained long, for we both instantly recognised the man in custody as Abel, and identified the silver they had recovered. “We started to leave the court, and Cicely was walking just behind me, when suddenly she grasped my arm very tightly, and I felt her tremble. Of course it frightened me, and I turned to see what was the matter, when I saw for myself what it was. I declare, sister Catherine, I wasn’t a bit better than Cicely when I looked around and saw Stephen Hartwell.”

“Stephen Hartwell!” Miss Catherine gasped. “Yes, sister Catherine,” Miss Barbara went on, stirring her untasted tea very hard. “Stephen Hartwell. He’s changed considerably, but I knew him at once. He looked as pale as a sheet, but he spoke to us, and I suppose some one answered, though I declare I don’t know one thing about it. I found myself on the street, but I don’t remember getting there, and I heard him speaking, but the first words I made sense of were Cicely’s. “I did write, but you never answered,” she was saying, “and then Caleb Stone saw you, or said he had, and told me you were married, and then—I tried to forget you.” “And, sister Catherine, Stephen just stopped short in the street, looked at Cicely, and said, with his teeth shut, “The—something bad—liar,” and I don’t believe it will count against him, for a liar like that really must be.” The nearest that gentle Miss Barbara had ever come to swearing.

“Well, after that Mr. Hartwell took us to the hotel, and asked me if I minded waiting there, while he and Cicely took a walk. Of course I was expected to say no, and I said it, so they went.”

“I waited an hour and a half, and when they came back I saw that Cicely had been crying, but she looked peaceful, and had a light in her eyes that I had not seen there since she was twenty.”

“We lunched together, and spent the afternoon; what there was of it, seeing some of the sights, but they did not tell me one thing.”

“Still when he put us on the train, Stephen held my hand, and he said, “Barbara,” just as he used to do. “Barbara,” he said, “if I come to Brentford in a few days will you make me welcome?”

“And I said: “If you had cared to come the old welcome would have always been waiting.” “I have cared to come, but I thought I was forbidden,” he answered. “Good-bye, then, for only a few days,” and he wrung my hand so hard, it ached for an hour.”

“Cicely would not talk at all coming home; she only said: “Don’t ask me, Bah, dear; in the morning I will tell you all. Now I can only tell you two things. One is, that Stephen has become a Catholic,