

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- October 6, Sunday.—Twentieth Sunday after Pentecost.
 Feast of the Holy Rosary.
 „ 7, Monday.—St. Mark, Pope and Confessor.
 „ 8, Tuesday.—St. Brigit, Widow.
 „ 9, Wednesday.—SS. Denis and Companions,
 Martyrs.
 „ 10, Thursday.—St. Francis Borgia, Confessor.
 „ 11, Friday.—St. Canice, Abbot.
 „ 12, Saturday.—St. John Leonard, Confessor.

St. Denis and Companions, Martyrs.

St. Denis was the first Bishop of Paris. He is believed to have been identical with Dionysius, the Areopagite, converted by St. Paul. St. Denis was martyred, with several companions, on the hill of Montmartre, in Paris, about the year 119. He was one of the most illustrious writers of the early Church.

St. Francis Borgia, Confessor.

St. Francis Borgia, Duke of Candia, was born in Spain in 1510. For some time he resided at the Court of the Emperor Charles V., who was much attached to him, and by whom he was employed on many affairs of importance. On the death of his wife, St. Francis hastened to carry into effect the desire which he had long entertained of consecrating his life entirely to God in the religious state. Having entered the Society of Jesus and being ordained priest, he labored for many years with extraordinary zeal and success for the salvation of souls. Appointed General of his Order, he proceeded to Rome, where he died in 1572.

St. Canice, Abbot.

St. Canice was born in Ireland in 527. His zeal and labors in propagating the practice of Christian perfection have caused him to be ranked amongst the most glorious saints of the island. He died in 599.

GRAINS OF GOLD

MAGNUS DEUS POTENTIAE.

O God, Whose power and loving care
 For every living thing provides,
 Who to the bird assigns the air,
 And to the fish the crystal tides ;

That one through heav'n's blue space may soar,
 The other cleave the unfathomed deep—
 Types of the varying fates in store
 For creatures of like birth to reap :

Oh, grant unto Thy servants all,
 Cleansed in the fountain of Thy blood,
 That they may know no second fall,
 Nor dread the thought of death's dark flood !

Let not despair our souls depress,
 Presumption not too highly dare ;
 But, safe in trustful lowliness,
 Let us to meet our God prepare.

This, pitying Father, we entreat,
 For this the sole-born Son we pray,
 Who, with Thee and the Paraclete,
 Our Triune God, dost reign for aye.

—'Ave Maria.'

Opportunity knocks, but importunity grabs one by the buttonhole and hangs on.

Every moment of time may be made to bear the burden of something which is eternal.

The perils of the hour make it imperative that there should be a good paper in every Catholic family.

It is only the great-hearted who can be true friends; the mean and cowardly can never know what true friendship means.

'There is no need to worry. When God shuts a door He opens a window.' A world of sunshine is epitomized in this Italian proverb.

'Wanting to have a friend is altogether different from wanting to be a friend. The former is a mere natural human craving, the latter is the life of Christ in the soul.'

The Storyteller

CLOSED DOORS

'Yes, it seems that it is better so, Alicia, since you wish it. Any arrangement you suggest will be quite proper.' She had not said that she wished it, but, lawyer-like, he had calmly put the burden on her and had taken her faltering suggestion as a request. In pride there was nothing to be done but to make her way as best she could to the door, and, being very careful to close it quietly after her, to stumble dazedly to her own room.

Pride, after all, is not much help in one's own room. She knew that she had closed more than the door of that room. She had closed the door of her life, that had been. And he, in the bloodless, polite way in which he had accepted the situation, had quietly locked her out of that life, for all. His hint at an arrangement, meaning money, had been little less than an insult, for he knew full well that she neither needed nor wanted his money.

Even locked doors, though, will not always stay shut. Properly, she should be putting her new house in order, pushing her thoughts ahead to the new life that must be lived somehow. Instead, the door of the old was creaking open, and the man and the girl, that had been, were drifting together through her thoughts, down the way they had come. There was first a vision of the night at the press association, six years before, when she had seen him first, a tall, impassive figure of a man, pressing and fairly throwing his views, hurtling them rough-pointed upon his hearers, and driving them before the logic of his argument. She, a nameless atom in this sea of men and women whose brains forced the thought of their city, had been attracted and swept along by the glowing personality of the man. She had responded cleverly, later, to a toast of her college, and he had asked to be presented. From this beginning she was tracing now their work together through months of precious, helpful work, in which the power and mastery of his mind had given her new visions of life and in a few months had enabled her to do work which years could not have accomplished. Success came with a promise of which she had never dreamed. Then, in its very bloom, it had turned to nothing in her eyes, for the power of this man had taken a new direction, and she found herself whirled from the ways of her life into a love for him that carried away with it every thought and aim of her old self and seemed to create her a new soul, fashioned purely to love him. Everything else had come in just such a drift of dreams as this she was having now. His wooing, impulsive and boyish enough to be fascinating, but so strong and so sure as to be almost fearful. Their marriage, too, in the retrospect, seemed a drift of tides of emotion, above the surface of which she had risen for only fitting glimpses of reality. The months that had followed had served still more to break down every vestige of the woman that had been, to cut her away from every standard and landmark by which she had led her life, to drive from her mind every finger-post pointing to such things as career and work, and to resolve her, in the crucible of emotions, into the very primal elements of womanhood. Yet even then there had been times, she knew, when the ghost of all that she had prayed and worked for in the past, independence, freedom, fame, applause, perhaps, rose up in haughty jeer at her surrender of her best to this man. But that he had been only for moments, and even now, in the wreck, she knew that he had been worth them all to her and more.

When the mystery of motherhood had come, enfolding her life and soul in its grip, the ghosts, laid securely by the exorcism of baby fingers clutching at her hair, and walked no more.

The little Alicia had been left her just long enough to toddle through the house, to babble 'mamma,' to learn to hug the big, grave man who was 'dadda,' to grow herself as a reality into the hearts of these two. She had gone away then. It was a neat little mound in Mount Olivet from which the mother had turned away, half praying that she might leave her reason there with her heart.

In those other months that had followed he had been kind, trying to spare her things, to make her forget. But she did not wish to forget. For if she did, what else was there to remember? Everything which she had ever recognised as belonging to life had been thrown into this love of hers, and now, when she was asked to forget this, it was to ask her