

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- May 9, Sunday.—Fifth Sunday after Easter.
 „ 10, Monday.—St. Antoninus, Bishop and Confessor. Rogation Day.
 „ 11, Tuesday.—Of the Feria. Rogation Day.
 „ 12, Wednesday.—SS. Nereus and Achilleus, Martyrs. Rogation Day.
 „ 13, Thursday.—Feast of the Ascension of our Lord. Holy Day of Obligation.
 „ 14, Friday.—Of the Octave.
 „ 15, Saturday.—St. John Baptist de la Salle, Confessor.

SS. Nereus and Achilleus, Martyrs.

These holy martyrs were attached to the service of St. Flavia Domitilla, and were banished with her to the island of Pontia by the Emperor Domitian. They were beheaded at Terracina in the reign of Trajan.

Feast of the Ascension of Our Lord.

Christ risen from the dead remained forty days on earth, instructing His Apostles, and proving beyond all doubt the truth of His Resurrection. At the end of that time He ascended into Heaven from Mount Olivet, in full view of His Apostles. Thus He secured for His sacred humanity the happiness and glory which He had merited by His sufferings, and at the same time opened to us the gates of Heaven. From the time of the Apostles this event has been commemorated in the Church by a special feast.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

THE ELEVATION.

At the peal of silvery bells,
 Hushed is the music—and every sound,
 Earth recedes—and Heaven dwells
 For a heartbeat, on all around.

Awake, O Soul, and supplicate,
 Jesus of Nazareth passes by.
 Repent—implore—ere 'tis too late:
 Lift up thy heart from earth to sky.

Lift up thy heart with all its woes,
 Its dearest hopes, and every fear.
 Lay all at the feet of Him Who knows
 Each hidden trouble and contrite tear.

In solemn silence—prostrate—adore
 The mystery of Faith, the Incarnate Word,
 Pray love and peace for evermore
 May bless us still, thro' Christ our Lord.

The Missionary.

Few of us find opportunity to do great things or to attain great perfection. We are so cumbered with cares; we are sure the world will go smash if we let go for a minute, that we forget to strive after little things.

The eye that is quick to see a fault, and the ear that loves to listen to criticism, and the tongue that brags—these will be the signs of a praying soul—when the rainbow comes to be the emblem of despair, and not before.—Father Faber.

Cheerfulness is absolutely essential to the mind's healthy action or the performance of its proper duties. It is an excellent working quality, imparting strength and elasticity to the character. It not only lightens labor, but the brightness it bestows on the disposition is reflected on all round.

Kind words are the music of the world. They have a power which seems to be beyond natural causes, as if they were some angel's song, which had lost its way, and come on earth, and sang on undyingly, smiting the hearts of men with sweetest wounds, and putting for the while an angel's nature into it.—Father Faber.

The Storyteller

A MAN OF STONE

I.

From a leaden sky the snow was falling fast. It had fallen for twenty-four hours. Here and there the wind swept the sidewalks clean, and nearby heaped the snow drifts which barricaded gate and doorway and crossing. A strong wind it was, pitilessly cold, that lashed the garments and purpled the faces of the few who struggled against it in the almost deserted streets; a cruel wind, that stole through every crack, and stung the shivering children of the poor until they wailed in pain; that made the old, hardened in suffering, bow their bent heads still lower. The naked trees moaned dismally over the suffering all about them, and the wind moaned with it; and still it snowed as if it would never stop, while the day grew old and the early winter twilight came and deepened.

In the middle of the afternoon a woman, thin, frail, ill-clad, hurried into the street from one of the poorest of the tenement houses, and, turning her face westward, walked, as swiftly as she could against the wind, through the business section of the city, between mile after mile of happy homes and cheap boarding-houses,—on, on, to wider streets, tree-flanked, where stone mansions stood in spacious grounds. Clasped in her hand she held a slip of paper containing an address which she had but a vague idea how to reach. Several times she asked directions of those who brushed against her, but, weary and half frozen, hardly understood what they told her; and more than once wandered out of her way and had to retrace her steps. It was almost 6 o'clock, and dark, when at last she found 17 Courtland place.

Very timidly she rang the door bell; more timidly she asked to see Mrs. Blair. The maid led her into a small room, simply but elegantly furnished, and left her there alone for what, to the shrinking, frightened woman, seemed an interminable length of time. She was hardly conscious of the grateful summer heat of the house, or of the fine furniture, the spaciousness, the silence. Two details only did she notice: the fresh flowers upon the table (and of these she thought but for an instant), and a magnificent ivory crucifix; on it her gaze lingered pleadingly.

She heard the rustle of silken skirts, and trembled. But when Mrs. Blair entered the room, she gave a little gasp of relief. She was no longer afraid. Here was no grand lady, such as she had pictured to herself—tall, severe, dignified, awe-inspiring—but a young woman, a little thing, whose pale gold hair was rather dishevelled, and whose smiling face was rather insipid. With a simplicity born of her great need, the woman instantly began to speak, going straight to the heart of her errand.

'I am Mrs. Busch,' she said, taking the nearest chair in obedience to a word from Mrs. Blair. 'I live in the Century Building. It's only the agent I ever see, but I know your husband owns it, and—and I'm in great trouble. I haven't been able to pay the rent for five months. I hope you haven't minded much. You see, I used to make shirts at home,—that was the way I made my living. But my eyes went bad on me last summer, what with sewing so much, and the light being none of the best. I sewed long after they hurt me. I had to. I went until I couldn't see no more. Then I had to stop, and I haven't had no work since, except when I could get a day's washing. And—and—'

She had spoken calmly so far. Now her lips trembled and her swollen eyes filled. Brushing away the tears with the back of her hard, gloveless hand, she looked down at the floor as she continued, talking fast and faster, and ending with a heartbroken sob:

'I have a little girl five years old. She is always sick,—she has been ever since she was born. But she's so sweet and cute, you can't think! And now the

IN COLD WEATHER

no beverage is so acceptable as SYMINGTON'S COFFEE ESSENCE. In two minutes you can have a delicious warm drink. If you haven't tried it you should do so at once.