

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- October 17, Sunday.—Twenty-first Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 18, Monday.—St. Luke, Evangelist.
 „ 19, Tuesday.—St. Peter of Alcantara, Confessor.
 „ 20, Wednesday.—St. John Cantius, Confessor.
 „ 21, Thursday.—St. Hilarion, Abbot.
 „ 22, Friday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 23, Saturday.—Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

St. Peter of Alcantara, Confessor.

St. Peter was born at Alcantara, a town in Spain. While still a mere youth, he entered the Order of St. Francis. His life in the Order was a perfect example of humility, meekness, obedience, and almost incredible austerity. He died in 1563, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

St. John Cantius, Confessor.

St. John was born at Kenti, in Poland. Ordained priest, he exhibited the most ardent zeal for souls, and a boundless charity—in a word, all the virtues of a good pastor. Severe to himself, he was ever indulgent to others, who were sure to find in him a generous friend in all their necessities. He died in 1473, being then seventy years of age.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

DEUS MEUS ET OMNIA.

While Thou, O my God, art my help and defender,
 No cares can o'erwhelm me, no terrors appal.
 The wiles and the snares of this world will but render
 More lively my hope in 'My God and my all.'

Yes! Thou art my refuge in sorrow and danger,
 My strength when I suffer, my hope when I fall:
 My comfort and joy in this land of the stranger,
 My treasure, my glory, 'My God and my all.'

To Thee, dearest Lord, will I turn without ceasing,
 Tho' grief may oppress me, or sorrow befall,
 And love Thee till death, my blest spirit releasing,
 Secures to me Jesus, 'My God and my all.'

And when Thou demandest the life Thou has given
 With joy will I answer Thy merciful call
 And quit Thee on earth, but to find Thee in heaven,
 My portion forever, 'My God and my all.'

—The Irish Franciscan Tertiary.

Who is it that, when years are gone by, we remember with the purest gratitude and pleasure? Not the learned or clever; but those who have had the force of character to prefer the future to the present, the good of others to their own pleasure.

Practise to make God thy last thought at night when thou sleepest and thy first thought when thou wakest; so shall thy fancy be sanctified in the night, and thy understanding be rectified in the day; so shall thy rest be peaceful and thy labors prosperous.

For every life there is a summit. Happy are they who gain it, and sad the lot of those who faint and fall in the struggle. Short or long to the top, it can only be scaled by persistent climbing. There must be ambition to do and dare or the prize will not be secured.

Let us bear in mind this truth—that on the bed of death, and in the day of judgment, to have saved one soul will be not only better than to have won a kingdom, but will overpay by an exceeding great reward all the pains and toils of the longest and most toilsome life.—Cardinal Manning.

The Storyteller

BLACK BOY'S LAST RUN

I was driving my car slowly along the country road, and enjoying to the utmost the clear, bracing air of early morning, with an exhilarating sense of freedom from worry and labor. This hour, stolen from the hustling, bustling city, and spent amid the peace and quiet content of rural surroundings afforded me a much-needed stimulant for the exacting duties of the work-a-day world.

A man stepped to the side to permit me to pass on the narrow by-way. He was a priest, and I knew by the way he held his right hand, that he was carrying the Blessed Sacrament with him.

'Will you get in, Father? I will be glad to take you the rest of the way.'

'Thank you. But it is about two miles farther up the road.'

'We will be there in a few minutes, and I am just out for the air.'

Owing to the sacred Presence, there was no attempt at conversation, and in a very short time, I deposited the priest outside a rude hut. It was a full half hour before he reappeared. A smile of surprise and appreciation lit up his face as he saw me waiting.

'You are very good, but I am afraid I am imposing on your kindness. I did not know you were still here.'

'I could not enjoy my ride back, knowing you had to walk all the way a little later. My time is my own and an hour will make little difference at the office.'

'Ah! I believe I know you. Are you not Mr. Williams, head of the "Williams Manufacturing Company"?'

'Yes, Father.' I laughed. 'That is why I don't need to hurry.' We fell into pleasant conversation regarding the scenes along the way.

'Do you see that old black horse there in the pasture?' he asked.

I nodded.

'That horse must have been a beauty in his day. He looks mighty aged, yet see how shiny his coat is.'

'He receives very good care and is close to 30 years old, although he has done no work for many years. Perhaps you would like to hear the story of his last run.'

I willingly assented, and Father Schaefer began:

'John Allingham, as well as his fathers before him, had little use for Catholics, and made no attempt to hide the contempt he felt for the "Papists" and "Crossbacks" as he called them in derision, until pretty Marjorie Santon with her mother moved into the neighborhood. It was love at first sight with the man, who, although over thirty years of age, never had any previous affair of the heart. Strange as it may seem, Marjorie was a good Catholic, and John made no attempt to change her. He still seemed to hate Catholicism, and all pertaining to it, with the exception of the little lady who soon became his wife. They were married by a priest, grudgingly no doubt, although at the time he voiced no open objections, his one great desire being to get possession of Marjorie. But his great happiness was short lived, for after a year of married life, his wife died after giving birth to a little daughter, another Marjorie just like herself. The young man was heart broken, and for a long time, it seemed that he would follow his wife to the grave; then, the little one began to exert a wonderful influence over him, and all the love he held for the mother was lavished upon her babe. The old nurse, a devoted Catholic, who had attended Mrs. Allingham, took charge of the child, and without ever calling the father's attention to the matter, the little one was baptised and reared in the faith of her mother. She was eight years old, when he first learned of it.

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.