

## Friends at Court

### GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- November 7, Sunday.—Twenty-fourth Sunday after Pentecost.  
 „ 8, Monday.—Octave of All Saints.  
 „ 9, Tuesday.—Dedication of the Lateran Basilica.  
 „ 10, Wednesday.—St. Andrew Avellino, Confessor.  
 „ 11, Thursday.—St. Martin, Bishop and Confessor.  
 „ 12, Friday.—St. Martin I., Pope and Martyr.  
 „ 13, Saturday.—St. Didacus, Confessor.

#### Dedication of the Lateran Basilica.

This church is commonly known as the Basilica of St. John Lateran. It is the Cathedral of Rome, and was the first of the great basilicas consecrated to Divine worship after the accession of Constantine had given peace to the Church.

#### St. Martin, Bishop and Confessor.

St. Martin of Tours, as he is called from his Episcopal See, was born of pagan parents about the year 317. By some he is held to have been the grand-uncle of St. Patrick. At the age of eighteen he was baptised, and from that time his life, which had always been marked by moral goodness, became resplendent with all the virtues, but particularly with the premier Christian virtue—charity. Compelled to serve for a time in the army, he kept himself perfectly free from the vices to which soldiers are, more than others, exposed. Appointed Bishop of Tours, in France, he showed himself a wise and capable administrator, and was singularly successful in causing the last traces of paganism to disappear from his diocese. He died, in all probability, about the year 397.

### GRAINS OF GOLD.

#### HEART OF JESUS, ALL LOVE!

Dear Lord, when I am weary,  
 How good it is to know  
 That deep within Thy Sacred Heart  
 A love for me doth glow!

I draw Thy love about me,  
 I hide me in its folds  
 From all the pain and weariness  
 That life without it holds.

Ah! Lord, dear Lord, 'tis heaven  
 Already, here below,  
 To know that Thou art ever near,  
 Dear Lord, I love Thee so!

—Boston Pilot.

God, while blessing the earth with its beautiful and precious things, wants for Himself only the spirits of angels and the hearts of men.—Faber.

O sweet confidence! O perfect security! The Mother of God is my Mother! What an assured hope we ought to have of our salvation since it is in the hands of Jesus, our Brother, and Mary, our tender Mother.—St. Anselm.

Recall for a moment the benefits of God. The benefits of creation—the soul with its powers, the body with its senses, life with all the good things which accompany it. The benefits of redemption—all the supernatural graces, the sufferings and death of Jesus Christ, the Sacraments, and especially the Mass and the Eucharist. The particular benefits—and these include the graces of every minute and hour and day and month and year of our lives from the providence of a merciful Father.

## The Storyteller

### THE HOUSE WITH THE GREEN DOOR

#### I

Shuttle Alley was the short way from the High street of the country town to the market gardens. It widened at the lower end, and there were whitewashed cottages that had belonged to weavers long ago in the days of the hand-loom. To the poor people in those cottages the house with the walled garden seemed like a palace. Its green door with one step was at the right-hand side, Shuttle Alley being a flagged passage between two walls. That was a mysterious door. It never opened.

Jacob Rickards' second marriage had caused talk and envy. If he wanted a housekeeper, could he not have found one nearer home? His laborers and carters knew that he had married 'a mere chit of a girl' in her teens, quite as poor as any one in the cottages. She had been working in Covent Garden market, where he had his stall. He had taken a fortnight's holiday for the first time in his life, and brought home the new Mrs. Jacob Rickards with a wedding ring and two trunks full of finery. He was an elderly man with a substantial balance at the bank, a shop for fruit and flowers in the London market, and, here at Barford, orchards and kitchen gardens, half an acre of glass houses, barns and sheds, and even a traction engine for sending his produce up to town in two waggon loads at a time. It was no wonder the girl he married thought herself like one of the heroines in the penny novelettes.

At first it took her all her time to admire her possessions. There was the large white hat and feathers that had figured at the wedding. That had to be tried on two or three times a day before the panel of looking-glass in the amazing mahogany wardrobe. It had also to be shown to all the members of the Rickards family, as an antidote to their superiority, when they came to visit. Then there was all the other finery to be lodged in drawers and cupboards in the polished furniture; and the silver teapot alone was occupation enough for a wet afternoon. One could make it shine, and wonder how much silver money might be coined out of its bulk. It had belonged to the mother of the first Mrs. Rickards—and she was married in the same year as Queen Victoria; this fact alone added to the lustre of the teapot.

The house itself was a pride and a joy. At one side of the hall there was a drawing-room with green furniture, and a centre table where lay illustrated catalogues of seeds. There were big seashells on the old-fashioned hobs of the grate; and on the mantelshelf, ornaments with pieces of glass hanging round them like ringlets. The little dining parlor at the other side of the hall was remarkable only for cases of stuffed birds and a smell of tobacco. At the back there was a kitchen and storeroom, where the new bride became suddenly overwhelmed by the shade of the late Mrs. Rickards; for she knew how to put by jam and to pickle walnuts. Behind the house were the market gardens, where for the first time fruit appeared on trees instead of in baskets, which had always seemed to be its right and natural place.

Such was the house with the green door; and the new Mrs. Jacob Rickards soon found that it was not quite a palace, neither was life going to be a novelette. Jacob was not an ideal lover, but a heavy, red-faced man, bent upon making and saving money. She stood in dread of her lord and master, and he laid down strict laws. On no account was she to go out into the town; the people there talked and were jealous. She would find in the Rickards family plenty of company. So the green door never opened.

There was a country girl called Hester, who came to work every day, entering by the cart gate at the end of the orchard. The first Sunday she brought back strange news to her cottage,—such very painful

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