

# Friends at Court

## CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- May 7, Sunday.—Second Sunday after Easter.
- „ 8, Monday.—Apparition of St. Michael, Archangel.
- „ 9, Tuesday.—St. Gregory Nazianzen, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
- „ 10, Wednesday.—Patronage of St. Joseph.
- „ 11, Thursday.—Of the Octave.
- „ 12, Friday.—SS. Nereus and Companions, Martyrs.
- „ 13, Saturday.—Of the Octave.

### Apparition of St. Michael, Archangel.

The feast which we keep to-day was instituted by the Church to commemorate a famous apparition of St. Michael on Mount Gargano, in the kingdom of Naples. This was the origin of a noted pilgrimage, and gave occasion to the erection of a magnificent church in honor of the great Archangel.

### St. Gregory Nazianzen, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.

St. Gregory derives his surname from his birthplace, Nazianzum, in Asia Minor. He belonged to a very pious family, his father, mother, brother, and sister being numbered by the Church among the saints. Through humility, St. Gregory for a long time refused to take upon himself the responsibility of the priestly office. Elected Bishop of Constantinople, which for many years had been dominated by the Arian heretics, he deemed it his duty to accept the position, and thenceforth labored with zeal and success for the conversion of those whom heresy had led astray. He did not hesitate for a moment, however, to resign the episcopal dignity when altered circumstances seemed to render that course advisable. His eloquence and learning, joined to the sanctity of his life, have earned for him the title of Doctor of the Universal Church.

## GRAINS OF GOLD.

### TO MARY, REFUGE OF SINNERS.

To-night my hands can hold no wreath of gladness  
 To lay upon thy prayer-haunted shrine;  
 Nay, I must bring to thee a cup of sadness,  
 Albeit, 'tis a gift most truly mine;  
 My sorrow for the sins of other years,  
 My Rosary of tears.

To-night my hands can hold no bloom of beauty,  
 To lay full eagerly here at thy feet;  
 Nay, I am come on errand of stern duty,  
 To beg of thee thy consolation sweet;  
 Yea, I am sick and troubled with old fears  
 For sin done in past years.

To-night mine eyes are thirsty for thy greeting,  
 Mine ears are hungering to hear thy song,  
 Ah, this shall be for me a wondrous meeting,  
 The world has sought and conquered me too long.  
 Let fall on me thy smile, whose music cheers  
 All sinners through the years.

—The Magnificat.

'Liberty means responsibility.' Some young people want liberty in the mistaken idea that it means freedom from everything in the nature of obligation. But that is licence, not liberty. Liberty always fulfils, and respects, and exalts law. It shoulders burdens and marches against evil. Eternal vigilance is its price, and those unworthy of it cannot keep it a day.

To become a Catholic one is not required to abandon any truth which he already believes, because this is the very nature of the Catholic faith that it includes all truth; hence it is called Catholic. To become a Catholic is to complete one's belief by embracing in addition to those truths already acknowledged others taught by our Lord with equal certitude and plainness.—Father Hecker.

Prayer for the dead prolongs the tenderest affections beyond the gloom of the grave. It infuses the inspiring hope that the assistance which we on earth can afford to our suffering brethren will be amply repaid when they have reached the place of rest, and make of them friends when we in turn shall fail, receiving us into the everlasting mansions.—Cardinal Wiseman.

Do we think sufficiently of this—that devotion to our Blessed Lady is not a thing which, like the possession of a book or a rosary, we have once for all, final and complete? It would be no less untrue to say that when we had received from God the grace of humility, we have simply to hold fast what we have got, and never dream of getting more, than to say devotion to Mary was an ungrowing thing. I repeat, it must grow like a virtue, and strengthen like a habit.—Faber.

# The Storyteller

## MISTRESS DOROTHY'S WAGER

'O Cousin Dorothy, surely you will never undertake such an enterprise! It were worse than folly to think of it!'

'Dorothy dear, you little know to what you are pledging yourself. The Heath is simply swarming with highwaymen.'

'And the renowned "Black Dick" would think very little of risking his neck to possess himself of those gems—that do not, in truth, outshine the brilliancy of Mistress Dorothy's eyes.'

Mistress Dorothy Pennington executed a sweeping courtesy in acknowledgment of this last speech, uttered by an exquisite, attired in all the bravery of flowered vest, plum-colored costume, and elaborate lace ruffles.

'I am overwhelmed, sir. Nevertheless' (she glanced round at the little circle that had gathered about her), 'I hold to my resolve.'

This conversation was being held in the assembly room at Tunbridge Wells, which at that time (it was toward the middle of the third George's reign) disputed with Bath the palm of fashion. The subject of discussion was a wager made by fair Dorothy Pennington that she would convey herself and her famous emeralds, and, incidentally, her great-uncle, old Judge Pennington, in all safety to London, without the loss of as much as one of her jewels, or injury to the same. Vain were all remonstrances, ineffectual all efforts to dissuade her from her project. With what her staid English relatives termed an unusual amount of Irish wilfulness, Dorothy pushed forward her preparations for the venturesome journey across Hampstead Heath, with its evil reputation of highway robberies perpetrated in the broad light of day, and its notorious denizen, Dick Harford, 'Black Dick,' at large.

The girl's heart was set on returning with all speed to Ireland, and the journey from the Wells to London was the first stage of the perilous homeward path.

Meanwhile, for this evening, Dorothy gave herself up to full enjoyment of the gay scene, where she queened it by virtue of the triple royalty of beauty, wit, and youth. All the wealth and 'gentility' of the metropolis were there represented. A royal duke had honored it with his presence, and had conferred on the fascinating Irish damsel the distinction of dancing a minuet with her. Had Dorothy but known, she had that very evening threaded the mazes of a pavane with a personage of far more remarkable celebrity. About his personality she was destined to be enlightened under very exciting circumstances.

Not many days later a cumbersome travelling coach, drawn by four stout steeds, might have been seen rolling heavily along the highway between Tunbridge Wells and London. At a certain point the equipage, deserting the main route, plunged into a labyrinth of byroads, leading indeed to the capital, but by ways so circuitous that the distance was more than doubled. This abandoning of the ordinary roadway was Dorothy's first move.

Great-uncle Pennington, enveloped to a disappearing point in comforting furs and woollens, groaned as the unwieldy vehicle swayed and pitched through deep ruts, and loudly bemoaned the times which necessitated such a mode of journeying for peaceable, law-abiding subjects of the British Crown. But Mistress Dorothy, erect and resolute, slipped back the hood of her crimson cloak and glanced with satisfaction at the dreary waste outside.

'Be of good cheer, dear Uncle! Those good gentlemen of the road are surely watching for us on the Heath. They little know how far out of their reach we are.'

Alas! how is it that

'The best-laid schemes of mice and men  
 Gang aft agley?'

On a sharp rise of the road along which lumbered the coach, a solitary horseman was stationed, a black blot against the sky. Everything about him, including his horse, was of the same sombre hue. He surveyed the yet distant vehicle with a grim smile.

'Ha, my fine Madam,' was his thought, 'so you would measure wits with Dick Harford!'

In sheer exuberance of spirits, he accosted an approaching pedestrian, whom he easily identified as one of those itinerant Methodist preachers common to the time.

'Halloo, good man! Can I be of any service to you?'

The wayfarer looked up unsuspectingly over his great horn spectacles.

'Canst thee tell me, friend, if I be on the right way to Dulwich?'

'Av, that you are. And, as I've some minutes to spare, I'll give you a lift for a mile or so. Up with you, behind me.'