

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- September 10, Sunday.—Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost. The Holy Name of Mary.
- „ 11, Monday.—St. Nicholas of Tolentino, Confessor.
- „ 12, Tuesday.—St. Rose of Lima, Virgin.
- „ 13, Wednesday.—St. Sergius I., Pope and Confessor.
- „ 14, Thursday.—Exaltation of the Holy Cross.
- „ 15, Friday.—Octave of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
- „ 16, Saturday.—SS. Cornelius and Cyprian, Bishops and Martyrs.

SS. Cornelius and Cyprian, Bishops and Martyrs.

These two saints were contemporaries and friends. St. Cornelius was elected to succeed Pope Fabian in 251. During his pontificate the Church had to contend, not only with the persecution of Decius, but also with the internal disturbances excited by the heretic Novatian. In 252 St. Cornelius was banished to Civita Vecchia. Brought back to Rome in the same year, he there gained the crown of martyrdom.

St. Cyprian was verging on old age when converted from paganism. He was consecrated Bishop of Carthage in 248. During ten years he labored unceasingly to promote the spiritual interests of his flock. He was the author of several treatises on doctrinal and devotional subjects. He was martyred during the persecution of Valerian in 258.

Exaltation of the Holy Cross.

On this day we commemorate the recovery of the true Cross, which was left at Jerusalem by St. Helena, and which, having been carried off by the invading Persians, was regained by the Emperor Heraclius in 628.

St. Sergius I., Pope and Confessor.

St. Sergius, a Sicilian, showed his zeal for the propagation of the Faith by sending missionaries to the then uncivilised peoples of Germany. Notwithstanding the threats of the Greek Emperor, he constantly refused to sanction some disciplinary regulations which were opposed to the best interests of religion. He died in 701, after a pontificate extending over thirteen years.

GRAINS OF GOLD

THE STARS.

Ay, there ye shine, and there have shone,
Each rolling burningly alone,
In one eternal 'hour of prime,'
Through boundless space and countless time.
Ay, there ye shine! the golden dews
That pave the realms by seraphs trod,
There, through yon echoing vault diffuse
The song of choral worlds to God.

Ay, there ye roll—emblems sublime
Of Him whose Spirit o'er us moves,
Beyond the clouds of grief and crime,
Still shining on the world He loves.
Nor is no view to mortals given
That more divides the soul and sod,
Than yon proud heraldry of heaven—
Yon burning blazonry of God!

—Exchange.

God's pity is not as some sweet cordial poured in dainty drops from some golden phial; it is wide as the whole scope of Heaven; it is abundant as all the air.

Thousands that are capable of great sacrifices are yet not capable of the little ones which are all that are required of them. A multitude of successive small sacrifices may work more good in the world than many a large one.

The Storyteller

A HIDDEN INHERITANCE

To my grandniece, Helen Grandison, I bequeath all my personal jewels and ornaments, together with a sum of 1000 dollars to be paid to her, with the accruing interest, on her twenty-first birthday, or, in the event of her death, to her father, Hugh Grandison. To the aforesaid Hugh Grandison, my dear nephew and godson, I leave as a token of my sincere goodwill and affection, my old armchair. It is grown shabby as well as old, but with such deft and clever fingers as my nephew's wife possesses this defect may very easily be remedied. And to my dear friend and god-daughter, Elizabeth Graydon, I devise the residue of my property, including my household furniture and what money may lie to my credit in the Midland Counties Bank, after all my debts have been paid, and the above-mentioned charge has been provided for.'

So ran the provisions of old Miss Helen Grandison's will, read aloud in cold, formal tones by her lawyer on the morning after her funeral. Hugh Grandison could not conceal the fact that it came to him as a considerable shock. The first of it sounded all right, and, of course, it had been very nice of Aunt Helen to remember the baby and bequeath her the family jewels as well as a sum of money. But when mention was made of the absurd legacy to himself he found himself first redding up furiously at being made, as it were, the butt of a grim and cruel practical joke. Then he grew quickly as pale again, realising how much it meant to him now, with Cynthia ill, and heaven alone knew how many insistent and heavy calls to be made on him.

So Aunt Helen had never forgiven him after all! And Bessie Graydon, a comparative stranger, was to have everything, or nearly everything, while he, his eccentric aunt's own flesh and blood, was put off with a grotesque legacy of an old armchair! Had the matter not been so very serious for him just then, he could have almost laughed aloud. Yet at the back of this temptation to unseemly hilarity he had the feeling of being sorely wounded and hurt. For he had been really attached to, and fond of Aunt Helen, as he had a good right to be, seeing that she had taken the place of a mother to him since both of his parents died at an early age.

It had been a real sorrow to him, too, to disappoint his kindly guardian, after all, in her intentions with regard to his marriage. Aunt Helen had always been romantic and sentimental—a little whimsical, too, perhaps, despite her great kindness and goodness of heart. And it had caused her both grief and anger that at the last moment, as she considered, Hugh had failed to fall in with her wishes and marry Bessie Graydon, the orphaned daughter of an old sweetheart of hers with whom she had foolishly quarrelled as a girl and had repented it ever since.

Bessie was a nice girl, pretty and well-bred and sweet-voiced; she was also some half-a-dozen years older than Hugh, and as poor as a church mouse. Not that either of these considerations would have weighed in the least with Hugh could he have satisfied his aunt's most earnest desire and fallen in love with the girl. But that was impossible, seeing he had long ago given his heart to Cynthia Darley, the sweetest and dearest girl in all the world, for all that she was only a poor milliner, and a Catholic as well. That he was very much in love with her he had given abundant proof in the fact that he had married her—he an all but briefless young barrister with nothing but his brains and the goodwill of his one wealthy relative to depend on, and now he had offended that relative beyond recall. Not only had he married Cynthia, but he had at her entreaties become a Catholic beforehand, and thus planted another bitter sword-thrust in rigid Aunt Helen's heart.

Well, he had not regretted either step, nor was he likely to, though troubles great and small had dogged his footsteps ever since. He had expected to be poor,