

## Friends at Court

### CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- October 1, Sunday.—Seventeenth Sunday after Pentecost. Feast of the Most Holy Rosary.
- „ 2, Monday.—Holy Guardian Angels.
- „ 3, Tuesday.—St. Adrian III., Pope and Confessor.
- „ 4, Wednesday.—St. Francis of Assisi, Confessor.
- „ 5, Thursday.—St. Galla, Widow.
- „ 6, Friday.—St. Bruno, Confessor.
- „ 7, Saturday.—St. Mark, Pope and Confessor.

Feast of the Most Holy Rosary.

On the first Sunday of October, 1571, was fought the great battle of Lepanto, which saved Europe from the Turks, and gave the death-blow to the Ottoman Power. In memory of this victory, gained at the very moment when the faithful were reciting the Rosary for the success of the Christian arms, Gregory XIII. ordered the present feast to be celebrated.

St. Adrian III., Pope and Confessor.

The pontificate of St. Adrian began in 889, and lasted little more than a year. The incursions of the Saracens, who sacked the famous abbey of Monte Cassino, and extended their ravages to the very walls of Rome, reduced a great number of people to misery, and gave to the Holy Pontiff an opportunity of exercising that unbounded charity which is the distinctive characteristic of the true follower of Christ.

St. Francis of Assisi, Confessor.

The great founder of the Franciscan Order was born at Assisi, in the Papal States, towards the close of the twelfth century. While yet in his father's house, he showed a more than ordinary compassion for the poor, often depriving himself of food and clothing in order to come to their assistance. To charity he joined the most profound humility of heart. Base and contemptible in his own eyes, he desired to be reputed such by all, and sincerely shunned honor and praise, saying: 'What a man is in the eyes of God, that he is, and no more.' St. Francis died at Assisi in 1226, in his forty-fifth year.

### GRAINS OF GOLD

#### AVE MARIA, PRAY FOR ME.

Ave Maria, softly and slowly

Fades the sweet sunset from hillside and lea;  
Star of our hope, through the night watches lowly  
Spread thy white pinions of peace over me.

Ave Regina, the twilight is falling;

Low lie the shadows on moorlands and dales;  
Hear, gentle Mother, thy suppliant calling,  
Guard us from evil, while darkness prevails.

Ave Sanctissima, the last ray of even,

Twilight has blotted from mountain and sea;  
Star of the wanderer, shine out from Heaven;  
Be thou the beacon of safety to me.

Ave Purissima, softly and slowly,

Falleth the dew, and the darkness of night,  
From temptation and danger and all things unholy,  
Shield us, and guide us again to the light.

—*Boston Pilot.*

To turn to the world of thought after battling with the follies and obstinacies of men is like passing from the blustering winds of winter to the quiet air of spring, like leaving foreign countries for one's native land, like quitting the company of strangers for the society of those we love, like the blessedness of happy homes to those who, at the fall of evening, lay down the burdens of the day, and seek the welcome of sweet voices and smiling faces. And when years have passed, and we are worn and weary, and the end is near, what refuge have we but high faith and thought, and the presence of those who love us for ourselves?

## The Storyteller

### A FRIEND INDEED

(Concluded from last week.)

'I was in Colorado Springs last month,' she said. Her voice was like music.

'On the nineteenth?' he queried.

'I went away that night.'

'It was that afternoon I caught it.'

'You must send it to me,' she spoke as one used to being obeyed, 'my mother would not wish a stranger to have my picture.'

'Of course,' he acquiesced meekly, inwardly determining it should be taken, not sent. She gave him her card and he asked if he might offer one of his own. They left the church together, and as she turned in the direction he intended to go, he did not see, so long as she did not object, that it was necessary for him to change his path. They talked of the joys of the Springs and found they had several mutual acquaintances, and it seemed to him but a moment before she stopped and said, 'This is where my mother and I live.'

'It is just a little way from the church isn't it?' his tone suggested a grievance.

'Nearly a mile,' was her reply. 'Do you go to St. Anthony's regularly?'

He hesitated. 'Yes, I live in the parish.' Why not be bold? He would see that priest this very day, he would go regularly enough hereafter.

'Don't forget the picture,' she was gone with the words. Forget? No danger, he did not know what had happened to him, but he knew the picture was in his heart and would be always.

He tried to write to Barney and failed miserably, so gave it up and went to call upon Father Steele, pastor of St. Anthony's, who received him most graciously and listened as patiently as Marie Annunciata to his story. He told the priest of his going West with nothing but his name to indicate he had ever belonged to anybody, of his childhood, and early struggles to take care of himself, of Marie Annunciata's introducing him to St. Anthony and something of the way in which the good saint had befriended him; he even told of the homesick feeling the Mass gave him and Father Steele seemed to understand. Before he left he had arranged to begin receiving instructions preparatory to making his First Communion.

'I think I ought to tell you, Father,' he said as he rose to go, 'that there's a girl in it.'

Father Steele laughed and gave the young man's broad shoulder a gentle slap, 'Mr. Carey, there very often is a girl in it, and it's not a little thing for a man to have his Faith strengthened through the love of a good woman.'

That young Mr. Carey lost no time in presenting himself at the Farquair home, armed with the picture and personal credentials of such value that Dulcinea's mother could not but be favorably impressed by them, is a matter of course. When he told that lady and her daughter about Marie Annunciata and St. Anthony there were tears in Mrs. Farquair's eyes and in Miss Mary's, but presumably it was Miss Mary's tears that made him resolve more earnestly than before that he would thank St. Anthony for his friendship by striving with all his might to be worthy of the great things it had brought him.

It was some months later, after he had been received once more by Holy Church, and had again acquired control of his beloved picture and the right to address the original as Mary, that he said to Marie Annunciata, 'Signorina, your St. Anthony has done everything you said he would and more too.'

'Yes,' said Marie, 'he is very good to all who ask his help.'

'He sure is, dear, but what about your other saint, St. Joseph? I want to know him, too. St. Anthony found my Faith for me; what will St. Joseph do for me if I ask him?'

'St. Joseph will help you to keep it, always,' said Marie Annunciata.—*Extension.*