

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- September 1, Sunday.—Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost. Commemoration of All the Holy Roman Pontiffs.
- „ 2, Monday.—St. Stephen, King and Confessor.
- „ 3, Tuesday.—St. Elizabeth, Queen.
- „ 4, Wednesday.—St. Rose of Viterbo, Virgin.
- „ 5, Thursday.—St. Lawrence Justinian, Bishop and Confessor.
- „ 6, Friday.—St. Rumold, Martyr.
- „ 7, Saturday.—St. Eugene III., Pope and Confessor.

St. Lawrence Justinian, Bishop and Confessor.

St. Lawrence, member of an influential family at Venice, embraced, at an early age, a life of poverty and mortification. The contempt and ridicule which this step brought upon him served, owing to his extreme humility, as a subject for constant rejoicing. Having been appointed Archbishop and Patriarch of Venice, he succeeded in effecting a wonderful reformation throughout his diocese, a result due to his meekness and prudence, as well as to the example of his saintly life. He died in 1455, at the age of 74.

St. Rumold, Bishop and Martyr.

St. Rumold, Bishop of Dublin, returning from a visit to the tombs of the Apostles, interrupted his journey at Malines, in Belgium. During his stay he preached with much fruit in that city and its neighborhood, and was eventually assassinated by a man whose notorious crimes he had not hesitated, in the interests of morality, to severely stigmatise.

St. Eugene III., Pope and Confessor.

St. Eugene was a native of Pisa, and a member of the Cistercian Order. Besides diligently discharging the duties of the Pontifical Office, he was a liberal patron of letters, and spared no expense in renovating and beautifying the churches of Rome, mindful of the Psalmist's words, 'Lord, I have loved the beauty of Thy house, and the place where Thy glory dwelleth.' After a pontificate of eight years, St. Eugene died in 1153.

GRAINS OF GOLD

LIKE TO LIKE.

The soul grows like the things it holds most dear,
And is as its love, or foul or fair,
Gross as a noisome weed, or light as air,
Now creeps 'mid low desires in servile fear.

Now rises on strong wings through heavens clear,
Leaving the earth with all its weight of care
To taste delights which only spirits share,
Who to each other and to God are near.

Love justice, then, truth and sweet purity,—
An unseen spirit thou seek good unseen,
So shall thy real self become all free
And move above base passions like a queen,
Upborne to higher worlds where facts agree
With thought and hope, and love with what we ween.

—Archbishop Spalding.

If we must know the right in order to do it, it is equally needful that we do it in order to know it. The habit of prompt and unquestioning obedience to whatever appeals to us as a duty, puts us into the very best condition for learning more and higher truth.

Never to despise, never to judge rashly, never to interpret men's actions in an evil sense; but to compassionate their infirmities, bear their burdens, excuse their weakness; to hate imperfections, and ever to love men, yea, even our enemies; therein the touchstone of true charity is shown.—Abbe Caussin.

'STAND FAST IN THE FAITH'

(A Weekly Instruction specially written for the *N.Z. Tablet* by 'GHIMEL'.)

LIFE AFTER DEATH.—PURGATORY (V)

If it seems strange to speak of the joys of Purgatory, it should be remembered that the souls there are, in the words of Dante, 'the beloved of God, and their sufferings are made less harsh by justice and hope.' While the sufferings are intense, deep contentment reigns there too, and abounding joy.

When the spul is judged, its Guardian Angel lovingly commits it to the care of the Angels of Purgatory:

'Softly and gently, dearly-ransomed soul,
In my most loving arms I now enfold thee,
And, o'er the penal waters, as they roll,
I poise thee, and I lower thee, and hold thee.

And carefully I dip thee in the lake,
And thou, without a sob or a resistance,
Dost through the flood thy rapid passage take,
Sinking deep, deeper into the dim distance.

Angels, to whom the willing task is given,
Shall tend, and nurse, and lull thee, as thou liest;
And Masses on the earth, and prayers in heaven,
Shall aid thee at the Throne of the Most Highest.

Farewell, but not for ever! brother dear,
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow;
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow.'
(*Dream of Gerontius*).

The first and most abundant source of joy is found in the sure hope and certain knowledge that they are among the number of the saved. They may repeat, in a more confident way than we do, the words of the Psalmist: 'I believe that I shall see the good things of the Lord in the land of the living.' Their trial of faith; they are incapable of committing the least sin—the very memory of sin is blotted out, if we may believe St. Catherine of Genoa; they cannot experience the least movement of impatience; they are confirmed in grace and live on in unbroken union with God.

Further, these happy souls have caught a glimpse of their Saviour, and the thought of that vision remains as a deep joy. The soul 'goes into Purgatory with its eyes fascinated and its spirit sweetly tranquillized by the face of Jesus, its first sight of the Sacred Humanity, at the Particular Judgment which it has undergone. That vision abides with it still, and beautifies the uneven terrors of its prison, as if with perpetual silvery showers of moonlight which seem to fall from our Saviour's loving eyes. In the sea of fire it holds fast by that image' (Faber).

A third source of joy is found in the sufferings themselves. The knowledge of God that the soul now possesses makes it understand the purpose of this severe discipline, and the love of Him with which its whole being throbs makes it accept these sufferings with resignation. 'The soul, separated from the body,' writes St. Catherine of Genoa, 'not finding in itself all the requisite purity, and seeing in itself this impediment which cannot be taken away except by Purgatory, at once throws itself into it with right good will. Nay, if it did not find this ordinance of Purgatory, aptly contrived for the removal of this hindrance, there would instantly be born in it a hell far worse than purgatory, inasmuch as it would see that because of this impediment, it could never get to God, Who is its End. Wherefore if the soul could find another Purgatory, fiercer than this, in which it could the sooner get rid of the impediment it would speedily plunge itself therein, because of the impetuosity of the love it bears to God.' And again: 'If a soul, having still something left to be cleansed away, were presented to the vision of God, it would consider itself grievously injured, and its suffering would be worse than that of ten purgatories;

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