

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- September 10, Sunday.—Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 11, Monday.—SS. Protus and Hyacinth, Martyrs.
 „ 12, Tuesday.—Feast of the Holy Name of Mary.
 „ 13, Wednesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 14, Thursday.—Exaltation of the Holy Cross.
 „ 15, Friday.—Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
 „ 16, Saturday.—SS. Cornelius and Cyprian, Martyrs.

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.

Feast of the Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

On the third Sunday in September there is also a commemoration of the sorrows of the Mother of God. Today the Church singles out for our consideration one special dolor of Mary—her anguish while standing at the foot of the Cross.

SS. Cornelius and Cyprian, 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 the Emperor 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 10 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.

Grains of Gold

AVE MARIA.

“Ave Maria,” Gabriel said,
 And Mary, wondering, bowed her head—
 “Ave Maria, full of grace.”
 Lo! heaven's mystery lights her face!—
 Ave Maria, perfect thought
 Into a human being wrought,
 The treasures of divinity
 Are mirrored undefiled in thee!

Ave Maria, vase of gold,
 Who God selected to unfold
 The Promise of Divinity—
 The Passion Flower of Calvary—
 The bud that suffered mortal blight
 To radiate eternal light—
 The Lamb of God, whose sacrifice
 Unbarred the gates of paradise!

Ave Maria, Calvary
 Fulfilled each doleful prophecy,
 And through eternal years thy heart
 Shall keep its memory set apart—
 Forever on thy virgin breast
 The shadow of the Cross shall rest
 Where once reposed a thorn-crowned head—
 Love's sacrifice consummated!

—MARY BENEDICTA MARR.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNION.

My Sweet Jesus, come into my poor heart and remain with me. Poor as it is, may it be to Thee a sanctuary from those who hate Thee, as Thy Heart is to me a refuge and a sanctuary from all my enemies. My heart is ready, O my Jesus, to receive Thee. Enter and stay with me, for the day is far spent. Tribulation draws nigh, and there is none to help, but if Thou art with me I shall not fear. O Jesus, Who immolatest Thyself at this moment for the salvation of the whole world, inflame the whole world with the fire of Thy love.

The Storyteller

Alice Riordan

(By MRS. J. SADLER.)

CHAPTER VII.

It was about a week after Margaret's dismissal that Mrs. Dempsey one evening told Alice to get ready to go with her to Mr. Finlay's, as it was nearly dark, and she shrank from going alone, particularly as her way lay through a lonesome and deserted tract of ground which bordered on Sherbrooke Street, scarcely a street at all, having but very few houses on either side, and they fearfully “far between.”

When they reached Mrs. Finlay's beautiful villa they were shown into a parlor, where they had to wait a full hour before the lady made her appearance; for it happened that she had some visitors in the drawing-room. Poor Mrs. Dempsey! how nervously anxious she began to feel as she thought how many things might go wrong at home. She whispered her fears to Alice, and then was silent, for it would have been high treason for a dressmaker *en attendant* to carry on a conversation in such a place. She looked wistfully at the glittering annals on the table, but she would not have touched one of them for the world wide, lest some malicious sprite should carry the news of her audacity to the lady of the mansion.

“With what a leaden and retarding weight
 Does expectation load the wings of time.”

So said or sung the elegant Mason long before Mrs. Dempsey's time; and though she had never heard of him or his aphorism, yet some such thought was just passing through her mind, when a light foot was heard on the stairs, and the parlor door was quickly opened by a small, youthful-looking woman, dressed with punctilious care, yet without a particle of ostentation. Neatness personified was Mrs. Finlay, and Alice thought she had never seen anything so pretty as she was, with her fairy figure and girlish face and soft blue eyes.

“I'm sorry you've had to wait so long, Mrs. Dempsey; but I could not get away sooner, and even now I had to leave Mr. Finlay to entertain my company till I return. Have you brought your bill, as I told you to do?”

“Yes, ma'am: here it is; and I've brought the pattern of a new tippet, just to see whether you'll like it or not.”

A shade came over Mrs. Finlay's brow, and her cheek was slightly flushed as she replied: “I don't think I shall take time to look at it. There is your money, Mrs. Dempsey—fifteen shillings and sixpence.”

“Thank you, ma'am,” said Mrs. Dempsey, as she put the money in her empty purse. “When am I to send up for the things you were speaking of?”

“You need not send, Mrs. Dempsey.” She paused, took up a volume off the table, opened it, and shut it again, without looking into it. “I don't think I shall have that dress made now.”

“Oh! very well, ma'am,” said the dressmaker; “I'm just as well pleased, for we're very much hurried just now.”

“Oh! yes, I know,” said Mrs. Finlay, catching up the word. “You've turned off one of your girls, have you not?”

“Well, I did, ma'am; but I didn't think *you* knew anything about it.”

“Ah! I wish it was only I that knew of it,” replied the lady, and the cloud gathered on her fair brow; “but Mr. Finlay has heard of it, too, Mrs. Dempsey.”

“Well, ma'am, suppose he has, I hope neither he nor you blames me for it.”

“Certainly we do, Mrs. Dempsey. Even I have nothing to offer in your behalf, and as for Mr. Finlay, he thinks your conduct altogether unjustifiable, so much so that he has actually forbidden me to give you any more work.”

“Why, God bless me, Mrs. Finlay!” exclaimed the dressmaker, with a look of blank dismay; “you surely are only jesting? Why, I couldn't have kept the girl any longer, unless I wanted to have my own daughter and my other girls completely spoiled. Surely, if you're in earnest, neither you nor Mr. Finlay can have heard the real cause of my sending her away.”

“Oh! we know it very well: you turned her off be-

A. W. Bryant

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