

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

September 23, Sunday.—Sixteenth Sunday after Pentecost. St. Linus, Pope and Confessor.
 „ 24, Monday.—Our Lady of Mercy.
 „ 25, Tuesday.—St. Eustace and Companions, Martyrs.
 „ 26, Wednesday.—St. Eusebius, Pope and Martyr.
 „ 27, Thursday.—SS. Cosmas and Damian, Martyrs.
 „ 28, Friday.—St. Wenceslaus, Martyr.
 „ 29, Saturday.—Dedication of the Church at St. Michael, Archangel.

St. Linus, Pope and Martyr.

St. Linus, the immediate successor of St. Peter, received the martyr's crown after a pontificate of twelve years.

St. Eustace and Companions, Martyrs.

St. Eustace, a Roman general, suffered martyrdom, together with his wife and two sons, shortly after the beginning of the second century.

St. Eusebius, Pope and Martyr.

St. Eusebius, who succeeded St. Marcellus on the Papal throne, was banished by Maxentius to Sicily, where suffering and privation soon caused his death. A.D. 310.

St. Wenceslaus, Martyr.

St. Wenceslaus, Duke of Bohemia, was remarkable for his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. His zeal for the propagation of the true Faith led to his death at the hands of his brother, A.D. 982.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

AT NIGHT.

I knew a boy, his mother's joy,
 A little lad of three,
 Who spent the day in constant play,
 As busy as a bee.
 At night to bed with drooping head
 Full slowly would he creep;
 And, told to pray, would sometimes say:
 'Ail Maywy! 'et me s'leep.'

I know a man, half through life's span,
 With many cares beset,
 Who oft at night, from left to right
 Will, wakeful, toss and fret,
 Till, tired out, with heart devout
 He sinks to slumber deep
 Won by the prayer, forgotten ne'er:
 'Hail Mary! let me sleep.'

Without charity, all is little; with charity, all is great.—St. Augustine.

He that gave all, shall ask an account of all.—St. Augustine.

Do well what you have to do; by so doing you will praise God.—St. Augustine.

The life of a man speaks more forcibly than the tongue.—St. Augustine.

The true Christian lives in sorrow, and dies in joy.—St. Augustine.

Works have an eloquence to which we yield, although the tongue keeps silence.—St. Cyprian.

I have found a greater number of true innocents than of true penitents.—St. Ambrose.

He that spends his life without weeping, shall have to weep eternally.—St. Bernard.

The state of a guilty conscience is the hardest of all penances.—St. Bernard.

One must ever judge and correct himself, before undertaking to reform others.—St. Bernard.

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The Storyteller

THE VENGEANCE OF HUMPHREY OWEN

The recent death of her father left Esther Gray free to marry Humphrey Owen, the struggling physician. When the old man had opposed the match, on the grounds of difference of religion and inequality of fortune, she bade her lover to be patient—for him only would she marry. They were both young, and time might do much. And even if it did not soften her father, it could hardly fail to bring about a change for the better in the circumstances of the man whose poverty, even more perhaps than his religion, made him so undesirable as a son-in-law. But the sudden death of Mr. Gray removed the sole obstacle to her union with the young doctor. She was now her own mistress—and yet!

Surely, surely Humphrey would understand! When she promised to marry him, she believed herself to be an heiress. And now that she found herself a pauper instead, she could not be expected to regard her engagement to a penniless doctor as binding.

With the closing of the old man's grave the crash had come. Creditors, of whose very existence Esther was unaware, rose on every side, as if by magic of some demon's wand. And, in the face of their unsatisfied claims, the spoiled child of Fortune realised that she must henceforth be poor—unless!

Even the silken cushions of the luxurious chair in which she cowered were not her own, but the legal booty of some waiting creditor. She shuddered at the thought. The firelight flickered on the silver and ivory nicknacks that strewed the toilet table in front of which she sat. The waxen candles on either side of the oval-shaped, gold-framed mirror burned low, and still she sat there. The beautiful face reflected in the glass was alternately deadly pale or flushed with suppressed excitement.

Two mighty passions were struggling for mastery in that proud heart. One wore the aspect of an angel and its whisperings were soft and pleading. The other twined its terrifying coils around her, as the serpent of Eden might have done, paralyzing her will, and inoculating her better nature with the poison of its seductions. The one was the angel of Love, the other the demon of Avarice. On her lap lay an open letter, and whether the angel or the demon would triumph depended on what she made up her mind to answer to her correspondent.

Slowly the night wore on, and Esther Gray still sat there. She shivered, perhaps with cold, for the fire had gone out; yet her cheeks were burning, and a band of flame seemed to bind her aching forehead. When at length the fevered vigil of that long night was over, and the dawn filtered through the unshuttered windows, she went to her inlaid writing table and scribbled a hasty note. It was her answer to the letter of John Copping, the millionaire, and her reply to his anxious question was—'Yes.' The triumph of the demon was complete.

II.

For ten years Esther Gray—or, rather, Esther Copping as she had become—drank even to satiety of what the world calls success. Her ambition to shine as a society queen was realised even beyond her wildest dreams. During that brief decade she had been courted and envied by all who could not read beneath the mask of gaiety she wore in public—the story of a broken heart.

A jealous and exacting husband, several years her senior, robbed her stately London house of all that makes home dear. Nor could she find happiness elsewhere, or forgetfulness of what might have been; although she lived in a constant whirl of the excitement that she, like other society queens, miscalled her 'pleasures.'

Domestic incidents sometimes repeat themselves, even as history is said to do. After ten years of worldly prosperity, Esther, the daughter of a one-time millionaire, and the wife of another, was destined by the grim irony of fate to stand again upon the threshold of poverty. John Copping had shot himself in a fit of mental depression, brought on by financial losses that meant his own ruin and the ruin of his wife and child. The news flashed through the city with the proverbial rapidity of evil things, and for the moment diverted the attention of London society from lighter matters. Then it was forgotten, and with it Esther Copping.

The stately mansion was soon abandoned for the humble lodging. Then the saddest of all sad strug-

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