

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- October 28, Sunday.—Twenty-first Sunday after Pentecost. SS. Simon and Jude, Apostles.
 „ 29, Monday.—St. Bede, Confessor and Doctor.
 „ 30, Tuesday.—St. John Baptist de la Salle, Confessor.
 „ 31, Wednesday.—St. Siricius, Pope and Confessor. Fast Day.
 November 1, Thursday.—Feast of All Saints.
 „ 2, Friday.—Commemoration of the Faithful Departed.
 „ 3, Saturday.—St. Malachy, Bishop and Confessor.

Feast of All Saints.

Though we are apt to look upon the saints as the far-off citizens of the heavenly Jerusalem, we must not forget that we can still communicate with them and that they are united with us by the most tender ties. They are our fellow-members in Jesus Christ, and although already glorified, continue to form one body with us under the same head. At any time we can converse with them in prayer, for they know and see all things in God. On their part they continue to take the most lively interest in our welfare, for they know that we also are called to be saints and companions with them for all eternity in the heavenly kingdom. They know, too, by their own experience, the dangers that beset us, the craft and cruelty of our deadly enemies, the weakness of our corrupt nature; and they are full of tender compassion and solicitude in our regard.

Commemoration of the Faithful Departed.

On this day the Church solemnly commemorates and prays for all the souls in purgatory that they may be speedily released from their suffering.

St. Malachy, Bishop and Confessor.

This saint was born in the North of Ireland, in Armagh, of which city he afterwards became Archbishop. Deputed by his colleagues in the episcopate to proceed to Rome on ecclesiastical business, St. Malachy made the acquaintance of the great St. Bernard, who thus writes of him: 'He seemed to live wholly to himself, yet so devoted to the service of his neighbors as if he lived wholly for them. If you saw him amidst the cares and functions of his pastoral charge, you would say he was born for others, not for himself. Yet if you considered him in his retirement, or observed his constant recollection, you would think that he lived only to God and himself.' St. Malachy died at St. Bernard's monastery of Clairvaux, at the age of 54, A.D. 1148.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

A PROVERB REVERSED.

In spite of all that old proverbs teach
 Of the work you should do to-day,
 Put off till to-morrow each angry speech
 And word that you're tempted to say.
 Put off till to-morrow the useless tear,
 The regret and repining vain
 For some joyous day of a bygone year
 That can never come back again.

Put off till to-morrow each act unkind,
 All selfish, degrading schemes;
 All the envious thoughts that vex the mind,
 And the dreaming of idle dreams.
 Put off each deed you would fain undo,
 Each word you would fain unsay
 When the trumpet shall sound the wide world through
 On the great accounting day.

How much of life's joy we lose from want of a fearless and cheerful spirit. The brave and glad-hearted, like the beautiful, are welcome in all companies.

To him who has perfect development, charity means but one of the aspects of universal love. It means to him an all-embracing sympathy which goes out to rich and poor alike, for often the poor are in greater need of charity than the latter.

The Storyteller

NAPOLÉON AND LUCIAN

(Concluded from last week.)

'Fool and madman that you are,' rejoins Napoleon, as he walks the room speaking in murmurs. 'Senseless and blind to your own interests, can you do you not see that I am destined to stay this rubbish car of the guillotine, which is mistaken for republicanism?' Then, suddenly stopping, and turning to Lucian, he says: 'Come with me in spirit to a high mountain, and I'll show you the kingdoms of the earth. Which of these realises your sublime dreams? Is it the Germanic Confederation, where no animation is known to exist save in the universities, which are a species of republican agitation, within a monarchism? Is it Spain, Catholic for centuries? Or is it Russia, which perhaps is sometimes thoughtful, but whose political life, for a moment animated by the Czar, Peter, falls back again into her polar paralysis? Come, now, Lucian, renounce your Utopian follies, give me a brother's hand, and to-morrow I will make you the ruler of a great people. I shall recognise your wife as my sister, and you shall possess my entire confidence and friendship.'

'Thus it is,' says Lucian—'hopeless in convincing me, you wish to bribe me.' The Emperor is about to reply, when Lucian interrupts him, saying: 'Allow me, Napoleon, for this is a solemn moment, and will have no counterpart in the course of our lives. I cannot blame you for misjudging me. You have silenced so many with your golden gifts, that you thought you would do likewise with me. You would make me a king! Very well. I shall accept, provided my kingdom shall not be a vice-royalty. You wish to bestow a country upon me! I accept it, no matter which, but upon the condition that I shall be free to govern it agreeably to its ideas and requirements. I shall be its protector, not its tyrant. I desire it shall love, not fear me. The day I assume the crown of Spain, Sweden, Wurtemberg, or of Poland, that day I shall cease to be a Frenchman. My new country shall be my nationality. Think well on it, Napoleon; then we shall be no longer brothers in blood, but in rank; your wishes and ambitions shall be confined to my frontiers; if you should march against me, I shall be ready to meet you; you will doubtless defeat me, for you are a great soldier, and the god of battles is not always on the side of justice; then I shall be a throneless king and my people vanquished, and you at liberty to bestow my crown and country upon some one more submissive and grateful than I. I have done.'

'Ever the same, ever the same!' murmurs Napoleon. Then suddenly stamping his foot, he exclaims: 'Lucian, you forget you should obey me as your king, and as my subject!'

'You,' replies Lucian—'you, Napoleon, are but my senior, not my father; you, sire, are my brother, not my King. Never shall I stoop beneath your iron yoke—never, never, never.'

The Emperor becomes fearfully pale, while his eyes assume a terrible expression. At length he says: 'Reflect, reflect, Lucian, upon what I have said.'

'Rather consider well what I am about to say,' Napoleon, rejoins Lucian. 'You have dealt the republic a serious death-blow, for you smote her in the dark and as a coward; yet the spirit of liberty which you believed you had, and still believe you have crushed, is spreading throughout the land. You think you are driving it before you, while in reality it follows watchfully in your wake. So long as you are victorious it will remain tranquil; but when the hour of your misfortunes and reverses shall have come, when defeat and disasters shall have assailed you, you will then realise what faith or confidence you can repose in that France which you have made so slavishly great. Every country or nationality built up by might and force will, sooner or later, fall by the same means. And you, Napoleon, you will fall from the summit of that Empire; yes, you will be shattered, aye, brother, as I break this—see—taking his watch and smashing it to pieces on the floor—' while we, portions and ruins of your fortune, shall be scattered world-wide, because we are of the same kindred, and cursed because we bear your name. Farewell, sire, farewell!'

Lucian leaves. Napoleon stands statue-like. In a few moments a carriage is heard crossing the palace court. The Emperor instantly rings his bell. What noise is that? The valet who answers his summons. 'The Major's carriage is waiting for you, sire.'

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A CERTAIN CURE for COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, Etc.