

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

May 12, Sunday.—Sunday within the Octave of the Ascension.

„ 13, Monday.—St. Stanislaus, Bishop and Martyr.

„ 14, Tuesday.—St. Carthage, Bishop and Confessor.

„ 15, Wednesday.—St. Dymphna, Virgin and Martyr.

„ 16, Thursday.—Octave of the Ascension.

„ 17, Friday.—St. John Nepomucene, Martyr.

„ 18, Saturday.—Vigil of Pentecost.—Day of Fasting.

St. Carthage, Bishop and Confessor.

St. Carthage was the first Bishop of Lismore, in the South of Ireland. He founded there a monastery and a school, which became so famous that scholars flocked to it from all parts of Ireland and Great Britain.

St. Dymphna, Virgin and Martyr.

St. Dymphna was the daughter of an Irish chieftain. Having vowed her virginity to God, she fled to Belgium to escape the snares to which she saw herself exposed at home. She was followed, however, and put to death by those to whom her virtue had rendered her hateful.

St. John Nepomucene, Martyr.

St. John Nepomucene, patron of Bohemia, was born at Nepomuk between 1340-50. Having become a priest, he refused three bishoprics and accepted only a canonicate of Prague. Refusing to reveal to King Wenceslaus the secret of confession of Queen Joane, his wife, whose fidelity the King suspected, he was thrown into prison, then drowned in the Moldau, March 20, 1393. He was canonised by Pope Benedict XIII. in 1729.

GRAINS OF GOLD

HAIL MARY.

Hail, full of grace, predestined Virgin blest,
Hail Mary, Star of Advent's troubled sea,

The Lord, the promised Saviour, is with thee,
His tabernacle is thy sinless breast;

Among all women dost thou stand confessed

The chosen one, Christ's Mother pure to be.

All hail! the Fruit of thy virginity,

The Word, hath come—Et homo factus est.

O Holy Mary, hear our humble prayer!

Before thee, Mother of our God, we bow.

Be thou our help until our latest breath.

O take thy sinful children to thy care,

And in thy pity pray for us, both now

And in the dark, the lonely, hour of death!

Let your aim be to keep cheerful always. You may fall short of the 'always,' but you will achieve more by taking this highest standard than by trying to be cheerful merely 'most of the time.' Learn to make an atmosphere of joy for yourself, not only for your own sake, but for the good of the people you meet.

As the strongest, deepest love veils itself most in silence and secrecy, so does love's inevitable penalty, suffering, shrink from discovery and observation, and ignore even those appeals for pity with which it is besieged by its own weaker nature; and by such ignoring does it not only conquer suffering, but gains the strength to suffer more and conquer more.

Ah! No man knows his strength or his weakness till occasion proves them. If there be some thoughts and actions of his life from the memory of which a man shrinks with shame, surely there are some which he may be proud to own and remember; forgiving injuries, conquered temptations, (now and then), and difficulties vanquished by endurance.

Remember that all this world can bestow will be assured by seeking, as God intended we should seek, the kingdom of God. For to seek the kingdom of God consistently, it is as necessary to be industrious as it is to be prayerful, and industry will bring all in the way of worldly wealth that your capabilities can accumulate. Honesty, truthfulness, candor and sincerity must characterise the dealings of him who really seeks the kingdom of God. And with this array of virtues embodied in practical life, pleasure, honor and culture are assured.

The Storyteller

MOTHER MORTON'S DAUGHTER

'It looks as if you were having a second Christmas, Sister,' I could not help observing, as I made my way through the boxes and packages that the expressman was delivering.

The old nun shook her head; and as she led me down the hall to the little office she said, very solemnly:

'God works by mysterious ways sometimes, my child.'

Which statement I was not inclined to doubt; for Sister Pauline had told me some truly wonderful tales during the course of our acquaintance. I suppose we all could do the same thing, if we were observant—if we held the effect long enough in our mind to discover the cause. But we are in too much of a hurry to take cognizance of this even in our own lives, hence we need not be expected to look for it in others. As a result, when we are told of such a happening by a contemplative, we call it strange, and we wonder why such events never fall under our eyes.

Sister Pauline was always seeing things, which was in itself remarkable, as she never stirred from the big brick house where, with some seventeen or eighteen of her Sisters in religion, she ministered to the needs of the two hundred old men and women—wrecks, most of them, on the ocean of life. Some of those human ships had been wrecked by the adverse winds of Fate, others by the bad management of the captain; and still others by mutiny abroad. How often they had been rescued and refitted, and started anew on the voyage, the Master-Builder only knows; but in the end here they were, piled up on the shore, useless, broken. And yet your heart stirs strangely with love as you gaze upon them, and your eyes grow moist with pity; for there is something in the old timbers that tells of the leaping heart of youth; and if there is any silvery head that is or was dear to you, you will make excuses for these old folk more readily than they, perhaps, make them for themselves.

'I did not know, Sister, you bought French confectionery in such quantities,' I remarked, as I took the proffered chair.

The smile on the wise old face deepened. Always in watching Sister Pauline's face, I think of the admonition given us to be wary as serpents, simple as doves. I do not believe the shrewdest person that ever practised the fine art of deception could deceive this woman, who since her sixteenth year had looked on life from her narrow convent window; and yet the children ran to her as to a companion.

'Tell me the story, Sister.'

'Maybe you won't find it much of a story,' she said, the smile still on her lips and playing around the mystical eyes. 'It hasn't the regulation pair of lovers whose hopes were crossed; and as for plot—why, there isn't any to speak of.'

'Nevertheless, I should like very much to hear it,' I said. 'The sight of the hall excited my curiosity, which you have certainly not diminished. Tell me your story, Sister, and then I shall pass judgment on it,' I concluded.

'It is about Mrs. Morton,' Sister Pauline began.

'Old Mother Morton!' I exclaimed. 'It isn't possible that at length she has been gathered to her fathers? And you found a will which proved that the mysterious old woman was owner of vast wealth, which she left to you; and you, with customary prodigality, straightway invested a portion of it in goodies for your old men and women? And you said I should not find such a story interesting! You have slight opinion of my bump of appreciation, Sister Pauline.'

'You are nearly as clever at "guessing" as a Yankee!' she cried. 'There are a few mistakes, however; for one, Mother Morton is not dead.'

'I certainly am glad to hear that,' I answered. 'The Home would not be the same without her.'

'But she has left us,' she said; and, to my infinite surprise, I caught the suspicion of a tear in Sister Pauline's eyes. It sobered me instantly, the while it let in a new light on the woman before me. I knew that she ministered to these old people with a devotion that had marked her face with the beauty of high and perfect service; but not until now had I seen that filial affection was mingled largely with that devotion. The human and divine were again beautifully united, following the great command, 'Learn of Me.'