

# Friends at Court

## GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

May 31, Sunday.—Sunday within the Octave of the Ascension.

June 1, Monday.—St. Eleutherius, Pope and Martyr.

„ 2, Tuesday.—St. Eugene I., Pope and Confessor.

„ 3, Wednesday.—St. Mary Magdalene de Pazzi, Virgin.

„ 4, Thursday.—Octave of the Ascension.

„ 5, Friday.—St. Boniface, Bishop and Martyr.

„ 6, Saturday.—Vigil of Pentecost. Fast Day.

St. Eleutherius, Pope and Martyr.

St. Eleutherius, a native of Greece, became Pope on the death of St. Soter in 177. After a pontificate of fifteen years, St. Eleutherius was martyred in the reign of Commodus.

St. Boniface, Bishop and Martyr.

St. Boniface was a native of Devon, in England. Shortly after his ordination to the priesthood, he was commissioned by Pope Gregory II. to preach the Gospel to the pagan inhabitants of Germany. He labored with such success that in a short time many episcopal sees were erected in that country, Boniface himself being appointed Archbishop of Mayence. He suffered martyrdom at the hands of the infidels in 755.

Octave.

The eight days assigned for the celebration of a feast are called the Octave. During this time is repeated every day a part of the office of the feast, as the hymns, antiphons, or verses, with one or several lessons referring to the subject. On the eighth day, the Octave properly speaking, the office is more solemn than that of the preceding days. Generally the most solemn feasts, like Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, Corpus Christi, the feast of the patron saint, are accompanied by an Octave.

## GRAINS OF GOLD

### FRIEND MEMORY.

Pride called me and I followed her  
Where bay and laurel gleaned;  
Mine eyes beheld the treasures fair  
Of which my heart had dreamed.

But as I reached to take the gifts  
Held out by Pride to me,  
I heard a low voice at my side—  
The voice of Memory.

With chastened heart I turned to go,  
My dream was at an end;  
Pride slipped away, while Memory  
Walked with me as my friend.

—'Ave Maria.'

The crucifix and the pictures of the saints in the room are—when contemplated with the eyes of faith and in a truly Catholic spirit—a preservative against sin, and an encouragement to do good—a mediation of holy thoughts and hallowed graces, a consolation in the distresses and afflictions of our earthly lives, a wholesome means of education for lovable youth—and a consecration for the entire Christian household. Therefore—ye fathers and mothers of Catholic families—therefore, banish every picture that is objectionable in the slightest degree, with inexorable firmness, from your homes! Let the home's most beautiful decorations be the crucifix and the pictures of Our Dear Lady and St. Joseph, the special patrons of Christian homes, and do not let other sacred pictures or statues be missing. Believe it, that, if you, in this manner, make God and His saints welcome inmates of your homes, and live in their regard and spirit, real blessings shall never be lacking to you; and your home will become a really Christian Catholic home, a very Nazareth.

Become reconciled in love, become reconciled in filial devotion, become reconciled in the light of the duties and affections of home. This is the insistent call of the Day of Atonement; in the nearer duties and obligations must we be faithful and true; this is the nineteenth of life; let us be mindful hereof before it is too late and the day of reconciliation on this earth is for ever past. Father, mother, sons, daughters, turn your hearts to one another in atoning affection, in reconciling love; thus adjuces this solemn hour, with this high word this season is vibrant; may it find lodgment everywhere that peace may dwell in every home and the light of forgiveness shed its blessed influence on every hearth.

# The Storyteller

## THE MOTHER

I.

Walking quickly, she retraced her steps through the Champs-Élysées, quite regardless of the passers-by—a small, slender figure, scarcely distinguishable under the drooping boughs of the chestnut trees, white and glistening with frost. On one arm she carried a heavy basket of provisions; the other hand held a bouquet of violets. From time to time her tired eyes, the lids wrinkled with age, rested lovingly on the flowers; at intervals she lifted them; dreamily and contentedly, to the bright blue sky above her, outlining, as it did so beautifully, the contours of the Arc de l'Etoile. And all the while upon her faded countenance, framed in bands of thin, gray hair, there hovered a sweet, soft expression, like the ghost of a happy smile. This half-smile was very pretty, investing the old face with a charm—like a ray of sunshine, after a long winter, finding itself once more in the place it had erstwhile known and loved.

She shivered occasionally on this cold February afternoon, under her serge gown, worn thin by long usage, and the short, scanty cape that covered her narrow shoulders. A scarf of black-lace, knotted under her chin, afforded but slight protection to her small ears, blue with cold.

Despite the poverty of her attire, it was evident that she was not an ordinary working-woman. By her walk and the carriage of her head one could see immediately that she was a provincial of the better class, driven to Paris through reverses of fortune or some family catastrophe; a woman who had been hardly used by life—moral sufferings, and constant solicitude for the morrow.

At length she reached the Arc de l'Etoile. Her feet, on which were very thin and badly worn shoes, slipped on the frosty pavement. In her effort to prevent herself from falling, she dropped her violets. 'My poor flowers!' she murmured—'my poor flowers!' Her numb fingers, in their coarse, black woollen gloves, recovered the violets with difficulty, stained with the dust of the sidewalk. She uttered a little sigh, half of regret, half of satisfaction. Rude contact with the defilement of the highway had not diminished the exquisite perfume of the flowers. Once more the face resumed the gentle, placid smile. When a little joy comes into a gloomy life, the poorest and humblest wish for flowers, the adornment of souls en fête.

And now, in order to make up for lost time, she began her way in and out among the carriages, and soon found herself in a maze of streets with high gray houses on either side. Night began to fall; a glimpse of the departing day still lingered above the mansards, but below it was growing quite dark. One by one dim points of gas, like clouded stars, began to illuminate the fog.

She paused at last, out of breath from her rapid walk, before a door obstructed by the tall, athletic figure of an old concierge. The man stood out of the way to allow her to pass, saying in a jovial tone:

'A bad night to look forward to, Madame Lestrade! Nine degrees above zero at five o'clock in the evening. Brrr! Will Monsieur be late to-night?'

'No, my good Etienne: I expect my son at seven.'

The voice was gay, joyous, almost young.

The concierge followed her with his eyes.

'Oh, what has happened to Madame Lestrade to make her so happy this evening?' he said to himself as she passed up the stairs.

Up, up, she toiled till she reached the fifth storey; then she paused in front of a door at the end of the passage, on which was tacked a white card bearing the name 'Raymond Lestrade, Artist.' She took a key from her pocket, put it in the lock, turned it, and went in.

In the little dining-room a feeble coke fire faintly illumined the old-fashioned provincial furniture—the massive oak sideboard, the inlaid secretary, the round table covered with an Indian shawl of the kind so dear to our grandmothers, the chairs and sofas with their backs carved by some cabinet-maker of the small town where they were made. In this narrow street, removed from the eternal hubbub and confusion of greater Paris, one could almost fancy oneself in one of those little bourgeois salons a hundred leagues distant, whose small green-paned windows overlook some dreary square, its sole attractive feature the elms which overshadow it.