

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

September 6, Sunday.—Thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost. St. Rumold, Bishop and Martyr.
 „ 7, Monday.—St. Eugene III., Pope and Confessor.
 „ 8, Tuesday.—Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
 „ 9, Wednesday.—St. Kyran, Abbot.
 „ 10, Thursday.—St. Hilary, Pope and Confessor.
 „ 11, Friday.—St. Nicholas of Tolentino, Confessor.
 „ 12, Saturday.—St. Rosa of Lima, Virgin.

St. Eugene III., Pope and Confessor.

St. Eugene was a native of Pisa, and a member of the Cistercian Order. Apart from the duties of the Pontifical Office, he was a liberal patron of letters, and spared no expense in renovating and beautifying the Churches of Rome, mindful of the Psalmist's words, 'Lord, I have loved the beauty of Thy house, and the place where Thy glory dwelleth.' After a pontificate of eight years, St. Eugene died in 1153.

St. Hilary, Pope and Confessor.

St. Hilary, a native of Sardinia, became Pope in 461. During a pontificate of seven years he was unremitting in his endeavors to remove the stain of heresy from certain portions of the Catholic world, and made several wise enactments for the preservation of discipline in the Church.

GRAINS OF GOLD

THE VOICE OF DEATH.

O weary lids and weary eyes,
 No longer vigil keep!
 The dark that is agathering
 Is made for eyes that weep;
 My touch will fold you round with peace
 And give you gentle sleep.

O weary hands, with labor worn,
 Relinquish now life's quest!
 My touch will still the pulse of toil
 That hath so long oppressed;
 The hush of labor's eventide
 Is full of quiet rest.

O weary soul, God calleth thee
 From struggle and from strife!
 He knows the sorrow and the sin
 That in this world are rife;
 And so He sendeth me, kind Death,
 To lead thee into life.

—Ave Maria.

It really does not count for much what the world thinks or says of us. The world is usually mistaken. Often it is so involved as to feel compelled to bear false witness. It has raised this man or that to some pedestal, and rather than acknowledge its own blindness it goes on holding him there despite his unfitness for the place. But time always peels off the veneer and shows us what really exists under the shell.

The human soul is immortal. Men stand to-day at the foot of Calvary looking at the vacant cross above and the vacant tomb below. The journey of every life finds its road winding about Calvary and passing the vacant tomb; and every pilgrim must stop, for a moment at least, to realise the meaning of the world's greatest tragedy, and to ask the inevitable questions: Was Christ the Son of God? Is the soul of man immortal? Did Christ rise from death as He foretold; and is His resurrection the prophecy of man's everlasting glory in the life beyond the grave? As each soul answers these questions, so shall its destiny be. The Catholic multitude answers every question with an affirmative that has resounded in every age, vibrant with the power of God; sometimes the cry came from the arena, where torture and death tried in vain to smother it; sometimes it came from the wilderness where religion fought with savagery; again from the bloody battlefield; often from the forum of the philosophers, where sophistry thought to conquer; but wherever it came from, it has remained the dominant note in the history of the world.

The Storyteller

THE EMERALD CROSS

'Are you in the mood for a long walk this afternoon, Elizabeth?' Mrs. Clark said we shouldn't leave Manitou without walking through Williams' Canon to the 'Cave of the Winds.'

'I am ready for anything!' Elizabeth declared. 'The air is so exhilarating that I feel I could walk to the moon!'

'You have improved,' Janet said slowly, looking critically at her sister, whose pink cheeks and bright eyes were proof conclusive of renewed vitality.

'I cannot afford to be ill,' Elizabeth returned quietly. 'I shall go back to my school work the first of the month.'

'Do not do anything rash, dear,' interrupted the older sister hastily. 'This tangle will be straightened out.'

'I received a kind letter from the superintendent this morning, saying that my place is waiting for me.'

'O Elizabeth, I wish you hadn't!' Janet cried in a distressed tone. 'I am confident the mystery will be cleared up, and everything be as it was before.'

'It was selfish of me to give way to my feelings and become ill,' Elizabeth went on calmly—'selfish and weak, as well as very foolish. No man is worth it.'

Janet was pained to note the new hardness in the low voice, and the bitter lines about the sweet mouth.

'Harry is as much cut up over the affair as you are, dear. Do not allow yourself to become hard and cynical,' she entreated earnestly. 'I feel sure it will all come right.'

'I shall endeavor to retain my youthful illusions to please you, O most wise and logical counsellor!' Elizabeth said, laughing unmirthfully.

'Don't, Elizabeth, please!' Janet cried, putting up her hand as if to ward off a blow. 'Our Blessed Lady will unravel the tangle,' she went on in a low, confiding tone. 'I have begged and implored her help, and I am confident she will not turn a deaf ear to my pleadings.'

Elizabeth looked at her sister. There was something in the clear, confident tones that arrested her attention, awakening a momentary thrill of hope in her own heart.

'Well, Janet Morley, you certainly have the faith that moves mountains,' she said with a little laugh.

Janet said no more. She possessed the rare quality of knowing when to stop. Her simple, childlike faith irritated Elizabeth in her present mood; so she changed the subject lightly, and they started on their walk, chatting gaily, as women will sometimes when their hearts are heaviest.

Two months before the opening of our story Elizabeth Morley received an invitation from Mrs. Pomeroy to join her house party.

'It is a small but congenial crowd,' she wrote—the Merlins, Captain Yorke, Miss Pennington, Harry and yourself. As the wedding is to take place so soon, I am anxious to become better acquainted with my future niece. So do not disappoint me, dear Miss Morley.'

The invitation surprised Elizabeth. She knew Mrs. Pomeroy was displeased when she learned that her nephew was determined to marry an Irish Catholic girl, and, moreover, a girl who was obliged to work for her living. Harry did not tell her; he always said his aunt would love her when she knew her. But we all have kind friends (?) who delight in telling us unpleasant truths. Elizabeth learned in some way that the wealthy Mrs. Pomeroy had a bride selected for her nephew, and that she threatened to disinherit him if he persisted in marrying a 'Papist.'

Janet urged her sister to go to the party. 'It is kind of Mrs. Pomeroy to invite you,' she insisted; 'and you ought to try to be friends with her for Harry's sake. She has been a second mother to him, you know.'

So Elizabeth went; and it proved her undoing. Mrs. Pomeroy was very kind and courteous; yet, somehow, her manner reminded Elizabeth of a cat playing with a mouse which she fully intends to destroy. She was ashamed of entertaining such a thought, and succeeded after a few days in banishing it.

Mrs. Pomeroy entertained royally. There were garden parties and picnics and private theatricals, and on the last night a grand ball. She sent to town for some of her jewels, and spared no trouble or expense to make it a brilliant affair.

Late in the afternoon, the day of the ball, she called Elizabeth into her room to show her a beautiful emerald cross she had just had reset with diamonds. It was exquisitely beautiful, Eliza-