

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- November 8, Sunday.—Twenty-second Sunday after Pentecost.
 Octave of All Saints.
 „ 9, Monday.—Dedication of the Lateran Basilica.
 „ 10, Tuesday.—St. Andrew Avellino, Confessor.
 „ 11, Wednesday.—St. Martin, Bishop and Confessor.
 „ 12, Thursday.—St. Livinus, Bishop and Martyr.
 „ 13, Friday.—St. Nicholas I., Pope and Confessor.
 „ 14, Saturday.—St. Lawrence, Bishop and Confessor.

Dedication of the Basilica of St. John Lateran.

This church is commonly known as the Basilica of St. John Lateran. It is the Cathedral of Rome, and was the first of the great basilicas consecrated to Divine worship after the accession of Constantine had given peace to the Church.

St. Andrew Avellino, Confessor.

St. Andrew was a native of the kingdom of Naples. He gave up the practice of the law in order to devote himself more perfectly to the service of his Divine Master. Having entered the Order of Theatines, he led for many years a most penitential life, dying in 1608, at the age of eighty-eight.

GRAINS OF GOLD

WEARY OF SIN.

O Jesus, open wide Thy Heart,
 And let me rest therein;
 For weary is my stricken soul
 Of sorrow and of sin.

I've sought for rest and found it not
 In things of earthly mould—
 One Heart alone deserves my love,
 The Heart that grows not cold.

O Jesus' Heart, meek, patient, kind,
 My soul to Thee I turn,
 Thou wilt not crush the bruised reed:
 The sorrowing spirit spurn.

Then take me to Thy Sacred Heart
 And seal the entrance o'er,
 That from that home my wayward soul
 May never wander more.

Yes, Jesus, take me to Thyself,
 I'm weary waiting here;
 I long to lean upon Thy breast,
 To see and feel Thee near.

O Mary, by the priceless love
 Which Jesus' Heart bore Thee,
 Pray that my home in life and death
 His loving Heart may be.

—Exchange.

Law—order is Heaven's first law, and it must be the same everywhere. Nature obeys fixed laws, and man for his part must follow rule and obey a ruler; the planets revolve around the sun as well as turn on their own axes, whilst the sun draws its power, its light, its heat from God, the Creator of all. In the same way man, whilst having great power and independence in himself, still depends on God through the channels which He has appointed. Man in his wisdom must see the necessity of this. Take it, for example, in the family, the workshop, or what you will, any place where there are a number, some one must rule and all others obey; there may be minor differences; but in the main there must be a working around one great common centre all in harmony and under one established rule and order; there must be unity and co-operation on both sides; unity as to some one who governs, and unity as to all the rest obeying that one. We are to be docile and submissive to those placed over us; nay more, we are to respect and obey them. It must not be a sullen respect or an unwilling subjection, but one cheerfully given, because right and necessary, seeing in those who rule the representatives of God Himself, Who will hold them even to a stricter accountability than those over whom they rule.

The Storyteller

LITTLE STEVE

The tenement house which little Steve occupied, in company with some half hundred other human beings, looked out over the railway line. It was the dirty and squalid line which encircles the greatest of cities. If it had been a line which ran away to the country it would have looked different, Steve thought; but it was, like himself, destined to a treadmill round of the dreary town without a chance of escape.

The windows of the house were coated with such an accumulation of smuts that the light could hardly peep through. There was grass on the sides of the cutting, but it was a sadder thing that the dust which the March winds blew about so blindingly. Such poor, stunted, dirty grass! Steve often wondered how it had the heart to grow.

Steve had no one belonging to him. He existed on the common charity of the crowded house. His mother had been a flower girl, who had died of pneumonia in a hard winter, and no one had ever thought when she died of sending Steve to the poorhouse. Perhaps it was not so much deliberate charity as that it was nobody's business, and with so many children on the staircases and in the narrow street between the high, dreary houses, one child more or less hardly mattered.

If Steve belonged to one family more than to another, it was to Brady's, the occupier of the south room on the fifth floor. Mrs. Brady was a widow, and went out charring. There were five little Bradys, all like Steve, under the school attendance age. Mrs. Brady's way with them was to lock them out of the room if it was dry, in if it was wet, after she had given them their breakfast of a morning, and then go about her business. Each young Brady was first, however, presented with a hunch of bread for his or her dinner, which was eaten to save the trouble of keeping as soon as the maternal back was turned; and then empty stomachs were the order of the day till the mother came home at night.

To this forlorn little family Steve attached himself, watching over it much as a careful nurse might do amid the perils of the streets. By this he earned the right to 'doss' in the Bradys' room at night, which was much preferable to a bed on the landing. By and bye his occupation would be gone, for these children of the streets learn early to take care of themselves; but Steve was not one to look before, and for the day he hugged greedily as much of home and home ties as his connection with the Bradys afforded.

He had one taste shared by none other in the street. That was a great love of flowers, or anything that brought him the country. The feeling for the country which he had never seen was in his heart like the desire of the children of sailors for the sea. Sometimes he seemed to get a breath of it when the wind was in the west. At times during the long, long days he would adventure to the main thoroughfare, dragging the youngest Brady by the hand, and stand staring at a florist's window, till the shopman, suspecting larcenous desires, would order him away.

His eccentricity was put down in Greek street to an inheritance from his flower-girl mother, just as the little Bradys had the brogue and the impulsiveness of the country they had never seen.

It was this impulsiveness in Micky Brady that made the turning-point in Steve's life. They were standing gazing into the florist's window one day when the March wind felt like May, turning Steve's thoughts in the direction of wondering whether, hampered by Micky Brady, he could accomplish the walk to a certain growing stretch of herbage whereupon real, if very dirty, sheep grazed, and from which a line of trees was visible, which indicated to Steve all he guessed at of the country. The thought had come into his mind of a sudden, making his heart beat. The florist had just bid him begone for the ninth time. Each time Steve, who was a docile child, had retired obediently, only to creep back again almost unconsciously as the flowers drew him and their terrible guardian passed out of sight.

Suddenly Micky, whose small hand had been wriggling about in Steve's unnoticed for some time, so absorbed was Steve in his thoughts, got loose and dashed away. There was a shout. Steve made an agonised dart after the little three-year-old figure. In a second of time he saw many things—little Micky crushed under the feet of the great horse that was steadily bearing down upon him—the anguish of Mrs. Brady, who had been his one friend, his own life-long disgrace—this and much more was in his mind as he flew upon Micky's traces.