

# Friends at Court

## CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

January 10, Sunday.—Within the Octave.  
 „ 11, Monday.—Within the Octave.  
 „ 12, Tuesday.—Within the Octave.  
 „ 13, Wednesday.—Octave of the Epiphany.  
 „ 14, Thursday.—St. Hilary, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.  
 „ 15, Friday.—St. Ita, Virgin.  
 „ 16, Saturday.—St. Fursey, Abbot.

### St. Ita, Virgin.

St. Ita was born in the south of Ireland. She has always been held in great esteem in the district in which she lived, but, unfortunately, few details of her life have come down to us. She died in 570, and is styled by Colgan the second St. Brigid of Ireland.

### St. Fursey, Abbot.

St. Fursey was born in the west of Ireland, and was of noble parentage. He spent a portion of his life in England, where he founded a monastery, in the county of Suffolk. Passing over to France, he continued to labor zealously for the advancement of religion until his death in 650. The remains of St. Fursey are still preserved at Peronne, in the neighborhood of Amiens.

## GRAINS OF GOLD

### MY PRAYER.

My Lord, my God, I love Thee well,  
 My every grief to Thee I tell,  
 To Thy true Heart alone I bear  
 My every wish, my every care.  
 Exert, O Lord! Thy tender sway,  
 And, Saviour, teach me how to pray.

Let me not lay before Thy shrine  
 A thought or wish that is not Thine.  
 Let me not strive, all vainly still,  
 To bend to mine Thy Sovereign will.  
 But, when I come to Thee to-day,  
 Dear Saviour, teach me how to pray.

Press Thy soft touch upon my soul,  
 I crave Thy sweet and wise control,  
 Unto my eager lips be given  
 The prayer that finds its rest in heaven.  
 Let me not turn, unheard, away,  
 Dear Saviour, teach me how to pray.

—Sister M. Gertrude.

To live content with small means, to seek elegant simplicity, rather than luxury; to be worthy, respectable, and refined rather than fashionable and rich; to listen to the stars and birds and flowers, and to the babes and sages with an open heart; to study hard and think quietly; to bear all cheerfully—do all bravely and await occasion—never hurrying and never speaking ill of another—in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden, and unconscious possibilities grow up to the common, every-day duty—this should be the symphony of every true woman's life.

You owe a duty to the public; your rank and position have decided that for you. It is your vocation, and sins against the state of life in which God has placed us are the most inexcusable; you bury your talent; the misapplied expenditure of energy each day which is ruining you now, would be sufficient to pay all your true debts to God and man. You must also be sociable, friendly with persons worthy of your friendship, useful to society, full of discretion and foresight, well-informed about public affairs, and known to be so.—Fenelon.

Neither the noise of the city nor the quiet of the country can bring happiness or destroy happiness. All these things may contribute to happiness within him, but the germ of true happiness is originally within. The spark of that life which is the source of happiness is bred within the soul of man. It cannot be moved to act by any external indulgence or ill. The work must be done within. Health and wealth and fame may increase man's opportunities for usefulness in this world, but they will never of themselves produce happiness. The secret of happiness lies deeper than earthly possessions, poor health, or mental training. Real happiness lies deeper than all these.

# The Storyteller

## THE CABIN IN THE VALLEY

(Concluded.)

'On Christmas eve!' he said.  
 'On Christmas eve!' she murmured. 'On the eve that Life came, he looked in the face of death.'

'To-day he gave me life.'  
 'I fully believe it.'  
 'Helen, what can we do?'  
 'Nothing; what is there to do? You and I are of the younger generation—have different ideals. About us are primitive emotions. About us, in these mountains, rage passions as simple and as mighty as the earliest of men must have experienced before years brought civilisation. Barney Delaney represents this emotion and this passion, subdued by the religion of Christ.'

'The religion of Christ!' echoed her brother. 'There is, then, such a thing? Argue it out with me—I came home to you, Helen, to argue it out. For I have put you upon the one hand and her upon the other. I must see with your eyes or with hers. With her eyes and believe and take her into my life to bless it—oh, I know it will be to bless it!—or with yours and disbelieve and put thoughts of her away for ever.'

Again that radiant light welled up into her face and shone from it, and, seeing it this time, he marvelled.

'On Christmas eve,' she said, 'since that happened, I lose myself in contemplation of another sight.' She put her cheek close to his. 'Life, a tiny, flickering flame, came to that cabin in the valley—and death snuffed it while it fluttered. Life lingered on in her until death came again, and she joined her little babe. Ah! but Life comes again—a Life no death can conquer. Can you see it if I picture it for you? A strange man clad in strange garments, holding up his hands—and in them a Child—a Child—I wish I could describe that Child; but I can not, can not—' Her voice drifted into the silence and her brother, much moved, though he could not have told why, held her fingers tightly.

'Where was death, my brother, is Life, and it is calling us. In the person of that Child, Life is calling us. I know where it is to be found, and my heart responds to its pleading. Does yours?'  
 'How can I tell?'  
 'Come with me, then, and see.'

'Where?' he asked.  
 'To the cabin in the valley, where the Catholic priest offers the Sacrifice at midnight.'

The clock in the hall began to strike once more. Both waited until it sounded out the hour of 11.

'It is late,' said Michael Jordan, and involuntarily his glance took in the room and the glowing fire. 'The journey—'

'We read that the Mother of the Holy One travelled a far distance on this night, and laid her Babe in a manger, "because there was no room for them in the inn."'

'I will go, Helen.'

She turned her face upon him.

'To argue against her you came to me? Brother, is there not enough disbelief in the world? Oh, is there anything, anything all around us but that one thing—disbelief? And when we find the freshness of morning, the spring of eternal joy, and can say with heart and soul alive, rejoicing, "I believe!" have we not worshipped at the source of that Life which comes to us this night?'

And again her tones thrilled him, and again he knew not why. He felt that she was leading him to heights hitherto unscaling, even attempted. He was content to be led, content to follow, for the sake of that within him which responded to her exaltation.

The one room of Barney Delaney's cabin looked meagre and spare and bare enough. The table had been moved aside. Big branches of evergreen were fastened rudely to the walls—the only attempt at decoration—and from the window the lamp shed a feeble light in the room itself, and directed the steps outside of those who were coming to midnight Mass. Once, indeed, this little room had been more comfortable and more homelike, but of all those things which Nora Delaney had treasured, her husband had kept none. Not an article, however simple, was left to remind him of her existence. No reminder was needed; the absence of them perhaps made his grief less poignant.

At the farther end, away from the door, an altar had been erected, the candles were lighted, the priest's vest-