

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- April 18, Sunday.—Low Sunday.
 „ 19, Monday.—St. Leo IX., Pope and Confessor.
 „ 20, Tuesday.—St. Isidore, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
 „ 21, Wednesday.—St. Anselm, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
 „ 22, Thursday.—SS. Soter and Caius, Popes and Martyrs.
 „ 23, Friday.—St. George, Martyr.
 „ 24, Saturday.—St. Fidelis of Sigmaringen, Martyr.

SS. Soter and Caius, Popes and Martyrs.

We know very little of these two Pontiffs except the manner of their deaths. St. Soter won the crown of martyrdom in 177; St. Caius, after many sufferings for the faith, died in 296, in the reign of Diocletian, whose kinsman he was.

St. George, Martyr.

St. George has been recognised as the patron of England since the time of the Crusades. Unfortunately, no authentic details of his life have come down to us. He is believed to have been a soldier, and to have suffered martyrdom about 303. In emblem of the victory he thus gained over the Evil One, he is often represented in pictures as a knight tilting against a dragon.

GRAINS OF GOLD

LADY OF THE ROSARY.

Dear Lady, oft we seek the grace
 To conquer in this world of strife—
 For sin, and wrong, and doubt, so long
 Have held a place within our life.
 That we are weak where we should be
 As soldiers—trusty, strong, and brave—
 And so, in confidence, to thee
 We come, and thy protection crave!

We need a mother in the fight,
 For life is lone without a friend
 Whose loyalty unto the right
 Will inspiration to us lend—
 And such a guide we find in thee,
 In every vexing care and pain;
 Sweet Lady of the Rosary,
 We never call on thee in vain.

Dear Lady, watch us day by day;
 Discouraged oft, and tempest-tossed,
 We struggle on our devious way,
 And fearful grow lest we be lost.
 We are thy Son's; we too are thine;
 O, be our light when shadows fall—
 Bring us unto that sphere divine,
 Where peace and joy have no recall!

AMADEUS, O.S.F.

We are what we are in the judgment of God, and we are nothing more.—Father Faber.

Happiness is a great power of holiness. Thus, kind words, by their power of producing happiness, have also a power of producing holiness, and so of winning souls to God—Faber's *Spiritual Conferences*.

No man is wholly bad, and in all lives some moments come when the vision presents itself of a worthier and happier life which might be lived. What is needed is courage to make the start, for, while life lasts, it is never too late.—Mrs. Bourke.

Have we not all, amid life's petty strife
 Some pure ideal of a nobler life
 That once seemed possible? Did we not hear
 The flutter of its wings and feel it near
 And just within our reach? It was—and yet
 We lost it in this daily jar and fret,
 And now live idle in a vain regret,
 But still our place is kept, and it will wait,
 Ready for us to fill it, soon or late.
 No star is ever lost we once have seen,
 We always may be what we might have been.

—A. Procter.

The Storyteller

THE EVOLUTION OF A VOCATION

'Do you mean to tell me, Mrs. Alexander, that we are really going to have nuns in the Church of England? Well, well, what next?'

The lady addressed lowered the *Christian Witness* from which she had been reading an account of the reception of a Sister into one of the first-Anglican communities founded in this country, and surveyed her friend over her glasses, a look of righteous indignation on her face. It was evident that there was going to be a lengthy discussion, and Mildred Delano, the sixteen-year-old niece of the reader, waited to hear no more. She had listened to the description with eager interest, and she wished to think about the matter while the two fervent Episcopalians were lamenting the Romish propensities which were tending to the degeneracy of their Church. She put aside the book which she held and slipped out on to the broad portico to think quietly. In the beautiful moonlight the shadows of the evergreen cast fantastic figures on the lawn, and the tinkle of the little fountain close by was soft and soothing. A dark form was coming up the winding path, and she ran to meet it, exclaiming, 'O Jack, did you come to bring me home?'

'I did, but shall I not go in for a little while?'

'No. Aunt Sarah is entertaining Mrs. James and they are lamenting the degenerate state of the Church. I could not stand it, and neither could you. But I must tell you the source of their grief—something Aunt Sarah read from the *Christian Witness* a few minutes ago. No thing ever made me think so much before in so brief a time.' And with all the enthusiasm of her girlish heart Mildred reproduced for her brother the description of the Anglican nun's reception, and confided to him the ambition that paragraph had awakened.

John Delano had come up from New York to spend his summer vacation in the little town of his birth. Possessed of a deeply religious temperament, he was giving all his earnestness to a fitting preparation for the ministry. The young are naturally less conservative than the old; so, while the venerable elders gravely shook their heads and prophesied sad consequences of the Roman customs which were being gradually adopted by the Church of England, he and his sister hailed them as harbingers of good things in which they were to have a part. They walked up and down the quaint old streets where the shades of majestic elms were outlined in the mellow moonlight, and they looked far ahead into the future and dreamed as only the young can dream. Arm in arm now, they would go hand in hand through life, they promised each other. A Rocky Mountain mission seemed a worthy ambition. They would found one together, and there they would live the ideal life of which they were dreaming, and serve God as they longed to serve Him.

When they had entered their home Mildred seated herself with pencil and paper to sketch the log house which was to be their mission centre, and was to contain a chapel and a home for her brother and herself. Around it she grouped a hospital, a school, and an orphanage, then paused to wonder what should come next. John, meanwhile, had seated himself at the piano and was softly playing selections from *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*—music which was new in the Episcopal Church at this time, and beautiful enough to awaken the enthusiasm of the Oxford Party.

'Holy, holy, holy,' rang out the clear baritone in quick, yet reverent notes.

O Jack, that is too fast,' said Mildred, advancing to lay her hand on his shoulder.

'Not a bit,' said her brother; 'now listen.'

He turned to the old missionary hymn, 'From Greenland's icy mountains,' and sang it slowly through, playing an interlude between the stanzas; then repeated the entire hymn in quick, spirited fashion without interlude, ending with Amen.

'That is better, I admit,' said Mildred, as she turned to greet her mother who had entered the room. She seated herself at the table beside her and said in earnest, impetuous fashion:

'Mother, I want to be a nun! May I?'

Mrs. Delano was never astonished by Mildred's questions. She took up her knitting and finished out the needle before she answered:

'No, you may not be a nun. Do not speak of it again. You may go over to the church now to get the surplice which should be laundered before next Sunday.

Mildred's only reply to her mother's refusal to grant the permission she requested was a slight grimace. She