

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

April 25, Sunday.—Third Sunday after Easter.
 „ 26, Monday.—SS. Cletus and Marcellinus,
 Popes and Martyrs.
 „ 27, Tuesday.—Of the Octave.
 „ 28, Wednesday.—Octave of the Feast of St.
 Joseph.
 „ 29, Thursday.—St. Peter, Martyr.
 „ 30, Friday.—St. Catherine of Siena, Virgin.
 May 1, Saturday.—SS. Philip and James, Apostles.

St. Peter, Martyr.

St. Peter was born at Verona, in Italy. At the age of 15 he was received into the Dominican Order by the great St. Dominic. To a profound humility he joined exceptional talents. He was very successful as a preacher, and in particular brought about the conversion of many Manichean heretics, a sect which was still very numerous in the neighborhood of Milan. He met his death at the hands of some sectarians, who, remaining obstinate in their heresy, were enraged at his successful efforts to propagate the genuine teaching of Christ. A.D. 1252.

St. Catherine of Siena, Virgin.

Siena, in Italy, has the honor of having been the birthplace of this great saint. From her earliest years St. Catherine cultivated a spirit of perfect union with God, and even when engaged in the most distracting occupations succeeded in keeping herself no less sensible of His presence than if she had no exterior employment. She was indefatigable in her efforts to bring souls to God, and her words and example, and even the very sight of her emaciated but saintly countenance, were the cause of many conversions. She seemed to have a special grace for effecting the reconciliation of enemies. Her powerful influence in this direction was exercised, not only in the case of private individuals, but also in reconciling States that were at variance, and in obtaining the submission and pardon of rebellious cities which had incurred the censures of the Holy See. But the most important service she rendered to the Church was the restoration of the Sovereign Pontiff to his episcopal city, after a residence of nearly seventy years at Avignon, in France, an end being thus put to the innumerable evils resulting to the Church from the prolonged absence of the Vicar of Christ from Rome. St. Catherine died in 1380, at the age of 47, and was buried in Rome, in the Church of the Minerva, where her remains are still preserved.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

FRAGRANCE OF THE FLOWERS.

The flowers on the altar fair
 Surround their hidden King.
 To Him their exhalations rare
 A cheerful solace bring.

Would that our hearts were like the flowers
 Each day with fragrance fraught.
 Would that our thoughts throughout the hours,
 The gentle Saviour sought.

—REV. T. L. CROWLEY, O.P.

Regard not your misfortune (says St. Francis de Sales); look only to God: He will have care of you. 'Cast thy solicitude on Him, and He will provide for thee.' Why trouble yourself by sighing or pining about the accidents of this world, since you know not what you ought to wish for, and God will always wish what is best for you? Await, then, in repose of spirit, the effects of the divine good pleasure, and let it suffice for you, since it is always good, so our Lord ordered St. Catherine of Siena, saying, 'Think of Me, and I will think of thee.'

The Storyteller

A CHANGE OF HEART

'Your father is a rough, profane man.' Gran paused, to duly impress the three children ranged in front of her. 'I don't know what he'll come to, unless he gets the fear of God in his heart.'

Loyal Margaret Ellen attempted a defence of her father. She was the eldest, and could remember when his big, rough hand had held her little one very gently.

'There's some that's deal worse than him,' she spoke up boldly. 'Tim Dempsey is lots worse than daddy. He licks Mrs. Dempsey and the kids.'

'You are a gadabout and a gossip, Margaret Ellen,' said Gran, severely, 'or you wouldn't know so much about the neighbours. And you have no call to crow over the little Dempseys. You mark my words, every one of you—your father will be licking you all in his drunken tan-trums, like Tim Dempsey, unless you pray harder for him. Prayer is the one thing that will save him, and you, children. Get up early and go to Holy Mass for him; say the Stations and the Rosary for him. You that waits on the priest, John Henry Newman, can slip in many a prayer at the altar.'

'Indeed I can't, Gran,' John Henry objected. 'I'm only just on, and I have to think so hard what I have to do next that I can't pray at all.'

'Service is prayer,' said Gran. 'Offer up your serving and your singing: offer up everything, children, and snatch your father from the devil. He's drifting into his clutches fast. There—as a door banged—your daddy's gone again. Oh, but it's the bad way he spends Sunday. Run off now to your mother. God help her and you, and bring John Manning to his duty. This is the terrible country altogether.'

And yet when a discerning friend had said to her: 'You're pining for home, Gran,' brave Christian Gran made answer, simply: 'Scotland or America—what does it matter when we have the Holy Mass?'

And John Manning wouldn't go to Mass. Well, the children must go all the oftener. That was why Margaret Ellen rose early on Monday morning and hurried off to 6 o'clock. Gran's strict injunction had made a deep impression on the child. She was older than Janet and John Henry, and more was expected of her. So she not only went to Mass, but stayed so long after, confiding her fears for her daddy to the Sacred Heart that the pastor noticed her, and contrived to meet her at the door. Margaret Ellen made a quaint curtsy—a bit of old-world manners, that Gran had taught the children. Father Costello smiled in acknowledgment.

'You are in Sister Geraldine's class, and you are praying for promotion?' he guessed.

'No, your reverence, I was praying for my father.'

'Is your father ill? No. Does he drink?'

The question was a commonplace in a parish of workmen, and it was answered usually as frankly as it was asked. But to Margaret Ellen it meant laying bare the family disgrace. Tim Dempsey was her conception of a drunkard, and she would not 'even' her father to him, not if the Bishop himself asked her. Neither could she lie to his reverence. Terrible things happened to people who lied to the priest. Gran said so, and Gran knew.

Father Costello was about to repeat his question, when Margaret Ellen burst out, with feverish haste: 'If you please, your reverence, he is a rough, profane man, and hasn't the fear of God in his heart.'

'That is bad enough, child,' said the pastor, gently. 'Keep on praying for him, and I will remember your intention in my Mass.'

Margaret Ellen fairly flew to Gran with the good news. 'It's a good beginning,' Gran admitted, 'but don't be pulled up with pride, Margaret Ellen, because his reverence noticed you. A lowly spirit doesn't put itself forward.'