

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- May 2, Sunday.—Fourth Sunday after Easter.
 „ 3, Monday.—The Finding of the Holy Cross.
 „ 4, Tuesday.—St. Monica, Widow.
 „ 5, Wednesday.—St. Pius V., Pope and Confessor.
 „ 6, Thursday.—St. John at the Latin Gate.
 „ 7, Friday.—St. Stanislaus, Bishop and Martyr.
 „ 8, Saturday.—Apparition of St. Michael, Archangel.

The Finding of the Holy Cross.

This festival has been celebrated in the Latin Church since the fifth or sixth century. It commemorates the discovery by St. Helena, mother of the Emperor Constantine, A.D. 326, of the Cross on which our Blessed Saviour suffered. In the words of St. Jerome: 'If the ark was held in such high veneration by the Jews, how much more ought Christians respect the wood of the Cross whereon our Saviour offered Himself a bleeding victim for our sins? Christ selected the Cross to be the glorious instrument of His victory, and the Cross is the standard under which all His followers must fight His battles.'

St. Monica, Widow.

St. Monica was a native of Africa. Having been given in marriage to a pagan, she succeeded, by the sanctity of her conduct and the meekness of her disposition, in bringing about his complete conversion from idolatry and vice. Her son, the great St. Augustine, having been led in his youth to embrace the errors of the Manichaean heretics, owed his subsequent conversion to her prayers. St. Monica was seized with her last illness at Ostia, in Italy, A.D. 387. When her second son, Navigius, expressed a wish that she might not die abroad, but in her own country, she said to him and St. Augustine: 'Lay this body anywhere; be not concerned about that. The only thing I ask of you both is that you make remembrance of me at the altar of the Lord, wherever you are.'

GRAINS OF GOLD.

TO-DAY.

O, Father, guide these faltering steps to-day,

Lest I should fall!

To-morrow! Ah, to-morrow's far away,—

To-day is all.

If I but keep my feet till evening time,

Night will bring rest;

Then, stronger grown, to-morrow I shall climb

With newer zest.

O may I stoop to no unworthiness,

In pain or sorrow,

Nor bear from yesterday one bitterness

On to to-morrow!

Then, Father, help these searching eyes to-day

The path to see;

Be patient with my feebleness,— the way

Is steep to Thee!

— Ave Maria.

There is a big difference between a wish and a dogged resolution.

The fear of the world influences more lives than the fear of God. How many regulate their action and their conduct by what the world will say; how few ever say, 'What will God say?' How much admiration we should have for a man who measures his life by what God will think! Ask God every day for this spirit of fearlessness—fearlessness to do what is right.

The Storyteller

A TEMPTATION

Mary Ann Welsh had been made a widow at the big jam at the Cascades, a few miles distant from her home. Weary years had elapsed since then. She was thinking of them now as she stood upon the shore, looking out with wrinkled brows over the water. The river glided along in a quiet, ghostly fashion that told nothing of the treacherous current which at certain points it was almost beyond the power of man to stem. A quarter of a mile higher up were rapids churning over hidden rocks; a few miles below here those other rapids in the fierce swirl of which Tom Welsh had met his death.

On the surface of the stream floated logs of every conceivable size and shape, some placidly, others violently. Mary Welsh regarded them dreamily—she had long been accustomed to the sight. Year after year, she had seen them with almost intolerable monotony, as set adrift from the lumber camps above, marked with the owner's name, they were driven to Hull or Ottawa, where they were secured and consigned to their several purchasers. Sometimes they gathered in a 'jam,' which gave the river men considerable trouble, or the laggards among them floated in shoreward and the drivers had to chase out the sluggards. All that would have been picturesque to a stranger had become familiar to Mary Welsh, so it was not of any of those things she was thinking as she drew her shawl tightly about her. For the night was chill. Her tall figure motionless, her print dress blowing about her, her hair loosened in strands from her uncovered head, gave her the appearance of some prophetic who dreamed dreams and saw visions in the light of the moon.

Up in the village a group of 'the lads' employed in the quarries and on the river were waking the echoes with their favorite song, 'The fate of young Monroe.' In their untrained voices there was a certain melody, and a certain pathos, for the fate which the long-drawn-out ballad described was such as might befall any of them. The notes fell on Mary Welsh's ears with a special significance and she shivered. She recalled that as a girl she used to thrill to the rude doggerel telling 'the night was dark and dreary, and he was far from home.' Then had come the time when she had been unable to endure that song, and had gone into the house and put her shawl over her ears to deaden the sounds, bursting into passionate weeping. For the story was no longer a shadowy abstraction, but precisely her story; only, the legendary young Monroe had not been the husband of the heroine or the father of her children. He, too, had fallen under the logs and been carried away in the foam of the rapids before any help was possible. Often her Tom, the most fearless and masterful of all the river drivers, had led to some perilous enterprise a gang of those turbulent spirits, sometimes harder to control than the waters of the Gatineau. And they all loved him, but were powerless to save him.

A hint of Mary's state of mind had been somehow conveyed to the singers, and for a considerable time, delicately and chivalrously, that ballad had been omitted from their repertory. But the ballad had begun of late to resume its time honored place, since the limit of human grief was supposed to be reached in a year or at most two. And it was now five years since Tom Welsh had been found down below at Ironsides, and had been laid, with deep thankfulness on Mary's part, in consecrated earth, in a quiet that the man's strenuous life had never known. To-night, the old air caused the old wound to re-open and to throb fiercely in Mary's heart. There was sob in her throat and the muscles of her face worked. Yet she no longer ran away from that plaintive strain, rather with a curious fascination she desired to catch every word.

'For now,' sang the rough voices, 'her wish is granted, for she sleeps near young Monroe.'

IN COLD WEATHER

no beverage is so acceptable as SYMINGTON'S COFFEE ESSENCE. In two minutes you can have a delicious warm drink. If you haven't tried it you should do so at once.