

## Friends at Court

### GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- August 31, Sunday.—Sixteenth Sunday after Pentecost.  
 Sept. 1, Monday.—St. Louis, King and Confessor.  
 „ 2, Tuesday.—St. Stephen of Hungary, King and Confessor.  
 „ 3, Wednesday.—St. Elizabeth, Queen of Portugal, Widow.  
 „ 4, Thursday.—St. Rose of Viterbo, Virgin.  
 „ 5, Friday.—St. Lawrence Justinian, Bishop and Confessor.  
 „ 6, Saturday.—St. Rumold, Bishop and Martyr.

St. Louis, King and Confessor.

St. Louis was King of France, and never has that country enjoyed the blessing of a wiser or more virtuous ruler. Though his life in the midst of his court was that of a perfect religious, he never neglected the affairs of Government, the public duties of his position, or the wants of his people. His alms deeds were unbounded, and one of his greatest pleasures was ministering to the sick in the public hospitals. St. Louis died in 1270, at the age of 55.

St. Stephen, King and Confessor.

St. Stephen was the first King of Hungary. Brought up from infancy in the Catholic religion, his greatest ambition was to bring his idolatrous subjects to a knowledge of the true Faith. At the same time, he endeavoured to promote their temporal interests. A brave and skilful general, he never engaged in war except when an honorable peace was impossible. St. Stephen died in 1038, at the age of 60.

St. Elizabeth, Widow.

St. Elizabeth, by birth a Spaniard, was married at an early age to the King of Portugal. In surroundings which invited her to a life of luxury, she practised the severest mortification. On several occasions the influence which she derived from her exalted position and well-known sanctity enabled her to prevent an outbreak of war between the various kingdoms which then existed in the Peninsula. St. Elizabeth died in 1336, at the age of 65.

### GRAINS OF GOLD

#### COME IN.

Come in, My child, the portal stands ajar,  
 Oh! I have bided long this hour and thee.  
 Heard'st thou a whisper in thy wand'rings far—  
 'Thy Saviour waits—come where thy rest shall be!'

Hush! Well I know thy heart is sick and bruised,  
 Thine idols fall'n, their empty thrones therein;  
 I saw thee when thine erring feet refused  
 To bear thee further on the paths of sin.

This yearning Heart hath found thee. I have sent  
 My messenger o'er all the mountains bleak  
 To seek the lamb that from My pasture went;  
 The hour is late, but ah! My heart is meek.

I've sorrowed much for thee with all this waiting,  
 My famished lamb! Forlorn and drenched art thou,  
 With anguished Heart I heard thy piteous bleating—  
 Come in, beloved! My joy is perfect now.

There is no fairer sight for heavenly eyes than  
 that of a pure and childlike heart.

There are seasons when to be still demands im-  
 mensely higher strength than to act.

The world oftener rewards the appearance of merit  
 than merit itself.—La Rochefoucauld.

The nobleness of life depends on its consistency,  
 clearness of purpose, quiet and ceaseless energy.

## 'STAND FAST IN THE FAITH'

(A Weekly Instruction specially written for the N.Z.  
 Tablet by 'GHIMEL'.)

### FREQUENT AND DAILY COMMUNION.

#### V.—THE COMMUNION OF CHILDREN

(Continued.)

In confirmation of what has been already said on the subject of children's Communion, we intend to quote this week some passages from a sermon preached by our Holy Father a couple of years ago to the First Communicant pilgrims from France. And great importance should be attached to the Pope's wishes in this matter, for he speaks not only with the learning of a deep theologian and the wisdom born of vast experience with souls, but with the assistance of the Holy Spirit, for this is a matter that vitally concerns the interests of men. To put it at the lowest, his views are a far safer guide than our own feelings. His Holiness said:

'We read in the Gospel that, one day, our Divine Lord called to Him a little child like you, and, placing it in the midst of His Apostles, said to them: "See that you despise not one of these little ones, for I say to you that their angels always see the face of My Father, Who is in heaven" (Matt., xviii., 10). Alas! those heavenly guardians are but too often saddened and filled with horror at the corruption and sinful stains which they behold in those committed to their charge.

'The angels of children, on the contrary, though never distracted by their watchful care from the ever-blessed vision of God, Whom they see face to face in His eternal light, find Him afresh in the souls of children, reflected, as it were, in a mirror of innocence, purity, and candour. But if this be true of all children, as well as of your like, whom our Lord placed in the midst of His Apostles, what would He have said, dear little ones, of you, who have received His very Self, together with His Divinity and Sacred Humanity, in Holy Communion, wherein you have united your flesh to His Flesh and your blood to His Blood, and your heart has throbbed so close to His? What would He have said about your holy angels, since your partaking of the Holy Eucharist raises you above them? They have never had granted to them the privilege which you enjoy of feeding upon Jesus Christ, forming one same thing with Him, and being united to Him so far as, in a certain manner, to make His divine nature and infinite perfections your own. By thus communicating Himself to you, this amiable Saviour imparts truth and justice to your minds, holiness to your wills, and goodness to your hearts. And so the faithful Catholic, who receives Communion, can say in very truth, after St. Paul: "Jesus Christ is my life. . . . I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me" (Phil. i., 21; Gal. ii., 20).

'Thus, since God is unsullied purity, he who is united to Christ in Holy Communion, rising like a spotless dove above the muddy waters of this wretched world, wings its flight and seeks refuge in the bosom of God—the bosom of Him Who is purer than the spotless snow that crowns the mountain tops. God being infinite beauty, the soul united to Christ draws upon himself the admiring and tender gaze of the angels, who—were they capable of any passion—would be filled with envy of his lot.

'Moreover, God being charity in his very essence, the faithful soul united to Jesus Christ is, as it were, rapt in a blissful ecstasy. For charity transforms him. It reveals itself in his whole bearing, and even in his very countenance, in the generous impulses of his heart and in the sweetness of his words, which distil like honey from his lips. Everything about him suggests and betokens love.

'Last of all, God being goodness itself—and goodness, in the language of Scripture, is the same as perfection—the Christian, who is united to Jesus Christ in the Holy Eucharist, finds in the efficacy of this Sacrament all manner of perfection and holiness. From it he draws strength to rise above himself, to seek after

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