

## FRIENDS AT COURT GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

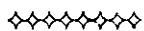
Feb. 8, Sunday.—Septuagesima Sunday. St. John of Matha, Confessor.  
9, Monday.—St. Cyril of Alexandria, Confessor and Doctor.  
10, Tuesday.—St. Scholastica, Virgin.  
11, Wednesday.—Our Lady of Lourdes.  
12, Thursday.—The Seven Founders.  
13, Friday.—Office of the day.  
14, Saturday.—Office of Blessed Virgin Mary.

### St. Scholastica, Virgin.

St. Scholastica, sister of St. Benedict, was born at Nursia, Italy, and lived near him in the monastery of Plombariole, which she caused to be built about five miles from that of Monte Cassino.

### The Seven Founders.

The Order of the Servants of the Blessed Virgin, commonly called Servites, owes its origin to the zeal and piety of seven Florentine merchants. After distributing their goods among the poor, they retired to Monte Senario, near Florence, where they dwelt in cells as hermits. This was in 1233, which is regarded as the date of the foundation of the Order. They subsequently became a monastic community under the special patronage of the Blessed Virgin. They adopted the Augustinian Rule, and for their habit wore a black tunic with a scapular and cape of the same color. Under St. Philip Beniti, the first general, the Order spread rapidly, chiefly in Italy and Germany. St. Juliana Falconieri is regarded as the foundress of the Servite Third Order. The Servites were approved by Alexander IV, in 1255. Innocent VIII declared the Servites a mendicant Order, bestowing on them the privileges enjoyed by the other mendicants.



## GRAINS OF GOLD

### THE MISSIONARY'S PRAYER.

O Lord, to be a lamp for Thee!

A lamp of living flame,  
To stamp the souls of pagan men  
With Thy eternal name;

To search the lurid ways of sin  
Where souls grope in the night  
And guide them back again to Thee,  
Their everlasting light;

To be a beacon flame for men,  
A gleam through sorrow's rain,  
Where hearts by Thy sweet cross oppressed  
May ease the smart of pain!

And when my life's dim light has failed,  
May my soul a flaming star  
In Heaven's eternal mansions show  
Thy glory from afar!

O Lord, to be a lamp for Thee!  
If not, at least the grace,  
That through my toil one soul may see  
Thy smiling sacred Face.

—R. J. DOWLING, S.J.

# THE STORYTELLER

## NORA

Translated from the German by PRINCESS LICHTENSTEIN  
(Published by arrangement with Burns, Oates, Washbourne, Ltd.)

### CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

At home she did not find her family in the drawing-room, as was usual at this hour. Supposing her step-mother to be in the garden with the baby, she went to her father's study in order to wish him good-morning. The sight which met her caused her to remain standing at the door, her eyes wide open, with a scared and frightened look, and her hands holding her heart, as if she had suddenly felt a pain there. Her father was sitting at his writing-table, his head leaning heavily upon his hand, and his whole attitude expressing deep despair. A paper lay open before him, evidently a telegram, for its green cover was upon the floor.

In a second she was at his side, embracing him tenderly, and asking him in the softest language what was the cause of his sorrow. She loved her father dearly, and now a little sting of remorse had mixed itself with her love, for she felt that another one disputed the right of precedence with him in her heart.

This made her more tender than usual, and the director received her coaxing with manifest signs of satisfaction. But she asked him in vain to tell her the cause of his sorrow.

How naturally it comes to us in such moments to say that we are ready to suffer everything, to bear with everything, in order to remove the sorrows of those we love. And yet the words, flowing from our heart as they do, sometimes take a form and shape before which we ourselves are terrified.

The director raised his face, and, looking into his daughter's entreating eyes, saw her anxious expression. Perhaps it was his better self which made him at that moment push her almost roughly away from him.

"Go," he said, "you belong to another; you no longer belong to me, and can do nothing for me."

Nora's eyes were filled with tears at this reproach. She felt that her father was right, that her heart indeed belonged to another, but that made her all the more desirous of proving to her father that her devotion and affection for him were unchanged. She lavished tender words upon him, and unconsciously glancing at the telegram, she saw that its contents alluded to a pecuniary question. This gave her courage to beg and implore him to tell her all, and to promise him that she would bear anything for his sake.

The telegram was from Landolfo, and announced that matters were even worse than he had thought the day before, so that Karsten might with reason consider half his fortune lost.

Nora now appeared to him as the saving straw.

He looked steadfastly at his child, and said in slow and depressed tones: "If any one can help me, it is you."

"I!" repeated Nora in surprise, but at the same moment she remembered that her mother's fortune belonged to her, and that with it she might save her father.

"Papa!" she said tenderly, "are you alluding to my poor mother's fortune? Oh, how could you hesitate for an instant? Take every farthing of it which can be of use to you, for you know what belongs to me is also yours to do with it as you like."

"Alas! That can no longer help me, it is already lost!" said the director hoarsely. She looked at him in terror. Had he really touched that which belonged of right to her? Probably he was now suffering from remorse, and indeed she could not but feel that he had been wrong; but youth is generous, and Nora was especially so. She pressed her arms still more tenderly around his neck and said—

"Don't let that distress you, papa darling! you were free to do with it as you chose. But do tell me how I can help you?"

The director raised his head as if to shake off some heavy weight, and said reflectively to himself—

"After all, you could not have married him, and so it's better as it is."

"What do you mean, father?" cried Nora anxiously, and with a slight shudder. "Are you talking about Curt? That he would not have married me because I was poor? Oh, believe me! he never gave a thought to that."

"I wanted to build a golden bridge between you and the man you had set your foolish heart upon; I was ready to break completely off with you, so that you might have the happiness you had dreamt of; indeed, I did it against my better judgement, but I did it! And now the bridge is broken down. You are now, not only the horsebreaker's daughter, but that of the swindler and of the liar."

"Father!" exclaimed Nora with anguish, "you have been suffering, and are still under the impression of your suffering. Curt is good, and will be fair in his judgement of you. Believe me, if he has loved me enough to surmount all other difficulties, he will not stop at money—only money!"

"Only money!" repeated the director satirically; "he can't do without it all the same. You have brought enough unpleasantness upon him as it is, and now you will cost him his property, as well as his position. A fine sort of love which exacts so many sacrifices!"

At this last taunt Nora stood up. She was as pale death, and pressed her hand to her heart, as if to prevent its breaking.

The director also rose. Now, that she was evidently beginning to oppose him, he must work himself up into resistance.

"I should like to know what you are waiting for," he cried violently; "perhaps that