

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- October 8, Sunday.—Eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 9, Monday.—SS. Denis and Companions, Martyrs.
 „ 10, Tuesday.—St. Francis Borgia, Confessor.
 „ 11, Wednesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 12, Thursday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 13, Friday.—St. Edward, King and Confessor.
 „ 14, Saturday.—St. Callistus, Pope and Martyr.

St. Denis and Companions, Martyrs.

St. Denis, the first Bishop of Paris, and one of the most illustrious writers of the early Church, is believed to have been identical with Denis the Areopagite, converted by St. Paul. He was martyred, with several companions, on the hill of Montmartre, in Paris, about the year 119.

St. Edward the Confessor.

St. Edward after spending his youth in exile, was crowned King of England in 1042. Though by his piety and simplicity he seemed better suited for a cloister than a court, yet the kingdom of England was never more blessed than during his reign. He had no other desire than to see his people happy, and they, for their part, loved him as a just and generous ruler, while they revered him as a saint. St. Edward died in 1066.

St. Callistus, Pope and Martyr.

The Pontificate of St. Callistus, which began in 217, terminated in 222 by the martyrdom of this holy Pontiff. A detailed account of his sufferings has not come down to us, but it is probable that he lost his life in a popular uprising during the reign of Alexander Severus.

Grains of Gold

MY ANGEL GUARDIAN.

I turn to thee!

Thou beautiful companion of my soul,
 Angelic friend whom God has given me
 My proud and wayward spirit to control;
 Take this poor, weary, suffering heart of mine,
 And soothe its woes, and fold it close to thine.

I turn to thee!

Oh! take me to thy heart and calm my fears,
 As though I were a weary, suffering child;
 And bid them cease to flow, these burning tears,
 And still life's tempest, raging fierce and wild,
 For peace can only dawn when thou hast smiled.

I turn to thee!

Angel of God, with crown of living light,
 Pray thou for me, blessed spirit, whilst I pray
 And wrestle with this agony of night
 Roll back the stone that seals my living tomb,
 And call me forth in triumph from its gloom!

MORALITY DEFINED.

No word is bandied about by modern philosophers with so little comprehension of its true meaning as the word "morality." Father Hull gives this definition, which may clear up doubts in many minds on this fundamental matter:—"Morality consists in doing what is right as a duty: that is, because I ought. A duty means something due to somebody, and that somebody is God. God, being our Maker and Master, has a right to command, and it is, therefore, our duty to obey. From God we receive all that we are, and all that we can do; and, therefore, we owe it to Him to be what He wills us to be, and to do what He wills us to do. And this is Morality."

REFLECTIONS.

We must only love ourselves as for God, instead of which we are always trying, if we are not careful, to love God for ourselves.—St. Ignatius Loyola.

No one else can solve your problem, or work out your riddle. You stand or fall by it. Your happiness, your well-being, your success, and your destiny hang upon your carrying out the programme the Creator has given you.

The Storyteller

Alice Riordan

(By MRS. J. SADLER.)

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

After dinner, Alice went to see her father. He seemed to be afraid lest his daughter might give way to the temptation which was to beset her on all sides; and though the priest had explained the matter to him in a way that induced him to give his consent, yet still he trembled for his child's spiritual welfare. "May the Lord keep you from all harm, Alice dear, an' give you the grace to do what is right. Only for what his reverence told me, I wouldn't let you go into such a house for a mint of money."

"Why, what did he tell you, father?" asked Alice, with some curiosity.

"Oh, no matter," returned Cormac, evasively; "I'll tell you some other time. You know you have to hurry now. Mind, you're to come to see me twice a week—an', Alice, above all things, I lay it on you to say the Litany of the Blessed Virgin every night, when you're at your prayers. You'll do that, now, won't you?"

"Indeed, then, I will, father dear; even if you didn't bid me, I'd do it; for we always used to say it at home, you know—and I couldn't go to sleep in comfort without sayin' it. But, father, did my uncle ever come to see you at all?"

"Oh, indeed he did, Alice; sure, wasn't it a great forget of me not to tell you. He did, indeed, come to see me, about a week ago, an' very friendly an' kind he was, too. He had a long talk with Sister O'Malley here in the parlor, an' she said, after he was gone, that she had great hopes of him yet, for all he seems to be so taken up with the world. They're all well at his house; but Thompson's gone away to the States. I think it's time for you to go now, Alice; an' God knows I have neither heart nor eye in the money you're goin' to earn; I'd rather far have you at Mrs. Dempsey's; only, to be sure, Father Smith knows best; so go, in God's name, an' my blessin' go with you." He could not say another word, and Alice only squeezed his hand in silence, and went away, turning back when she got to the door, to tell him that she would come again on the following Sunday.

A little before five o'clock, Mrs. Finlay's carriage drove up, and Alice, who has been some time in readiness, got up in the back seat. Her little bundle was handed to her by Susan; everybody, even Ellen, came to the door with kind wishes and farewells. Mrs. Dempsey and Susan were seen to wipe their eyes more than once, and the worthy dressmaker murmured a fervent "God's blessing be with you, child!" and the carriage rolled away.

Alice was at first inclined to cry, but very soon the novelty of being in such a fine carriage turned her thoughts another way, and she began to say to herself: "My goodness! if my Uncle Dinny, an' old Catty, an' them all could only see me now! I'm sure it's themselves would be overjoyed. Well, to be sure, but it is nice."

When Mrs. Finlay got home she rang for the housemaid, who was the only Catholic servant in the house. "Bridget, here's another little Irish girl, and one of your own creed, too. I hope you'll be very good friends."

"Oh, never fear, ma'am," said Bridget; "the little girl looks well, an' I think we'll do first-rate together. What is she going to do, ma'am?"

"To help you, when you require it, and to sew for me when she has nothing else to do. Has Miss Finlay got home yet?"

"No, ma'am. Master Archy came in a little while ago, but he took his pony and went off to meet his papa."

"Very well, Bridget. Take Alice with you, and show her where to put her things. She is to share your room."

When Mr. Finlay and his son came home, Mrs. Finlay told her husband that she had got the little girl. "But I had to go to the Seminary myself," said she, "to beg her of Father Smith."

"I must say, Harriet," said her husband, "that you degraded yourself exceedingly by taking such a step. It is no wonder that those Romish priests are so overbearing

A. W. Bryant

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