

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- October 15, Sunday.—Nineteenth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 16, Monday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 17, Tuesday.—St. Hedwige, Widow.
 „ 18, Wednesday.—St. Luke, Evangelist.
 „ 19, Thursday.—St. Peter Alcantara, Confessor.
 „ 20, Friday.—St. John Cantius, Confessor.
 „ 21, Saturday.—Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

St. Luke, Evangelist.

One of the four Evangelists, and a disciple of St. Paul, whom he joined at Troas in the year 53. He was a native of Antioch, in Syria, a physician by profession, and a painter of no mean skill. St. Luke shared the travels and trials of St. Paul, and was with him in his second imprisonment. He afterwards returned to Macedonia and Achaia, and died a martyr at Patrae, at the age of 74. St. Luke is the author of the third Gospel and of the Acts of the Apostles. He wrote both works in Greek.

St. Peter of Alcantara, Confessor.

St. Peter was born at Alcantara, a town in Spain. While still a mere youth he entered the Order of St. Francis. His life in the Order was a perfect example of humility, meekness, obedience, and almost incredible austerity. He died in 1563, in the 64th year of his age.

Grains of Gold

GOD'S LOVERS.

The cruellest dart
 That ever pierced a human heart
 Is the Love of God!
 He exacts our love—
 We freely give it;
 He demands our love—
 We bestow it;
 He desires our love—
 We offer it;
 He craves our love—
 We overwhelm Him with it!

The prayer-bell at matins
 Is as music to the ear,
 The Angelus at eventide
 As the calling of Angels;
 The cold step of the Altar,
 A downy cushion;
 The hard oak seat of the cloister
 Is as a couch of soft lamb's wool;
 The cold marble of the chapel floor
 Is as a yielding Persian prayer-rug.

The grey dawn filtering through stained window
 Glitters as the light of many lamps,
 The coarse woollen habit of the Sisterhood
 Is as the silken robe of the courtier,
 And the feet of the servants are shod
 As the feet of princesses.

His silence is as the dawn before sunrise;
 The invisibleness of Him
 Is as a veil of impenetrable purple;
 The humble Tabernacle where He abides
 But the outer portal to His royal throne;
 The flowers, the candles, the incense,
 The gold, the silver, the silken curtans
 That mysteriously hide the Holy of Holies,
 Are but the visible offerings
 Of God's lovers!

To wear out a heart in longing for His service,
 To turn one's face from everything one holds dear,
 To lay down life willingly on the altar of sacrifice—
 These are His measures.

Wherefore, ye who do not understand,
 The friends of God are many;
 His lovers Few!

—MAIRE HARTNETT, in the Irish Catholic.



The Storyteller



Alice Riordan

(By MRS. J. SADLER.)

CHAPTER IX.

All the next day the servants made merry over the occurrence of the preceding night, and many a hearty laugh was Alice compelled to hear at her own expense. Even Bridget ridiculed the idea of her taking out her beads and attempting to say her own prayers, and in the afternoon, when they were alone together, she began to represent to her the folly of such conduct.

"Folly!" said Alice; "do you call that folly? Well, the way I'll do to-night, an' every other night, I'll not go in at all—do you hear that, now, Bridget?"

"I do; but I don't b'lieve a word of it. I suppose you mean what you say, but you'll not get leave to do it. If you want to live in the house you must do what the master bids you, in joining in the prayers. He wouldn't have anyone in the house that wouldn't go in to worship."

"No!" cried Alice. "Well, then, no Catholic ought to live in his house; for we're forbidden to join with any other people in their worship; an', you know if we don't obey the Church we're not God's children. I'll not go in, at any rate, for I got enough of their prayers last night. How in the world, Bridget, could you listen to such talk as Mr. Finlay had in the room above about our Church?"

"Oh!" said Bridget, with a laugh, "I'm so used to it now that I don't care a pin about it, though at first I used to be very angry, just as you are now. When you get used to it you'll not care either."

"I'll never be used to it," returned Alice; "for, with God's help, I'll let them pray by themselves; not a foot I'll set upstairs to-night."

"Well, you'll see," said Bridget; "if you don't go to worship, out you go."

"Very well!" replied Alice, "you'll see, too. God is stronger than the devil; they may put me out, but they'll not get me to go in, anyway."

Mrs. Finlay never spoke on the subject all the day, and Alice thought that she looked coldly upon her. It might be fancy, but still it made her feel very uncomfortable, for already she began to love Mrs. Finlay, and to set a high value upon her approbation. Several times she was on the point of attempting a justification of her conduct, but as often did her courage fail, and so the day passed away, night came on again, and at last the clock struck, and the bell rang for worship.

"Come, Alice!" said Bridget, as she prepared to follow the others upstairs. "You may as well come at once, for the master will only be sending for you."

"No," said Alice, "I won't go; I'm just goin' to say my prayers where I am. I've no beads now, but I can count the decades on my fingers when I'm at the rosary."

Bridget went up. In a few minutes the dining-room bell rang; Alice went up to the door, opened it half-way, and held it in her hand. "Were you wantin' me, sir?"

"My good girl," said Mr. Finlay, "why did you not come up with your fellow-servants?—you must always be ready to come with the others. Come in now, and sit down. For this time I will overlook your fault."

But Alice did not move a step. She looked at the big book wherefrom Mr. Finlay had read about the bad woman in scarlet, about the ugly beast, and then she looked at the long, grave face of her master, and it required a muster of all her courage to say what she wished to say. "If you please, sir, you'll let me say my prayers below in the kitchen; I can't say the same prayers that you do, an' I don't like to hear the things that you told us last night."

"Sit down, I tell you!" said Mr. Finlay sternly, "sit down, unhappy girl, and listen to the word of God."

"I can't, sir," said Alice, stoutly, though her heart throbbed violently, and her tongue almost refused to articulate the words, so great was her fear of Mr. Finlay.

"You cannot!" he repeated, still more sternly; "and why not? Wherefore do you give way so far to the prompting of the devil?"

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