

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

October 14, Sunday.—Nineteenth Sunday after Pentecost. The Maternity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
 „ 15, Monday.—St. Theresa, Virgin.
 „ 16, Tuesday.—St. Gall, Abbot.
 „ 17, Wednesday.—St. Hedwige, Widow.
 „ 18, Thursday.—St. Luke, Evangelist.
 „ 19, Friday.—St. Peter of Alcantara, Confessor.
 „ 20, Saturday.—St. John Cantius, Confessor.

Maternity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

To-day the Church commemorates the great privilege which God bestowed on the Blessed Virgin Mary in selecting her to be the mother of His Divine Son—a privilege the greatest that could be conferred on a creature, and which was the reason of all the other graces and privileges of which the Blessed Virgin was the recipient.

St. Gall, Abbot.

St. Gall, a disciple of St. Columban, was a native of Ireland. He was the chief assistant of St. Columban in his missionary labors. St. Gall was able to preach in the German as well as the Latin language. He laid the foundations of the celebrated Monastery of St. Gall, in Switzerland. He refused the Bishopric of Constance, which the Duke Gunza pressed upon his acceptance. He continued to preach the Gospel to the inhabitants of the country about the Monastery of St. Gall, and at the time of his death, which occurred at Arbon, October 16, 646, when he was in the 45th year of his age, the entire country of the Alemanni had become a Christian province.

St. Peter of Alcantara, Confessor.

St. Peter of Alcantara, a religious of the Order of St. Francis, was born at Alcantara in 1499. He was vicar and visitor-general of this Congregation, established a strict observance of the rule, was a model of penance, and one of the directors of St. Theresa. He died in the convent of Arenas, 1561.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

EN VOYAGE.

Sunset and sea and the night again!
 The call of the land afar!
 Now do they lay them down once more
 Where the hills and the valleys are.
 Now do they lay them down to sleep
 'Twixt the tides of the circling sea.
 I wonder, in all the dreams they dream,
 Is there ever a thought of me?
 Nothing to keep them kin of mine,
 To bridge the void that bars
 Our parted ways, save the stars above,
 And Him above the stars.

—'Ave Maria.'

Grace is the life of the soul, prayer its breath.

Only he who merits a favor knows how to appreciate one.

The best of men are apt to be those most convinced of being chief among sinners.

He who wishes to become wealthy in a year risks getting hanged in six months.

The more unhappy I am, the more I will trust in the mercy of the Lord, my God.—St. Francis.

Hope is virtue which most glorifies God. Hope has its root in Faith, its fruit in Charity.

The simplest question is, whatever a man's rank in life may be, does he in that rank perform the work that God has given him to do?

If, in the battle with difficult circumstances, we are thrown down, we must pick ourselves up with quick decision, and not waste a moment in complaint or discouragement. We should emphasise to ourselves the necessity for picking ourselves up immediately, and going directly on, over and over again—both for our own benefit, and for the benefit of those whom we have the privilege of helping.

The Storyteller

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

A few days of waiting followed the departure of Cranston. Then came a letter from him that set Kate's heart aglow with exultation.

He had seen and talked with the Senor Terrissano, who indeed was no other than Arthur Terriss. The senor was overjoyed to hear that his stepbrother's widow was living in the great Gulf State, and that she had a daughter who was so charming, energetic, and independent.

David enclosed the address and advised Kate to write to the senor. Still, she dared not reveal, to the one most interested, what she had done. She wanted first to guard against any possible disappointment. So she wrote Arthur Terriss a long letter out of the impetuosity of her warm young heart, and asked him to come to D—to renew the early friendship with her mother and make her own acquaintance.

The missive ended with a little sentence, framed with much care and delicacy, lest she would hurt the feelings of an old man, and saying that if he felt he could not afford to make the journey, she would be only too glad to send a post-office order to defray part of the expense; her salary had been raised a second time, and she would not miss the amount of the little present.

Terriss—or, as he was now known, the Senor Terrissano—did not keep her long in suspense. His reply was an odd combination of stilted Spanish courtliness and American sincerity.

He had heard years ago that Mrs. Rollan was not living, he said, 'but he was rejoiced to learn from Kate that, "gracias Dios," the climate of Texas was fast restoring that most esteemed lady to health. He would come north to visit them very soon, probably in a few weeks; he thanked his dear niece—so he asked to be permitted to call her—for the offer of the post-office order, but he thought he could manage to pay for the trip. He would gladly give his last "plastre" for the happiness of seeing her mother again.'

Now that Kate had time for reflection, she hoped she had not been rash in inveigling a man who was well on towards sixty years to make an inroad upon his small savings for the sake of a memory of his early manhood.

'But no,' she soliloquized, 'if he spends his money I will try to make it up for him. Mother is lonely sometimes out here in Texas, and it will be a joy for them to talk over the days of their youth.' It was late in the summer.

Mrs. Rollan still loved to linger at the corner of the verandah, but now she was always engaged with her embroidery; a New York firm bought all her beautiful needlework that she could send them.

Kate sought her in her favorite retreat, and, with true feminine diplomacy, led up to the great surprise by talking of David Cranston. Perhaps she revealed more of her heart than she intended, for her dark lashes glistened suspiciously as, breaking off abruptly, she said with tender artfulness: 'Now, mother, I have given you my confidence, won't you give me yours? Tell me about the portrait in the locket!'

Mrs. Rollan dropped her work and buried her face in her hands. How could she refuse to unburden her memory to the daughter who was so devoted to her? 'It is a simple story, my dear,' she said, at last, raising her head, and gazing absently before her.

'When I was a girl my home was in New York. My mother's friend, Mrs. Terriss (who had been Mrs. Rollan, you know), was very fond of me, and often had me with her. Thus I became acquainted with her son, Edward Rollan, and her stepson, Arthur Terriss. Edward was soon my lover, but I liked Arthur better; and it seemed as if he loved me. He and Edward, although not related, were brothers in affection, and his stepmother had been kind to the lonely boy. Edward, however, soon became madly jealous of Arthur; Mrs. Terriss also grew cold to him, for she wished me to marry her son; and the end of it was that Arthur disappeared, leaving a letter in which he said he had accepted a position in the Central American branch of a New York business house that deals in tropical products. There was not a word of farewell to me. My pride was hurt that I had given my love to one who thus cast it from him. Edward wooed with redoubled ardor. He was very prepossessing, and the future promised him much. I grew to care for him in a milder way, and after a while we were married.'

BONNINGTON'S CARRAGEEN IRISH MOSS

A CERTAIN CURE for COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, Etc.