

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

November 4, Sunday.—Twenty-second Sunday after Pentecost. St. Charles, Bishop and Confessor.
 „ 5, Monday.—St. Columba, Abbot.
 „ 6, Tuesday.—The Holy Name of Mary.
 „ 7, Wednesday.—St. John at the Latin Gate.
 „ 8, Thursday.—Octave of All Saints.
 „ 9, Friday.—Dedication of the Lateran Basilica.
 „ 10, Saturday.—St. Andrew Avellino, Confessor.

St. Columba, Abbot.

St. Columba was born at Gartan, Donegal, in 521, and was educated at the famous school of St. Finnian of Maghile, who had himself studied at Rome. Before St. Columba had reached his twenty-fifth year he had founded a great number of monasteries in Ireland, the most celebrated of which was that of Derry, which was long the seat of a bishopric. In 550 he was raised to the priesthood, but his humility was such that he would never consent to take upon himself the episcopal dignity and office. In 563 he, with a number of companions, settled in Iona, where they built a monastery, and it was from this monastic centre there went forth those devoted heroes who carried the blessing of religion and civilisation to Scotland. In 590 St. Columba returned to Ireland. After a long and laborious life he passed away on June 9, 597.

Dedication of the Basilica of St. John Lateran.

This church is commonly known as the Basilica of St. John Lateran. It is the Cathedral of Rome, and was the first of the great basilicas consecrated to Divine worship after the accession of Constantine had given peace to the Church.

St. Andrew Avellino, Confessor.

St. Andrew was a native of the Kingdom of Naples. He gave up the practice of the law in order to devote himself more perfectly to the service of his Divine Master. Having entered the Order of Theatines, he led for many years a most penitential life, dying in 1608, at the age of eighty-eight.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

THE RISING OF THE STAR.

The wonder of it all—prefigured through
 The world's perspective by a thousand signs,
 In oracles, in myths, in poets' lines—
 Gem-tangled tissues,—men but darkly knew;
 Find secrets in great Homer, portents true
 In Virgil: earth-stained tales that, glimmering shine
 In the deep gloom with meanings half divine
 And virginal, like Danae's golden dew!

Dim was the light in the sad olden ways;
 Weary the swallows flying toward the light,
 Weary the eagles, as on broken wing;—
 The Star arose: the secret of long days
 And nights and years and ages shone out bright
 For, virgin-born, a little Child is King.
 —Ave Maria.

Who, watching our lives and following us as we go about our daily avocations would dream that we are laying the foundation for an eternal mansion? Who, viewing our conduct, would ever imagine that we are conscious our actions and thoughts are all stamping with an indelible mark our life beyond the grave? Is yours a tepid, careless, listless life?

If each one worked upon the maxim day by day, 'strive to make one heart happy,' jealousy, revenge, hate, with their kindred evil associates, would for ever leave the earth. Our minds would be so occupied in the contemplation of adding to the pleasures of others that there would be no room for the ugly fiends of discord.

Where selfishness exists in any form we cannot but observe evil results. The individual is taught by his Redeemer and Master that the only real good that can be derived both for himself and his contemporary is by self-sacrifice. The cheerfulness or optimism of life is enjoyed when we are not selfishly interested in some person or cause, but when we feel the deep pulse of the Holy Spirit animating us.

The Storyteller

THE DERELICTS

Dr. Ogden Moore leaned back in his official chair and let his clear gray eyes rest critically upon the rows of pathetic faces before him.

The clinical hour was almost up, the day sweltering hot, and the patients, victims for the most part of the persistent sultriness and the lack of that potent therapeutic agent, a little brightness in their dreary lives, must soon make their way through the furnace-like streets to the suffocating kennels where they had their wretched beings.

His eye picked out several of his old 'chronics'—a little broken-down ex-officer of the French army; a pretty woman of not more than twenty-two, who gave her name as 'Mrs. Morell,' and who was recovering from a rather suspicious case of gas poisoning; two little shopgirls, with pale, pathetically cheerful faces; a tough old adventurer and gold-seeker racked from dissipation; a poor but handsome Armenian student, with a pleasant voice and wonderful eyes. The fine brow of the doctor corrugated.

Personally, he was in striking contrast to his patients: strong, handsome, elegant, a product of the best in the land. Immaculate from the top of his aristocratic head to the tip of his polished boot, he seemed as impregnable to the assault of vulgar germs as might a crystal globe.

A thought flashed through his alert mind, was dismissed with a frown, crawled back, then was gathered up and put in action.

'The following patients will please remain,' His voice was as cool as the whirr of the fan above his head. He called a dozen names; the other patients trooped out.

'I have asked you to remain,' he said, 'because I feel that you all need a little outing to assist my treatment, and I wish to ask you if you will be my guests to-morrow on a trip down the Sound.'

There was an astonished silence.

'I should like to have you meet me to-morrow at eight o'clock on the pier at the foot of East Twenty-sixth street. I will make all the arrangements, and if any of you wish to bring a member of your family or some friend I shall be glad to have you do so. To-morrow is Sunday, you know.'

There was a pause, then the little Frenchman, M. Lajoux, stepped forward with a bow.

'M-le Docteur honors us. Me, it will give me great pleasure to accept the invitation.'

'Good,' replied Ogden heartily. 'How about the rest of you? We will have the boat all to ourselves.'

The astonished patients having by that time recovered, there was a unanimous acceptance.

'That's first-rate,' said Ogden. 'I'll look for you all to-morrow morning. Mind you don't disappoint me. It's a part of your treatment, you know,' he added with a kindly smile.

The Japanese lanterns that fringed the verandah of the club house at Schem Harbor were burning a pale yellow in the white blaze of a great mid-summer moon. In the intermissions of the dances there were wafted across the still water the tinklings of mandolin and guitar, musical laughter and deeper voices, mellowed by the amplitude of space, from the fleet of little yachts at anchor in the basin.

Miss Gladys Harte rested her round elbows on the rail of the rustic summer-house on the point of rocks and gazed long and thoughtfully at the great moon whose counsels are so fraught with danger.

'That is right,' observed Dr. Moore, who was standing at her shoulder. 'Look at the moon!'

'Why?' she demanded, glancing around at him with a defiance out of keeping with the glamor of the night.

'Because the moon is the best ally a man can have in a case like this.'

'I have heard that it is supposed to be the cause of insanity,' she replied saucily; 'but I supposed that your speciality was diseases of the heart.'

'Then I fear that my time has been wasted,' he replied mournfully. 'Look at the moon some more, please; quick—before it gets behind that cloud.'

She shivered slightly and drew the cashmere scarf about her bare neck and shoulders. The moon had vanished and a pale shadow enveloped them, but he could see that she was regarding him seriously.

'That is the trouble, Ogden,' she replied; 'there is always a cloud in the background. I must look quickly—before the shadow falls.' She turned from him until he could see only the contour of brow and cheek and firm little chin.

'But that is natural, dear—' he began.

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