

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

November 11, Sunday.—Twenty-third Sunday after Pentecost. Patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
 " 12, Monday.—St. Livinus, Bishop and Martyr.
 " 13, Tuesday.—St. Nicholas, Pope and Confessor.
 " 14, Wednesday.—St. Lawrence, Bishop and Confessor.
 " 15, Thursday.—St. Gertrude, Virgin.
 " 16, Friday.—St. Stanislaus Kostka, Confessor.
 " 17, Saturday.—St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, Bishop and Confessor.

St. Gertrude, Virgin.

St. Gertrude, who was a religious of the Order of St. Benedict, was born at Eisleben, Saxony, in 1264. She was a sister of St. Mechtilda. She wrote in Latin a book called 'Revelations,' in which she relates her communications with God.

St. Stanislaus Kostka, Confessor.

St. Stanislaus Kostka, who belonged to one of the noblest families in Poland, was born in the middle of the 16th century. His early studies were made at home, but at the age of 14 he was sent, with his elder brother Paul, to the Jesuit College at Vienna. At the age of 17 he set out for Rome, where he entered the Jesuit novitiate, where he died in the 18th year of his age.

St. Gregory Thaumaturgus.

St. Gregory, a Father of the Church, was from his extraordinary miracles surnamed Thaumaturgus (wonder-worker). He was born in Neo-Caesarea in Pontus, and was educated as a pagan until he came to Caesarea, Palestine, where he was converted to the faith by Origen. He passed five years in the school of Origen and three at Alexandria, during the persecution of Maximian. Gregory was made Bishop of his native city, which then numbered only 17 Christians; but at his death only 17 pagans remained.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

PRAYER-GIRDLED.

I hold him great whose soul is strong,
 Who forges onward in the fray;
 Disheartened not, though care and wrong
 Make dark his way.

And he is great whose heart is filled
 With love for all the passing throng,
 Whose words have many a sorrow stilled,
 And left a song.

But all unknown of heedless men,
 And all unheralded to-day,
 The greatest man of all our ken
 Who goes prayer-girdled on his way.

—'Ave Maria.'

Eloquence is the sound that issues from an impassioned soul.

We have not two lives—one for seeking truth, the other for practising it.

The time you give to friendship is not lost, and it will even count as regards Heaven.

Religion is to society what cement is to the building: it makes all parts compact and secure.

It is in difficult times that great nations, like great men, develop all the energy of their characters.

The folly which we might have ourselves committed is the one which we are least ready to pardon in another.

There are mysteries enough around us to make us realize the narrowness of our vision, the insufficiency of our knowledge.

He who knows only how to enjoy, and not to endure, is ill-fitted to go down the stream of life through such a world as this.

Nature is the most thrifty thing in the world; she never wastes anything; she undergoes change, but there's no annihilation—the essence remains—matter is eternal.

The Storyteller

A TANGLE OF CIRCUMSTANCES

I.

My brother Paul and I were the last of the Colerines of Laynham. Our father, the sixth Earl of Laynham, died when Paul was eighteen; our mother and five of our brothers and sisters had been summoned long before by Death, the insatiable.

Paul's enjoyment of the family title and estates had been hitherto tempered by the receipt of an exceedingly small yearly revenue, consequent upon inherited family burdens; and at twenty-two he was unmarried, and taking life rather seriously. As to marriage, it seemed at that time that he had set aside the idea for good, and it was this fact that gave me my greatest anxiety in life.

My own state was not likely to change. A constitutional lameness, added to my comparative poverty, had spared me, so far, from any offer of marriage, and at thirty-six I had every prospect of remaining Sara Colerne to the end of my days.

Our joint trouble came to us in this wise. A young girl of good family, bright, pretty, charming, and in every way a desirable match for Paul, came on a long visit to some friends in our neighborhood. Eve Delaval was an orphan with no near relatives, and had a considerable fortune of her own. Paul, a somewhat difficult youth to please, was at once captivated. Eve was in like manner attracted by him, and the result was an engagement between them, to my great joy and the satisfaction of everyone who knew them.

But there was one necessary factor to their happy union which had been strangely overlooked. Eve, like the friends with whom she was staying, was a fervent Catholic. I had become a convert a few years before, and it was this that led to the intimacy which had grown up between us and the Fenhams, and which had resulted in Paul's engagement. But, unfortunately, Paul was, in name at least—a Protestant. In reality, though always a good and upright fellow, he had, to my sorrow, very little, if any, religious belief. The beautiful Gothic chapel kept up by the Fenhams attracted him far more—while Eve worshipped there at least—than our little Protestant church at Laynham, which, for example's sake, he was accustomed to attend from time to time. Thus it came about that Eve, knowing me to be a Catholic, and seeing Paul in my company at Sunday Mass week after week, took for granted that we were all one in faith. But the awakening came when arrangements had to be made for the marriage; and Eve, learning the truth at last, in spite of the distress it cost her, resolutely refused to marry an unbeliever. The Fenhams, less unbending in principle, would have persuaded her to take Paul, trusting in his ultimate enlightenment; but this she would never consent to. So, to the sorrow of us all, the engagement was broken off.

To Paul the disappointment was intense. But the climax of his sufferings was reached a few months later, when Eve's forthcoming marriage to a young Catholic baronet was announced in the public journals. All prospect of happiness in life seemed from that day to have been destroyed within him. The high-spirited, lovable, handsome brother, of whom I had always been so proud, became moody, silent, and cold. Nothing interested him; his beloved sport was utterly neglected—neither rod nor gun had power to charm; a dense gloom enveloped him.

'I cannot bear this strain any longer!' he exclaimed one day. 'You will oppose it, I know, but the only thing for me is to go to the front with Kerr.'

His closest friend, Stephen Kerr, was on the eve of starting for South Africa at the head of a yeomanry corps, in the raising of which Paul had shown an interest. It was at the time when the whole country had taken the war-fever, and the flower of the nation was rushing off to combat the Boer.

'I shall certainly never favor such a project!' I cried in dismay. 'It would be rash in the extreme for you, the last of the Colerines, to risk death and the extinction of our name, as you must do in such a case.'

'All are not likely to be shot down,' he said obstinately. 'Thousands will come back unharmed.'

'Thousands will never come back at all! Think of the families we know who are already mourning for some one dear to them! Many more, of whom we know nothing, must be overwhelmed at this moment with a like sorrow. No, I cannot let you go. You have a sacred duty to preserve your life; to do as you propose would be utter madness.'

BONNINGTON'S

CARRAGEEN

IRISH MOSS

A CERTAIN CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS ETC.