

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

November 25.—Sunday.—Twenty-fifth Sunday after Pentecost. St. Catherine, Virgin and Martyr.
 „ 26, Monday.—St. Sylvester, Abbot.
 „ 27, Tuesday.—St. Virgil, Bishop and Confessor.
 „ 28, Wednesday.—St. Gregory III., Pope and Confessor.
 „ 29, Thursday.—St. Gelasius, Pope and Confessor.
 „ 30, Friday.—St. Andrew, Apostle.
 December 1, Saturday.—St. Didacus, Confessor

St. Catherine, Virgin and Martyr.

St. Catherine, a native of Alexandria, and illustrious for her brilliant talents and profound learning, was, after suffering many cruel torments, beheaded by order of the Emperor Maximian II., in the beginning of the fourth century.

St. Sylvester, Abbot.

St. Sylvester was born near Loreto, in Italy, in 1177. At the age of 40 he retired into a desert in order that, free from worldly cares, he might be able to devote more time to prayer and contemplation. Having been followed by a number of disciples, he founded several monasteries to which he gave the strict rule of St. Benedict. St. Sylvester died in 1267.

St. Virgil, Bishop and Confessor.

St. Virgil, a native of Ireland, was consecrated Bishop of Salzburg, in Germany, in 766. During the twenty-two years in which he governed this see, he not only advanced the interests of religion in his own diocese, but also labored most successfully for the propagation of the Faith in the neighboring provinces of Austria. Centuries before Galileo, he appears to have at least conjectured the rotundity of the earth. St. Virgil died in 784.

LIGHT AND SHADOW.

I sometimes feel that festal days
 When joy-bells loud are ringing,
 Are sadder than the days when grief
 Around the heart is clinging
 Like cold gray mists that wintry seas
 Along the sands are flinging.
 For in the sad days memory sleeps,
 Lulled by the gray unending;
 The long, still stretch hath not a touch
 Of light and color—blending—
 While not a gleam of joy that shines
 But hath its shades attending.
 Ave Maria.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

The deepest hunger of a faithful heart is faithful-ness.

The most beautiful of altars is the soul of an unhappy creature consoled, thanking God.

The world constitutes itself the judge and executioner of whomsoever sacrifices his conscience to it.

There is no use of living if our lives do not help other lives. They must help other lives if in themselves is the power of God.

Turn away from the gloom and take up the task of helping others; the light will come again and you will grow strong.

Don't sit and brood over your sorrows. If you do, the darkness will deepen about you, and your little strength change to weakness.

The best men have no price; they can be bought neither with the hope of reward nor fear of punishment, purchased neither with money, nor place, nor with pleasure.

Live to-day as though it were the only day you had to live. This is the secret of the forceful life; the life of vitality and beauty; the only life that is worth while.

Let us leave anxieties to God. Why need we bargain that our life should be a success, still less that it should be a success purchased by sacrifices and sufferings? This must be our motto: 'We accept evils.'

The Storyteller

THE THREE WISE MEN

Riley and Hopkins sat in a niche in the back wall of the church, overlooking the parish graveyard; while they waited for the school-bell to ring, the boys were discussing school affairs. The niche had once been occupied by the statue of a saint—a saint with haloed head, upturned face, and outstretched hands—but the statue had been broken and had never been replaced.

Riley sat deep in the hollow; his back was against one side, his feet braced against the other. Hopkins' legs dangled over the edge, and his heels kept up a constant tap-tapping upon the rough-cast wall. Riley was small and red-haired; he possessed a turned-up nose, a pair of extraordinarily thin legs, and smoked, with evident relish, the end of a cigar. Hopkins was a plump, round-headed youngster who wore a settled look of protest.

'What did you have so much catechism for yesterday?' asked Riley.

Hopkins swung his books, which were buckled together by a long leather strap, out over the edge of the niche and regarded them with great disfavor.

'To-day,' he said, 'is St. Augustine's day. Yesterday we were getting ready for it, and you ought to be glad your mother kept you home to run errands. It was fierce!'

'Why do we have to get ready for St. Augustine's day?' inquired Riley.

'Oh, Father Augustine puts Brother Clement up to it,' answered Hopkins in an injured tone. 'Just because he's named after him, he thinks St. Augustine's day is better than any other body's day.'

Hopkins had been stuck in the 'Fourth' for two terms; Riley was his deskmate, and had been a member of the class for but a month. So there were many things which he did not understand.

'On this day, every year,' continued Hopkins, 'the Fourth gets it chucked at it for fair. Father Augustine gives us a prize to study things for; we have to work like anything, but Martin, and Kennedy, and them other lobsters what sits up front always wins.'

There was a service going on inside the church; the deep swell of the organ came through the partly opened windows, and a Latin chant rose and fell solemnly. Hopkins looked askance at the cigar end.

'Ain't you askeered to be smoking a cigar here?' questioned he.

'Not this one,' Riley drew up his thin knees and embraced them luxuriously.

The school-bell rang at this moment; they scrambled out of the niche and made their way through a narrow iron gate into a courtyard beside the church. The vestry door was open, and on the steps stood Martin, in the purple and white of an acolyte arranging the chain of a smoking censer.

'You're going to get yours, Riley, all right,' he informed the boy with the thin legs. 'Brother Clement ain't going to do a thing to you.'

'What for?' asked Riley.

'For being absent yesterday. He was getting us all ready for Father Augustine, and wanted everybody there.'

Another boy, also attired in the long purple gown and white lace surplice, now came out.

'Yes, and you staying away is going to get the whole bunch in trouble, maybe,' spoke he. 'You'll get asked a question, and you'll fall down, and then we'll all catch it.'

'You wait till I do it,' said Riley.

'Oh, you'll do it, all right,' Martin sneered. 'We've got a lot like you in the Fourth. Only for me and Kennedy here, we'd never make a showing.'

'Yes, you're a whole cheese,' said Riley. 'I guess if you'd quit, the whole school would shut up.' As they went through the gate that led to the school yard, he turned to Hopkins.

'What kind of a prize is it that Father Augustine puts up?'

'Oh, books and things.'

'And do they,' with a contemptuous jerk of the thumb toward the two acolytes, 'always pull 'em down?'

'Always.'

They had climbed the long steps and stood at the door of the Fourth when Riley spoke again.

'Do you think we could win this time?' asked he.

'No,' said Hopkins candidly, 'I don't.'

Father Augustine was already there when they entered; he stood upon the little platform talking to Brother Clement, who taught the Fourth, and his fat, rosy, and usually good-humored face was puckered up severely. Hopkins saw this at a glance.