

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

March 10, Sunday.—Fourth-Sunday in Lent.
 " 11, Monday.—St. John of God, Confessor.
 " 12, Tuesday.—St. Gregory the Great, Pope, Confessor, Doctor.
 " 13, Wednesday.—St. Matthias, Apostle.
 " 14, Thursday.—St. Fintan, Abbot.
 " 15, Friday.—The Precious Blood.
 " 16, Saturday.—The Five Wounds of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

St. Gregory the Great, Pope, Confessor, and Doctor.

St. Gregory was born in Rome about the year 540. In 590 he endeavored in vain to decline the dignity of Supreme Pontiff, to which he was elected on the death of Pelagius II. In the calamities which befell Italy in consequence of the invasion of the Lombards, St. Gregory showed himself a father to all in distress. He was most successful in maintaining the purity of Catholic doctrine in some of the countries where heresies had arisen. In 597 he sent a number of monks, with St. Austin at their head, to preach the Gospel in England. He died in 604, having by his eminent holiness, great erudition, and illustrious achievements, earned for himself the title of 'The Great.'

St. Matthias, Apostle.

After the ascension of Our Lord, St. Matthias was chosen by lot to fill the place which the treachery and suicide of Judas had left vacant. Tradition assigns as the place of his labors and martyrdom Cappadocia and the countries bordering on the Black and Caspian Seas.

Commemoration of the Five Wounds of Our Lord.

'He was wounded for our iniquities, He was bruised for our sins, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and by His bruises we are healed' (Isaias).

GRAINS OF GOLD

THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

'Is there a road to Heaven, a road?
 And what name do they call it, say?'
 'O child, I think its name is' God,
 The Way, the Light upon the Way.'

'And may I take that heavenly road?'
 'Child of my love, you surely may,
 Though blood and thorns bedew the sod,
 And steep the way as Calvary's way.'

'When may I take that thorny road?'
 'To-morrow?' 'And why not to-day?'
 His feet on flowers have only trod,
 Such rosy feet for the hard way.'

'Oh mother, let me take the road.'
 'Child, are you tired so soon of play?
 Steep is the hill and heavy the load
 Upon the Way of Life, the Way.'

Yet still he cries to take the road,
 And I, I dare not say him nay—
 Though sharp the flints, cruel the goad
 Upon the Way of life, the Way.'

O child, God-speed you on the road!
 O little feet so loath to stay,
 Run on the road to Heaven that's God,
 The Way, the Light upon the Way.'

—'Irish Monthly.'

A strong will generates great courage.
 Disillusion creates the solitude of the heart.
 Nothing refreshes the blood like a good action.
 The idle always have half a mind to do something.

It is better to be a good failure than a bad success.

It is more heroic to live on one's grief than to die of it.

Silent adhesion is worth more than ultra-laudative approbation.

It's easy to talk philosophically if you are not personally interested.

The Storyteller

THE SHADOW PORTRAIT

Someone has said, 'the real heart of New York is the section between Fourteenth and Fortieth streets.' Here are to be found the people who write our dramas, who make our songs, to whose wit we owe many bits of humor that brighten moments of our days, whose brains invent many of the ideas that other men utilise. Here are the haunts of the artists, the musicians, the literary workers, the journalists of the metropolis, and on the part of Broadway that forms the chief artery of this district one may frequently encounter men and women with whose names fame has conjured the world over.

In a wide, red-brick house at one extreme verge of this representative area, namely, the lower side of Washington Square, Maxwell Norton, the portrait painter, chose to erect his Lares and Penates.

He might, indeed, have selected more imposing quarters at the Beaux Arts, further uptown, and also facing a pleasant park—for success had rewarded his patient endeavor, and there was a respectful saying among younger votaries of the palette and brush that for years Norton had not been 'hard up'—but to the quiet, self-contained man of middle age, there was an enchantment about 'the Square.' There on its northern border, almost within the shade of the new Washington Arch, stand the mansions, ivy-crowned, as if by the traditions of half a century, to which still cling descendants of the prosperous merchants who built them; two blocks sacred to exclusiveness and fashion. On the east loom up the hoary walls of the old University. And here, to the west and south, lies Bohemia, happy-go-lucky Bohemia, a colony of toilers with brain, pencil, baton, and pen, who in turn are being fast crowded out by the children of sunny Italy.

It was an afternoon in October, when the trees of the Square were in the full splendor of their crimson and golden glory, that a hansom cab stopped in the street on the south side. A young woman alighted from the cab and, after a short search up and down the block, made her way to the studio. She was closely followed by a typical negro mammy, who evidently acted in lieu of a chaperone.

Absalam answered the light tap on the door and reported to his master. Norton laid aside his palette, told the model she might rest—at this hour he had no regular sitting—and, with a regretful glance at the ideal picture of 'Coquetry' upon his easel, came forward, brush in hand.

'Mr. Norton,' said the girl, advancing into the room with an ease of manner that at once settled her social status in his mind, 'I hope my call is not inopportune.'

After a second glance at her face the artist amiably accepted the interruption. 'N—no'; he said, nevertheless with some hesitation.

'I am Elizabeth Van Ruyter, the daughter of Frederick Van Ruyter,' she continued, taking the chair Absalam placed for her, while the imperturbable Mammy stood on guard behind it, 'and I have come to ask you to paint my portrait.'

The name was that of a well-known banker. Norton smiled. No one's face was ever more changed by a smile than Norton's. When serious, he appeared cold and reserved, but when his features grew animated, and his steel-gray eyes lighted up, either with pleasure or friendliness, he became like one who invited confidences and who could be trusted.

'You see, I am going to be married,' Miss Van Ruyter chatted on naively—she was very young, after all—and I wish to hang the portrait in the dining-room at home, so that father will not be quite so lonesome when I am gone. He has been both father and mother to me, for I lost my mother when I was a child.' Her voice trembled and she turned away her head.

Norton found himself wondering why a woman so often sheds tears when she is happy.

'Yes, I see,' he said gently. 'When would you like the sittings?'

'Now, if you wish.'

He glanced at her rich gown and shook his head. 'Come to-morrow morning; the light will then be at its best—and—er—wear something simple, a little home frock in which your father has often seen you.'

She nodded and went away, the old negress attending her with the air of a princess.