

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

March 31, Sunday.—Easter Sunday.
 April 1, Monday.—Easter Monday.
 „ 2, Tuesday.—Easter Tuesday.
 „ 3, Wednesday.—Of the Octave.
 „ 4, Thursday.—Of the Octave.
 „ 5, Friday.—Of the Octave.
 „ 6, Saturday.—Of the Octave.

Easter Sunday.

'The festival of Easter,' writes St. Gregory, 'is the solemnity of solemnities, because it raises us from the earth into eternity, which it enables us to enjoy beforehand by faith, hope, and charity.' 'You shall rise again!' This is what the Church says to us by the eloquent voice of her ceremonies. From the holy temple all signs of mourning have disappeared. The altars are decked out with extraordinary magnificence. Ornaments of gay color and rich embroidery appear. Every face is bright. The bells are all in motion. The song of joy—the Alleluia—that word of the language of heaven fallen on earth for our festive days, resounds on all sides, is repeated every moment; is varied again and again; is modulated into every key; and when there are added the rays of a beautiful sun, you cannot avoid those feelings of hope and delight which it is the mission of this great day to inspire.

GRAINS OF GOLD

THE SOUL'S EASTER.

My soul was dead in sin, and knew
 The horror of the grave;
 My friends with eyes unseeing passed,
 Nor stretched a hand to save.
 But through the universal chill
 There fell one sunlit ray:
 'Twas hope, and 'neath its kindling warmth
 I dared once more to pray.

I felt the Blood of Christ pour forth
 As on dark Calvary's day;
 The darkness denser grew, and lo!
 The stone was rolled away.
 'Twas Easter Day o'er all the world,
 For Christ the Lord was risen,
 'Twas Easter, for my shriven soul
 Through Christ had fled its prison.

—'Ave Maria.'

Good manners are the images of virtues.

To know one thing well, you require to know a little about a thousand other things.

Learn to keep your troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows.

Learn to greet your friends with a smile. They carry too many frowns in their own hearts to be bothered with any of yours.

A new light in our heart makes an occasion; but an occasion is an opportunity, not for building a tabernacle, and feeling thankful, and looking back to a blessed memory, but for shedding the new light on the old path, and doing old duties with new inspiration. The uncommon life is the child of the common day, lived in an uncommon way.

To wear a cheerful face when the heart is aching is not deceit. When a good housekeeper cleans the front steps and porch before she sets the house to rights, she does not mean to deceive passers-by. She merely shows some pride in her house and some consideration for her neighbors. We conquer our heart-aches more quickly when we begin by considering the friends who are near us.

When Death snatches one of the unappreciated from our midst, we are filled with lamentations that we did not better understand the poor crushed heart that lies pulseless. The lips that longed for the caress cannot feel it now, nor can the friendly pressure be felt by the cold waxen hand that lies so still on the coverlet. Above the 'unappreciated one' is content. The angels have struck the chord that no earthly hand could strike and an enthusiasm is awakened in the soul that was unknown to it on earth.

The Storyteller

MY RICHARDIS

It had been three long weeks since Martha deserted, and dish-washing had ceased to be a novelty, when one morning a half-grown girl knocked at our kitchen door.

Behind her stood a rosy-cheeked maiden of about nineteen, who clasped her fat hands and cast down her eyes in embarrassment.

'My ma heard as you wanted a girl,' the child began. 'This here's Richardis. Maerner. Folks call her Riggie. She wants a place.'

The pretty name, 'Richardis,' pronounced with the soft German sound of 'ch,' attracted me, but mother seemed inclined to shun it.

'Indeed?,' she said, with the dignity she always wears when she interrogates new servants. 'Where did you work last, Riggie?'

'Riggie' nervously unclasped and clasped her hands, and shot appealing glances at the girl beside her, who replied:

'By Schultze's hotel. She can't talk no English; that's why I come.'

'Oh, indeed.' Mother changed her aim, without loss of dignity, and fired another question. 'Ask her how long she has been in America without learning English.'

'Not so long, she says; an' Schultze, you know, they talk all German,' the youthful interpreter explained.

'M—m. Ask her what she can do.'

So the questioning went on; while I became so absorbed in watching the pretty bashful creature that I forgot to listen. She was meant to be gay-looking, and there was a frightened, distressed expression in her eyes which puzzled me. I did not know how well I liked her, though, until mother asked me suddenly what I thought, and I surprised myself by answering: 'Oh, I'm enchanted with her, mother! Tell her you'll take her—do!'

Something in my voice went to the girl's heart, for she lifted those big blue eyes and gave me a look that made me want to cry, and made mother say hurriedly:

'Very well. Perhaps she'll answer, if you feel so, Janet. Little girl, ask her when she can come.'

'Why, she's here now!' was the surprised response; and as 'now' was Monday morning, we were glad enough to welcome our treasure on the instant.

As soon as Richardis' interpreter was gone mother pitched her voice high and began: 'You may remove your hat. My daughter will show you where to put your things.'

Richardis fidgeted.

'Lay-off-your-hat,' said mother, speaking still louder, and an involuntary gleam of amusement made the girl's frightened face look jolly. The next instant she turned to me for help, but I, who translate Goethe very well and should have been equal to the emergency, felt my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth at the thought of speaking every-day German with a girl fresh from Berlin.

However, when mother cleared her throat to begin again I felt that something must be done. 'Mother, dear,' I said, 'if you'll go away and not listen I'm sure I can make her understand.' And I did too. I never could talk German for an audience.

That evening, when my sister Helen came home from her day's work as a stenographer in the city that had grown up near our quiet old village, we held a solemn council. It had been a distracting day for mother could not help feeling that when she spoke distinctly and looked straight into Richardis' eyes she must understand. The result was always that mother's voice went up, while Richardis' spirits went down; and when both were ready to despair my services would be called in. We had acted this little comedy as many times as the day would hold, and when we rehearsed it once more for Helen she said it was absurd; that of course we could not keep a raw girl like that!

Mother said hoarsely but sweetly that the poor thing seemed to mean well, and Lenore, whose time is occupied with giving music lessons, anyway, and who always treats a domestic crisis like a joke, declared it was only a question of whether we could afford to keep mother in gargles. Then I surprised them all by volunteering to take charge of the troublesome foreigner myself.