

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

November 10, Sunday.—Twenty-fifth Sunday after Pentecost. Patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
 „ 11, Monday.—St. Martin, Bishop and Martyr.
 „ 12, Tuesday.—St. Livinus, Bishop and Martyr.
 „ 13, Wednesday.—St. Nicholas, I. Pope and Confessor.
 „ 14, Thursday.—St. Lawrence, Bishop and Confessor.
 „ 15, Friday.—St. Gertrude, Virgin.
 „ 16, Saturday.—St. Stanislaus Kostka, Confessor.

St. Livinus, Bishop and Martyr.

St. Livinus, Bishop of Dublin, animated by that missionary zeal which has always been a prominent trait in the character of the Irish priesthood, resigned his diocese in order to devote himself to the conversion of the pagan inhabitants of Flanders. He won the martyr's crown, according to Colgan, in 633, but in 656 according to others.

St. Nicholas I., Pope and Confessor

St. Nicholas, who succeeded to the Fisherman's Throne in 858, made strenuous efforts to put an end to the Greek Schism, and steadfastly refused to recognise the intruder, Photius, who had usurped the patriarchal see of Constantinople. Before his death, in 867, the holy Pontiff saw his desires realised, although, as it afterwards appeared, his success was but transitory.

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. Mechtilde. She wrote in Latin a book called 'Revelations' in which she relates her communications with God.

GRAINS OF GOLD

THE BETTER THINGS OF LIFE

'Tis better to speak kindly words,
 'Tis better to do kindly deeds,
 'Tis better to know
 That the seed you may sow,
 Will blossom as flowers, not weeds.
 'Tis better to do with a will
 The duties that come, one by one;
 'Tis better to say
 At the close of the day:
 'I have tried to leave nothing undone.'

'Tis better to cultivate love,
 Contented with blessings of worth;
 'Tis better to fight
 For the cause that is right
 Than to covet the riches of earth

'Tis better to smile, tho' the heart
 Be burdened with sorrow and pain;
 'Tis better to smile,
 For 'tis always worth while,
 And we'll never pass this way again.

— Exchange.

Look for truth, and when you find it, look at it.
 No man is strong until he is strong within.
 The one way to be happy is to forget yourself in thinking of others.

Our liberty, wisely understood, is but a voluntary obedience to the universal laws of life.

Danger tears away our disguises. In hours of peril the true man appears, and at such times, if ever, the man speaks the truth.

'Taking up one's cross' means simply that you are to go the road you see to be the straight one; carrying whatever you find is given you to carry, as well and stoutly as you can; without making faces, or calling people to come and look at you.

Soul strength is but the product of soul health. That inner, bracing atmosphere of honor, that glow of self-respect and fellow reverence, those lofty ideals and aspirations, that consciousness of royal dignity and rights; these are the things that make men acquit themselves like men, the things that underlie strength.

The Storyteller

MRS. MOLYNEUX'S PARLOR MAID

'Aunt Grace,' announced Miss Bawn Desmond, coming in tired and wet, 'I've made up my mind to go out as a parlor maid.'

'My dear,' cried old Miss Quinn, who was only 'Aunt Grace' by courtesy, lifting her thin old hands, 'what a shocking idea!'

In spite of the hard day she had had interviewing possible and impossible employers, tramping from one agency to another, there was something victorious and triumphant in Miss Desmond's air. It was the thing that hindered her preferment in the positions of governess, companion, and all such genteel employments where meekness is a thing desirable. At this moment she was standing by the fender, with one slender foot on it, quite heedless of the steam arising from her wet garments. She was wearing a long coat of palest gray homespun, which inclosed a very beautiful figure. The big gray hat with gulls' wings on it, and the veil which she had not troubled to lift, hardly dimmed her brilliant hair and the imperial flashing of her large blue eyes. A girl not made for meekness certainly, but with a capacity for affection and devotion, which none knew better than the delicate, stately maiden lady who had been her mother's old friend, and would fain have kept Bawn forever under her roof.

The girl absolutely looked her name, which is the Irish for 'fair.' She was fair and abundant. Already, indeed, there was a little suggestion of matronliness about the flowing lines of her beautiful figure framed for motherhood. Since she would never see twenty-five again, the suggestion but added to her beauty. Her teeth were white and even, her lips red, her complexion rosy. She was, indeed, the last person in the world to tread those dusty paths of spinsterhood which are the ways of governesses and companions.

'A woman offered me £25 to-day, Aunt Grace,' she went on scornfully. 'I asked her how much she gave her cook, and she was so taken by surprise that she answered me. She gave her £60 a year. I asked her how long she supposed it had taken me to acquire my languages and my music. They all looked at my hair as though it were something disgraceful. My poor orisflamme.'

She took off her hat and looked at her hair in the glass, patting it affectionately as she did so.

'It is quite true that it is what that horrid Mrs. Graham Kerr called "very remarkable." A young woman who has to earn her own living shouldn't be endowed with such hair.'

It was beautiful hair of so vivid a tawny as to be almost orange. There was a great abundance of it, and it curled and rippled and crinkled and waved in a bewildering fashion.

'I wonder if I could get it all under a cap?' the owner said, still caressing it.

'Oh, go away, do!' cried Miss Quinn, in a despairing voice. 'Go away and get off those wet things and come back and talk sense!'

Miss Desmond went obediently. She had begun to notice that uncomfortable steam herself. Presently she returned in a loosely-fitting gown of orange tawny velveteen, the very shade of her hair, which was curiously becoming to her. She was as magnificent a creature in her way as the great cat, as yellow as a tiger, who sat blinking at her from the hearth rug; but she was not the least bit in the world feline, although she had claws, as some of her would-be employers had felt.

'I'm in earnest, Aunt Grace,' she said, seating herself, and allowing Selim, the cat, to make himself cosy on the tail of her gown. 'To-morrow I'm going to look for a parlor maid's place. There are no genteel places any more—or, at least, they are wretchedly paid. No, I can't stay with you, dear. We are awfully comfortable together, but you know your anxiety would just keep us, no more. I feel I'm eating Selim's and Monsieur's bread as it is. Not that Monsieur would grudge it to me, the dear!' She lifted a small white Pomeranian on to her knee and kissed his forehead. 'And I must send money home to Ballintubber. There's the stepmother and all those young mouths. I promised dad I'd be good to the stepmother, and she was good to me when I was a kid.'

It was no use Miss Quinn protesting, weeping even. She knew that once Bawn had made up her mind it was useless trying to move her. She was