

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- November 24, Sunday.—Twenty-seventh Sunday after Pentecost. St. John of the Cross, Confessor.
- „ 25, Monday.—St. Catherine, Virgin and Martyr.
- „ 26, Tuesday.—St. Sylvester, Abbot.
- „ 27, Wednesday.—St. Virgil, Bishop and Confessor.
- „ 28, Thursday.—St. Gregory III., Pope and Confessor.
- „ 29, Friday.—St. Gelasius, Pope and Confessor.
- „ 30, Saturday.—St. Andrew, Apostle.

St. John of the Cross, Confessor.

St. John was a Spaniard. He received his surname from his special devotion to the Passion of Christ. He was associated with St. Teresa in reforming the Carmelite Order, of which he was a member. At the time of his death, in 1591, St. John was in his fiftieth year.

St. Gregory III., Pope and Confessor.

During his pontificate of nearly eleven years, beginning in 731, St. Gregory boldly resisted the efforts of the Emperor Leo, the Isaurian, to propagate the heresy of the Iconoclasts, or image-breakers, and eloquently explained and defended Catholic teaching regarding the respect to be paid to the images of Christ and the saints.

St. Gelasius, Pope and Confessor.

Of this holy pontiff a contemporary states: 'He was famous through the whole world for his learning and the sanctity of his life.' In 494 he published, for the information of the faithful, an authentic list of the divinely inspired books of the Old and New Testament. He died in 496.

St. Andrew, Apostle.

St. Andrew was brother to St. Peter, and the first of the Apostles to follow Christ. After the Ascension he preached the Gospel in Scythia, and afterwards in Greece, where he was crucified for the Faith. He is honored as the patron of Scotland.

GRAINS OF GOLD

WARP AND WOOF.

Our deeds, our thoughts, are the threads we weave; Life is the loom. Though we joy or grieve—
However tangled the threads may be,
They lead at length to Eternity.
The pattern we may not understand:
God holds the shuttle in His hand.

— Ave Maria.

Inquire of the young people: they know everything.

The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us, and we know them only when they are gone.

Self-respect is one of the best sentiments we can have when evil entices, but our respect for ourselves must be based upon the value God sets upon our souls.

Twelve things to remember: (1) The value of time, (2) the success of perseverance, (3) the pleasure of working, (4) the dignity of simplicity, (5) the worth of character, (6) the power of kindness, (7) the influence of example, (8) the obligation of duty, (9) the wisdom of economy, (10) the virtue of patience, (11) the improvement of talent, (12) the joy of originating.

The closest possible study of the life of Christ will not reveal one single instance of His having measured any work in pounds and pence, but the New Testament is replete with instances of His having lauded gifts and deeds which were backed by love or the fullness of capability. And the fact that men and times have changed does not warrant us in expecting any change in the standard set by the Master.

It is very difficult thoroughly to understand the difference between indolence and reserve of strength, between apathy and severity, between palsy and patience, but there is all the difference in the world, and nearly as many men are ruined by inconsiderate exertion as by idleness itself. To do as much as you can healthily and happily each day, in a well-determined direction, with a view to far-off results, and with present enjoyment of one's work, is the only proper, the only essentially profitable way.—Ruskin.

The Storyteller

A HAPPY CHANCE

A hot sun poured pitilessly down upon the gaily-decorated streets, on the long red line of soldiers on guard, on the densely-packed mass of people standing within the military lines on either side, a good-humored if impatient Dublin crowd. Long festoons of roses hung from lamp-post to lamp-post, gaily caparisoned Venetian masts stood at intervals along the streets, flags of all colors and sizes drooped from the windows of the houses. All was life and color, bustle and excitement, for it was the occasion of the State entry into Dublin of King Edward and his Queen.

On the topmost doorstep of a handsome city mansion stood a young girl, waiting with the rest to see the pageant go by. In a quiet corner beside her, resting in a folding chair, sat a little boy of eight or nine, watching the whole busy scene with interested eyes, whose unnatural brightness was increased twofold by the hectic spots of color beneath them.

The girl herself was young and slender, 'more than common tall,' with something about the willowy figure and her slightly hollowed cheeks which gave one the impression that she, too, had outgrown her strength. She looked at the boy now with an anxious air, as though doubting her own wisdom in having brought him so far and into such a crowd.

'I'm all right, Mab,' he said with a bright smile, in answer to her looks of tender inquiry. 'I'm jolly comfortable here. But, I say, it's your turn now to have a rest,' making an attempt to rise.

'Don't get up, Brendan,' his sister said, with gentle decision. 'Don't you know I'd be quite doubled up if I attempted to sit in that seat? Can you see anything?'

'Oh, yes,' cheerfully. 'I suppose they'll soon be here.'

'I hope so. You'll hear the cheers beginning afar off as soon as they come in sight.'

A slight commotion in the crowd below her now distracted the girl's attention. Amidst a great deal of jostling and shoving, and some half-suppressed exclamations of annoyance, a little old lady pushed her way, or rather found herself pushed through the crowd. She clutched at the railings of the steps beside her as a drowning man will catch at a straw, and finding a sure footing on the lowest of Mabel's flight of steps, seemed determined not to budge an inch further from this safe harbor of refuge into which she had drifted.

Mabel from her own high vantage point looked down at the newcomer with a certain feeling of compassion. She was a little woman, white-haired, very feeble, very old; utterly out of place in this thoughtless crowd without someone to protect and fight a way for her.

As Mabel watched her still clinging feebly to the railings, she saw how the old woman's breath came and went in quick gasps. Her bonnet was all askew, the pretty little bobs of white curls which hung beneath it at each side of her face were tossed and dishevelled. All at once the bright color which illuminated the withered old cheeks faded into paleness. Her eyes closed; for a moment it seemed as though the old lady were about to faint. With a little cry of alarm, Mabel pushed her way down and put her arms supportingly about the old woman.

'Thank you, my dear,' the latter said, opening her eyes after a moment. 'It is nothing. I'll be all right presently.'

'There's a seat up here,' Mabel told her. 'If you could come up to it you would be better.'

Two or three pairs of willing hands were outstretched to help, and the old lady found herself half led, half lifted into the quiet corner which by silent consent on the part of the bystanders had been reserved for the delicate-looking boy.

'Thank you again, my dear,' the old woman reiterated, as Brendan quickly vacated his seat in her favor. 'You are very good.'

She sank gratefully into the folding-chair.

'Don't talk too much yet,' Mabel said gently. 'Would you like some grapes? I had brought some for my brother, who is not very strong.'

'Ah, yes, poor boy!' shaking her head. 'He looks too thin. What do you give him? Milk, meat, eggs, cod liver oil? He needs all these things and plenty of fresh air. You should take him to the country, my dear.'

'Unfortunately,' Mabel said, with a pitiful smile, 'that is just what I am unable to do. My business keeps me in town.'