

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

October 4, Sunday.—Seventeenth Sunday after Pentecost. Feast of the Holy Rosary.

- " 5, Monday.—St. Galla, Widow.
- " 6, Tuesday.—St. Bruno, Confessor.
- " 7, Wednesday.—St. Mark, Pope and Confessor.
- " 8, Thursday.—St. Bridget, Widow.
- " 9, Friday.—St. Denis and Companions, Martyrs.
- " 10, Saturday.—St. Francis Borgia, Confessor.

St. Bruno, Confessor.

St. Bruno, founder of the austere Carthusian Order, was born at Cologne about 1030. He was one of the most learned men of his age, and wrote several valuable commentaries on the Sacred Scriptures. He died in 1101, in a monastery which he had established in the mountains of Calabria, in Southern Italy.

St. Mark, Pope and Confessor.

St. Mark's youth was passed in Rome, in the closing years of the Pagan persecutions. In 336 he was elected Pope, but held this office only a few months.

St. Bridget, Widow.

St. Bridget belonged to the royal family of Sweden. From childhood she was remarkable for charity, love of retirement, and a distaste for worldly enjoyments. On the death of her husband she divided her property amongst her children and withdrew into a convent which she herself had founded. She died in Rome in 1373, at the age of 71, on her return from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

GRAINS OF GOLD

A PRAYER.

I do not ask that every day be bright
With golden noon and radiant, starlit night.
I only ask, O Lord, for light to see
The narrow path, and know Thou leadest me.
I do not ask for honor, wealth or fame;
I do not wish for an emblazoned name.
But, Lord, a precious boon I ask of Thee:
That Thou would'st give me true humility.
I fear, O Lord, these wayward feet will stray
And this rebellious heart will not obey.
Into a humble heart, like unto Thine,
O Lord, transform this restless heart of mine!
I do not ask to have my good deeds known
To all the world. Upon Thy altar stone
I lay my gift, knowing Thy love for me
Is the sweet guerdon of my trust in Thee!
Thou knowest every winged thing that flies;
Without Thy will, no flower fades or dies.
O let Thy love and care o'ershadow me
Until at last I rest in peace with Thee!

—Exchange.

Discontent is the most absurd of all indulgences, for it destroys present happiness and gives no promise for the future.

If you desire to reform your fellows remember that example is more potent than precept, and vastly more agreeable than precept in the form it is usually propounded. 'Attend to your own business' is rather bluff advice, but it is worth considering. Your fellows have faults, no doubt, about it, but if they occupy much of your attention the chances are ten to one that their virtues outnumber your own ten to one. Just keep in mind that you have house-cleaning of your own to do. Nobody likes a busybody.

Did you ever think—That a kind word put out at interest brings back an enormous percentage of love and appreciation? That though a loving thought may not seem to be appreciated, it has yet made you better and braver because of it? That the little acts of kindness and thoughtfulness day by day are really greater than one immense act of goodness once a year? That to be always polite to the people at home is not only more ladylike, but more refined than having 'company manners'? That to learn to talk pleasantly about nothing in particular is a great art, and prevents you saying things that you may regret? That to judge anybody by his personal appearance stamps you as not only ignorant, but vulgar.

The Storyteller

WANDERERS

They were like a couple of withered leaves that dance in the sun on an autumn day, and only await the storm wind to blow them into the abyss. They had wandered about the Continent so long that they were known at pretty well all the cheap hotels of Europe; the elderly man with the military air, and the tall, thin wife, who was not so much younger than he, yet kept the air of youth deceptively unless one were to see her in a strong light.

It was all very well while the summer lasted, and they fraternised with pleasant people from home who were making holiday abroad. It was another matter when the holiday-makers went home, so many of them with a joyous air, as though, after all, home was best. Even at the gayest, however, the two held somewhat aloof from their kind, as though they could not help it. They clung together. They were too lonely on their plank in the great ocean to have anything really in common with those who had struck roots in the world. They wanted to be gay and friendly, but people only pretended that they succeeded. They were a pair of poor ghosts at the banquet of life, and they were never warmed and fed, however much they might pretend.

Time had been when they had had a home like other people, and the warmth of their own hearth fire. That was before Andrew Despard had sunk himself so deeply prospecting for minerals on his small estate that it was impossible for them to live at home any longer. Years had passed now since they had laid eyes on Bawn Rose, the white house with the green shutters, at the head of the Glen. It was in the hands of strangers. The grass had covered the gashes Andrew Despard had made in the green places, the pits had been filled in. It was as though the skin had healed over a sore. Only Nora Despard's heart carried the memory of the place like a live thing that called her home of evenings and in the quiet hours of the night. Her heart was always hungry for Bawn Rose, the pleasant, comfortable place in the hands of strangers. She did not talk of it to Andrew as they took their interminable walks abroad, because she was afraid to hurt him. But the ache and pain of hunger never ceased in her breast. No wonder she was thin and haggard, that her brows were hollow under her brown hair, her eyes sunken.

Sometimes people said that if Mrs. Despard had not been so thin she would have been handsome. Only Andrew Despard could have told how handsome she had been when he married her, how bright and brown and gay, the finest of sportswomen, witty, frank, engaging. Half the country had been mad for her. But, to be sure, to Andrew Nora had never changed. She was still the Nora of his youth, not the haggard woman, growing old, for whom strangers sometimes felt a pang of pity.

It was worst of all when, at the end of the season, all the happy folks gone home, they lingered on in some seaside place by courtesy or pity of their landlady. It was better for health, Nora decided, than the stuffy town lodgings to which presently they would have to go.

But how sad it was in October, when everybody was gone away, and the big house was full of empty rooms, and they huddled in warm garments in a bare salon which had been pleasant enough in summer.

Nora thought a deal of health. It was a nightmare of hers that the time must come when one of them should be left alone. Sometimes she faced it shudderingly. When that time came, she prayed: 'Dear God, let me be left, for what would Andrew do without me?' Her lot without him did not bear thinking on; but his without her! Why, she could not rest even in heaven if he were alone on the earth.

Sometimes when they were parted for a little while, when Nora went to the nearest town on matters of business, it was most pitiable to see Andrew waiting about corners, straining his tired eyes when it was time for her to return. Once a very unhappy woman, whose husband had outraged and betrayed her, had made to a silent circle the remark that she thought Mrs. Despard ought to be a very happy woman. But there were very few to envy poor Nora the devotion of her husband.

They had never had any children. Perhaps if they had had, Andrew would not have been so reckless with his small property. He would have had a sense of responsibility to make him careful. It had been so easy to go on spending the money when