

Friends at Court

GLEANNINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- October 11, Sunday.—Eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost. St. Canice, Abbot.
 „ 12, Monday.—St. John Leonard, Confessor.
 „ 13, Tuesday.—St. Edward, King and Confessor.
 „ 14, Wednesday.—St. Callistus, Pope and Martyr.
 „ 15, Thursday.—St. Theresa, Virgin.
 „ 16, Friday.—St. Gall, Abbot.
 „ 17, Saturday.—St. Hedwige, Queen.

St. John Leonard, Confessor.

St. John was born in Lucca, in Italy. As a priest, he effected such a complete reformation of morals in Lucca that its inhabitants rivalled the early Christians in fervor. He himself seemed to have imbibed that burning zeal which caused the apostles to traverse the world in order to convey to all nations the teachings of Christ. Anxious for the propagation of the true Faith, and unable himself to leave Italy, he devoted his time and abilities to the training of suitable young men, who were destined, after their ordination, to proceed as missionaries to heathen and heretical countries. He died in 1609, at the age of 65.

St. Gall, Abbot.

St. Gall, a disciple of St. Columban, was a native of Ireland. He was the chief assistant of St. Columban in his missionary labors. St. Gall was able to preach in the German as well as the Latin language. He laid the foundations of the celebrated Monastery of St. Gall, in Switzerland. He refused the Bishopric of Constance, which the Duke Gunza pressed upon his acceptance. He continued to preach the Gospel to the inhabitants of the country about the Monastery of St. Gall, and at the time of his death, which occurred at Arbon, October 16, 646, when he was in the 45th year of his age, the entire country of the Alemanni had become a Christian province.

GRAINS OF GOLD

GOD'S PEACE.

How oft amid the griefs of life
 Perplexed, misjudged, distressed,
 O God, I waver in the strife,
 And long and cry for rest.
 How oft I feel—so great my need,
 My courage so outworn—
 As though my griefs were now indeed
 Greater than could be borne.
 Yet oft will come in times like these—
 Come like a gracious balm—
 A sense of peace, of joy, of ease,
 A sense of heaven's own calm.
 Ah! then my heart would fain express
 What I have felt before—
 'Tis not I feel my griefs are less—
 I feel Thy love is more.
 And some are here, O God, to-day,
 Here with their voiceless grief,
 O give the aid for which they pray,
 O give such sweet relief;
 O give Thy peace, Thy calm, Thy joys,
 Here as they humbly bow—
 Such gifts, nor time, nor change destroys,
 Give them, and give them now.

—Exchange.

The habit of happiness can be acquired. Begin each morning by resolving to enjoy something during the day. It may be the sunrise, a child's play and laughter, or a pretty peep of landscape. Learn to look in each experience that comes for a little pleasure. You will be surprised to find how many circumstances and duties that you thought commonplace and rather disagreeable possess either an amusing or an instructive side. No matter how disagreeable a duty is, some happiness may be got out of it even if it is only the thought that by your efforts you are getting it over and done with. If the duty must be repeated continually, you can get some comfort as well as happiness out of the fact that you are cultivating patience and strength or will power, both of which are essential to happiness and success.

The Storyteller

MAID MARIAN

Never shall I forget that day of the twelfth of July, in the year of our Lord 1704, and the adventures which then befell. I had taken passage on a homeward-bound vessel, the *Phoenix*, Captain Stolton, master, having with me my daughter, Marian. This latter had been finishing her education with the Cloistered Ladies outside of Dublin, and was now looking forward with pleasurable anticipations to life in Manhattan, where, being motherless, she was to preside over my household, which was situated at that time upon Wall street.

Our voyage was, for the most part, of the most agreeable character, and we were fortunate in having on board three gentlemen passengers, the younger of whom, Mr. Philip French, was of a more particular interest. From the very outset he distinguished my daughter by attentions which under other circumstances than those offered by our restricted life on shipboard I had deemed too personal.

Not that there was any objection to the young gentleman, who came of an honorable family, long established in the colonies of New Netherlands, and who was of a pleasing person, a handsome and open countenance, and a manly bearing. He had, moreover, the signal advantage, rare enough among persons of our own quality in those days in New York, to be of the Catholic faith. My reasons, then, for regarding with disfavor his unremitting attentions to my daughter were her extreme youth, being barely turned eighteen, and the hope that I had cherished of keeping her with me for some time longer to preside over my establishment.

To return to my story—that is to say, of what befell upon that twelfth day of July, with a high sea running and a wind blowing sharply from the north. We were standing alongside of Sandy Hook, hoping for the speedy termination of our five weeks' voyage, when our ship's master caught sight of a craft which he took to be an outward-bound vessel under English colors, and so at the first felt but little anxiety. Nevertheless, there were points about the vessel, or, as they termed it in nautical phraseology, about 'the cut of her jib,' which awakened apprehensions in certain old sea-dogs among the crew, and these they made bold to communicate to the captain. He being open-minded and of excellent judgment, so far heeded their warnings as to head his vessel shorewards, hoping to run her in upon that low strip of sand which was called 'the Hook.'

No sooner had the strange craft become aware of his design than she sent two shots whizzing over the water. I confess that this was far from being an agreeable surprise to me, I being too advanced in years to desire adventure, even if my mind had ever run in that direction. Moreover, I had to consider my motherless girl and the dreadful straits to which she might be reduced in the event of our capture by this vessel, or of the loss of my own life. While I was revolving in my mind as to what course I should pursue, I espied Marian herself coming up the companion ladder wrapped in a tarpaulin, with a seaman's cap drawn down over her curls. Her eyes—such beautiful eyes they were—gleamed with mischief; her complexion was fresh and rosy from the salt air, and she made a bewitching picture in that uncouth attire, which at another time I should have held to be something unbecoming. But this was not a moment for over-niceness in such details. Immediately in her wake came our gallant young colonial, and even in my actual perplexity and suspense I could not choose but regard him as a fine specimen of manhood and no mean protector for any damsel in the emergency that was like to confront us.

The other two passengers on board, who were of middle age and of the unadventurous merchant class, displayed visible uneasiness at the present juncture. Together we all stood while the captain conferred with his first officer, and orders were given, sharp and imperative, whereat the seamen ran hither and thither, climbing into the shrouds, putting on all sail with much creaking and straining of ropes. The wind continued to blow in short, sharp gusts, which would have been most grateful to relieve the fiery heat of that July day had it not hindered our progress shorewards.

My daughter's eyes sparkled with interest, and the pink color in her cheeks was rather heightened than abated by the perils of the hour. Philip French was likewise unconcerned, exchanging merry jests and quips with her whom he had elected to call 'Maid Marian,' because of her fancy for a kirtle of Lincoln green which she had very commonly worn during the voyage. This badinage was varied by occasional glances of