

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

October 25, Sunday.—Twentieth Sunday after Pentecost. St. Boniface I., Pope and Confessor.
 „ 26, Monday.—St. Evaristus, Pope and Martyr.
 „ 27, Tuesday.—St. Ubaldu, Bishop and Confessor.
 „ 28, Wednesday.—SS. Simon and Jude, Apostles.
 „ 29, Thursday.—St. Bede, Confessor and Doctor.
 „ 30, Friday.—St. John Baptist de la Salle, Confessor.
 „ 31, Saturday.—St. Siricius, Pope and Confessor. Day of Fast and Abstinence.

St. Boniface I., Pope and Confessor.

St. Boniface I. was Pope from 418 to 422. Though a lover of peace, he strenuously maintained the rights of the Holy See against the ambitious encroachments of the Patriarch of Constantinople.

St. Evaristus, Pope and Martyr.

The death of St. Evaristus took place in 112. He is honored in the calendar with the title of martyr, but little is known of the events of his life or of his sufferings for the faith.

GRAINS OF GOLD

CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR.

The way is long behind thee, and the lands
 Barren with filthy shards and burning sands;
 What matter? Thou hast reached my clasping hands.

Far hast thou come to me, through loss and fear;
 Far hast thou left the land thy heart held dear;
 What matter? Thou hast found love's fullness here.

There were a thousand pitfalls in the way;
 Hunger and thirst, and lures to lead astray;
 What matter? Thou hast seen my face to-day.

Thy feet have slipped and bled with bruising pain;
 Thy robes are rent, and soiled with many a stain;
 What matter? Love shall make them whole again.

The way is long before thee; and the sod
 Sharp with its thorns; steep with its slopes untrod;
 What matter? Thou shalt walk thy way with God.

—Exchange.

Don't make the same errors twice. Profit from experience.

It is no disgrace to be mistaken; it is a crime to be a hypocrite.

Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings.

The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

Nöt by levity of floating, but by stubborn force of swimming, shalt thou make thy way.—Carlyle.

I have come to see that cleverness, success, attainment, count for little; that goodness, or character, is the important factor in life.

Beautiful this thought and beautiful the language wherewith Sir Philip Sidney gave it expression: 'They are never alone who are accompanied by noble thoughts.'

To be prudent, honest, and good are infinitely higher accomplishments than the being the nice, florid, learned, or all that which the world calls great scholars and fine gentlemen.

Take life earnestly.— Take it as an earnest, vital, essential matter. Take it as though you personally were born to the task of performing a noble work in it, as though the world had waited for your coming.

A great people and petty thoughts or revengeful feelings go ill together. The strong do not wail; the brave make no outcry. In proportion to one's power should be his forbearance and self-control.—Bishop Spalding.

When physicians visit a sick man they ask to look at his tongue, and the appearance of that organ furnishes an indication, a sure one, of the state of the health. Ah, if we could prove, from a moral point of view, the sanitary state of the tongue, what an insight would it not afford us into the interior of souls. The color of the tongue and the style of the conversation would be an indication of the tone of the mind.

The Storyteller

MRS. JENKINS' HOUSECLEANING

'Of all things!' ejaculated Mrs. Jenkins, as she rocked vehemently back and forth in her splint-bottomed sewing-chair, pulling her needle and thread with little jerks through the carpet rags she was joining. 'Here 'tis the ninth of May, and this house not cleaned yet. There's not a single thing done, and I haven't failed before in twenty-odd years to have it all spick and span by the first of the month.'

Her pretty daughter, Mary Ellen, bustled back and forth between the kitchen and the pantry, busily engaged in getting supper. The loose sleeves of her calico dress were rolled high, showing the dimpled whiteness of her arms. Her dark apron was plentifully besprinkled with flour, and there was a generous dab on the tip of her nose.

'Oh, never mind, ma,' she said, cheerily, as she knelt before the oven door to inspect the biscuits. 'We're glad enough to have you up and about again; so nobody minds whether the house is cleaned or not.'

'My mother brought us up to clean house right,' went on Mrs. Jenkins. 'We always took down the stoves and packed away the flannels the first of May, rain or shine, and then we knew what we were about.'

'And now,' she went on, 'your pa's took a sudden notion that he must go down East visitin', and nothing will do but I must go with him, cleaning or no cleaning. And here's your sister Elvira coming home from her school in two weeks. A nice welcome it'll be for her, with the house all full of dust and dirt!'

'It'll do you a lot of good, ma, to get away. You know, the doctor said you needed a change more than anything else. You'll get well lots faster than if you stayed here at home and worked. And the house isn't so very dirty either. I'm sure I've worked hard enough to keep it clean,' she added under her breath.

'Much them doctors know!' retorted her mother. 'But you may be sure of one thing, Mary Ellen, and that is that I'd never let your pa go off on a trip without me, absent-minded as he is. He'd be sure to get run over by the street cars, or get lost, or something. If nothing else, he'd wear his hat hind side before, or forget to put on a clean collar every day.'

'Supper ready, Mary Ellen?' called out the cheerful voice of Mr. Jenkins, as he drove into the yard. 'Well, ma, it's all fixed, and we'll start bright and early in the morning. I've bought our tickets, and all you got to do is to finish packing your trunk, and Mary Ellen can fix up a few doughnuts and some fried chicken for our lunch.'

'Of all foolish things, John, this here's the foolishest, packin' up and goin' down East in May, with all the ploughin' and plantin' goin' on, and Old Speckle about to come off of a settin' of fifteen of the best Plymouth Rock eggs I could get! I just know Mary Ellen 'll forget to feed 'em. And not one inch of this house cleaned!' And Mrs. Jenkins's voice broke as if she were on the verge of tears.

Mrs. Jenkins had suffered from a tedious attack of grip during the winter, and not even the mild days of early spring had restored her to her former strength and ambition. Her family hardly recognised in the weak, querulous semi-invalid the active, bustling housekeeper they knew so well.

This journey of her husband, which seemed to her so useless and foolish, had really been planned at the suggestion of the family physician, who thought that a change of scene and freedom from the cares of home might restore the vigor which his remedies were powerless to awaken. So Mr. Jenkins had entrusted the care of the spring work to his faithful assistant, Jonas, and had drawn upon the snug sum laid away in the village bank for a 'rainy day.'

'I'll make up my blue lawn this week,' Mary Ellen soliloquised, as she worked about the kitchen, after her father and mother had gone. 'It's all cut out and fitted, and it isn't really much of a job. And then next week—I believe—' She dropped into a chair, laughing softly to herself.

'Yes, I'll do it. I'll clean house! Ma would faint, I know, if she thought I was trying to do it all alone, for she doesn't trust me any more than a baby, if I am eighteen years old. But I know I can do it just as well as she can. And then it'll be all fresh when she comes home, and she needn't work herself sick again. I'll do it! I'll do it!' And Mary Ellen, her cheeks rosier than ever with excitement, went at her work with renewed vigor.