

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- November 15, Sunday.—Twenty-third Sunday after Pentecost.
St. Gertrude, Virgin.
" 16, Monday.—St. Stanislaus Kostka, Confessor.
" 17, Tuesday.—St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, Bishop and Confessor.
" 18, Wednesday.—Dedication of the Basilica, SS. Peter and Paul, Rome.
" 19, Thursday.—St. Pontianus, Pope and Martyr.
" 20, Friday.—St. Felix of Valois, Confessor.
" 21, Saturday.—Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

St. Gertrude, Virgin.

St. Gertrude was for many years superioress of a community of Benedictine nuns in Saxony. By fasting, perfect conformity to the rule of her Order, constant denial of her own will, and frequent meditation on the Passion of Our Blessed Redeemer, she endeavored to check the growth of any inordinate affection, and unite all the powers of the soul in a pure and intense love of God. She died in 1292, after having enriched the Church with writings which are of incalculable utility to all who aim at spiritual perfection.

St. Stanislaus Kostka, Confessor.

St. Stanislaus belonged to a distinguished family of Poland. In a short life of eighteen years he reached the height of sanctity, and left to all young persons a striking example of angelic innocence joined to the constant practice of extreme mortification. St. Stanislaus died in the Jesuit novitiate in Rome, A.D. 1568.

GRAINS OF GOLD

FIAT VOLUNTAS TUA.

No more for me, O gentle Heart of Jesus,
The sunbright way;
No more for me the sound of song and laughter,
The gladsome lay;
I would not choose a path Thou didst not follow
In Thy brief day.

I see Thy footsteps on the mountain-passes
All stained with blood;
No laden tree, no glowing velvet grasses,
For rest and food;
About Thee cloud-drifts fell in heavy masses,
Thou great and good!

My faint heart failed me, Love, and I did murmur:
'I cannot bear
The burden longer—lift it, Lord, for bitter
Hath been my share.'
Yet now I praise Thee, that Thou didst not answer
My thoughtless prayer.

No more for me the flowing music-measure
Of fantasy;
For life is real, and pain its dearest treasure
When borne for Thee.
Oh, then, let be Thy will and Thy good pleasure,
Fulfilled in me.

—Southern Messenger.

The root of all evil is pride; that of all good is charity.—Cardinal Bona.

He who believes and practises yet sins, would sin much more if he neither believed nor practised.—Louis Veuillot.

Do not burden yourself with too many devotions; rather undertake few, and persevere with those.—St. Philip Neri.

O that we could take that simple view of things—to feel that the one thing which lies before us is to please God!—Cardinal Newman.

Think of times of devotion as you would of your meals, and so judge as to the importance of any interruptions that would postpone them or take their place.—Fénelon.

The Storyteller

OUTWITTED

The young man in the car seat was not as 'sleepy' as he looked. His attitude suggested slumber, but his ears—unlike his eyes—were wide open. He was not a young man who made a practice of listening to conversations that were not intended for his hearing, but he had caught a few words quite by accident, and this impelled him—from what he considered a sense of duty—to hear all he could.

The conversation to which he was listening came from two girls who sat in front of him. One of these girls was rather inclined to stoutness, and her garments, more especially her flaring hat, which was black and of the cartwheel type, suggested a somewhat loud and aggressive nature. Her companion was several years younger, a pale young girl, neatly and quietly garbed. And the reason the young man in the rear seat was particularly interested in the conversation of these girls was due to the fact that the younger girl was running away from home.

He had found this out from the older girl. Her voice was loud and aggressive, like her hat, and as soon as she had assured herself by a glance over her shoulder at the young man's closed eyes, and negligent attitude that the nearest listener was asleep, she had talked along in a careless way—a way that was quite audible to the pretended sleeper.

'Now, don't you worry, Elvie,' she chattered; 'you're goin' to have an elegant time. We've got some awf'ly nice people in our comp'ny, an' soon's you get acquainted with 'em you'll think they're th' best ever. Some folks turn up their noses at burlesque troupes, but I guess there's just as good people in 'em as there is anywheres. Of course, there's one-night stands, but then you see so much more of the country. What you cryin' about?'

The pale girl murmured something which the young man could not catch.

'Of course you feel scared at first,' the other girl rattled on. 'That's natural. I did, too. Guess may be you didn't like th' looks of our treasurer. Well, he ain't any good; that's right. But of course, you can keep away from him. Oh, say, cheer up, can't you? I wouldn't have coaxed you on to the stage if I hadn't thought you'd have a good time. You've got the face an' you've got the shape an' you ought to rise. Besides, I should think you'd be glad to get a change from that everlastin' typewritin'—an' I guess your home wasn't none too pleasant. Why, you're going to see life, Elvie! You don't know what life is. Our comp'ny is just one big happy family. Of course, I ain't sayin' they're all perfect. Maud Hollis, she's the manager's wife, an' gets all th' best parts—an' she's forty-five if a day, is a human meat axe, an' there's Tom Rollins—oh, well, you'll find 'em out for yourself. Only I'll just say this, if Jack Grancy—he's our leadin' comedian—could get a backer, he'd pull away from th' old man mighty quick, an' take a dozen of us girls with him. What's that! You're sorry you come? It's too late to put up your lip now. Oh, don't be a baby. There ain't nothin' goin' to hurt you. Guess you ain't used to th' motion of the cars. Make you feel kind o' sick, don't they? Well, we're goin' to get off at Yorkville. We show there to-night.'

Her voice dropped. The young man in the rear seat had roused up, and was fumbling with the window blind. The girl in the big hat threw a glance at him over her shoulder. It was a friendly glance, and he caught it. The girl had big black eyes, and a short upper lip that kept her white teeth constantly exposed—a peculiarity that was considered very desirable behind the burlesque footlights.

The young man picked up his hat and passed down the aisle. He was gone some little time. The girl in the big hat looked at the other girl. The other girl was intent on the flying landscape. The older girl shrugged her shoulders. Then the young man returned.

He paused with his hat in his hand.

'I beg your pardon,' he said, 'but am I addressing Miss Myrtle De Vere?'

The girl shook her head, and her fluttering ribbons met the young man's inquiring glance.

'No,' she replied, 'I'm not Miss De Vere. I think there is a De Vere girl in th' Dewey Blossom troupe on the Omaha circuit, but I never met her. I s'pose the young lady you refer to is on th' stage?'