

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

November 22, Sunday.—Twenty-fourth Sunday after Pentecost.
 St. Cecilia, Virgin and Martyr.
 „ 23, Monday.—St. Clement, Pope and Martyr.
 „ 24, Tuesday.—St. John of the Cross, Confessor.
 „ 25, Wednesday.—St. Catherine, Virgin and Martyr.
 „ 26, Thursday.—St. Sylvester, Abbot.
 „ 27, Friday.—St. Virgil, Bishop and Confessor.
 „ 28, Saturday.—St. Gregory III., Pope and Confessor.

St. Cecilia, Virgin and Martyr.

St. Cecilia was a member of a noble Roman family. Betrothed by her parents, against her own wishes, to Valerian, a pagan, she succeeded in converting him and his brother to the Christian religion. On this coming to the ears of the Prefect of the city, the two brothers were beheaded. The same sentence was passed on St. Cecilia, but, owing to the clumsy manner in which the executioner performed his task, the holy virgin lingered for three days in great agony, A.D. 230.

St. Clement, Pope and Martyr.

St. Clement filled the chair of Peter on the death of St. Cletus, A.D. 91. He was a Jew by birth, and a companion of St. Paul, by whom he is mentioned, in the Epistle to the Philippians, as one of those 'whose names are written in the Book of Life.' After a pontificate of nine years, St. Clement suffered martyrdom under Trajan, A.D. 100.

GRAINS OF GOLD

PRaise TO CHRISt.

O Jesus, King most wonderful,
 Thou conqueror renowned,
 Thou sweetness most ineffable
 In whom all joys are found.

When once Thou visitest the heart,
 Then truth begins to shine;
 Then earthly vanities depart,
 Then kindles love divine.

Jesus, Light of all below,
 Thou fount of living fire,
 Surpassing all the joys we know,
 And all we can desire.

May every heart confess Thy name,
 And ever Thee adore,
 And, seeking Thee, themselves inflame
 To seek Thee more and more.

Thee may our tongues forever bless,
 Thee may we love alone;
 And ever in our life express
 The image of Thine own.

—Exchange.

To be an honest man is, in the last resort, the highest of social positions.—Henry Perreyve.

Seek not proud riches, but such as thou mayest get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly.

Some thoughtful person has condensed the important mistakes of life and decides that there are just fourteen of them. Most people believe there is no limit to the mistakes of life; that they are like drops in the ocean, or the sands of the seashore, in number. But here are the fourteen great mistakes: It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong and judge people accordingly. To measure the enjoyment of others by our own. To expect uniformity of opinion in the world. To look for judgment and experience in youth. To endeavor to mould all dispositions alike. To yield to immaterial trifles. To look for perfection in our own actions. To worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied. Not to alleviate all that needs alleviation so far as lies in our power. Not to make allowances for the infirmities of others. To consider everything impossible that we cannot perform. To believe only what our finite minds can grasp. To expect to be able to understand everything.

The Storyteller

LARRY O'NEILL

Half an hour past noon on a bright May day, Larry O'Neill, for lack of anything better to do, dropped into Christie's salerooms. Some necessary legal business had obliged him to leave his retirement in Donegal, and when he found the family solicitors were not to be hurried into any unlawyer-like speed, he found time heavy on his hands. Once he would have had no difficulty in spending a few days pleasantly enough in London, but that was prior to the time of the occurrence that had transformed the light-hearted Larry O'Neill into a gloomy and morose recluse.

The famous salerooms were pretty well filled, and Larry found an unoccupied chair and looked indifferently around him. As he did so, the occupier of the next seat turned towards him, eyed Larry doubtfully for a few minutes, and then held out his hand.

'Captain O'Neill, isn't it?' the man said, eagerly.

Larry's face darkened.

'No—I am in the service no longer, Mr. Hilton,' he said quietly.

'Well, you're Larry O'Neill, anyhow,' Mr. Hilton said, 'though I doubted the fact for a minute. I never knew you had a taste for bric-a-brac.'

'Oh, I haven't!' Larry smiled slightly. 'I merely strolled in here because I had nothing else to do. Are you purchasing?'

'I have just bought a Kang-he-vase,' Mr. Hilton replied. 'It's very unique.' Then he sighed. 'One has to cultivate an interest in something or another.'

'I suppose,' Larry assented indifferently and rose to his feet. Mr. Hilton did likewise.

'There is nothing else I want,' he explained. 'Come to my flat for luncheon, will you, Larry?'

Larry began an excuse. Mr. Hilton interrupted him.

'You'll do me a kindness, really old fellow,' he urged. 'I'm very lonely at times,' and then Larry remembered that Mr. Hilton's wife, to whom he had been tenderly attached, had died at San Remo seven or eight years before.

'Thanks, then, I will,' Larry assented, 'but I should warn you that I'm not the best of company.'

'Neither am I,' Hilton responded.

Soon afterwards the two men were seated at a simple, well-cooked luncheon in a quiet street not far from Piccadilly.

'I couldn't bear the country,' the elder man confessed, 'nor the house where Jane and I had lived so long alone together. My nephew, who will succeed me, occupies the house in the summer. I brought a couple of old servants with me to London.'

Larry was sympathetically silent.

'But you, Larry, why have you turned hermit? Jane liked you—for her sake, excuse what might seem an impertinent question,' Mr. Hilton went on after a moment.

Larry looked across the table.

'Do you not know?'

'Know!' Mr. Hilton shook his head. 'But, there—perhaps my question roused painful memories. Don't—'

Larry laughed, a hard bitter laugh.

'Painful memories are seldom long away from me,' he said. 'You know I went to India.'

'Well, I was in command of a troop during a period of unrest among the natives. A certain tribe was disaffected, and we feared a rising. It took place, and though we had been in a measure expecting it, we were surprised at the moment I was in command, and I blundered hopelessly.'

'How was that?'

'I don't know in the least. I felt drunk, stupid, dazed, and my man had to help me into the saddle. What orders I gave I have no idea; but we were beaten back ignominiously, disgracefully, and all through me. Only for Tyson, the next in authority, matters would have been worse. As it was, India and England rang with the miserable story. There were some who said, because I was a Catholic and an Irishman, that I was a traitor.'

'But could you not account in any way—'

'In no way. I have no recollection of anything really till our defeat was accomplished. I was a ruined and disgraced man. For myself, though I loved service, it would not have mattered, but my father— The old man believes we are descended from Conn of the Hundred Fights. You can guess the blow it was to him to hear his only son described as a coward or a traitor.'