

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

February 28, Sunday.—Second Sunday in Lent.

March 1, Monday.—Of the Feria.

„ 2, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.

„ 3, Wednesday.—Of the Feria.

„ 4, Thursday.—St. Casimir, King.

„ 5, Friday.—Of the Feria.

„ 6, Saturday.—SS. Perpetua and Felicitas, Martyrs.

SS. Perpetua and Felicitas, Martyrs.

These holy women were martyred at Carthage, in Africa, in 202. Their station in life was very different, Felicitas being a slave, while Perpetua belonged to an important family, and was married to a nobleman of the city. At the time of their apprehension they had not yet been baptised; nevertheless, they bravely endured many tortures rather than abjure the faith. They were finally put to death by the sword.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

PRAYER.

How beautiful a thing is prayer! To turn
Unto the Mighty God and, bending low
In homage, ask: 'My King, Oh wilt Thou bestow
Some mission on Thy waiting knight?' To burn
With zeal to serve; to feel thy whole heart yearn
To combat thy Lord's foes. Then haste to know
Thy station on life's battlefields; then go
Unto that Royal Liege that thou mayst learn
Commands Divine. No prayers are wrong. But say:
'My Lord! a soldier of the Cross awaits
Thy mandates.' He will hear. No prayers are lost
That wing their way to heaven, and the day
Must dawn when thou shalt know within the gates
Of Paradise each fell. No prayers are lost.

ANGELA HASTINGS.

Dunedin.

All of us would have larger lives if we had but higher thoughts.

We grow by overcoming: the force we conquer becomes our own.

The lazy person waits for something to turn up; the ambitious one goes out and turns it up.

Faithfulness and constancy mean something more than doing what is easiest and pleasantest to ourselves.

Don't allow yourself to get into a habit of doing or saying unkind things. A habit once formed is difficult to break.

The first beginning of culture is humility. Give an opinion about the things you know, but refuse to give an opinion about the things of which you know nothing.

If you want to be great, be good. Be good in your work and in your play. Be good in the place and part you now are filling. To be good you must be kind, true, and helpful.

Whatever our station, there will be trials to bear and responsibilities to shoulder; and commensurate with our bearing of them will be our satisfaction, our happiness, and our peace.

The life without regret is the life without gain. Regret is but the light of fuller wisdom from our past, illuminating our future. It means that we are wiser to-day than we were yesterday.

It is not great calamities that embitter existence: it is the petty vexations, the small jealousies, the little disappointments, the 'minor miseries' that make the heart heavy and the temper sour.

To make the best of any given moment of life, favorable and unfavorable alike; to improve that moment, whether it be dealt us from Fortune's right hand or her left, this is the art of life and the true prerogative of a rational being.

The Storyteller

THE ONLY ANSWER

Mr. Orthwein leaned to one side and peered over his spectacles in an effort to see around the half-open door of the president's office. Ascertaining at last that Mr. Burton was writing busily, he resumed his work, but after every two or three laboriously careful entries in this book, he glanced again towards the private office. All around him a hundred or more men and women were toiling, trying to forget their fatigue and that their work was accumulating faster than they could dispose of it. There was no sound save now and then a low voice dictating a letter and the monotonous click of typewriters, or, when these were hushed, the slight scratching of an old pen and the frequent long-drawn sigh which characterised one of the book-keepers, a cadaverous, melancholy fellow.

For half an hour Mr. Orthwein kept watch upon the president, surprised that he was working so long after his usual time for going home. He had looked at the clock and found that it was almost 5 before Mr. Burton rose and closed his desk—a certain indication that his day's work was done. At once, Mr. Orthwein climbed down from the high stool, and, after a knock that was wholly perfunctory, passed into the elegant inner office.

Mr. Burton glanced over his shoulder and, seeing who had entered, turned about with a friendly smile. Mr. Orthwein and his father had been boys together and close friends then and ever after. As the years sped by, Mr. Burton had made a vast fortune, and Mr. Orthwein, not succeeding, had fallen into a position in his friend's office, which he had filled faithfully during many years. He was a short man, inclined to be stout, and his sedentary life had encouraged the inclination. His round face, with its insignificant nose, had a flat look which was unattractive, but the brown eyes that smiled from behind his glasses were as modest as a child's and as friendly. In the office he was on equal footing with his colleagues, who tormented him a little because they loved him a great deal; but he had always been a frequent and welcome guest at Mr. Burton's fireside, and if father and son patronised him somewhat, they were all unconscious of the fact. However, since his friend's death, two years before, Mr. Orthwein had seen less of the son, who, ideally handsome, gay, rich, was much sought after. Not that the young man had lost his affection for Mr. Orthwein, but his life had become full to the brim of fascinating pleasures to which the staid, slow old man was alien, and of friends who, George Burton was certain, would consider him tiresome and unquestionably plebeian.

'What is it, Orthwein?' George Burton said, smilingly, when the former had carefully closed the door behind him. 'Did you promise to intercede for some other poor fellow?'

'No, no, George. I want to remind you that it is this evening that you agreed to go with me to the meeting of the St. Vincent de Paul Society,' and catching a look of annoyance, as it passed quickly over the young man's face, he added, a little hurt, 'You hadn't forgotten?'

'I must confess that I had, Orthwein. I made another engagement. I am very sorry.' But he was touched by the old man's evident disappointment, and after a moment's consideration he asked, 'At what time could I get away from your meeting?'

'Oh, by 9 o'clock.'

'So early!' and he laughed a little. 'Then I can go. I'll call for you. But I don't promise to join that society. I have no time. I told you so when you mentioned it before.'

'I know you did, George, but I hoped. At any rate, it won't do you any harm to see what we are doing, and who knows? There was a humorous twinkle in his eyes that made the light-hearted Mr. Burton laugh again.

IN COLD WEATHER

no beverage is so acceptable as SYMINGTON'S COFFEE ESSENCE. In two minutes you can have a delicious warm drink. If you haven't tried it you should do so at once.