

## Friends at Court

### CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

March 7, Sunday.—Third Sunday in Lent.  
 „ 8, Monday.—St. John of God, Confessor.  
 „ 9, Tuesday.—St. Frances of Rome, Widow.  
 „ 10, Wednesday.—The Forty Martyrs.  
 „ 11, Thursday.—Of the Feria.  
 „ 12, Friday.—St. Gregory the Great, Pope, Confessor, and Doctor.  
 „ 13, Saturday.—Of the Feria.

#### St. John of God, Confessor.

St. John was born in Portugal of poor parents, A.D. 1495. He spent the greater part of his youth as a servant, his principal duty being to tend the flocks of his Master. Having, at the age of twenty-seven, enlisted as a soldier, the evil example of his companions had the effect of lessening his fervor, and causing him to give up some of his devotional practices. For this remissness he afterwards endeavored to atone by a life entirely devoted to the care of the sick poor. His charity and humility, his untiring activity in doing good to all, were such as to win for him the admiration of the city of Granada, where a considerable portion of his life was spent. St. John died in 1550.

#### St. Frances of Rome, Widow.

St. Frances, a native of Rome, exhibited from her childhood a remarkable love of solitude and prayer. As she grew up these qualities became more marked, though she never, under pretext of engaging in private devotions, neglected the duties of her state of life, her motto being—“A married woman must, when called upon, quit her devotions to God at the altar, to find Him in her household affairs.” After the death of her husband, St. Frances entered an Order of nuns which she herself had founded. She died in 1440, being then in the fifty-sixth year of her age.

### GRAINS OF GOLD.

#### DOMINE, DEUS MEUS.

O Lord, my God, in Thee I trust,  
 And Thy protection crave,  
 Lest fierce and strong the foe rush on,  
 When none is there to save.

O Lord, if I have done ill deeds,  
 And evil in my day,  
 Then let the foe exult o'er me,  
 And crush me in the way.

But in Thy justice judge me Lord—  
 The sinner's wiles and arts  
 Are brought to nought before Thy face,  
 Who searchest reins and hearts.

My God is just and strong and good,  
 Nor quickly moved to wrath,  
 But for the wicked vengeance sure  
 And swift is in his path.

Behold! The wicked make a pit,  
 But who shall fall therein?  
 And sorrow is the robe and crown  
 Of him who walks with sin.

But I the praise of God will speak,  
 And to His justice cry,  
 And call with joy upon His name—  
 The King and Lord most high.

—Catholic Bulletin.

Every human being is intended to have a character of his own—to be what no other is, to do what no other can.

## The Storyteller

### IN THE WOODS OF CASTLEDERG

Netta Hardacre was admitted on all sides to be far and away the prettiest girl in Middleton. With her lustrous dark hair, her creamy, softly-tinted skin, her fine features, flashing teeth, and a pair of big brown eyes expressive of every mood of softness or sadness, of gaiety and tenderness, she was a girl who almost at the very first sight of her won not only admiration, but love from all beholders.

She might so easily have been spoiled, too, by all this so easily-won admiration and homage, to say nothing of her position as the only child and heiress of Sir Victor Hardacre. Yet she was not in the least degree. There was never a girl who spent less time before the looking-glass, and people who knew her best often wondered if she had any knowledge or realisation of her wonderful beauty and charm. Though allowed by her adoring father a more than generous dress allowance, she hardly spent a thought upon chiffons, and would, from her utter disregard for such trivial matters, have proved the despair of her dressmaker and milliner were it not that fortunately she wore every garment with such an air as made it always seem the most fitting and becoming possible. In almost everything, indeed, she was as simple and as lovely and as lovable as a child.

Had she not been she might reasonably have felt very discontented as well as very, very lonely amidst all the wild beauty and solitude of her stately home at Castlederg. Standing high on a hill, surrounded on almost three whole sides by a thick belt of woodland, lordly chestnuts and sycamores, silvery-barked beeches, and gracefully-drooping birch trees, its many wide windows looked down on a broad expanse of picturesque but hardly-inhabited country stretching far away to the hills and the deep, wide waters of the Atlantic.

A stately and beautiful home it was, with its high terraced walks and gently-sloping gardens, its apple and cherry orchards, its hazel copse, and the deep darkness of the woods behind that at sunset were lit up as by a living fire with the glowing red rays shining through of the sun setting low in the west. Yet very, very lonely it could be, especially in the long evenings of midsummer, when the only sound that broke the stillness of the evening was the noisy, monotonous cawing of the rooks in the trees overhead.

Neither Netta nor her father, however, were conscious of the least desire to leave it, save for a short while each autumn, when they went for a holiday together to Paris or to Rome, to Brussels or Berlin, or some other Continental town in which they might gratify their craving for the artistic and the old-world and beautiful.

For the rest they were perfectly content at home, for Sir Victor was, first of all, a good landlord and a country gentleman, and when he was not enjoying himself out with the hounds or down by the river and lake with his rod or his gun he found equal if not greater pleasure in improving the conditions of his tenants, or in planting or pruning the lawns and many copses and shrubberies about his own beloved old home.

Both he and Netta were inveterate readers also, and between books and music, and flower and landscape painting, and the care of her garden—for, though there were many gardeners at Castlederg, its beautiful young mistress took a very active part as well as a special personal interest in everything that had already made the place such a wonder-world to visitors and sightseers—the girl, on her part, never found time to feel lonely. Though there was so little youthful society about the place, she always had her father. And the two had been all in all to each other for so long—ever since the time when Netta was only three years old, and her beautiful young mother was carried home from an accident in the hunt-

**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.