

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

April 11, Sunday.—Low Sunday.
 „ 12, Monday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 13, Tuesday.—St. Hermengild, Martyr.
 „ 14, Wednesday.—St. Justin, Martyr.
 „ 15, Thursday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 16, Friday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 17, Saturday.—Blessed Virgin Mary on Saturday.

Low Sunday.

This Sunday is styled in liturgical language Dominica in Albis, or Sunday in White, because in olden times the neophytes, whom it was customary to baptise on Holy Saturday, wore their white robes for the last time to-day.

St. Justin, Martyr.

St. Justin was born of Greek parents in Palestine. After having devoted himself to an exhaustive study of pagan philosophy, he embraced Christianity, when he was in his thirtieth year. His fame for learning rests principally on two Apologies, or defences of the Christian religion, addressed, the one to the Emperor Antoninus Pius, the other to Marcus Aurelius. His vigorous and successful championship of Catholicity earned for him the martyr's crown, A.D. 167.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

RESTORATION.

How prone, O Lord, are we to feel,
 When all affairs of life go well,
 That we alone are shaping them.
 And in our pride delight to dwell!

At times like these, forgetful, we
 Oft wander from Thy narrow way.
 And ere we are aware we find—
 Conceit hath lured us far astray.

With failure frowning on our plans,
 We pause, affrighted and forlorn;
 Without resource, within ourselves;
 Dejected, weakened, weary, worn.

'Tis then we humbly turn to Thee,
 Appealing to Thy throne above;
 Lo, there revealed to us anew
 Are Thy redeeming power and love!

And oh, what comfort 'tis to know
 Thou art forgiving as of yore,—
 Yea, more than willing to receive
 Our sinful, saddened selves once more!

—*Ave Maria.*

There is no use talking higher than we live.
 There is more or less dead wood in every family tree.

The truth we hate the most is the truth that hits us the hardest.

A clear conscience is the testimony of a good life and its reward.

True merit is like a river; the deeper it is the less noise it makes.

If you would flatter a man, tell him that he is proof against flattery.

Some troubles are wholly blessed in retrospect, and infinitely worth suffering.

There are sadder hearts than yours; go and comfort them, and that will comfort you.

Nearly every successful man has had a failure somewhere along the line.

Many a saint has risen to spiritual excellence only after many failures. Perseverance brings perfection.

The Storyteller

OLD HEADS AND YOUNG

Dinah, without much enthusiasm, took the three letters the postman handed her, and placed them beside the master's plate. Presently two doors—one leading from the hall, the other from a side verandah—opened, and father and daughter entered the dining-room.

'Oh, good-morning, daddy!' Peggy called gaily, holding up a cluster of pale yellow roses, still wet with the morning dew. 'The very first June roses!' she cried.

'What a flower-lover you are!' Her father smiled indulgently, the thought crossing his mind that she herself was like a fresh, dewy rose.

Peggy glanced apprehensively from the flowers she was arranging in a tall, slender vase to grace the breakfast table, to the pile of letters beside her father's plate. Going up behind his chair, she put two warm arms around his neck, giving him a quick, sympathetic hug; then slipped quietly into her place opposite.

'A letter from Aunt Caroline—two letters from Aunt Caroline,' said her father—'one for you and one for me.'

He sat staring in his near-sighted fashion at the two envelopes, scarcely believing his eyes. It was many years since he had received a letter from 'The Maples.'

'From Aunt Caroline!' Peggy echoed, her heart beating quickly.

A letter from the great-aunt, of whom she had heard so much, but had never seen, held all sorts of pleasant possibilities. The breach between her dear father and the aunt whom, she felt sure, he still regarded with deep affection, though he seldom mentioned her name now—the breach which had widened and deepened with the passing years, might still be bridged over. It was, therefore, with joyous expectancy that she tore open the thick, creamy envelope her father handed her. The contents ran as follows:—

'My Dear Margaret,—You will, no doubt, be surprised to be addressed in this familiar fashion by a person of whom you may never have heard. The fact that 'blood is thicker than water' compels me to write this letter to you.

'Passing through your city with a party of friends, recently, *en route* home from the Bermuda Islands, I caught sight of your face framed in a street-car window. It was the face of my dead sister, your grandmother. Upon making inquiries, I learned that my vagabond nephew had returned to his old home, and was eking out a very scanty living, writing stuff nobody cared to read. Your father and I quarrelled years ago. I vowed I never would look upon his face again. But your face—the face of my dead sister—haunts me; and—and, after all, blood is thicker than water.

'I am writing to invite you to an informal afternoon 'affair' I am giving on the tenth; and also to ask you to spend the week-end with me at The Maples, that we may become acquainted. There will be a few other guests, one of whom—my late husband's nephew, Dr. Robert Chalmers—I am anxious to have you meet.

'I am writing, under separate cover, to your father, who, for all his pig-headedness, was not altogether a fool. He may have learned by this time that there are many viewpoints, and that strong-headed people are apt to recognise only one—their own.

'Naturally, I shall wish you to appear well among my guests; so you will kindly use the enclosed cheque for whatever you may deem necessary.

'Your unknown great-aunt,

'CAROLINE DE VILLE.'

Crumpling the letter viciously in her hand, Peggy glanced across the table at her father, an indignant flash in her gray eyes; but something in his expression, as he bent over the closely-written pages, stayed the words upon her lips. Dreamy, absent-minded Dick Linville refolded the letter with hands that trembled

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.