

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- April 2, Sunday.—Passion Sunday.
 „ 3, Monday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 4, Tuesday.—St. Isidore, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
 „ 5, Wednesday.—St. Vincent Ferrer, Confessor.
 „ 6, Thursday.—St. Sixtus I., Pope and Martyr.
 „ 7, Friday.—The Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
 „ 8, Saturday.—Of the Feria.

St. Isidore, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.

St. Isidore was born in the South of Spain about the middle of the sixth century. In the year 600 he succeeded his brother, St. Leander, in the See of Seville, which he occupied for thirty-six years. His learned writings in defence of religion have caused him to be numbered among the Doctors of the Church.

The Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

On the third Sunday in September there is also a commemoration of the sorrows of the Mother of God. To-day the Church proposes to our devout consideration one special dolor of Mary—her standing at the foot of the Cross. 'The foot of the Cross is our birthplace. We became Mary's children there. She suffered all that because of us. Sinlessness is not common to our Mother and to us, but sorrow is. It is the one thing common betwixt us. We will sit with her, therefore, and sorrow with her, and grow more full of love, not forgetting her grandeurs. O, surely never! but pressing to our hearts with fondest predilection the memory of her exceeding martyrdom.'—Faber.

GRAINS OF GOLD

O SOL SALUTIS, INTIMIS.

O Jesu, Sun of health divine,
 Within our inmost spirit shine,
 While, as black night flees fast away,
 More welcome dawns the new-born day!

Who giv'st Thine own accepted hour,
 Oh, give of tears a plenteous shower,
 To wash the heart's true sacrifice,
 That love's bright flame may brighter rise!

So from the fount of sin and woe
 Shall tears in endless torrent flow,
 If duly bruised, the harden'd heart
 Beneath the scourge of penance smart.

The day draws on—Thine own blest day,
 When all things flourish fresh and gay;
 May we, with hearts by Thee made new,
 And homeward led, be joyous too!

Dread Trinity, Thy throne before,
 Let the round world low-bow'd adore;
 And we, new creatures, with new tongue,
 Sing in new worlds our glad new song.

—Ave Maria.

Sometimes the very things that seem to us the hardest to bear are just our best opportunities. The example of a heavy trial nobly borne may accomplish far better results than could possibly have been achieved by any work of human choosing.

The better sort are driven back on themselves, away from the noise and strife of the crowd; for only in quietude and remoteness are pure thought and love possible (says Bishop Spalding). It were not rash to say that the purpose of education is to accustom us to live in our own minds and consciences. The finest natures are the most lonely. The genius seeks the solitude where none but high spirits dwell. The saint loves only the company of God and of holy thoughts. Nevertheless, human qualities can be awakened and developed in society only; in other words, through companionship and the interchange of good offices. The warp and woof of our lives are made by society. From it we receive language, from it religion, from it institutions and arts. Of it and in it we are born and grow and become capable of thought and love. One could never rise to intelligence and conduct in isolation, could never learn to be generous or kind or just or helpful—in a word, could never reach man's estate. But one cannot become a man in the true sense if he live much in the company of his fellows; for unless he often withdraw into himself he can neither know nor love the best, can be neither holy nor wise, can neither rightly live nor die. The noblest keep aloof and cherish solitude, not alone because their thoughts are tyrannical and over-mastering, but because they feel that in society what they best know and most love is as the witchery of sweet music to the deaf, and as blended shadings of softest colors to the blind.

The Storyteller

MRS. GARDNER'S MANAGEMENT

The meeting of St. Mary's Altar Society had just come to a close. Its leisurely members stood about the hall in groups and couples chatting, while those of more domestic inclinations were hurrying home to waiting household duties. Tall, handsome Mrs. Gardner, the newest member of the society, smiling and bowing farewells, made her way through the entrance where a bevy of bright-eyed girls paused in their chatter to gaze admiringly after her. 'Isn't she the dearest thing?' whispered one young enthusiast.

'Lovely!' exclaimed her companion. 'And her clothes show such exquisite taste.'

'I know she will make the social a splendid success. She looks just like a commanding goddess, doesn't she?' a third chimed in.

Pretty little Mrs. Charles O'Neill, her cheeks very bright and a brilliancy in her eyes that was quite foreign, made her way through the gay, chattering school-girl throng entirely unnoticed. Angry, tumultuous thoughts crowded her brain, and her small feet beat a rapid tattoo along the pavement until she turned in at her own cottage gate. Her husband tossed aside the magazine he was reading as she entered, and gazed up at her with mock severity.

'Dear me, Mildred, how long it does take you ladies to talk over a few trifling details for a social. Two solid hours! and all this valuable time consumed in electing Mrs. Charles O'Neill dictator of everything in general, and—'

'No, indeed!' exclaimed Mrs. O'Neill, in quivering tones. 'I have been relegated to the position of mere assistant this time.'

'Really!' exclaimed her husband. 'Out of office! And did they vote you a medal for long and faithful service?'

'I don't feel in a humor to enjoy your jests, Charles,' and a tear quivered on her lashes.

'Why, Milly, you don't feel bad over being relieved of all this worry and work for once, do you?' inquired her husband in surprise.

'Oh, it isn't that,' explained Mildred, with a catch in her voice. 'I have been so used to being put first always—and everything I said was considered—and my suggestions—well, I know it is foolish, but I can't help feeling hurt and humiliated.'

'Yes, I know, Milly,' broke in her husband sympathetically. He was always on his wife's side, whatever the cause might be. 'And who is general manager of this coming affair?'

'Why, Mrs. Gardner, of course. She seems to have made a splendid impression on all of the Altar Society members. She is so handsome and does look capable and practical. I hope she will have success.'

'But why should you care, Mildred?' expostulated her husband gently.

'I don't know, really. I suppose it is little and contemptible in me to care so, but to wake up suddenly and find myself so inconsequential is rather a blow to my pride.'

'And I wonder,' continued Mr. O'Neill, 'if the beautiful and talented Mrs. Gardner will be called to nurse the sick children of the parish. I've borne it all in silence so far,' he went on, his blue eyes merry with mischief, 'this thing of being deserted at every epidemic of chicken-pox and measles and whooping-cough, and I earnestly hope Mrs. Gardner will be elected to nurse the sick and comfort the afflicted of the parish, as well as guide its financial course.'

'Oh, that is a different matter,' Milly hastily interposed. 'I am sure Mrs. Gardner is not a nurse, and besides she has children of her own.'

'And therefore won't find it necessary to play mother to all the children in town,' retorted her husband. 'Alas! I fear I shall continue to be neglected,' he sighed.

'It's the penalty for marrying a trained nurse, Charles.'

'And an angel in the bargain,' answered her husband, dropping his jesting tone.

Preparations for the festival, which was to be held to raise funds to purchase a new organ for St. Mary's Church, were carried on rapidly under Mrs. Gardner's supervision. Her gracious manner and personal charm had won many friends for her on all sides, and she found everyone willing and eager to help. Mildred O'Neill conquered her bitterness of spirit to the extent of promising to help Mrs. Devoy at one of the tables, but although she tried hard to forget the unpleasant blow to her pride, the days that intervened between the meeting of St. Mary's Altar Society and the date of the festival were full of unhappy thoughts.

She had become accustomed to the homage of the parish, and ever since her marriage to happy, handsome Charles O'Neill, had been looked on as a sort of queen, and to be suddenly dethroned without warning—to find her little kingdom so fickle—well, it was too much of a blow to forget in a day. And then there were the school girls. They had been so fond of her, and had come to her always for advice and assistance about their parties and plays, and had looked up to her as a sort of older sister and comrade. Now they were flocking to the standard of Mrs. Gardner. Mrs. Gardner was a social leader and bestowed favors with lavish hand, and she was just plain little Milly O'Neill. She felt inconsolably lonely and neglected.