

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

May 7, Sunday.—Third Sunday after Pentecost. The Patronage of St. Joseph.
 „ 8, Monday.—Apparition of St. Michael, Archangel.
 „ 9, Tuesday.—St. Gregory Nazianzen, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
 „ 10, Wednesday.—St. Comgall, Abbot.
 „ 11, Thursday.—St. Alexander I., Pope and Martyr.
 „ 12, Friday.—SS. Nereus and Achilleus, Martyrs.
 „ 13, Saturday.—St. Stanislaus, Bishop and Martyr.

St. Comgall, Abbot.

St. Comgall was born in the North of Ireland, A.D. 516. He established the great Monastery of Benchor, or Bangor, in the County of Down. This was the largest and most celebrated of all the Irish monasteries, and, under St. Comgall's rule, became a nursery of saints and scholars.

St. Alexander I., Pope and Martyr.

St. Alexander was a native of Rome. After a pontificate of nearly ten years, he received the crown of martyrdom in 119.

SS. Nereus and Achilleus, Martyrs.

These holy martyrs were attached to the service of St. Flavia Domitilla, and were banished with her to the island of Pontia by the Emperor Domitian. They were beheaded at Terracina in the reign of Trajan.

GRAINS OF GOLD

AT BENEDICTION.

Into the censer's glowing cup
 The dust of frankincense I pour.
 And watch the perfumed smoke leap up
 To cloud the lighted chancel o'er

Ah, King, upon Thy throne of might,
 I would these grains within the flame
 Were each a world of golden light—
 A holocaust unto Thy name.

Yea, King, but I, Thy servant low
 Give Thee more joy than worlds impart;
 Behold the thoughts of love that glow
 Within the censer of my heart.

—Messenger.

To preserve their purity, the young should frequent the Sacraments, and above all, Holy Communion.—St. Philip Neri.

There is a charity which consists in withholding words, in keeping back harsh judgment, in abstaining from speech, if to speak is to condemn. Such charity bears the tale of slander, but does not repeat it; listens in silence, but forbears comment; then locks the unpleasant secret up in the very depths of the heart.

The parents who place the happiness of their daughters' marriages in the 'good matches' they persuade them to make, and in the dress and house appointments which blind their eyes and fill them with pride, generally live to rue the great mistake they have themselves brought into being. The interior gifts of the soul should be the motive of all marriages, if they are to be firm, blessed, and happy.

Humbly and reverently attempt to trace His guiding hand in the years which we have recently lived. Let us thankfully commemorate the mercies He has vouchsafed to us in times past, the many sins He has not remembered, the many dangers He has averted, the many prayers He has answered, the many mistakes He has corrected, the much light, the abounding comfort which He has from time to time given.—Cardinal Newman.

To act is far easier than to suffer, yet we every day see the progress of life retarded by the mere repugnance to exertion, and find multitudes repining at the want of that which nothing but idleness hinders them from enjoying. Laziness is commonly associated with timidity. Either fear at first paralyses endeavor by infusing despair of success; or the frequent failure of irresolute struggles, and the desire of avoiding labor, impress, by degrees, false terrors on the mind.

It is the duty done to-day that sweetens life at its close. To stand at the couch of the dying and see the loved and dear one go hence, and in the sublimity of your holy faith know and believe that the angel guardian will have a welcome privilege when he conducts the parted soul to its Judge, is every hope and all consolation. But duty done to-day is better than the duty planned for to-morrow. He who delays is not likely to take care of the morrow when it comes.

The Storyteller

THE METHODS OF AUNT SUSANNA

'Troubles never come singly,' groaned Mrs. Saxton, looking up from the one sheet of paper covered with cramped, angular writing. Here's the spring work pressing, and your father in the condition he is, and now Aunt Susanna writes that she is coming to spend a month or six weeks. If it would do any good, I would sit down and cry.' This was so foreign to the disposition of the brave-hearted woman that her son and daughter looked really alarmed.

'I'll give up my school and stay at home to help you,' said Ethel Saxton, promptly. 'I can't see you working yourself to death.'

'Indeed, you'll do no such thing,' said Mrs. Saxton, all her determination coming to the surface once more. 'It isn't the work that worries me, but I'm afraid Aunt Susanna will make your father worse. We have hard enough work to keep him from becoming despondent, but she will persuade him he is much worse. We must manage to keep her mind occupied all the time she is here, and not leave her with papa a minute alone if possible.'

'I'll coax her out to see my work,' said Edward Saxton. 'She's very much interested in farming, and that may help. Don't give up, mother; we'll do our best to help you.'

It was an open secret in the Saxton family that the head of the house had nothing the matter with him. But openly no one ever spoke of that fact. A man selling patent medicine had once boarded with the family a week while working in the neighborhood, and from that time Mr. Saxton began having 'symptoms.' Urged on by the shrewd vendor of drugs, he imagined he had every disease in the catalogue, and his sudden cessation from active work, as well as the medicines he eagerly swallowed, did give him much discomfort.

It is really astonishing what a glib tongue and a little book on the subject of aches and pains will do for men and women otherwise sensible, and Howard Saxton was no exception to the general rule. His family physician, who laughed at him, was termed a heartless ignoramus, and his wife, who tried her best to get him to exercise and to look on the bright side of life, he felt sure was only anxious to be rid of him so she could enjoy the property alone.

And on top of all these tribulations Aunt Susanna was coming for a long visit; Aunt Susanna, who had taken Howard Saxton when his parents died and reared him to manhood along with three other homeless relatives. It was well known that of her little family Howard was the favorite, so she would only add to the troubles of the household by sympathising with him and helping along his imaginary woes. No wonder Mrs. Saxton prepared the spare chamber with a sinking heart, listening as she ran up and down stairs with clean linen and fresh water to her husband's complaints and desires for this or that to make him more comfortable.

'Well! Well! How do you all do? Have you been sick, Howard? You look rather peaked!' was the greeting of Aunt Susanna, as she came into the house rather unexpectedly. Mrs. Saxton had planned to meet her at the station and warn her about her nephew, but the depot carriage brought her out three hours before she was expected, owing to a sudden change of plans. 'How are you, Emma? My, but the wind is strong to-day!'

All this time the vigorous old lady was removing her veil, and shaking hands, and telling the driver where to put her luggage in her old breezy fashion.

'Well, I'm not as well as I'd like to be,' said Mr. Saxton, limply shaking hands, 'but it's all I can expect, I suppose. I never hope to be well in this world.' His tone was a hopeless whine, and he looked despondent.

'Won't you come upstairs and rest, aunt?' asked Mrs. Saxton, hurriedly. 'I have your room all ready for you. You must be tired from your trip.'

'Not a bit tired,' said the old lady heartily. 'I want to sit right down here and hear what is the matter with this boy. Why in the world didn't you tell me long ago? I'm real scared about you.'

'What's the use?' returned Mr. Saxton, sighing deeply. 'Emma and the doctor are all the time arguing with me that there's nothing wrong with me, so I thought you'd say the same thing. I've often heard about sick folks not being understood, but I never dreamed that would be my fate. Even John Floods, who used to call himself a good friend of mine, said yesterday that I ought to be out ploughing corn, that the work was too heavy for Edward. Maybe when I'm in my grave they'll realise how I suffered. Why, I can't go upstairs without losing my breath.'

'Something's got to be done,' said Aunt Susanna with decision, 'and that right away. By the looks of your complexion you need a hot foot-bath and some bone-set tea. You just lie down on the lounge, and I'll have things ready in a hurry. Emma, you just go on with your work and I'll look after this boy. I've had many a case to deal with about like his, and I don't take a back seat for trained nurses and doctors.'