

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- September 3, Sunday.—Thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost. Commemoration of the Holy Roman Pontiffs.
 „ 4, Monday.—St. Rose of Viterbo, Virgin.
 „ 5, Tuesday.—St. Lawrence Justinian, Bishop and Confessor
 „ 6, Wednesday.—St. Rumold, Bishop and Martyr.
 „ 7, Thursday.—St. Eugene III., Pope and Confessor.
 „ 8, Friday.—Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
 „ 9, Saturday.—St. Kyran, Abbot.

St. Lawrence Justinian, Bishop and Confessor.

St. Lawrence, member of an influential family at Venice, embraced, at an early age, a life of poverty and mortification. The contempt and ridicule which this step brought upon him served, owing to his extreme humility, as a subject for constant rejoicing. Having been appointed Archbishop and Patriarch of Venice, he succeeded in effecting a wonderful reformation throughout his diocese, a result due to his meekness and prudence, as well as to the example of his saintly life. He died in 1455, at the age of 74.

St. Rumold, Bishop and Martyr.

St. Rumold, Bishop of Dublin, returning from a visit to the tombs of the Apostles, interrupted his journey at Malines, in Belgium. During his stay he preached with much fruit in that city and its neighborhood, and was eventually assassinated by a man whose notorious crimes he had not hesitated, in the interests of morality, to severely stigmatize.

St. Eugene III., Pope and Confessor.

St. Eugene was a native of Pisa, and a member of the Cistercian Order. Besides diligently discharging the duties of the Pontifical Office, he was a liberal patron of letters, and spared no expense in renovating and beautifying the churches of Rome, mindful of the Psalmist's words, 'Lord, I have loved the beauty of Thy house, and the place where Thy glory dwelleth.' After a pontificate of eight years, St. Eugene died in 1153.

GRAINS OF GOLD

'HOLD MY HAND.'

Last night I was wakened—a little cry
 Came up from the crib which stood quite nigh;
 'Twas followed by pitiful words of fright,
 And a baby voice came through the night:
 'O father, hold my hand!'

With tender love, I stretched my arm
 To shield my darling from any harm
 The dreams had summoned her rest to pain.
 But still these words rang in my brain:
 'O father, hold my hand!'

And soon she was sleeping in perfect rest,
 With my hand held close to her baby breast;
 And I thought of the faith of a little child—
 Of the call in the night when dreams were wild:
 'O father, hold my hand!'

Then I prayed that I might be e'en as she,
 When the end of life should come to me—
 Prayed for that faith in a Father's love,
 Which would cry to the Infinite One above:
 'O Father, hold my hand!'

—Ave Maria.

If you wish to be miserable you must think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay to you, and what people think of you.

The Storyteller

THE DOCTOR'S FEE

My dear Edith: The kindness of your little letter takes out the sting of charity. This means that your letter is very kind; for I am still the overproud woman that you knew. Do you remember that some of the girls called me 'Miss Stuck Up'? I am more stuck up now that I have come down to clerking for my living and my little Harry's.

Thank you, dear girl; and thank you again for giving so nicely. I can see that little tight-mouthed smile of yours when you wrote, and that flicker of your eyelashes as you thought, 'My poor old Elsa!' And you wished that you were rich enough to have us out to Las Palmas, didn't you? Bless you, dear!

Well, Edie, I didn't buy myself the Christmas present that—for the first time, and after hearing of my struggles—you found it so difficult to select in Las Palmas. I have added your gold pieces to one that I have scraped together to take Harry to a throat specialist. You know how I have worried over his huskiness. It is to be Dr. Alfred Harding, of Fifty-ninth street. I wrote to the secretary of a big hospital, and he kindly recommended him as not only a great specialist but a great general physician. I pray to God that it may be all right with my little fellow! 'The only son of his mother, and she a widow!'

I cannot have the joy of sending presents; but I have painted you, and your good husband, and your boy and girl, a little card apiece. God bless you, Dear! Out of my old world your friendship is the one thing left. Thank you, and thank you!

Your grateful friend,

ELSA MARCHANT.

My dear Edith: We went to the specialist yesterday. So long as I live I shall remember the agony of the twenty minutes in his waiting room. Harry busied himself with the illustrated papers, and laughed and ran about and showed me the pictures. 'Why do you kiss me so much times, Mummy?' I could hardly speak when I entered the consulting room.

The physician was a grave, good-looking, dark man, a little over forty, I should think, square and strong and reassuring. Some of my terror seemed to go as soon as he spoke to me. I sat beside his table, with Harry on my knee, and he asked me a string of questions, and jotted down the answers with a brevity that shamed my verbosity. To my surprise he began with questions about myself—my name, age, address, means, occupation, general health, etc.

'I like to know my patients' circumstances,' he explained. 'It affects what one suggests sometimes.'

'Yes,' I said, 'I understand. My means are very limited; but I have a few little pieces of jewellery that I'll sell, if he needs what I cannot afford.'

'Do you know,' he said, with a pleasant smile, 'I could almost have guessed that! Now let's see what I can make of young hopeful. How old are you, Harry?'

And then he went off with a string of questions about the boy—his age, his appetite, his companions, his amusements, his ideas and fancies, his father, his father's family and mine. Afterward he made him run, jump, and talk and sing; and then he took off his little coat and vest and prodded him—very gently and kindly—and sounded him all over and examined him. It seemed as if he would never come to the throat, and when he did he merely touched it in a few places, and then looked down at it for a second or two.

'There is nothing wrong there,' he said at once. 'In fact, there is nothing functionally wrong at all. He is rather delicate; but, under favorable conditions, he should outgrow his delicacy and make a fine man. The trouble is merely depression. You see, you have to go out all day to earn your living, and he misses you. I think I should try to find apartments in a house where there are other children, and send him to school, if you can. He is a sociable little chap and