

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- December 10, Sunday.—Second Sunday in Advent.
 „ 11, Monday.—St. Damasus I., Pope and Confessor.
 „ 12, Tuesday.—St. Melchiades, Pope and Martyr.
 „ 13, Wednesday.—St. Lucy, Virgin and Martyr.
 „ 14, Thursday.—Translation of the Holy House of Loreto.
 „ 15, Friday.—Octave of the Immaculate Conception.
 „ 16, Saturday.—St. Francis Xavier, Confessor

St. Melchiades, Pope and Confessor.

St. Melchiades was Pope from 311 to 314. He had the happiness of witnessing the triumph of Christianity which followed the accession of Constantine. His death was peaceful, but he is honored as a martyr on account of his previous sufferings in the persecutions.

St. Francis Xavier, Confessor.

The great Apostle of the Indies, the St. Paul of modern times, was born in Spain in 1506. Having gone to the University of Paris to complete his studies, his brilliant talents gained him an applause which, unfortunately, served as an incentive to vanity and ambition. Through the instrumentality of his countryman, St. Ignatius, he learned to seek a higher ideal, and to devote the exceptional gifts with which God had endowed him to the glory and honor of the Giver. Having been chosen by the Vicar of Christ to preach the Gospel to the nations of the Far East, he sailed for India in 1541. The zeal which he displayed for the propagation of the faith, the privations which he endured, the labors which marked his life in India and Japan are well-nigh incredible, and have no parallel except in the labors and journeyings of the Apostle of the Gentiles. His mission was signalled by many miracles, and crowned with remarkable success. He died in 1552, when on the point of undertaking the conversion of China. St. Francis Xavier is honored as one of the patrons of Australia.

GRAINS OF GOLD

THE MASTER'S WAY.

Not ours to know the reason why unanswered is our prayer,
 But ours to wait for God's own time to lift the cross we bear;
 Not ours to know the reason why from loved ones we must part,
 But ours to live in faith and hope, though bleeding be the heart;
 Not ours to know the reason why this anguish, strife, and pain,
 But ours to know a crown of thorns sweet graces for us gain;
 A cross, a bleeding heart and crown—what greater gifts are given?
 Be still, my heart, and murmur not; these are the Keys of Heaven.

It's ours to know—aye, learn it well—it is the Master's way.
 They serve Him best who ask not why, who live but to obey.
 'Tis ours to know the better part, whereby a crown is won;
 Then, loving God, I ask not why, 'Thy will, not mine be done.'
 Yea, Thy way, Lord; not mine, I pray. I give to Thee my will,
 And humbly ask Thy grace and aid, this better part to fill;
 It was not always thus with me; I loved my way the best,
 But that is past. Thy way is mine; in it alone is rest.

The Storyteller

ANTONIA'S LOVER

(Concluded from last week.)

Velasquet burst into a peal of laughter. Angered beyond expression, her beautiful eyes full of tears, Antonia rose to leave him. But he seized her hand and drew her once more into the deep willow chair in which she had been sitting.

'I cannot deny it, I do not wish to deny it. Whoever saw me do as you have just said, told the truth—though it may not have been alone for truth's sake. Listen to me, Antonia, who is it that wears black satin slippers, embroidered with red, with little stars of gold on the flowers? Tell me?'

She had gotten to her feet again; he had seized her hands and was trying to make her look at him, but she resolutely turned her head away. Her face was so pink and confused, and eyes so dewy with joyful tears that she could not bear to meet his gaze.

'Tell me—who wears them?' again, in a very masterful way.

'I do,' she faltered, and slowly turned towards him.

'Now, I will tell you,' he said, after one blissful moment. 'You had been so cold and strange to me, my Antonia, that I could not bear it. I was sick and tired of the Vidals, though Victoria, poor girl, did all in her power to make me comfortable. So I ran away from the crowd, and all that afternoon wandered about by myself, and when night came I was still wandering. I could not help passing your window, Antonia, my heart was so full of you—I was so despondent. For a moment I stood in the deep embrasure, when suddenly a cat jumped through the window bars. It had something in its mouth which dropped to the ground as it ran away, frightened at sight of me. I stooped and picked up—this little slipper.' He had taken it from his pocket and held it up to her view. 'I had seen the point of it peeping from your gown the night of the ball—when you were so cruel to me. I should have returned it, I know, but I simply could not. Have you not missed it?'

'No,' she replied demurely. 'I have been too miserable to care for slippers, or whether or not I ever went to a ball again. But wait.'

Like a bird she flew from his clasp and fluttered into the house, coming back in a little while, timid but radiant, and once more placed herself beside him. 'I have found only one slipper there on the sill,' she said, 'where I put them to air after the ball. How lucky, if you must be so foolish, Alfredo,' and her lips lingered shyly over the word that sounded deliciously sweet in his ears. 'How lucky that it was almost new. It is bad enough as it is, but if it had been ripped or shabby, or down at the heel, O, Alfredo!'

They laughed heartily together, which brought the old folks, who divined that everything was settled. Congratulations, embraces, handshakings, and a few tears followed. An hour later Antonia stood at the gate of the garden with her lover. Far across the orchard a light gleamed in one window of the neighboring ranch house—the window of Victoria's room. And Victoria, peeping from behind the iron bars, stood brushing her heavy black hair, wondering why in the Barcas house so many lights should be shining. They seemed to fascinate her—the brush lay idle in her hand.

'Usually they are all fast asleep by now,' she reflected. 'But to-night Velasquez was there, and I would not be surprised—no, not at all surprised, if, in spite of what I told her to-day, Antonia, weak little creature, has allowed herself to be persuaded! And, if it be true,' her thoughts went on, resignedly at first, and soon most pleasantly, 'if it be true, I am sure I shall be her bridesmaid, and there is hardly a doubt but that Alfredo will have for his best man his brother, Rafael, who is just two inches taller than I am. We two would make a splendid couple at the wedding, and then, perhaps—who knows! And I think Rafael is much handsomer than Alfredo.'—*New World.*