

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

January 7, Sunday.—Sunday within the Octave of the Epiphany.
 „ 8, Monday.—Within the Octave.
 „ 9, Tuesday.—Within the Octave.
 „ 10, Wednesday.—Within the Octave.
 „ 11, Thursday.—Within the Octave.
 „ 12, Friday.—Within the Octave.
 „ 13, Saturday.—Octave of the Epiphany.

GRAINS OF GOLD

BEFORE THE TABERNACLE.

Thou gazest down with loving kindness,
 Dear Lord, upon Thy suffering child;
 And into light is changed my blindness,
 As night before the sunbeams mild.
 With many wounds, with deep, deep sadness,
 I came before Thee, Lord, to-day;
 But all is changed to heavenly gladness,
 And at Thy feet has passed away.

Thy love sheds blessings all around us,
 As once in far Judea's land;
 With many graces Thou has bound us
 Thy captives in a holy band;
 And, oh! Thine eyes, with lovelight shining,
 Console my griefs, and make me know
 That I can rest, till life's declining,
 Within Thy care Who lov'st me so!

How sweet Thy Presence on Thine altar!
 How near, how near, Thou art to me!
 Oh, never let me change or falter,
 My heart shall live alone for Thee.
 Here let me kneel in adoration,
 Here at Thy feet, beneath Thy gaze.
 This is my rest, my soul's safe station.
 Be Thou my all, through all my days!

—Sacred Heart Review.

The slightest act may be done with a graciousness that warms the day, or with a hard indifference that almost repels us from goodness itself.

Success in the higher life largely depends upon laying a strong hand upon the appetites and the throbbing passions of the carnal nature so that we can sit at the footstool of God undisturbed by the longings of our discordant strivings.

Work in this busy world is likely to bring a great many failures, with only an occasional success. The failures are discouraging for the time being; but the only way is to keep on in spite of failures until the next success is attained.

Kindheartedness in one's dealings with others is the great charm of life. A mind attentive to the wants of others, which avoids everything calculated to give them pain, which is gracious, which does not keep silence out of touchiness and pride, that mind is the mind of the Christian, and is the joy of everyone who comes in contact with it. Do not let sadness discourage you. Sensible joy is a consolation, but the accomplishment of duty is the real source of all interior progress.

Did you ever think—That a kind word put out at interest brings back an enormous percentage of love and appreciation? That though a loving thought may not seem appreciated, it has yet made you better and braver because of it? That the little act of kindness and thoughtfulness day by day are really greater than one immense act of goodness once a year? That to be always polite to the people at home is better and more refined than having 'company manners'? That to learn to talk pleasantly about nothing in particular is a great art, and prevents you saying things that you may regret? That to judge anybody by his personal appearance stamps you as not only ignorant, but vulgar?

The Storyteller

THE ORGAN BUILDER

The little organ-builder went to and fro about his work, intent upon it only, for he loved it. He loved also the opportunity it gave him to see various parts of the country of his adoption, to which he had come from Holland, his native land, fifteen years before. He was a dreamer, and had always been one, from the time when, a child, he had played with pretty Fritzie Bauer and quiet Katze Martens, who were cousins to each other and neighbors of his own in the ancient Dutch town where Michel's father built organs and played upon them so well that his skill was known throughout the land, even to Amsterdam.

Until he was fourteen and the girls twelve, Michel and Katze had been inseparable comrades, with mischievous Fritzie hovering on the outer edge of their companionship, her teasing ways and merry laugh adding to the triune friendship a vivacity which it would otherwise have lacked.

But by degrees the bright eyes and coquettish manners of Fritzie began to work havoc in Michel's young heart, and Katze gradually fell into second place, which apparently she was content to take, satisfied to be the least where she had long been the first. Besides, marriage had long been planned by their elders between Fritzie and Michel, which arrangement now seemed exactly in accord with the wishes of the two most concerned, for the father of Fritzie had money, while Katze was an orphan, living upon his bounty.

All went well until the arrival of a regiment of hussars in the town. Very soon after their sojourn began Fritzie's pretty head seemed like to fall from her shoulders with vanity at the compliments they paid her, and Michel, jealous and despondent, was forced to look upon her coquetries and endure her indifference till his brain whirled with indignation and disappointment and his heart was almost broken. In these terrible moments Katze became his consoler, listening patiently and sympathetically to his complaints, while she endeavored to excuse Fritzie's conduct, which, she tried to convince him, would once more become normal when the regiment had departed.

One morning the village woke up to find her gone with a handsome corporal, whose term of enlistment had just expired. She had left a heartless note for her sorrowing mother and father: 'I have gone with Hans Erstrofen,' it read. 'We will be married in Amsterdam and sail from there to America, where he has an uncle who will make him rich some day. Tell Michel to marry Katze. She loves him and will be better for a wife than Fritzie. They are both so slow they will be well content together.'

So deeply did this cruel desertion affect Michel that he became very ill; people thought he was going into a decline. But after a time he recovered his health, and subsequently his spirits, again devoting his mind to his organ-playing and organ-building, though it was well understood and entirely approved of by the village that in his heart there lingered a tender, unalterable regret for the faithless Fritzie. That heartless personage wrote but once from America to her parents and was heard of no more. As the pangs of unrequited love and desertion grew less poignant, the sweet, mild face and gentle voice of Katze began to appeal to the lonely heart of Michel. Three years after Fritzie's departure they were married, but under no false pretences from the honest though stricken Michel.

'It is not such a love as I have felt for Fritzie,' he said to her. 'No one knows better than you, Katze, no one as well, that half of my heart went with her. But once in a lifetime does a man love as I loved Fritzie—to many a man I believe no such love ever comes. I mourn for her no longer, but there will always remain with me a memory of her which I cannot banish if I would, but which is as blameless as any memory can be. I should feel no shame if it were known to Fritzie herself, nor the man for whom she left