

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- January 21, Sunday.—Third Sunday after the Epiphany. St. Agnes, Virgin and Martyr.
- „ 22, Monday.—SS. Vincent and Anastasius, Martyrs.
- „ 23, Tuesday.—Espousals of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
- „ 24, Wednesday.—St. Timothy, Bishop and Martyr.
- „ 25, Thursday.—Conversion of St. Paul, Apostle.
- „ 26, Friday.—St. Polycarp, Bishop and Martyr.
- „ 27, Saturday.—St. Vitalian, Pope and Confessor.

Espousals of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

In this feast we commemorate the providential care with which God assigned to the Virgin Mother and her Divine Child, in the person of St. Joseph, a faithful guardian and protector in the necessities and trials of their daily life.

St. Timothy, Bishop and Martyr.

The name of St. Timothy frequently occurs in the New Testament. Born of a Jewish mother, he made from his childhood a special study of the Sacred Scriptures. After his conversion, St. Timothy became the faithful companion of St. Paul, two of whose Epistles are addressed to him.

St. Vitalian, Pope and Confessor.

A native of Southern Italy, St. Vitalian governed the Church for fifteen years. He labored incessantly for the diffusion of Catholicity, particularly in England, where, owing to a dearth of priests, religion was at a low ebb. He died in 672.

GRAINS OF GOLD

A WISH.

May peace attend you,
Nor sorrow lend you
To wistful weeping
Or bitter rue!

May joys enfold you,
The Saviour hold you
Within His keeping
The whole year through!

—Ave Maria.

To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance.
We do not outgrow emotions; we simply wear them out.

The pleasant things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the greatest art in life is to have as many of them as possible.

Idleness is death, and a search for pleasure is sure to wreck life in shallows and in miseries. Safety and sanity lie in systematic useful effort.

There are people who go through life looking for slights, and they are necessarily miserable, for they find grievances everywhere. One has the same pity for such men as for the very poor. They are the morally illiterate. They have had no real education, for they have never learned how to live.

The one thing supremely worth the having is the opportunity, coupled with the capacity, of doing a thing well and worthily, the doing of which is for the welfare of mankind. Whoever would live his life over again, that he might live a better life, would do well to remember that he might do little better than he is now doing. If you want to begin over again, begin now.

The Storyteller

IN REPARATION

(Continued from last week.)

'Why, she seized the two little girls nearest her and made her way out. Fortunately one boy was absent that day and three of the other children had already dashed down the smoking, swaying stairs. The building was a frail, wooden shell, and in a few minutes it was in ashes. And—two of the children had been burned to death!'

'Oh, Mrs. Baker!' I exclaimed. I was thinking of Miss Stannard's tragically sad face.

'The townspeople never forgave her,' Mrs. Baker went on after a pause. 'They thought that she should have saved all the children entrusted to her care before she saved herself. I believe that when all was over she thought so herself; it least it was common talk at the time that she was grieving herself to death, that she could not forgive herself for her "cowardice," as she called it, and that she felt that the death of those children lay at her door.'

'Mr. Baker and I left Little Creek about a month after the disaster, and the only thing I ever heard of Miss Stannard afterward was that immediately after the death of her father, she left the place forever. All this happened about thirteen years ago. She was but a young girl then.'

That night I lay awake for hours thinking of Miss Stannard and grieving for her. I thought that I was to get no sleep, but finally I did doze a little to be aroused by a wild, unearthly cry of fire and a loud banging at my door. In less time than it takes to tell I struggled into some clothes and ran out into the corridor. One end of it was ablaze, but, with some twenty or thirty others all in strange, fantastic costumes, I made my escape down a narrow stairway at the opposite end of the building.

As soon as we reached the open air I hurried toward the burning wing, fearing that some whose rooms were there might have been unable to get out. The sight which greeted my eyes had a kind of weird beauty in spite of its terrors. Fully half of the long wooden building was a sheet of flame and cast a lurid, uncertain light over the trees and flowers, and the half-dressed shivering men, women, and children who were huddled together on the lawn, helplessly watching the ravages of an enemy far stronger than themselves.

I met the proprietor wringing his hands frantically. 'Oh, Mr. Siegrist, are any of the guests still in the building?' I asked, and trembled with apprehension as I awaited his answer.

'Yes, the two youngest of the Blake children. Their mother is ill and was carried out first of all, but before we could get back their rooms were ablaze. The little children will certainly be burned. God help us!'

Feeling suddenly faint and ill, I tried to move on, and reached the corner of the house just in time to see Miss Stannard stagger out of the smoke-enveloped side entrance carrying two small children. I ran forward and relieved her of her double burden. She followed me for a few feet and then sank to the ground unable to go further.

As soon as I could find their half-frantic old nurse I handed the little girls over to her and went back to Miss Stannard. In the confusion no one else heeded her except a small bell boy whom I found leaning over her and kindly but awkwardly trying to do something for her. I then sent post-haste for Father Burke and the doctor, and while I waited for them I knelt beside her and did what little I could to make her more comfortable. As far as I could judge she was not suffering greatly; I was not even certain that she was conscious. She lay perfectly still with closed eyes.

Father Burke came before the doctor. He knelt on the ground beside her and called her by name. She opened her eyes at last and, recognising him, smiled; and a pathetic, ghastly smile it was with her poor face burned into unsightly blisters on one side and all blackened by the dense smoke she had come through.