

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- April 14, Sunday.—Low Sunday.
 „ 15, Monday.—St. Hilary, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
 „ 16, Tuesday.—St. Benedict Joseph Labre, Confessor.
 „ 17, Wednesday.—St. Anicetus, Pope and Martyr.
 „ 18, Thursday.—St. Peter Damian, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
 „ 19, Friday.—St. Leo IX., Pope and Confessor.
 „ 20, Saturday.—St. John Damascene, Confessor, and Doctor.

Low Sunday.

This Sunday is styled in liturgical language Dominica in Albis, or Sunday in White, because in olden times the neophytes, whom it was customary to baptise on Holy Saturday, wore their white robes for the last time to-day.

St. Leo IX., Pope and Confessor.

St. Leo, whose baptismal name was Bruno, was born in Alsace in the year 1002. At the early age of 24, he was chosen Bishop of Toul, an office which brought under the notice of all his spirit of charity, meekness, and penance, and, at the same time, afforded full play to his great administrative qualities. Elected Pope in 1048, he showed himself, during his short pontificate, a zealous reformer of morals and an uncompromising opponent of heresy. He died in Rome in 1054.

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 hast 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!

As a matter of fact, we ought to make a new beginning each morning. We ought to base this fresh start on the net results of yesterday. Yesterday's failures should be our danger signals, and yesterday's successes our guideposts.

Reverence is the chief joy and power of life—reverence for what is pure and bright in your youth, for what is true and tried in the age of others, for all that is gracious among the living, great among the dead, and marvellous in the power that cannot die.

Life is the pit of the orchestra and we are the instruments. The discord and the broken string of the individual instrument do not affect the whole, except as false notes; but I think that God, knowing all things, must discern the symphony, glorious with meaning, through the discordant fragments that we play.

The Storyteller

WHAT GOD HATH JOINED

'Oh, Dot! D-o-t! D-o-t!' called Elaine as she stooped over the small white bed waiting for her little daughter to awake. Dot was an only child, and, consequently, the pride and darling of the household. And a little darling, indeed, was she, being not quite six years old, fair, chubby, and a perfect little angel blonde.

Another call and a slight shake soon brought Miss Dot to a sitting posture in the bed. With a bright, cheery morning greeting, and a loving hug, she jumped from the bed to don her neatest dress.

To-day was a 'red letter' day for Dot, for she was to begin school. This had long been the object of her desires. For days she had entreated her parents to allow her to attend the Academy some few blocks from their home. At first they were averse to her starting school at so tender an age, but finally, after being assured the work would not overtax her mind, they gave their consent.

With the assistance of Elaine, Dot soon donned a pretty little frock and ran down the stairway to greet her father.

Jack Northrop, the lord and master of this happy household, was a prosperous clerk in the brokerage establishment of James Northrop and Co. He was a nephew of James Northrop, and the only surviving Northrop of the younger generation. He had married at the age of twenty-four much against his uncle's wishes. Old Northrop had longed to marry him to some heiress who would lend commercial influence to the name. Jack, having inherited the stubborn character of the Northrops as well as the name, had decided otherwise, and meeting Elaine, who then was a stenographer in a law office, married her.

Although the old gentleman still remained highly incensed over the affair, he realised Jack's value as an office man and still retained him in his employ. By dint of saving, Jack and Elaine had managed to horde by, after seven years of married life, the neat sum of four thousand dollars.

While waiting for Elaine and Dot to come down for the morning meal, Jack was contemplating the advisability of investing this amount so as to bring a sufficient revenue to give Dot the best education possible. The evening before Clifford Hale, one of Jack's college chums, had written him a letter which had caused him much thought, and which he held in his hand as Dot came rushing down the stairway to greet him.

'Good morning, Daddy!' shouted Dot as she jumped upon his knee for her usual morning kiss.

And with the kiss Dot received went forth a prayer to God for His help in safely investing 'Dot's Educational Fund,' as Jack and Elaine were wont to call their savings.

Elaine had now placed the meal upon the table, and all three sat down to enjoy it.

'Here's a letter from Cliff, Elaine. What do you think of it?' asked Jack, handing her the letter, as he fell to the work of storing away a veal chop.

Elaine, taking the letter, read: 'Dear Jack,—Just a few lines to advise you of a splendid opportunity. The Union Railway Company of this city is selling stock at 50, par value 100. The company expects to get a reasonable franchise from the city council. If they are successful, stocks will rise above par. Wire me as soon as possible if you are on. Company is almost sure of franchise. I've put all my savings into stock. Yours, Clifford Hale.'

'What will you do?'

'I've figured it out in this manner,' answered Jack. 'Cliff is a pretty shrewd fellow. If he says an investment is good he means it. He no doubt has written to some of the other boys whom he knows will pull together, thus creating with their united stock in the company a faction that will control the vote of the