

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- October 21, Sunday.—Twentieth Sunday after Pentecost. The purity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
- " 22, Monday.—SS. Cyril and Methodius, Bishops and Confessors.
- " 23, Tuesday.—The Most Holy Redeemer.
- " 24, Wednesday.—St. Raphael, Archangel.
- " 25, Thursday.—St. Boniface I., Pope and Confessor.
- " 26, Friday.—St. Evaristus, Pope and Martyr.
- " 27, Saturday.—St. Ubalduis, Bishop and Confessor.

Feast of Our Most Holy Redeemer.

This day is set apart by the Church to praise and glorify God for the great mystery of our Redemption, and to honor the person of His Son, Who by becoming man and dying on the Cross for us, has freed us from the slavery of satan, and restored to us our heavenly inheritance.

St. Raphael, Archangel.

St. Raphael is one of the seven Archangels who, according to the Bible, are before the throne of God. Raphael was the protector and guide of Tobias and advised him to marry Sara.

St. Boniface, I., Pope and Confessor.

St. Boniface I. was Pope from 418 to 422. Though a lover of peace, he strenuously maintained the rights of the Holy See against the ambitious encroachments of the Patriarch of Constantinople.

St. Evaristus, Pope and Martyr.

The death of St. Evaristus took place in 112. He is honored in the calendar with the title of martyr, but little is known of the events of his life or of his sufferings for the faith.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

THE SIMPLE LIFE—A PRAYER

Give me, O Lord of life and light
 A clear unclouded mind,
 A feeling heart that loves the right,
 And gentle words and kind.
 I ask not fortune, fame or rank,
 Not length of days my plea;
 But let each flying moment find
 Me nearer Lord, to Thee.
 I fain would love Thee, better, Lord,
 And ever do Thy will;
 Help me to Thee and all the world
 My duty to fulfil.
 Free Thou my life from stain of sin,
 From envy, malice, hate,
 From every evil wish or thought
 However small or great.
 And when the sands of time are run,
 My task on earth complete,
 Receive me to Thyself above,
 To worship at Thy feet.

In this world, one must be a little too kind to be kind enough.

He will never accomplish anything who dreams of what he will do instead of showing what he can do.

Whatever you do, do not judge people hastily; try and judge them as you would wish them to judge you.

The simple question is, whatever a man's rank in life may be, does he in that rank perform the work that God has given him to do?

To everyone there comes in life a great turning-point for good or evil, and this is generally brought about by some crushing sorrow.

The life of duty, not the life of mere ease or mere pleasure—that is the kind of life which makes the great man, as it makes the great nation.

The good, the true, the beautiful in lives never die. Like the spirits of great men these qualities float down the ages thrilling other hearts, animating other souls, ennobling lives, inspiring generations yet unborn to noble actions.

The Storyteller

THE SPOT OF DREAMS

Joy and trepidation were upon the school of Conrad the painter, in the old city by the Rhine. His pupils were to furnish designs for one of the cathedral windows—an honor above words, where only artists of note competed—and it was clearly stated that the cartoon accepted must equal theirs in beauty and dignity. High ran the fire of emulation, and hot and long were the discussions at night in the inns where the apprentice painters congregated.

Conrad numbered among his scholars almost all the art-promise of the country, and now Julius, now Otto, now Albert was the name applauded. Had you asked Conrad himself, he would have told you, with clear eyes that had no guile in them, that he hoped the boy Hans would get the window; adding, with religious discretion, that the prize must, however, go always to the best. Among the fellow-students there was a doubt whether Hans would compete at all. They were accustomed to look upon him as a child, and a child he certainly was at heart. How could he expect—he was nothing but a dreamer—to measure himself with them, the designers, the anatomists, the profoundly versed in composition? The attempt could only be idle. True, argued another, he would certainly fail; but his love for Holy Mary was likely to lead him to the attempt where she was to be the subject, even if strength to achieve should be wanting.

Hans passed by their open-air tables as they spoke—a rather tall youth, slender, with the soft hair of childhood touching ear and neck under the round brown cap. He smiled, greeting them, but would not sit. Often he had said he did not like their tankards; and they had answered, mocking, he was not past the taste of milk. Better than the platz he loved the long, lone country roads in the twilight, the lines of poplars against the fading rose, the delicate breeze that scarcely spoke. There was, at the edge of the woods, a chapel dedicated to the Queen of Angels, and here he came almost every night, bringing wild flowers in his hands. Then he would lie on his back in the grass outside the sanctuary and wait for the stars to appear. That was Hans' wooing—the Blessed Virgin Mary and God's stars. No wonder Conrad said the lad had the soul of a poet.

Yet Hans made large demands upon his master's patience. He was dreamy, he was unpractical; he had a great way of saying to all demands, 'To-morrow.' That very day he said it again. The designs were coming in fast, and Conrad had turned to the boy sharply and asked for his.

'To-morrow, sir,' stammered the culprit.

'I would swear you have not even begun it!'

'I had not the idea.'

'The idea, you son of mischief, when you have the shape of the window and you know you must fill that simple shape with an Assumption! What more idea would you like to have?'

'I would like much, sir, to have an idea of the Assumption.'

The wizened old teacher lifted his hands in despair. And Hans, much perturbed betook himself to the saying of Hail Marys. It was the only fount of inspiration he had never known to fail.

He was sad as he lay down that night in the grass behind the chapel. But the wild apple boughs swayed gently above him; between them the sister stars pierced the velvet blue, and the crescent moon stole silvery into view at the last glow of the horizon. Ere he knew it, they had lulled him to sleep. And then the boy Hans had an extraordinary dream.

He was lying in the self-same spot, made fresh and beautiful in spring-time, at the self-same gloaming hour; and into that mysterious twilight scene, where the trail of red had been, grew a wondrous clear color like the mist and flame of opal. A woman with a face of joy unspeakable stood in the glory; while, at the edge of the light, angelic forms wheeled round her; from the shadowy meadow ascended incense of countless flowers—Hans had never guessed how the generous spot ran over with them; and the pulses of violets, beating in some rare melody, cadenced a song the sense of which he understood, though it was only the inarticulate throbbing of stringed instruments swelling to one grand choral: 'Assumpta est Maria in cœlum; gaudent angeli, laudantes benedicunt Dominum!'

Hans awakened through excess of happiness, and went stumbling home, half blind, half dazed. The road was intensely still, the heavens powdered with stars. He took a tallow dip and scratched a design—a mere blot with web-like lines. How he hated to do

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