

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- November 18, Sunday.—Twenty-fourth Sunday after Pentecost. Dedication of the Basilicas of SS. Peter and Paul.
- 19, Monday.—St. Pontian, Pope and Martyr.
- 20, Tuesday.—St. Felix, of Valois, Confessor.
- 21, Wednesday.—Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
- 22, Thursday.—St. Cecily, Virgin and Martyr.
- 23, Friday.—St. Clement, Pope and Martyr.
- 24, Saturday.—St. John of the Cross, Confessor.

Dedication of the Basilicas of SS. Peter and Paul.

These two basilicas are situated in Rome, the one on the Vatican hill, the other on the road which leads to the mouth of the Tiber. They are famous throughout the world for size, richness, and magnificence of decoration, but the most precious treasures which they contain are the relics of the two great Apostles—St. Peter, the Vicar of Christ, and St. Paul, the zealous missionary of the infant Church.

St. Pontian, Pope and Martyr.

St. Pontian was Pope from 230 to 235. He was exiled by Alexander Severus to the island of Tavolara, on the eastern coast of Sardinia, where he was put to death by order of Maximin.

St. John of the Cross, Confessor.

St. John was a Spaniard. He received his surname from his special devotion to the passion of Christ. He was associated with St. Theresa in reforming the Carmelite Order, of which he was a member. At the time of his death, in 1591, St. John was in his fiftieth year.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

UNLESS AS LITTLE CHILDREN.

Who loves Our Lady as a little child,
 Its mother loves, with fond, undoubting trust
 In her affection, and with faith robust
 That deems her power as boundless as 'tis mild
 To shield from harm, to calm all tempests wild,
 And turn aside each foeman's fatal thrust,—
 He, only he, hath formed conception just
 Of what is due God's Mother undefiled.

Unless as little children we become
 In simple, reverent humility,
 This life full weary grows and burthensome,
 Nor Heaven's glories may we hope to see:
 And they alone act well a childlike part
 Who love Our Mother blest with all their heart.
 —'Ave Maria.'

I believe in the rare only; great minds, great characters, great men. What matters the rest! The greatest praise that may be given a diamond is to call it a solitaire.—Henri Rene du Bois.

To look for praise or place is to work in the spirit of the hireling. That alone is good for me which gives me freedom and opportunity to lead my own life, to uphold the being which is myself.

Criticisms never hurt anybody. If false, they cannot hurt you unless you are wanting in manly character; and if true, they show a man his weak points and forewarn him against failure.

The truly charitable individual forgives all because he understands all; he judges not, 'lest he condemn himself,' and he gives not only of his material stores, but of his very self in the service of humanity.

Human nature is alike in its essentials, and there is the divine element in each of us. No two people can see the same scene with the same eyes, no two people realize the wonder of a divine thought on a human problem with the same degree of intensity. No two people, either, have the same gift of expression. Be satisfied that you can feel. Perhaps God has adjusted the balance in this wise—that while your lips are dumb your spirit is eloquent, bringing you where words never could.

The Storyteller

HER TRUE STORY

'And so you are a journalist?' said Captain John Denvers, looking intently into the pale, delicate features of the girl whom he had taken into dinner at Mrs. Dewbury's farewell party, given in his honor. 'Do you know, I do admire a woman who works for her living. There is something grand, something ennobling about her.'

'Sometimes necessity makes us work when we should otherwise be lazy,' answered Silvia Clarke, with a wistful smile; 'and writing is not always such a spontaneous operation as people imagine it to be. To-night, for instance, when I get home I shall have to burn the midnight oil for many hours ere I close my eyes.'

John Denvers was looking incredulously, so the girl nodded her head, with a look of conviction on her features. 'Yes,' she continued, 'I ought not to have come here to-night, as I have a story to write. But dear Mrs. Dewbury insisted and would take no refusal, so I put my work aside to please her. I shall have to make up for lost time, since the printers will be waiting for copy to-morrow, that's all.' 'Oh, I don't mind a bit, really,' for Denvers, muttered something about a 'shame.' 'And I believe I've got part of my plot already, and then putting the story together is only half the battle.'

'Brave little woman,' said Silvia's companion, admiringly. 'How long have you been doing this sort of work?'

'Since I lost my parents, three years ago,' she answered gravely, and there was a touch of pathos in her voice. 'And although it was very hard at first to get accustomed to continued disappointments, I tried to be patient and not to lose heart. I am quite successful and contented now—she feared her foregoing words had implied a complaint, and was eager to dispel that impression—'so please don't pity me, for I have been very lucky on the whole.'

'Lucky,' repeated Denvers, with a curl of the lip, while it struck him that fate had been monstrously unkind to this lonely, beautiful girl. Lucky to have to fight her way in the world without a protecting arm to guard her from its bruising cares, and vehement ills! Lucky, notwithstanding the daily struggle to keep body and soul together! Lucky! She had said it with a cheerful, hopeful smile, in spite of the heartache she must undoubtedly experience at times, when literary adventurers and dishonest editors failed to keep their faith with her. He glanced with gentle pity at the delicate ungloved hand at his side, and longed to take it and press it tightly in his own.

'It's hard on the little girl,' he mused, 'and she's awfully pretty, too. Why didn't I meet her before this? Just as I leaving for India, and the next two years are mapped out for me, I meet a girl, charming, accomplished, interesting—yes, by jove! extremely interesting—in fact, a woman after my own heart and taste. She fascinates me from the moment I set eyes on her, and I feel irresistibly drawn toward her. She is just the very girl I could have loved, although two hours ago I wasn't even aware of her existence. What an awkward beggar Fate is, to be sure; she's always upsetting somebody.'

And at that moment there was a stir, and the ladies were retiring from the dinner table and Silvia vanished from John Denvers' side—not without a smile, however, from her adorable, upturned face, which sent a rush of blood to his heart and made him wish more than ever that he might have postponed his journey to India indefinitely. Meanwhile Mrs. Dewbury had marched Silvia into the conservatory, and was chaffing her about her evident conquest of Captain Denvers.

'Isn't he nice?' Mrs. Dewbury was asking. 'What a pity it is that he is obliged to leave us so soon.'

'When does he go?' inquired Silvia, absently. Nothing mattered much to her in her dull, loveless world, and this man's coming and going were surely synonymous, considering she, too, had never heard of his existence until the day before, when Mrs. Dewbury's hurried little note had asked her to 'come and amuse a really charming soldier, who was just off to India.' The invitation has roused her in the midst of her work, and she had rushed to her scanty wardrobe to see whether or not her clothes would permit of her accepting. A black silk skirt, somewhat the worse for wear, and a pale pink chiffon blouse came to the rescue, and after some local attention to these with the aid of a flat-iron, Silvia had thought to abandon her dreary work for a few hours' pleasant recreation at Mrs. Dewbury's. Of course, she would have to work