

# Friends at Court

## GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- October 20, Sunday.—Twenty-second Sunday after Pentecost. Purity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
- „ 21, Monday.—St. Victor III., Pope and Confessor.
- „ 22, Tuesday.—SS. Cyril and Methodius, Bishops and Confessors.
- „ 23, Wednesday.—Our Most Holy Redeemer.
- „ 24, Thursday.—St. Raphael, Archangel.
- „ 25, Friday.—St. Boniface I., Pope and Confessor.
- „ 26, Saturday.—St. Evaristus, Pope and Martyr.

Saints Cyril and Methodius, Bishops and Confessors.

The conversion of Moravian and other Slavic tribes was the work especially of Saints Cyril and Methodius, deservedly called the 'Apostles of the Slavonians.' They were brothers, born at Thessalonica of an illustrious senatorial family. The mission of Cyril and Methodius in Moravia was crowned with wonderful results. They baptised Radislav, the King, and securely established Christianity in his country. Cyril invented a Slavic alphabet, called after him the 'Cyrillic,' and, with the aid of his brother, translated the Holy Scripture into Slavonian. Cyril died at Rome in 869, and Methodius in 885.

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.

## GRAINS OF GOLD

### CONFIDENCE.

Jesus, think me not complaining  
 When I tell Thee of my care;  
 Often, when vexations harass,  
 Life seems more than I can bear.  
 Morning comes with disappointment,  
 Noontide brings but weary pain,  
 And the evening with its shadows,  
 Echoes back a sad refrain!

Blame me not, then, if I hasten  
 To Thy Shrine, where I may lay,  
 At Thy feet, in sweet confiding,  
 All the burden of the day.  
 Bear with me, because none other  
 Have I near whom I may trust—  
 Thou art ever faithful, loving,  
 And rely on Thee I must.

—'Catholic News.'

Do not be deluded by the belief that what is popular is necessarily good.—'Union and Times.'

The time we give to friendship is not lost, and it will ever count as regards heaven.

Religion is to society what cement is to the building—it makes all parts compact and secure.

When it is necessary to use severity, be very careful to have no malice or hatred mixed with it.—Ven. L. de Blois, O.S.B.

God does not take pleasure in our torments. On the contrary, He heals the wounds of sinners, with efficacious remedies.—St. Gregory the Great, O.S.B.

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.

There is a light, jesting, flippant, unkind mode of thinking about things and persons, very common in society, exceedingly different from wit, which stifles good conversation and gives a sense of general hostility rather than sociability.

Some anarchists say that 'labor is entitled to all that it produces,' but they do not add, 'by its own unaided efforts.' Certainly labor is not entitled to all that it produces in conjunction with capital. That is a 'heads-I-win-tails-you-lose' arrangement.—'Catholic Columbian.'

# The Storyteller

## THE RURAL MAIL CARRIER

Leescom came down the lane in his shirt sleeves, a fat, rather vacuous smile on his broad face. The world went well with Leescom.

The mail delivery wagon was just rounding the next hill, so he waited by his box, a letter in his hand.

'Mornin', Bates,' he said, as the wagon curved in and stopped at his box. 'How's weather predictions?'

'Bad,' replied Bates, exchanging a paper for the letter. 'Signals all out. Regular blizzard coming in from the north-west; mercury down to forty below in some places, and predictions for ten below here.'

Leescom laughed unbelievably.

'Your weather reports are generally pretty close,' he said, 'but I guess it's off this time. Why, look here,' with a comprehensive sweep of his hand over earth and sky, 'thermometer high's seventy, with birds singin' an' not a speck in the sky. Course, 't ain't the end of March yet, an' there's bound to be some more cold. But ten below—pshaw! My almanac's marked "Expect fair weather 'bout this time," an' it runs down over ten whole days. That brings it into April. I'm willin' to go by your predictions when they're reasonable, but when they ain't I'll fall back on the old almanac. That's stood by me a good many years. I've been plowin' the last week, an' this mornin' I've got the garden ready to set out early cabbages an' onion sets. I'm goin' right back to 'em now. Ten below—huh! I've lived 'round here fifteen years, an' have never seen it over six below in the dead of winter.'

'Well, I'd put off the cabbages and onions a few days longer if I were you,' warned Bates, as he took up his reins. 'Maybe the cold wave'll moderate some before it gets here, and maybe it won't. But your cabbages will be just as well off in the cold frame and the onion sets in the cellar. They ain't apt to grow very much the next few days.'

'When are you countin' on sendin' this cold wave?' called Leescom jocosely, as the wagon moved away. 'An' is it to be mixed with rain or snow, or with solid ice all blocked out for the ice house?'

'Predictions say heavy snow storms, terrific wind, and due here some time to-night,' answered the mail carrier.

Leescom looked after him with a grin, which, however, speedily changed to an expression of anxiety. Weather Bureau predictions were not things to be treated lightly, he well knew. Then he seemed to think of something else, for his hands went suddenly to his mouth in a loud bellow.

'Bates! O-oh, Bates! Hold up! I forgot suthin'.'

The wagon came to a stop, and he hurried after it as fast as his heavy body would permit.

'Say, B-Bates,' he panted, 'I came out mostly to speak to you 'bout that note, but your weather talk knocked it all out of my head.'

Bates looked surprised.

'I thought the note was all arranged,' he said. 'It was to be extended three months, you know. You said you were perfectly willing.'

'Yes, yes, that was all right, but—well,' desperately, 'I let the note go, an' that's all there is to it. I had use for some money unexpectedly, an'—an' I thought I'd better tell you so you could look out for its comin' due.'

'Who to?'

'Cheesick.'

Bates started, his eyes flashing. Cheesick was a merchant in town, with an unenviable reputation. It was said that he never did business with a man without manoeuvring to get the fat end of the deal, with a commission on the lean end besides. Bates had never dealt with him much. But they had had words. His face grew stern.

'Why did you do this, Mr. Leescom,' he demanded, 'without first coming to me? When I bought the land from you for a thousand dollars, you said you hand no use for the money and would wait as long as I wished. However, I raised you five hundred, and have paid you three hundred since. I had the other two and the interest for you last week, but my brother was ill and needing help, so I came and asked if you were perfectly willing to wait another six months. You answered that you would rather have the money on interest than be paid. Now it seems you went almost immediately and sold this note to Mr. Cheesick. Why? He is said to never buy anything without a