

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- October 27, Sunday.—Twenty-third Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 28, Monday.—SS. Simon and Jude, Apostles.
 „ 29, Tuesday.—St. Bede, Confessor and Doctor.
 „ 30, Wednesday.—St. John Baptist de la Salle, Confessor.
 „ 31, Thursday.—St. Siricius, Pope and Confessor. Fast Day.
 November 1, Friday.—Feast of All Saints. Holiday of Obligation.
 „ 2, Saturday.—Commemoration of the Faithful Departed.

St. Bede, Confessor and Doctor.

St. Bede, commonly called Venerable Bede, was born not far from Newcastle-on-Tyne in 673. Piety and learning were in him equally conspicuous. Mabillon writes of him: 'Who ever applied himself to the study of every branch of literature, and also to the teaching of others, more than Bede? Yet who was more closely united to Heaven by the exercises of piety and religion?' To see him pray, says an ancient writer, 'one would think he left himself no time to study; and when we look at his books, we wonder how he could have found time to do anything else but write.' The works of Venerable Bede include several commentaries on the Sacred Scriptures, and a history of the Catholic Church in England, which have earned for him the title of Doctor of the Church, conferred on him by the late Pope. Venerable Bede died in 735.

Commemoration of the Faithful Departed.

On this day the Church solemnly commemorates and prays for all the souls in purgatory that they may be speedily released from their suffering.

GRAINS OF GOLD

GIFTS.

Labor and rest,
 These are the best
 Blessings that Heaven gives;
 And happy is he
 Who makes them be
 His gladness while he lives.

With every day
 To wake and say:
 'Thank God for work and light!
 And when at last
 The day is past—
 Thank God for rest at night!

This is to find
 Sweet peace of mind;
 To know life's precious worth;
 God's gifts to take
 And with them make
 A paradise of earth!

— S.H. Review.

The battle with evil is no sham fight. Throw your whole energies into the fray.

To him who has perfect development, charity means but one of the aspects of universal love.

Many of us miss the joys that might be ours by keeping our eyes fixed on those of other people.

Kindness is not a commodity for barter; you cannot buy it. It must be given as a free gift or not at all.

We lose a great deal of the joy of living by not cheerfully accepting the small pleasures that come to us every day instead of longing and wishing for what belongs to others.

Gentleness is not weakness. Firmness is necessary in order to preserve authority. It must be, however, a firmness that knows how to separate without making rents that it would be afterwards necessary to mend. In this effeminate age, discipline cannot be managed without Christian energy.

The Storyteller

THE RURAL MAIL CARRIER

(Concluded from last week.)

On the return road of his route it was much worse, for every moment the snow was becoming deeper and the drifts more formidable. He did not try to ride now; it was as much as his horse could do to pull itself and the wagon through the snow. Two miles from town he decided it was cruelty to the animal to expose it to the blizzard any longer, and he turned into the barn of a farmer who lived on the road and stabled it for the night. From there he walked to town, depositing and taking up mail at the boxes as he passed. It was after dark when he reached the Post Office, and was eight below zero.

None of the other carriers had returned, though one of them had sent a message over the only telephone wire which was not down. It stated that this carrier's wagon had stuck in a drift and could not be extricated; that his own ears were frozen, and that he had stopped at a farmhouse, where he would remain until the storm moderated enough for him to complete his route.

As he was about to leave the Post Office, after arranging his mail, Bates met the village liveryman coming in. His face looked troubled.

'Hello, Bates,' he said. 'You're just the man I'm looking for. Seen anything of Cheesick?'

'Not since yesterday afternoon.'

In spite of its anxiety, the face relaxed into a grin. 'Oh, yes, I heard about that. But I mean today, out on your route. He started for Lindenwood's several hours ago. Told my stable boy it was going to be a bad night, and that he'd better start early before it got to its worst.'

'No, I haven't seen him. I go out that way in the morning, and come back by the other road in the afternoon.'

'Yes, that's so. Well, I don't know what to do. If 'twas anybody but Cheesick I wouldn't think so much of it, but he don't know a thing about horses, and but precious little about storms. He came right out of his warm store, with his big fur overcoat covering him all up, and fur over his head and face and hands. The boy said he couldn't see anything but eyes and a line of white frost puffing through a hole about where the nose ought to be. Cold couldn't have got in anywhere to nip him a warning before he started. If I'd been in the stable, I wouldn't have given him a horse, but the boy didn't know.'

'Well, perhaps he got through all right.' But there was grave doubt in Bates' voice.

'Perhaps,' with even more doubt. 'But two farmers out that way started home an hour ago, and they just came back. They said the drifts were so bad they couldn't make it, and Cheesick was only an hour ahead of them. If they couldn't get through, what would he do? The snow couldn't have got so very much worse in an hour.'

'I expect I'd better go out and look for him,' said Bates.

'You?' incredulously. 'Man alive! you couldn't do anything in this storm. If the farmers couldn't get their horses through, you can't. They are both plucky fellows.'

'I shall not take a horse,' returned Bates. 'I can do better on foot, for then I can go around the drifts and crawl along fences and often strike across the higher ground where the wind has kept the snow down. It will not be so dark but I can examine the road, for the snow itself will give some light.'

'But you can't do it,' his anxiety for the horse changing to anxiety for Bates—'four miles through this storm to Lindenwood's. It's suicide, man. Cheesick will be all right, I think. There were heavy ropes in the carriage, and they and his own wraps will bunk him in warm, even out in a storm. It was the horse I was thinking of, but a horse isn't worth risking a man's life for.'

'I don't agree with you there,' emphatically. 'I'd risk my life for my horse any time, if there were need; and I think Cheesick wants looking after. Eight degrees below zero and this wind will cut through any amount of furs. I've an idea he's in the drift just this side of Lindenwood's. I had difficulty in raking that even in the forenoon.'

'Well, you'll take somebody along with you?' in a troubled voice. 'I'm afraid I've started you into this thing. Suppose I go too?'