

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- November 29, Sunday.—First Sunday in Advent.
 " 30, Monday.—St. Andrew, Apostle.
 December 1, Tuesday.—St. Didacus, Confessor.
 " 2, Wednesday.—St. Bibiana, Virgin and Martyr.
 " 3, Thursday.—St. Francis Xavier, Confessor.
 " 4, Friday.—St. Peter Chrysologus, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
 " 5, Saturday.—St. Martin, Pope and Martyr.

St. Didacus, Confessor.

St. Didacus, a native of Andalusia, entered as a lay brother the Order of Friars Minor. He was remarkable for a tender love of our Blessed Lord, a love which he fostered by continual meditation on the Passion, and which was specially manifested by his intense devotion when receiving the Blessed Eucharist. St. Didacus died in 1463.

St. Bibiana, Virgin and Martyr.

St. Bibiana was the daughter of a Roman noble named Flavian, who himself gave his life for the Faith. The confiscation of her property, with its consequent privations, having failed to shake her constancy in the profession of Christianity, she was subjected to cruel tortures, and finally scourged to death, A.D. 363.

GRAINS OF GOLD

HYMN TO THE SACRED HEART.

When our hearts are crushed with anguish,
 And care-laden lies our way,
 When for sympathy we languish,
 What a balm these words convey:
 Trust in the Heart of Jesus.
 O Sacred Heart, O Sacred Heart,
 Rest in the Heart of Jesus,
 O Sacred Heart in Thee.

When our cherished hopes are blighted,
 And our friends inconstant grown,
 When by worldlings coldly slighted,
 Hear those words, poor, lost, and lone;
 Hope in the Heart of Jesus.
 O Sacred Heart, O Sacred Heart,
 Live in the Heart of Jesus;
 O Sacred Heart, in Thee.

—Exchange.

Discontent is the most absurd of all indulgences, for it destroys present happiness and gives no promise for the future.

No one has a right to do as he pleases except when he pleases to do right.—Anon.

It is absurd to be vain of what any one can have who can pay for it.—St. Clement of Alexandria.

If you are suffering from a bad man's injustice, forgive him, lest there should be two bad men.—St. Augustine.

Each time you repeat the Lord's Prayer, think for a moment in what state of mind you are when you ask God that His kingdom should come.—Lacordaire.

One great reason why the work of reformation goes on slowly is because we all of us begin on our neighbors and never reach ourselves.

The wayside joys are better than the final successes, the flowers along the vista brighter than the victor wreath at its close.—Theodore Winthrop.

A man who has never had religion before, no more grows religious when he is sick than a man who has never learned figures can count when he has need of calculation.—Dr. Johnson.

Men of evil life are murderers of souls. By direct intention, or by the infection of example, they destroy the innocent and turn back the penitent.—Cardinal Manning.

Yes, it is true that there are moments when the flesh is nothing to me, when I feel and know the flesh to be the vision; God and the spiritual the only real and true. Depend upon it, the spiritual is the real.—Tennyson.

The Storyteller

MAGGIE'S DISCONTENT

Until her cousin, Bridie Dempsey, came down from the city to pay them a visit the previous summer, Maggie Shanahan had always been the happiest and most contented of mortals, and, indeed, well she might be, since, being the only child of good and fond, even doting, parents, the girl seemed to have had from her cradle pretty much everything she wished for.

To be sure, her tastes and desires had always been of the simplest. Her father was gardener to Mr. Langrishe, of Dunallen Manor, and the pretty lodge at the entrance gates, in which the Shanahans lived, made such a dainty and desirable dwelling place as often caused much better-off folk than they were to regard it with an envious and longing eye. The little house was covered with roses and jessamine, woodbine, and Virginia creeper, which wound themselves in a charming tangle round the arches of the low verandah, and peeped curiously in by the edge of the open latticed windows as if straining their necks to get a glimpse of the sweet little rooms within.

The flower-beds in front were filled with every kind of blossom, some even of the rarest sort, which Mr. Shanahan, as a highly-privileged person, was allowed to carry away from the overflow of the manor garden; while behind the house was a wide plot for vegetables, and a green grassy lawn on which Maggie might bleach her linen or put her pet lamb to graze; and yet further off, half-hidden by the edge of the wood, lay the wired-in space where the girl kept her varied assortment of chickens and ducklings, rabbits, guinea-pigs, and other pets.

Between the care of all these and assisting her mother with the housework, and helping father with his flowers after tea time in the long summer evenings, Maggie never knew what it was to be lonely or dull. To be sure it was very quiet sometimes, especially when 'the family' were away and there were no lodge-gates to be opened, and never a stir broke the stillness of the air save the cawing of the crows as they flew homeward across the wood each evening to the great rookery that lay in the high trees behind the manor; still her days were so busy and happily filled that she hardly felt the hours passing till her father came home from his work.

And then—sometimes he brought Watt Kennedy with him, and Mrs. Shanahan would bid that young man kindly welcome, and (while Maggie's eyes shyly seconded the invitation) invite him to stay to tea. On these evenings, indeed, the time seemed actually to fly, while the little party laughed and chatted merrily over a pleasant tea table graced by honey and lettuce, and new-laid eggs, and generous plates of home-made bread or some of Watt's favorite currant cake, which, as if by some strange intuition, Maggie never failed to have baked against the evening of his arrival.

Walter Kennedy was tall and strong, blue-eyed and fair-haired, as fine a specimen of young Irish manhood as one need wish to see, and 'a great champion entirely' at all the local hurling and football matches. He was under-gardener at the manor, and a very special favorite with Maggie's father; but for that matter Watt was a great favorite with everybody, even with Mrs. Shanahan, who was never too easily pleased. As for Maggie herself, she was young, and as yet not altogether sure of her own heart; still she should have been sorely disappointed had Watt failed them in one of his weekly visits, for which she never neglected to 'dress up' a little, and put on a fresh piece of ribbon, feeling as she did so a new and exultant gladness that her glass reflected back such a fresh and undeniably winsome face.

Bridie Dempsey's visits had come about quite unexpectedly. Mrs. Shanahan had received a letter from the girl's mother, who was her first cousin, and lived in Dublin. Bridie had been ill and in hospital, the letter said. She had just returned home, but was still very delicate; they were doing all they could for her, but with so many other mouths to feed and the loss of the girl's wages—Bridie worked in a factory—they were hard set enough to give her the care and nourishment she needed, much less send her anywhere for change of air, as the doctor had advised. Between one thing and another, her illness had been a terrible drain on them, etc., etc. Every line of the letter said plainly, as could be, 'Perhaps you would ask her down for a while to the country?' and even without such obvious hinting, kind-hearted Mrs. Shanahan would have been only too willing to come to the rescue.