

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- January 17, Sunday.—Second Sunday after the Epiphany.
 The Most Holy Name of Jesus.
 „ 18, Monday.—The Chair of St. Peter at Rome.
 „ 19, Tuesday.—St. Canute, Martyr.
 „ 20, Wednesday.—SS. Fabian and Sebastian, Mar-
 tyrs.
 „ 21, Thursday.—St. Agnes, Virgin and Martyr.
 „ 22, Friday.—SS. Vincent and Anastasius, Mar-
 tyrs.
 „ 23, Saturday.—Espouals of the Blessed Virgin
 Mary.

The Most Holy Name of Jesus.

St. Paul tells us that Our Lord 'humbled Himself, be-
 coming obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross.
 For which cause God also hath exalted Him, and given
 Him a name which is above all names: that in the name
 of Jesus every knee should bow, of those that are in
 heaven, on earth, and under the earth.' The object of
 the Church in instituting the feast which we celebrate
 to-day was to bring before her children the sacredness of
 the name of Jesus, and to make atonement for the sins of
 those who use it irreverently.

The Chair of St. Peter at Rome.

This feast commemorates the residence and pontificate
 of St. Peter at Rome. At first he had fixed his See at
 Antioch, but, thinking it advisable that the Supreme Head
 of the Church should reside in the capital of the then
 known world, he came to Rome. His residence there ex-
 tended, according to the more commonly received opinion,
 from A.D. 42 to his martyrdom in 67.

GRAINS OF GOLD

CONTEMPLATION.

Happy who stands from all the rush aside,
 Who quits this eager life of deep unrest,
 Where men seek things which never are possessed,
 But like fast-flowing waters from them glide,
 To all devouring seas that open wide;
 Happy who turns away, and on the breast
 Of the slow Nile moves on calm and at rest
 To regions where repose and peace abide.

Where earth and sky through ages are the same;
 And man, knowing the little he can do,
 The emptiness, of pleasure, power and fame,
 Like the calm earth and sky grows tranquil too,
 And makes sweet contemplation his sole aim,
 Gazing from palm-tree's shade on heaven's blue.

—Bishop J. L. Spalding.

We know the truth not only by the reason, but also
 by the heart.—Pascal.

No fact in science has ever discredited a fact in re-
 ligion.—Henry Drummond.

Occasionally a listener hears good of himself—after
 talking into a phonograph.

What matter is it to us of genera and species? He
 to whom the Eternal Word speaketh is delivered from a
 multitude of opinions.—St. Thomas à Kempis.

Action repeated becomes habit. Habit long continued
 becomes second nature. We are to-day what we were ac-
 customed to do yesterday and the day before.

The lot of the virtuous is affliction. The Patriarchs
 were virtuous, and their wandering lives were a series of
 miseries, threatened or experienced; the prophets were
 virtuous, and see the tortures they endured and the deaths
 they died; the Apostles were Christ's own, and St. Paul
 tells us they were treated as the refuse of this world and
 the offscouring of mankind; and as for Christ, the God of
 virtue—the crucifix is the history of His life.

Know this weighty truth: It is not enough that
 chances come; they come in vain to them who are not
 ready. Opportunity for noble life, service, achievement
 will surely come, but if you are not ready you will either
 not understand its facts and character, or you will recoil
 from its front in timid fear, or, recklessly seizing it with
 untrained hand and undisciplined heart, you will shamefully
 fail in its use. Chance means nothing to the untrained
 soul.—Dr. W. W. Dame.

The Storyteller

MARY ANN O'

There was a great deal in common between Sweet Au-
 burn and Oldtown. Indeed, the most marked difference
 lay in the fact that Oldtown was the loveliest village of the
 hills, where it had nestled two hundred and fifty years or
 so, when the Oldtown Iron Works were established.

Nobody formally named it Oldtown at first; it grew
 to it. It was originally part of an older town, and when
 it was set off and took unto itself a separate corporate
 existence the king formally called it Oldtown in his char-
 ter. That was years and years ago, when the king did his
 colonial business through the medium of charters granted
 of his mere motion and special grace, and the people were
 staunch and loyal subjects to his Majesty George the some-
 thing.

They were still loyal when the stamp act was passed,
 and did not discover for some time how iniquitous a
 measure it was, and what a culmination it was of other
 hardly less iniquitous laws under which they had been liv-
 ing. You see, laws of all kinds have always fallen very
 lightly upon the people of Oldtown; because of the rare
 occasions on which they discovered how they were oppressed
 by the measures of their over seas king, and when it came time
 to have men at Bunker Hill, the men of Oldtown were there
 in goodly numbers, and fired at the whites of the eyes of
 the king's soldiers with as deadly purpose as if they
 had never been his loyal subjects.

Steam and electric things have made that Bunker
 Hill day a time very, very long ago, but they have
 touched Oldtown only very lightly yet, and hence it is a
 much more recent occurrence there.

Oldtown had been enjoying the results of Bunker Hill
 two generations when the Oldtown Iron Works were estab-
 lished. Hitherto the people had wrought their livelihood
 from the soil, and were supremely prosperous and content.
 They continued to live by the land, but for a time they
 were intoxicated with the prospect of Oldtown becoming
 the centre of a great iron industry, and had dreams not
 of greater, but of a different kind of wealth—the wealth
 of dollars.

They were disappointed, however. Oldtown did not
 become a great iron centre. The Oldtown Iron Works
 brought in a scant few skilled mechanics and laborers, and
 never brought any more. It disturbed the placidity of
 Oldtown in one particular only—it brought the Irish to
 town, and somehow they always make a difference. A
 few of the skilled mechanics and all the unskilled laborers
 were of that condemned race, and in a few years the
 district school had Mickeys and Dinny's and Mollies study-
 ing the history of Bunker Hill with Silases, Luthers, Abi-
 gails, and Ruths.

They did not get along together very well at first; but
 the pugnacity and good nature of the little 'Paddies' soon
 won first the toleration and then the good-will of their
 fellow-pupils. So that fifteen years or so later, when they
 all stood together on the town hall stage in white gowns
 and white ties and received from the school committee
 Oldtown's certificate that they had received a finished edu-
 cation, you could not tell Molly from Ruth, unless you
 were near enough to catch the twinkle in Molly's eye.
 There was a delightful hybridity in this first generation of
 Oldtown Irish; not in their blood, but in their life. Tem-
 peramentally they were distinctively and unqualifiedly
 Irish, but the atmosphere of Oldtown gave their speech
 and manners an unmistakable Oldtown flavor.

The Oldtown Iron Works were operated in a legal
 way by a creature born of the law called the Oldtown
 Iron Works Company. They were, in fact and in deed,
 owned and operated by Mr. Jonathan Spencer, sen., by
 right of the conjugal felicity existing between him and
 his wife, Jane, who was the nominal owner of the capital
 stock. Periodically she would solemnly and formally pass
 certain votes to satisfy the lawyers, about which she knew
 but little and thought less. She was a dear, good body,
 whose chief aim in life was to save souls by the Baptist
 plan, and to that aim she gave very much thought and
 energy and very little of either to puddling iron.

There was a Jonathan junior, of course, and of course
 he was the darling of his mother's heart. He had been
 the town terror as a boy, and when it came time for him
 to go away to a city college she insisted upon taking up a
 city home for his sake. She could never trust him to the
 dangers of the city alone. But her plan was not success-
 ful, though she did not realise to what extent it had failed
 until she was forced to call upon influential friends to get
 him out of the hands of the police. His offence was not
 very serious, just a mischievous prank in company with