

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- November 7, Sunday.—Twenty-third Sunday after Pentecost.
 " 8, Monday.—Octave of All Saints.
 " 9, Tuesday.—Dedication of the Basilica of St. John Lateran, Rome.
 " 10, Wednesday.—St. Andrew Avellino, Confessor.
 " 11, Thursday.—St. Martin, Bishop and Confessor.
 " 12, Friday.—St. Livinus, Bishop and Martyr.
 " 13, Saturday.—St. Nicholas I., Pope and Confessor.

St. Andrew Avellino, Confessor.

St. Andrew was a native of the kingdom of Naples. He gave up the practice of the law in order to devote himself more perfectly to the service of his Divine Master. Having entered the Order of Theatines, he led for many years a most penitential life, dying in 1608, at the age of eighty-eight.

St. Martin, Bishop and Confessor.

St. Martin of Tours, as he is called from his episcopal See, was born of pagan parents about the year 317. By some he is held to have been the grand-uncle of St. Patrick. At the age of eighteen he was baptised, and from that time his life, which had always been marked by moral goodness, became resplendent with all the virtues, but particularly with the premier Christian virtue—charity. Compelled to serve for a time in the army, he kept himself perfectly free from the vices to which soldiers are, more than others, exposed. Appointed Bishop of Tours, in France, he showed himself a wise and capable administrator, and he was singularly successful in causing the last traces of paganism to disappear from his diocese. He died in all probability about the year 397.

GRAINS OF GOLD

NAME AND ADDRESS.

My mother taught my childish lips to say
 Whose child I was, and where my dwelling-place,
 To tell, she said, to the first friendly face,
 If ever I should chance to go astray.
 And once, when I had wandered far away,
 And could no more my truant steps retrace,
 Back to my longing mother's warm embrace
 One led me by that clue at close of day.

We must be children once again, saith He,
 Whose Word is life's high law; so, when I roam
 Out of the narrow way and stand in need,
 Lest I be lost for ever, I will plead:
 'My mother's name is Mary, and my home
 Is where she lives, in Heaven, and looks for me.'

REV. JOHN FITZPATRICK, O.M.I.

Be cheerful. It is better to live in sunshine than in gloom. If a cloud should darken your heart, turn its silver lining to your friends, and cast the glow of cheer upon them, and the cloud will give way before the brightness and joy its own light has begotten.

Sometimes a common scene in nature will open itself to us with a brightness and pregnancy of meaning unknown before. It is but an instance of God's infinite mind communicating some lesson to His creatures. All who are made open to their reception receive them.

The world sees devout people pray often, suffer injuries, serve the sick, give to the poor, watch, moderate their hunger, restrain their passions, deprive themselves of sensual pleasures, and perform such other acts as are in themselves severe and rigorous, but the world does not see the inward cordial devotion which renders all these actions agreeable, pleasant, and easy. Consider the bees upon the thyme; they find there very bitter juice, yet in sucking it they turn it into honey. Oh, worldlings! It is true devout souls find much bitterness in these exercises of mortification, but in performing them they convert them into sweetness and delight.—St. Francis de Sales.

There are many things which look important, many, many things which have a great deal to say very speciously in behalf of their importance. But faith, like death, silences many voices and answers many questions very quietly, and makes many important things unimportant without taking the trouble to degrade them. In truth there is nothing important but God. All the questions of life become one question as they revolve round Him. Is there a God? What sort of God is He? What does He want to do with us? What does He expect us to do for Him? What will happen to us if we refuse or neglect to do it? In the answer to these questions, or rather the answer to this one question, lies all practical religion, the entire significance of life and its sole importance.

The Storyteller

IN THE DAY OF FATE

He was sitting at the end of a bench in the orange-shaded plaza, basking in the warm sunlight, his shoulders bent with the pathetic droop of illness, his thin, long-fingered hands clasped together on his knees, and his slouched hat drawn down low over his eyes. He might have been supposed to be asleep, as he thus sat motionless, with every muscle relaxed, if he had not started perceptibly when the sound of voices speaking English suddenly fell on his ear. It was a very unusual sound in San Juanito, which was seldom honored with the visits of tourists, being only an ordinary little Mexican town, lying at the foot of the Sierra, which stretched like a mass of carved lapis-lazuli behind it. To-day, however, there had been a freight wreck on the railway, and the express from the northern border was detained for several hours at the station a mile or so distant across the sun-parched plain, from where the town, with its adobe houses and tropical gardens clustering around its graceful church tower, made an idyllic picture, which tempted the adventurous among the passengers to explore it. But—

'We should have been satisfied with admiring it from the train,' a woman's voice declared in a high key of disapproval. 'There's nothing whatever here to repay us for that long, dusty walk.'

'Oh, I don't agree with you,' a softer, better modulated voice said—a voice which made the man at the end of the bench start again, this time violently, and glance furtively from under the rim of his down-drawn hat at the speaker, who with her companions had paused almost immediately in front of him.

'It's all so adorably picturesque, I think,' the tall, handsome girl went on, sweeping the scene—the fountain-set plaza, the old church with its Carmelite belfry, the arched public buildings, the vistas of houses painted in soft distemper colors and covered with brown tiles—with her glance. 'I hope I will get my camera in time to take some pictures before we have to go back to the train.'

'You'll probably have time to take as many pictures as there are points of view in the place,' a man's deeper tones assured her. 'We'll be lucky if we get away in the course of the next two or three hours. At least that is what I gathered from the conductor's remarks.'

'I wish you had asked him what there was of interest here,' the first speaker observed. 'The church? Oh, yes, of course we can go and see the church; but all the churches are so much alike; and if there's anything else—Perhaps—hopefully—we might find something to buy, or—er—to eat—dulces, you know.'

'Or to drink—even pulque not declined,' the masculine voice chimed in. 'While we're waiting for Laidlaw to bring your forgotten camera, Miss Sylvester, we might put in the time rather agreeably with some liquid refreshments. But the question is where to find them?'

The man at the end of the bench did not stir, but he was intensely, horribly conscious that three pairs of eyes were fastened on him, and that three minds were considering whether he might not be able to answer this question. He knew what was coming when he heard a feminine whisper:

'Perhaps he isn't asleep—perhaps he's drunk.'

'Just the right party, then, to tell us what we want to know,' the jovial masculine tones replied. 'Anyhow, nobody who goes to sleep on a bench in the plaza can mind being waked. Hello—senor!—sorry to disturb you, but can you tell us—Oh, hang it!—doesn't anybody know enough Spanish to ask him where we can get a drink?'

'I haven't the faintest idea what is the Spanish for a drink,' Margaret Sylvester began with a laugh; but paused abruptly as the man addressed rose to his feet. For an instant—barely an instant—he lifted his hat in acknowledgment of the presence of the ladies, showing a sharpened, ghastly face beneath, but replaced it quickly as he pointed across the plaza.

'At the cantina over there you will find what you want,' he said; and then, turning quickly, stumbled away, for walking became difficult when even the bright sunshine grew black around him, and he found himself hoping agonizedly that he might not drop until he had gained a place of shelter, a refuge from the eyes that had met his in one lightning-like glance, in which he read amazement, incredulity, struggling recognition.

'She'll think it was only a chance resemblance—she'll be sure she was mistaken,' he muttered to himself as he concentrated all his will on maintaining an upright position and walking—yes, walking away, instead of being carried, as would certainly result if this blackness increased before he gained the friendly shelter of the arcade, where he might halt, lean against a pillar, and take breath.

He gained it while the group left behind looked anxiously after him, and then glanced at each other.

'Apparently,' Mr. Harkeson-Smythe remarked, 'it wasn't a sleeping but a dying man that I roused. Poor beggar!—he seems pretty far gone. I hardly thought he'd make it over to the portales.'