

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- March 21, Sunday.—Passion Sunday.
- „ 22, Monday.—Of the Feria.
- „ 23, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.
- „ 24, Wednesday.—Of the Feria.
- „ 25, Thursday.—The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
- „ 26, Friday.—The Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
- „ 27, Saturday.—St. John Damascene, Confessor and Doctor.

Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The Angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city of Galilee called Nazareth, to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, and the virgin's name was Mary. . . . And the angel said to her: "Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found grace with God. Behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bring forth a Son, and thou shalt call His name "Jesus." (Gospel of St. Luke.)

St. John Damascene, Confessor and Doctor.

St. John was born at Damascus, in Syria, which was then under the dominion of the Mahometans. So great was his reputation for prudence and integrity that on the death of his father he was appointed, notwithstanding his religion, to the important post of Prime Minister of the Caliph. After some years he resigned this dignity, and placed himself under the direction of some holy monks near Damascus. He died about 780. St. John rendered great service to the Church by his writings against the Iconoclast heretics whose doctrines he triumphantly refuted.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

BEFORE THE TABERNACLE.

Thou gazest down with loving kindness,
Dear Lord, upon Thy suffering child;
And into light is changed my blindness,
As nigh before the sunbeams mild.
With many wounds, with deep, deep sadness,
I come before Thee, Lord, to day;
But all is changed to heavenly gladness,
And at Thy feet has passed away.

Thy love sheds blessings all around us,
As once in far Judea's land;
With many graces Thou hast bound us
Thy captives in a holy band;
And, oh! Thine eyes, with lovelight shining,
Console my griefs, and make me know
That I can rest, till life's declining,
Within Thy care Who lovest me so!

How sweet Thy Presence on Thine altar!
How near, how near, Thou art to me!
Oh, never let me change or falter,
My heart shall live alone for Thee.
Here let me kneel in adoration,
Here at Thy feet, beneath Thy gaze.
This is my rest, my soul's safe station,
Be Thou my all, through all my days!

Without the assistance of natural capacity, rules and precepts are of no efficacy.

The ideal function of criticism is to discern the true character of the thing criticised.

Honor is an old-world thing, but it smells sweet to those in whose hand it is strong.

Attend to the matter which is before thee, whether it is an opinion or an act or a word.

Prayer is the wing wherewith the soul flies to heaven; meditation the eye with which we see God.

Keep young, keep innocent. Innocence does not come back, and repentance is a poor thing beside it.

The Storyteller

VALUE RECEIVED

He had kept the country store for twenty years. The sign read, 'C. P. Johns,' but he was 'Uncle Charley' to everybody. It was the only store at the village crossroads, and he prospered in a modest way. After the bad accounts were deducted, his profits were small, but he was able to support his family comfortably. They had a pretty little cottage with some fruit trees in the lot, kept some pigs, a cow, and a horse and buggy. They had enough, and were contented with that and their good name.

Then the old man took his nephew in as partner. They built an addition to the store and bought a big bill of new goods. It put them in debt quite heavily, but their trade increased and at the end of three years, when the farmers had brought in their wheat, they had enough to pay all their debts and a thousand dollars over.

The nephew took the money, three thousand dollars in all, and went to St. Louis to pay off the debts and buy new goods for the fall and winter trade.

The goods came promptly but the nephew did not return. He was called South, he wrote. One afternoon, a few days later, the old man received a letter from the wholesale house expressing surprise that he had not remitted for the past due account, and stating that unless such remittance was received by the tenth they would draw on him for the full amount, the new bill included.

The supper bell rang three times before the old man stirred. As he came down the walk his wife saw there was something the matter, and met him in the yard.

'We are ruined!' he said, in a lifeless tone, handing her the letter.

'Oh, no, not ruined. You can raise it, can't you?' she asked, hopefully.

'No,' he replied, listlessly.

'Surely there will be some way out,' she urged.

'There is no way out,' he said hopelessly, as he sank into a rocking chair. He looked very old, and his gentle face was blank weariness.

'No, there is no way out,' he repeated, in a monotonous tone. 'That money was all I could raise; it was everything I have made in twenty years.'

'But surely our neighbors will help us raise it. You have always been good to them,' encouraged his wife, trying to cover her own anxiety.

'No,' said the old man, bitterly, 'people never lend you money or go on your note because you have been good to them.'

The next day he made the only effort that seemed to offer any hope. He went to Adams, the money-lender of the community, and offered to mortgage everything.

'No,' said Adams. 'Your stuff isn't worth it. It isn't in my line, anyway. Get some good men who own land on your note, and I can let you have what you need.'

The old man went home, a forlorn figure, bent, grey, hopeless, and sat down to wait dully for the end.

They sat in the shade of the blacksmith shop. It was an informal gathering of farmers, who, on hearing the news, had ridden in to learn the particulars.

'Too bad for Uncle Charley?' said a farmer, digging at the grass beside him, with his pocket knife. 'Too bad!' and they all shook their heads.

'He's been a great help to this community,' said another.

'There never lived a more accommodatin' man,' added a third.

And then they talked of how they had always distrusted the nephew, and how soon the old man would be closed up. They wondered what he would do then for a living.

There was one, the poorest and most shiftless man in the neighborhood, who had not spoken.

IN COLD WEATHER

no beverage is so acceptable as SYMINGTON'S COFFEE ESSENCE. In two minutes you can have a delicious warm drink. If you haven't tried it you should do so at once.