

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- April 18, Sunday.—Second Sunday after Easter.
 „ 19, Monday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 20, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 21, Wednesday.—Solemnity of St. Joseph, Patron of the Universal Church.
 „ 22, Thursday.—SS. Soter and Caius, Popes and Martyrs.
 „ 23, Friday.—St. George, Martyr.
 „ 24, Saturday.—St. Fidelis of Sigmaringen, Martyr.

Saints Soter and Caius, Popes and Martyrs.

We know very little of these two Pontiffs except the manner of their deaths. St. Soter won the crown of martyrdom in 177; St. Caius, after many sufferings for the Faith, died in 296, in the reign of Diocletian, whose kinsman he was.

St. George, Martyr.

St. George has been recognised as patron of England since the time of the Crusades. Unfortunately, no authentic details of his life have come down to us. He is believed to have been a soldier, and to have suffered martyrdom about 303.

St. Fidelis of Sigmaringen, Martyr.

Born at Sigmaringen, in Germany, in 1577, St. Fidelis adopted law as a profession, in the practice of which his charity earned for him the title of 'advocate of the poor.' Having become a priest and a member of the Order of Capuchin Friars, he was sent, in 1622, by the Propaganda to Switzerland to endeavor to win back the Calvinists to the Church. The extraordinary success of his mission excited the rage of some of these sectarians, who put him to death in the course of the same year.

URAINS OF GOLD.

COMFORT BY THE WAY.

I journey through a desert drear and wild,
 Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts beguiled,
 Of Him on Whom I lean—my strength and stay—
 I can forget the sorrows of the way.

Thoughts of His love! the root of every grace
 Which finds in this poor heart a dwelling place,
 The sunshine of my soul, than day more bright,
 And my calm pillow of repose by night.

Thoughts of His coming! For that joyful day
 In patient hope I watch, and wait, and pray:
 The dawn draws nigh, and midnight shadows flee,
 And what a sunrise will that advent be!

Thus while I journey on my Lord to meet,
 My thoughts and meditations are so sweet
 Of Him on Whom I lean—my strength, my stay—
 I can forget the sorrows of the way.

Idleness has no advocate, but many friends.
 Self-distrust is the cause of most of our failures.
 There is not a moment without some duty.
 Praise not thy work, but let thy work praise thee.
 The more noise you make about doing good, the less real good you do.

Be what you are. This is the first step towards becoming better than you are.

It does not help much to tell people they are doing wrong; show them how to do right.

True courage is not incompatible with nervousness; and heroism does not mean the absence of fear, but the conquest of it.

The saddest thing in the world is to feel that we are alone; the best thing in the world is to feel that we are loved and needed.

The Storyteller

'HOUSE FOR SALE'

Mr. and Mrs. Billy Keenan sat in the living room of their little house on Stuyvesant place—sometimes known as Friendly street.

'Billy,' Mrs. Billy exclaimed from behind the Washington evening newspaper, 'listen to this: "House for sale. Six rooms and bath. Laundry in basement. Apply to J. H. Hamlin, 60 Stuyvesant place."'

She emerged from the folds of the paper.

'Why should they want to sell their house just when they've decided to adopt Mr. Hamlin's little nephew, Edwin?'

Billy Keenan's eyes twinkled as he looked at his wife's round, flushed face. 'I don't know,' he said, 'but I prophesy that you'll find out within a week.'

Mrs. Billy regarded her husband suspiciously for a moment, and then devoted herself again to the affairs of the nation's capital. The following day she had forgotten his prophecy, but within the week she had, nevertheless, fulfilled it.

When Billy came home on Saturday afternoon he found Mrs. Hamlin leaving his house, and Mrs. Billy, in a white voile dress with pink ribbon attachments, standing in the doorway, looking sympathetic, and, he thought, altogether attractive.

Mrs. Hamlin was a tall, nervous woman, with a thin, delicate face. At that moment her thin lips were pressed together unpleasantly, and her eyes had an aggressive expression.

When the door had closed behind the visitor, Mrs. Billy, with her face against her husband's broad shoulder, said in a muffled voice: 'Billy, they have advertised their house for sale because they simply can't endure this neighborhood any longer!'

'What!' cried Billy incredulously. 'Not endure us? Why, we're the only real and original neighbors in Washington! She couldn't find a nicer or quieter spot than this little block. Some of the finest Government men are here.' Mr. Hamlin as well as Billy was devoted to 'Uncle Sam's' interest in the Forestry Department. 'There are Hone and Carter, for instance, who live next to them. Where will she find finer fellows than they?'

Mrs. Billy's eyes twinkled. 'She knows those two men only as the fathers of a good-sized collection of badly managed children. And, Billy, did you mention "quiet"? She says it would be less wearing on her nerves to live near a train yard than between those five young Carters and three Hones. She says Mr. Hamlin is determined that his nephew shall not associate with the little "hoodlums," as she calls them.'

One afternoon not many days later, Billy walked home from the office with Mr. Hamlin, who for the first time became confidential in regard to his views of the street. And as if to substantiate those views, no sooner had they gained the corner of Stuyvesant place than two Hones and three Carters came careering along the walk on roller skates. When directly opposite the two men, the youngest Hone lost control of his feet, and the sharp edge of his skate caught Mr. Hamlin just under the ankle bone.

'When he limped up his steps,' said Billy to his wife, a few moments afterward, 'I never saw a madder-looking man in my life! Of course the little hoodlums have no business to skate on the walks.'

'Oh, I shall hear all about it to-morrow,' said Mrs. Billy, laughing, 'for I've promised to help Mrs. Hamlin get ready for Edwin. He comes the last of the week.'

But when Mrs. Billy reached 60 Stuyvesant place in the morning she found Mrs. Hamlin absorbed in grievances of her own. The biggest Carter boy had fallen into her pansy bed from the top of the fence that divided the back yards.

'Was he hurt?' Mrs. Billy gasped.

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.