

## Friends at Court

### GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- May 14, Sunday.—Third Sunday after Easter.  
 „ 15, Monday.—St. John Baptist de la Salle, Confessor.  
 „ 16, Tuesday.—St. Ubaldus, Bishop and Confessor.  
 „ 17, Wednesday.—Octave of the Solemnity of St. Joseph.  
 „ 18, Thursday.—St. Venantius, Martyr.  
 „ 19, Friday.—St. Peter Celestine, Pope and Confessor.  
 „ 20, Saturday.—St. Bernardine of Siena, Confessor.

St. Peter Celestine, Pope and Confessor.

St. Peter, a native of Southern Italy, spent the greater part of a very austere life in solitude. In his old age he found himself unexpectedly elected Pope. He endeavoured in vain to decline the proffered office, but at length yielded to the importunities of kings and cardinals. Considering, however, that through inexperience of the world he was unfitted for the government of the Church, he resigned the Pontificate after four months, with the object of spending the remainder of his days in the retirement of his monastery. He died about eighteen months after his resignation, A.D. 1296.

St. Bernardine of Siena, Confessor.

St. Bernardine, a native of the Republic of Siena, in Italy, gave early proof of solid piety, and particularly of a tender devotion to the Mother of God. His charity to the sick was not less remarkable than his patience in bearing his own infirmities. Having become a priest, it is incredible how much good he effected by his preaching in various parts of Italy—a result due not so much to his natural gifts as to the burning zeal which inspired his words. St. Bernardine died in 1444, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

### GRAINS OF GOLD.

#### A MORNING OFFERING.

I offer Thee, O Sacred Heart of Jesus!  
 Through Mary's Heart most pure,  
 Each sorrow that to-day my heart is fated  
 To suffer and endure;  
 Each grief that shall encompass me with sadness,  
 Each pang of pain and loss,  
 I place upon the rugged crest of Calvary,  
 Beside the saving Cross.

I offer Thee, O Sacred Heart of Jesus!  
 Each thought of mine to-day;  
 I offer Thee the deeds of all the hours,  
 The words that I shall say;  
 My heart and mind, my hand and brain I bring Thee  
 With perfect love and trust,  
 And beg of Thee to brighten with Thy graces  
 My pathway through the dust.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus! in the noonday  
 And at the evening's close,  
 When every sun-ray as it strikes the hilltops  
 A lengthening shadow throws,  
 Make strong my heart to battle for Thy glory,  
 And win the sweet reward—  
 A place within the shelter of Thy kingdom,  
 The welcome of my Lord.

—Irish Messenger.

A kind act has picked up many a fallen man, who has afterwards slain his tens of thousands for his Lord, and has entered the heavenly city at last as a conqueror, amidst the acclamations of the saints and with the welcome of his Sovereign.—Father Faber.

Mary, as the pattern both of maidenhood and maternity, has exalted woman's state and nature, and made the Christian virgin and the Christian mother understand the sacredness of their duties in the sight of God.—Cardinal Newman.

Trifles make up life and are the ultimate test of fidelity. The best will can not ripen into permanent greatness when the fearful power of negligent habit in trivial things has given bent and character to the soul.

What if God makes use of me, rather than of another, to procure His Glory! Provided His Kingdom be established among souls, the instrument matters not. Besides. He has no need of any one.—The Little Flower.

The love we conceive toward God we must bring forth in acts of charity towards our neighbors. God Himself is beyond our reach; therefore, the service we cannot render directly to Him, He wills we should render to our neighbors.—St. Catherine of Siena.

## The Storyteller

### THE ADAPTABILITY OF ANTHONY

Everyone up one side of Lindean avenue and down the other knew little Mrs. Clayton, and perhaps some of them knew 'Anthony Junior' even better than they knew his mother. At the age of a year and a month he was plump and placid, with a composure of manner remarkable to behold.

'He will go to any one,' his adoring mother often remarked.

On one such occasion a neighbor was heard to sigh significantly. But that was after Anthony Junior had 'gone' to her three afternoons in the same week—a fact that offered some slight justification for her state of mind.

Mrs. Clayton had never shouldered much responsibility in her sunny rambles through life until it had been thrust upon her, as it were, in the guise of Anthony Clayton, and later, Anthony Junior; and because she was an extremely lovable and popular young person, her friends and neighbors interfered, unconsciously of course, with the progress of her education by being quite willing to relieve her of domestic burdens.

That explains why Mrs. Clayton's nearest neighbor, Mrs. Gray, was not surprised one morning in June when, glancing out of her kitchen window, she saw Mrs. Clayton running across the lawn. Under the little woman's arm was a bundle that upon a nearer view proved to be the unprotesting form of Anthony Junior.

Mrs. Gray snatched a towel from the rack and dried her capable hands just in time to receive the baby into them and adjust him expertly to a position of normal comfort while she listened to the rather incoherent explanations of his mother.

'She just telephoned me to meet her at Tyndall's. I thought she wasn't coming till next week—I've got to catch that train—'

'Get your breath, honey,' interrupted Mrs. Gray. 'You've ten minutes to spare.'

Mrs. Clayton peered at the clock and drew a breath of relief. 'Your clock is always right—I don't know what is the matter with ours. We have three, and they all keep different time—well, as I was explaining, it is Dorothy Miller. Professor Miller, you know. You've heard me speak of her.'

Mrs. Gray nodded. 'That very intellectual person you knew in college. Wrote something or other, didn't she?'

'Yes, indeed!' said Mrs. Clayton enthusiastically. 'She's most extraordinary. She goes in for psychology and all that sort of thing—environment, child culture, and I don't know what all. I've got her book on *Infantile Intellect*, and it's just full of wonderful ideas on training a child's mind. I'd understand it better if Anthony Junior didn't keep me so busy. Well, she promised to stop over with me when she came up from Florida, and I'm just crazy to have her see my baby. I hate to ask you to keep him, but I didn't know what else to do. She only telephoned half an hour ago, and of course I can't take him. I'll be back as soon as I can this afternoon and bring her to stay over Sunday.'

'Go right along,' said Mrs. Gray, with a laugh. 'Everything will be all right, and if you want that train you had better hurry.'

Perhaps an hour later the emphatic ring of the telephone bell called Mrs. Gray.

'Is this Mrs. Gray?' said the voice of Mr. Gray's stenographer. 'Mr. Gray wishes you to come in at once to sign some papers.'

Mrs. Gray gasped. 'It's about that real estate,' the stenographer went on; 'it has to be settled to-day and your signature is necessary. Mr. Gray wants you to be here before noon, if possible.'

The receivers clicked simultaneously, and Mrs. Gray sank into a chair to gaze at Anthony, who promptly ceased his tour of the living room on all fours and sat back beaming at her.

'Anthony Junior, whatever in the world shall I do with you? I've got to go to town.'

Anthony gurgled reassuringly while Mrs. Gray racked her brain. At last she rose to her feet, and announced:

'I am going to take you over to the Wellses. I'll just leave a note for your mamma, so she will know where you are. Is that all right, sonny?'

Anthony sputtered a joyful affirmative, and only a short time passed before Mrs. Gray had written the note and pinned it to the screen door of the back porch, given her guest his very early and very simple luncheon, and was on her way to the Wellses' bungalow, a few doors below her own.

Mrs. Wells' trim and smiling maid of all work answered the summons of the doorbell. 'Mrs. Wells is out for the day, ma'am.'

'O, my!' gasped Mrs. Gray, and turned to go. Then, remembering that Mrs. Clayton, guided by the note on the