

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

October 22, Sunday.—Nineteenth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 23, Monday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 24, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 25, Wednesday.—SS. Chrysanthus and Daria, Martyrs.
 „ 26, Thursday.—St. Evaristus, Pope and Martyr.
 „ 27, Friday.—Vigil of SS. Simon and Jude.
 „ 28, Saturday. SS. Simon and Jude, Apostles.

St. Evaristus, Pope and Martyr.

The death of St. Evaristus took place in 112. He is honored in the calendar with the title of martyr, but little is known of the events of his life or of his sufferings for the faith.

SS. Simon and Jude, Apostles.

After the dispersion of the Apostles, St. Simon preached in Egypt, and then in Persia, where he received the crown of martyrdom. According to the common tradition, he was crucified like our Blessed Lord.

St. Jude, called also Thaddæus, was a brother of St. James the Less. He was related to Christ by his mother. Nothing certain is known of the later history of this Apostle. Nicophorus tells us that after preaching in Judea, Galilee, Samaria, and Idumea, he labored in Arabia, Syria, Mesopotamia, and Persia. He is said to have suffered martyrdom in Phoenicia, either at Beyruth or Arad.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

MARY.

Shall I whisper a name that was lovely of old,
 When the tale of the Infant Redeemer was told;
 The honored of God in her sorrows sublime,
 Still haunting the heart in the shadows of time!

O'er the starlight of Judah the night mists were rolled;
 On the Galilee's bosom the shadows lay cold,
 When it woke on the midnight so solemn and dim,
 With the flame of a star and the sound of a hymn.

And bright with the lustre and sweet with the tone
 Of the angels that sang and the glory that shone,
 Its beauty abides through the haze of the years,
 With the light of her smile and the dew of her tears.

And still at the altar and still at the hearth,
 From the cradle of Christ to the ends of the earth,
 As gentle in glory as steadfast in gloom,
 It bows by the manger and kneels by the tomb.

And many shall bless it as many have blest,
 From the morning of life to the morrow of rest;
 And its fulness of meaning its music shall keep,
 While a Mary shall watch or a Mary shall weep.

—*Sacred Heart Review*.

We are not put here merely to enjoy ourselves; it was not God's purpose; and I am prepared to argue, it is not our sincere wish. As for our deserts, the less said of them the better, for somebody might hear, and nobody cares to be laughed at!—Robert Louis Stevenson.

It is almost every man's privilege and it becomes his duty, to live within his means—not up to, but within them. Wealth does not make the man, and should never be taken into account in our judgment of men; but competence should always be secured when it can by the practice of economy and self-denial to only a tolerable extent. It should be attained, not so much for others, as to secure to us the consciousness of independence and the constant satisfaction which is received from its acquirement and possession.

The Storyteller

REE'S DIVORCE

(For the *N.Z. Tablet*, by EMMIE GOLDING.)

(Continued.)

Ellen was still in Ree's service. When her young mistress had taken possession of her inheritance and engaged a maid, the good old servant had said it was time she sought another situation, as she could not find enough to do, but Ree would not hear of it, saying in her winning way: 'No, Ellen, you must not leave me now; you shared my dull days, and now you must have a part in my bright ones.' So she remained, and was now ready with her sympathy and help in this new trouble. She was sorely distressed at the turn things had taken, for she had looked forward to the time when her mistress should be settled in a home of her own and when she should be in charge of the nursery; but now, alas! her hopes of that coming to pass were shattered.

Ree's preparations for departure to Paris were soon completed. Lady Dexley was grieved to part with her, but knew it was best for the girl to get away at once from everything connected with her engagement.

Ree visited the schoolroom to say good-bye to little Cicely, who could not understand her going away. 'But, Ree,' she said between her childish sobs, 'why are you going away?' Sir Felix told me he was going to marry you and that I could go and stay with you in his lovely big house in the country.'

'Yes, darling,' replied Ree in soothing tones, 'so you shall stay with me, later on. I am going to Paris for a time first, though.'

'Are you going to see Delphine?'

'Yes, I am going to stay with her.'

'And will you come back with her?'

'I am not quite sure yet, dear.'

'Then please, Ree, do send me some marrons-glacés, and then I won't mind you leaving me so much. You know I like them ever so much better than chocolates.'

'You shall have a big box of them,' said Ree, trying not to smile.

'Then I'll forgive you for going away, Ree,' said the child, holding her face up to be kissed.

The Mother Superior had been prepared for Ree's coming to the convent by a long letter from Lady Dexley, who had given her a careful and detailed account of the whole affair. The nun saw by the look in the girl's dry eyes that she was suffering keenly, and she tactfully avoided any reference to the broken engagement until Ree said: 'Mother Victoire, let me stay here with you so that I may learn your religion, Sir Felix is a Catholic, and I want to think as he does in this matter.'

The girl's request—so simply and honestly expressed—brought tears of joy to Mother Victoire's eyes.

'Ree,' she answered, 'you could not give Sir Felix a better proof of your love for him. I am gratified to find you do not rebel at the trial laid on your shoulders—trouble is making your character strong, and is enriching it with the qualities it most lacked.'

Ree now passed her time pleasantly and profitably. She was still young enough to take an interest in the girls' doings, and they all welcomed her presence at recreation time. Delphine was especially pleased to have her company, and to chat about her home and little Cicely.

Lady Dexley came to see them and told Ree that Sir Felix had left London and had gone to Vienna on business. She corresponded regularly with him, she said, and he was well pleased to hear where Ree was staying. He was bearing his disappointment in a manner only to be expected from so grand a nature; and although he went very little into society now, he did not shun it entirely, and no one could accuse him of being morbid. He devoted nearly all his time to politics and matters of State.