

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- November 5, Sunday.—Twenty-first Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 6, Monday.—Of the Octave.
 „ 7, Tuesday.—Of the Octave.
 „ 8, Wednesday.—Octave of All Saints.
 „ 9, Thursday.—Dedication of the Lateran Basilica.
 „ 10, Friday.—St. Andrew Avellino, Confessor.
 „ 11, Saturday.—St. Martin, Bishop and Confessor.

Dedication of the Lateran Basilica.

This church is commonly known as the Basilica of St. John Lateran. It is the Cathedral of Rome, and was the first of the great basilicas consecrated to Divine worship after the accession of Constantine had given peace to the Church.

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 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.

AT HOLY COMMUNION.

O Food to pilgrims given,
 Bread of the hosts of Heaven,
 Thou Manna of the sky!
 Feed with the blessed sweetness
 Of Thy Divine completeness
 The hearts that for Thee sigh.

O Fountain ruby-glowing,
 O stream of love outflowing
 From Jesus' pierced side!
 This thought alone shall bless us,
 This one desire possess us,
 To drink of Thy sweet tide.

We love Thee, Jesus tender,
 Who hid'st Thine awful splendor
 Beneath these veils of grace:
 O let the veils be riven,
 And our clear eye in Heaven
 Behold Thee face to face!

—MR. HUGH T. HENRY, Litt.D.

There is a homely old proverb that sets forth that vinegar never catches flies: and just from a worldly and selfish standpoint it is worth while to be amiable and to cultivate the gentle virtues of kindness and consideration for others. Life is nothing but a mirror that gives back our own face to us. If we smile upon it, it comes back to us in warmth and sunshine. But if we turn a dark and sullen face upon it, be sure we get back nothing but cold avoidance and bitter dislike. The world is willing to laugh with us, and dance with us, and make merry with us, it is also equally willing to fight with us. If we dare it to the conflict, we must take the consequences—and to a woman they are invariably disastrous. Women were not meant to fight: they were intended for something sweeter and better than that, and the aggressive woman is a libel on her sex.

The Storyteller

PHILEAS FOX, ATTORNEY

By ANNA T. SADLER.

[By Arrangement with the *Ave Maria*.]

(Continued.)

III.

On that particular afternoon, as Phileas sat at his desk, with his folio open before him, at that fascinating case which had so much absorbed his mind, there was a gentle and deprecating knock at the door, and it opened only on his repeated summons to enter. That knock set his heart beating and his nerves fluttering, though he could scarcely have told why. Perhaps he had a vision of some lovely damsel who should follow that knock into the room. Instead, and with a surprise which gave him almost a shock of repulsion, he beheld, thrust in at the aperture, a black woolly head, plentifully besprinkled with grey, of an aged Negro. The face was deeply lined and wrinkled as with the passage of years. The head was followed by a body, clad in a livery that had once been gorgeous, but which was now merely quaint and antiquated.

Phileas stared without speaking; and the Negro, with a bow that would not have disgraced an emperor, began to speak in a low and softly modulated voice, and in an accent that inevitably recalled the sugar plantations of 'Virginny' or the Carolinas.

'Have I the distinguished honor of addressing Mr. Phileas Fox?'

'You have,' answered Phileas, with an amused twinkle in his eyes. 'Is there anything I can do for you?'

'Yes, sah,—yes, Mr. Fox,' said the Negro, rolling his eyes about the apartment, and letting them rest upon the curtain. 'May I inquire if we are quite alone?'

Phileas laughed.

'Oh, you need not be afraid, Uncle!' he replied carelessly. 'Take a seat and let me hear your business.'

The Negro so invited, gathering up the skirts of his long coat, took the proffered chair, which he brought into close proximity with the desk.

'Well, sah,' he said, speaking still with the air of perfect courtesy and respect, and that indefinable something in manner and speech which marked him as a servant of the old school, 'I am Cadwallader Jones, and I have been sent here, sah, by ole Missis herself, to discover if you could make a confidential visit to her residence.'

'Ole Missis'?' repeated the other, vaguely.

'Yes, sah,' assented the Negro.

'But what is her name and address,—I mean where is her residence?'

The Negro drew himself up as if he were somewhat offended and a little bewildered too. It seemed to him that every New Yorker should know by this time whose carriage it was that he drove, and what was the name of his employer, and where was located the ancient mansion which she inhabited. He forgot how the generations in New York, succeeding each other, are swallowed up as in a mighty sea, and those famous or wealthy, or otherwise prominent, in one quarter century, are submerged and forgotten in the next.

'Ole Missis, sah,' he said, with a shade of reproach in his voice, 'is Mrs. Wilson,—Mrs. James Van Vechten Wilson.'

Phileas being duly impressed, and by this time in a very agreeable flutter, took a pad from the desk and transferred thereto the name, waiting with pen upraised for the aged servitor to proceed.

'Her address?' he suggested, after a time; and the Negro cast upon him a glance of surprise not unmingled with contempt.

'Her address, sah,' he replied with dignified