

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

November 26, Sunday.	—Twenty-fifth Sunday after Pentecost.	St. Sylvester, Abbot.
„ 27, Monday.	—St. Virgil, Bishop and Confessor.	
„ 28, Tuesday.	—St. Gregory III., Pope and Confessor.	
„ 29, Wednesday.	—St. Gelasius, Pope and Confessor.	
„ 30, Thursday.	—St. Andrew, Apostle.	
December 1, Friday.	—St. Didacus, Confessor.	
„ 2, Saturday.	—St. Bibiana, Virgin and Martyr.	

St. Sylvester, Abbot.

St. Sylvester was born near Loreto, in Italy, in 1177. At the age of forty he retired into a desert, in order that, free from worldly cares, he might be able to devote more time to prayer and contemplation. Having been followed by a number of disciples, he founded several monasteries, to which he gave the strict rule of St. Benedict. St. Sylvester died in 1267.

St. Andrew, Apostle.

St. Andrew was brother to St. Peter, and the first of the Apostles to follow Christ. After the Ascension he preached the Gospel in Scythia, and afterwards in Greece, where he was crucified for the Faith. He is honored as the patron of Scotland.

St. Bibiana, Virgin and Martyr.

St. Bibiana was the daughter of a Roman noble named Flavian, who himself gave his life for the Faith. The confiscation of her property, with its consequent privations, having failed to shake her constancy in the profession of Christianity, she was subjected to cruel tortures, and finally scourged to death, A.D. 363.

GRAINS OF GOLD

TO THE SACRED HEART.

Oh Heart! where human sorrows find
An echo and a balm combined,
Be near me in this weary way,
That men call life. Oh, be my stay!
Teach me to bear misfortune's stings,
The agony of little things,
The thorns in duty's pathway spread,
That wear the heart like tears unshed;

Oh! Lift me up till I can see
Naught but Thine own Divinity.
Help me, O God; when I must bear
Heartaches that Thou alone canst share.
Unworthy of Thy faintest sigh,
To Thee I cry! To Thee I cry!
Give me Thy love! Give me Thy love!
Oh! Let my life be spent above
Earth's sordid cares! Oh! let me be
Thine, Sacred Heart, eternally.

Finishing what one has begun is one of the severest tests of character. Beginnings are not difficult. We do not gauge a man's ability by what he starts; the veriest weakling may commence as many enterprises as a skilled promoter. The real test is in having the grit to hold on until the task is ended.

Happiness doesn't come to us as a result of having our own way. Only a will to do right can lead us to happiness and satisfaction. The only way must be the wisest way. The labors of love bring contentment, and if our way is the wise way, our will to do is the right sort and our only wishes are those of love, we shall not be at war with anything.

The Storyteller

THE MIRACLE

(Concluded from last week.)

'You admit that, then?'

'Certainly I do; just as I know that behind all the surface bitterness was a warm, generous, suffering heart. Oh, I wish I could have let her know how I understood her and how I loved her. But it is too late now.'

She bowed her face over the dying woman's hand, while the tears flowed unchecked down her cheeks.

'I believe you do care, Allie, but it is your own lovely, loyal nature that makes you see things so differently from the rest of us. How many do you suppose think as you do?'

'More than you imagine. Hugh, but like me, they were too poor to dare to be natural.'

'Well, I am not going to let you stay here tonight on any account. You look utterly fagged out as it is, and Mrs. Lenox is in no immediate danger. I will have you sent for should I see any marked change, but you must go home now, Allie. It is not just to yourself to put your nerves to such useless strain.'

'You will be sure and send?'

'I promise you.'

'The change may be very sudden?'

'It may be, but I don't think so.'

'Good-bye, then,' she whispered, stooping to press her lips to the great lady's cold cheek. 'God bless you and have you in His keeping.'

Miss Conway's white dress had scarcely fluttered out of the downstairs front door before a frightened servant came hurrying through the hall.

'Mrs. Lenox has spoken. She is asking for Mr. Fressenden, the doctor says. We must telephone for Mr. Fressenden at once.'

Mr. Fressenden himself, hearing the unseemly noise and his own name called loudly, came out of the library, book in hand, to inquire what the meaning of the excitement was.

'Mrs. Lenox has spoken. She is asking for you, Mr. Fressenden,' explained the maid.

Mr. Fressenden climbed the stairs rapidly, a peculiar expression playing about the corners of his cynical mouth.

'What, if after all?' he said; 'what, if after all?'

'Mrs. Lenox,' he said gently, when he stood by the sick woman's bed, 'I am here, Fressenden. They told me you wanted me. Is there anything I can do?'

There was a moment's breathless silence. Then, in a hoarse, unnatural voice, the woman who had not spoken for three days gasped:

'Paper—pen—my will changed—write what I—tell you!'

Drawing a tablet from his pocket and rapidly adjusting his gold pen, he said:

'I am ready, Mrs. Lenox.'

Scarcely expecting a reply, he was amazed by the clear composure of her directions.

'You have the date? Then write: 'This is my last will and testament. I revoke all others made by me. I give all I die possessed of to Alice Von Sternberg Conway. Because—because'—the hoarse, difficult voice faltered for the first time—'because she was faithful to me when others failed.'

Fressenden wrote hurriedly, casting now and then an anxious glance at the rigid figure on the bed. Would she have strength and understanding enough to sign her name before lapsing back into unconsciousness?

'Mrs. Lenox,' he encouraged, and clasped her stiff fingers about the pen, 'this is where you must sign.' And he carefully guided her hand to the spot.

With a nervous energy that was bewildering in one so near the borderland of death, she traced her name: 'Agatha Katharine Lenox.'

'Witnesses,' she breathed rather than spoke, and the pen, falling from her fingers, rolled out upon the counterpane.