

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- November 11, Sunday.—Twenty-fifth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 12, Monday.—St. Martin I., Pope and Martyr.
 „ 13, Tuesday.—St. Didacus, Confessor.
 „ 14, Wednesday.—St. Josaphat, Bishop and Martyr.
 „ 15, Thursday.—St. Gertrude, Virgin.
 „ 16, Friday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 17, Saturday.—St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, Bishop and Confessor.

St. Didacus, Confessor.

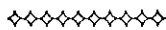
St. Didacus, a native of Andalusia, in Spain, entered as a lay Brother the Order of Friars Minor. He was remarkable for a tender love of Our Blessed Lord, a love which he fostered by continual meditation on the Passion, and which was specially manifested by his intense devotion when receiving the Blessed Eucharist. St. Didacus died in 1463.

St. Josaphat, Bishop and Martyr.

St. Josaphat, a native of Poland, displayed, while still in his boyhood, such piety and fraternal charity as to excite the admiration of all who knew him. After having been for some years a monk of the Order of St. Basil, he was raised to the dignity of Archbishop. The zeal and success with which he preserved his flock from heresy and schism drew upon him the hatred of some sectarians, who compassed his death in 1623.

St. Gertrude, Virgin.

St. Gertrude was for many years Superioress of a community of Benedictine Nuns in Saxony. By fasting, perfect conformity to the rule of her Order, constant denial of her own will, and frequent meditation on the Passion of Our Blessed Redeemer, she endeavored to check the growth of any inordinate affection, and unite all the powers of the soul in a pure and intense love of God. She died in 1292, after having enriched the Church with writings which are of incalculable utility to all who aim at spiritual perfection.



Grains of Gold

“WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO?”

Hast Thou, my Master, aught for me to do
 To honor Thee to-day?
 Hast Thou a word of love for some poor soul
 That mine may say?
 For, see this world that Thou hast made so fair,
 Within its heart is sad;
 Thousands are lonely, thousands sigh and weep,
 But few are glad.

But which among them all is mine to-day?
 Oh! guide my willing feet
 To some poor soul, that, fainting on the way,
 Needs counsel sweet;
 Or into some sick room where I may speak
 With tenderness of Thee;
 And showing who and what Thou art, O Christ!
 Bid sorrow flee!

Or unto one whose straits call not for words—
 To one in want—in need;
 Who will not counsel, but would take from me
 A loving deed.
 Surely, Thou hast some work for me to do;
 Oh! open Thou mine eyes,
 To see how Thou wouldst have it done,
 And where it lies.



REFLECTIONS.

Most men admire virtue.
 When we look back to a past life we have often more
 to be thankful for our trials than anything else.—J.N.D.
 For that alone is truly real which abides unchanged.
 —St. Augustine.



The Storyteller



Knocknagow

OR

The Homes of Tipperary

(By C. J. KICKHAM.)

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—“ARE YOU IN LOVE, MARY?”

“Mary,” Grace asked, “do you ever hear from Arthur O'Connor now?”

She was sitting at the window in Mary Kearney's little room, precisely in the same attitude as when she set about solving the mystery of the footprints in the snow. The snow was gone now; but it was evident those mysterious footprints were still visible to her mind's eye, and she followed them across the gravelled walk, and the box-bordered flowerbeds, and through the laurels, and over the stile in the corner, and out upon the road to the Bush, and—where then?

Grace was puzzled.

A letter she had from her brother Edmund that morning, in which he spoke of his friend Arthur O'Connor—whom he called “M. l'Abbé”—had set Grace thinking. There was a mystery about her brother, too, in which his friend Arthur was somehow mixed up. Edmund was what Grace called a “jolly good-hearted fellow,” and he used to tell how he and Arthur were, by some fatality, always involuntary rivals in their boyish days; and declared it was quite fortunate that Arthur had decided upon becoming a priest, as otherwise there would be no knowing what might happen. He also often alluded to a certain romantic adventure at the seaside, a year or two before, in which Mary Kearney played a prominent part; and any allusion to which would be sure to bring a glow into Mary's pale cheek to this day. And so Grace could not help connecting either her brother or his friend with those provoking tracks in the snow.

“But why on earth?” she asked herself, “should either one or the other of them stand there under the window till he must have been half froze to death?” For Grace held fast to her own “solution of the mystery,” and dismissed the idea altogether that the person, whoever he was, had been in Mary's room and dropped into the garden from the window. If she could only find out who wrote the note that Barney threw up to her, it might enlighten her; but Mary laughingly refused to tell her anything at all about it. And so Grace went on puzzling her brains, till the old grey cat, stealthily picking his steps close to the ivied wall under the window, startled a blackbird that had been hopping fearfully among the flower-beds; and the harsh cry of the blackbird startled Grace from her reverie; and turning round, she asked:

“Mary, do you ever hear from Arthur O'Connor now?”

“No,” Mary answered, looking surprised. “Why so?”

“No reason in particular,” she replied. “But you saw what Edmund said about him; and it just occurred to me that he was looking quite pale and thin when I saw him last—and so old. I think he must be unhappy.”

Mary bent her head over the sewing she was doing, but remained silent.

“And yet,” Grace continued, “you are not unhappy, Mary.”

“Indeed I am not,” returned Mary, looking up in surprise. “Why should I be unhappy?”

“Oh, you are one of those angelic beings who are always contented with their lot. But I doubt very much that he is contented. I never could like him much, he is so proud and so cold.”

“You told me the other day that Miss Hanly pronounced me ‘as cold as ice,’ and you said she is mistaken.”

“She certainly is. But if you would try to appear warm towards people you do not care about, it would be a decided improvement.”

“I try to be warm,” she replied, “but I cannot always succeed. Now, would you say that Hugh, for instance, is cold?”

“Not cold,” returned Grace thoughtfully. “He may be reserved, or dark; but he is certainly not cold. Of course I know Arthur can be hot as well as cold. But a genial warmth is what I like.”