

## Friends at Court

### GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- February 9, Sunday.—Fifth Sunday after the Epiphany.  
St. Zosimus, Pope and Confessor.  
" 10, Monday.—St. Scholastica, Virgin.  
" 11, Tuesday.—St. Antherus, Pope and Martyr.  
" 12, Wednesday.—St. Telesphorus, Pope and Martyr.  
" 13, Thursday.—St. Gregory II., Pope and Confessor.  
" 14, Friday.—St. Agatho, Pope and Confessor.  
" 15, Saturday.—St. Martina, Virgin and Martyr.

St. Zosimus, Pope and Confessor.

St. Zosimus, a native of Greece, succeeded Pope St. Innocent I. in 417. He died after a pontificate of one year, marked by the framing of many wise disciplinary regulations, and by zealous efforts to eradicate the Pelagian heresy.

St. Telesphorus, Pope and Martyr.

St. Telesphorus was of Grecian origin. His pontificate of twelve years was brought to a close by his martyrdom in the year 139.

### GRAINS OF GOLD

#### WE TWO.

I cannot do it alone;  
The waves run fast and high,  
And the fogs close chill around,  
And the light goes out in the sky.  
But I know that We Two  
Shall win in the end—  
Jesus and I.

I cannot row it myself,  
My boat on the raging sea;  
But beside me sits Another,  
Who pulls, or steers, with me.  
And I know that We Two  
Shall come safe into port—  
His child and He.

Coward and wayward and weak,  
I change with the changing song;  
To-day so eager and brave  
To-morrow not caring to try.  
But He never gives in,  
So We Two shall win—  
Jesus and I.

Strong and tender and true,  
Crucified once for me!  
Never will He change, I know—  
Whatever I may be!  
But whatever He says  
I must do  
Ever from sin to keep free.  
We shall finish our course  
And reach Home at last—  
His child and He.

—'Messenger of the Sacred Heart.'

Nothing is so new as what has long been forgotten.  
What can be more free than he who desires nothing on earth?

If thou find truth and love in thyself thou shalt be able to find them also in the lives of thy fellows.  
To do what seems right may involve an extra struggle sometimes, but one may be sure that in the long run it will bring the most happiness.

It is the royalty of Christ reflected in Mary to which the Christian world bows down. She was the grandest work of His redeeming grace.—Bishop Hedley.

'As the ring is the sign of marriage, so is adversity, both corporal and spiritual, patiently borne for the love of God, a most true pledge of divine election, and is like a marriage of the soul with God.'—St. Gertrude.

God pity and soften the father whose children fear him, who grow silent as his foot crosses the threshold, who shun the room he darkens with his presence! God bless the generous, cheerful, good-natured father, who, though weary after the labor of the day, still forgets his cares and fills the house with joy and light! His face is a never-failing source of gladness to those who love him, and when he comes home there is a headlong race and scramble to see who shall kiss father first. Such a greeting is a full payment for all the toils and vexations of the day.

## The Storyteller

### SISTER BEATICA

Two non-Catholic young men were about to enter a train for one of the suburbs of C—. As they passed through the train-sheds they observed that the pay-car stood at the terminus of one of the tracks, and near it two Sisters waited for the men who would give them a bit of money.

Ladru Cheneworth, one of the young men, seeing the Sisters, remarked to his friend:

'I say, Andrews, doesn't that sort of thing prove you?'

'What sort of thing?' queried his companion.

'Oh, these women begging the hard-earned money from the men before they get a chance to take it home to their families. I think it an outrage.'

'Well, Cheneworth, you know I'm not a Catholic, but I have an immense amount of respect for those women. They don't beg for themselves, you know.'

'Oh, well, they get it for those lazy priests, then—more shame to them. I don't like 'em, so there.'

'Excuse me for seeming persistence, Ladru, but these Sisters are asking money for the Thorny Crown Hospital, and a grand place it is too, as I happen to know.'

'There, there, Andrews, you're a first-rate chap, all right, but you can't defend the 'crossbacks' to me; I've no patience with them nor any of their institutions. Have a cigar?' And they entered the smoker and settled down to their papers.

September is a month of soul-soothing mornings, and this one was characteristic. The sky was opalescent, reflecting as in a mirror the splendors of approaching autumn. The road, white and beaten by hoof and wheel, lent the needed note of austerity to the soft-toned landscape. The red of a cardinal's wing glinted for a moment in the sunlit upper air, and then disappeared in the gloom of a nearby forest.

Almost imperceptibly one standing near this forest would have heard a foreign note mingle with the tones of this nature symphony. It was the rhythmic rise and fall of a horse's feet, and presently horse and rider would have come into view. The man was young and handsome. His hair of raven glossiness met a brow of snow, underflushed by the quick play of the rich red blood of perfect health. His brown eyes were alight with the contagious happiness of the morning, and his unbearded lips and chin were clean-chiseled and forceful. He rode with his hat in one hand, his reins held lightly in the other. Evidently there was a perfect understanding between horse and rider. Then came a second sound, rude, rasping and discordant, the bugle of a motor car about to turn the bend of the roadway. Instantly the horse became restive. He shied and backed and from the docile, obedient servant of the young man, he suddenly changed into his unreasoning, fearful master. He pranced, snorted and cavorted for an instant, and then, as the great car came like a fiery-nostrilled demon around the curve, he reared, and with a mighty tremor of fear, stumbled backward and fell over the embankment, burying his rider under him.

The next moment the car sped by, but its occupants had seen the catastrophe, and the machine was soon brought to a standstill. One of the men swiftly alighted and ran to the edge of the incline.

'Come quick, uncle Joe; the man is under his horse.'

The two men who were riding in the tonneau hurried down the bank, and, after hard work, succeeded in disentangling the horse's feet from the reins, so that he could rise and release the man. Blood flowed freely from a temple wound; there were several surface bruises, and he was unconscious.

'By George, it's Ladru Cheneworth,' exclaimed one of the men. 'Poor chap—'

'Charlie, reverse the machine; you've got to give her the run of her life. Take us to the Thorny Crown Hospital; it's nearest.'

That evening, after Cheneworth had passed a feverish, delirious day, the physicians left him in charge of Sister Beatica, one of the most competent nurses in the institution, telling her that they felt confident of his passing a good night.

Sister Beatica was appropriately named. Her face was a benediction, so sweet, calm and gentle, and yet so full of reserve, power and bravery. An hour after the departure of the physicians she approached Cheneworth's bedside and strove to arouse him sufficiently to swallow his medicine. Then, suddenly he sprang from his cot in a wild delirium, and grasping Sister Beatica