

# Friends at Court

## GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- March 1, Sunday.—Quinquagesima Sunday.
- " 2, Monday.—St. Simplicius, Pope and Confessor.
- " 3, Tuesday.—The Seven Holy Founders.
- " 4, Wednesday.—Ash Wednesday.
- " 5, Thursday.—St. Casimir, Confessor.
- " 6, Friday.—St. Fridolin, Abbot.
- " 7, Saturday.—St. Thomas of Aquin, Confessor and Doctor.

### The Seven Holy Founders.

These were seven noblemen of Florence, who in the thirteenth century renounced the pleasures and honors which lay within their reach, and embraced the religious life. They founded an Order of monks, popularly known as Servites, or Servants of Mary, having as principal patron the Blessed Virgin, under the title of 'Mother of Sorrows.'

### Ash Wednesday.

The first Wednesday in Lent is called Ash Wednesday from the Catholic ceremony of blessing ashes, and placing them on the foreheads of the clergy and laity as a sign of penance.

### St. Casimir, Confessor.

Poland honors, as its patron, St. Casimir, second son of the King of that country. He learned from pious preceptors, to practise austerities, which contrasted remarkably with the luxury and splendor of his father's court. He died in 1482, at the age of twenty-four, and is proposed to the young as the model of every virtue.

## GRAINS OF GOLD

### 'SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN.'

'Suffer the little children  
To come unto Me!' He said  
To those who would fain have checked them,  
As He stroked each curly head,  
And gathered them all about Him,  
And clasped them close to His breast.  
O God of the fair and spotless,  
How sweet a place to rest!

'Suffer the little children,  
I think I can hear Him say;  
'For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven!'  
And 'tis just the same to-day.  
O Lord of the heavenly garden,  
Fragrant and undefiled,  
I bring Thee that fairest blossom,  
The soul of a sinless child!

— Ave Maria.

To look for praise or place is to work in the spirit of the hireling. That alone is good for me which gives me freedom and opportunity to lead my own life, to uphold the being which is myself.

The truly charitable individual forgives all because he understands all; he judges not, lest he condemn himself, and he gives not only of his material stores, but of his very self in the service of humanity.

The good God has measured out our years; and of these years that He has resolved to leave us on this earth, He has marked out one which shall be our last. What distance is there between that moment and this? The space of an instant!

Self-conquest is a duty we owe ourselves as well as God. We owe it to ourselves made, as we are, to God's image and likeness, to have that resemblance develop in us with our years. We owe it to God in sign of our gratitude to live for Him through the glory we may give Him, and not for ourselves through the gratification we may give our sin-corrupted natures. In our self-conquest we shall find our peace as well as our perfection, and shall prepare ourselves by our victory for a crown in Heaven.

Human nature is alike in its essentials, and there is the divine element in each of us. No two people can see the same scene with the same eyes, no two people realise the wonder of a divine thought or a human problem with the same degree of intensity. No two people either, have the same gift of expression. Be satisfied that you can feel. Perhaps God has adjusted the balance in this wise—that while your lips are dumb your spirit is eloquent, bringing you where words never could.

# The Storyteller

## ROBBED OF HIS FAITH

(Concluded from last week.)

'Well,' said Miss Wilson, who had been watching his face.

'Oh, madame,' he stammered, 'you are too good; it is too much honor.'

'Not a bit of it,' she replied; 'it is a pleasure I am doing myself. I like children. Give me little Joseli, and you will be doing me a favor.'

'But shall we never see him again?' cried the guide, the feelings of a father asserting themselves.

'Certainly, you shall,' replied Miss Wilson. 'When he is old enough he shall come and see you, but he had better stay in England till he gets accustomed to his new surroundings.'

'Ah! madame, I can never thank you enough,' cried Louis. 'You are an angel, and God will bless you—' Then he suddenly stopped, a hot flush overspreading his face. Devout Catholic that he was, it struck him that he was leaving God utterly out of the question. 'Madame,' he said, in a hesitating voice, 'have you forgotten that Joseli is a Catholic, and you—'

'Oh, that does not matter,' exclaimed Miss Wilson, hurriedly; 'the child is far too young to understand anything about difference of creed. You could not expect me to bring him up as a Catholic, but I equally promise you I will not bring him up as a Protestant. So long as he knows the fundamental doctrines of Christianity and says his prayers he will take no harm. When he is old enough he shall come and see you and decide for himself the religion he prefers. Say no more now, Louis,' she continued, as the guide still hesitated, 'but go and think it over. The whole question lies in a nutshell. I offer to make Joseli a gentleman and leave him a good income when I die, whereas you can give him nothing better than the common life of a cowboy or a precarious existence like your own.'

Louis Muller went back to the little village in the valley, his soul torn with conflicting emotions. What should he do? Could he give up his Joseli, his mother's pet? Could he part with him to go into a distant land among heretics and unbelievers? And yet Miss Wilson promised that he should not be taught anything contrary to the creed of his parents. How could he stand in his lad's light when such a wonderful chance of getting on in the world presented itself? No, he could not refuse such a splendid offer. The Holy Mother of God would look after his boy. But as he toiled up the mountain where his children lived, toiled up in silence and alone, with only the splashing of a waterfall or the tinkling of a cowbell to break the intense repose, the awful grandeur of nature, the solemn stillness, the magnificence of the snow-covered Alps, behind which the sun was slowly sinking, bathing them in golden glory, spoke to his heart of the mighty presence of God and the nothingness of all created things compared with heaven and eternity.

Suddenly he bethought him that he would go to the cure of Alpenberg, the good old cure who had been so many years in the village and knew all his flock by name. He would be sure to advise him for the best.

The priest listened in silence as Louis told his tale, a grave expression on his face.

'My son,' he said, when the guide had finished, 'I do not see why you have come to me. There could be but one answer to such proposal. You should have told the lady so at once.'

'But, Father,' faltered Louis, 'I thought perhaps that you—'

'That I—? What?'

'That you might see some way out of the difficulty. It is such a splendid offer. How can I stand in the light of my son?'

'Are you mad, Louis Muller,' exclaimed the cure, 'that for one moment you dared to think that I would be a party to such a transaction? And as for standing in the light of your son—that is exactly what you would be doing, standing in his light, his eternal light, and exposing yourself to sin by robbing him of his faith. Man alive! I cannot believe you are in your senses. I know it is a splendid offer—most of the devil's offers are—but nothing, nothing could atone for the crime of depriving your child of the means of learning his religion and endangering his soul by allowing him to live with Protestants in a non-Catholic land?'

'But Father,' pleaded Louis, 'there are many Swiss