

# Friends at Court

## GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- March 8, Sunday.—First Sunday in Lent.
- „ 9, Monday.—St. Frances of Rome, Widow.
- „ 10, Tuesday.—The Forty Martyrs.
- „ 11, Wednesday.—St. John of God, Confessor. Ember Day.
- „ 12, Thursday.—St. Gregory the Great, Pope, Confessor, and Doctor.
- „ 13, Friday.—The Lance and Nails. Ember Day.
- „ 14, Saturday.—St. Cataldus, Bishop and Confessor. Ember Day.

### The Lance and Nails.

This feast serves to remind us of two incidents in the Passion of Our Lord—how the soldiers nailed Him to the Cross, and after His death pierced His sacred side with a lance. The latter event is thus narrated by St. John: 'The soldiers therefore came; and they broke the legs of the first, and of the other that was crucified with Him. But after they were come to Jesus, when they saw that He was already dead, they did not break His legs. But one of the soldiers, with a spear, opened His side, and immediately there came out blood and water. . . . For these things were done, that the Scripture might be fulfilled: "You shall not break a bone of Him."'

### St. Cataldus, Bishop and Confessor.

St. Cataldus, the second apostle and patron saint of Taranto, was born in Ireland about the year 615, and whilst a youth was sent to study at the great monastic school of Lismore. Whilst returning from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, in which he was accompanied by some of his disciples, the vessel was wrecked in the Gulf of Taranto, not far from the city of that name. When the Irish Bishop saw this beautiful city given over to pleasure and vice his spirit was moved within him, and in burning language he implored the inhabitants to return to the service of God, whom they had forgotten. It happened at this time that there was no bishop in the city, so the people besought Cataldus to remain with them, to which request he reluctantly acceded. The saint succeeded in bringing back the inhabitants to the service of God, and Taranto became a Christian city in reality, as well as in name. St. Cataldus died towards the close of the seventh century, and his remains were buried in a marble tomb, which up to this day is preserved in the sacristy of the Cathedral of Taranto.

## GRAINS OF GOLD

### THE CROWN OF PATIENCE.

O, learn one truth, in all its fair completeness:  
A sorrow's crown of thorns, if worn aright,  
With calm humility and patient sweetness,  
Becomes a crown of light!

Each suffering heart, by hope most unbefriended,  
Should feel that if its faith to God be given,  
When love and fortitude are closest blended,  
It then is nearest Heaven!

And every new brave smile our lips shall render  
When human pain's worst, weariest ways are trod,  
Adds one fresh plume to those white wings of splendor  
Wherewith we shall meet God!

—'Catholic News.'

Teach the boy to be true to his word and work; to face all difficulties with courage and cheerfulness; to form no friendships that can bring him into degrading associations; to respect other people's convictions; to reverence womanhood; to live a clean life in thought and word as well as in deed; that true manliness always commands success; that the best things in life are not those that can be bought with money; that to command he must first learn to obey; that there can be no compromise between honesty and dishonesty; that the virtues of punctuality and politeness are excellent things to cultivate.

Luck means rising at six o'clock in the morning; living on five shillings a day if you earn ten; minding your own business and not meddling with other people's. Luck means appointments you have never failed to keep; the trains you have never failed to catch. Luck means trusting in God and your own resources.

# The Storyteller

## IN MISS FELICIA'S GARDEN

It was a charming place, this old garden of Miss Felicia Ravenel, with its hedges of box, its formal flower-beds, its wealth of roses and flowering shrubs, its green stretches of turf, its old sun-dial with the Latin motto, and its quaint cedar summer-house, as carefully clipped and trimmed as when first constructed in the early years of the nineteenth century. There had been periods during its long existence when the garden had been very much out of fashion, and therefore very disapprovingly regarded by the large class to whom whatever is unfashionable is anathema, periods when Miss Felicia had been earnestly advised to uproot the great box hedges and replace them with borders of flaunting new plants. But Miss Felicia was happily a born conservative, and she held fast to every shrub of the old garden where she had grown up, and where the romance of her life had been played. It had been rather a sad romance, but nevertheless, but perhaps the more, Miss Felicia clung to its memory.

She was a beautiful woman still, for all her fifty years, with her graceful figure, her clear-cut features, her lustrous dark eyes, and the aristocratic air of her whole personality. And her beauty being thus, like Olivia's, 'in the grain' and warranted to bear wind and weather, she had the look of a grand duchess, even if she was wearing a cotton frock and gardening gloves. Attired in this manner, she was clipping away at a rose bush with a large pair of shears one morning in May, when a girl, with a striking likeness to herself, entered the garden, and rushing up to her eagerly embraced her.

'Fay,' she exclaimed, as in her surprise she dropped the shears, 'where did you come from?'

'From home, Aunt Felicia,' the girl replied, as she kissed her. 'I have run away.'

'You have—?' Miss Felicia gasped.

'Run away,' the newcomer repeated distinctly. 'Of course you are shocked, but equally of course you know why I have done it.'

'Yes, I suppose I know,' Miss Felicia answered. She looked at the girl and shook her head, half-sadly, half-severely. 'You are a bad child, Fay!'

'You don't think that, Aunt Felicia—I'm sure you don't!' Fay pleaded. Then she threw her arms again round the other. 'Sit down and let us talk about it,' she cried. 'I've come to you for sympathy and help.'

'Sympathy in abundance you shall have,' Miss Felicia said, as they walked over to a garden seat under a climbing rose and sat down, 'but the only help I can offer you is the help to do what is right.'

'And that is—?'

'To go back home quietly, like a good daughter.'

'You know what that means,' Fay said, fixing her with bright eyes. 'It means submitting to my father's arbitrary command and giving up Geoffrey Brett.'

If Miss Felicia shrank a little at the sound of that name, there was no outward sign of it. She simply said: 'Your father has a right to your obedience, Fay.'

'The right to my obedience within reasonable bounds, yes,' the girl returned, 'but not when he asks what is unreasonable and tyrannical.'

'Fay.'

'Oh, let us speak plainly, Aunt Felicia! Do you think I don't know the old story of how you gave up the other Geoffrey Brett—my Geoffrey's father—because your family refused to allow you to marry him, on account of a century-old feud? I have burned with sympathy and indignation for you as long as I can remember, and I always said to myself that I would never be coerced in such a manner. So when I met Geoffrey Brett I regarded him with more interest than I might otherwise have done, because of your romance with his father, and I soon found there had been very good reason for that romance. If Geoffrey Brett, the elder, was half as charming as Geoffrey Brett, the younger, Aunt Felicia, I don't—I really don't see how you ever gave him up!'

'If Geoffrey Brett, the younger, is half what his father was,' Miss Felicia said, as she glanced around the garden where a gallant young figure had once walked with her amid the roses of a long vanished May, 'I do not wonder that you think so, Fay.'

'And, therefore, I am quite determined,' the girl went on, 'that I'll be wiser than you were, that I will assert my right to my own individuality, my own life; and that I will not give up happiness when it is offered