

# Friends at Court

## GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- February 21, Sunday.—Quinquagesima Sunday.
- „ 22, Monday.—The Chair of St. Peter at Antioch.
- „ 23, Tuesday.—St. Peter Damian, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
- „ 24, Wednesday.—Ash Wednesday.
- „ 25, Thursday.—St. Felix III., Pope and Confessor.
- „ 26, Friday.—The Crown of Thorns.
- „ 27, Saturday.—St. Cyril of Alexandria, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.

St. Peter Damian, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.

St. Peter was born at Ravenna, in the north of Italy, about 988. After a youth of hardship, he entered a Benedictine monastery at the foot of the Apennines, where for many years he led a life of austerity, prayer, and study. His great piety and learning having brought him under the notice of his ecclesiastical superiors, he was employed by more than one Pope in important affairs, and displayed great zeal and prudence. In 1057 he was created Cardinal and Bishop of Ostia, but, five years later, he succeeded in obtaining permission to resign his bishopric and return to his monastery. His death occurred in 1072.

St. Cyril of Alexandria, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.

St. Cyril, Patriarch of Alexandria; was the champion of the Church against the heretic Nestorius, who, in denying to the Blessed Virgin the title of Mother of God, subverted the doctrine of the Incarnation. As legate and representative of Pope Celestine, he opened the General Council of Ephesus in 431, in which the Nestorian heresy was condemned. He was called to his reward thirteen years later, in A.D. 441.

## GRAINS OF GOLD

### IN AGONY.

All night I lay in agony. My soul  
Was sullen with despair; and near me stole  
An angel of rebellion, darkly seen  
Through misty vapors, heavy and unclean.  
At last the morning came, the shadow fled,  
The angel left me and the pain was dead;

And in my heart a surging joy did rise,  
A great *Te Deum*, mounting to the skies.  
Then as I praised the God who made me glad,  
I heard within my heart a whisper sad:  
'O foolish soul! At last thou thank'st Me!  
Was I not with thee in thine agony?'

*Ave Maria.*

Men of evil life are murderers of souls. By direct intention, or by the infection of example, they destroy the innocent and turn back the penitent.—Cardinal Manning.

There is scarcely an evil in life which we cannot double by pondering upon it; a scratch will thus become a serious wound, and a slight illness be made to end in death by the brooding apprehension of the sick. On the other hand, a mind accustomed to look upon the bright side of all things will repel the mildew and dampness of care by its genial sunshine. A cheerful heart paints the world as it sees it, like a sunny landscape; the morbid mind depicts it like a sterile wilderness; and thus life, like the chameleon, takes its shade from the soil upon which it rests. Cheerfulness keeps up a daylight in the mind, filling it with a perpetual serenity, and is in itself an offshoot of goodness.

The present is only a passing phase of your existence. Youth soon fades and strength decays; and as shock after shock in your struggle through life demolishes one after another the air-castles which you so long and so laboriously constructed, you will more and more feel the necessity of ceasing to lean upon broken reeds and of looking within your soul's interior for an abiding comfort. And if you find there but emptiness, even as you have found hollowness and deceit without, you will grow hardened and cynical. But if, on the other hand, you have learned to commune with yourself and to make your soul's interior the guest-chamber in which to entertain the Divine Word—the Emmanuel dwelling within you—in Him you will find renewed strength to fight your battles with the world, to help you in trouble, to soothe you in pain, and to console you in sorrow and affliction. And so, in cultivating the Spiritual Sense you are also educating yourself up to the larger views of life, and learning the great lesson of patience and forbearance.

# The Storyteller

## A FOUNDLING OF ST. ANTHONY

Outside the farm-steading of Jean Marie Malahiende presented a most forbidding appearance. It had the air of a fortified place, standing out there alone on the wind-swept hill above the sea. It was a great square enclosure of eyeless, windowless brick, and the heavy, arched gate might have been the entrance to a fortress. There was something sinister about it as we stole past it in the dusk. It looked as though murder might have been done or plotted there.

Within, it was very different—beautiful and bright and white. Around three sides of it were the open sheds for the cattle. The fourth side was taken up by the dwelling-house, with green jalousies to all the windows.

The way for the cattle was fenced off from the centre of the courtyard, which had been made into a garden. It was a garden for use. The neighbors used to admit sorrowfully that Jean Marie's vegetables were always finer than theirs. Such superb cabbages and cauliflowers, such delicious fresh lettuces and spinach and celery and beets and sorrel and chicory and endive, to say nothing of peas and beans, were grown in the garden under the protection of St. Anthony, whose statue stood in the midst of it, holding the Divine Infant in his arms.

The land outside was very poor and sandy, hardly worth while cultivating, although cattle and sheep could pick up some kind of a living there. Jean Marie did not trouble to cultivate very much of it. He supplied milk and vegetables and eggs and butter and poultry to the people round about; and in the springtime, when the chalets along the plage were untenanted, sent his produce to the Friday market at Soulac. Year by year—although he was not ungenerous; was indeed a friend to the Church and the poor, as the Cure would have told you—he added something to his store. He was known for a man of substance. It was a thousand pities, said the neighbors discussing him, that he had not a child to follow him in the farm and inherit his savings, which doubtless would go to the Church and the poor.

Jean Marie had a little brown, much-wrinkled face under his silver hair. No one, nothing, feared him. The pigeons would settle on his head and shoulders in a flock as he dug in his beloved garden. Mene-lik, the house dog, that had been given to Jean Marie by a soldier of the Foreign Legion long since dead, would lie down in the very path of his hoe and refuse to get up again until removed by main force. The cat would jump upon his knee when he sat to meals, to the scandal of Josephine, his old housekeeper.

'Ah, the worthless ones!' she would grumble: 'With what they eat, those rascals, I could fatten many more geese and put money in thy pocket.'

'Money is not everything, my dear Josephine,' Jean Marie would say, pulling at his pipe. And that was a sufficiently startling sentiment in the mouth of a French farmer to excuse the housekeeper's amazement.

Jean Marie and the Cure used often to have a meal together, sitting in the little arbor crowned by a vine, in front of which stood St. Anthony. They would sit there after Josephine had served them a meal of excellent quality, and would sometimes not speak for quite a long time, since the understanding between them was so good.

'It is very peaceful, Jean Marie,' the Cure said, as he had said many times before.

Jean Marie blinked his old eyes.

'How would it look, Monsieur,' he said dreamily, 'to one from Paris—one to whom the city had not been kind? It is gay in Paris, but when youth is over—'

'Ah, my friend,' responded the Cure, looking at him benevolently through the smoke, 'if she could come back! But—there is more between you than the years. And I think she is dead, else we should have heard of her. The Commissaire of Police told me that everything would be done. Is it likely he should fail? He is a Breton like myself, the son of an old neighbor. They are sharp, those police of Paris. Yet nothing has come.'

Jean Marie nodded toward the statue.

'He is better, the good St. Anthony, than many commissaires,' he said.

'You have great faith,' said the Cure. 'May dear St. Anthony reward it! And, my friend, you have a forgiving heart.'

Jean Marie put down his pipe and stared out into the hot white sunshine.

'She was young,' he said. 'I was almost old enough to be her father. We do not ask love of our young girls when we marry them. And sometimes there is—another.'