

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- March 14, Sunday.—Third Sunday in Lent.
- „ 15, Monday.—St. Zacharias, Pope and Confessor.
- „ 16, Tuesday.—St. Matthias, Apostle.
- „ 17, Wednesday.—St. Patrick, Bishop and Confessor, and Patron of Ireland.
- „ 18, Thursday.—St. Gabriel, Archangel.
- „ 19, Friday.—St. Joseph, Patron of the Universal Church.
- „ 20, Saturday.—St. Cyril of Jerusalem, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.

St. Patrick, Bishop, Confessor, and Patron of Ireland.

The nationality of St. Patrick is much disputed, some naming France, others Scotland, as the place of his birth. When but sixteen years of age he was carried captive into Ireland, where he remained for six years, thus by a remarkable disposition of Divine Providence becoming acquainted with the language and customs of the people whom he was afterwards to evangelise. Having escaped from captivity, his one desire was to return to Ireland, bringing with him the blessings of the true faith to its pagan inhabitants. The desired mission was confided to him by Pope St. Celestine about 432. His labors were crowned with complete success. By his exertions Ireland has ever since not only kept pure and un sullied the faith at home, but has helped to propagate it in nearly every country in the world. St. Patrick died about 464, and was buried in Downpatrick.

St. Joseph, Patron of the Universal Church.

St. Joseph was chosen by God to watch over the infancy of Christ, to be the protector of Mary's chastity, and to secure her from calumnies in the birth of her Divine Son. So great a dignity, such familiar intercourse with the Deity, required a sanctity far above the common. That St. Joseph possessed this we know from the inspired word of God. He is styled in the New Testament 'a just man,' one, namely, endowed with all the virtues. From the fact that no mention is made of him after the finding of the Child Jesus in the Temple, we conclude that he must have died before the beginning of Our Lord's public ministry. We cannot doubt that he was comforted and assisted in his last moments by Jesus and Mary. Hence his intercession is sought particularly to obtain the grace of a happy death.

GRAINS OF GOLD

OUR COMMONPLACE MERCIES.

Forgive us who live by thy bounty
That often our lives are so bare
Of the garland of praise that should render
All votive and fragrant each prayer.
Dear Lord, in the sharpness of trouble
We cry from the depths to Thy throne!
In the long days of gladness and beauty
Take thou the glad hearts as Thine own.

Oh, common are sunshine and flowers,
And common are raindrop and dew,
And the gay little footsteps of children,
And common the love that holds true.
So, Lord, for our commonplace mercies,
That straight from thy hand are bestowed,
We are fain to uplift our thanksgivings—
Take, Lord, the long debt we have owed!

THE YEAR AS DEDICATED

Each of the twelve months of the year has been dedicated to Catholic devotion in the following order:
January, the month of the Holy Childhood.
February, the month of the Passion.
March, the month of devotion to St. Joseph.
April, the month of the Resurrection.
May, the month of Mary.
June, the month of the Sacred Heart.
July, the month of the Precious Blood.
August, the month of the Heart of Mary.
September, the month of the Pilgrim Orders.
October, the month of the Angels and of the Rosary.
November, the month of devotion to the souls in purgatory.
December, the month of the Nativity of Our Lord.

The Storyteller

THE MEASURE OF JOHN MALLORY

'You intend, then, to go on with this scheme?'
'The scheme, as you call it, is included in my orders from my company. Naturally, I will go on with it.'

'But the barefaced dishonesty of the thing,' said the priest. 'Have you no conscience, no notions of honor which would put you above a slavish obedience to orders?'

'Say, friend,' said John Mallory, laying his hand on Father Corbin's shoulder with that large tolerance which the West has for those who do not seem to understand it, 'you're a good man and a good preacher, but if you think that this town and this big country is going to be developed on the little two-by-four lines of the East, you are simply mistaken. Why, man, Barr has already been offered more than he can ever get out of his claims with his old pick and pan. His legal title is worth nothing. The company is willing to give him a fair price for what it might as well have for nothing.'

'You mean by a fair price the little scraping of gold which he, a tottering old man, might be able to haggle out of the ground between now and the time he dies, which won't be long. In the name of common honesty, is that a fair price to a man for the work of a lifetime, for his home, for everything that makes his life? But the question is not one of price, and we both know it. The old man is not asking a price. He is standing on his earned right to live and work and die on those claims, and to leave them intact to the little girl there, who is more to him than claims or life.'

'Oh, by the way, who is that little girl, Juanita Barr?—that name does not seem to agree with itself.'

'No, it does not,' answered the priest. 'The child, of course, is no relation to him. Nevertheless, that does not change the fact that your company's plan of absorption will mean robbing her of her inheritance.'

'Oh, that; why, don't you see that the money will be worth more to her than the claim? What could she ever do with it?'

'Your company is not asking itself that question. It wants what is hers and goes about to get it.'

'You put it hard, sir. You do not realise that those claims are essential to the company, that without them it stands to lose thousands.'

'We do not agree, I guess, on the things that are essential. I am glad to have met you, though our talk seems to have ended where it began. But I will venture this much—you will never go through with this business.'

'I guess you're not up to modern business methods, Father.'

'No,' said the priest, looking long and searchingly into the clean, brown face before him; 'no, but I know something of men.' And he turned slowly up the slope.

This fell out on Father Corbin's second visit to Larido. Coming back to the place, after two months' absence, looking up his strayed parishioners over the whole waste of the eastern foothills, he could not but see the unmistakable signs of what in our country is progress. The spur of railroad up from the 'Atchison' was nearing completion, and, facing out on the old trail, at the end of the row of bedraggled cabins, there was a new planked building which announced itself as the office of the Bordwin Mining Company, J. B. Mallory, Manager.

Father Corbin immediately on his arrival had gone to see the old miner and Juanita, to whom he had been so unceremoniously introduced on his first visit to Larido. He had found Barr frankly glad to see him, Juanita shy and half afraid of him still, in the memory of former happenings. The old man, though, was plainly worried. The priest hardly expected him to speak, for long years in the desert's silences do not bring a man to easy confidences. In the evening, sitting out before the cabin, with the long, slanting shadows of the Rockies curtaining down over them, he opened the burden—

Father, I ha' done a great wrong to the little lass there, and now I'm to pay for it.'

He did not seem to look for comment, and Father Corbin silently let him take his own way.

'I tell you afore,' he went on, the canty brogue of the 'North' slipping through the dry tones of the West, 'that I came here, some sixteen years ago, bringin' the little lass, a weany, all the way over the mountains on a pony's back. But I didna tell ye that I came here for a reason. Out there, where you'll see that big fir standin' with his feet in the weir, Juanita's father didd—I have it from them that knew. How the little pardner came to me I'll tell ye some other day, but I'm no minded to