

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- May 23, Sunday.—St. John Baptist de Rossi, Confessor.
 „ 24, Monday.—Feast of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Help of Christians.
 „ 25, Tuesday.—St. Gregory VII., Pope and Confessor.
 „ 26, Wednesday.—St. Philip Neri, Confessor.
 „ 27, Thursday.—Octave of the Ascension.
 „ 28, Friday.—St. Urban I., Pope and Martyr.
 „ 29, Saturday.—Vigil of the Feast of Pentecost. Day of Fast and Abstinence.

St. Urban I., Pope and Martyr.

The pontificate of St. Urban lasted from 223 to 230. Though the Church generally enjoyed peace at that time, a local outburst of pagan fury claimed him as a victim.

Vigil of the Feast of Pentecost.

After the Ascension of Our Lord, the Apostles remained in Jerusalem, preparing themselves by prayer and recollection for the coming of the Holy Ghost. By commemorating this fact, the Church invites us to dispose ourselves for the worthy celebration of the great feast of Pentecost. The eve of Pentecost was, in the primitive Church, one of the two principal days appointed for the solemn administration of Baptism, and the baptismal font is still blessed on this day, with ceremonies similar to those made use of on Holy Saturday.

GRAINS OF GOLD

SHEAVES.

O Soul, let us ingather to the heart
 Some growth of Summer's field, ere bloom depart;
 Nay, not the grain: only the quiet of grass,
 The herb of Peace with balm for all who pass!

And let us hoard in vaults of memory
 Some golden spoil of Summer's orchard tree;
 Nay, not the fruit: only the bough wind-stirred,
 With its light burden of the singing bird.

And in the mind, before the Summer goes,
 Let us store up some beauty of the rose;
 Nay, not the leaves: only the scent whose breath
 No worm can touch or mad wind spill to death.

Soul, let us garner for our Winter need
 Some crowning harvest, ere the Summer speed;
 Nay, not the sun: trust only of the clod, —
 And hope of yet another Spring of God.

—Ave Maria.

Work is the grand cure for all the maladies that beset mankind.

Faith is the silken garment of the soul; disbelief the rags and tatters.

The most unhappy of all men is the one who cannot tell what he is going to do.

A woman who is tender, beautiful, and intelligent is Nature's most glorious work.

An honorable man is one who invariably does the thing which his conscience dictates.

Inquire not who may have said a thing, but consider what is said.—Thomas à Kempis.

In the shipwreck of life there might almost be a last chance of safety, did not dishonor take her place on the plank.

Turn away from the gloom and take up the task of helping others; the light will come again and you will grow strong.

The man who is afraid to submit a question to the test of free discussion is more in love with his own opinion than with the truth.

The scholar without good breeding is a pedant; the philosopher, a cynic; the soldier, a brute; the teacher, a clown; and every man disagreeable.

Of all the vices to which human nature is subject, treachery is the most infamous and detestable, being compounded of fraud, cowardice, and revenge.

To get in touch with God is a great thing. It is likewise a great thing to get in touch with human needs and conditions. And who succeeds in this has grasped the great gain.

Humility is the genuine proof of Christian virtues; without it we preserve all our defects, and they are only crusted over by pride, which conceals them from others, and often from ourselves.—La Rochefoucauld.

The Storyteller

NOT AFRAID

As the passenger train drew alongside the station a slender young man stepped to the platform. He was less than thirty, a boyish-looking fellow, a little above medium height, straight and square-shouldered.

The newcomer paused and looked about him. The few shabby idlers regarded him curiously. He stepped up to a stout man in an oily jacket who was endeavoring to decipher the markings on a box of freight.

'Station master?'

The man looked up.

'Yes.'

'I want to get to the mines. What's the best way?'

The man looked him over from hat to shoes.

'Minin' engineer?'

'Yes.'

'The place ain't bad, but it's a mighty tough gang to handle. Jest now, they're all stirred up over the firin' of the old sup'rintendent. Got drunk and let some property get destroyed an' came near killing a lot o' the men. Then the old man Guthrie fired him. But th' miners didn't want him to go.'

The stranger only nodded and passed on.

When he neared a waggon under a tree a stout man suddenly confronted him.

'Hullo,' said the stout man. He was short in stature, unshaven and roughly clad.

'Hullo,' said the traveller. 'Are you Mr. Haskins?'

'I'm Jim Haskins.'

'The station master suggested that you might take me over to the Gloria mines.'

The stout man frowned.

'That's one o' Joe's fool jokes,' he said.

The stout man jerked his thumb toward the waggon.

'That's dynamite in there,' he said.

The young man looked at the boxes curiously.

'That's all right,' he quietly said. 'How soon do you start?'

The stout man stared at him. Then he went to the horses' heads.

'Get in,' he growled.

'All right,' said the stranger, and took his seat.

'That's a good team you have there,' he said.

The stout man suddenly smiled.

'They understand the bizness they're engaged in,' he said with a dry chuckle. 'Gettin' a little old now, an' I'm afeared th' n'gh hoss won't stand it much longer. Like hosses?'

'Very much.'

'Handled 'em any?'

'Ever since I was a small boy.'

The stout man moved his head again.

'What are you—minin' engineer?'

'Yes.'

'Goin' to stay for any length o' time?'

'I hope so.'

The stout man shook his head.

'I dunno as you'll like it,' he said. 'They gen'ly don't. An' jest now th' boys are a good deal stirred up over th' old superintendent bein' fired.'

'And why should the miners have such a high regard for the old superintendent?' the young man asked.

'They're a queer lot,' the driver answered. 'They liked Jack Barclay 'cause he wuz a good deal of a man when he wuz sober. Jack wuz the fust feller down the shaft after the explosion two years ago. He wasn't 'fraid o' nuthin'—an' that's what th' boys liked in him.'

He bent forward a little more, his eyes on the laboring team. They were winding around the side of the mountain, a somewhat stiff grade, and the team was feeling the weight of the load.

'Shall I get out?' the young man presently asked.

'Afraid?' chuckled the driver.

'No,' replied the passenger with a quick laugh. 'I'll promise to walk beside the waggon. It might make the haul a little easier for the horses.'

'Sit still,' said the driver. 'Th' team's all right. This piece o' climbing don't last much longer.' He paused. 'I'm takin' quite a fancy to you, young fellow.' He laughed, 'That's a good deal for Jim Haskins to say.'

'Thank you,' said the passenger. 'I'll rely on you to say a good word for me.'

'Why do you want my good word?'

The passenger laughed lightly.

'Why? Because I'm the new superintendent.'

The old driver held in the horses with a sudden tightening of the reins. They stopped obediently.