

## Friends at Court

January 14, Sunday.—Second Sunday after the Epiphany.  
 „ 15, Monday.—St. Paul, the First Hermit.  
 „ 16, Tuesday.—St. Marcellus, Pope and Martyr  
 „ 17, Wednesday.—St. Anthony, Abbot.  
 „ 18, Thursday.—St. Peter's Chair, Rome.  
 „ 19, Friday.—SS. Marius and Companions, Martyrs.  
 „ 20, Saturday.—SS. Fabian and Sebastian, Martyrs.

### Chair of St. Peter at Rome.

This feast commemorates the residence and pontificate of St. Peter at Rome. At first he had fixed his See at Antioch, but, thinking it advisable that the Supreme Head of the Church should reside in the capital of the then known world, he came to Rome. His residence there extended, according to the more commonly received opinion, from A.D. 42 to his martyrdom in 67.

### SS. Fabian and Sebastian, Martyrs.

St. Fabian was elected Pope in 236, and governed the Church for fourteen years. His life, like that of so many of the early Popes, was closed by martyrdom, A.D. 250.

St. Sebastian was an officer of high rank in the Imperial Guard. Owing to his virtue and courage, he was much esteemed by the Emperor Diocletian, and was enabled by the influence thus acquired to protect numbers of his persecuted fellow-Christians. He was beaten to death with clubs about the year 288.

## GRAINS OF GOLD.

### AN HOUR WITH THEE.

My heart is tired, so tired, to-night  
 How endless seems the strife!  
 Day after day the restlessness  
 Of all this weary life:  
 I come to lay the burden down  
 That so oppresseth me.  
 And, shutting all the world without,  
 To spend an hour with Thee,  
 Dear Lord,  
 To spend an hour with Thee!

I would forget a little while  
 The bitterness of fears,  
 The anxious thoughts that crowd my life,  
 The buried hopes of years:  
 Forget that mortal's weary toil  
 My patient care must be.  
 A tired child, I come to-night  
 To spend an hour with Thee,  
 Dear Lord,  
 To spend an hour with Thee!

A foolish, wayward child, I know—  
 So often wandering:  
 A week, complaining child—but, Oh,  
 Forgive my murmuring:  
 And fold me to Thy breast,  
 Thou Who hast died for me,  
 And let me feel 'tis peace to rest  
 A little hour with Thee,  
 Dear Lord,  
 One little hour with Thee!

The disposition to give a cup of cold water is far nobler property than the finest intellect.

He who has injured thee was either stronger or weaker. If weaker, spare him: if stronger, spare thyself.—Seneca.

It has been well said, 'The active principle of Christianity is "give," whereas the active principle of Socialism is "take."'

## The Storyteller

### PHILEAS FOX, ATTORNEY

By ANNA T. SADLER.

[By Arrangement with the *Ave Maria*.]  
 (Continued.)

### XIII.

Phileas started from the easy, reclining posture, his eyes keen and watchful in an instant. The figure, passing slowly behind the group of trees, paused from time to time; and it seemed evident that on each of those occasions it was engaged in reconnoitring, spying upon his own movements. As well as he could see, it was that of an oldish man, stout and somewhat heavily built. Could it be John Vorst? Or, failing that, the widow's mysterious lodger? Phileas felt a sense of irritation that he could not see the man's face, though he was aware that the eyes were scrutinising his own countenance.

After a few minutes' silence, and just as Phileas was making up his mind to invade the ambush, the intruder suddenly stepped forth and advanced, with the same slow and heavy step, toward the verandah. In the first acuteness of his disappointment, Phileas did not catch the ludicrous aspect of the situation. It was only after a pause of several seconds that the young man burst into a laugh at the association of ideas that rushed into his mind. That heavy, lumbering figure, dressed in the Sunday best of a mechanic, mistaken for the beau who had been reckoned first amongst his peers in the elegant society of two generations before, and the husband of the haughty and imperious mistress of the Monroe Street mansion!

The man, astonished by the laugh, paused in front of the verandah, and eyed Phileas from a pair of watery eyes set in a heavy and somewhat surly countenance.

'Wot you want here?' said a gruff voice.

'What do I want?' echoed the lawyer. 'Why, I might ask the same question of you.'

'I don't want nodding,' growled the man.

'Then you and I will agree perfectly,' said Phileas placidly, resuming his cigar.

'I got to see no loafer comes here.'

'I don't envy you your onerous charge,' returned Phileas.

'But I don't let you come here no more, neder,' said the German, beginning to show signs of irritation.

Phileas regarded him tranquilly.

'Don't you think you are a little late?' he inquired. 'I have been here for an hour or more already.'

'Den you go away!' cried the man, wrathfully.

'Yes, by the evening train,' agreed the lawyer.

'You go dis minute!'

Phileas shook his head.

'You stay not by here!' roared the other, waxing the more irate as Phileas stretched himself again upon the bench and sent rings of smoke into the blue air. 'You go out by dat gate.'

'Yes; that's how I came in,' assented Phileas. 'It's the most convenient way. I shall presently act upon your suggestion.'

'No public place is it,' continued the German, his eyes fixed furiously upon the imperturbable lawyer.

'No, indeed! It's the most charming solitude I have seen in a long time. I have enjoyed my stay here immensely.'

'You shall not,' retorted the other.

'Ah, my friend,' sighed the young man, 'you can not deprive me of what I already have enjoyed, malevolent genius as you seem to be.'

'You call me names, hey!' screamed the Teuton, who was rapidly losing his temper. 'I show you if come here you can and call me names in dis place where I have the care.'