

Friends at Court

- February 4, Sunday.—Septuagesima Sunday.
 „ 5, Monday.—St. Agatha, Virgin and Martyr
 „ 6, Tuesday.—St. Titus, Bishop and Confessor
 „ 7, Wednesday.—St. Romuald, Abbot.
 „ 8, Thursday.—St. John of Matha, Confessor.
 „ 9, Friday.—St. Cyril of Alexandria, Bishop,
 Confessor, and Doctor.
 „ 10, Saturday.—St. Scholastica, Virgin.

St. Agatha, Virgin and Martyr.

St. Agatha was born at Palermo, Sicily, and martyred on February 5, 251, at Catania during the persecution of Decius. Quintianus, the Governor of Sicily, seeing his love for her repudiated, took revenge by accusing her of being a Christian, and caused her to suffer most cruel torments. She was scourged, burned with hot irons, torn with hooks, and then placed on a bed of live coals and glass. From all these tortures St. Agatha went forth triumphant, and finally died in her prison. The inhabitants of Catania invoke her, especially during an outbreak of Mount Etna.

St. John of Matha, Confessor.

The life of St. John of Matha was one long course of self-sacrifice for the glory of God and the good of his neighbor. As a child his chief delight was serving the poor, and he often told them he had come into the world for no other end but to wash their feet. He studied at Paris with such distinction that his professors advised him to become a priest, in order that his talents might render greater service to others: and for this end John gladly sacrificed his high rank and other worldly advantages. At his first Mass an angel appeared clad in white, with a red and blue cross on his breast and his hands reposing on the heads of a Christian and a Moorish captive. To ascertain what this signified John repaired to St. Felix of Valois, a holy hermit living near Meaux, under whose direction he led a life of extreme penance. The angel again appeared, and they set out for Rome to learn the will of God from the lips of the Sovereign Pontiff, who told them to devote themselves to the redemption of captives. For this purpose they founded the Order of the Holy Trinity. The religious fasted every day, and, gathering alms throughout Europe, took them to Barbary to redeem the Christian slaves. They devoted themselves also to the sick and prisoners in all countries. Worn out by his heroic labors, John died in 1213 at the age of 53.

St. Scholastica, Virgin.

St. Scholastica, sister of St. Benedict, was born at Nursia, Italy, and lived near him in the monastery of Plombariole, which she caused to be built about five miles from that of Monte Cassino.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

A MEMORY.

Over the hills and down the vales
 I walked for miles in summer hours,
 With not a stone to trouble me,
 My ev'ry path was buds and flow'rs.

As birds and bees and all the winged
 I was removed from earth and clay:
 When daisies died I thought that I
 Should know again life's barren way.

But Heaven sweet with blooms of grace
 Continued fair the paths I trod—
 Who's lived above the world cannot
 Deny its need of Beauty, God.

—Boston Pilot.

The Storyteller

PHILEAS FOX, ATTORNEY

By ANNA T. SADLIER.

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

XVI.

Fortunately, Phileas did catch the evening boat, deciding to take his supper on board; and, as the darkness settled down like a pall over the face of the waters, he sat upon the deck, watching the huge leviathan of a steamer churning its way, with dashing of foam and whirring of machinery. Light talk and laughter sounded from the various groups around him, or came forth from the brilliantly lighted saloon, until gradually, as it grew late, the groups dispersed and the apartment became almost portentously still.

The young lawyer was now left in solitary possession of the deck, smoking his cigar, and letting his thoughts wander over the whole range of impressions that had been stamped upon his mind during the recent weeks. Above his head, in the clear blue of the firmament, the Northern Crown and Bootes, the Herdsman, disputed the sovereignty of the heavens with the Dipper and the princely Orion. Their radiance seemed fairly dazzling in that bright arc, thickly crowded with those constellations which, by the quaint symbolism of their names, recall the dawn of the world's history.

It was very late indeed when Phileas abandoned that peaceful scene and the soft lulling of the waters, for his cabin, where a fellow traveller was already sleeping the sleep of the weary. The early morn found the energetic lawyer astir, and hastening to the deck to watch the steamer ploughing through the harbor of Tea Party fame, and the crowd of hurrying people. They included every class and condition, from the commercial traveller, genial, bumptious, endlessly loquacious, or grim and taciturn, to the merchant prince whose family had long since ensconced themselves at Newport or elsewhere, and who was running down to Boston for the mere pleasure of the sail; belonging for the most part, however, to the varied and often nondescript company of tourists, voluble, anxious and ardent in the pursuit of sight-seeing.

Phileas, who had but little luggage and consequently no anxiety, observed them all, as he waited, with the closeness of attention that his profession fostered, until presently the vessel came to anchor with a prodigious straining and creaking, a whistling and shrieking; and before him lay the city, which is perhaps the most historic within the radius of the Northern States. There the pale ghosts of the Puritans seem to stalk, marvelling at modern progress; the quiet and peaceful Quakers appear to glide through the winding streets, where frequently they underwent persecution, and where, in common with other strange sectaries and the witches, ghastly victims of superstition, they endured undeserved torments. The Colonial governors, the Revolutionary worthies, and the tribesmen of old Massasoit still haunt the shores and inhabit the thoroughfares, now given over to the rush and bustle of commerce.

Phileas registered at a hotel which has been identified with the growth of the metropolis; and after breakfast set forth to seek that secluded spot where he hoped to find the widow's mysterious lodger. The lawyer was tolerably well acquainted with the Puritan city, and admired, as he went, the Common, oasis of verdure, and Beacon street, where the magnates of the East India Company and other commercial potentates had set up their palatial residence.

He discovered without much trouble that quiet hostelry, where a gentleman answering to the lawyer's description had taken up his abode some weeks previously, but, as the clerk added with a touch of resent-