

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- April 10, Sunday.—Second Sunday after Easter.
 „ 11, Monday.—St. Leo the Great, Pope, Confessor, and Doctor.
 „ 12, Tuesday.—St. Julius I., Pope and Confessor.
 „ 13, Wednesday.—St. Hermenigild, King and Martyr.
 „ 14, Thursday.—St. Justin, Martyr.
 „ 15, Friday.—St. Rupert, Bishop and Confessor.
 „ 16, Saturday.—St. Benedict Joseph Labre, Confessor.

St. Leo the Great, Pope, Confessor, and Doctor.

St. Leo, born in Rome of a distinguished Tuscan family, was chosen Pope in 440, after he had already made a name for himself as a scholar and a diplomatist. Besides many epistles, he has left us over a hundred sermons, which show him to have been a man of great genius and lofty natural eloquence. In 451 he convoked and, in the person of the legates, presided over the general council of Chalcedon, at which the errors of Eutyches were condemned. In the following year he induced Attila, the ferocious leader of the savage Huns, to desist from the invasion of Italy. St. Leo died in 461.

St. Hermenigild, Martyr.

This saint was the son of Leovild, a king of the Visigoths, who was infected with the Arian heresy. Having embraced the Catholic religion, St. Hermenigild was deprived of the right of succession to the throne, and cast into prison. There, attempts to shake his constancy having failed, he was put to death by order of his own father about the beginning of the seventh century.

St. Justin, Martyr.

St. Justin was born of Greek parents in Palestine. After having devoted himself to an exhaustive study of pagan philosophy, he embraced Christianity, when he was in his thirtieth year. His fame for learning rests principally on two Apologies, or defences of the Christian religion, addressed, the one to the Emperor Antoninus Pius, the other to Marcus Aurelius. His vigorous and successful championship of Catholicity earned for him the martyr's crown, A.D. 167.

GRAINS OF GOLD

BENEDICTION.

Glimmer of candles and shimmer of gold,
 Centred midst flowers and beauty and light,
 Enthroned in a cloud of omnipotent glory,
 The Lord of the Angels is present to-night.

Silence of midnight and gladness of dawning,
 Blessings untold on each bended head fall;
 Deep from the heart goes the cry to the Saviour,
 'Jesus, my Lord, my God, and my all.'

Chiming of silver bells, clear through the silence,
 High above all is the Sacred Host raised,
 'Father of mercy, of goodness, of greatness,
 Hail to Thy name, may it ever be praised!'

Gone are the worshippers, softly departing,
 Enriched with the blessings bestowed by our Lord;
 Deserted the altar, the red lamp is burning,
 There's only the silence, the shadows, and God.
 —*Boston Pilot.*

Not to enjoy life, but to employ life, ought to be our aim and aspiration.

A wise man will desire no more than he can get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly.

Some birds are typical examples of human attributes; the dove symbolises innocence and the eagle represents majesty, but the robin redbreast teaches the best lesson of all, for he sings as joyously in the dark, dreary winter days, when the earth is frost-bound and snow-covered, as in pleasant summer days, when food is plentiful and life is merry. Thus, in his humble way he teaches the lesson of patience and gratitude.

There is beauty to be seen in everyday surroundings, and the joy which beauty brings may be ours for the looking for it. There is the beauty of nature, be it only typified by a green tree flourishing in the sequestered corner of a city courtyard; there is the beauty of noble architecture, though the public buildings displaying it are not innocent of soot or smoke; and there is the beauty of God-made humanity, hidden though it be beneath rags.

Our home influence is not a passing, but an abiding one, and all-powerful for good or evil, for peace or strife, for happiness or misery. Each separate Christian home has been likened to a central sun, around which revolves a happy and united band of warm, loving hearts, acting, thinking, rejoicing, and sorrowing together. Which member of the family group can say: 'I have no influence'? What sorrow, or what happiness, lies in the power of each!

The Storyteller

AT THE ST. JEAN BAPTISTE

(Concluded.)

Then Toussaint thought of what the father had said, and his heart sank. There was no means by which that objection could be overcome. He did not attempt to urge her any further. He turned the horse's head in the direction of Aurore's home. The afternoon was a beautiful one, and the drive would have been pleasant but for the circumstances which cast a painful constraint over both. On the homeward way they came to a field thickly covered with the pale blue of Aurore's favorite flower, and the girl could not repress an exclamation of delight. Toussaint, without a word, put the reins into her hand, and, getting down, plucked for her a large bunch of the fragile blossoms.

'It is to be regretted,' he said, 'that these flowers do not last.'

'They will last a little while,' she said gratefully; 'and I thank you very much for the trouble you have taken.'

'It is nothing,' the young man replied; and he said no more till he bade her good-bye at her father's door.

It may be supposed that the gossips gossiped and gossiped concerning that drive, some going so far as to expect to hear the banns called the following Sunday.

IV.

When the St. Jean Baptiste came round the next year everything in the sacred edifice was as before; for the church is always the same, and in that way is a small imago of eternity. But in other respects Aurore found a change. She had not been chosen to pass the St. John's Bread, but received it from another. She blessed herself; and, while eating it, could not help stealing a glance at Toussaint, who sat bolt-upright, and likewise consumed his portion of the festal cake, but never turned in her direction. When the services were over, he made not even the slightest movement toward her; but, getting into his handsome waggonette, drove away.

It was outside the door that Aurore heard the great news that was agitating all the groups, and which the gossips were not slow to bring to her, that they might observe the effect. It was certain, said they, that Toussaint was to be married to the daughter of M. Préfontaine up at the Mountain. She would bring him a large dot.

Aurore grew a little pale as she listened, and felt a slight constriction at her heart. There was no one to delay her departure that day, and no one to ask her to drive. On the way home she beheld a field of her favorite blue flowers, and the sight of them caused the constriction at her heart to grow more pronounced. They reminded her of last year, and how her suitor had worn one in his buttonhole as a message to her, and had plucked her a large bunch of the perishable blossoms.

When they had driven some distance, the horse cast a shoe, and her father bade her alight and wait, while he drove to the nearest blacksmith. Her brothers elected to walk the rest of the way; so the girl was left alone, and somehow she felt that her loneliness weighed upon her. She sat down on the grass under the shade of a hedge, with a maple tree bending till its branches almost touched her.

The day was lovely, with its balmy air, exquisite scents, the singing of birds, and the joyous hum of insects. Aurore covered her face with her hands, and a tear stole down her cheeks. After all, what did a name signify? She had perhaps been foolish, and she hated to think that that other girl at the mountain was now probably going out for a drive in her place. She was startled by a step and a voice near her. It was Toussaint, who stood and regarded her intently. He was not slow to perceive the paleness of her face and the tear upon her cheek.

'So, Ma'amselle Aurore,' he said, 'a year has gone by, and it is again the feast which brings to some in this village joy and lasting happiness.'

Aurore fancied that he spoke of his own coming marriage. She rallied bravely and answered:

'For sure, yes, it is the feast; and I hope it has brought you happiness.'

'We drove together last year,' the young man observed reflectively. 'It was a fine day, and to-day is almost as beautiful. Do you not think so?'

'Yes,' said Aurore, simply.

'I thought of going up to the Mountain,' continued Toussaint.

The girl's heart beat.

'I know you would not go,' her former lover added; 'and I can not ask you, since I have another engagement.' He paused again before he said: 'If you had accepted me last year you would have made me very happy; but as it is—'

'You are doing very much better,' answered Aurore, with fine spirit. 'Is not that so, Monsieur La Mort?'

This time she quite forgot to omit the surname, and Toussaint noticed the circumstance. He looked at her intently, and then said slowly: