

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- April 17, Sunday.—Third Sunday after Easter. Patronage of St. Joseph.
- „ 18, Monday.—Espousals of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
- „ 19, Tuesday.—St. Leo IX., Pope and Confessor.
- „ 20, Wednesday.—Apparitions of the Blessed Virgin Mary at Lourdes.
- „ 21, Thursday.—St. Anselm, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
- „ 22, Friday.—SS. Soter and Caius, Popes and Martyrs.
- „ 23, Saturday.—St. George, Martyr.

SS. Soter and Caius, Popes and Martyrs.

We know very little of these two Pontiffs except the manner of their deaths. St. Soter won the crown of martyrdom in 177; St. Caius, after many sufferings for the faith, died in 296, in the reign of Diocletian, whose kinsman he was.

St. George, Martyr.

St. George has been recognised as patron of England since the time of the Crusades. Unfortunately, no authentic details of his life have come down to us. He is believed to have been a soldier, and to have suffered martyrdom about 303. In emblem of the victory he thus gained over the Evil One, he is often represented in pictures as a knight tilting against a dragon.

GRAINS OF GOLD

SORROW.

When Sorrow pale, a queen doth reign
Within the heart's strong citadel.
The bitter word, that calls forth Pain,
Falls from her lips we know full well.

And yet we love her through bleak days
Of wand'ring o'er this sin-stained sod;
'Tis she who lights Love's burning rays—
'Tis she who turns our eyes to God.

—Sacred Heart Review.

It is of faith that God always answers right prayers, and in a way and in a degree beyond our most enthusiastic expectations; but He does not yet let us see how. We must take it on faith. We are quite sure that in the long run we shall not be disappointed.—Father Faber.

Willing hands can always find something to do. There is no dearth of objects claiming attention, no lack of duties demanding performance, no day which is not full of important obligations, and no hour which is not pregnant with possibilities of immense good to be garnered and of work to be done.

There are myriads of little men who do know and see all they long after, but that is because their longings are so shut in by valleys and their horizons so narrow and materialistic; but the larger dreams, the greater aspirations, the more desirable ideals, are only seen as Moses saw them from Pisgah afar off over in Canaan.

To forgive our enemies and to refrain from unkind judgments are obligations incumbent upon every Christian. It may not be natural to do so, but it is unquestionably Christian. He who obstinately refuses to practise charity, to this extent, at least, forfeits his birthright in the Kingdom of Christ. What more frequent than the judgments of the motives of others, and yet we all know from bitter experience how unjust such shortsighted searchings generally are.

The habits of reverence, gentleness, courtesy, honesty, courage and patience, like their opposites, are absorbed by the child from those with whom he is most closely associated. It is in these attributes that an ounce of example outweighs a ton of precept. It is a charming custom to lose no opportunity, either in reading fiction or in the circumstances attendant on every-day living, to express an enthusiastic appreciation of the good, the noble, beautiful, and true, but valuable beyond and above all discussion of these virtues is 'To be as nearly as we can what we wish our children to be.'

Deal very gently with those who are on the downhill of life. Your own time is coming to be where they now are. You, too, are 'stepping westward.' Soothe the restlessness of age by amusement, by consideration, by non-interference, and by allowing plenty of occupation to fall into the hands that long for it. But let it be of their own choosing and cease to order their ways for them as though they were children.

The Storyteller

A GOOD MARRIAGE

When the prosperous grocer, Charles Lorbier, married Mariette Malin, the pretty daughter of the small farmer from whom he was accustomed to purchase his butter and cheese, people said he could have done better; also that she had done most wonderfully well for herself. Perhaps both opinions were correct. At any rate, the couple were well satisfied with each other, and when, three years after their marriage, a beautiful little girl came to bless their union there was no happier pair in town than the Lorbiers, at the Sign of the Golden Goat, in the Rue Viagere.

Mariette wished to call the child after the Virgin Mother, to whom she was so devoted, but her husband thought the name of Mary too ordinary for so beautiful an infant. He therefore selected Ernestine, from that of a heroine in one of the feuilletons he was in the habit of reading after the day's work was done. M. Lorbier was of a more romantic temperament than his simple spouse. His ambitions, too, were soaring, and they were centred now in the tiny babe, of whom the mother only realised that she was hers to feed and clothe, to love and caress, without a single thought of the future, which, from the moment of the child's birth, had, in the mind of the father, begun to unfold illimitable possibilities for the coming years.

It was not long before he revealed these hopes and plans to his wife, who, like the dutiful spouse and fond mother that she was, could not help but share in them when she heard them drummed into her ears day after day. Ernestine's first tooth had not appeared when her father had already arranged the amount of the dot it would thenceforward be his ambition to bestow upon her, and as money, even in the hands of a successful grocer, does not double itself any too quickly, by the time she was walking, her parents had begun to practise in her behalf many small economies which had not been considered necessary before she came. At the end of the child's second year, Mariette had begun to think of Ernestine's trousseau, and, being quite skilful with her needle, employed all her spare moments in hemstitching and embroidering linen articles, domestic and personal, which, as soon as they were finished, she deposited in the large brass-bound armoire that stood in her own bedchamber.

The watchword of the Lorbier household, oft repeated and never lost sight of for a single day, was comprised in the following sentence: 'We must make a good marriage for Ernestine.' With this constantly repeated thought in their minds, it is not strange that with regard to themselves, at least—for the child was greatly indulged—the economies of the father and mother constantly increased. When Charles felt tempted to treat himself to a cigar or a glass of beer, he would think, 'So much from Ernestine's dot'—and if now and then Mariette felt inclined to buy a new gown or hat, or to purchase a ribbon or flower to freshen up the old, she would be reminded by her husband, if the thought had temporarily escaped her mind, that 'we must remember Ernestine's dot.' And these sacrifices were made not only ungrudgingly, but with joy and content, those two simple souls believing that the future held for them a magnificent reward for their deprivations.

When Ernestine was between twelve and thirteen, having made her First Communion, M. Lorbier decided that she must be sent to a boarding-school. At first her mother demurred, saying:

'Ah, Charles, why is it necessary to do this? Why tear from me my child, from whom I have never been parted for a single day? Soon she will be able to assist us in the shop, she is so quick at figures, and I shall work all the harder helping you behind the counter. We can thus dispense with all but a boy to carry parcels and run errands, and her dot will be increasing all the time.'

But her husband met her objections with loud reproaches.

'Stupid woman!' he cried: 'not to know that our Ernestine is not for the shop at all! We have other designs for her. What kind of a marriage will she make if we put her up behind the desk like an ordinary girl? We mean to make a fine match for Ernestine—a fine match, I tell you.'

'I don't know, Charles,' faltered Mariette. 'To give the child a good dot, that is all right. I am her mother and I am willing to work my fingers to the bone for it, but to lift her above her station—to put false notions into her head—M. le Cure says—'

'How dare M. le Cure meddle with my affairs till he is asked?' cried Lorbier, striking his fist on the counter with an angry vehemence Mariette had never before seen, and which caused her to shrink away from his final objurgations.

'M. le Cure, indeed! Let him mind his business. I will show him—I will show him! And it is not to a convent school, either, that we will send our daughter, but to a place where she will be taught something besides Avo Marias and Pater Nosters.'

So Ernestine was sent to a private school in the suburbs, kept by two maiden ladies of somewhat liberal