

# Friends at Court

## GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- May 22, Sunday.—Trinity Sunday.
- „ 23, Monday.—St. John Baptist de Rossi, Confessor.
- „ 24, Tuesday.—Blessed Virgin Mary, Help of Christians.
- „ 25, Wednesday.—St. Gregory VII., Pope and Confessor.
- „ 26, Thursday.—Corpus Christi.
- „ 27, Friday.—St. John I., Pope and Martyr.
- „ 28, Saturday.—St. Urban I., Pope and Martyr.

St. John Baptist de Rossi, Confessor.

At the age of thirteen St. John left his birthplace in the north of Italy and directed his steps to Rome, where, after having completed the usual course of studies, he was ordained priest. Whilst yet a student, he labored so successfully to promote the spiritual welfare of his companions that he was called the 'Apostle of the School.' As a priest entrusted with the charge of one of the parishes of Rome, he found a wider field for his zeal, and was enabled to do an incalculable amount of good to all classes of people. He died in 1764, at the age of 65.

Feast of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Help of Christians.

This feast was instituted by Pope Pius VII. at the beginning of the last century. Napoleon, in his ambitious attempt to become autocrat of the world, found a formidable obstacle in the opposition of the Supreme Pontiff, who refused to surrender the patrimony of the Church, or to allow the French Emperor to control the management of ecclesiastical affairs. As a consequence of his firmness, Pius VII. was detained in captivity for several years. In gratitude for his liberation, which seemed an answer to the prayers of the Church, invoking the intercession of the Blessed Virgin on his behalf, he ordered the present feast to be celebrated. Under the title of 'Help of Christians,' the Blessed Virgin Mary has been selected as patron of the Catholic Church in Australasia.

## GRAINS OF GOLD

### GOD'S LOVE.

- He gave me life, when none but He would miss,  
Or know of an existence unfulfilled;
- He gave me place on earth, and promised bliss  
When life was run and all its throbbings stilled—  
He loved me!
- He gave me royal gifts—a heart and mind;  
He led my reason slowly to its throne;
- And, though I knew His law was sweet and kind,  
I turned me from His will and did my own—  
He loved me still!
- He gave me blessings rare—His precious grace;  
He watched me through the day and through the night;
- He took my grudging love, nor turned His face,  
But added grace that I might see aright—  
He loved me still!
- He scattered peace and brightness on my way;  
He stood and ever waited for my call;
- He sweetly whispered when I knelt to pray;  
He asked for little, while He gave me all—  
He loved me so!
- Dear Lord, sweet Saviour, take my feeble hand!  
Oh, lead me on! My faith shall never cease—  
My trust, my joy, my love. At Thy command,  
I lean on Thee, my sweet, my only Peace!—  
My Love! my Rest!

*Ave Maria.*

The road to right is not nearly so narrow as some folks would have us believe. It is a bit narrow in one or two places, but having passed these, you'll find it wide enough for every right desire and every high ambition.

There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy we throw anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or, when they are disclosed, surprise nobody so much as the benefactor.

It is right to seek the good will of all men, and to desire that they speak well of us, but when we lie down to die it will be an empty pillow if this is all we can rest on. When we are through with life and all its applause, and we are awaiting the final call, we want something more substantial than a friendly salute. When the faces we love grow dim to our vision, and we are lying in the twilight of two worlds, there are voices we should much rather hear than the plaudits and acclaim of the world, and one of them is: 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

# The Storyteller

## LONE WOLF

I.

Not, like his grim ancestors for a thousand generations, in some dark cave of the hills was he whelped, but in a narrow iron cage littered with straw. Two brothers and a sister made at the same time a like inauspicious entrance upon an alien and fettered existence. And because their silent, untamable mother loved too savagely the hereditary freedom of her race to endure the thought of bearing her young into a life of bondage, she would have killed them, mercifully, even while their baby-mouths were groping for her breasts; but the watchful keeper forestalled her. Whelps of the great grey timber-wolf, born in captivity and therefore likely to be docile, were rare and precious. The four little sprawlers, helpless and hungrily whimpering, were given into the care of a foster-mother, a sorrowing brown spaniel bitch who had just been robbed of her own puppies.

When old enough to be weaned, the two brothers and the sister, sturdy and sleek as any wolf-cubs of the hills, were sold to a dealer in wild animals, who carried them off to Hamburg. But Lone Wolf, as Toomey the trainer had already named him, stayed with the circus. He was the biggest, the most intelligent, and the most teachable cub of the whole litter; and Toomey, who had an unerring eye for quality in a beast, expected to make of him a star performer among wolves.

Job Toomey had been a hunter and a trapper in the backwood of New Brunswick, where his instinctive knowledge of the wild kindreds had won him a success which presently sickened him. His heart revolted against the slaughter of the creatures which he found so interesting, and for a time, his occupation gone, he had drifted aimlessly about the settlements. Then, at the performance of a travelling circus, which boasted two trained bears and a little trick-elephant, he had got his cue. It was borne in upon him that he was meant to be an animal-trainer. Then and there he joined the circus at a nominal wage, and within six months found himself an acknowledged indispensable. In less than a year he had become a well-known trainer, employed in one of the biggest menageries of America. Not only for his wonderful comprehension and command of animals was he noted, but also for his pose, to which he clung obstinately, of giving his performances always in the homespun garb of a backwoodsman instead of in the conventional evening-dress.

Lone Wolf! It seemed a somewhat imaginative name for the prison-born whelp; but as he grew out of cubhood his character and his stature alike seemed to justify it. Influenced by the example of his gentle foster-mother, he was docility itself toward his tamer, whom he came to love well after the reticent fashion of his race. But toward all others, man and beast alike, his reserve was cold and dangerous. Toomey apparently absorbed all the affection which his lonely nature had to spare in return for this singleness of regard. Toomey trained him with a firm patience which never forgot to be kind, and made him by the time he was three years old quite the cleverest and most distinguished performing wolf who had ever adorned a show.

He was now as tall as the very tallest Great Dane, but with a depth of shoulder and chest and a punishing length and strength of jaw that no dog ever could boast. When he looked at Toomey his eyes wore the expression of a faithful and understanding follower; but when he answered the stares of the crowd through the bars of his cage the greenish fire that flamed in their inscrutable depths was ominous and untamed. In all save his willing subjection to Toomey's mastery he was a true wolf of the savage and gigantic breed of the north-western timber. To all spectators this was aggressively obvious; and therefore the marvel of seeing this sinister grey beast with the murderous fangs so submissive to Toomey's gentlest bidding never grew stale. In every audience there were always some spectators hopefully pessimistic, who vowed that the great wolf would some day turn upon his master and tear his throat. To be sure, Lone Wolf was not by any means the only beast whom the backwoodsman had performing for the delectation of his audiences. But all the others—the lions, the leopards, the tiger, the elephant, the two zebras, and the white bear—seemed really subdued, as it were hypnotised into harmlessness. It was Lone Wolf only who kept the air of having never yielded up his spirit, of being always, in some way, not the slave, but the free collaborator.

Ordinarily, in spite of the wild fire smouldering in his veins, Lone Wolf was well enough content. The show was so big and so important that it was accustomed to visit only the great centres and to make long stops at each place. At such times his life contained some measure of freedom. He would be given a frequent chance of exercise in some secure enclosure where he could run and jump, and stretch his mighty muscles, and breathe the deep. And not infrequently after dark as a rule his master would snap a massive chain upon his collar and lead him out on leash like a dog into the verdurous freshness of park or country lane.