

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- January 29, Sunday.—Fourth Sunday after the Epiphany.
St. Francis de Sales, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
„ 30, Monday.—St. Felix IV., Pope and Confessor.
„ 31, Tuesday.—St. Peter Nolasco, Confessor.
February 1, Wednesday.—St. Brigid, Virgin and Patroness of Ireland.
„ 2, Thursday.—Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
„ 3, Friday.—St. Dionysius, Pope and Confessor.
„ 4, Saturday.—St. Andrew Corsini, Bishop and Confessor.

St. Francis de Sales, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.

This saint was born in Savoy in 1547. Naturally of a passionate disposition, he succeeded in obtaining such perfect control over himself that his name is a synonym for meekness and patience. Ordained priest, the sanctity of his life, united to a gentle, winning manner, enabled him to bring back to the Church numbers of his countrymen, who had been imbued from childhood with the heretical tenets of Calvin. In 1602 he became Bishop of Geneva. He died in 1622, after having shown himself the model of a Bishop, as he had been that of a layman and priest.

St. Felix IV., Pope and Confessor.

St. Felix died in 550, after having occupied the Chair of Peter during four years. He was remarkable for the charity with which he endeavored to provide for the wants of the poor and sick of the Eternal City.

St. Peter Nolasco, Confessor

This saint was a native of France. He founded the Order of Our Lady of Mercy for the ransom of Christians enslaved by the Moors, and to this object he devoted the considerable property which he had inherited from his father. He died on Christmas Day, 1256, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

GRAINS OF GOLD

TO THE SACRED HEART.

O Heart! where human sorrows find
An echo and a balm combined,
Be near me in this weary way,
That men call life. Oh, be my stay!
Teach me to bear misfortune's stings,
The agony of little things,
The thorns in duty's pathway spread,
That wear the heart like tears unshed.
Oh! Lift me up, till I can see
Naught but Thine own Divinity.
Help me, O God! when I must bear
Heartaches that Thou alone canst share
Unworthy of Thy faintest sigh,
To Thee I cry! To Thee I cry!
Give me Thy love! Give me Thy love!
Oh! Let my life be spent above
Earth's sordid cares! Oh! Let me be
Thine, Sacred Heart, eternally.

We carry our happiness with us. If we are in the state of grace, if we are living for God, if we are on the way to Heaven, what can disturb our peace?

You who are poor, if you will it, you are rich. Your work is a prayer; so is your appeal for justice whatever mistaken plans you may make. As you lift spade or tool, angels see you; you are surrounded by unseen friends, and your hard work and fatigue have their harvest of glory.

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.'

For thirty-five years I have been a priest and Bishop in London, and now I approach my eightieth year, and have learned some lessons, and the first is this: The chief bar to the working of the Holy Spirit of God in the souls of men and women is intoxicating drink. I know of no antagonist to the Spirit more direct, more subtle, more stealthy, more ubiquitous, than intoxicating drink. Though I have known men and women destroyed for all manner of reasons, yet I know of no cause that affects man, woman, child, and home with such universality of steady power as intoxicating drink.—Cardinal Manning.

The Storyteller

A LIFE STORY FOUNDED ON FACT

He was a strikingly handsome man. He stood over six feet in height, graceful and well built. His forehead was high and intellectual, with clustering brown hair crowning it; dark blue eyes, clear and steady; a red and white complexion, almost brilliant, and a mouth like a woman in sweetness. Yet there was nothing feminine about him, and he wore long, flowing side-whiskers that gave a foreign look to his face, and perhaps was the cause, together with his natural elegance, of his being frequently addressed as 'My Lord' or 'Your Grace' when he visited Europe.

He was a widower, although only twenty-six. His two little daughters were under the care of a maternal aunt who idolised them, and while he showered on them all the affection of a tender parent, few of his associates knew he was ever married.

He was a member of St. John's Lutheran Church, a pew-holder, a Sunday school teacher, and foremost in all church affairs. His handsome face and princely manners made him much sought for in all social ranks, and many a fair lady and match-making dame wondered why he did not marry.

He knew it all, and it only amused him, while his heart clung to the memory of the dead wife of his youth, the mother of his children.

He became interested in business and amassed a fortune, which he fondly hoped he would enjoy one day with the children he so dearly loved.

When they became old enough he placed them in the best boarding school of the day, a Catholic academy. He did not care much about religion; he wished them to become accomplished, cultured, refined women, with, of course, that reverence for their Creator and their duties in life that all good women should have.

Thus the years slipped on, and save the affectionate letters of his daughters, who seemed to be gifted beyond the average, and the prompt payment of their bills, and the short vacation visits, he found he was not realising the fact that they were on the verge of womanhood.

During the brief summer vacations he showed his pride and pleasure in them by bestowing on them every possible pleasure, always thinking of their return to school.

Both were clever, praised and loved by their teachers, the gracious nuns. The younger was a beautiful girl, tall and graceful, like her father; the elder was a dreamer. But both were so loving and affectionate that both were inexpressibly dear to their father's heart.

The younger daughter went to the Lutheran Church with her father during their visits home, but the elder, who found she had been brought to the Bishop's house secretly by a saintly relative, the only Catholic one they had, and baptised quietly before she went to boarding school, was instructed by the nuns and was a faithful Catholic.

Finally her sister, impelled by grace and her environment (the example of the religious), spoke of her desire to be a Catholic also. At first the nuns were afraid of her father's displeasure, but when his daughter wrote him that her happiness depended on it, and that if he refused permission it would be the first cloud he had cast on her life, the answer came: 'Do as you please, my child; I shall never cross you.'

And so she was baptised and confirmed in the convent chapel by Archbishop Kenrick of sainted memory. But her father was not present, nor any member of her family. All her maternal relations were non-Catholics, and her dear mother's remains lay in the Protestant cemetery. Yet the nuns and her own happy sister made this occasion and the day of her First Holy Communion festival days, and the happy convert, now fifteen years of age, found inexpressible joy in her new-found faith.

At last their education was finished, and the proud father welcomed them to a luxurious home. He had spared no expense, and as he went from room to room he thought: 'Now, at last, we shall all be happy together.' He had been tempted more than once to place a new mother over them to guide their inexperience, for he was a welcome guest among many fair friends, but the memory of his lovely young wife, who had been called away after only five years of companionship, the thought of his gifted daughters, who idolised him and who were waiting to be with him, rose up and kept his heart free. The years had dealt lightly with him, and made him in his maturity more handsome and princely than ever.

Many times had his daughters written to him and spoken to him about religion, but he thought of it lightly, and ascribed such remarks to the influence of the nuns, whom he always met when he visited the academy and for whom he felt and showed the profoundest admiration and reverence. He treated the pleadings of his daughters tolerantly, and dropped all the little medals, and badges, and Agnus Deis they sent him in a corner of his bureau drawer with a smile. He never treated them with disrespect, for he loved his children, and he knew they thought much of these tokens of faith. He had been less attentive in his