

Friends at Court

GLEANNINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- February 26, Sunday.—Quinquagesima Sunday.
 „ 27, Monday.—St. Cyril of Alexandria, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
 „ 28, Tuesday.—St. Antherus, Pope and Martyr.
 March 1, Wednesday.—Ash Wednesday.
 „ 2, Thursday.—St. Simplicius, Pope and Confessor.
 „ 3, Friday.—The Crown of Thorns.
 „ 4, Saturday.—St. Lucius, Pope and Martyr.

St. Cyril of Alexandria, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
 St. Cyril, Patriarch of Alexandria, was the champion of the Church against the heretic Nestorius, who, in denying to the Blessed Virgin the title of Mother of God, subverted the doctrine of the Incarnation. As legate and representative of Pope Celestine, he opened the General Council of Ephesus in 431, in which the Nestorian heresy was condemned. He was called to his reward thirteen years later, in A.D. 444.

St. Simplicius, Pope and Confessor.

At the time of the accession of St. Simplicius to the Papal throne in 467, the greater part of the Western Empire had fallen into the hands of heretical and idolatrous barbarians. In 476 they gained possession of Rome. St. Simplicius labored with great success to bring about the conversion of these barbarians, and to relieve the necessities of those who suffered from their cruel oppression. In the East his efforts were devoted to crushing the Eutychian heresy, which, owing to the favor of the Emperor, had assumed alarming proportions.

GRAINS OF GOLD

LENT.

Now, are the days of the humblest prayer,
 When consciences to God lie bare,
 And mercy most delights to spare.
 Oh, hearken when we cry,
 Chastise us with Thy fear;
 Yet, Father, in the multitude
 Of Thy compassions, hear!

Now is the season, wisely long,
 Of sadder thought and graver song,
 When ailing souls grow well and strong.
 Oh, hearken when we cry,
 Chastise us with Thy fear;
 Yet, Father, in the multitude
 Of Thy compassions, hear!

The feast of penance! Oh, so bright,
 With true conversion's heavenly light,
 Like sunrise after stormy night!
 Oh, hearken when we cry,
 Chastise us with Thy fear;
 Yet, Father, in the multitude
 Of Thy compassions, hear!

—FATHER FABER.

Take things as they are, and proceed to make them better.

It is not those who make the most noise who suffer most pain.

There is nothing the body suffers that the soul may not profit by.

Courage above all the virtues brings its own reward, for it is warming to the heart.

One's personal enjoyment is a very small thing; one's personal usefulness a very important thing.

A good deed is never lost. He who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.

Life is made up of little things. We convey happiness to one another by a kindly notice and cheerful conversation.

To be free from desire is money. To be free from the rage of perpetually buying something new is a certain revenue. To be content with what we possess constitutes the greatest and most certain of riches.

Few of us find opportunity to do great things or to attain great perfection. We are so cumbered with cares, we are so sure the world will go to smash if we let go for a minute, that we forget to strive after little things.

Cheerfulness is absolutely essential to the mind's healthy action or the performance of its proper duties. It is an excellent working quality, imparting strength and elasticity to the character. It not only lightens labor, but the brightness it bestows on the disposition is reflected on all around.

Humility, patience, meekness, benignity, bearing one another's burdens, softness of heart, cheerfulness, cordiality, forgiving injuries, simplicity, candor, all of the little virtues, like violets, love the shade, and though, like them, they make little show, shed a sweet odor all around.

The Storyteller

BLIND ROSA

(Continued from last week.)

'You terrify me. For God's sake tell me what misfortune has befallen her!'

She is blind!

'Blind! Rosa blind! Without eyes to look on me again? Alas! alas!'

Overcome by grief, he tottered to a seat and sank down upon it.

The grave-digger came up to him and said:

'She has been blind for the last ten years, and goes about begging her daily bread. I give her two stivers weekly, and whenever we bake she receives a piece of bread.'

The traveller jumped up, shook earnestly the grave-digger's hand, and said:

'A thousand thanks! God bless you for your love to Rosa! In her name I take upon me to reward you, for I am rich. To-day we shall see each other again. But do tell me, in few words, where Rosa lives. Every moment must be for her a century of misery.'

With these words he drew the grave-digger by the hand and went in the direction of the gate leading out of the churchyard. Having reached the wall, the grave-digger pointed with his finger and said:

'Do you see that small chimney smoking at the corner of the wood? That is the cottage of the broom-maker, Nelis Ooms; Rosa lives there.'

Without waiting for further explanations, the traveller proceeded through the village in the direction indicated. He soon arrived at the lonely dwelling. It was an humble hut, built of clay and rushes, and whitewashed on the outside. A few steps from the door were four little children, who, basking in the sun, were pleasantly occupied in binding up wreaths of wild-flowers, consisting of corn-flowers and poppy-heads. They were barefoot and half naked. The eldest, a boy about six years old, had nothing on him but a linen shirt. While his three little sisters looked at the stranger shyly and bashfully, the boy gazed at him uninterruptedly with his great eyes, that showed surprise and curiosity. The traveller smiled to the children, but went into the hut without stopping, and saw in a corner a man occupied in binding up brooms, while a woman sat by the fire at her spinning-wheel. They seemed to be about thirty years of age, and it could easily be seen that they were a happy and contented couple. Besides, everything they wore, and all about them, was as clean and tidy as could be expected from country people in their condition of life.

His entrance did not occasion them much surprise, although they politely came forward to offer their services. They thought that he wished to inquire his way, and the man was advancing toward the door in order to point out the right road to him. But when, instead of asking that, he inquired if Rosa Meulincx lived there, the husband and wife looked at each other with astonishment, and could scarcely find words to reply.

'Yes, dear sir,' said the man at length; 'Rosa lives here, but she is at present gone out begging. Do you wish to speak with her?'

'Where is she?' exclaimed the stranger in an excited manner; 'cannot you find her immediately?'

'That would be difficult, sir; she has gone out with an attendant to make her weekly round; but she will certainly return in an hour; she never fails.'

'Can I wait here, my good folks, until she comes home?'

Scarcely had he uttered these words, when the man went hastily into an adjoining apartment, and brought out a better kind of chair than the rough one which stood in the outer room. Not content with this, the woman went to a drawer and took out a snow-white cloth, which she spread out on the chair, which was then presented for the stranger to rest upon, who was surprised at such slight but well-meant marks of politeness, and returned the cloth to the woman with many thanks. He then quietly sat down, and began to look around the room in order to see if he could discover anything in it that would tell him about Rosa. Turning his head, he felt a little hand glide into his and playing with his fingers. Looking with some curiosity to see who was the perpetrator of this friendly greeting, his look met that of a blue-eyed little boy, who gazed upon him with a kind of heavenly innocence, as if he had been his father or his brother.

'Come here, Peterkin,' said the mother; 'you must not make so bold with the gentleman.'

Peterkin, however, seemed not to hear this piece of advice, but continued to look at and fondle the unknown person, so that our traveller was quite at a loss to understand the friendly ways of the child.

'Dear child,' the stranger said, 'your blue eyes pierce deeply into my soul, and because you are so pretty, I will make you a present.'

He then put his hand in his pocket, and drew out a little purse with a silver clasp and adorned with variegated ornaments, which he gave to the little boy after putting some money in it.