

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- March 12, Sunday.—Second Sunday in Lent.
 " 13, Monday.—St. Raymond Pennafort, Confessor.
 " 14, Tuesday.—SS. Perpetua and Felicitas, Martyrs.
 " 15, Wednesday.—St. Zachary, Pope and Confessor.
 " 16, Thursday.—St. Ita, Virgin.
 " 17, Friday.—St. Patrick, Bishop and Confessor,
 Patron of Ireland.
 " 18, Saturday.—St. Gabriel, Archangel.

St. Patrick, Bishop, Confessor, and Patron of Ireland.

The nationality of St. Patrick is much disputed, some naming France, others Scotland, as the place of his birth. When but sixteen years of age he was carried captive into Ireland, where he remained for six years, thus by a remarkable disposition of Divine Providence becoming acquainted with the language and customs of the people whom he was afterwards to evangelise. Having escaped from captivity, his one desire was to return to Ireland, bringing with him the blessings of the true faith to its pagan inhabitants. The desired mission was confided to him by Pope St. Celestine about 432. His labors were crowned with complete success. By his exertions Ireland has ever since not only kept pure and unsullied the faith at home, but has helped to propagate it in nearly every country in the world. St. Patrick died about 464, and was buried in Downpatrick.

St. Gabriel, Archangel.

The Archangel Gabriel was chosen by God to reveal to the Prophet Daniel the time of the Incarnation, and when that time was nigh, he was sent to announce to the Blessed Virgin that she had been selected to be the Mother of God.

GRAINS OF GOLD

PLEADING OF THE SACRED HEART.

'My child, give, oh give Me thy heart!
 For I have loved thee with a love
 No mortal heart can show;
 A love so deep, My saints in heaven
 Its depths can never know!
 Thy soul to save did I not leave
 My home beyond the skies?
 Behold! On straw, a helpless Babe,
 Thy God Incarnate lies!
 For three and thirty years did not
 Thy miseries I bear?
 I bore them all, save sin, that thou
 My happiness mightst share!
 When on the cross from countless wounds
 My lifeblood ebbed away,
 Did I not with undying love,
 Thy debts, thy ransom pay?
 And though I died, with thee I live,
 'Neath veils I glorious hide;
 Thy Comrade, Victim, Food of soul,
 All day do I abide!
 Since, then, My Heart's constraining love
 Has made Me all thine own—
 Give it, my child, thy heart to Me,
 Give it to Me alone!'

Holiness is human worth, increased by divine grace. Do not let us waste our time in wishing that we were like others—that we had the things God has given them; we cannot have these. Each must use what God has given to himself. Let us be content to live day by day as God leads us, making good use of every moment, without looking beyond it.

If you cannot be happy in one way, be happy in another. This facility of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humour are almost the whole affair. Many run about after felicity, like an absent-minded man hunting for his hat while it is in his hand or on his head.

Did you ever think that these was in your own life a vast amount of unused power? You work, as you think, and yet there are faculties that lie dormant, because the will has never seized hold of them and brought them forth. Undoubtedly there are people who never use more than one hemisphere of their brain at once, and others who have a whole range of faculties undeveloped.

As our national glory is set on the foundations of home, so home is set upon the individuals. We must get hold of the individuals who make up the family, and let the State get hold of the families which make up the unity. Our mission is first to the individual. Now, what do we want in the individual? I think there is a plentiful lack of virile character—a plentiful lack of it. I want men to stiffen their back—not in death, but in life. I want men in this country to be stirred, inspired, actuated, dominated by some big Christian principle. Where there are principles carry them right up to the Golden Gate.—Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J.

The Storyteller

THE ROMANCE OF A POOR LAWYER

'Well, for my part, I think it's a shame!' Margaret exclaimed with great warmth, as Miss Lawson poured her a second cup of tea and she helped herself to another wafer. 'No one expects you to marry him, but you might at least be civil to a man who has been devoted to you for several years. You would be as sweet as sugar if he were rich and—'

'I would not!' Elizabeth contradicted hotly. 'Just because you happen to like a countrified, stupid, stingy stick of a man is no reason why I should fall at his feet.' 'Now, girls, don't quarrel,' admonished Miss Lawson quietly. 'You will take more tea, Elizabeth? No? You should not expect, Margaret, that you could force Elizabeth to find Mr. Shae congenial because you admire him. She may be right in saying that he's a little countrified—certainly he hasn't the entire lack of enthusiasm for everything worth while that seems to be an epidemic among the society men of to-day. But he is not stupid. I overheard Judge Dennison tell my brother that he is "a brainy fellow and the most promising young lawyer in the State."'

Margaret laughed triumphantly, but Elizabeth was not to be vanquished so easily. 'At any rate, no one can deny that he is stingy; positively miserly!' she cried, as she slipped into her jacket and hurriedly drew on her gloves. 'If he is such a successful lawyer, he must make money—and did you ever see a seedier individual? And he doesn't belong to a single club—Jack Dean told me so. About once a year he takes me to the theatre, and I feel all the time that he is convinced he is being wildly extravagant. I don't care what you say, Margaret, I don't admire Mr. Shae. I don't like him, and I never shall.'

Suddenly dropping her defiant air, she turned to Miss Lawson, in her usual winsome way, and kissed her affectionately, saying: 'I am sorry to hurry away, Miss Lawson. I'd like to stay indefinitely, but, you know, I have ahead of me an hour's ride on the interurban car. It gets dark so inconveniently early at this season of the year. Good-bye, Margaret; I'll try to forgive you if you never mention that man again.'

When Elizabeth Morrison boarded her car she looked eagerly for a familiar face, but the only passengers were an old man and young girl whom she had never seen before. Disappointed, she took possession of one of the rear seats, and gazed absently at a succession of snow-covered fields, whose monotony was relieved occasionally by a clump of naked trees that shivered miserably in the December wind.

'I do wish that Margaret were not so much interested in Mr. Shae and me,' she thought rather peevishly. 'She makes herself a bore. Of course, he is a fine fellow. I am not so blind that I can't see that. Why he should care for a butterfly like me is a mystery. Even father thinks that I—' and her face grew sad and wistful.

Suddenly the car stopped far from any station. The conductor hurried forward, and he and the motorman talked earnestly for a moment or two and exchanged a few remarks with a man who ran down the track towards them.

'Wreck ahead!' the conductor announced laconically to the curious passengers. 'We'll be tied up here for at least three hours—maybe four or five.'

Elizabeth was dismayed. The early twilight was beginning to fall. There was no house within sight where she might have been able to telephone for a taxicab. 'How far are we from town?' she asked anxiously.

'Four miles,' the conductor called back, as he and the motorman left the car and hurried to the scene of the disaster.

Elizabeth had never walked half that distance. The mere idea of such a thing seemed preposterous. She saw that the man ahead of her was consulting with his young companion, and wondered what they expected to do.

'Oh, I think so, father,' she overheard the girl agree cheerfully. 'I'll enjoy the walk, unless it tires you too much.'

Her father laughed as if four miles would be only a pleasant stroll, and then, after a few words said so softly that Elizabeth did not catch their drift, he stepped to her side. 'Pardon me, madame,' he began, lifting his hat courteously—his manner was that of a gentleman—'the car will soon be cold and it will be as dark as night long before it can leave here. My daughter and I have determined to walk to the city if you will accompany us. If you feel that it would be too much for you, of course we shall be glad to wait with you. We won't leave you stranded here alone.'

Elizabeth was looking up into a face younger than the man's grey head and bent shoulders had led her to think him—a face grave, kindly, careworn—an ideal face for a poet or musician, but without a trace of the sterner stuff that makes business men, financiers. After a moment's consideration the anxious look faded from her eyes, and she smiled gratefully. 'How kind you are!' she exclaimed. 'I never tried to walk four miles, but if you and your daughter can, why can't I?'

Soon the trio were trudging merrily down the track, chatting as unconstrainedly as if they were old friends.

'And you never walked four miles!' the girl said, almost incredulously. 'I think nothing of five or six. You