

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- February 11, Sunday.—Sexagesima Sunday.
 „ 12, Monday.—St. Telesphorus, Pope and Martyr.
 „ 13, Tuesday.—The Passion of Our Lord.
 „ 14, Wednesday.—St. Agatho, Pope and Confessor.
 „ 15, Thursday.—St. Paul, the first Hermit.
 „ 16, Friday.—St. Gregory X., Pope and Confessor.
 „ 17, Saturday.—St. Fintan, Abbot.

St. Gregory X., Pope and Confessor.

A native of Piacenza, in Italy, St. Gregory was elected Pope in 1271. In 1274 he presided over the General Council of Lyons, which he had summoned for the purpose of adopting effectual means for carrying on the war against the Turks, and also to put an end to the Greek Schism. St. Gregory died at Arezzo in 1276.

St. Fintan, Abbot.

St. Fintan, who was a native of the diocese of Leighlin, in Ireland, lived in the sixth century. Few details of his life are extant.

GRAINS OF GOLD

THE ANGELUS BELL.

On the waiting twilight air
 Breaks the pealing of a bell—
Ave Maria! -
 And the notes that gently swell
 Bear the soul's most joyous prayer
 Over hill and over dell—
Ave Maria!

In the field a peasant sings,
 Harking to the sounds remote—
Ave Maria!
 Oh, how light each mellow note!
 And the prayers on zephyr wings
 Down the fragrant meadows float—
Ave Maria!

All the world sinks on its knee,
 All the world lifts up its gaze—
Ave Maria!
 And this hymn of all our days
 Blends in purest harmony
 With the Angel's hymn of praise—
Ave Maria!

The man who succeeds has high ideals. Is always on time. Does not know it all. Lays broad foundations. Is thoroughly in earnest. Believes in the Golden Rule. Does his level best every day. Is not in too much of a hurry. Plans his work and works his plan. Is willing to have his weak spots pointed out. Is patient in the presence of the greatest difficulties. Has definite aims and works steadily towards their attainment.

There is no phase of human misery and affliction for which our religion does not find some alleviation. She has foundling asylums to relieve and shelter helpless infants that are either abandoned by unnatural mothers or bereft of their parents before they know a mother's love. These unconscious victims of sin or misery are rescued from spiritual and temporal death by consecrated virgins, who become their watchful mothers. As the Church provides homes for those yet on the threshold of life, so, too, does she secure retreats for those on the threshold of death. She has asylums in which the aged, men and women, find at one and the same time a refuge in their old age from the storms of life and a novitiate to prepare them for eternity. Thus from the cradle to the grave she is the nursing mother. She rocks her children in the cradle of infancy, and she soothes them to rest on the couch of death.—Cardinal Gibbons.

The Storyteller

HER VICTORY

She sat by the open window; looking out at the blossoming peach-tree with its wealth of pink beauty; at the children playing near the fence with some oyster shells and gravel stones; at the dog lying lazily in the sun, with his sleepy eyes blinking at the children, and sluggishly wagging his tail whenever one of them stopped to stroke his shaggy coat; at the restless pony tethered to the rugged old oak beside the road; at the careless youth who sat bareheaded on the rustic bench beneath the spreading branches, and fanned himself with his straw hat.

All these Dora Hunter saw from the window, but the anxious expression and melancholy frown did not for an instant leave her face.

The sun was bright, warm, and cheerful; but scarcely a ray of his beams stole into the tidy parlor where Dora was seated. Even he seemed to sympathise with her in her affliction, and knowing the futility of trying to comfort her, seemed to avoid the two windows of the parlor. In the cool solitude of the tiny room, Dora prayed fervently, desperately:

'Mary, Mother of God, intercede for me in this bitter hour! O Mary, obtain strength for me! Queen of Heaven, I beg of you to help me!'

Poor Dora! hers was indeed a hard trial. Other women before her had been tried as gold in the same furnace, and had failed to stand the test. She was but eighteen and was in love—in love with a non-Catholic!

Three months before, Austin Kemery had returned from college to his home at Pinewood. His father owned the Pine Down Quilt Mills, and had enough gold to pave his entire garden with it if he would—so hearsay averred; nor was the garden a small one. The Kemerys had their summer villa at Pinewood; a beautiful old villa, with a lake near the house and numberless vine-covered arbors.

The mill stood about one-third of a mile from Pinewood, and thither one afternoon, when he found time hanging heavy on his hands, Austin Kemery took his way.

It was there that Dora Hunter and he first saw each other. She was carrying a roll of wadding in her arms, and hurrying along when she almost stumbled over him. She raised a pair of startled hazel eyes to his face, as she stammered out an apology. His eyes met hers, and the mischief was done. Austin Kemery, son of the wealthy mill-owner, was in love with Dora Hunter, the mill girl, and Dora Hunter had given her heart to him without being asked for it. Then came the courtship.

Old Kemery, who idolised his son, laughed when Austin told him that he loved Dora Hunter. Mr. Kemery had not always been so rich. He had begun life as banking clerk, but fortune singled him out and showered her golden gifts upon him. He was not so displeased at Austin's attachment as one might expect him to be. He believed that if a man loves a woman, be she queen or flower girl, he should marry her. He was an unbending Protestant, and he found only one objection to taking Dora as his daughter-in-law—she was a Catholic.

'No danger of her not renouncing Popery when I ask her to do so, dad,' said Austin, after he had been courting Dora two months. 'I need but say the word, and she will bid adieu to the superstitions of Romanism; will turn away from the Scarlet Woman.'

His father was not displeased. To be sure, Austin might have married 'better'; but then Dora Hunter would, with more education, become a brilliant woman, and be worthy of the name Kemery. Besides, the thought of a proselyte!

Dora's parents were not averse to her marrying the mill-owner's son.

'A mighty fine husband for you, Dot,' said her mother. 'All you must do is convert him; and he is so fond of you that I don't think you will find the task a difficult one.'