

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

February 3, Sunday.—Sexagesima Sunday.
 „ 4, Monday.—St. Andrew Corsini, Bishop and Confessor.
 „ 5, Tuesday.—Commemoration of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ.
 „ 6, Wednesday.—St. Hyacinth Mariscotti, Virgin.
 „ 7, Thursday.—St. Romuald, Abbot.
 „ 8, Friday.—St. John of Matha, Confessor.
 „ 9, Saturday.—St. Zozimus, Pope and Confessor.

St. Andrew Corsini, Bishop and Confessor.

St. Andrew belonged to a very illustrious family of Florence. In his boyhood he showed signs of a tendency to extravagance and vice, but the prayers and exhortations of his pious mother brought about his complete conversion. After having been for many years a member of the Carmelite Order, he was elected Bishop of Fiesole, a town near Florence. In this position he labored incessantly for eleven years, his only recreation being meditation on the truths of religion, and reading the Sacred Scriptures. He died in 1373, at the age of 71.

St. Hyacinth Mariscotti, Virgin.

St. Hyacinth was a native of Italy. Though untarnished by any grievous fault, she was, in her youth, fond of worldly vanities, and gave but a half-hearted response to the graces by which God called her to a more perfect life. Having embraced the religious state, she atoned for the ease and luxury of her early life by the austerity of her later years. She died in 1640, at the age of 55.

St. Romuald, Abbot.

St. Romuald was born at Ravenna about the year 956. From his youth he longed for a solitary life, that he might serve God with greater tranquillity, free from the tumult of the world. At the age of twenty he became a member of a religious community near Ravenna, and afterwards founded a very strict Order of monks, called Camaldolese, from their most famous monastery. St. Romuald was over seventy years of age at the time of his death in 1027.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

REPENTANCE.

If I through all the years have held my own,
 And if I stand to-day with honored name,
 No human voice uplifted to defame,
 No hand upraised to cast at me a stone;
 There still are sins that I may see alone,
 And inner voices cry, 'For shame, for shame!
 While spirit fingers trace my guilt in flame,
 That only Love Divine can e'er atone.

And can I yet, O God, have thoughts of pride,
 And from my erring brother turn away,
 Accepting mercy unto him denied,
 As with the lordly Pharisee I pray?
 No: with the Publican let me abide,
 A sinner, humbled, contrite, from this day.
 'Ave Maria.'

Do not believe that all greatness and heroism are in the past. Learn to discover princes, prophets, heroes, and saints among the people about you. Be assured they are there.

We are learning that a standard of social ethics is not attained by travelling a sequestered pathway, but by mingling on the thronged and common road, where all must turn out for one another, and at least see the size of one another's burdens.

The Christianity which will make a man a true and loyal follower of the principles laid down by the Man of Galilee consists in the little lumps of leaven which he works into the mass of his daily baking, seen or unseen of others, as the case may be, but most surely seen of that just Father Who judges by the heart more than by the hand.

The Storyteller

A DOUBLE HOLD-UP

(Concluded from last week.)

'Halt! Throw up your hands, or you'll be a limping in earnest in about a second!'

Turning suddenly, the young man felt the cold touch of the pistol against his forehead, and, taken so completely by surprise, he obeyed orders fully as promptly as had his victim of a few moments earlier. The old pistol was certainly a most formidable looking weapon, and the persistency with which Uncle Hewitt pressed it to his forehead was terrifying, to say the least.

'I'll take your revolver first,' Uncle Hewitt said, firmly, 'and you needn't make any resistance, for I know how to use this old-fashioned kind all right.' The shining revolver was transferred without delay from the young man's pocket to Uncle Hewitt's pocket.

'Now I'll trouble you for that little sack of mine,' and the sack changed pockets. Then, with a twinkle in his eyes, Uncle Hewitt said:

'Thank you for your kindness. You may keep your watch; it's a bit slow.' He raised the shining revolver on a level with the young man's eyes and, with his finger on the trigger, asked:

'Shall I try this thing, to see if it is in working order?'

The young man's face grew ashy white. 'For heaven's sake don't!' he pleaded.

'Oh, that's all right, I won't.' I just wanted to know if it would work. Mine won't. It hasn't been loaded for more than ten years, and it couldn't be loaded, for the inside is out of repair. I just carry it to satisfy my wife, but hereafter I'll feel the need of a good one. I'll be more generous with you than you were with me; I'll exchange weapons. I want to keep this shiny pistol as a little souvenir of our pleasant acquaintance. Good-bye, Mr. Bunco!'

Uncle Hewitt started on a clumsy run down the road, overtook the slow-moving wagon, climbed in over the tail-board, and chirruped to old Bets, who had not missed him. The young man, when he had looked dazedly after the wagon, threw the heavy old pistol as far as he could send it into the bushes by the roadside.

Aunt Mandy listened with wide eyes to the story of Uncle Hewitt's adventure, and at its close she said in somewhat shaky tones, into which there crept a distinct note of satisfaction, however:

'Hewitt, you know I always warned you to be careful, and I always told you there was danger of meeting a highwayman. Maybe you'll pay more heed to my warnings after this.'

'Highwayman! He wasn't none of them highwaymen like you've always been warning me about!' snorted Uncle Hewitt. 'Didn't I tell you he was dressed like a gentleman, and was just as pleasant as pie? And as for your warnings, I guess I proved I'm able to take care of myself.' Then he added, triumphantly, 'I told you I'd never carry that old horse pistol with me again, and I won't.'—Catholic Columbian.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

'Still poring over those wretched, wretched papers? I wonder at you, child.'

Whenever Mrs. Weston was in a censorious mood she invariably called her niece 'child.' Lucy Bingham lifted a pair of innocent blue eyes filled with merriment.

'Why, auntie, I haven't been such a very long time. It's not yet noon.'

'Oh, I am losing patience with you, Lucy. You know I am perfectly reasonable. I do not object to a person having some hobby or other, but riding that hobby to death is an entirely different matter.'

Mrs. Weston folded her arms with majestic deliberation, paused for a few moments as if she expected to hear her wisdom arraigned. Receiving no reply, she went on:

'When you first began to take an interest in charitable work I encouraged rather than checked the idea, for I hadn't a notion that the pursuit of a fad, harmless in itself, would lead you to abandon society and make a semi-recluse of yourself.'