

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

February 10, Sunday.—Quinquagesima Sunday.
 „ 11, Monday.—St. Antherus, Pope and Martyr.
 „ 12, Tuesday.—St. Telesphorus, Pope and Martyr.
 „ 13, Wednesday.—Ash Wednesday.
 „ 14, Thursday.—St. Agatho, Pope and Confessor.
 „ 15, Friday.—The Crown of Thorns.
 „ 16, Saturday.—St. Gregory X., Pope and Confessor.

St. Telesphorus, Pope and Martyr.

St. Telesphorus was Pope from 127 to 138. He was a Greek by birth, an anchorite of Mount Carmel, became the successor of Sixtus I., and died a martyr in Rome under Hadrian. He instituted the practice of saying three Masses on Christmas Day.

St. Agatho, Pope and Confessor.

St. Agatho, was born at Palermo, Sicily. His legates presided at the sixth Ecumenical Council (Constantinople), which condemned Monothelism in the year 680, and which had assembled at the request of Constantine IV. (Pogonatus), to whom the Pope had written a remarkable letter to refute the new heresy.

St. Gregory X.

St. Gregory X. was Pope from 1272-1276. No sooner had he ascended the Apostolic Chair than he summoned the Fourteenth Ecumenical Council, which met at Lyons in 1274. The declared objects of the Council were: succor to the Holy Land, the reconciliation of the Greek Church, and reformation of morals. The council opened with great solemnity, the Pope himself officiating. For the succor of the Holy Land, a tenth of all ecclesiastical revenues was voted for six years. In the fourth session, the re-union of the Greek Church with the Latin was solemnised; and the Council, besides, passed 32 canons regulating the discipline of the Church, and providing for the reformation of morals. Also a new constitution providing for the speedy and concordant election of a Roman Pontiff received the approbation of the Council.

GRAINS OF GOLD

HOPE ON!

'Be of good heart; 'tis I; be not afraid!
 So spake the Saviour when, in dark night lone,
 He walked upon the billows, bearing aid
 Across the storm-swept sea unto His own,
 'Be not afraid!'

Thus in our direst strait a gracious form,
 A vision fair of light, our hearts shall cheer,
 Oh! swiftly comes the calm, when, mid the storm,
 That Voice Divine outringeth loud and clear:
 'Be not afraid!'

— Austral Light.

If all the forests were pleasure parks, and all the isles were fortunate isles, and all the fields were Elysian, and all eyes were full of joy, oh! then— But no; then the Infinite Being must have assured us that such felicity would be perpetual. But now that so many houses are houses of mourning, so many fields are fields of battle, so many faces are pale, so many eyes are dulled with tears and closed—when things are thus how can the tomb be the end of it all?

Prosperity begets self-satisfaction and self-confidence. God and his favors do not seem so indispensable when we feel that we have all the world can supply, and the danger of growing forgetful of Him is very great. This by no means implies that the soul which is increased with the world's goods may not be an uncompromising Christian, but only that prosperity tests one's higher life at every point, and that those who have weathered all the 'shoals and miseries' of ebb and tide may be swept out to sea and lost on the rising waves of the flood tide.

Pope Pius X. has conferred the Cross 'Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice' upon William Bulfin, editor of the 'Southern Cross' of Buenos Aires, Argentina. Mr. Bulfin is Irish, and his sturdy defence of Catholic interests against the attacks of Latin American Liberalism, socialism, and anarchism has won him the recognition which he so highly deserves.

The Storyteller

HIS DAUGHTER ELIZABETH

'It hardly seems right,' sighed Mrs. Wing, and her tired eyes sought that corner where her daughter sat. 'Laura, if Elizabeth knew the sore straits we were in—surely, surely, she could not refuse to help us. Her father was your father, child, and you are but asking for your own.'

The girl at the window brushed back her fair hair with a thin blue-veined hand.

'She hates us, mother.'

'But that was when we were as well-off as she, and happy and had no afflictions. I was good to her in those days when your father was harsh and cold. Perhaps now if you go to her, and tell her the true condition of affairs—'

Laura Wing could bear no more. Her sewing dropped upon her lap, and her blue eyes filled with tears.

'Mother,' she said tenderly, 'I wrote to Elizabeth two months ago. Not receiving a reply, I—I went to her. Her servant—they are all new servants now, mother, none of the old ones are left—brought my name to her mistress, returning to me with the message that Miss Wing was busy, and in future would not be at home to me.'

'Laura!' cried the mother in horrified accents.

'Ah!' returned the girl sadly, 'it was for your dear sake alone that I so humbled myself—I could not bear to see you suffer, dearest mother.' She rose and, advancing to her mother's side, put her arms about her. 'Surely father knows the truth now—surely he realises how Elizabeth must have mislaid us, who so loved him, and who were so anxious to do right.' She sighed. 'God knows it, too—and when God is ready, He will end this misery.'

Mrs. Wing clasped her daughter to her heart. A look of spiritual joy flashed across her wan face.

'Thank the good Lord that no hardship can dim our faith in Him,' she said. 'I will confess that for many days I have been thinking over this plan of a last appeal to Elizabeth, and had almost convinced myself that she could not resist us. But since you have gone to her without avail, then our case is hopeless.'

'Hopeless,' said Laura, with conviction, 'unless God feels that our privations have been long enough endured. Somehow, mother, I cannot rid myself of the conviction that the day is fast approaching when we shall know the truth. Meanwhile—'

Meanwhile, you are growing pale and miserable and wretched. Long hours of toil have driven the roses from your cheeks, the light from your eyes. If I were gone—'

The girl shuddered.

'Would you reduce me altogether to despair?' she asked in trembling tones. 'Oh, I beg of you, my mother, do not, do not even dream in your own mind of such a terrible catastrophe. Then indeed, I would be able to bear no more.'

'My good little daughter!' whispered Mrs. Wing, gently kissing her. 'My good little girl!'

The fate of Mrs. Wing and her young daughter, Laura, had astonished the circle in which they moved, and which, as is the way of the world—had by this time forgotten them. All save a few, who helped Laura—by giving her orders for embroidery and odd jobs at fancy sewing—to support herself and her mother.

Benjamin Wing, the wealthy manufacturer, had been a widower with one daughter, Elizabeth, when he met Laura Dent at the home of a friend. His married life had been a brief and stormy, and, only that his Catholicity forbade it, he would have separated from his wife during the first year of their marriage. She had no love for the child that was to be born, and when it came, Mr. Wing had to see that proper nurses were engaged and that it received the attention so necessary to a young babe. At the end of their fourth year of wedded unhappiness, the gay and brilliant wife, known as the belle of her own particular set, caught a severe cold. Her strength was undermined by late hours and much pleasure, and in a fortnight she had succumbed to the sickness that had come upon her.

Benjamin Wing buried her, and raised a handsome monument to her memory. His conscience smote him that, after the first natural pang, he had no