

# Friends at Court

## CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

February 17, , Sunday.—First Sunday of Lent.  
 „ 18, Monday.—St. Raymond, Confessor.  
 „ 19, Tuesday.—St. Titus, Bishop and Confessor.  
 „ 20, Wednesday.—St. Cyril of Alexandria, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor. Ember Day.  
 „ 21, Thursday.—St. Paul, the First Hermit, Confessor.  
 „ 22, Friday.—The Lance and Nails. Ember Day.  
 „ 23, Saturday.—St. Peter Damian, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor. Ember Day.

St. Titus, Bishop and Confessor.

St. Titus was a Greek by birth, and the son of a Gentile father and a Jewish mother. He accompanied St. Paul to Jerusalem to the Council, and on his various extensive journeys, and was finally established by him Bishop of Crete, about the year 62. He died about 105, at the advanced age of 94 years. St. Paul wrote an Epistle to him, which contains instructions for his disciple.

St. Paul, the First Hermit.

St. Paul, the first hermit and surnamed the 'Father of Hermits,' was born at Thebes, in Upper Egypt, in 228. During the Decian persecution he fled into the desert of the Thebaid, and lived there in a cave to the great age of 113 years, practising austere penance and occupied in prayer and contemplation.

St. Peter Damian, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.

St. Peter was born at Ravenna, in the north of Italy, about 988. After a youth of hardship, he entered a Benedictine monastery at the foot of the Appenines, where for many years he led a life of austerity, prayer, and study. His great piety and learning having brought him under the notice of his ecclesiastical superiors, he was employed by more than one Pope in important affairs, and displayed great zeal and prudence. In 1057 he was created Cardinal and Bishop of Ostia, but five years later he succeeded in obtaining permission to resign his bishopric and return to his monastery. His death occurred in 1072.

## GRAINS OF GOLD

### SIGN OF THE CROSS.

With the holy cross myself I sign,  
 From forehead to breast the upright line,  
 From shoulder to shoulder the cross's arms,  
 My soul and body to save from harms.  
 While on my forehead my hand I lay,  
 'In the Name of the Father,' is all I say;  
 In the Name, for all Three are One,  
 And the next I say, 'And of the Son.'  
 While on my breast my hand I place,  
 Lastly the rest of the cross I trace,  
 From shoulder to shoulder, saying then,  
 'And of the Holy Ghost. Amen.'

Let me think it over again,  
 With the Name of the Father I sign my brain,  
 Seat and Symbol of mind and thought;  
 For I believe what God has taught.  
 With the Name of the Son my heart I sign,  
 Seat and symbol of love divine.  
 O heart of Jesus, I give Thee mine.  
 While on my shoulders the cross I trace,  
 I name the Holy Ghost, whose grace  
 Will make the heavy burden light,  
 As bravely I bear it in God's sight.

Thus shall the work of each day be done,  
 In the Name of the Father and of the Son,  
 And Holy Ghost, God, Three in One.

—Rev. Matthew J. Russell, S.J.

Be true to your word, your work, and your friend.  
 The artist uses a stone and it is a statue, the mason uses a stone, and it is a doorstep.  
 The cross, therefore, is always ready and everywhere waits for thee. Thou canst not escape it wheresoever thou runnest; for wheresoever thou goest thou carriest thyself with thee, and shalt ever find thyself.—Thomas a Kempis.

To the intellectually well-furnished man there is, indeed, no such thing as solitude. His inner world is thronged with life. He gets away from the crowd that he may understand it. This explains partly the love of solitude of the great saints.

# The Storyteller

## HIS DAUGHTER ELIZABETH

(Concluded from last week.)

'I have told Mrs. Wing and her daughter Laura,' said Father Reade, 'and you can imagine how they are beseeching the intercessions of Heaven.'  
 'I am almost as much interested as they,' said Dr. Burton.

'But not more confident,' returned the priest, with a smile.

And again, a week later, they met to exchange ideas and hazard conjectures.

'Mrs. Wing told me that there was a low window-seat in her husband's room, and that he often remarked that it would make a splendid hiding-place for anything of value. Try the suggestion on the fellow, if you get a chance. It may help.'

So spoke Father Reade. Dr. Burton smiled.

'You can well say, "if I get the chance." I have been acting a part this last two weeks, and fancy that Miss Wing is convinced that I have no untoward intentions. Nevertheless—'

Next day fortune favored him. He sent Elizabeth for hot water, and while she was out of the room turned to the old man.

'Can you remember?' he asked eagerly.

The old man shook his head.

'The room that Mr. Wing died in—do you remember the window-seat?'

A sudden gleam shot across the other's face.

'The window-seat—the centre panel—' he began; then he shook his head once more.

'Forgive me, doctor—it is all blurred. I shall never remember.'

But he had given the physician food for thought—and then a plan that almost took his breath away by its daring suggested itself. It necessitated his calling upon the two in whose lives he had become such a factor for good, and when, in his earnest way, he had unfolded his scheme, Mrs. Wing, trembling with excitement rose to the occasion.

'For my child's sake, who has been such a good and tender daughter, I will place myself under your guidance,' she said simply.

Dr. Burton had been a frequent visitor to Miss Wing's, and when, two days later, he called, accompanied by a sweet-faced, elderly woman attired in deep mourning, no one made any objections when he said he would go to Miss Elizabeth's sitting-room and await her return. Three-quarters of an hour later he summoned one of the servants and said that his good friend had suddenly been taken ill, and that he could not wait for the young lady. The pale and agitated countenance of the woman with him bore out his assertion. Later, when Miss Wing did return, she could not understand the motive of the doctor's visit, nor who his companion might be, nor did she know that her years of scheming had been rendered fruitless by their visit. She was too much concerned over John Hempstead's case to allow the thought of Dr. Burton to worry her for any length of time. Try as she might she could not break down the seeming obstinacy of the old man.

But she was not prepared for the letter which reached her early the next morning, informing her that a later will of Benjamin Wing's had been discovered. For a moment her violent temper asserted itself, and her first impulse was to turn on the old man, who, she felt, had betrayed the secret to other ears. She had not removed her outside clothing, and, crumpling the letter in her hand, she left the house immediately. When she came into the room where John Hempstead lay, she found Dr. Burton with him.

'So!' she said with scorn. 'It is truly surprising what an interest the disinterested Dr. Burton finds in an old beggar!'

'He is a dying man, and a Catholic,' said Dr. Burton, with dignity. 'Let that explain my interest.'

'I will request you to leave us at once,' she exclaimed, 'and to cease your attendance upon him.'

'My attendance ceases with this hour,' said Dr. Burton. 'Do not make a scene in the presence of the dead, Miss Wing. And allow me to inform you that I know the whole story.'

She brushed him aside and stared down at the face upon the pillow—no whiter now than her own. She did not hear, nor did she say anything further. The day that Mrs. Wing and her daughter Laura moved back to their lovely home, from which they had