

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

March 3, Sunday.—Third Sunday in Lent.
 „ 4, Monday.—St. Lucius I., Pope and Martyr.
 „ 5, Tuesday.—St. Casimir, King and Confessor.
 „ 6, Wednesday.—St. Fridolin, Abbot.
 „ 7, Thursday.—St. Thomas of Aquin, Confessor and Doctor.
 „ 8, Friday.—St. Cathaldus, Bishop and Confessor.
 „ 9, Saturday.—St. Frances of Rome, Widow.

St. Casimir, King and Confessor.

Poland honors as its patron St. Casimir, second son of the King of that country. He learned from pious preceptors to practise austerities, which contrasted remarkably with the luxury and splendor of his father's court. He died in 1482, at the age of twenty-four, and is proposed to the young as the model of every virtue.

St. Fridolin, Abbot.

St. Fridolin, the first Apostle of the Alemanni, was a native of Ireland or Scotland. He labored as a missionary in Gaul, where he restored the congregation of St. Hilary at Poitiers, which had been corrupted by Arianism, and in Germany, where he founded a monastery at Seckingen, an island in the Rhine, near Basel. St. Fridolin lived in the sixth century.

St. Thomas of Aquin, Confessor and Doctor.

St. Thomas of Aquin, 'the angel of the school,' was born at Aquino, a town near Naples, in 1225. His early education was entrusted to the care of the Benedictines of Monte Cassino. After completing his education at the University of Naples he entered the Dominican Order, and became the scholar of Albertus Magnus. He taught with universal admiration at Cologne, Paris, Bologna, Naples, and other places. He was equally famous as a preacher. He persistently refused any ecclesiastical dignity. Called by Gregory X. to assist the Ecumenical Council of Lyons in 1274, he fell sick on the journey and died in the Cistercian Monastery of Fossanova before he had completed his 50th year. He was solemnly canonised by John XXII. in 1323, and ranks among the great Doctors of the Church.

GRAINS OF GOLD

THE CROWN OF THORNS.

A crown was on Thy brow divine,
 Alas! of sharp thorns wrought;
 Each point pricked deep, to expiate
 My foolish pride of thought.
 O teach me, Lord, the little worth
 Of others' smile or frown!
 Why should I wear the flowers of praise
 And Thou the thorny crown?

—'Ave Maria.'

If thy faith does not make thee pure, strong and loving, how canst thou desire to implant it in another? If thy religion does not give thee peace and joy, how canst thou wish to spread it through the world?—Spalding.

Energy of will is the soul of every great character. Where it is there is resolute character; where it is not there is faintness, with effeminacy, despondency, neglect of duty, and failure. 'The strong man and the waterfall,' says a proverb, 'channel their own path.'

The closest possible study of the life of Christ will not reveal one single instance of His having measured any work in pounds and pence, but the New Testament is replete with instances of His having lauded gifts and deeds which were backed by love or the fulness of capability. And the fact that men and times have changed does not warrant us in expecting any change in the standard set by the Master.

There are silences of all sorts, as there is speech of all sorts. There are silences that set one's teeth on edge—it is not always a relief to break them; and there are silences that are gentler, kinder, sweeter, more loving, more eloquent than any words, and which it is always a wrench to interrupt.—Marion Crawford.

The Storyteller

THE DEFECTION OF MRS. CAPTAIN

(Concluded from last week.)

As the doctor himself surmised, it was a serious case. Dr. Bemis pronounced it double pneumonia. The greatest care was necessary, and he would send for a nurse immediately. But Dr. Marlowe objected. Mrs. Pickering was sufficiently skilled, and if she were willing, he preferred her to a stranger.

Of course Mrs. Captain was willing, yes, and delighted. It was preposterous to think of sending for a nurse, if Dr. Marlowe was satisfied with her care, and so she installed herself in his room, after having listened intently to Dr. Bemis' orders as to the treatment to be followed.

To Mrs. Captain it was a labor of love. The young man, who had no relatives in the world, received all the sympathy of her generous heart. During the long nights she watched untiringly, waiting till the morning dawned to steal a few hours of sleep, careful of his every want, uncomplaining of the hardship; indeed, not recognising it as such. She got to yearn for the daily visit of the priest, seeing how much pleasure and new strength it gave her patient, and inwardly she blessed the kind face of the holy man who spread such unction about her house. But the hard days soon passed, and strength slowly returned to the sick man. It was a happy day when the doctor declared him strong enough to go South till the summer.

Mrs. Captain's heart was grieved as she heard the news. The thought of her 'boy' leaving her was a bitter one, yet she uttered no word to show her real feelings, and only broke down when she heard the train that bore him away whistling out of the station. The departure of the doctor was like tearing something from her life, and she prayed earnestly for the time when it would be restored.

That Friday night she went to meeting for the first time since her boarder had been stricken down. She felt that all eyes were upon her, and the minister's words on 'Lack of Faith' seemed to be directed entirely at her head.

But she winced not, because she was oblivious of it all. She was thinking of things of faith, but of the things which up to now she had heard of as in a dream. The prayers she had read for the doctor out of his books; the litanies she had repeated for his responses every night during his illness; his patience in suffering his pious ejaculations, came into her heart now with a convincing force. She could not see the minister. She saw instead the doctor's wan face, the face, too, of the priest who had come with what the doctor had told her was God Himself. She saw herself again going before the priest, with the lighted candle in her hand, and immediately her heart cried out for it all, for something besides these bare walls, this lifeless form of religion, and, while the preacher continued his invectives, in her heart she knelt and begged for the coming of that God to her.

She did not wait for the service to be ended. There was a voice calling her, and she feared it might be silenced by delay. While the congregation sang a hymn which she had loved from childhood she left the meeting-house and crossed the street to the Church of St. Michael.

It did not take long for the great news to travel that Mrs. Captain was a frequent caller at Father Johnson's. The strangest stories began to be noised about. Mrs. Captain was to marry the doctor; Mrs. Captain was to become a nun; Mrs. Captain—but Mrs. Captain herself vouchsafed no information, and callers who relied on old acquaintance to obtain information were doomed to ring and ring without having the door opened. Even the minister was not admitted, which made him aware of the fact that the faith of his parishioner was in danger, and caused him to pray for her, with his congregation, in no uncertain terms.

It was true that Mrs. Captain was meditating a change of religion. Bravely she studied the little catechism which the priest had given her, day after day, week after week, and then one night when grace had prevailed she sat at the little table, which had come to her from past generations, and penned two letters, one to the doctor, begging him to be godfather to an old woman, the other to the minister, sending in her resignation as a member of his Church.