

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- April 14, Sunday.—Second Sunday after Easter. St. Justin, Martyr.
 „ 15, Monday.—St. Peter's Chair at Antioch.
 „ 16, Tuesday.—St. Benedict Joseph Labre, Confessor.
 „ 17, Wednesday.—St. Anicetus, Pope and Martyr.
 „ 18, Thursday.—St. Francis of Sales, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
 „ 19, Friday.—St. Leo IX., Pope and Confessor.
 „ 20, Saturday.—St. John Damascene, Confessor and Doctor.

St. Benedict Joseph Labre, Confessor.

St. Benedict was a native of the diocese of Boulogne, in France. Feeling a strong attraction towards the solitude of the cloister, he successively sought admission into the Trappist, Carthusian, and Cistercian Orders. Convinced at last that God had not called him to the religious state, he gave himself up to a life of extreme austerity in the world for a period of thirteen years, during which time he visited, on foot, as a pilgrim, the principal shrines of Europe. He died in Rome in the year 1783, at the age of 35.

St. Anicetus, Pope and Martyr.

St. Anicetus was Pope from 157 to 168. He was a Syrian by birth, and suffered martyrdom under Marcus Aurelius. He was visited at Rome by St. Polycarp of Smyrna. These two saints had some dispute in regard to the date of the feast of Easter, a discussion which did not alter their friendship.

GRAINS OF GOLD

FAITH.

My way of life would be so drear,
 Oh Christ, but for Thy light;
 I need the glow from out Thy love
 To guide me through the night.

The shadows fall so thick and fast,
 Thou art so far away,
 Enthroned upon the heights between
 The darkness and the day.

I've climbed so long, and yet am far
 Below the mountain's peak;
 I need the grasp of Thy strong hands
 To aid my footsteps weak.

But I have never called in vain,
 Nor empty gone from Thee;
 At every step I feel Thy grace,
 And taste—Eternity!

—Boston 'Pilot.'

Let nothing sadden or dishearten thee; but in the midst of things that are for ever passing away live in worlds which can never pass away.

Wise men mingle innocent mirth with their cares as a help either to forget or overcome them; but to resort to intoxication for the ease of one's mind is to cure melancholy with madness.

Be this our one end in life—to cleanse our hearts that we may behold more and more of the beauty and splendor of the Divine Presence; that we may see God in all His creatures, in all His providence; in all the changes and the calls and chastisements of life.

Dissatisfaction with one's lot sometimes arises from over-conscientiousness. 'Always try to do your best,' is one of the several hundred copy-book maxims which hypocrisy pretends are necessary to success, but which common sense and practical life quietly ignore. Very much less than your best will often answer the purpose, and the rope that reaches is long enough. Good enough is good.

The Storyteller

THE SPRY LITTLE WOMAN

(Concluded from last week.)

Cutting from a Seattle paper of December 26, 189—pasted in the scrap-book of a spry little woman of the city:—

Seattle may not be aware that it has had a distinguished visitor lately. Those who may have seen the magnificently arrayed and richly bejewelled gentleman from Alaska probably did not recognise in him the sullen fish pedlar who used to sell them very excellent sea food three or four years ago. 'French Jack,' as every one calls him up Alaska way, played in better luck than most of those who strike the trail for the Klondike. Some years ago he discovered the Goldlight Mine, one of the richest yet found in that land of the yellow metal. Some sharpers got him full of whisky and bought it of him before it was developed for 500 dollars. From its yield up to now this would mean about 1000 per cent. profit on their investment(?), and it has not panned out yet. 'French Jack' started in to drink himself to death when he had his eyes opened to what he had done. But his iron system weathered the D.T.'s successfully, and he came here a downcast, friendless beggar, "none so poor to do him reverence," and sold fish in a listless way for a living.

Something revived his old spirit, apparently, for when he had hoarded up enough to stake himself again he made a bee-line for Alaska. He has struck it rich once more. Captain Black, of the steamboat line to Juneau, says that up there they say "French Jack" can smell gold. It would be more like it to say that he can see it through the earth, for he has an eye as piercing as a diamond drill, though he is as dumb as a bump on a log. But if reports are true, he has got enough money now to let that talk for him.

"French Jack" is likely to hang on to every cent of it, too, for he has no relatives or friends and no expensive tastes barring a pretty fancy for clothes. He is as shy of strong waters now as a bull is of a red flag. He has already left, probably headed for Alaska again, after being here only a few days. Nobody knows why he came.—Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

THE PROGRESS OF FAIR-MEADOW

'The trolley—well, yes, the trolley cars have waked us up; but I allow I can't get used to hearing them whiz past. Fair-Meadow seems a different place altogether.'

With each hand grasping a picket of her front-yard gate, Sarah Menipenny swayed back and forth as she chatted with Mrs. Richard Folsom—Myra King that was—who lingered on the walk outside.

Sarah, tall, angular, and on the verge of sixty, was of the type of New England woman who, it is said, never dies. In truth, this sharp-featured daughter of the soil is ever with us; though we are assured that when she grows old she may, like the withered leaves of her antiquated herb garden, blow away unnoticed during some breezy day of the golden Indian Summer—away beyond the haze of the hill-tops at the horizon that shuts out the view of the World Beyond.

Long ago, Sarah and Myra sat side by side in the schoolhouse at the crossroads, and were as devoted friends as only two young girls can be who cherish an enthusiastic affection for each other. Myra now lived in the city during the greater part of the year. She was a sweet-faced, serene little woman, with silvering locks, and her soft lavender gown, simple as it was, presented a marked contrast to Sarah's blue print and sunbonnet.

Myra came occasionally to Fair-Meadow; and once in a while Sarah went down to the metropolis of New England, the home of transplanted palaces, of symphony concerts, and many fads, and visited at the house of her old schoolmate, on a fashionable street near the historic Common, heroically wearing her 'best black silk' for three or four days running. So it was that, although she was a farmer's wife, and Myra's husband was abreast of the times and had made a fortune in Western mines, after the lapse of