

## Friends at Court

### GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

March 7, Sunday.—Second Sunday in Lent.  
 „ 8, Monday.—St. Cataldus, Bishop and Confessor.  
 „ 9, Tuesday.—St. Frances of Rome, Widow.  
 „ 10, Wednesday.—The Forty Martyrs.  
 „ 11, Thursday.—St. John of God, Confessor.  
 „ 12, Friday.—The Holy Winding Sheet of Our Lord.  
 „ 13, Saturday.—St. Raymond of Pennafort, Confessor.

St. Cataldus, Bishop and Confessor.

St. Cataldus, the second apostle and patron saint of Taranto, was born in Ireland about the year 615, and whilst a youth was sent to study at the great monastic school of Lismore. Whilst returning from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, in which he was accompanied by some of his disciples, the vessel was wrecked in the Gulf of Taranto, not far from the city of that name. When the Irish Bishop saw this beautiful city given over to pleasure and vice his spirit was moved within him, and in burning language he implored the inhabitants to return to the service of God, Whom they had forgotten. It happened at this time that there was no bishop in the city, so the people besought Cataldus to remain with them, to which request he reluctantly acceded. The saint succeeded in bringing back the inhabitants to the service of God, and Taranto became a Christian city in reality, as well as in name. St. Cataldus died towards the close of the seventh century, and his remains were buried in a marble tomb, which up to this day is preserved in the sacristy of the Cathedral of Taranto.

### GRAINS OF GOLD

#### WHEN, WHERE, AND HOW.

Dear Lord, in some dim future year,  
 In some dim future month and day.  
 Abides the hour, the solemn hour,  
 When Thou shalt call my soul away.  
 That year, that month, that day of days,  
 Come soon, come late, I know not when,  
 Oh, Thou, Who rulest all my ways!  
 Master of Life, Whom Death obeys,  
 Be with me then, be with me then

Somewhere upon this globe of ours  
 Is hid the spot where I must die,  
 Where 'mid the snows, or 'mid the flowers  
 My shrouded form shall coffined lie;  
 If North or South; if East or West?  
 At home? abroad—I know not where,  
 O tender Father, Lord of Grace,  
 Whose presence fills the realms of space,  
 Be with me there, be with me there!

By fire? by flood? by famine sore?  
 By sudden stroke? by slow decay?—  
 When Death's dark angel opens my door,  
 How shall it call my soul away.  
 God only knows; He bends the bow,  
 And He alone can fix the dart;  
 Yet care I not, when, where, or how,  
 The end may come, sweet Lord! If Thou  
 Wilt then but shield me in Thy Heart.

How many prodigals are kept out of the Kingdom of God by the unlovely character of those who profess to be inside.—Henry Drummond.

The habit of holding the good will attitude of mind towards everybody has a powerful influence upon the character. It lifts the mind above the petty jealousies and meannesses; it enriches and enlarges the whole life. Whenever we meet people, no matter if they were strangers, we feel a certain kinship with and friendliness for them, greater interest in them, if we have formed the good will habit. We feel that if we only had the opportunity of knowing them we should like them. In other words, the kindly habit, the good will habit, makes us feel more sympathy for everybody. And if we radiate this helpful friendly feeling, others will reflect it back to us. On the other hand, if we go through life with a cold, selfish mental attitude, caring only for our own, always looking for the main chance, only thinking of what will further our own interests, our own comforts, totally indifferent to others, this attitude will after a while harden the feelings and the affections, and we shall become dry, pessimistic, and uninteresting.

## The Storyteller

### THE OLD HOME

(Concluded from last week.)

On Christmas Eve the sun flooded the room like a sun of summer. The windows were open, and Captain La Touche had brought a great bunch of narcissi and laid them in Pamela's lap. She was arranging them with an air of ecstasy which could not have been believed possible in her a week ago. He stood smiling down at her.

'You are happy?' he said.  
 'I am like one who has lost Heaven and found it again.'

'Is it so good to be with us?'  
 'So good,' she said joyously, 'that I feel as if it must presently take wings and fly away like a good dream. Miss La Touche will find me a poor companion. I am very unaccomplished. To be sure, I will do for her all love can do.'

'Aunt Matilda would not know what to do with a companion—in the ordinary sense. She took a violent fancy to you that day we first met. You know my leave was just up. I went back to India after leaving Aunt Matilda with an old friend in Nice. I thought of you often and often; of your mother and the old house. I might have resigned then if there hadn't been trouble afoot. I always meant to come back to you.'

She dropped the flowers and looked away from him, her cheek like the pink hollyhock that summer's day long ago.

'Do you know what I have been doing, Pam?' he went on. 'What has kept me from your side this week past? I have been buying Ardmore. For you, my darling. It looked so lonely and sad. They are lighting fires in it to-day. It is being put in order for us, but I have altered nothing. You will see it just as you left it. If there is anything else to be done—the new mistress must arrange all that.'

He put his arms about her, and drew her head to his breast.

'Imagine,' he said, 'La Touches and Langfords back in the old house. Aunt Matilda knows. She left us together that I might speak. We will all go back together. The old place is lonely for us. We will bring joy and love there once again. Our children, Langfords and La Touches, will make it glad with their presence. It will not be lonely any more.'

She sighed against his ear a sigh of overful happiness.

'I know now,' she said, 'why the place seemed so happy in my dream.'—*Catholic Weekly.*

### THE LITTLE GOLD HEART

The curtains were drawn in Miss Eleanor Hardwick's pleasant drawing-room, a wood fire burnt cheerily on the hearth, and the warm air was full of the scent of hot-house flowers. On a low table at her side a silver tea-kettle hissed and spluttered, some muffins were keeping hot in the fender, and as she sipped her tea she turned over the leaves of a novel. Her cousin had come in from the outer wintriness and gloom, flakes of snow still clung to her cloak, and her sweet, rosy face was unusually serious.

'Eleanor, I want you to help me.' There was a note of tender appeal in her voice.

'Is it about some new candlesticks for St. Francis Xavier's?' said Miss Hardwick, reluctantly laying down her novel.

'New candlesticks are needed, a new altar is needed, everything is needed at St. Francis Xavier's. But it isn't that, Eleanor, it is the Bartons.'

'Who are the Bartons, pray?'

'Oh, Eleanor, you must remember; they came to the mission about a year ago. Quite young people, with five dear little children. At first they seemed to be getting on very well. But last autumn the father had pneumonia, and since then they have had one trouble after another. It is really pitiful; I just met the children coming from school in cotton blouses and with holes in their shoes.'

Miss Hardwick drew her delicate black brows together. 'Why doesn't Father Carberry take them in hand?'

'The mission is such a poor one,' Gertrude spoke with glowing cheeks, 'and Father Carberry already does more than he ought to do. Do you know, Eleanor, he often gives away his dinner, and his housekeeper says if she boils a new-laid egg for his breakfast he just puts it in his pocket for one of his invalids.'