

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

March 28, Sunday.—Passion Sunday.
 „ 29, Monday.—St. John Damascene, Confessor and Doctor.
 „ 30, Tuesday.—St. John Capistran, Confessor.
 „ 31, Wednesday.—St. Thomas of Aquin, Confessor and Doctor.
 April 1, Thursday.—St. Gregory the Great, Pope, Confessor, and Doctor.
 „ 2, Friday.—The Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
 „ 3, Saturday.—Of the Feria.

Passion Sunday.

As the annual commemoration of the death of Our Blessed Saviour approaches, the Church seems to enter into deeper mourning. On the eve of Passion Sunday the images and statues of the saints, and even the representation of the crucified Redeemer, are covered with purple veils, which will not be removed till the close of Holy Week. From the Office and Mass are omitted the few expressions of joy which remained after Septuagesima Sunday.

St. Thomas of Aquin, Confessor and Doctor.

St. Thomas, son of the Count of Aquino, was born in 1126, and received his early education at the famous abbey of Monte Cassino. At the age of seventeen, in spite of the opposition of his family, he entered the Order of St. Dominic. By his piety and extraordinary talents, he became the glory, not merely of his Order, but of the whole Catholic world. His great humility caused him to refuse the dignities offered to him by more than one Pope. He died in 1274, whilst on his way to attend the Council of Lyons, to which he had been summoned by Gregory X. All Catholic schools were placed under his special patronage by the late Pope Leo XIII.

GRAINS OF GOLD

MY ROSARY.

Only a chaplet of ruby beads
 Strung on a chain of gold,
 Each bead tells of a Heart that bleeds
 For hearts that have grown cold:
 Forgetful hearts, wordly hearts,
 In a world of fleeting show,
 Ungrateful hearts, distrustful hearts
 Surging to and fro.

Only a chaplet of ruby beads
 Strung on a chain of gold,
 Each bead tells of a Heart that pleads
 For hearts that will not unfold:
 Faithless hearts, traitorous hearts,
 Where ignoble deeds are born,
 Turbulent hearts, disloyal hearts
 That every mercy scorn.

Only a chaplet of ruby beads
 Strung on a chain of gold,
 Each bead tells of a Heart that pleads
 With the hearts without the fold,
 Sin-stained hearts, wilful hearts
 On the ramparts of despair,
 Wavering hearts, deceptive hearts,
 We find them everywhere.

Only a chaplet of ruby beads
 Strung on a golden chain,
 Each bead tells of a Heart's great love
 And a welcome home again:
 The contrite heart shall find surcease
 From the agonies of despair.
 In the limpid depths of eternal love,
 God's mercy is everywhere.

No doubt age has many privileges and consolations that are denied to youth; but the difference between the two is that youth is blissfully unconscious of what are its limitations, while age is haunted by the importunate memories of all that it has been compelled to surrender.

There is the honor of pure living and pure thinking. These bring with them a badge which far outshines any to be had of mundane sources. For there is nothing more to be desired than a good face—not a handsome one, but a good one—wherein may be seen the reflection of high motives and right ideals.

The Storyteller

TWO STUDENTS

The college, still spoken of in half-whispered utterances by the neighboring Protestants, stood apart from the village, a great ruddy pile, surrounded by green pasture lands and well-kept athletic grounds. Travellers in the daytime on their way to the great city of Glenbridge, which lay beyond the village, stopped to admire its architecture and to wonder at the black soutanes of the students; but at night, when, seen from the road, the college was but a black framework, shimmering with many lights, they wondered still more and strained their ears for some sound that would betoken the young life within its walls.

To-night, if they had known where to look, they might have seen two of the students walking under the shadows of the great trees which fringed the lawn. They wore the dress common to the theological students of the Catholic Church; but it did not conceal the well-built forms which activity at the college games had brought them.

Phil Austin and Jack Grey had been classmates when the Latin grammar lay open before them, but the boyish acquaintance had deepened as the years glided past, and now, as the first session of their theological course was closing upon them, a friendship had, to all appearance, been formed for life. In those intervening years their characters had developed differently; Austin's restless activity, curbed by a dominant will, and forced into the proper channels, was now rapidly and surely adorning him with the qualifications of a true priest. Grey, on the other hand, endowed with no less activity, but with greater versatility of mind, had never such tenacity of purpose. At the end of his earlier studies his powers had begun to feel themselves cramped. He had persevered, but the longing for greater freedom had not ceased. Within the last months the thought had grown into a resolution; and now he had taken his friend aside and told him that he could not become a priest.

Many other things he told—how his resolution had been made; what his plans were for the future; but the words did not fall on listening ears. Poor Phil's heart was throbbing with love and fear for his friend; his mind was working rapidly at the new problem given it, and he was praying with his whole soul for light to say the right thing. He had found words at last.

'Do not speak of this as a resolution,' he was saying. 'Think of it as a doubt to be dispelled by wiser minds than ours.'

'The time for that has passed,' replied Grey. 'My mind is made up,' he added.

Phil was silent; his lips were tightly pressed, as was his wont in deep thought, but they uttered no sound, and Grey spoke again. This time his calmness had disappeared. His long pent-up emotions which had never known words found expression. He laid a nervous hand on Austin's arm and pointed to the lurid atmosphere that hung over the city of Glenbridge, spoke to him of the human struggles and triumphs beneath it; told him of the ambitions which prompted that ceaseless industry, and asked could he refuse to enter the contest for fame and power. The hum of the toiling city was borne to them by the night wind and gave additional strength to the fervent words. The appeal drew an answer from Austin, solemn and reluctant, as if he were unwilling to share with another the thoughts that guided his life:

'The great world does call me, fills me with longing to begin the fight, but it is the fight against the sin and misery which stain and sadden so many lives.'

And will that satisfy you? said Grey in an impatient tone.

'It seems to me the only ambition worth realising,' replied Austin, still more earnestly.

'The only one worth realising?' echoed Grey slowly. 'Think, Phil; shunned by the world, distrusted by many and sometimes cruelly misjudged by your own people, for whom you have to die. That is your life. The prospect cannot fill one with hope.'

Phil felt his own nature shrink as these words were spoken. The thoughts had come to himself in his moments of solitude, but they had been overcome by his high ideals of duty and life. Now, when he heard them from another they seemed to be his own thoughts returning with new strength. He had felt those emotions which now filled Jack Grey's mind, and pitied him from his heart.

But what could be said? No reasoning would calm the troubled spirit by his side, and he turned to him with what he felt to be the last appeal.

'Jack,' he said gently. 'These thoughts have not to be shirked, but we have not to magnify their importance. Our first duty is to save souls. If we win hearts our work