

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- March 14, Sunday.—Fourth Sunday in Lent.
 „ 15, Monday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 16, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 17, Wednesday.—St. Patrick, Bishop and Confessor.
 „ 18, Thursday.—St. Cyril of Jerusalem, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
 „ 19, Friday.—St. Joseph, Spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
 „ 20, Saturday.—Of the Feria.

St. Patrick, Bishop, Confessor, and Patron of Ireland.

The nationality of St. Patrick is much disputed, some naming France, others Scotland, as the place of his birth. When but sixteen years of age he was carried captive into Ireland, where he remained for six years, thus by a remarkable disposition of Divine Providence becoming acquainted with the language and customs of the people whom he was afterwards to evangelise. Having escaped from captivity, his one desire was to return to Ireland, bringing with him the blessings of the true faith to its pagan inhabitants. The desired mission was confided to him by Pope Celestine about 432. His labors were crowned with complete success. By his exertions Ireland has ever since not only kept pure and unsullied the faith at home, but has helped to propagate it in nearly every country in the world. St. Patrick died about 461, and was buried at Downpatrick.

St. Cyril of Jerusalem, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.

Born at Jerusalem, St. Cyril became Bishop of that See about the year 350. He suffered much from the violence of the Arian heretics, who twice succeeded in driving him into exile. He died in 386.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

THE ROSARY.

Not on the lute, nor harp or many strings
 Shall all men praise the Master of all song.
 Our life is brief, one faith, and act is long;
 And skilled must be the harpener of things,
 Silent, O lips that utter foolish things!
 Rest, awkward fingers striking all notes wrong!
 How from your toil shall issue, white and strong,
 Music like that God's chosen poet sung!

There is one harp that any hand can play,
 And from its strings what harmonies arise!
 There is one song that any mouth can say,
 A song that lingers when all singing dies.
 When on their heads our Mother's children pray
 Immortal music charms the grateful skies.
 — *Ave Maria.*

Every really able man, if you talk sincerely with him, considers his work, however much admired, as far short of what it should be.

If you are not in the least happy with enough, you will be unhappy with too much. You will merely be unhappy in another way.

Seest thou not that the angry man loseth his understanding? Whilst thou art yet in thy senses, let the madness of another be a lesson to thyself.

Our soul and body are as the scales of a balance: if you pull down the one you raise up the other; if you tame your flesh it makes the spirit reign and govern.

Do not believe that happiness makes us selfish; it is a treason to the sweetest gift of life; it is when it has deserted us that it becomes hard to keep all the better things within us from dying in the blight.

The Storyteller

DEVOTION OF A WILD BEAST

One chilly October evening as we were all grouped about the fireplace we entreated an old friend of the family, a retired colonel, Emanuel Laroux, to tell us a story of his life in the army. After a few moments' reflection he began thus:

How time flies. It is just fifty years ago since I arrived in Africa.

A volunteer of twenty, I had been passing a year of mortal ennui in a southern garrison, when there came a call for men to fill up the gaps caused by the war, in the grenadier regiments, those that had been down there ever since the beginning of the campaign, and as you may readily imagine I was one of the first to enlist.

A last I was going to escape from the monotonous existence of a provincial garrison, and see this wonderful new country, about which one had heard so many strange stories, fight those fierce Bedouins, and rush to the conquest of glory! A flood of ambitious dreams overwhelmed my ardent and inexperienced imagination, as I set out upon my journey.

The battalion to which I had been assigned was quartered at Tlemcen, so on my arrival I found myself in the very midst of the famous insurrection. The town was in a state of siege, and every day parties of Arabs made incursions, even up to the very gates of the barracks, so we had to be continually on our guard.

The old African soldiers, tanned by the sun, and inured to every sort of fatigue, regarded us with smiles which seemed to us of a somewhat contemptuous nature, but it was only because that, in comparison with them, we who had come from France, with our white skins and beardless chins, gave the appearance of callow youths, who had only just left college: owing to this fact it was decided that we should not be permitted to face the enemy immediately, but should at first be employed in servile household tasks, and a gruff old captain then proceeded to question me as to my capabilities.

'What were you in the habit of doing as a citizen, my friend?' he inquired.

'Why, I lived in my father's house,' I replied.

'And what was your father's business?'

'He kept a restaurant in the Rue St. Martin.'

'Ah, very well! Then you shall be a cook,' he exclaimed; and in spite of my vigorously protesting that I was absolutely ignorant of all culinary matters, the order was not to be repealed, and so I was forced to submit to my fate.

Ah! mused I, it was not surely for this that I came to Tlemcen: all I asked for was to be put under fire, but assuredly not that of the kitchen! I had been dreaming of battles, brilliant engagements, epaulets of gold, crosses of honor, and now, behold all my beautiful warlike visions swamped in the regimental soup kettle! But I saw, after many painful reflections, that it was best to resign myself to my fate, so I proceeded to tie the coarse cloth of the scullions around my body, and while awaiting the time to slay masses of Bedouins, I began philosophically to sort out potatoes. I had been devoting myself to this martial task about half an hour, when the door suddenly opened, yielding to a vigorous push. I raised my head and saw enter, well, what do you suppose? why, a lion, a superb lion, with an enormous mane!

Certainly I was no coward, and had I found myself alone, surrounded by a dozen Arabs, I should have sold my life dearly. But, frankly, to behold a wild beast enter thus, when one was only expecting to see the corporal, was really rather disconcerting.

With a sudden bound I arose, causing the potatoes that I was holding in my apron to roll over the floor and in one leap I gained the next room, where the so-called cooks were preparing the rations for the men, in front of the fire.