

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- April 23, Sunday.—Low Sunday.
 „ 24, Monday.—St. Fidelis of Sigmaringen, Martyr.
 „ 25, Tuesday.—St. Mark, Evangelist.
 „ 26, Wednesday.—SS. Cletus and Marcellinus, Popes and Martyrs.
 „ 27, Thursday.—St. Anastasius I., Pope and Confessor.
 „ 28, Friday.—St. Paul of the Cross, Confessor.
 „ 29, Saturday.—St. Peter, Martyr.

SS. Cletus and Marcellinus, Popes and Martyrs.

St. Cletus, the third Bishop of Rome, suffered martyrdom under Domitian, about the year 89. St. Marcellinus occupied the throne of St. Peter during a period of eight years. He died in 304, after having endured many sufferings for the faith in the cruel persecution of Diocletian.

St. Anastasius, Pope and Confessor.

St. Anastasius, a Roman by birth, held the Pontifical Office from 398 to 401. St. Jerome refers to him in terms of high commendation, and declares him to have been 'a man of holy life, endowed with an apostolic solicitude and zeal.'

St. Paul of the Cross, Confessor.

St. Paul was born near Genoa, in Italy. From childhood he showed a special devotion to the Passion of Christ. He founded the Congregation of the Passion, the members of which, besides the usual three vows, make a fourth, that they will do their utmost to keep alive in the hearts of the faithful the memory of our Lord's Passion. St. Paul died in Rome in 1775.

GRAINS OF GOLD

THE PLEADING HEART.

'Come unto Me,' the Heart of Jesus pleadeth;
 'Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.
 Behold the way through pleasant pastures leadeth—
 The goal beyond, the dwelling of the blest.

'Strive not to breast the storms of life unaided,
 Full fierce they blow and danger's ever near;
 No joy or flower of earth remains unfaded,
 Time's fallen leaves bear stain of many a tear.

'Why choose a darksome path while light celestial beameth
 As beacon fire to guide and bid the shadows flee?
 See, from the Heart Divine love's flame uprising streameth,
 Its rays outspread o'er life's tempestuous sea.'

Come, then, poor soul, sore laden and weary—
 Come at this call and lay thy burden down,
 No more of night and days alike all dreary,
 But peace and hope, and in the end a crown.

—Ave Maria.

The corruption of the age is made up of the particular contributions of every individual man.

If thou art desirous of convincing anyone of error, first discover his own point of view; make the most of such truth as there is in it, and then put the other side before him.—Father Pesch, S.J.

Live, as it were, on trust. All that is in you, all that you are, is only loaned to you. Make use of it according to the will of Him Who lends it; but never regard it for a moment as your own.

The virtue of silence under trial is one of the rarest virtues and the most difficult to acquire, therefore it is most pleasing to God and most conducive to the strength and beauty of Christian character.

As a matter of fact, we ought to make a new beginning each morning. We ought to base this fresh start on the net results of yesterday. Yesterday's failures should be our danger-signals and yesterday's successes our guide-posts.

God planted us just where we grow, and blossom and fruit must be drawn, not from the meadow on the other side of the road, or the mountain beyond the valley, but from the soil now about our roots, and the air and rain and sun above us playing on our leaves and branches.

We all know that Christ's life on earth was a life of suffering. We know He was the Man of Sorrows. We know that all who in any way wish to be like Christ must take up His cross and follow Him. Yet we are rebellious when suffering comes to us. The primrose path is not the best path for the Christian. A life composed entirely of earthly joy would have no room for thoughts of deeper and higher things. It requires the touch of suffering to bring us to a realisation of what we are.

The Storyteller

COLBY'S CRUX

Just as Colby Hunt turned into his own quiet, tree-lined street,—district of pretty cottages—he suddenly stopped short. It was at the close of an autumn day. In the half-bare branches a chill wind whispered sadly. About Colby's feet twirled crinkled brown leaves. Other leaves, crisp and tawny, struck against his face and crossed in front of his preoccupied eyes. Rays from an arc lamp showed through the restless boughs and quivered upon the pavement.

Colby's right hand—a big, gentle, warm, hairy hand—grasped the lapel of his coat. Its mate hung relaxed at his side. His head was slightly lifted and turned, his eyes and mouth faintly puckering. It was a rugged old face and a rugged old figure. The clothes were navy blue, and there were brass buttons on the sleeves. The big head covered with a blunt-peaked cap, also navy blue. The trousers were just a bit baggy, and the whole suit, though smartly brushed, showed long usage—seemed almost threadbare. The shirt was of thick flannel, gray-green, relieved by a dash of scarlet at the throat.

Colby Hunt was the oldest fireman in the department. Nobody knew exactly how old he was; this was one of his zealously guarded secrets. But his hair, uncommonly bristly and dense, was nearly snow-white. Colby kept it cut almost to the scalp. 'Otherwise,' he said to himself, 'I should be a patriarch, and what use would they have for a patriarch in the hook and ladder company?' Often there had been talk of retiring Colby on a pension, the commissioners debating the question officially. But none of them, nor any of his comrades, ever had ventured to speak of the matter to him. 'After all,' they would say, actually coming to grips with the subject, 'it's only Colby's hair and skin that are old.'

Motionless there amid the spinning leaves and the trembling light, he certainly looked as if, met by a crucial test in the path of his hazardous duties, he would want a deal of beating. His face seemed chiselled out of a block of native decision—chiselled out with a chisel that had left its marks deep across his forehead and about his mouth. All his sturdy figure—there was about six feet of it—appeared instinct with nervous energy; yet not by any means did Colby look like a boy. He looked quite sixty—looked as if he might be the father of a big family (as, indeed, he was), and might have a group of grandchildren (as, indeed, he had).

Listening intently for a moment, he turned round and retraced his steps to the corner. It was as he thought; his name had been called from far down the intersecting street. A brother fireman was running after him, from the hook and ladder station, and Colby himself at once broke into a run.

'What's up, Dan?'

'The chief's at the station and wants to see you a minute before you go to supper.'

Colby shot an inquiring glance into Dan's eyes, dropped his head, and walked back to the station silently. Chief Hubbard met him at the door and called him into a little side room where they sat down by a grate fire. Assistant-Chief Arnold, slender and dark-eyed, was there too, but he only nodded to Colby and smiled.

'Chilly night, Colby,' said Hubbard, filling his pipe.

'So it is, chief. I suppose we haven't long to wait for snow.'

'Snow?' echoed the official genially. 'Makes me think of the fire at old Judge Alder's house that Christmas morning when you slid off the gable roof on a ton or two of it and fell twenty-eight feet into the conservatory.'

'And it didn't hurt me a bit,' laughed Colby. 'But I remember a night-fire in snowy zero weather when I did suffer some, and you as well, chief. You weren't chief then, you were a nozzle-mate of mine. Seven hours on end, wasn't it, we fought to keep the lumber-yard blaze from eating its way into the main part of the town?' The blowing snow, and the cold, weren't they frightful? Ice all over the nozzle, and all over us, and all over everything—a skating rink! I forget just how long we were in the hospital.'

The chief's face shone and his rough face wrinkled.

'It's a hard life, Colby.'

'It is; but it's about the only life I've known, and I like it. Do you know, chief, my father used to hope I'd be a lawyer? Idle dream! I could not breathe in a law office. Action and God's air for me. Why, chief, when the horses are galloping, the gongs clanging, and the people rushing breathless through the streets—it's a time when the slowest pulse quickens and the oldest of us forgets his years!'

Hubbard cleared his throat, moved his heavy feet uneasily, and looked more steadily at the veteran hook-and-ladder man.

'Colby, you know I like you.'

'I quite believe it, chief.'

'You know it. You're the best-beloved man in the department. All of you that isn't honor is courage. By rights you would be in my place to-night.'