

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- April 30, Sunday—Second Sunday after Easter, St. Catherine of Siena.
 May 1, Monday—SS. Philip and James, Apostles.
 „ 2, Tuesday—St. Athanasius, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
 „ 3, Wednesday—The Finding of the Holy Cross.
 „ 4, Thursday—St. Monica, Widow.
 „ 5, Friday—St. Pius V., Pope and Confessor.
 „ 6, Saturday—St. John at the Latin Gate.

St. Monica, Widow.

St. Monica was a native of Africa. Having been given in marriage to a pagan, she succeeded, by the sanctity of her conduct and the meekness of her disposition, in bringing about his complete conversion from idolatry and vice. Her son, the great St. Augustine, having been led in his youth to embrace the errors of the Manichaean heretics, owned his subsequent conversion to her prayers. St. Monica was seized with her last illness at Ostia, in Italy, A.D. 387. When her second son, Navagius, expressed a wish that she might not die abroad, but in her own country, she said to him and St. Augustine: 'Lay this body anywhere; be not concerned about that. The only thing I ask of you both is that you make remembrance of me at the altar of the Lord, wherever you are.'

St. Pius V., Pope and Confessor.

On the death of Pius IV., in 1565, Cardinal Ghisleri, a native of Northern Italy, and a member of the Order of St. Dominic, became Pope under the name of Pius V. His pontificate was signalised by the brilliant victory gained by the Christians over the Turks at Lepanto. The expedition was organised mainly through the efforts of St. Pius, and its success is attributed no less to the prayers which he caused to be offered up throughout Christendom than to the valor of the Christian soldiers. As Pope, St. Pius lived the same simple and frugal life which he had adopted when embracing the religious state. He died in 1572 in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

GRAINS OF GOLD

LOVE'S PRISONER.

Reposing in His altar-home—
 Imprisoned there for love of me—
 My Spouse awaits me; and I come
 To visit Him awhile, and be
 A solace to His loneliness—
 If aught in me can make it less.

But is He lonely? Bend not here
 Adoring angels as on high?
 Ah, yes! but yet, when we appear,
 A softer glory floods His eye.
 'Tis earth's frail child He longs to see;
 And thus He is alone—for me!

His Heart, how piningly it aches
 With love unheeded, love despised!
 O happy soul! that comes and takes
 The gift as something to be prized;
 The lavish graces it receives
 From that full breast its prayer relieves!

Then, best of lovers, I'll draw near
 Each day to minister relief,
 For tho' the thought of year on year
 Of sin should make me die of grief.
 Yet day by day my God I see
 'Sick and in prison'—all for me!

REV. E. HILL, C.P.

The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best.

People who are calumniated are like fruits. They are bitten; therefore they are good.—Abbé Roux.

They are truly peaceful who, in all that they suffer in this world for the love of Our Lord Jesus Christ, preserve peace of mind and heart.—St. Francis.

Smiles are as indispensable to true success in life as money, mind, and might. As long as a man can smile he is not beaten.

It is by the little acts of our lives that character and disposition reveal themselves. A severe test is not at all necessary to find out the character of your companions—the slightest will do. Observe their common daily actions, and you will have all the evidence for safe judgment.

If you cannot be happy in one way, be happy in another. This facility of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humor are almost the whole affair. Many run after felicity, like an absent-minded man hunting for his hat while it is in his hand or on his head.

The Storyteller

COLBY'S CRUX

(Concluded from last week.)

'Maggie!'

'Papa!'

'Are you all right?'

'Yes, but hurry, papa!'

'My girl, I dare not venture close with the ladder; the heat from the lower floors would fire it like a match. Stand aside a little.'

Once, twice, he threw, and missed, the metal clasp swinging back beneath the ladder. The third throw, the life-line pierced the window like a rocket threads the rigging of a sinking ship.

'Now, Maggie, make the rope fast about your waist; hold hard with both hands, and have no fear!'

Rigid and dumb, the spectators saw the girl place her feet out of the window, and sit for a moment on the sill.

'I'm ready, papa!'

'Steady, my child!'

There was a flash, the rope leapt taught, the ladder dipped and swayed like the tip of a tall pine struck by a hurricane blast. Who shall say how many thousands of faces caught the hue of marble—how many thousands of hearts jumped and stopped. To his tossing spar Colby clung like a grizzled gale-fighter on a top-gallant mast. Full width of the street swung the pendant figure. At the end of the swing, catching through the shifting smoke, a vivid glimpse of the girl's face, the crowd was astonished and awed to perceive that, while deathly pale, it was resolute, proud, and unafraid. Back swept the figure, then to and fro, like the pendulum of a clock. The movements shortening, lap by lap, Colby drew up the life-line; and at last, at that long ladder's dizzy tip; in the silvery glory of those vast ruins, the people saw—as many as could see—the veteran fireman with his baby secure in his great right arm.

Again Colby Hunt's quiet, tree-lined street, with the tremulous light, the twirling leaves, and the chill wind whispering sadly.

'Maggie, how are you?'

The girl's hair lay in golden-brown profusion upon her pillow. If pale, she was strikingly pretty, in her snowy night-dress, with its single blue ribbon worked in and out at the yoke. She smiled, and pressed her father's big head to her heart, her tightly compressed lashes quivering.

'I've just come from the hospital,' said Colby, turning to his wife. 'Arnold and the others are doing well. There's to be a tremendous public funeral for Hubbard and the men who died with him. Mother, with no sleep last night, and all day to-day digging about the ruins of Moultrie's. I'm fagged and famished; but before I eat or sleep I must tell you and Maggie something.'

Mrs. Hunt sat down, leaned on an elbow, and looked at her husband over her glasses.

'At noon to-day I was called to the Mayor's office. The fire commissioners and a lot of other men were there. The Mayor made a speech in which he used many glowing words about how I saved some lives last night, and, as he put it, "turned back the tide of general disaster." Mother, for a while that ordeal was almost harder on me than the fire. I was standing, bare-headed, looking at the floor, and could feel the sweat popping out on my forehead. But somehow I suddenly lost my sense of distress. The Mayor's words entered right into me, and I felt myself filling with self-confidence and power. And by and by, when the Mayor told me what he wanted me to do, and asked would I do it, I said, without any hint of wavering, "If you wish it, your honor." "I do wish it," said he, "and so do the commissioners and the city." And then the Mayor gave me this.'

Colby drew from his pocket a stiff, crackling sheet of paper, and unfolded it on the bed. They all bent over it. It bore the Mayor's signature and the great red seal of the municipality. It said, in effect, that that day upon the shoulders of Colby Hunt had fallen the mantle of the dead chief.

For some moments the silence was broken only by Colby's tired breathing. Then his proud old wife—how strangely bright and young she had become!—asked curiously:

'And, Colby, did you make a speech?'

'Oh, no, mother. All I said was—"God helping me, I'll be a good chief."'
 —Montreal Tribune.

A MODERN CINDERELLA

'It is really very annoying,' said Lady Althorp, discontentedly stirring her cup of chocolate with a quick, irritable motion that reflected her ruffled feelings. 'I suppose it would never do to ask Eileen to give up her room?'

'I rather think not,' promptly replied the person she addressed—a decidedly handsome young girl, with a somewhat loud manner. 'Why, we'd have Dad up in arms!'