

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

May 28, Sunday.—Sunday within the Octave of the Ascension. St. Urban I., Pope and Martyr.
 „ 29, Monday.—St. Boniface IV., Pope and Confessor.
 „ 30, Tuesday.—St. Felix I., Pope and Martyr.
 „ 31, Wednesday.—Octave of the Feast of Blessed Virgin Mary, Help of Christians.
 June 1, Thursday.—Octave of the Ascension.
 „ 2, Friday.—St. Eugene I., Pope and Confessor.
 „ 3, Saturday.—Vigil of Pentecost. Day of Fast and Abstinence.

St. Felix I., Pope and Martyr.

St. Felix, a native of Rome, after having occupied the Papal throne for five years, received the crown of martyrdom under the Emperor Aurelian in 274.

Octave of the Feast of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Help of Christians.

Seeing that God selected the Blessed Virgin Mary to be the Mother of His Divine Son, thus conferring on her the greatest dignity of which a creature is capable, Catholics feel that to honor her beyond all creatures is a necessary consequence of the reverence which they owe to the Son of God. For this reason the Church has set apart many days during the year for the commemoration of her virtues and prerogatives, and has designated the entire month of May as a time of special devotion to her.

Vigil of the Feast of Pentecost.

After the Ascension of Our Lord, the Apostles remained in Jerusalem, preparing themselves by prayer and recollection for the coming of the Holy Ghost. By commemorating this fact, the Church invites us to dispose ourselves for the worthy celebration of the great feast of Pentecost. The eve of Pentecost was, in the primitive Church, one of the two principal days appointed for the solemn administration of Baptism, and the baptismal font is still blessed on this day, with ceremonies similar to those made use of on Holy Saturday.

GRAINS OF GOLD

ALTAR GIFTS.

Hearts of silver and hearts of gold
 Men had brought in days of old
 To Thy shrine for offering,
 Lord my King!

Gold and jewels, incense rare,
 Roses with their heart's blood fair,
 Saints and martyrs had Thee given,
 Christ my Heaven.

Rose nor incense, blood nor gem,
 Have I for Thy diadem;
 Worthy of Thy smallest thought
 Have I naught.

Poor and common are my flowers,
 Worthless all my days and hours,
 Yet beneath Thine altar's shade
 Be they laid.

—Thamonda, in *Are Maria*.

Thousands that are capable of great sacrifices are yet not capable of the little ones which are all that are required of them.

There is a certain softness of manner which should be cultivated, and which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that almost entirely compensates for lack of beauty.

Life has its disappointments, its dreary days, its black hours and darkening clouds for all of us; yet the cares, the difficulties, the burdens of our life are the raw materials God puts into our hands, out of which we are to weave life's shining raiment and crown of glory.

Life is the pitch of the orchestra and we are the instruments. The discord and the broken string of the individual instrument do not affect the whole, except as false notes; but I think that God, knowing all things, must discern the symphony, glorious with meaning, through the discordant fragments that we play.

Be noble towards an enemy. The man who does you wrong has need of pity. To be injured is less of a misfortune than to be the injurer. He who defrauds makes holes in his own pockets by which he loses more than he steals. He who slanders, wields a sword which he holds at the point; his own hands receive the wounds.

Be ready to adopt new ideas. We progress only through change. It is just as unreasonable to stick to old ways merely because your are used to them as it would be to walk up ten flights of stairs when you might be carried up in the lift.

The Storyteller

THE COWARD OF BRILLON

'He is a coward,' the people of Brillon used to say, pointing to Adolphe Canelle, as he passed down the one street of the French-Canadian village, trailing a string of freshly caught dore. 'He has been so coddled by his mother, the Widow Canelle, that a young calf has more pluck. He is afraid to go to the lumber shanty in the winter—can do nothing but catch fish. He has no courage—he is a poor cur!'

And Adolphe stood as the village butt.

During the open season most of his time was spent in his canoe on the river, fishing or gathering driftwood.

He and his mother were sometimes given odd jobs by summer visitors, and occasionally he got a day's employment from the contractors building a canal below the enormous dam which stretched across the Ottawa at Brillon.

In the autumn most of the village men and boys of Adolphe's age went to the lumber shanties, whence they returned in spring as capitalists with their winter's wages.

Adolphe would not go.

'I cannot leave my mother; I must stay with her,' he told the foreman when he asked him to join.

Jeers greeted this, for it was a set idea in Brillon that boys should go to the woods at seventeen.

'You must not leave me, Adolphe,' his mother used to say. 'You are my only child. You must stay with me. Do not mind what the people say.'

'No—no, mother! I love you too much!'

And he never gave her a sign of the hunger for adventure that was sometimes sore in his heart. It was not all a girl's heart, though simple and loving and afraid to give pain.

Often as he paddled up the river toward the dam he would wonder why the villagers ridiculed him, for he knew that few ran such risks in getting a living as he.

In the eddies of the rapids below the dam were the best fishing grounds of the whole sweep of river near Brillon, and Adolphe would spend days among them, anchored in his canoe, or fishing from some bare rock.

He was well grown and so expert with the paddle that often he would work his canoe across currents and up eddy after eddy to the very foot of the mighty dam, over which the whole volume of the Ottawa plunged its half-mile of width with a roar which could be heard far down the calm expanse of the lower river.

The dam greatly fascinated him. When in the uppermost rapid he eagerly studied the rush of the flood from the crest and noted how it broke below, while countless were the logs, slabs, trees, and stumps which he had watched whirl over. Suppose some day a boat should take a plunge—could it live?

Not there, nor there, nor there—Adolphe's eyes roamed the torrent—but there, toward Brillon shore, if the imaginary boat could jump clear of the black curling water at the very foot, there surely it might escape. But Adolphe shuddered at the fancy; he thought he would not be in the boat for all the world.

The season had not been a good one for the Canelles. Fish had been scarce, summer visitors had been few. To crown all, Mme. Canelle had been seized with illness which grew worse as autumn advanced. She was without medicine, without suitable food, and Adolphe became frantic with grief and terror as he saw his mother failing day by day.

If only he could have Monsieur the Doctor from Ste. Therese! But that would cost three dollars. And food—his mother constantly turned away uncomplainingly from pork and fish—if only he could get some food from the store. But curses met him when he asked for credit.

'Get out, you worthless good-for-nothing!' snarled Storekeeper Cherlebois to his plea. 'If you had the pluck of a water-rat you'd go to the shanty, and so have money.'

Adolphe turned to the Ottawa, his friend, and paddled out on its brown current. His mother was worse; she must die unless he could get money.

'O Jesu, do not let her die!' he murmured in his numb-hearted agony.

With each stroke his paddle gleamed in the mellow of gold of the northern autumn sun. The boy saw only the gray of death. He paddled on, as a machine.

'Canelle! Canelle!' suddenly broke a shout.

Adolphe was near the canal now. There stood the foreman waving to him.

'Work here for you this afternoon,' ran the voice. 'Come ashore.'

'Ashore? Adolphe could not paddle fast enough. A half-day's pay! Fifty cents! With that he could buy white bread. Ah! the good Virgin! The Blessed Virgin! He stumbled up the rocky bank to the foreman.

'Join the construction gang just below the dam,' said the foreman.

And Adolphe had shot away to find the gang before his interlocutor had fairly finished the order.

It was fifty yards from the dam that he passed a group of civil engineers. In their centre stood John Cameron, the contractor, who held this rich government contract. To village eyes Cameron was the biggest man between Brillon