

Friends at Court

GLEANNINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- April 21, Sunday.—Second Sunday after Easter. St. Anselm, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
 „ 22, Monday.—SS. Soter and Caius, Popes and Martyrs.
 „ 23, Tuesday.—St. George, Martyr.
 „ 24, Wednesday.—St. Fidelis Sigmaringen, Martyr.
 „ 25, Thursday.—St. Mark, Evangelist.
 „ 26, Friday.—SS. Cletus and Marcellinus, Popes and Martyrs.
 „ 27, Saturday.—St. Anastasius I., Pope and Confessor.

Saints Soter and Caius, Popes and Martyrs.

We know very little of these two Pontiffs except the manner of their deaths. St. Soter won the crown of martyrdom in 177; St. Caius, after many sufferings for the Faith, died in 296, in the reign of Diocletian, whose kinsman he was.

St. George, Martyr.

St. George has been recognised as patron of England since the time of the Crusades. Unfortunately, no authentic details of his life have come down to us. He is believed to have been a soldier, and to have suffered martyrdom about 303. In emblem of the victory he thus gained over the Evil One, he is often represented in pictures as a knight tilting against a dragon.

St. Fidelis Sigmaringen, Martyr.

Born at Sigmaringen, in Germany, in 1577, St. Fidelis adopted law as a profession, in the practice of which his charity earned for him the title of 'advocate of the poor.' Having become a priest and a member of the Order of Capuchin Friars, he was sent, in 1622, by the Propaganda to Switzerland to endeavor to win back the Calvinist heretics to the Church. The extraordinary success of his mission excited the rage of some of these sectarians, who put him to death in the course of the same year.

GRAINS OF GOLD

SPECULUM JUSTITIÆ.

Each tiny drop of dew a diamond gleams,
 For it reflects entire the glorious sun,
 Till, its brief term of borrowed splendor done,
 It dies, to skyward soar on sunny beams;
 So, too, the world-wide ocean's flashing streams
 And glancing billows, as they heave and run,
 An image vast reflect—of many, one—
 Another sun this watery planet seems.

And frail souls, thus, of sinful men, by grace
 May hope to image forth the Life Divine,
 Each in the special way no other can;
 But thou, who art the glory of our race,
 Mirror of Justice Infinite, dost shine
 Most perfect semblance that is merely man.

—Ave Maria.

Christianity in a nutshell is simply 'Love thy God; love thy neighbor.' We can only prove that we love God by loving our neighbor. While we are commanded to fear God, I maintain that love is the most important motive force in Christianity. The great difference in the religion is that while the pagan feared and worshipped his gods, he did not love them. They were too far away and too vague. Christ, on the other hand, not only loves and came to save the world, but He loves every man and every woman individually—He loves each of you just as if you were the only person in the world.—Cardinal Gibbons.

The Storyteller

HER FIRST CASE

It was a scene of enchantment that burst on the vision of the beholder, as he entered the ball-room of one of the palatial Florida hotels, in the height of the season. The great native palms, the scent of the magnolias and orange blossoms that floated in from the grounds, the brilliant electric lights, the strains of the orchestra, all intoxicated the senses. The sight of beautiful women and handsome men in evening dress gliding through the mazes of the dance was animating and fascinating, and one could not help feeling, for the moment at least, the delicious sense of pleasure that becomes in its fulness so dangerous to the spiritual atmosphere.

A group stood apart, near an archway of southern moss, a young girl of twenty-three and two men. One of them was evidently her brother, a strong family resemblance marking the two. The other man was older, with a professional look, and at this moment his face was lined with grave thought in spite of the festivities about him.

He was apparently well acquainted with the young man who had introduced him to his sister—a new arrival from the North.

'I tell you, Miss Laura,' said the elder man, 'I am used to scenes of pain, but my heart ached for that family this evening.'

'Tell me more about them, doctor,' said the young lady.

'Well, in the first place, they are as poor as respectability can go. The wife came with her consumptive husband to Florida, in hopes that the climate would prolong his life, and they were settled nicely in a little bit of a cottage when the eldest girl took swamp fever. In two days the boy was down, and this evening I was called to see what I could do for the baby; he is stricken, too. The poor little wife is almost worn out with her three invalids and her helpless husband, who does not often leave his chair. They are too poor to hire a nurse and too proud to ask help. I have just left them, and all this scene of festivity is a mockery to me now,' and the doctor turned away from the ball-room with a frown on his face. I came here to ask the proprietor of the hotel to send down some dainty morsel for that brave little woman. I'll have her on my hands next, I suppose.'

The young girl had been listening with intense interest. Her heart had been beating strongly with an appeal, and not in vain. 'Doctor,' she said, 'I have just graduated as a trained nurse from the Mercy Hospital, Pittsburgh, after years of study, for the course is very thorough. I came here for a little vacation trip to see my brother, who resides here, and for a little relaxation before I began work. Now, this will be my first case. Will you take me to this family?'

'Why, Laura!' interrupted the brother, 'this is your vacation,' and he frowned. 'You can't begin work so soon; you need rest.'

'This family, Miss Laura,' said the doctor, 'can't afford to remunerate you for your services. I doubt whether they could give you enough to eat.'

'Exactly what appeals to me, doctor. If they had wealth and comfort they could get anyone to nurse them. Come, we lose time. You said that some of the children were dying. Suppose we go to them.'

'They will all die, I think, if things go on. This is a noble resolve of yours, Miss Laura. I honor you for it, but hadn't you better think twice about it?'

'Why, sis,' said her brother, 'this is a suicidal act of charity; be sensible. Maybe they won't want you.'

'Nothing like trying, Bob,' said the girl with a smile. 'Come, doctor, give me five minutes to get on my uniform, and call a cab, for I mean to help those people,' and she ran off, gained the wide staircase, and disappeared. They had left the ball-room and were standing in the lobby. The two men looked at each other.