



The Virtue Chronicles

Kindness

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The Barefoot Knight

IN the history of England we are told of a young man, named Walter Raleigh, who won the favor of the English queen by spreading his handsome velvet cloak over a muddy pool in her path. The young man's cloak was ruined, but the queen was saved from getting her slippers soiled.

The young gentleman who is the subject of this story did not wear a cloak of velvet, nor did he win the smile of a queen. Yet he was as gallant as Walter Raleigh, and just as noble.

Some years ago, in Dublin, Ireland, there was a Christmas Tree Festival for the poor children of one of the parishes of the city. Scores of poor boys and girls stood on the street waiting for the doors to be opened. It was a bitter cold evening, and some of the children were barefooted and thinly clad.

Among them was a sweet-faced little girl who was clothed in a ragged jacket, and whose naked feet pressed the icy sidewalk. She was so cold that she hopped from one foot to the other to keep her feet from freezing.

At her side in the crowd was a barefoot boy about nine years old, and as poor as the poorest. He saw the efforts the little girl was making to keep from freezing, and at once snatched the woolen cap from his head, laid it on the cold flags, and said to the girl, "Please stand on that."

Which one of the two was the greater hero, - the young Englishman who spread his costly coat for the protection of the satin slippers of Queen Elizabeth, or the Irish boy who spread his cap for the protection of the bare, cold feet of a poor unknown girl?

Was not this boy as true a knight as any of the knights of old?

Memory Gem:

The heroes are not all six feet tall,

Large souls may dwell in bodies small.
The heart that will melt with sympathy
For the poor and weak, whoe'er it be,
Is a thing of beauty, whether it shine
In a man of forty or a lad of nine.

Princess Eugenie's Pearls

A Sermon for the 12th Sunday after Pentecost

IN the days of Princess Eugenie a man came to her with a sad story. The poor people of the city were not receiving proper medical care. When they were sick they were just left to die and nothing was done to help them. What was needed most of all was a hospital.

Princess Eugenie was very much moved by this story. She went through the streets of the city and saw that it was true. Then she did a very generous thing. She sold all her jewels to raise funds for the hospital. Soon it was built and the princess went to visit it. One day she was walking through the wards and stopped by a poor man's bed. He said to her, "You sold your jewels to build this hospital. I am very grateful to you," and with that, he began to cry. The princess smiled and turned to those who were with her and said, "I gave my jewels away. Now I can see them again. This man's tears are worth more than all my pearls." This story teaches the same lesson as does the Gospel. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

It is a wonderful thing for children to train themselves in doing small acts of charity because by nature children are very selfish. Each act of charity that we do makes us less self-centered. A man once gave a coat to a friend of his who had none. He said, "My friend is warm now and that makes me warmer too."

Here is another story which carries a lesson in charity. In the days of the hermits who lived in the desert of Egypt and served God in prayer and fasting there was a hermit named Josephus. Someone gave Josephus a beautiful bunch of grapes. Josephus had been reading this morning's Gospel and remembered the words, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." So, instead of eating the grapes, he took them to a hermit who lived not far away. Several days passed and another hermit came to Josephus' door and gave him the same bunch of grapes. Josephus then learned that the bunch of grapes had been given to each member of the community and passed on from one to the other until it came back to himself again.

The good Samaritan in the Gospel gives us an example of charity, the greatest of all the virtues. There are plenty of opportunities, but when you are older you will have bigger ones. Suppose you receive a box of candy as a present. You should not hide it in a corner and eat it all yourself. That is not charity, that is being piggish. Each charitable act that you perform makes your hearts larger and more like the heart of Christ. By being charitable you are fulfilling the greatest commandment of the law, which is to "love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and thy whole soul, and with all thy strength and with all thy mind, and to love thy neighbour as thyself."

A Generous Convict

IN the prison at Brest, in France, among the other convicts, there was a quiet, hard-working young man name Louis. He seldom associated with his fellow-prisoners, and only spoke to them in order not to appear unsociable. He had been in the army, but one fatal day thoughtlessly wandered from his regiment; he was arrested, tried as a deserter, and condemned to prison for six years.

Louis believed his sentence to be too severe, and, one stormy morning, early, he seized an opportunity to escape from prison. After wandering about the country for some hours, he ventured to approach a

cottage, hoping to find food and rest.

On entering the cottage, a scene of great distress met him. Three little children were seated on the floor, in a corner of the room; their mother was crying as if her heart would break, while the father paced the floor, despair written on his face.

In answer to the inquiries of Louis, the father answered, "You see before you a man without hope. I am in arrears for my rent and unless I pay this morning what is due, my landlord will turn me out-of-doors, with my wife and little ones."

As Louis listened to the sad story, tears started to his eyes; all the tender feelings of his heart were stirred. He reflected for a moment, and then, with a sudden resolution, said: "Courage, my friend. Listen to what I say. I will give you the means to provide for your family. I have just escaped from prison, as you can see by my clothes. Before long, my escape will be discovered, and the guards will be on my track. There is a reward of fifty francs for the arrest of an escaped convict. Make haste to tie a rope around me, and when the guards come, deliver me up, and claim the reward."

"Never!" cried the man; "I could not be so base."

"Think of your wife and children —"

"I would rather see them starve than betray you."

At that moment, three reports of a cannon were heard. "Hark!" said Louis, "that is the signal that my flight is known. Make haste, my friend, make haste! If you do not consent to what I propose, I will give myself up. Think of your poor wife and helpless little ones, and do as I bid you."

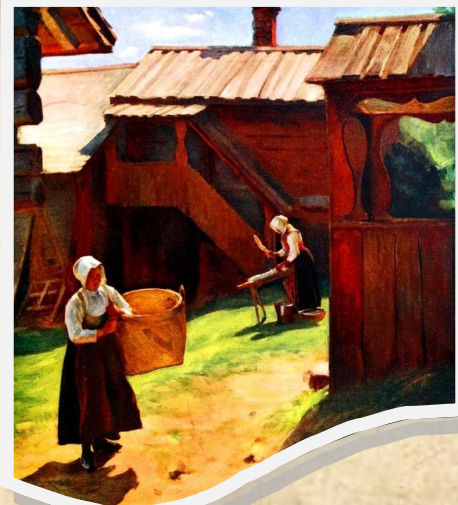
The generous convict pleaded so earnestly that the man at last yielded, and had just time to bind him with a rope when the guards entered.

The prisoner was taken back to the jail, and his captor received the fifty francs. As soon as the man had satisfied the debt due his landlord, he called on the prison chaplain, and in a voice broken by tears told him of

the generous sacrifice Louis had made. The good priest listened with marked interest, and promised to see what could be done.

One evening, not long afterward, as the man whom Louis saved was seated at home with his wife and children, the chant of a merry song reached their ears; the next moment Louis entered, and soon all were laughing and crying and talking by turns.

When the hand-shaking and embracing were over, Louis told the story of his release. The chaplain, moved by the heroic conduct of the soldier-convict, petitioned the government in his behalf. The case was examined, and as the prisoner had served three years of his sentence, he was restored to liberty, in consideration of his noble sacrifice.



Unscramble the Words!

1. NPORSI _ _ _ _ _
2. PEACES _ _ _ _ _
3. TOCNCIV _ _ _ _ _
4. TAGCOTE _ _ _ _ _
5. TSIDSSER _ _ _ _ _
6. ERTN _ _ _ _
7. DROLDNAL _ _ _ _ _
8. EYMNO _ _ _ _ _
9. INGFELES _ _ _ _ _

- | | |
|---------------|-------|
| 10. RACOUGE | _____ |
| 11. WRERAD | _____ |
| 12. AFNCRS | _____ |
| 13. POER | _____ |
| 14. LIDEVER | _____ |
| 15. NOCNAN | _____ |
| 16. LAICHAPN | _____ |
| 17. SUORENEG | _____ |
| 18. SEACCIRIF | _____ |

~ Answers are on the last page ~

Good for Evil

THERE lived in the town of Ajaccio, in Corsica, a rich merchant, whose name was Bordano.

He had in his service a very trustworthy man called Benedict Torcelli, who had a wife and family, all, like himself, living in the fear of God. Benedict occupied a position of great importance in his master's household and he repaid the confidence placed in him by attending faithfully to his master's interests.

One day, without any warning, Bordano ordered him at once to quit his service, and never to appear again in his presence. In vain did Benedict ask him to tell what he had done to incur his displeasure. Bordano would not listen, and the poor man had to go forth into the world without a home to shelter him.

For a short time he was able to support himself and his family by the little savings he had amassed, but these soon came to an end, and he was reduced to a state of great poverty.

One day, as he was wandering on the mountains, gathering some branches for firewood, he met Bordano, his late master, who was hunting.

He went up to him, and, falling on his knees, said: "O my master, forgive me if I did anything to offend you! If I did any wrong, it was not done willingly. Oh, have pity on me and my little children, who are now in great misery, and give me something to appease their hunger."

Bordano looked on the poor man at his feet, and, instead of being moved with compassion, told him to go away, and even threatened to shoot him if he at once did not obey.

Benedict rose up and left him, and continued sadly to gather up the dead branches, as he had been doing before.

All that day Bordano had but little success, and this made him still more angry. About an hour after he left his old servant Benedict, he turned homewards. On the way he saw a beautiful bird flying above his head among the trees. He raised his gun and fired. The bird fell into a great ravine among bramble bushes and brushwood. Bordano, anxious not to lose it, ran forward towards the place, without looking whither he was going. In his haste, he stumbled over some loose stones, and fell over a precipice into the abyss beneath. There he lay stunned by the fall, his legs and arms broken.

Not long afterwards Benedict, not knowing what had occurred, happened to pass the place at the bottom of the ravine where Bordano was lying. He suddenly came upon the motionless form, and in an instant recognized who it was. With that Christian charity which forgets all past injuries, Benedict at once ran to his side to help him. He bound up his broken limbs as well as he could, and, taking him upon his shoulders, carried him with great difficulty to the village, which was at a considerable distance. There he received assistance, and the injured man was soon lying safely in his own home.

The physicians who were called in soon restored him to consciousness. He opened his eyes. "Where am I?" he cried.

"You are safe in your own house," was the reply.

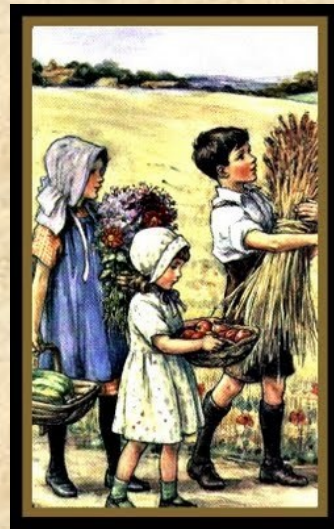
"And who was it that saved me from death in that terrible den into which I had fallen? Who brought me here?"

"It was I — your old servant Benedict Torcellini."

"*You!* — you whom I had so unjustly treated! — you whom this very day I had so cruelly ordered from my presence, whom I even threatened to kill!"

"Yes," replied Benedict; "it is true you did treat me, a faithful servant, with the greatest injustice, banishing me from your service as if guilty of some great crime. But I am a Christian, and the law of God commands me to do good to those who injure me. Today I have only done my duty."

Bordano looked on the good man with tears in his eyes. It was now his turn to beg forgiveness. This was immediately granted, and Benedict and his little family were once more restored to their former position, where they were happy, and respected by everyone as long as they lived.



Tom, the Poor Negro Slave

A POOR negro known by the name of Tom was once bought by some slave-owners on the coast of Africa, and carried by them over to the West Indies.

In his new home he had the happiness of embracing the Christian religion. After his conversion he led a holy life. Not only did he bear patiently all the hardships which his humble condition in life opposed to him, but he became a model of Christian perfection even to his master.

In a short time his good conduct raised him so high in the confidence of his master, that he entrusted to his care some of his most important works.

One day his master wanted to purchase a number of slaves. For this purpose he went to the market, and took his faithful Tom along with him.

As they were looking for those who might be most suitable, Tom saw an old man there whom he recognized. Going to his master, he said: "Please, sir, buy this old man."

But his master refused. "Of what use will that old man be to us?" he said. "He can no longer do any work, and I cannot spend my money of such useless objects."

But the slave-owner to whom the man belonged said that if he would buy twenty other slaves from him, he would give this one also, without asking any price for him."

This was agreed to, and the old man became a property of Tom's master.

When they reached home, Tom took the old man specially under his care. He brought him into his own cabin, and made him sit down at his own table, and fed him with the tenderness of a mother. If he felt the cold, Tom took him to the fire to warm him; or if the heats were too great, he led him to a shady place among the trees; in a word, he acted towards him with as much affection as if he had been his dearest friend on earth.

His master, who had observed this singular conduct of Tom towards the old slave, was anxious to know the reason of it.

"Is that old man your father?" he one day asked him.

Tom answered: "No, master; he is not my father."

"Then is he a brother older than yourself?"

"No; he is not my brother."

Then he must be an uncle or some near relative, for it is impossible

that you should take so much interest in one who is an entire stranger to you, and show so much kindness to him.”

“No, master; he is not a relative, nor a friend even.”

“Who, then, can he be?” inquired his master, more surprised than ever; “and tell me why you show him so much kindness.”

“That man is my greatest enemy,” he answered. “It was he who stole me long ago from my home and my dear parents, and made me a slave. But I cannot hate him; for the father missionary told me that I must forgive my enemies, and do good to those who have injured me; and that if my enemy is hungry, I must give him something to eat, and if he is thirsty, I must give him to drink. That is the reason why I am so kind to that poor old man.”

Christian Revenge

THE little children in China not only listen to the instructions they receive, but also try to put them into practice.

One day two children were coming home from school. As they were passing through the great public square of the city, they began to quarrel. One of them struck his companion on the face. In China, to strike one on the face is to give him the greatest insult that can be given.

The one who was struck was about to return the blow, but in a moment his hands fell down by his side. “I must not strike him in return,” he said to himself; “the priest told me in the instructions he gave us that it is not allowed for a Christian to take revenge.”

So he turned towards his companion, and with a calm countenance said to him: “I forgive you for what you have done to me, as I hope that God will forgive me my sins against Him.” And immediately he continued to play with him as if nothing had happened.

St. Martin's Cloak

ST. MARTIN was bishop of Tours during the latter half of the fourth century. When he was a lad of fifteen, he was obliged to serve in the army. But although he had to live amongst those whose lives were spent in evil, young Martin was never seen to join them in any of their wicked deeds, but was always careful to shun their company as far as he was able.

He was not at that time baptized, but in his heart he believed in Jesus Christ, and tried in all his conduct to imitate His example, and to follow all the maxims of the Gospel so far as he knew them.

The virtue he loved best to practice was that of charity towards his neighbour. He loved the poor because he had learned that they were particularly beloved by Jesus Christ. Every day he distributed among them whatever he was able to save out of his pay; and that he might make his alms more abundant, he kept for himself only what was strictly necessary for his support.

One day, when he had nothing in his purse, he happened to meet a poor man at the gate of the city of Amiens. The man was naked, and was trembling with cold. As soon as Martin saw him, his heart was moved with compassion; but, having no money to give him, he stood for an instant thinking how he would be able to assist him.

Suddenly a thought came into his mind. He seized his sword, and taking the mantle with which he himself was covered, cut it in two, and gave one half of it to the poor man. With the other half he covered his own shoulders, and proceeded to join the rest of the soldiers, heedless of what they might think of him, or of the jeers they might throw out against him.

On the following night, as he lay asleep, Jesus Christ appeared to him, accompanied by a multitude of His holy angels, and clad in the half of the mantle he had given to the poor man on the previous day. Looking on Martin with a look of gratitude, Jesus said to the angels: "It was Martin

who gave Me this garment.”

In return for this act of charity Martin received the gift of the faith, became a great and holy Bishop, and is now high among the Saints of God in Paradise.

St. John the Almoner and The Rich Beggar

IN A GREAT city called Adrion, a certain rich stranger who had heard of the compassion of St. John the Almoner for the poor, wished to find out for himself if all that he had heard were indeed true. So one day he put on tattered garments, and stood by the side of the street through which the Saint had to pass in going to the hospital where the sick were, which he did several times every week.

When St. John had come to the place where he was standing, the pretending beggar cried out to him: “Have pity on me, for I am a wretched man just freed from prison.”

St. John said to the servant who accompanied him and carried his purse: “Give this poor man six pieces of money.”

When the stranger received the money, he thanked him and went away. As soon as St. John was out of sight, he changed his garments and ran by another street, and again met the Saint before he reached the hospital.

Assuming a different tone of voice, he said to him: “Take pity on me, Father, for I am in great destitution.”

St. John turned to his servant, and said to him: “Give the poor stranger seven pieces of gold.”

The stranger took the gold and went away. When he was gone, the servant said to the Saint: “My Father, you have given the alms to that man twice today; it was he who, in the dress of a beggar, met us a few minutes ago.”

St. John pretended not to hear what the servant had said; and when for the third time the same man came under a different guise to ask an alms, the servant said to him: "It is the same man again, Father; this is the third time he has come today."

"Give him twelve pieces this time," was the reply, for it may be Jesus Christ Himself who has taken the appearance of this poor man to try me."

The stranger published everywhere what he had done to try the Saint's patience and charity, and returned home full of respect and veneration for one endowed with so much virtue.

The Old Soldier and the Violin Player

A POOR old soldier used to play on the violin every evening in the public gardens of the great city of Berlin in Germany. Beside him sat his faithful dog, holding in his mouth his master's cap, for the pennies of the passers-by.

One evening the poor man, bowed down with age, was sadly grieved. No one had stopped to listen to his music. There was not a single coin in his cap. He sat down on a stone, and covered his face with his hands.

Just then a gentleman came up to him, and taking pity on the poor old man, said: "Let me play on your violin a little while." He then tuned it with great care, and added, "While I play, you will take the money."

And he *did* play! A crowd of eager listeners soon gathered around the player. Not pennies only, but silver also was freely dropped into the old soldier's cap. Indeed, the dog began to growl at its great weight.

"Who is he?" was asked by everyone. He was one of the most famous violin players in the world, who was thus using his skill to help a poor old soldier.

When this became known, the crowd cheered the violin player. The old man looked up in wonder, and asked for God's blessing on his kind

friend.

It would be hard to say who was the happiest that night, the old soldier, placed for many a day above the reach of want, or the great violin player, who felt in his heart the joy of having done a good deed.

Memory Gem:

A kindly deed is a kernel sown,
That will grow into a mighty tree. ~ John Boyle O'Reilly



When your heart is sad or lonely,
And your friends seem far away,
Turn to Him who is all holy,
And He'll drive your cares away.

Jesus' Heart is your true refuge,
To Him you can always flee,
Even when your hopes are sinking,
He will then a True Friend be.

When a dear one seems to fail you,
When for friendship true you long,
Confide in Him who is all true,
And He'll right your every wrong.

He'll soothe your lonely spirit,
He will love and bless and say,
"Come to Me and I will comfort,
You, today and every day."



Toward a World of Free Men

A TURKISH master pushed his slave onto the selling platform. "Look at this one," he called out in his loud, gruff voice. "He has fine muscles. He will be a good worker for one of you. How much will you give?"

Once again Turks from all parts of Northern Africa had gathered in the market place of Tunis for the great slave sale. Men, women, and sometimes children—all who had been stolen from their homes by the Turkish pirates in the Mediterranean - would be offered to the highest bidder.

The crowd buzzed with excitement as the bidding and selling began. "Come now—how much?" cried the impatient slaveholder, wiping the sweat from his forehead.

Some of the people, rich Turkish merchants and landowners, had come to buy. Others, slaves and servants themselves, were there only to watch. Suddenly a voice boomed from the crowd: "I will take him!" A fat, well dressed Turk stepped up to the platform to place his bid.

"One piece of gold!" he said. "One piece of gold for this fine slave!" cried the slave-owner. "A slave of yours to work for you, to beat and kill, if you choose, and you offer a gold coin!"

The slave on the platform, a slender young man named John, lowered his head. He thought of the peaceful life he had been living as a fisherman off the coast of Spain. His mother and father would think he had drowned—that his small boat had overturned. They would never know that as the sun was sinking in the blue Mediterranean waters, as he was slowly drawing his nets full of fish, a Turkish pirate ship had come upon him and taken him prisoner. A prisoner, and now a slave! He looked at the deep red marks that the thick ropes had cut around his wrists and ankles.

"I am as good as dead now," he thought. But no... there in the

crowd... wait!

A strange-looking figure was pushing his way through the mob. It was a man in a white tunic, adorned with a red and blue cross. Could this be a member of a religious order who had taken vows to ransom slaves?

"Cut his bonds," the man in white demanded. "Here is his price," and a bag of coins landed at the feet of the slave-holder. Eagerly the pirate counted his money. John looked into the eyes of his new master. The priest smiled. John knew that he would soon be home.

As the Trinitarian father led him back through the crowd John was thinking: "Someday I, too, will be a Trinitarian."

The Trinitarians, who are devoted to the Blessed Trinity, were founded in 1189 by St. John of Matha and St. Felix of Valois for the purpose of freeing slaves. Another order, the Order of Ransom, which was started by St. Peter of Nolasque, did not only buy captives with money, but offered its members as slaves in return for the freedom of others. Later, St. Vincent de Paul and his followers did similar work.

Whenever slavery appeared, Christianity was there to stamp it out, and to help everyone understand that all men are created equal in the sight of God. With the founding of these new religious Orders, the Church was well on its way to proving to all mankind that slavery has no place in this world.

Word Search

L	A	N	D	L	O	R	D	S	F	E	J
R	U	G	D	S	O	E	I	E	R	H	D
J	F	G	R	P	R	N	S	S	E	R	Y
D	G	E	E	R	D	T	T	C	E	T	E
E	C	G	V	I	E	F	R	A	N	C	S
E	O	E	I	S	D	F	E	P	I	A	G
F	T	J	L	O	R	Y	S	E	A	N	N
F	T	G	E	N	E	E	S	H	L	N	I
H	A	E	D	G	U	N	F	G	P	O	L
D	G	E	N	E	R	O	U	S	A	N	E
G	E	E	G	E	G	M	E	D	H	G	E
G	T	J	T	D	G	T	U	H	C	N	F

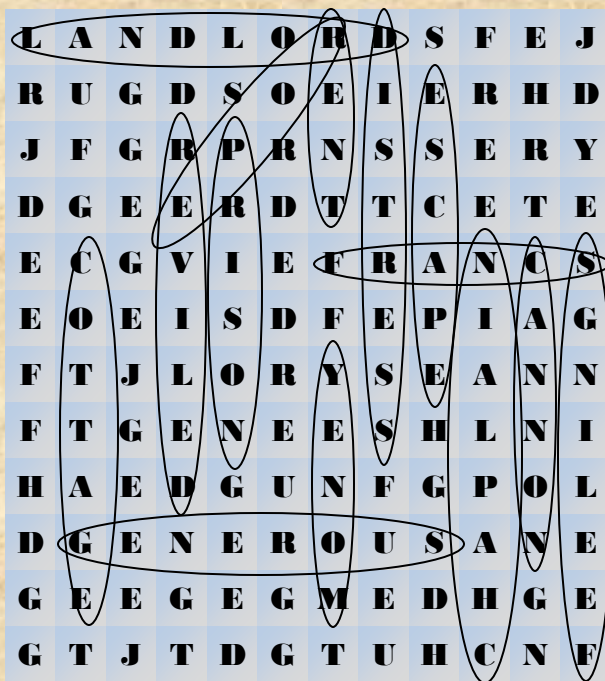
Landlord	Deliver	Feelings
Distress	Prison	Chaplain
Rope	Escape	Rent
Cannon	Cottage	Francs
		Money
		Generous

Answer Key

Answer for 'Unscramble the Words' on Page 6:

1. Prison 2. Escape 3. Convict 4. Cottage 5. Distress
6. Rent 7. Landlord 8. Money 9. Feelings 10. Courage
11. Reward 12. Francs 13. Rope 14. Deliver 15. Cannon
16. Chaplain 17. Generous 18. Sacrifice

Answer for 'Word Search' on Page 18:



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