

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- July 29, Sunday.—Eighth Sunday after Pentecost. St. Felix II., Pope and Martyr.
 „ 30, Monday.—St. Martha, Virgin.
 „ 31, Tuesday.—St. Ignatius Loyola, Confessor.
 August 1, Wednesday.—St. Peter's Chains.
 „ 2, Thursday.—St. Stephen I., Pope and Martyr.
 „ 3, Friday.—Finding the body of St. Stephen, Martyr.
 „ 4, Saturday.—St. Dominic, Confessor.

St. Martha, Virgin.

St. Martha was the sister of Lazarus, whom Christ raised from the dead. The family resided at Bethany, near Jerusalem, where they received frequent visits from our Blessed Lord. According to a French tradition, Lazarus became first Bishop of Marseilles, while the tombs of Martha and her sister Mary are still venerated in Provence.

St. Ignatius of Loyola, Confessor.

St. Ignatius was born at the castle of Loyola in the north of Spain. He was first a soldier, but feeling himself called to a more perfect life, he began, at the age of 33, to study Latin, with the object of becoming a priest. He completed his studies at the University of Paris, where he gained the affection of several young students who were afterwards the first members of the religious Order which he founded, and which is known as the Society of Jesus. St. Ignatius was its first superior, and held that office from 1541 to his death in 1556.

St. Peter's Chains.

This feast commemorates the miraculous deliverance of St. Peter from the Prison into which he had been cast by order of King Herod Agrippa. The circumstances of this miracle are narrated by St. Luke, in the twelfth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

A Home.

For something that abode endued
 With temple-like repose, an air
 Of life's kind purposes pursued
 With ordered freedom sweet and fair.
 A tent pitched in a world not right
 It seemed, whose inmates, every one,
 On tranquil faces bore the light
 Of duties beautifully done,
 And humbly, though they had few peers,
 Kept their own laws, which seemed to be
 The fair sum of six thousand years'
 Traditions of civility.

—Coventry Patmore.

Grace is the life of the soul, prayer its breath.

Only he who merits a favor knows how to appreciate one.

The best of men are apt to be those most convinced of being chief among sinners.

The more unhappy I am, the more will I trust in the mercy of my Lord, my God.—St. Francis.

Nothing so much helps towards people understanding one another as realising the grounds of their differences.

Charity alone can raise us to perfection; but obedience, chastity, and poverty are the principal means to attain it.

Patience is the garden of faith, the preserver of peace, the cherisher of love, the teacher of humility. Patience governs the flesh, strengthens the spirit, sweetens the temper, stifles anger, extinguishes envy; subdues pride; she bridles the tongue, refrains the hands, tramples on temptations, endures persecution, consummates martyrdom. Patience produces unity in the Church, loyalty in the State, harmony in families and societies. She comforts the poor and moderates the rich; she makes us humble in prosperity, cheerful in adversity, unmoved by reproach; she teaches us to forgive those who have injured us, and to be first in asking forgiveness of those whom we have injured. She delights the faithful, and invites the unbelieving; she adorns the woman and approves the man; is loved in a child, praised in a woman, and admired in a man. She is beautiful in either sex, and in every age.

The Storyteller

JOHN LESPERANCE, MASTER

It was a delightful old brick house, with galleries upper and lower, which stood in the centre of a plot of ground on Second Avenue, New York, when the last century was young. It was a palatial residence for those days, and at the back of it was a garden, which gave forth upon an evening of June the perfume of innumerable roses. These queens of the floral world were not alone, to be sure, in possession of the flower-beds, but they completely outshone the bachelors' buttons and the gilly-flowers and the phlox and the cinnamon pinks, which lent a fragrance of their own to the air.

Within the house, the porcelain-like figure of Anne Delamere overshadowed all other figures, much as the roses did the humbler flora of the garden. Neither her aunt, who was small and thin and faded, though still delicate and aristocratic, nor the housekeeper, Mrs. Ruxton, nor Mitiam, the nurse, who had first held the young beauty in her arms, nor the solemn butler, as he came and went, nor the other servants, were anything more than foils to her wonderful grace and elegance, and her fine coloring, by which she resembled some rare bit of china.

She had but lately come home from France, where, after a convent education, she had spent a year. It was her pleasure to dress in the extreme fashion of the moment, the flowing drapery of the First Empire, which Josephine had made popular. And so was Anne Delamere attired when summoned to the drawing room that June evening by someone who wanted her upon urgent business. Her gay and careless companions, who had but just arisen from dinner, and were gathered upon the gallery, laughed at the phrase. Business seemed as remote from Anne as the dust of the earth from that tranquil moon aloft.

The visitor stood dumb at first in an astonishment which presently changed to something like dismay. It was as if the glowing beauty before her had dazzled her sight. Anne fixed her questioning, and, it must be owned, somewhat haughty gaze upon the woman, who, well and even handsomely dressed according to the simple provincial modes, was truly a gilly-flower in presence of the rose. As the two confronted each other, the visitor's eyes sought the floor, while she spoke hesitatingly.

'I must crave your forgiveness, Mistress Delamere, for this intrusion, but a weighty matter has brought me.'

Still Anne Delamere silently regarded her. The young girl was annoyed that she should have been summoned from her gay companions by such a visitor as this.

'I arrived by the Eastern Post this evening, hence the lateness of my visit,' apologised the woman.

'I feel assured that you are mistaken. Your business can scarce be with me,' Anne Delamere said coldly, and her very haughtiness seemed to have an interest for the woman regarding her, who shook her head as if at some thoughts of her own.

'Nay,' she said, 'there is no mistake; with your permission, I will briefly unfold my errand.'

Anne still waited, and the woman began—

'While in France you had some acquaintance with one John Lesperance.'

A warm flush of color flamed into Anne's cheeks as, stepping farther into the room, she shut the door by a half involuntary movement.

'What know you of John Lesperance?' she demanded, but there was a veiled uneasiness in the haughty tone.

'What I know I have come hither to tell,' said the woman, raising her head, so that the features, delicate and not without a certain beauty, could be seen beneath the poke of the bonnet.

'I pray you to be seated,' said Anne Delamere, pointing to the sofa, with its curious carving of a dragon. 'The room was sumptuously furnished, and probably had some effect upon the timid provincialism of the unbidden guest. Anne Delamere seated herself in a backed chair, agitated by a curious tumult of feeling. The name just heard had brought to her the solitary chapter in a never-to-be-forgotten romance.

'A week since there arrived in the port of Boston,' began the visitor, 'bound from Curacao, the English brigantine "Laurel," Captain Bassett. He was in company with the homeward-bound Dutch fleet, under convoy of two men-of-war, for the high seas these times are troubled. In the stress of weather which prevailed a fortnight since, he was separated from his escort, and chased by a French privateer.'

A startled light came into Anne's eyes, but she asked no question.