

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- August 26, Sunday.—Twelfth Sunday after Pentecost. The Most Pure Heart of Mary.
- „ 27, Monday.—St. Joseph Calasanz, Confessor.
- „ 28, Tuesday.—St. Augustine, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
- „ 29, Wednesday.—Beheading of St. John the Baptist.
- „ 30, Thursday.—St. Fiacre, Confessor.
- „ 31, Friday.—St. Raymond Nonnatus, Confessor.
- September 1, Saturday.—St. Louis, King and Confessor.

The Most Pure Heart of Mary.

God, having selected Mary to be the mother of His Incarnate Son, bestowed on her with a lavish hand the graces which were necessary to fit her for her exalted office. On various days throughout the year, some one or other of the principal events in the life of the Blessed Virgin, or of the privileges which she received from God, forms the subject of our consideration. Today we contemplate that interior perfection which made her heart a glowing furnace of divine love, and gave to her most trivial actions a spiritual excellence which none of the saints have equalled.

St. Fiacre, Confessor.

St. Fiacre was an Irishman who, having crossed over into France, lived for many years in a solitude not far from the city of Meaux. His life there was most austere—a continual exercise of prayer and heavenly contemplation, which he interrupted only to afford relief to the poor, or to attend to those who, led by the fame of his sanctity, came to seek his advice. After his death in 670, his tomb became famous for numerous miracles, and was resorted to by pilgrims from all parts of France.

St. Louis, King and Confessor.

St. Louis was King of France, and it may be truly said that country never enjoyed the blessing of a wiser or more virtuous ruler. Though his life in the midst of his court was that of a perfect religious, he never neglected the affairs of Government, the public duties of his position, or the wants of his people. His alms deeds were unbounded, and one of his greatest pleasures was ministering to the sick in the public hospitals. St. Louis died in 1270, at the age of 55.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

Heaven is open every day ;
 In night also.
 He that would wend his upward way
 May surely go.
 There is no wall to that demesne
 Where God resides, nor any screen
 To hide the glories of that scene
 If man will know.
 The ladder which the Hebrew saw
 When as he slept
 From earth God never doth updraw,
 But still hath kept ;
 And angels ever to and fro
 On errands swiftly glide and glow,
 For love above, for love below,
 Its rounds have stepped.
 Thereon the saint doth daily mount
 Above the stars,
 Caring no whit to take account
 Of earthly bars ;
 Since well 'tis known to such as he
 There are no guards but pass him free ;
 He hath the watchword and the key
 In peace or wars.

Gold letters are not more elastic than iron.
 Mystery magnifies danger, as a fog the sun.
 Respectability is no substitute for repentance.
 Never make tears flow ; God counts them.
 We give our pity more readily than our esteem.
 Opponents are teachers who cost us nothing.
 If Satan could love he would cease to be wicked.
 Command great fields, but cultivate small ones.
 Those who always creep are the only ones that never fall.

The Storyteller

NAOMI MARIA

I.

The train puffed leisurely into the little station among the hills, which was Naomi Heil's destination. From the window of her second-class carriage, the girl had already caught a glimpse of the sunny Alpine town, which nestled among the dark mountains, as a smiling child in its nurse's arms.

The novelty, the sunshine brought hope to Naomi's heart, and with the buoyancy of youth she sprang lightly to the platform—forgetting for the moment her illness, her slender purse, her seedy, dust-stained travelling dress, which made her rather conspicuous among the fashionable crowd at the station. She would get well, she would work—and then—life stretched before her with its great possibilities, as her dear philosophers had convinced her.

She walked rapidly along the platform, her valise in her hand ; and, having engaged a porter, she was soon following him with her luggage up the principal street of the town.

As she looked around, Naomi rejoiced that she had come, braving the displeasure of friends. There was new life in the clear, crisp air, and every peep of wood and mountain suggested Nature's fairest moods. It seemed a very paradise, this little health resort which she had chosen for her winter home. New hopes began to stir in the girl's breast. The glory of the mountains, the peace of the valley, the fragrance of the late flowers,—all stole in upon her young spirit, waiting her into the land of dreams ; and it was half mechanically that she followed the porter through the gate of an unpretentious villa in a quiet corner of the town.

'So you have come, ma petite !'

Naomi raised her eyes. A lady stood at the door to welcome her,—a woman no longer young, but kind-eyed and motherly, with arms stretched out to embrace the friendless girl. Naomi shrank a little : she was proud and reserved, this little Jewess ; not one to take or give affection lightly. But the elder woman's kindness overcame her, and she yielded to the embrace.

'Come in and tell me all about your journey,' the lady went on. 'How tired you must be !'

As she spoke she led the girl into a homely but comfortable sitting-room, where coffee and other refreshments stood in readiness on the table.

'No, I am not tired,' Naomi replied. 'It is all so new and delightful ! Nobody told me what a beautiful place I was coming to.'

'I hope you will be happy with us,' said Madame Claire, as she poured out the coffee, 'and that you will get strong. It was good of your mother to let you come—'

'Mother was against my coming,' interrupted Naomi. 'Mother is old-fashioned in her ideas ; and, then, we are poor.' There was a slight note of defiance in the girl's voice as she spoke the last words.

'Don't think of that, my dear ! We shall try to make you comfortable. We are almost en famille here : only my daughters, and one other boarder.'

'Oh, that will be all right !' replied the girl, in a tone which betrayed youth's indifference to the material adjuncts of existence. 'But about my work,—shall I get pupils here ?'

'From what your mother tells me of your music, I think you ought to find a good opening here. But tell me about your mother. It is twenty years since we met.'

'I fancy mother is always the same. I can't imagine her different, even when she was young. We love each other so dearly, mother and I,—although we think so differently.'

'How differently ?' asked Madame Claire.

'Oh, on every possible subject !' said Naomi, laughing gently. 'Mother holds to all the old conventions ; and, then, she is a Jewess, you know.'

'And you ?'

'I ? Oh, I am a modern !' answered the girl, still smiling. 'I don't hold in either conventions or creeds. I hope to follow the good where I see it ; but I must go my way unhampered, following the light as it comes to me.'

'But do you see it,—have you found it ?' asked the elder woman.

'I trust that I see enough for my present needs. I am happy in the company of the great thinkers. What sufficed to them must suffice to me. Surely there's no denying that religion is the enemy of pro-