

## Friends at Court

### GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- July 11, Sunday.—Sixth Sunday after Pentecost. St. Pius I., Pope and Martyr.  
 „ 12, Monday.—St. John Gualbert, Abbot.  
 „ 13, Tuesday.—St. Anacletus, Pope and Martyr.  
 „ 14, Wednesday.—St. Bonaventure, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.  
 „ 15, Thursday.—St. Henry, Emperor and Confessor.  
 „ 16, Friday.—Commemoration of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.  
 „ 17, Saturday.—St. Leo IV., Pope and Confessor.

St. Pius I., Pope and Martyr.

Aquileia, in Northern Italy, was the birthplace of St. Pius, who occupied the Chair of Peter from 142 to 157. According to some writers, he was beheaded; according to others, his death was the result of hardships endured for the Faith.

St. John Gualbert, Abbot.

St. John was born at Florence of noble parents in 999. Like many of the class to which he belonged, he grew up imbued with a pride which would neither brook opposition nor allow any injury to pass unavenged. Having, however, on one occasion, in obedience to the promptings of Divine Grace, forgiven a defenceless enemy, this exercise of Christian charity proved the beginning of his complete conversion. He entered a Benedictine monastery, and afterwards founded the famous abbey and Order of Vallombrosa. He died in 1073.

St. Anacletus, Pope and Martyr.

St. Anacletus, the second successor of St. Peter, was martyred under Trajan about the beginning of the second century.

### GRAINS OF GOLD

#### LOVE FOR GOD.

Ah! God, what can I do for Thee  
 To prove how dear I love Thee?  
 The stars do sing the sweetest songs  
 The whole night long above me.

The birds soar up on pinions free  
 In cloudless skies above me,  
 And each sweet note they utter is:  
 I love thee, love thee, love thee.

And how, with my weak fragile notes  
 Can I e'er hope to please Thee;  
 Or for my deep ingratitude  
 How can I e'er appease Thee?

Ah! let my voice with theirs arise  
 To Thy white throne above me;  
 And let me prove it, when I say:  
 Ah! God, how dear I love Thee!

—Sacred Heart Review.

Beware of the luxuries which the purse cannot afford. The desire to enjoy others is destroying virtue and filling penitentiaries.

There are few things impossible in themselves: perseverance to bring them to a successful issue is wanting much more than the means.

Nobility of birth consists not in the accidents of title or wealth, but in a parentage which clings closely and obediently to God's holy laws. The world holds no higher honor than counts in eternity.

Judge others only as you would wish to be judged yourself. And unless you have both sides of a story either reserve your verdict entirely or make it conditional. There are you sure of doing no injustice.

The world sees devout people pray often, suffer injuries, serve the sick, give to the poor, watch, moderate their hunger, restrain their passions, deprive themselves of sensual pleasures, and perform such other acts as are in themselves severe and rigorous; but the world does not see the inward cordial devotion which renders all these actions agreeable, pleasant, and easy. Consider the bees upon the thyme; they find there very bitter juice, yet in sucking it they turn it into honey. Oh, worldlings! it is true devout souls find much bitterness in these exercises of mortification, but in performing them they convert them into sweetness and delight.—St. Francis de Sales.

## The Storyteller

### THE STORY OF JULIE BENOIT

Julie leaned against the door of the room from which she had just been summoned. Her black eyes flashed defiance into the eyes of the woman watching her in sorrowful silence. 'Why you come here?' she cried. 'Why you not leave me alone? I not want to see you nor anyone. You no right to come here; you not my forewoman now. You dismiss me in disgrace a week ago, you and that superintendent in your factory over there. What you come for, to punish me some more?'

'My poor child,' returned the other gently, 'you must not hate me so. Believe me, I love you, Julie, and I've come here as your friend.'

'You a friend to me; me, Julie Benoit, who was sent away from the factory because I steal all that money? No, no! I know better than that; you no friend to me. All the girls point their finger at me, for I steal that money. But I give it back, do I not? And the superintendent he say it is my first offence and he will not send me to prison. Still, I must leave the factory at once and without a reference. Oh, yes! he is very kind. Julie have give back the money, Julie is forgiven, but she is a thief and cannot work with honest people. She must go, and without a reference. No one could recommend a thief. Well, Julie does go, so why you not let her alone?'

'Julie, Julie, listen to me,' cried the forewoman, almost in despair. 'Believe it or not, as you please, I have come here to-day to help you if I can. I have come because there was a look in your eyes that day you left us that has haunted me ever since. I have come because I feared you were in trouble and were too proud to tell us so.'

The flashing eyes and angry face of the girl softened a little as the woman continued:

'I know you are not a bad girl, Julie. I know that you never before stole anything. I have been thinking of you all this week and worrying about you, for it must have been some great trouble which induced you to take that money. Why did you take it, child?'

'You ask me why I take it? Well, I will tell you. Do you know what is in that room just behind this very door I lean against? Do you know what is in there, lying so still, so pale, so cold? It is my mother. She will never move again; she is dead. Yes, she die last night, but I not tell no one. If I tell they take her away and bury her I not know where. I have no money to bury her myself.'

'You want to know why I steal that money? Well; a week ago poor mother she is so very sick. They tell me she cannot live many days; but I think if only I have money I can save her yet. I can have doctors to see her, big doctors who will go to sick people only for very much money. I can buy her food and medicine and perhaps send her away to some place where the sun will shine for her, where she can breathe God's pure air. Why, even strong people can scarce live in a place like this, where the sunshine never come. Then the chance come, the money is there before me. I look at it; I take it. That is all.'

'You ask me why I steal that money. I steal it for her, my mother; to save her life. Yes, and for her, too, the blind grandmother, and for them,' and she pointed to a very old woman sitting close to the stove and holding in her arms a whimpering child of four. At her side, crouched two more children, somewhat older, huddled together in a ragged shawl. They wore neither shoes nor stockings, and the small feet were blue with cold.

'Oh, you poor child!' exclaimed the forewoman, her eyes filling with tears. 'Why did you not tell me a week ago instead of taking that money; for one wrong can never right another; why did you not tell me? We might not have been able to save your mother, but we could have helped you.'

The shocked grief of the woman's face and voice had their effect upon the girl, and it was in a much more gentle tone that she continued:

'You can see for yourself how it is with us now, but we are not always like this. If you care to listen and will sit down I will tell you all about it.'

'Well, we are all so happy until one day father is brought home to us. He is dead, killed at his work by a falling derrick. That same day poor little Baptiste, him there in grandmother's lap, he come into this cruel world. Mother is very sick for a long time after. It is weeks before she can walk around again. By the time she does the little money she had saved is all gone; there is not a cent in the house, and the landlord puts us into the street.'