## Friends at Court

### **GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR**

July 18, Sunday.—Eighth Sunday after Pentecost., 19, Monday.—St. Vincent de Paul, Confessor.

20, Tuesday. -St. Jerome Emilian, Confessor. 21, Wednesday. -St. Praxedes, Virgin.

22, Thursday. St. Mary Magdalene, Penitent. 23, Friday. St. Apollinaris, Bishop and Martyr.

24. Saturday. Vigil of the Feast of St. James.

St. Vincent de Paul, Confessor.

St. Vincent was born in the South of France. Having been ordained priest, his heart was touched by the state of spiritual destitution in which he found the remoter country districts of France. The remedy for this appeared to him to be a series of retreats or missions, by which the people might be taught their duties to God and man, and at the same time earnestly exhorted to fulfil them. For this purpose St. Vincent instituted a congregation of priests, popularly known in English-speaking countries as Vincentians. He was also led by a spirit of ordent charity to found numerous hospitals, asylums, and orphanages, and to establish confraternities for the education of youth, the service of the sick, and the relief of the destitute. St. Vincent died in 160%, at the age of \$50

St. Apollimeris, Bishop and Marryn,

St. Apollinaris, first Bishop of Rayonna, and, according to tradition, a disciple of St. Peter, surfered martyrdom daring the reign of the Emperor Verpasian, in the first centure.

#### GRAINS OF GOLD.

FORGET ME NOT

Forget Me and 1 The class My Heart had beginn With you fee when I tain again would die ; Forget  $\hat{\mathbf{M}}_{\mathrm{C}}$  and for each this Hereinonese broken SHII leves jour from its partions informed in many in

Forget Monadone a the slone offer?

Menopass Menoy and heave Menobalo, or
They've leve enough to account every other:
For Menothele God, here been and coldine stone.

Forget Me not before and Pun execumether. For tried is who we have better we make atomer Furret Me net! for Unit, ever emeving Devoted Learls who are a My week their own

Forget not in thy trials of dark seriow There is a home for thee, thy Savious's oreast; Be comforted, the day is ever near ne When there will there find thine eternal rest.

The Warmer

He is he pair whose decommends. salt Missterriper but he is more excellent who can sait his temper to any circumstances.

God gives to just so much or benith, of wealth, of friends, as is best for us: He afflicts us only when it

is for our good. Cardinal Newman.

A virtueus life may lie under more burdens than a free and casy one, but it is supported by all the strength of charity and religion, and these burdens are delichtfu!

What the world calls bereish and sheriface in the lives of Catholic Sisterhoods is with them simply corresponding to the grace of vocation. It is God's will manifested in their lives.

Man may work, but if he is to work with success he must work in God's way. When you wish to erect a mill, you study to creet it so that Nature herself shall work for you and drive your machinery. In morals you must follow the same method, only you are here to seek to avail yourself not of nature but of grace. must work, but you must work to let God Himself work in and for you.

# The Storyteller

#### UNDER THE TRUMPET VINE

It sat back from the road some distance, a little, dingy, storey and a half house, and perhaps I had passed it two dozen times or more before it even impressed itself upon my consciousness. And then it was not the house itself but a gorgeous trumpet vine which nearly covered it which attracted my attention. Rich in glorious belis of radiant color, it flung itself across the sloping roof and down the dun boards on the other side with a prodigality that clothed the little house in a dress of glowing heauty. I stopped entranced one day to look at it.

What a beautiful vine? I said aloud. why I never noticed it before. I had been passing by every day for two weeks or more, and for the next week I found great pleasure in the picture made by the small dun house and its enveloping vine. I never saw any one about, though it was evident the house was occupied. One day, idding along on my way home, I decided to go in and see who lived there, and ask just how old such a wonderful vine could be.

The grass had lately been cut with a somewhat defeative mower, as one could note by the relays of upstanding blades, like sentries posted here and there, and the scent of the newly our grass mingled with the keen, pungent tang of burning leaves in an adjoining yard. I smocked on the front door, but there was no response, and in a few moments I took the little path around the house. I had a curious feeling as I went on that my first visit might be an introduce, and I all but hasinated, reassuring myouf then that I was only going to imprize about the vine. Surely there was no harm in dring that. And I turned the corner, to see a little d we man sitting in a rule parch outside the kitchen deer pediar peaches. See booked up at my approach,

and reset a reset me with an inquiring lank.

'these evening,' I and, adding lessify: 'I just come in a moment to ask you about your beautiful trouger vine. I have even such a bounty. It is or sainer. It must be very dil, but it?

Come in. Um piad to see you, and she quickly used a warrier chair for me, whisking off an invisible The reduct with her closer blue aprox before she allowed me to six down. The vine? Sure it's very old years and years older than you are, and she smiled the soft, ingratiating same of the crue Celt.

Did you plant it yourself? I asked.

She glanged up at the vine where it drooped over the broken eives of the small perch. Her eyes were that peculiar translatent bluich grey so common to the Trish race, and Juring in their depths that same look of cternal youth (though infermed now with a wistfulness that went to my leaft) which leads its sons and dang hier safely through many a difficult path, but leaves them too often with a pruised spirit and a broken heart. She lowered her glance in a moment and spoke, with a half sigh:

Yes, ma'am, it was myself that planted it himcell and myself, fitty years a mobeline we were married fifty years this month. Ah, it seems like only the other day, and many's the happy day I've spent since then and many's the lonely one, tree, with a sad shake of her head. The boase was new then, and a mighty thic house it was for those times. We didn't have such big houses then, at least not in these parts. himself that built it with his own hands, and he was fiving in it with his mother when I came out from . He had a grand bit of ground about it, and it was himself that was well to do entirely. I was only a slip of a girl, but he took a notion to me and I to him--and so we were pledged to marry.

And you came here a bride fifty years ago?" Well, no, ma'am, I didn't. You see, his mother didn't take to me somehow. T suppose I was a fly-away young thing, with ne'er a bit o' sense at all, as she

### IN **COLD** WEATHER

no beverage is so acceptable as SYMINGTON'S COFFEE ESSENCE. In two minutes you can have a delicious warm drink. If you haven't tried it you should do so at once.