

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

July 7, Sunday.—Seventh Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 8, Monday.—St. Elizabeth, Queen and Widow.
 „ 9, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 10, Wednesday.—The Seven Brothers, Martyrs.
 „ 11, Thursday.—St. Pius I., Pope and Martyr.
 „ 12, Friday.—St. John Gualbert, Abbot.
 „ 13, Saturday.—St. Anacletus, Pope and Martyr.

The Seven Brothers, Martyrs.

The seven saints whose glorious death is commemorated to-day were sons of St. Felicitas, and suffered at Rome about the middle of the second century. They were exhorted to constancy in suffering by their heroic mother, who herself soon after received the crown of martyrdom.

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 afterward 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.

DONA NOBIS PACEM.

O God, who sitt'st beyond the stars,
 And seest men go down,
 Rank upon rank, in myriads,
 In forests, fields, and town

Who seest Thy faithful ones despoiled
 By hate's fierce, bloody lust;
 The smiling earth in ruin laid,
 Thy temples turned to dust

Stretch forth Thy hand, O God of Might,
 In some vast miracle,
 Like that which blotted out the sun
 And raised the dead from hell!

Once Thou didst pour heaven's waters down
 To wash away earth's shame,
 And once didst deluge it afresh
 With Thy destroying flame:

Once Thou didst say, "Let there be light!"
 And darkness fled away;
 Say now, O God, "Let there be peace!"
 And peace shall come to stay.
 —Margaret H. Lawless, in "Ave Maria."

What an inspiration is friendship, says Amadeus O.S.F. To feel that we are trusted! To be thought well of by anyone should be enough to bring out the best that is in us, so that we might reach the standard to which we are raised in the estimation of our acquaintance. To hold the regard and affection of a friend—what of it? One may be very insignificant in the eyes of the world and at the same time be every thing to the heart of his friend: magnet-like, the trust and confidence of his friend should prove sufficiently strong to draw from him all that is noblest and most elevating.

The Storyteller

FABIOLA;

OR,

THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMBS

(BY CARDINAL WISEMAN.)

Part Second—Conflict

CHAPTER XIII.—THE EDICT.

The day being at length arrived for its publication in Rome, Corvinus fully felt the importance of the commission entrusted to him, of affixing in its proper place in the Forum, the Edict of extermination against the Christians, or, rather, the sentence of extirpation of their very name. News had been received from Nicodemia that a brave Christian soldier named George had torn down a similar imperial decree, and had manfully suffered death for his boldness. Corvinus was determined that nothing of the sort should happen in Rome: for he feared too seriously the consequences of such an occurrence to himself. He therefore took every precaution in his power. The Edict had been written in large characters upon sheets of parchment joined together; and these were nailed to a board, firmly supported by a pillar, against which it was hung, not far from the Puteal Libonis, the magistrate's chair in the Forum. This, however, was not done till the Forum was deserted and night had well set in. It was thus intended that the Edict should meet the eyes of the citizens early in the morning and strike their minds with more tremendous effect.

To prevent the possibility of any nocturnal attempt to destroy the precious document Corvinus, with much the same cunning precaution as was taken by the Jewish priests to prevent the Resurrection, obtained for a night guard to the Forum a company of the Pannonian cohort, a body composed of soldiers belonging to the fiercest races of the North—Dacians, Pannonians, Samaritans, and Germans; whose un-couth features, savage aspect, matted sandy hair, and bushy red moustaches made them appear absolutely foreign to Roman eyes. These men could scarcely speak Latin, but were ruled by officers of their own countries, and formed in the decline of the empire the most faithful body-guard of the reigning tyrants, often their fellow-countrymen; for there was no excess too numerous for them to commit if duly commanded to execute it.

A number of these savages, ever rough and ready, were distributed so as to guard every avenue of the Forum, with strict orders to pierce through or hew down anyone who should attempt to pass without the watchword, or *symbolon*. This was every night distributed by the general in command, through his tribunes and centurions, to all the troops. But to prevent all possibility of any Christian making use of it that night, if he should chance to discover it, the cunning Corvinus had one chosen which he felt sure no Christian would use. It was *Yumen Imperatorum*—the "Divinity of the Emperors."

The last thing which he did was to make his rounds, giving to each sentinel the strictest injunctions, and most minutely to the one whom he had placed close to the Edict. This man had been chosen for his post on account of his rude strength and huge bulk and the peculiar ferocity of his looks and character. Corvinus gave him the most rigid instructions how he was to spare nobody, but to prevent anyone's interference with the sacred Edict. He repeated to him again and again the watchword, and left him, already half-stupid with *sabbat*, or beer, in the merest animal consciousness, that it was his business, not an unpleasant one, to spear or sabre someone or other before morning. The night was raw and gusty, with occasional sharp and slanting showers; and the Dacian wrapped himself in his cloak and walked up and down,