

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- July 3, Sunday.—Seventh Sunday after Pentecost. The Most Precious Blood.
- „ 4, Monday.—St. Irenaeus, Bishop and Martyr.
- „ 5, Tuesday.—St. Anthony Zaccaria, Confessor.
- „ 6, Wednesday.—Octave of SS. Peter and Paul.
- „ 7, Thursday.—St. Benedict XI., Pope and Confessor.
- „ 8, Friday.—St. Kilian, Bishop and Martyr.
- „ 9, Saturday.—Prodigies of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Feast of the Most Precious Blood of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

This feast commemorates the intense love which led the Son of God to shed His Blood for the salvation of men. 'Oh, my soul! redeemed by the Blood of Christ, give thy heart to Him by whom thou art so loved; seek Him who seeks thee; love Him who raised thee out of the depths of misery.'

St. Kilian, Bishop and Martyr.

St. Kilian, an Irish monk, having been consecrated Bishop, was sent to preach the Gospel to the German idolaters in the north of the present kingdom of Bavaria. After having labored very successfully for nearly two years, he was martyred in 688. His remains were placed in the Cathedral of Wurzburg.

GRAINS OF GOLD

THY ATTRIBUTE OF LOVE.

My Lord and God, beneath this form so low,
Thee I adore, Who, in Thyself Divine,
Didst joy, ere sun or moon began to shine,
Or starry spheres; ere this fair world we know
Had in its orbit yet begun to go.
E'en 'midst this silence of eternity,
Thou, God of love, didst think of man—of me,
And how, on us, Thou wouldst Thyself bestow.

The circling spheres, and spaces vast proclaim
Thy might, Thy power, and Thy immensity;
In all that charms the eye—whate'er we name,
We only glimpses of Thy beauty see.
But truly, on the altar blessed above,
We see, O God! Thy attribute of love.

—Austral Light.

Leisure is sweet to those who have earned it, but burdensome to those who get it for nothing.

A good disposition, virtuous principles, and industrious habits are passports to happiness and honor.

No man need have any fear but God sees and records all his good deeds, however friends or foes may misjudge his motives.

Prayer is the gold key which opens Heaven. The tree of the promise will not shed its fruit unless shaken by the hand of prayer.

Sincerity is to speak as we think, to do as we pretend and profess, to perform and make good that which we promise, and really to be what we appear to be.

The gold in human nature remains gold, whatever its alloys from base contacts; and it is worth the mining, though there be but a grain of it to the ton of dross.

The crucifix is the meaning of everything. We must view all things in its light and judge all things by its principles. It must be the object of our imitation, and to be so it must be the subject of our daily meditations.

The growth of grace is like the polishing of metals. There is first an opaque surface; by and bye you see a spark darting out, then a strong light, till at length it sends back a perfect image of the sun that shines upon it.

That the Commandments of God are possible to be kept is an article of our Faith, and therefore not to be questioned by any who call themselves Catholic. If it be necessary to observe them in order to be saved it is but reasonable that the means of keeping them should be within our power. Prayer and the Sacraments, these are the means!

This world which we inhabit is a great battlefield on which we are surrounded by most stubborn and watchful enemies. Hardly have we come into it and have reached the use of reason than the fight begins. These enemies aim at the soul; the life of the body is nothing to them: they wish to ruin the soul. They are powerful enemies, against whom we can do nothing of ourselves. We can easily see, then, that we need the assistance of the Holy Spirit very much.

The secret of their long lives is frequently given by men and women who have passed the Biblical limit, but the best and truest rule not only for length of days, but peace as well, is that offered by Private John Clancy, of the Soldiers' Home, Milwaukee, who on May 1 completed his century. 'There is but one way to live,' he said, when asked what men should do to reach his number of years. 'Have the will of God about you.' If his name were unknown, the answer would announce him to be a son of Holy Ireland.

The Storyteller

THE BEST OF A BAD JOB

No one expected the Harmans back from their wedding trip so soon. The housekeeper almost dropped at seeing them come up the stairs. She was given no explanation, merely told that they would dine alone. But Mrs. Harman's maid was a model of indiscretion. 'Honeymoon?' she laughed in the servants' hall. 'There was precious little honey about it.'

A stranger at that table might have seen nothing amiss. John Harman's face was as kindly as it was strong, a face that a woman in need would instinctively trust. And Nora's clinging, girlish prettiness made her look a bride whom a strong man's love would prize. There was no disparity of years between them; he was twenty-five, she twenty—ages which meant that they had mated in the April of young love's life. Poverty, young love's enemy, had naught to do with that house. The furniture of that room, its hangings, the pictures, that dinner-service, betokened wealth with which man could give woman all that her heart desired. John Harman had succeeded to one of the most flourishing businesses in New York. Besides business ability, he had inherited the refinement and tastes of a gentleman. His education, no less than his wealth, qualified him for social distinction. And to whatever height he might rise, Nora looked capable of rising with him. No element of happiness seemed lacking in their union.

But feelings that are concealed before a stranger find vent when alone. Before that meal was ended, all happiness seemed wrecked. Long suppressed resentment had found expression, smouldering antagonism burst into flame. The quarrel was complete, decisive, final. Not a word said by either could be taken back, for each knew that the other had spoken truth.

It was hard to say which had begun the quarrel. John's praise of Amy Randall, though mild, was scarcely calculated to pour oil on troubled waters. Nora answered by accusing him of having proposed to herself because he could not have the girl he lauded. He replied that such had been the case, and, without a touch of sarcasm in his voice, thanked her for the opportunity of telling her so. In tones too cool not to carry conviction, she retorted that she had accepted him only because she could not marry her true lover. Heated recriminations had followed, every word of which was a stab. And the woman's tongue came off victor.

Muttering something about his club, John Harman rose. In his hurry he upset a glass of wine. His cigar, which, up to a certain point, had helped him to control his temper, was a finger of living ash. He dashed it against the fire-screen. The slam he gave the front door shook the whole house.

Nora planted her elbows on the table and wedged her chin between her quivering hands. Her eyes were fixed on the pool of spilt port. Had she been in the mood, she was young enough to liken that crimson to her own heart's blood. But she felt too angry for sentimental comparisons. Angry, less with John than with herself.

He was as much to be pitied as she, she thought, or—as little. If she had married the wrong man, he had wedded the wrong woman. It had shocked her somewhat to learn that he felt that—she had imagined that he had some affection for her. But, far from giving her pain, the shock had relieved her; it removed all further need of a painful self-deception, tore aside the veil with which she had tried to blind her eyes to the truth. The truth was that she loved Dick Westall. And she had heard that he was coming back to New York.

'What a fool I was,' she moaned, 'to treat him as I did! But for my insane pride, I should now be his wife. Instead—'

And up went her hands to her face, as if to shut out a vision of horror.

Dick's people had considered her beneath him, and threatened to cast him off if he married her. But that would not have deterred him; a little encouragement from her, and he would have gladly linked his life with hers. That encouragement she had been too proud to give. She had assumed indifference to him, treated him with chilling disdain. Her plea to herself was that the man whom she loved must not suffer disinheritance for her sake. She had exulted in her self-renunciation, gloried in her martyrdom, without counting its real cost. She now saw that she had been too proud to enter a family the members of which looked down on her. Dick's mother and sisters, being a Senator's wife and daughters, resented alliance by marriage with the Senator's girl stenographer. What she (Nora) had really feared was being cut and slighted by them. And, somewhere in the back of her mind, had lurked the thought that, if cast off, Dick would be poor. Her awakening was bitter; she knew now that, with all her pretence of unselfishness, she had thought more of herself than of Dick.

The scorn of Dick's relatives, poverty—what would they have mattered? She was a stenographer, true—an employee, earning her bread by her work. But work was