

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- July 31, Sunday.—Eleventh Sunday after Pentecost. St. Ignatius Loyola, Confessor.
- August 1, Monday.—St. Peter's Chains.
- " 2, Tuesday.—St. Stephen I., Pope and Martyr.
- " 3, Wednesday.—Discovery of the Body of St. Stephen, the first Martyr.
- " 4, Thursday.—St. Dominic, Confessor.
- " 5, Friday.—Dedication of St. Mary's, Rome.
- " 6, Saturday.—The Transfiguration of Our Lord.

St. Peter's Chains.

This feast commemorates the miraculous deliverance of St. Peter from the prison into which he had been cast by order of King Herod Agrippa. The circumstances of this miracle are narrated by St. Luke in the twelfth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

Discovery of the Body of St. Stephen, First Martyr.

The martyrdom of St. Stephen is commemorated on December 26. The feast which is celebrated to-day was instituted on the occasion of the discovery of the remains of this great saint, A.D. 415.

St. Dominic, Confessor.

St. Dominic, a Spaniard of noble birth, was remarkable from childhood for a tender love of the poor, and a filial devotion to the Blessed Virgin. After his ordination to the priesthood, these two characteristics became still more marked. To his veneration for the Blessed Virgin is attributed the institution of the Holy Rosary, which was such a powerful factor in the conversion of the Albigensian heretics, and which has ever since remained a favorite devotion of Catholics. St. Dominic died in 1221, having some years previously founded the well-known Order of monks called after him, Dominicans.

GRAINS OF GOLD

SUSCIPE, DOMINE.

Take, dear Lord, oh! take this heart,
Bind it fast to Thee;
Bind it faster, faster, Lord!
'Twill not yield for me.

Often, Lord, I've tried to climb
Upward to Thy feet.
Ever does it play me false
In its wild conceit.

Wandering after poisonous flowers
Trailing on the ground,
Seeking rest in by-way haunts
Where no rest is found.

Send Thy light and make it yield
To Thy love and power;
Draw it upward, nearer Thee,
Through the storm and shower.

Let it not unyielding be!
For Thy dear love's sake
Sever it from all, e'en though,
Severing, it will break.

—Catholic News.

Where there is no faith in man there can be no faith in God.

Death is a transition, not from one existence to another, but from one state of existence to another.

A fault which humbles a man is of more use to him than a good action which puffs him up with pride.

Character is built, like the foundation of an edifice, by laying one stone upon the other. Lay hold of some single fault and mend it.

Many of the misfortunes from which we suffer most are those we never experience. They are the misfortunes of the imagination.

It is a fine trait in family life to see the stronger, braver spirit comforting, encouraging, and helping the weaker-hearted to rise and prosper, making allowances for their shortcomings.

People need to open out fields of interest. First, they must inspire in themselves more faith and courage, and then lose not a moment in grasping an opportunity, however small—obeying, with promptness, some idea—only doing something.

Be assured that God's help is always nearest when most sorely needed. We may stumble and fall, but there is always a divine friend near to lift us up and set us on the way. The view from the mountain-top is worth more than the effort we made to reach it. Let us have, then, that unflinching faith that when we reach it at eventide there shall be light and the sweet song of angels to welcome the weary pilgrim to his rest.

The Storyteller

A WOMAN'S HEART

(Concluded from last week.)

Once again Teresa stepped from the little station of Mafamude on to the high-road, as she had stepped seven years before. Not quite seven, she remembered, for it had been summer when she walked through the soft rain with Joaquim, and now it was early spring—one of those indescribably beautiful mornings of early spring, in the south, when the air is as soft as in summer, and yet fresh and invigorating like wine, and one can almost feel the pulse of nature stirring to new life. There was no Joaquim to meet her. She had written to no one, and indeed only meant to stay a few hours. It was early yet, the long shadows of the trees still barred the road, and the east was glorious with tiny rosy clouds. She passed a few bare-footed women on the road, but none knew her. Few would have recognised her—the thin brown face under the net mantilla was different from the Teresa of olden days in her peasant skirts. Just as her heart was different, the heart from which she had resolutely shut out all the old loves and hopes in order to kill with them the new hate.

Seven years—a lifetime. And after the first she had not been unhappy. Donna Felismena had wanted her, and it is very sweet to be wanted. Then they had travelled, north to the States, and back to the old world, London, Paris, and Brazil again, with only a few days in Lisbon in all the time. And now that Donna Felismena was dead, leaving her a little nest-egg to add to her plentiful savings, a fine horizon still was opening, a life she could have never dreamed of. Teresa stopped a minute in the road to wonder at herself. Why had she yielded to the impulse to look again on the old haunts before saying good-bye to them for ever? Surely it was merely a vain desire to haunt her new prosperity in the face of those who had despised her poverty. No, no, she could tell herself honestly that it was not that. They had been kind long ago, poor Tia Rosa, who was so afraid of hunger, and Joaquim—Joaquim had loved her. Surely he was married by now, and so would be glad to hear of her own good prospects.

Oh, he was surely married long ago, she assured herself. And yet the sight of a child sitting on the steps of the mill somehow brought a pang to her heart. Such a tumbledown old place as it looked in spite of its white-wash and the vine, dry now, but carefully tied and trained as had been Joaquim's way of old. And the child—a thin, wizened-looking little thing in a torn grey frock, with a face almost the same shade. How different from the rosy brown children of other days! She looked up as Teresa drew near, her sad black eyes fixed on her face. Teresa shivered. Those eyes brought back some bitter memory, though for the moment she could not give it a name. Then a querulous wail sounded from the inside, and a man's figure appeared in the open doorway. Joaquim? No, it was Antonio. But how changed, how thin, how death-like! Then in a moment she understood. It was the old story. One more emigrant, who had gone in the full vigor of health and youth, only to creep back later to his village to die.

Tia Rosa was not ill, though she looked hardly less death-like than her son. There was a long tale of misfortune to listen to, when the first greetings were over, and Teresa had settled down by the hearth. Antonio sat at the table, his head leaning on his hand, his little daughter crouching at his feet. The other child, a boy not yet two years old, lay wailing in his grandmother's arms.

'They have no strength in them,' she complained; 'a peaking, pining couple. I never knew their mother, God speak to her soul. She died when this one was born, but from all I can judge she was no great treasure.'

'She had money,' said Teresa. She could not resist the thrust.

'Yes, but little enough at best, and all tied up in the business. When that went wrong—well, Antonio got back here, though nothing much to boast of. However, when the summer comes—'

Teresa met Antonio's eyes and knew that for him no summer would ever bloom again.

'If it were not for Joaquim,' went on Tia Rosa, 'but he will surely marry—one of these days.' She looked up as if a sudden notion had struck her. 'And you, how are you getting on?'

Teresa told her of her little nest-egg.

'Of course, it is not much to live on, doing nothing, but Donna Felismena's nephew—he is not a young man, but then neither am I very young. He has a fine property, and a beautiful house—'

'And you are going to marry him?' There was true feminine interest in the old woman's tone, even though the news destroyed her newly budding hopes.

Teresa colored. 'I have been thinking of it,' she said. Later, when she left them a while and went across the fields to the church, she wondered why she had implied uncertainty. It had all been fixed and settled in her mind, though indeed her word had not yet been given. She had reserved her decision until after her visit to her old home—why, she hardly knew. She liked her suitor well enough, an honest man, who would, she knew, do his best