

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- July 2, Sunday.—Fourth Sunday after Pentecost. The Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
- „ 3, Monday.—Feast of the Most Precious Blood.
- „ 4, Tuesday.—St. Irenæus, Bishop and Martyr.
- „ 5, Wednesday.—St. Anthony Zaccaria, Confessor.
- „ 6, Thursday.—Octave of SS. Peter and Paul.
- „ 7, Friday.—St. Benedict XI., Pope and Confessor.
- „ 8, Saturday.—St. Kilian, Bishop and Confessor.

Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The event which this feast commemorates is the visit of congratulation paid by the Blessed Virgin to her cousin, St. Elizabeth. The circumstances of this visit, as narrated in the Gospel of St. Luke (chap. I., 36, etc.), reveal to us the greatness of Mary's charity, and teach us that we ought to rejoice at the favors which God bestows on our neighbors, as if we ourselves had received them.

Feast of the Most Precious Blood.

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. Augustine.

St. Anthony Zaccaria, Confessor.

St. Anthony was born in 1500 at Cremona, in the north of Italy. After having labored for some time in his native city as a secular priest, he founded, in conjunction with two Milanese nobles, a congregation of monks, called Barnabites, from the Church of St. Barnabas, where they came together, like the early Christians, to live a life in common, and to devote themselves to the office of instructing the young.

GRAINS OF GOLD

BELOVED, IT IS MORN!

Beloved, it is morn!
A redder berry on the thorn,
A deeper yellow on the corn,
For this good day new-born.
Pray, dear, for me,
That I may be
Faithful to God and thee.

Beloved, it is day!
And lovers work, as children pray,
With heart and brain untir'd for aye,
Dear love, look up, look up and pray—
Pray, pray for me,
That I may be
Faithful to God and thee.

Beloved, it is night!
Thy heart and mine are full of light,
Thy spirit shineth clear and white.
God keep thee in His sight!
Pray, dear, for me,
That I may be
Faithful to God and thee.

—Ave Maria.

Some people will never listen to the voice of God until it speaks to them from a coffin.

Jesus Christ lavished upon Mary all the glory which His Heart measures only by its power.—St. Bernard.

Good resolutions seldom fail of producing some good effects in the mind from which they spring.

Cheerfulness is like music to the soul; it oils the wheels of affliction, makes duties very light, and religion ride swiftly on the wings of delight.

No soul was ever lost because its fresh beginnings broke down, but thousands of souls have been lost because they would not make fresh beginnings.

Just to be good, to keep life pure from degrading elements, to make it constantly helpful in little ways to those who are touched by it, to keep one's spirit always sweet, and avoid all manner of petty anger and irritability—that is an idea as noble as it is difficult.

An imperturbable demeanor comes from perfect patience. Quiet minds cannot be perplexed or frightened, but go on in fortune or misfortune at their own private pace, like a clock during a thunderstorm.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

He who sets first the kingdom of love and truth, who learns of the Great Master the joy of service and the blessedness of living for others, who takes life just as the chance to achieve some good and to help men know their God, he finds within the food of the life everlasting, and he knows what that promise means, and he shall hunger and thirst no more.

The Storyteller

A HAPPY MISTAKE

When Father James, reading the banns of marriage between Agnes Jones and John Dean, paused and said: 'I have been stationed here four years now, and this is the first announcement of the kind; so that I wish to take this occasion to remark that I hope more of you people will imitate the example of this young couple,' there were at least four couples in his congregation who thought that he meant them, and listened with heightened color and a look that was patent to those who knew them, who now slyly smiled their approval of what their pastor had said. Consequently, there was a new feeling of unrest among these couples as they wended their way homeward after the Mass; and, under the stimulus of this feeling, William Banks found sufficient courage to ask Jennie Carr to give him permission to hand in their names, which she did.

But the other couples were still in the throes of indecision—or, rather, the masculine part of them were so assured of their own imperfections that they could not muster up courage to ask the angels of their hearts' desire to have them; though the aforesaid angels were plainly willing to abide with these alleged imperfections, which they could not possibly admit; so that these young couples stared with unseeing eyes at a state of affairs quite visible to all others, and the cause of many a sly joke at their expense from friends.

And good Mrs. O'Gowney, who was a widow, although still on the sunny side of thirty, and fully endowed by nature to hold her own among the younger beauties of the village, was almost in despair at the obtuseness of 'Jimmy' Ryan. He alone of all her admirers was, in her estimation, worthy to take the place of the departed O'Gowney; but, though faithful in attending upon her, he could not bring himself, out of his overwhelming bashfulness, to ask the fatal question, for fear that it would be against him, and shut him out from the heaven he now enjoyed in her presence.

Now, Agnes Jones had been the organist; and, upon deciding to be the presiding goddess of John Dean's home, she gave her position to Ruth Devine, a recent addition to the congregation, but one who was everywhere received with favor, as much among the girls of her own set as among the young men of the parish.—which is saying a great deal; for there was scarcely one among them, even to the crusty bachelors, who would not admit her captivating influence. We must except the above-mentioned young swains, who were already too much engrossed in their own affairs to see any but the maidens holding their heartstrings; albeit, we may add, these maids took a tighter hold upon said strings after the advent of the charming Ruth.

But their fears were groundless; for Ruth had no thoughts of such conquests, and went her way scattering sunshine and happiness; as sympathetic, kind, pleasant, eager and willing to do a favor, as were all her family, who soon made themselves felt in the affairs of the parish.

Besides her wonderful ability to make herself useful, Ruth, as organist and head of the choir, found herself the natural and unexpected leader in the social doings of the parish; and as the annual tea and bazaar were to take place the following week, she found the task of arranging the details of that affair agreeable and absorbing,—so absorbing, in fact, that on this Sunday, instead of practising the music of the coming Sunday, as was usual, after Vespers and the removal of the Blessed Sacrament to the basement chapel, she sat silent, pondering over the selection of 'aides' at the various booths; so that she did not notice the entrance of the tall and shapely man, who stood a moment at the door, lost in admiration at the picture before him. Her lithe, s'lim figure, outlined in the mellow light flowing through the beautiful stained windows, the little hands lying on the white keyboard, and the fair, youthful face, surmounted by a mass of dark-brown tresses, gave him a curious impression. Involuntarily he thought of the pictured face of St. Cecilia opposite the organ. Then, advancing closer, he detected a perplexed little pucker on the white brow; and, with the manner of an old and trusted friend, asked:

'What weighty matter troubles the mind of our musician?'

She laughed ruefully.

'I'm afraid I was forgetting my music, but I could not help wondering who would be best to put in charge of the fancy booth.'

And soon she was fully launched on the subject just then nearest her heart; for, this being her first year in the parish, she was anxious to make a success of the affair; and so told her visitor all her plans, not deeming that a large share of the interest and attention he gave was directed to herself.

Norman Roberts was a grave, quiet man, whose business called him to the city daily, but whose inclinations drew him back every evening to this peaceful little village, where a fond mother and proud father gave of their love to form an ideal shelter from the stormy world. He was their youngest born, and all that was left to them of a