

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- July 9, Sunday.—Fifth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 10, Monday.—Seven Brothers, Martyrs.
 „ 11, Tuesday.—Blessed Oliver Plunket, Bishop and Martyr.
 „ 12, Wednesday.—St. John Gualbert, Abbot.
 „ 13, Thursday.—St. Anacletus, Pope and Martyr.
 „ 14, Friday.—St. Bonaventure, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
 „ 15, Saturday.—St. Henry, Emperor and Confessor.

THE SEVEN BROTHERS, MARTYRS.

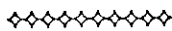
The seven saints whose glorious death is commemorated to-day were sons of St. Felicitas, and suffered at Rome about the middle of the second century. They were exhorting to constancy in suffering by their heroic mother, who herself soon after received the crown of martyrdom.

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 afterwards 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

HE MADE US FREE.

As flame streams upward, so my longing thought
 Flies up with Thee,
 Thou God and Saviour, Who has truly wrought
 Life out of death, and to us, loving, brought
 A fresh new world; and in Thy sweet chains caught
 And made us free!

As hyacinths make way from out the dark,
 My soul awakes,
 At thought of Thee, like sap beneath the bark;
 As the violets in field and park
 Rise to the thrilling thrush and meadow-lark,
 New hope it takes.

As Thou goest upwards through the nameless space
 We call the sky,
 Like jonquil perfume softly falls Thy grace;
 It seems to touch and brighten every place,
 Fresh flowers crown our wan and weary race,
 O Thou on high!

Hadst Thou not risen, there would be no joy
 Upon earth's sod;
 Life would be still with us a wound or toy,
 A cloud without the sun—O Babe, O Boy,
 O Man of Mother pure, with no alloy,
 O risen God!

Thou, God and King, didst "mingle in the game"
 (Cease, all fears; cease!)
 For love of us—not to give Virgil's fame
 Or Croesus' wealth, not to make well the lame,
 Or save the sinner from deserved shame,
 But for sweet Peace!

For peace, for joy—not that the slave might lie
 In luxury,
 Not that all woe from us should always fly,
 Or golden crops with Syrian roses vie
 In every field; but in Thy peace to die
 And rise—be free!

—MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.



The Storyteller



Alice Riordan

(By Mrs. J. SADLER.)

(CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"Why, faith, I don't trouble the church very often," said Harry, as he drew himself up and stretched down his vest over his capacious paunch. I haven't got much time for that; I leave it to them that has nothing else to mind. A man that has got business on his hands has no time to spare for going to church, or saying his prayers: the old women in Ireland do all that for us."

"Right again, Harry," cried two or three together, "you wouldn't be half so good a fellow as you are if you were a church-goer. They're the greatest bores in creation, with their everlasting prayers and fal-de-rahs. Here, old boy, send us over another pint of rum—that last was capital, and just set us a-going in prime style. Here's your health, Mr. Malone!—and yours, ma'am, wishing you both all sorts of good luck." Then, having emptied his glass, he clapped it down, saying, with a hearty smack, "And, for my own sake, I wish I may never toast either of you in worse stuff. By jolly! it's the real *stingo*, and no mistake."

"Many thanks to you, Alick," said Mrs. Malone, as she opened the door to retire; "it always does me good to hear you talk, for you're never without your joke. I've a great mind to have the blind man of Jericho, as Harry calls him, offer up a *pater* and *ave* for you. Good-night, boys," and off went Mrs. Malone.

"O Lord my God!" murmured Cormac, in deep, deep sorrow, as he arose and groped his way out of the room, fearful of hearing yet more hurtful discourse. "O Lord my Lord! keep me and mine from being engrossed by the things of this wretched world—forgettin' himself and his God that way! Oh! sweet Lord Jesus, take me an' my little one out of this place, if it be your holy will to save us. I don't care how poor our lodgin' may be, only to be where your name is honored, an' religion attended to."

Just then he heard the door opening, and the next minute the soft voice of Alice calling, "Father! are you here, father?"

"I am, Alice; but what's wrong with you?"

"Oh, nothing at all, father, only when I went back to where I left you, an' didn't find you there, I wondered where you went to. Sure, it's quite dark in here."

"Well, you know it's all the same to me, Alice," said her father, and he tried to speak cheerfully; "but you needn't tell me that there's nothing the matter with you, for I know by your voice that something has disturbed you. Tell me, my child, what is it?"

"Why, then, it's nothin' in the world, father, but some talk that I heard goin' on in the shop there abroad as I was passin' through the big room where I left you a while ago. I hope you'll not ask me to tell you what I heard, father, for indeed I couldn't bring myself to come over it." She did all she could to keep from crying, but her father heard the deep sobs which she, nevertheless, strove to stifle, and he knew that the little girl heard that which oppressed her young heart with a load of sorrow. "She has heard them makin' game of her poor blind father," said he to himself, "an' the words they said have touched her to the quick."

"Alice," said he, "I heard them at it myself, so I can guess what it is that grieves you. But never mind, they slight us an' mock us for three things that we have no cause to be ashamed of. First, because it has pleased God to deprive me of my sight; next, because we're poor, and dependin' on others—at least they think so—an', last of all, because we profess to serve God. Now, my daughter, you have sense enough, an' I hope, religion enough to know that *my* blindness an' *our* poverty came from God, an' if we bear them as we ought, they'll be crowns of glory to us hereafter; an' as for the other, it ought to be *our* only pride an' glory in this world, because we serve an' follow a Master that's above all the kings o' the earth. So long as we don't do anything to anger Him or to disgrace Him we need care but little who laughs at us. But

A. W. Bryant

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