

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- July 12, Sunday.—Fifth Sunday after Pentecost. St. John Gualbert, Abbot.
 „ 13, Monday.—St. Anacletus, Pope and Martyr.
 „ 14, Tuesday.—St. Bonaventure, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
 „ 15, Wednesday.—St. Henry, Emperor and Confessor.
 „ 16, Thursday.—Our Lady of Mount Carmel.
 „ 17, Friday.—St. Leo IV., Pope and Confessor.
 „ 18, Saturday.—St. Camillus of Lellis, Confessor.

Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

Under this title the Blessed Virgin is honored as patron of the Carmelite Order. The feast which is celebrated to-day recalls the heavenly favors she has obtained for that Order, and for those who have been affiliated to it through being members of the Confraternity of the Brown Scapular. This scapular is regarded as a badge of devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, and a pledge of her loving protection. True—it is that the mere wearing of the scapular will not save the hardened and unrepentant sinner from the just anger of an offended God. But those who wear it devoutly thereby honor the Blessed Virgin, and share in the prayers of their fellow-members and of the whole Carmelite Order, and thus have a most powerful help to persevere in virtue, or, if they fall into sin, to rise again by a prompt and sincere repentance.

St. Leo IV., Pope and Confessor.

St. Leo, the son of a Roman nobleman, became Pope in 847. During a pontificate which lasted a little over eight years, he vigorously exerted his authority for the reformation of discipline in the Church. To protect Rome against the attacks of Saracen marauders, he encircled the entire city with a fortified wall, which remains even to the present day in a good state of preservation.

GRAINS OF GOLD

I KNOW.

When I behold the sun's broad path,
 Where no man's feet have trod,
 Among the cloud-hills of the sky,
 I know there is a God.

When I behold 'neath drifting snows
 The green of winter grain,
 I know a God of might and love
 Above the earth doth reign.

When eager, laughing children pass,
 On play and pleasure bent,
 I know there is a God above,
 Who hath these flower-souls sent.

And when I see the shadows dark
 On brows by grief made fair,
 I know the light of God's dear love
 Hath surely lingered there.

When day is done and darkness falls,
 And hushed is earth's great mart,
 Beneath the stars my soul cries out,
 O God, my God, Thou art!

—'Ave Maria.'

God never put one man or woman into the world without giving each something to do in it or for it—some visible, tangible work, to be left behind them when they die.

This world is but a school to train us for the life to come; and for most of us—nay, for all of us—the best preparation for eternity is the thorough and conscientious discharge of the present duties incumbent upon us.—Dom Gasquet.

More real than the earth under our feet, which will pass away, is the presence of the Incarnate Word, which will never pass away.—Cardinal Manning.

It requires a good many shovelfuls of earth to bury truth.

The Storyteller

THE WANDERER'S NIGHT SONG

The district extending along the upper declivities of the Jura Mountains is called Revermont. It is a fertile land, watered by innumerable springs, where prosperous villages dominate on one side the plains below, often veiled in fog, and on the other commands the roads leading to the mountains. A rich vegetation covers the slopes of Revermont. Woods of fir and oak adjoin the avenues of walnut trees and carefully-tended vines. The varied aspects of the mountains, sometimes rugged, sometimes smooth and verdant, the horizon of Bresse, which in foggy weather recalls that of the sea, the perpetual murmur of the fountains and streams that one meets at every step give this fair land an irresistible charm. It is a land where one would wish to live and die, the eyes fixed in the celestial plains, without other care than to cultivate one's fields and to obey the signal of the church bell, which resounding in the calm air and awakening at morn and eve all the echoes, commands us: Praise God.

In the autumn of 1854, a young landscape painter, named Henri Rosen, was travelling through this country. He was journeying on foot, accompanied by a large spaniel; he never knew in the morning where he would sleep that evening; he never asked his way, but allowed himself to be guided by his tastes, and stopped at the places that were pleasing to him. There he drew and painted, and thanks to his agreeable countenance, his cheerful nature, and a well-filled purse, always met with obliging hosts.

He was accustomed to spend thus the summer time, now in one country, now in another. In the winter he worked in his studio in Paris, and sold his pictures to a clever dealer, who scarcely paid him a quarter of the price for which he speedily sold them. But Rosen did not get disturbed in consequence. Passionately devoted to his art, without family, and determined to remain unmarried, he had no other ambition than to be able to travel, and his pictures cost him so little labor, he was so persuaded of their inferiority that he disdainfully called them withered leaves, and much preferred them to his rough sketches. As to the latter, he would not have parted with them for anything, and when he wished to give himself some hours of repose and real pleasure he invited one of his friends, who was a musician, installed him at the piano, lit the lamp, and gave him to play sometimes Haydn, sometimes Mozart, or Beethoven, whilst he gazed at certain landscape sketches wherein his eye found once more all the beauties of the original.

'Look,' he said one day to his friend Gerald, 'look at this study of a hawthorn bush on the brink of a well, and this little fair-haired child floating on a nutshell on the surface.'

'Oh!' said Gerald, 'it is a well in Normandy. The waters run smooth in that country. If you saw them in mine you would see a very different state of things. You would quickly leave Touraine and Normandy for countries more picturesque and come into my country.'

'I should be glad to do so. Is your mother's chateau beautifully situated?'

'Not exactly,' said Gerald, reddening, 'but it is uncommon. I cannot venture to invite you there. My mother lives a very retired life, and I will not go this year to Saint-Amour. I intend going into Germany and Italy.'

Rosen changed the conversation, and proposed that his friend should perform a little music; but Gerald recalled that he had promised to pay a visit that evening at the Princess of Serbia's, and took his leave with a somewhat embarrassed air. The winter passed without his returning even once to Rosen's.

The latter was in no way moved. Gerald was for him but a passing acquaintance, such as one meets twenty times a day in the hustle of Parisian life. He more often went into society through force of habit than through liking, and often said to himself on returning home at night, and as he gazed from his studio in the Quai Malaquis upon the River Seine, and the public buildings lit up by the moon, 'Madman that I am to go and bother myself with the light of candles when the moonlight is so beautiful.'

As soon as the violets appeared in the spring he hastened to sell some of his paintings to the dealer, collected his slender luggage, and took down his travelling bag from its hook on the wall. The spaniel was sleeping near the stove.

'Phânor,' said Rosen, 'look!'

The dog went to him yawning and stretching out his paws, but he had no sooner scented the bag than he began to jump about, and the studio resounded with his joyful barking.