

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- August 16, Sunday.—Tenth Sunday after Pentecost. St. Joachim, Father of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
- „ 17, Monday.—Octave of St. Lawrence, Martyr.
- „ 18, Tuesday.—St. Hyacinth, Confessor.
- „ 19, Wednesday.—St. Urban II., Pope and Confessor.
- „ 20, Thursday.—St. Bernard, Confessor and Doctor.
- „ 21, Friday.—St. Jane Frances de Chantal, Widow.
- „ 22, Saturday.—Octave of the Assumption.

St. Joachim, Father of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The Fathers of the Church unite in extolling the sanctity of St. Joachim and St. Anne, whose privilege it was to be the parents of the Most Pure Mother of God.

St. Urban II., Pope and Confessor.

St. Urban was born near Rheims, in France. Having been elected Pope in 1088, he employed all his energies in putting an end to the unwarranted interference of the civil power in purely ecclesiastical affairs, and securing for the Church that liberty of action which was required for the efficient discharge of her divinely appointed duties. To the wisdom and zeal of St. Urban was due the initiation of those expeditions for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, which are known as the Crusades.

St. Jane Frances de Chantal, Widow.

This saint was born at Dijon, in 1573. She was married at the age of twenty to the Baron de Chantal; but eight years later she had the misfortune to lose her husband through an accident. Having completed the education of her children, she founded under the direction of St. Francis de Sales, and with the co-operation of some other ladies of rank, the religious Order of the Visitation. She died in 1641.

GRAINS OF GOLD

CONTEMPLATION.

Happy who stands from all the rush aside,

Who quits this eager life of deep unrest,
Where men seek things which never are possessed,

But like fast-flowing waters from them glide,
To all devouring seas that open wide;

Happy who turns away, and on the breast
Of the slow Nile moves on calm and at rest
To regions where repose and peace abide;

Where earth and sky through ages are the same;

And man, knowing the little he can do,

The emptiness of pleasure, power and fame,

Like the calm earth and sky grows tranquil too,

And makes sweet contemplation his sole aim,

Gazing from palm-tree's shade on heaven's blue.

—BISHOP J. L. SPALDING.

The thing to be is yourself. That is the only sort of consistency which is a jewel, and that isn't the sort commonly meant when the word is used.

Yes, it is true that there are moments when the flesh is nothing to me, when I feel and know the flesh to be the vision; God and the spiritual, the only real and true. Depend upon it, the spiritual is the real.—Tennyson.

We must regard the community as superior to the individual in many an instance. Life is at best a climb, and celerity in the performance of duty, charm in speech and action and circumspection in all things will make the uphill journey all the easier.

The world is not at loose ends. It does not drift. The circumstances of life are not a jumble—except we make them so for our own lives. Things work together. They are shaped by an unseen Hand to an end—if a man will let the end be accomplished in and for him, God will accomplish it.

Life is the pitch of the orchestra and we are the instruments. The discord and the broken string of the individual instrument do not affect the whole, except as false notes; but I think that God, knowing all things, must discern the symphony, glorious with meaning, through the discordant fragments that we play.

The Storyteller

THE GOLDEN CRUCIFIX

A wild midwinter night in a quaint classic, cruel old London, the London of Queen Elizabeth and of Shakespeare. The storm whirled the snow through the dark and narrow streets like foam through caves and fissures in black ocean cliffs. At long intervals, swinging oil lamps, snow-coated, vainly sought with feeble rays to pierce the gloom. In doorway recesses, under the shelter of the projecting upper stories and street-fronting gables, on which the snow outlined the criss-cross beams, the few and inefficient watchmen of the night stood with their halberds beside them and their lanterns at their feet, slapping their arms to keep their sluggish blood in circulation. To one of these dubious guardians of the peace spoke a solitary, belated pedestrian, a man stalwart and snow-covered.

'Prithee, good watch, is not this the house of Master Adam Langhorne, the mercer?'

'It is not, my wandering nightbird.'

The watchman picked up his lantern and scanned his questioner. He saw a bold young face, bronzed and bearded, a form clad in sailor garb.

'But he did live here—I am most certain of the house.'

'Art as sure of thy sight, sir mariner, as thou art of thy memory! See here.' The watchman took his halberd and tinkled its steel head against a brass basin that hung from a red-and-white striped pole projecting from the side of the doorway. 'Is that a mercer's sign, son of Neptune, or hast thou gone so long unshorn on the brine as to have forgotten the trade emblem of the ancient and useful order of barber-surgeons? So get thee on thy way, my young sea dog.'

'Methinks thou art out of humor to-night, watchman,' said the sailor, taking a coin from his pouch.

'So mightest thou thyself be if thy billet was to tramp all night in the snow,' said the watch, his manner softening as the lantern light showed him the glint of gold. 'No, good sailor, I vow I know of no person of the name you mention living on these streets. But new I am on this post. Belike he has moved away, belike he lives in the neighborhood. A friend of yours, hey?'

'My father, friend watch, and his wife, my good mother,' replied the other, with a sigh of disappointment; 'and this night, after ten years' absence, fondly had I hoped to meet them. But now—'

'But now, sir mariner, best, if you value your life or lucre, or both, to give over your search for the night and to return to your ship or lodgings, for most dangerous at this hour are these streets.'

'Dangerous as the Spanish Main?' queried the sailor, with a laugh. 'Friend watch, I may tell thee that I have sailed with Raleigh, Drake, and Hawkins.'

'And friend mariner, I may tell thee that where thou standest now is as dangerous as any place on land or water. And so I bid thee God-speed.'

The watchman, with his halberd and lantern, left his place of shelter and plodded off along the street. As the solemn sound of a midnight bell came floating over the peaked roofs he halted and raised his voice:

'Twelve o'clock, and all's well.'

Then in a flurry of white, he disappeared round a corner.

With a sudden sense of apprehension and loneliness, Lieutenant Guy Langhorne turned back the way he had come to re-seek his lodgings in the Mermaid Inn, where he had arrived an hour or two before, after his ship had cast anchor in the Thames. He crunched onward through the dark and cheerless streets, sometimes sinking to his knees in the snow, for the thoroughfares, many of which were as yet unpaved, were in part rugged and uneven, abounding in dangerous ruts and pits.

By and bye, through the veil of falling flakes, he discovered three figures moving in advance of him, those of an elderly man, a youth and a maiden. Soon he reached and passed them, and just then came a glare of light that enabled him better to see their persons and faces, as the ponderous carriage of some noble rolled by, accompanied by running linkboys waving blazing torches. Langhorne saw a grave, pale face, framed in grey locks that fell from under a broad-leaved hat, a rosy-cheeked damsel whose white wimple gleamed through the opening of her hooded cape, and a stout, stolid, cudgel-bearing youth who wore the cap and jerkin of an apprentice.

'Are we far from our journey's end, my daughter?' the grey-haired man inquired as Langhorne passed.