

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- June 13, Sunday.—Third Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 14, Monday.—St. Basil, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
 „ 15, Tuesday.—St. Vitus and Companions, Martyrs.
 „ 16, Wednesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 17, Thursday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 18, Friday.—SS. Mark and Marcellian, Martyrs.
 „ 19, Saturday.—St. Juliana Falconieri, Virgin.

St. Basil, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.

St. Basil, a native of Caesarea, in Asia Minor, belonged to a family of saints. He pursued his studies with brilliant success at the principal seats of learning in the East. After engaging for some time in the teaching of rhetoric, he renounced the bright prospects of worldly fame which were opening before him, and embraced the religious life. His literary and scientific attainments, and his surpassing eloquence, enabled him to render valuable services to Christianity, which was then assailed by the Arian heretics. Naturally feeble in health, he practised asceticism of a rigorous nature. He died in 379, after having for some years governed as Bishop his native diocese of Caesarea.

St. Juliana Falconieri, Virgin.

St. Juliana was a native of Florence. Having, while still a child, lost her father, she found a second father in her uncle, St. Alexis Falconieri, one of the founders of the Servite Order. She is celebrated for her devotion to the Adorable Sacrament of the Altar and to the Mother of God. Like so many other saints, she was singularly successful in reconciling enemies and reclaiming sinners. She died at an advanced age in 1340.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

THE SAINTS OF GOD.

As one who, walking in the radiant bloom,
 Hears distant voices sweetly toned that bring
 Surcease to saddest heart, and while they sing
 Of faith and love—God's choicest gifts the bloom
 So listening to our holy friends we know
 The churches' portals wide to-day we fling,
 I hear their aisles and fretted arches ring
 The victor's song of triumph over the tomb.

Yet they were of our kin, our weakness shared,
 The cup of pleasure they were not denied;
 While we its captives were, these heroes dared,
 Enamoured of the Cross, to turn aside.
 They heard His voice and followed in the way,
 Till on their vision broke eternal day.

— There is a wish ruling over all mankind, and it is a wish which is never in any single instance granted. Each man wishes to be his own master. It is a boy's beatific vision, and it remains the grown-up man's ruling passion to the last. But the fact is, life is a service: the only question is, 'Whom will we serve?'—Father Faber.

Much of our lives is spent in marring our own influence and turning others' belief in us into a widely-concluding unbelief, which they call knowledge of the world, while it is really disappointment in you or me.

The little things of life are in reality the big things, for, if you pass them by, the big things will pass you by. The great men and women of all times realised that no work was accomplished without thoroughness. To do a thing, and to do it as well as you can, spells success. A great musician does not start on the works of the masters. He starts with the scales.

The Storyteller

OUT OF THE STORM

Not very long ago a zealous priest was speaking of the varied and wonderful ways of the Lord in bringing about unlooked-for conversions to the Catholic faith: conversions that seemed nothing short of miraculous, especially when the early prejudices and teachings of generations seemed to stand in the way like stone fortresses or iron-barred gates. He began to tell of his own experiences, and the following was so striking as well as true, that I shall give his account in his own words:

'Before I came here to take this parish,' he said, 'I was pastor in a small place in a certain part of Wisconsin. I had a neat little church, an average-good congregation, and was hoping to be able soon to have a school built for the children, who assembled only on Sundays, when I heard their Catechism lesson, and gave them instructions on the Sacraments. We had Confirmation about every two or three years, and it was a good fifteen miles journey to the city to get the bishop. Then I had to put him up for the night, and have his Mass, First Communion, and Confirmation next morning. The good bishop was always glad to come to my little parish, and it was a great day for the people. On the occasion of which I am going to speak, I had prepared a goodly class of boys and girls and some adults, and had begun to think it was time to call on the bishop and have him fix a date for Confirmation.'

'My horse was sick, so I wrote to a friend in the city—a banker—asking him (since he often offered his automobile) if he could come out on a certain day and take me in to see his lordship. I received an immediate answer, and on the day designated, the "machine" was at the door. We had a delightful drive, for it was an afternoon in late summer, and the atmospheric conditions were perfect. The scenery, as we passed hill, and forest, and stream, with an occasional farmhouse peeping out, was charming. There was no railroad, then, for miles, the trunk-lines being as yet free from branches to small towns.

'We enjoyed the ride thoroughly. I found the good bishop at home, made an appointment with him, and my friend promised his automobile to convey him to our church and back again. It was a little late when we started home, and we had gone about ten miles when the sky grew as black as ink, thunder rolled, and rain came down like the deluge. We stopped right in the middle of the highway, and let it pour down on the machine. It was a straight rather rough road, and there was no way of getting to shelter. We made light of it for a while, but soon we were drenched, and saw to our dismay that the storm was a hurricane—a cyclone, if you will. Great branches of trees were torn off and were hurled on us. Leaves were whipped off the forest, and swept down the road. The gale tore at our curtains, which we had tried to fasten closely, between the flashes of lightning. I suggested leaving the machine and seeking some shelter. But my friend said it was better to stay in the open—for we heard the trees, struck by lightning, crash to the ground about us, and the incessant thunder kept us from hearing our own voices, unless we shouted in each other's ears.

'We were there fully an hour, but it seemed double that time. I confess I became apprehensive lest we would not be able to get home at all, when suddenly the wind slackened, the claps of thunder became more distant, and the lightning less vivid. The storm had spent itself—but still the rain poured down. The machine was sinking in the mud, up to the running board, and right ahead a great tree had fallen across the road, rendering our progress impossible.

'When we discovered this we were dismayed. What was to be done? My friend, who was younger and more of an optimist than I was, drew his coat collar about his ears, and advised me to do the same.

IN COLD WEATHER

no beverage is so acceptable as SYMINGTON'S COFFEE ESSENCE. In two minutes you can have a delicious warm drink. If you haven't tried it you should do so at once.