

## Friends at Court

### CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

June 20, Sunday.—Fourth Sunday after Pentecost  
 „ 21, Monday.—St. Aloysius Gonzaga, Confessor.  
 „ 22, Tuesday.—St. Paulinus, Bishop and Confessor.  
 „ 23, Wednesday.—Vigil of the Feast of St. John the Baptist.  
 „ 24, Thursday.—St. John the Baptist.  
 „ 25, Friday.—St. William, Abbot.  
 „ 26, Saturday.—SS John and Paul, Martyrs.

St. Aloysius Gonzaga, Confessor.

St. Aloysius belonged to a noble family of Lombardy. Through the tender care of his virtuous mother, he attained even in childhood a high degree of spiritual perfection. He has been designated by the Holy See as special patron of young persons, to whom he has left an example of all the virtues, but particularly of spotless purity, rigorous mortification, and profound humility. He died in Rome, in 1591, of an illness contracted while attending the sick during a malignant pestilence.

St. William, Abbot.

St. William, a native of northern Italy, inspired with the desire of leading a penitential life, retired to a lonely spot named Monte Vergine, near Benevento. Having been followed by many persons desirous of placing their souls under his guidance, he established a religious congregation, which was afterwards united to the Benedictine Order. St. William died in 1142.

### GRAINS OF GOLD.

#### A VISIT TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

In this quiet evening hour  
 When the twilight shades appear,  
 When the Angel Gabriel's Ave  
 Fills the hearts of men with cheer:  
 Ere the last sweet tones forever  
 Fade away from mortal ear,  
 Come I to Thee, sweetest Jesus,  
 To Thy lowly dwelling here.

Here unto Thy presence holy,  
 Heart of Jesus, bring I Thee  
 All my little cares and troubles,  
 Knowing Thou wilt list to me.  
 For I have Thy promise sacred,  
 For I hear Thy words so blest:  
 'Come to Me all ye that labor,  
 And by burdens are oppressed.'

Then to pray for all my loved ones,  
 For the friends so dear to me,  
 And for those who, now unfaithful,  
 Walk in paths afar from Thee.  
 Sweetest Jesus, fast the moments  
 Pass into eternity,  
 'Bless us all' is my petition  
 As I say 'Good-night' to Thee.

It is a good rule to be deaf when a slanderer begins to talk.

Envy is blind, and can only disparage the virtues of others.

Every man's life is a visible expression of what he thinks about God.

Success is utter failure if achieved by the sacrifice of moral principles.

There is only one sort of shabbiness that matters—a shabbiness of the soul.

Happiness is a perfume you cannot pour on others without getting a few drops on yourself.

Christianity has been too often in what seemed deadly peril that we should fear for any new trial now.

## The Storyteller

### HER ATONEMENT

It was not until Mrs. Bradley, dressing for dinner, discovered the five dollar bill in her jewel case that the first intimation of what she had done crept upon her with overwhelming force.

'Neva,' she gasped, turning to the maid, 'what—what did you give that woman who asked for the charity money?'

'The bills, madam, that were lying there,' pointing to the table.

'The—roll of bills?'

'Yes, madam. You said to get the money that was on your dressing-table and give it to the woman, and as there were only those bills—'

'Yes, yes, of course,' hastily interposed her mistress. 'I—I—' it would not do for even the maid to know of the mistake as yet. 'I—had forgotten. Yes, of course. You did quite right. And now you may go, Neva. I'll ring if I need you.'

'The—roll—of bills! All that money!' she cried when she was alone. 'How stupid of me to forget that I had left it there. I was so sure that only a five dollar bill was in sight that I felt perfectly safe in sending Neva up for the money. Rob will ask why I didn't look at it before it was given, but why should I when I was so sure about it—and how could I when we were playing bridge! As though one could think of bridge and anything else at the same time!'

She frowned as she recalled the incident of the afternoon.

'I was already disturbed enough at Mrs. Jeffrey's late arrival—hateful creature that she is, anyhow? She either comes here late or then she doesn't come at all. One never knows which she is going to do. And then coming as she did to-day—like as not to secure a more effective entrance in her new gown—just when we had commenced to play. To be obliged to rearrange the table was sufficiently annoying without that pesky individual, whoever she was, coming just then for that contribution for the orphan asylum. And men are apt to be so unreasonable,' she complained to herself, 'that Rob won't understand that we had just commenced to play for the second time when the woman came, and that I could not disturb or interrupt the game—it isn't done. And I'll have to explain that, believing I had only five dollars on the dressing table, I had sent Neva up for it, and had told her to give it to the young woman as I was too busy to see her. Indeed, as it was, some of the ladies were impatient enough while Neva announced the woman's errand. Mrs. Clarke is such a bore, anyhow. She appeared to think I was to blame even for that brief interruption. But oh, what foolish vanity that kept me from stating the amount that was to be given! And I wouldn't have done such a reckless thing either,' she cried in remorse, 'if Mrs. Jeffrey had not been here. That woman gets on my nerves. Little enough, though, does she ever give to any charity!'

She clasped her hands in despair. 'What will Rob say? I cannot ask him for more money—and I do so want that bit of tapestry!' and she rose from the low chair disconsolately. Then as the thought of meeting her husband at the dinner table came to her, she decided quickly. 'I have it! I shall not tell Rob at all. The mischief is done now, and I can't remedy it. The contribution is already recorded and I can't ask it back. Rob might not understand the extenuating circumstances as I think I do so he shall not know.' And removing all the traces of her recent agitation, she descended to dinner serene of face at least, whatever may have been the state of her mind.

A few days later as she entered Mrs. Clarke's drawing-room she was surprised to find that her donation to charity was the subject of discussion. Her blunder then was to pursue her even here.

'We are just speaking of you,' said the hostess.

## 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.