

## Friends at Court

### CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- July 4, Sunday.—Sixth Sunday after Pentecost.  
 „ 5 Monday.—St. Anthony Zaccaria, Confessor.  
 „ 6, Tuesday.—Octave of the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul.  
 „ 7, Wednesday. SS. Cyril and Methodius, Bishops and Confessors.  
 „ 8, Thursday.—St. Elizabeth, Queen.  
 „ 9, Friday.—Of the Feria.  
 „ 10, Saturday.—The Seven Brothers, Martyrs.

St. Anthony Zaccaria, Confessor.

St. Anthony was born in 1500, at Cremona, in the north of Italy. After having labored for some time in his native city as a secular priest, he founded, in conjunction with two Milanese nobles, a congregation of monks, called Barnabites, from the Church of St. Barnabas, where they came together, like the early Christians, to live a life in common, and to devote themselves to the office of instructing the young.

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 exhorted to constancy in suffering by their heroic mother, who herself soon after received the crown of martyrdom.

### GRAINS OF GOLD.

#### PRAYER WITHOUT WORDS.

This morn my heart is full of song; and still  
 When to my lips it comes, the music dies  
 The power to sing my God to me denies.

Thy grace divine Thou gavest, Lord until  
 With every thought of Thee my pulses thrill;  
 And swift to Heaven and Thee my glad soul flies  
 On wings of love; and, 'Dearest Lord,' it cries,  
 'Let me but voice my prayer if 'tis Thy will!  
 Mayhap some other soul, who struggles here,  
 Will find in it new hope, new love for Thee—  
 Some weary soul oppressed with doubt and fear.'

But Jesus in my breast so lovingly  
 Speaks to my heart in accents low and clear,  
 'My child, to day in silence worship Me.'

Sister M. Clara, B.V.M.

Gratitude is a debt which all men owe, but few pay cheerfully.

Who cannot do what he desires must do what is within his powers.

The man who does the least talking has the fewest apologies to make.

Forget all that is past, and imagine each day you but begin. — St. Augustine.

Let the roots of your life be deep in God, and the flowers will be pleasing to men.

Do we all recognise that to quicken the wits and leave the conscience untouched is not education?

We never know how one good act of ours may cheer and encourage others, or how terrible an influence one single wrong may have.

Pain comes to us from the hand of God for our good. Great are the rewards in store for those who know its value and accept it as a mercy.

The secret of all progress lies in achieving something better than we have been able to do before, and then making that achievement a new standard, to be equalled at least, to be surpassed if it is possible.

The libellers of the Church's moral rectitude are not the learned and the sincere, nor the clear-minded, but the shallow and ignorant, the malignant, and they who invert the quality of charity that thinketh no evil and rejoiceth not in iniquity.—John Ayscough.

## The Storyteller

### THE LOST CHILD

She sat with her chin resting in her hand, gazing through the open window, seemingly into the dim distance, but in reality seeing nothing of the prospect which lay before her eyes. Her countenance bore traces of deep sorrow, and it was evidently on some grief that her thoughts were now centred, for the expression of her features was extremely sad and thoughtful. Here in this quiet London suburb, only a faint murmur reached her of the din of the great city, and there was little to disturb her reverie. Beyond the garden wall was a quiet churchyard, where a few white headstones glimmered faintly through the trees. Presently these caught her eye, and, sighing deeply, she said half aloud: 'Would to God that I knew my darling lay at rest in some sacred spot like that. Infinitely better it would be than that I should remain thus in ignorance of her fate, and daily forming one conjecture worse than another as to what it might be. Oh, my God, the anguish is almost too great for me to bear!'

Saying this she pressed her hand to her heart as if to stifle there some dreadful pain, and then burying her face in her hand, she remained for a long time in an attitude of profoundest grief.

Marion Phillips's sorrow was perhaps the greatest which any mother could be called on to endure. Her husband, who had simply idolised her, had died a few years before, leaving her with a little infant girl named Marion. On this child, who was one of the prettiest little creatures imaginable, with her flaxen hair and violet eyes, all the mother's affections soon became centred. So deep was her love for her little girl that she could scarcely bear to lose sight of her, and wherever Mrs. Phillips went, little Marion invariably accompanied her.

One bright summer's day dawned in happiness for mother and child, now a sweet prattling thing of some five years. The sun rose in unclouded splendor, and the hearts of both were in harmony with its brightness. Alas! the bright morning sun often sets in utter gloom, and ere that summer day had faded into night, Marion Phillips's happiness had suffered utter eclipse. She was childless, but not by the hand of death. Her little girl had mysteriously disappeared, and left no trace which could lead to her discovery.

That summer morning Mrs. Phillips had driven Marion to Epping Forest to join a children's excursion party there. As the child sat beside her in the trap, delightedly watching Jocko, the pony, as he trotted forward, and looking bewitchingly lovely in her pretty summer clothes, little did the poor mother think of the cloud which was to overcast her happiness ere the day should close.

They reached the leafy glades of the forest in good time. Jocko was safely stabled at an inn not too far from the neighborhood of the excursionists, and then the mother sought her own pleasure in helping to make the day as enjoyable as possible for Marion and her young companions.

Never did the hoary old trees of the forest hear such joyful laughter or see such merry games as were played by the youthful excursionists. And little Marion, though perhaps the tenderest in age, was one of the merriest of the party. All day long her pretty flower-like face was wreathed in smiles, and her tiny feet pattered about in some gleeful gambol.

Ere the day had, however, grown old, her mother's watchful eye had detected signs of weariness, and she determined to take her home long before the others had dreamt of leaving the scene of their day's pleasure. It required some persuasion to induce Marion to say 'good-bye' to her youthful friends; but Mrs. Phillips, with her mother's tact, managed somehow to accomplish the task, and she and Marion were soon driving home, with Jocko showing his best pace.

**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.