

## Friends at Court

### CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- July 11, Sunday.—Seventh Sunday after Pentecost.  
 „ 12, Monday.—St. John Gualbert, Abbot.  
 „ 13, Tuesday.—St. Anacleus, Pope and Martyr.  
 „ 14, Wednesday.—St. Bonaventure, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.  
 „ 15, Thursday.—St. Henry, Emperor and Confessor.  
 „ 16, Friday.—Commemoration of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel.  
 „ 17, Saturday.—St. Alexius, Confessor.

St. John Gualbert, Abbot.

St. John was born at Florence of noble parents in 999. Like many of the class to which he belonged, he grew up imbued with a pride which would neither brook opposition nor allow any injury to pass unavenged. Having, however, on one occasion, in obedience to the promptings of Divine Grace, forgiven a defenceless enemy, this exercise of Christian charity proved the beginning of his complete conversion. He entered a Benedictine monastery, and afterwards founded the famous abbey and Order of Vallombrosa. He died in 1073.

St. Anacleus, Pope and Confessor.

St. Anacleus, the second successor of St. Peter, was martyred under Trajan about the beginning of the second century.

St. Bonaventure, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.

St. Bonaventure was born in the neighborhood of Florence. Having entered the Franciscan Order, and completed his studies, he became professor in the great University of Paris. He was afterwards elected General of his Order, and received from Pope St. Gregory X. the appointment of Cardinal Bishop of Albano. On account of his great learning, St. Bonaventure is numbered amongst the Doctors of the Church. He died in 1274, at the age of 52. In his panegyric, preached by the Cardinal Bishop of Ostia, afterwards Pope Innocent V., it is stated of him that 'no man ever beheld him who did not conceive a great esteem and affection for him; and even strangers, by hearing him speak, were inspired with a desire to follow his counsel and advice, for he was gentle, affable, humble, prudent, chaste, and adorned with all virtues.'

### GRAINS OF GOLD.

#### GOD IS LOVE.

'God is love!' Let church bells ring it  
 Over wood and field and sea.  
 'God is love!' Let all men sing it  
 In ecstatic jubilee.

But in one place o'er all others  
 Sounds it clearest—there where He  
 Gave on Calvary His Mother,  
 All men's Mother now to be.

Be a follower of the Golden Rule. It is not only the highest morality, but it is a fruitful source of true politeness, and is withal but simple justice.

To most people a humble man is a tame, colorless being, without energy or spirit or character, yielding and plastic. Be assured that humility is not cowardice or weakness.

True science as well as true virtue is modest, humble-minded, and always more depressed by what it sees that it cannot do than elated by what it may have done.—Brownson.

The joy resulting from the diffusion of blessings all around us is the purest and sublimest that can ever enter the human mind, and can be conceived only by those who have experienced it.

## The Storyteller

### MARY'S SON

Francis Morrison was a wealthy bachelor, who, more than a generation ago, inhabited a comfortable mansion on a side street in New York, between the two fashionable avenues of Fifth and Madison. People wondered why its owner had never married; but his secret was his own. Francis Morrison was not a lawyer for nothing. The impassivity of his countenance betrayed little. The sorrow that had made his life different was the breaking of a betrothal by a girl to whom he had been ardently devoted. Her reasons had appeared all sufficient to herself. One of them had been that the man, some years older than herself, had ceased to be a practical Catholic. The girl had soon after married another man. She had been—or so young love had thought—very beautiful, and she had possessed a voice the echoes of which still thrilled him. The songs that she used to sing, varied by the hymns of the Church, often sent the man of business back to his lonely library, where that last scene between them had been enacted, with quivering nerves and aching heart. . . . It had seemed strange that he, plunged in a very whirlpool of affairs, and made much of in society, could not forget. The heart which apparently played so small a part in his organism, once wounded, could not readily be healed.

It was not until Mr. Morrison found the letter on his library table, one evening, that the curtains of the past parted. It was from his former sweetheart. She was a widow, penniless and dying. She asked him by the old tie between them to take her only child—a boy—to bring him up well, and, above all, a good Catholic.

A quizzical expression crossed the stern countenance, contradicting the deep pathos of the eyes as Francis Morrison read that last portion of her request. To bring the lad up a good Catholic seemed a task beyond one who himself had so early strayed from the arms of the Church. Still he must find means to do it. An intense yearning to see her once more seized him. He never gave a thought to the probability that they had drifted far apart in mind, in interests, in their views on life. He found infinitely pathetic that fidelity of hers to the religion which she had always loved, which did not yet preclude a trust, a confidence, that he would do her bidding, where her son was concerned, and to do it loyally.

He sent a servant for a time-table that he might study the trains which should take him to the little New England town from whence she was going forth. But it was too late. Mary was dead! The yellow slip that his man gave him assured him of that.

He managed to reach her late home in time for the funeral, but he missed the last sight of a face that had lost almost every trace of its youthful beauty. It was as well, perhaps, for thus the glamor of romance remained untarnished.

When Mr. Morrison returned to New York, Mary Johnson's son, Edmund, was with him. He was a well-grown and intelligent lad of twelve, with eyes and the voice of his mother, and one danger in store for him—that of being spoiled. Nor did the growing boy ever understand why it was that a light of tenderness shone on the strong, plain face, and the voice which by its very force and directness was accustomed to sway juries, should soften in addressing him. Romance would have been the last idea that Edmund would have associated with his guardian. He did not question why these good things were showered upon him; he accepted them unquestioningly.

In the years that followed, the most absorbing interest in the wealthy lawyer's life was the boy whom he had adopted. Edmund passed brilliantly through a Catholic college. Once his college course was completed, he was received into society with a flourish of trumpets and a warm welcome, especially from the

**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.