

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- July 25, Sunday.—Ninth Sunday after Pentecost. St. James, Apostle.
 „ 26, Monday.—St. Anne, Mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
 „ 27, Tuesday.—St. Pantaleon, Martyr.
 „ 28, Wednesday.—SS. Nazarius, Celsus, etc., Martyrs.
 „ 29, Thursday.—St. Martha, Virgin.
 „ 30, Friday.—SS. Abdon and Sennen, Martyrs.
 „ 31, Saturday.—St. Ignatius Loyola, Confessor.

St. James, Apostle.

St. James was a brother of St. John the Evangelist, and a near relative of the Blessed Virgin. After Pentecost he preached to the Jews, who, having left Judea, had found homes in the neighboring countries. According to a very ancient tradition, he is said to have voyaged to Spain, which honors him as its principal patron. Coming to Jerusalem in 43, St. James was apprehended and beheaded by order of King Agrippa, who, in order to acquire popularity among the Jews, persecuted the Christians.

St. Anne, Mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

St. Anne is proposed to the faithful as a perfect model of a wife and mother, and as special patron of those who have entered into the married state, or are entrusted with the care of children.

St. Ignatius Loyola, Confessor.

St. Ignatius was born at the castle of Loyola, in the north of Spain. He was at first a soldier, but, feeling himself called to a more perfect life, he resolved to become a priest. He completed his studies at the University of Paris, where he gained the affectionate esteem of several young students, who were afterwards the first members of the religious Order which he founded, and which is known as the Society of Jesus. Ignatius was its first Superior, an office which he held until his death, in 1556.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

COMPLINE.

Now the day is over,
 Night is drawing nigh;
 Shadows of the evening
 Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
 Stars begin to peep;
 Birds and beasts and flowers
 Soon will be asleep.

Jesus give the weary
 Calm and sweet repose;
 With Thy tender blessing
 May mine eyelids close.

Grant to little children
 Visions bright of Thee;
 Guard the sailors sailing
 On the dark blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer
 Watching late in pain;
 Those who plan some evil
 From their sin restrain.

Through the long night watches
 May Thine angels spread
 Their white wings above me,
 Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens
 Then may I arise
 Pure and fresh and sinless
 In thy holy eyes.—Amen

The Storyteller

A MIRACLE OF GRACE

It was summer time; and, by the sea where the moonlight fell in a long silver pathway, the man and the girl walked and talked, and told the same 'old story.' Both were young and both thought they loved each other. The man was clean, honest, and sincere—a fervent Catholic. The girl was sweet and pure and true. She was a fervent Methodist. It was not their first walk; they had no desire to be clandestine, and so when the girl's family woke up to the fact that the friendship was growing, and they demanded whether she really cared for this man, she frankly acknowledged the truth; then, like a thunder-clap, came the command:

'Drop him at once. We will have no Roman Catholic in our family.'

That he was respectable, estimable, had a good position, could support her in comfort, made no difference. The girl's tears, remonstrances, defiance even, were of no avail. The doors of her city home whence she had returned, were closed on Herbert. He bitterly resented this treatment, knowing he was beloved, but he tried to console Alice, and impressed his faith on the girl, when he told her to pray to God with him, that circumstances might change, and she might still be his. It went far towards revealing his character, when, becoming desperate, Alice wrote him she would leave home to become his wife, he refused to listen to the idea which he considered dishonorable, and counselled her to obey her parents, and wait for 'God's good time.' Alice was deeply moved, knowing his affection, and being a girl of good sense and intelligence, could not help respecting him the more, because he held to his convictions. Her own Methodist faith troubled her very little in the case. But she grieved intensely over the state of affairs, and although her parents, brothers and sisters saw that she was suffering, their bigotry was so great that they had little pity for her mental sorrow.

Herbert had given her a little printed prayer which he asked her to say often. It was a favorite of his own, and, he told her, he constantly made use of it. Alice treasured the prayer, and it was a sweet joy to her as she recited it many times during the day, to think that perhaps Herbert was saying it at the same time. Over and over again it came to her lips even while she thought of Herbert:

'Sacred Heart of Jesus, I place my trust in Thee.'
 She grew to love the words, and gradually their meaning filtered slowly into her sore heart, and gave it peace.

Alice had a brother James whose business involved frequent trips into other States. He was a handsome young man of 28, while Alice was scarcely 20. James was very devoted to his sister, and often reasoned with her about her 'infatuation,' and counselled her to forget the young Papist. There were plenty of other good men who would jump at her! Alice would grow angry at his counsel, and reproach him for his hard-heartedness. She would tell him she would turn Papist herself some day, and then she could marry the man of her choice. At this James would assume a look of horror, and tell her he would rather see her dead at his feet. But this sister and brother loved each other, and James did all he could 'to cure her of her fancy,' as he phrased it; but all in vain.

Not long after a conversation of this kind, James was obliged to take an extended trip to Ohio, where he was to remain several months. He was a fine young man, fairly well-educated in the common schools, but having intelligence and wit; and wherever he went always made friends. He was very good-looking; and it was often remarked that it was strange he never married. He would smile and say the right one had not appeared. Was it fate, or rather Providence, that caused him to meet Miss Bessie Wafford at a social held at a friend's house? Bessie was just 24, a brilliant, educated, witty, yet wholly modest and un-