

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- August 6, Sunday.—Ninth Sunday After Pentecost.
The Transfiguration of Our Lord.
„ 7, Monday, St. Cajetan, Confessor.
„ 8, Tuesday.—SS. Cyriacus and Companions, Martyrs.
„ 9, Wednesday.—St. Emygdus, Bishop and Martyr.
„ 10, Thursday.—St. Lawrence, Martyr.
„ 11, Friday.—St. Sixtus II., Pope and Martyr.
„ 12, Saturday.—St. Clare, Virgin.

St. Emygdus, Bishop and Martyr.

St. Emygdus, a native of Rhenish Prussia, was consecrated Bishop of Ascalon by Pope Marcellus. After a saintly life, memorable for the miracles which God wrought through his instrumentality, he was martyred during the persecution of Diocletian.

St. Lawrence, Martyr.

There are few martyrs whose names are so famous throughout the Church as that of St. Lawrence. St. Augustine and St. Ambrose join in praising him, and innumerable churches have been erected in his honor, more particularly in Rome, which was the scene of his martyrdom. This extraordinary veneration is the result of the heroic constancy with which he suffered for the Faith. He was slowly roasted to death in the persecution of Valerian, A.D. 258. Prudentius ascribes to his prayers the conversion of Rome, and states that his death was the death of idolatry in that city.

St. Sixtus II., Pope and Martyr.

St. Sixtus, a Greek by birth, ruled the Church for about a year. He gained the martyr's crown, three days before St. Lawrence, in 258.

THE HEART LIKE HIS.

Be still, my heart, beneath the rod,
And murmur not;
He too was Man—the Son of God—
And shared thy lot.

Shared all that we can suffer here,
The wrong, the loss,
The bloody sweat, the scourge, the sneer,
The Crown, the Cross.

The final terror of the tomb,
His guiltless head
Self-consecrated to the doom
We merited.

Then languish not for Eden's lost
Or vanished bliss;
The heart that suffers most, the most
Resembles His!

—Sacred Heart Review.

Home is the place of the highest joys: religion should sanctify it. Home is the sphere of the deepest sorrows; the highest consolation of religion should sweeten it with the joy of confidence. Home discovers all faults; religion should bless it with abundance of charity. Home is the place for impressions, for instruction and culture; there should religion open her treasures of wisdom and pronounce her heavenly benediction.

Many of the sins of which we are guilty originate in the wrong use of right things. What is gluttony but the wrong use of appetite? Envy is the degenerate spirit of emulation. When its object is an evil or wrong, anger is a noble feeling; it is a deadly sin when it vents itself as revenge or hatred. Covetousness is self-love, seeking advantage at the expense of the welfare or happiness of another. We shall find that nearly all the muddy streams in our lives begin in the spring, which God made to be pure and sweet and crystalline.

The Storyteller

THE CALL

(Concluded from last week.)

It was early morning when Steve mounted the last long swell of prairie that stretched across the part of his domain which faced the front door of his ranch. He slowed up his horse, dismounted, hung his sombrero on the horn of his saddle, and began walking leisurely the last mile to his home. It was a long ride from Payara to his ranch.

The dawn was breaking away off in the eastern sky; a slight breeze was coming across the land; it blew the hair back from his temples and cooled a brow which had become heated by mental combat. During that ride home a mighty battle raged within him. The power of music had taken hold of him; it was forcing him to think of things which he didn't want to think of—things which he had been trying to forget, which he had almost forgotten. We can't realise how it happens, but we have all experienced it—that wonderful something in music, that something which recalls the forgotten friend to mind, the old boyhood home, the distant form of a father or a mother. This 'Ave Maria' to-night was the first potent something from Steve Randolph's past which he had felt in many years, and it stirred him to the very foundation.

Now as he walked, he saw again the picture which had photographed itself on his mind as the musician played. Then he thought of the quarrel with this very girl; and how it in itself had forced him to go away, forever, into the south-west. Then the picture came again. He closed his nostrils, because he imagined he could smell the flower-perfumed breeze as it smelt in that gloaming time. Something irresistible was forcing him to return to the reality of that scene. From without the days of his childhood and young manhood there arose ideals and phantoms of persons, long since forgotten, as he thought. The teachings of his youth stood up before him and faced him. He combated all these things—had combated them the entire way home from Payara, but the strength of the reminiscences that overflowed him was too great.

The next day Steve started, because he could not resist the painful longing which came over him. As he journeyed eastward he changed his western clothes, and when he stepped from the train in his own city he was the typical Southerner once more. He came to the house in the older part of the town—the home which had been his in days gone by. He looked upon it with that joy in his countenance which usually belongs to all of us when gazing upon something which once meant happiness. This rambling house had been his home when a boy.

Randolph noted with pleasure that the house, though closed, bore unmistakable signs of having been taken care of. 'I guess old Mammy Liddy is still living on the place,' he mused. He entered the gate, and went round to the back door. Sure enough, there was old Mammy Liddy sitting in the sunshine, peeling potatoes as though she had never left off since the morning he departed. She arose, gazing at him curiously.

'So it am you at las', Marse Steve? I 'spected you'd come back to de ole place some ob dese days. I wants to look at you closer; dese ole eyes am growin' dim.' After a nearer inspection. 'You looks more like de ole Marse dan when you went. All but de eyes. Dere you's still like de Mistus, your mother.'

'Are you glad to see me, Mammy Liddy?'
'Glad, is I? Ob course I is. Dis house, an dis ole nigger 'as been a-waitin' a long time to see you. For dat reason de place am ready to receib its marse. You jus' come in an' rest while I prepares de dinner.'

She led the way into the house and into the library, which she soon lit up by throwing open the blinds.

'You see, Marse Steve, it am ready for you, as I sed. I'll jus' go an' open de front doah, an' let some air into de hall. Den I'll hurry de dinner.'