

## Friends at Court

### CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- August 27, Sunday.—Twelfth Sunday after Pentecost. Feast of the Most Pure Heart of Mary.
- „ 28, Monday.—St. Augustine, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
- „ 29, Tuesday.—Beheading of St. John the Baptist.
- „ 30, Wednesday.—St. Fiacre, Confessor.
- „ 31, Thursday.—St. Raymund Nonnatus, Confessor.
- September 1, Friday.—St. Louis, King and Confessor.
- „ 2, Saturday.—St. Stephen, King of Hungary, Confessor.

#### Feast of the Most Pure Heart of Mary.

God, having selected Mary to be the Mother of His Divine Son, bestowed on her with a lavish hand the graces which were necessary to fit her for her exalted office. On various days throughout the year some one or other of the principal events in the life of the Blessed Virgin, or of the privileges which she received from God, form the subject of our consideration. To-day we contemplate that interior perfection which made her heart a glowing furnace of divine love, and gave to her most trivial actions a spiritual excellence which none of the saints have equalled.

#### St. Fiacre, Confessor.

St. Fiacre was an Irishman who, having crossed over into France, lived for many years in a solitude not far from Meaux. His life there was most austere—a continued exercise of prayer and heavenly contemplation, which he interrupted only to afford relief to the poor, or to attend to those who, led by the fame of his sanctity, came to seek his advice. After his death in 670, his tomb became famous for numerous miracles, and was resorted to by pilgrims from all parts of France.

### GRAINS OF GOLD

#### IN THEE MY HOPE.

In thee my hope was anchored fast,  
Sweet Mother, in that distant past  
When youthful fervor grew apace,  
And love o'erleapt the bounds of space  
My heart upon thine own to cast.

Since then full oft I've stood aghast  
At ruin wrought by sin's hot blast,  
Yet in extremes ne'er failed to place  
In thee my hope.

Oh! grant, dear Mother, when at last  
Approaching Death opes dangers vast,  
When run for aye is my brief race,  
Confidingly I may embrace—  
With courage all through life amassed—  
In thee my hope.

—Ave Maria.

The chief cause of our misery is less the violence of our passions than the feebleness of our virtues.

The grandest of heroic deeds are those which are performed within four walls and in domestic privacy.

The best training for wider service is the conscientious fulfilling of the common, every-day duties we have to meet.

It is a good thing to be rich, and a good thing to be strong, but it is a better thing to be beloved by many friends.

The basis of true scholarship is humility. To live in an atmosphere of divine dissatisfaction with one's self means growth towards perfection.

## The Storyteller

### THE PHILANDERER

It was a happy girl was Molly that year, though there had been just the same scramble to make ends meet as there had always been; yet the sky had been bluer and the song of the birds sweeter than ever before. And all because Julian Benet had come home.

How well Molly remembered old Catharine coming in and saying:

'D'ye mind, Miss Molly, Mr. Benet's brother's come home?'

Molly had known John Benet since she was a mite and he a shy, good-natured lad of sixteen; but his brother Julian had been taken away by an uncle, and educated as a Benet ought to be; for, like Molly's own people, they were gentlefolk, though it took them all their time to keep their heads above water.

'His uncle's died, an' left all the money to the wife's family,' went on Catharine, 'it's a fine disappointment for Mr. Julian! Ye'll be seeing him at Mass on Sunday.'

Which prediction, however, was not fulfilled.

His fame had preceded him. He was a poet. One of his effusions had been printed in an obscure magazine, copies whereof he sent to his friends. The Squire had sniffed disdainfully at it, and Molly had failed to understand it, but the fact of its existence invested the writer with a certain interest.

So he came, saw Molly, and constituted himself her cavalier.

She was a pretty, winsome little thing, with thick, soft brown hair, and big lustrous brown eyes, in which she had not the very slightest idea how easy it was for Julian Benet to read unbounded admiration of his talented self. He found this employment eminently agreeable.

'It is so refreshing—I may call you Molly, mayn't I, when we are alone, as we've known each other all our lives?—to find some one to whom I can impart my inmost thoughts,' he said, flattered to see Molly's eyelids droop in sweet confusion under his gaze.

'You are a good deal with the Squire's little girl, Julian,' remarked his brother one day, Molly being secretly enshrined in the speaker's heart as the best and fairest of womankind.

'She is a congenial little thing,' observed the Poet condescendingly.

John Benet looked at him gravely.

'You're hardly in a position to marry, Ju, and unless you mean marriage, you ought not risk making the little girl fond of you.'

'The question of marriage'—Julian's tone held limitless offence in it—'is my own affair. Genius is not to be weighed and measured like sheep and turnips.'

'Possibly,' returned his brother, unmoved by the sarcasm, 'but Molly Creagh is too good a girl to be trifled with.'

'That idea,' returned the Poet loftily, 'arises from your limited outlook.'

And he went off to call on Molly, who was sitting puzzling over housekeeping matters.

'Come into the garden,' he said, 'I want a talk.'

'Just for a minute,' answered Molly, in a delightful flutter, 'I have heaps to do. Olivia Waite is coming to live with us.'

'And who may Olivia Waite be?'

'Our distant cousin. She has always lived in America. Now her people are dead, and—don't tell anybody, father hates the idea, but Olivia insists—she is coming as paying guest.'

'Is she rich?'

'Oh, no. She says'—producing a letter—'I would rather be with you than with strangers, if you will take me for what I can afford to pay.'"

'And then,' objected Julian, a tender inflection in his voice, 'I shall see less of you than ever.'

'But—we do see each other very often, and—there is father to consider,' and Molly glancing up, the look in her eyes almost overcame Julian's prudence,