

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

May 30, Sunday.—Pentecost Sunday.
 „ 31, Monday.—Of the Octave.
 June 1, Tuesday.—Of the Octave.
 „ 2, Wednesday.—Of the Octave. Ember Day.
 „ 3, Thursday.—Of the Octave.
 „ 4, Friday.—Of the Octave. Ember Day.
 „ 5, Saturday.—Of the Octave. Ember Day.

Pentecost Sunday.

On this day, in accordance with the promise of Christ, the Holy Ghost, the Third Person of the Adorable Trinity, descended on the Apostles. 'This day,' Butler remarks, 'is the birthday of the Church. Christ had indeed begun to form His Church during His ministry on earth, when He assembled His disciples, selected His Apostles, and placed St. Peter at their head. But by the descent of the Holy Ghost He completed His revelation, and gave to His Apostles a special and extraordinary assistance, by which they were directed and preserved from all error in teaching. He thus, as it were, infused a soul into His mystical body—the Church—and endowed it with a vigorous principle of life and action. From this time its rulers, ministers, and officers, being completely commissioned and qualified by the miraculous effusion of the Holy Ghost, set themselves to exercise their respective functions in governing and propagating the spiritual kingdom of Christ, which was then perfectly settled and established.'

GRAINS OF GOLD

A PRAYER.

Thy love and patient tenderness I crave,
 Heart pierced and torn one day on Calvary—
 Eternal Godhead, murdered like a slave!
 Sorrow and slights Thy portion to the grave;
 And, since that ignominy was for me,
 Crush Thou within my soul all vain desires,
 Resolve them into pure and holy fires;
 Endure my nothingness, its falls forgive;
 Deign to uphold me, or I cannot live.
 Hatred and falsehood banish far away,
 Embrace me with Thy mercy every day,
 Aid me when Satan with the world conspires.
 Red flowed Thy lifeblood once: oh, may that crimson
 stain
 To my redeemed soul no more appeal in vain!

—Ave Maria.

It is far more merciful to train a child to submit to authority—by means of the physical pain of some good whipping—than to let it go unpunished and thus lay the foundation of a miserable life.—*Schoolmaster.*

If there be a mote in your eye, remove it at once. Otherwise you cannot look the world straight in the face. Further, there will be a cloudiness, a haze, about your character which will be noticeable to those about you.

Over three doors of the Cathedral of Milan, Italy, are three inscriptions. The first, amid a wreath of sculptured roses, reads: 'All which pleases us is but for a moment.' Over another door, around a sculptured cross, we read: 'All that which troubles us is but for a moment.' On the central door we read: 'That only is important which is eternal.'

When the shadows of night are gone, when the hand of God unlocks the gates of morning and gives to the world the unspeakable blessing, in which His creatures may go their several ways—some to meet the morning with a smile, some to work and some to suffer and to weep, but all, if they only wish it, to draw nearer and nearer to God and to God's eternal rest—is there one of His creatures but should offer every thought, every word, and every action of that day to Him?

We should endeavor to perform all our actions with an upright intention, having in view God's honor and the interests of truth, justice, and charity. Resolve, then, to make every morning an oblation of your actions to God. This daily consecration will sanctify your life. It will give a certain holy impulse to your work. Sell the fruit of your mental and physical labor as dearly as possible. Then your days will be full. Then though your life will be short it will be full of merit. Then every act will be a prayer which will pierce the clouds. It will be a sacrifice most pleasing to the Lord.

The Storyteller

THE SHEEP HERDER

Mack, shivering on the doorstep, his muzzle pressed close against a narrow crack in the door, quit snuffing lustfully at the smell of frying bacon long enough to cock one ear at the swirl behind him. The breathless swish of wind-driven snow was all about him. He listened a moment and turned, whining, to the crack again.

He hated the cold and the bitter drive of the storm, and he was hungry with the hunger that comes to growing dogs and children. He could hear Dot setting the table, and he could smell the coffee boiling—not that he cared for coffee, however. It was the bacon—and the warm boards behind the stove just under the reservoir where he could curl up and sleep—and it was Dot with her soft hands patting his sleek, black head and making believe pulling his ears. When Mike was gone he was not shut out like this to freeze, and he was not kicked cruelly in the ribs either. He hated Mike and he hated Mike's big overshoes, that were at this very minute lying in his favorite place under the reservoir, making the boards nasty and wet with melting snow. If Mike were a dog—

Surely there was something, back there in the storm. Mack stopped whining, listened, shook the snow off his back, and rushed out to the gate, barking loudly. There he waited, bow-wowing hysterically, keeping one eye on the floor behind him.

In a moment the knob turned and Mike's tousled head appeared in a jealously meagre opening, while the warmth of the kitchen, doing battle with the cold from without, enveloped head and shoulders in a white haze.

'O'm back here, you fool, you! C'm 'ere!'

Mack only barked the louder.

And then even Mike's dull ears heard alien sounds—the yelp, yelp of sheepdogs and the confused murmur of many animals.

A shape took form beyond the gate and a voice greeted Mack, who subsided after a querulous growl or two that he should have made such a mistake.

'Hello! C'm in, whoever yuh be,' called Mike, and opened the door wider. Mack, trying to sneak in unnoticed behind the stranger, got another kick for his pains, and retired to nurse his wrath and his ribs in the coal shed.

Mike shut the door and growled at the cold.

'Oh, it's you, Joe! Come up t' the fire and thaw out. Didn't walk, did yuh?'

Thanky, Mike. I can't stop. My sheep's out here. I just stopped t' get located, for I was plumb lost. I seen the light, but I couldn't tell who's 'twas.'

'Sheep driftin', hey? Hope they pile over a cut bank som'ers. Supper's about ready—ain't it, Dot? You warm up a little, and then we'll eat.'

A fair-haired girl in blue dress and checked apron was kneeling on the further side of the stove taking something from the oven. The man looked again and saw it was biscuits—long rows of biscuits in a pan with crusty, light brown tops and a delicious smell.

'Why, Joe Porter! You sure have drifted off your range, haven't you? You're just in time. Supper's ready, and I guess there's plenty of it.'

She smiled at him, showing him three dimples and a row of pretty teeth, surely an unfair array of weapons to flash before a weary man's face. And the biscuits—and the bacon. He smiled back at her, but shook his head regretfully.

'It looks good—all right—but I can't stop. The dogs can hold the sheep t'gether for a few minutes, but I can't stop t' supper. The river ain't fenced down here in your field, is it, Mike?'

'You still herdin' fur Taylor?' Mike's face took on a crafty smile. He hated Taylor and he hated Taylor's sheep. He stopped just short of hating Taylor's herder as well. 'Man, you're crazy t' follow them fool sheep a night like this. They'll stay in the field likely. My line fence is good; it'll hold 'em. Set down and take off them overshoes and git yer feet in the oven.'

'Is the river fenced?' persisted Joe.

Mike moved the coffee pot from the back of the stove to the hearth, where the steam of it smote the herd's nostrils; his empty stomach yearned after it.

'Aw, never mind the river; come and eat yer supper. If yuh want t' commit suicide they's easier ways than freezin'.'

'I'll have t' go; much obliged, Mike. I couldn't get 'em home against this storm, so I'll just have t' stay with 'em. There ain't—could I get 'em in a corral or some place for the night, Mike?'