

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- June 6, Sunday.—Trinity Sunday.
 „ 7, Monday.—St. Augustine of Canterbury, Bishop and Confessor.
 „ 8, Tuesday.—St. Angela Merici, Virgin.
 „ 9, Wednesday.—St. Columba, Abbot.
 „ 10, Thursday.—Feast of Corpus Christi.
 „ 11, Friday.—St. Barnabas, Apostle.
 „ 12, Saturday.—St. Leo III., Pope and Confessor.

Feast of Corpus Christi.

As the Adorable Trinity is the essential and primary object of all religion and of all festivals, so the august Eucharist is the perpetual sacrifice and the holiest worship we can render to the Trinity. In other words, every day is a festival of the Trinity which we adore, and of the Eucharist by which we adore it. The special feast of the Blessed Eucharist, which we celebrate to-day, was instituted in the thirteenth century. 'Without doubt,' says Urban IV., in the Bull of Institution, 'Holy Thursday is the true festival of the Holy Sacrament, but on that day the Church is so much occupied in bewailing the death of her Spouse that it was good to take another day, when she might manifest all her joy and supply for what she could not do on Holy Thursday.'

St. Leo III., Pope and Confessor.

St. Leo, a Roman by birth and a member of the Order of St. Benedict, was elected Pope in 795. During a pontificate of twenty years he displayed singular prudence in the management of public affairs. His zeal for the propagation of the Catholic Faith was equalled only by his solicitude for the poor and sick. In the year 800 he crowned Charlemagne in St. Peter's, thus establishing the Empire of the West.

GRAINS OF GOLD

VESPER HYMN.

All-bounteous Builder of the earth,
 Who, when Thou gav'st the world its birth,
 Rolled back the waters with Thine hand,
 And so securely fixed the land.

That these the seeds of all things bright
 Might burst in beauty soon to light—
 The fragrant flowers, the golden fruit,
 The grassy mead, the generous root.

Oh, let Thy grace descend like dew,
 And wash the wounds our sins renew,
 Till, by our tears at length made clean,
 No more the dreadful scars be seen.

So that our hearts may keep Thy law,
 And from all evil thoughts withdraw
 But, glad in all things pure below,
 In death's approach no fear may know.

This grant, O Father, only One;
 And Thou, His sole-begotten Son;
 In union with the Spirit, He
 Who reigns with both eternally.

—Ave Maria.

We are all apt to be prejudiced against what we don't understand.

Watch a man driving a borrowed horse and you can tell whether he has any pity for his own.

Block the windows of your heart with dirt, and it will not be strange if you deny the divine light.

There is something missing in a man's religion when he has to be shown the rule before he will do right.

No life is so short that it has no time for good and kindly deeds, nor so long it can delay their doing.

Few attributes add so much to one's personal power as the knowledge that one is absolutely genuine and sincere.

No real artist ever became an artist through secondary motives. A vocation is a vocation, potent, irresistible.

If your life is a perpetual lie, if you know that you are not what you pretend to be, you cannot be strong. There is a continuous struggle with the truth going on inside you which saps your energy and warps character.

The Storyteller

MIGUEL AND MARIA

James Fleming turned everything he touched to gold. The world thought him the most fortunate of men. Having come from humble beginnings, he had achieved power, wealth, social position, the envy of his fellows. He had a beautiful Spanish wife; whose face of stormy beauty attracted all eyes to it wherever she appeared. He adored his Mercedes, and she him. He was handsome also in a dark, un-English way. Flemings had been connected a long time with the Southern Spanish town, where he had met and loved Mercedes. His own mother had been a Spaniard. Life was not always smooth sailing with the Spanish wife and semi-Spanish husband; but James Fleming would have told you, if you had got into his confidence, that there was no wife like a Spanish one. He despised the smoother happiness of his fellows as one who loved the changing sea might despise a backwater.

Life, indeed, had been lavish in her gifts to these two. Only—there is always an only—the children had died, one after another—had just blossomed to lovely buds of babyhood, and then died. Four little sons and a little daughter had been given to them, only to be taken away again. The children explained the passionate desolation in the great eyes of Mercedes as she sat at ball or opera, the admiration of all beholders, her eyes, under the tiara of diamonds, dark stars of despair. Her husband would have given her anything—anything. He had sometimes an uneasy sense that he had been cruel to her in robbing her of her religion. But even he had no idea of the remorse that was in her heart—of how, as each child was lost to her, she bowed her head beneath the just scourge of God.

If James Fleming had been altogether English he would have been less violent in his denials of the faith he and she alike had been brought up in. He would, at all events, in all probability, have let his wife alone. As it was, he was jealous of even God himself, although he would have said there was no God. He could not have borne her to have thoughts and feelings in which he could not share. He set himself through her love for him to rob her of her faith; and he seemed to have succeeded. Only he had not succeeded altogether. Poor Mercedes had indeed lost a God of Love, but she had found a terrible and threatening God—a God of Fear. She never doubted the justice that rained blow after blow upon her. She had chosen a man before God, and God did well to be angry.

If James Fleming had been altogether an Englishman he would have been incapable of the hatred of religion and the priests which he displayed openly, causing thereby disquiet in the minds of many of his friends, who looked upon the violence as a sign of ill-breeding—a constant reminder that Fleming was but a half-breed after all. Their indifference to religion was positive indifference. Monty Lanyon, a well-known man about town, only said what his fellows were thinking when he remarked with a shrug of his shoulders that Fleming must believe in something, or why he so violent in his statements that there was nothing to believe. 'Take my word for it,' said Monty, who was a philosopher as well as a man about town, 'that Fleming will go back to it all before he dies; something will happen, and he will go back. I may not live to see it, but some of you fellows will.'

There was a butler in James Fleming's house whose manner towards his master and mistress had been unusual enough for a servant to attract here and there the notice of a discerning guest. He was a little, dark-faced man, with very bright eyes, and a quick, bright smile when a friendly person happened to speak to him. He had attracted the notice of Monty Lanyon a long time ago. Monty always spoke to him now with an unusual friendliness, and Miguel's face would light up in response. He was a Spaniard from the same town as Mr. and Mrs. Fleming, and he had been in James Fleming's service before his marriage.

Mr. Lanyon did not often share his discoveries with his less-discerning fellows, but to his nephew George, whose wit he valued as being in the direct line of descent from his own, he imparted certain results of his observations.

'Miguel is as deft as they make them,' he said. 'I don't know what I wouldn't give for such a servant. Note the air of solicitude with which he watches Madame. There is something fatherly and motherly both in it; there is also a suggestion, to me, that Madame might break down in some way at any moment. Miguel has a little brown wife, Maria, who runs the entire establishment. I have seen her going softly upstairs when Madame has not appeared, and I am sure it is to be with her. Miguel loves