

## Friends at Court

### CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- May 30, Sunday.—Trinity Sunday.  
 „ 31, Monday.—St. Angela Mericia, Virgin.  
 June 1, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.  
 „ 2, Wednesday.—SS. Marcellinus and Companions,  
 Martyrs.  
 „ 3, Thursday.—Feast of Corpus Christi.  
 „ 4, Friday.—Of the Octave.  
 „ 5, Saturday.—Of the Octave.

#### Trinity Sunday.

To-day we are not asked to imitate the virtues of some saint, or to contemplate the merciful dealings of God with man. We are taken up, as it were, into the Holy of Holies, and invited to gaze on the radiant perfection of God as the Blessed see Him—one God in Three Divine Persons. Until the fourteenth century this feast was not generally celebrated in the Church, for the reason that all festivals in the Christian religion are truly festivals of the Holy Trinity, since they are only means to honor the Blessed Trinity, and steps to raise us to it as the true and only term of our worship. As Pope Alexander writes in the eleventh century: 'The Roman Church has no particular festival of the Trinity, because she honors it every day, and every hour of the day, all her offices containing its praises, and concluding with a tribute of glory to it.'

#### St. Angela Mericia, Virgin.

St. Angela was born near Brescia, in the north of Italy. Living a very austere life, she devoted herself to the work of instructing the ignorant, relieving the needy, and visiting the sick and imprisoned. She is recognised as the foundress of the well-known Order of Ursuline nuns, though the Order did not receive Papal approval until four years after her death, which occurred in 1540.

### GRAINS OF GOLD.

#### LITANY OF PEACE.

God the Father, God the Son,  
 God the Spirit, Three in One;  
 That Thy will on earth be done  
 We beseech Thee, hear us!

God of mercy, Thee we pray  
 Turn not from our plea away;  
 That Thou list to us to-day,  
 We beseech Thee, hear us!

Heart of Jesus, Heart of Peace,  
 From all discord send release;  
 That War's havoc soon may cease,  
 We beseech Thee, hear us!

Heart of Jesus, pity those  
 Suffering from hatred's woes;  
 Breathe Thy love o'er friends and foes,  
 We beseech Thee, hear us!

Jesus, Whom we all adore,  
 End the nations' battle sore;  
 Grant them peace for evermore,  
 We beseech Thee, hear us!

Through the Father and the Son,  
 Through the Spirit, Three in One;  
 That Thy Will on earth be done  
 We beseech Thee, hear us!

—AMADEUS, O.S.F.

What the world calls heroism and sacrifice in the lives of Catholic Sisterhoods is with them simply corresponding to the grace of vocation. It is God's will manifested in their lives.

It is useless to subdue the flesh by abstinence, unless one gives up his irregular life, and abandons vices which defile his soul.—St. Benedict.

## The Storyteller

### THE IMPOSSIBLE MANNERS OF COUSIN BECKY

One mild, hazy morning in May the postman worked slowly back and forth across Stuyvesant place—the shady street, only a block long, that is tucked away in a corner of Washington. Presently, arriving at the front door of Billy Keenan's house, he delivered into the hands of Mrs. Billy a letter postmarked 'Haverly, Pa.'

'Oh!' cried Mrs. Billy Keenan, with a smile flashing across her flushed face. 'It's from Cousin Becky. Whatever can she be up to?'

The postman had no information to give on that subject, and departed with a genial grin. Mrs. Billy carried the letter into the kitchen, where for some time she had been wrestling with a refractory peach cobbler for dinner. When she had read the brief letter she laughed, and exclaimed aloud, 'The very thing! I wish Billy would come right away to hear it!'

But it so happened that at the moment Billy was standing in a group of Mrs. Billy's 'in-laws,' in their sumptuous house in Dupont Circle, he was listening to a plot against Mrs. Billy.

'There's no reason under the sun,' Billy's mother declared energetically, 'why your wife shouldn't come with us this year to the coast of Maine, instead of staying in this hot, hot city.'

Billy, a rising and enthusiastic member of the Forest Service, stared uneasily at his mother. 'No reason under the sun,' he murmured, 'except the 40 dollars a week for her board, when our house isn't paid for yet.'

Thereupon, Billy's sister Belle, who had married 20,000 dollars a year, entered the argument with a broadside. Belle never missed an opportunity to deliver an adverse opinion in Billy's presence or a complimentary one behind his back. 'What if you do miss one payment on that little cooped-up house of yours! The very idea, anyway, of buying a house off there in such a very commonplace neighborhood! If you insist on your wife's coming with us she'll meet some of the best people in Washington.'

Billy stuck out his chest and said, 'Shucks!' And then he democratically added, 'The very best people live in our neighborhood!'

'When Senator Brown's wife met her here last week,' said Mrs. Keenan, 'she said that your wife was one of the dearest girls she had ever met. And the Senator and his wife are to occupy rooms on the same floor with us.'

Billy's chest fell and his chin dropped meditatively. Half an hour later he walked away from the neighborhood of Dupont Circle, where dwelt the other members of the Keenan family, toward Stuyvesant Place, in which children played noisily and real neighbors sat out in their little dooryards and called cheerily to each other. And as he walked, his jaw was set for an argument with Mrs. Billy.

From their front steps she saw him coming, and hastened to meet him with an open letter in her hand. Billy, being engaged in mustering the points of his argument, did not see that her eyes were glowing with joyful news. He even failed to notice the open letter.

The moment they met he launched forth upon his argument. 'Well, your fate for the summer has been decided,' he began, with an effort to be jocular. 'It's you for the hotel piazza and the cool surf and association with the first families of the land, while I'm grubbing round among the pines of Wyoming.'

By the time he was ready to make the telling points of his argument, they had reached the tiny living-room of the house on which a payment was almost due.

'You know, dear,' he went on, 'that when the matter of the year's appropriations comes up in Congress, Senator Brown always tries to cut down on the Forest Service. He shows that he has never given our work the study it deserves.' Billy always became en-

**IN COLD WEATHER**

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