

## Friends at Court

### GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- June 18, Sunday.—Trinity Sunday.  
 „ 19, Monday.—St. Juliana Falconieri, Virgin.  
 „ 20, Tuesday.—St. Silverius, Pope and Martyr.  
 „ 21, Wednesday.—St. Aloysius Gonzaga, Confessor.  
 „ 22, Thursday.—Feast of Corpus Christi.  
 „ 23, Friday.—Of the Octave.  
 „ 24, Saturday.—St. John the Baptist.

#### 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.'

#### 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.'

### GRAINS OF GOLD.

#### AT BENEDICTION.

Into the censer's glowing cup  
 The dust of frankincense I pour,  
 And watch the perfumed smoke leap up  
 To cloud the lighted chancel o'er.

Ah, King, upon Thy throne of might,  
 I would these grains within the flame  
 Were each a world of golden light—  
 A holocaust unto Thy name.

Yea, King, but I, Thy servant low,  
 Give Thee more joy than worlds impart;  
 Behold the thoughts of love that glow  
 Within the censer of my heart.

—*Messenger.*

To live for others, to suffer for others, is the inevitable condition of our being. To accept the condition gladly is to find it crowned with its joys.

Kindness is the overflowing of self upon others. We put others in the place of self. We treat them as we would wish to be treated ourselves.—Father Faber.

It is better to reconcile an enemy than to conquer him. Your victory may deprive him of his power to hurt for the present; but reconciliation disarms him even of his will to injure.

## The Storyteller

### AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR

Visitors to the little town of Brakely always paused to see the flowers that clustered about Mrs. Anna Dunn's home. The sun shone no warmer there than it did into hundreds of other yards in the village; the soil there was no more fertile, yet in no other place did the crimson ramblers lift such rich profusion of color, nowhere else did dahlias grow so large or hollyhocks raise more multiflowered stalks. From the time when the first crocus opened its eye to the spring until the frosts nipped the last blossom of golden glow, Anna Dunn's dooryard was abloom.

'Seems kind of sinful to me, spending so much time over flowers,' commented Mrs. Brownell.

Mrs. Brownell was one of those tall, angular women whose clothes hang loosely on their spare shoulders. She suggested neither repose nor energy; a sort of negatively good personality, common in small towns. It would have been hard to imagine her as having been pretty or young. Near by was her daughter Ella. Youth betrayed itself with her only by a brighter color in her face; her figure was as severe as the mother's. Ella put down a frame of embroidery she was working and looked across the way.

There she saw Anna Dunn, a light shawl thrown over her stooped shoulders, watering her flowers. The waning light was kindly to the woman; smoothing out the lines in her face and leaving a soft, wistful expression. She touched her flowers lovingly, tying a rose-bush into place, or clipping away a faded blossom to make room for a bud.

'Mrs. Dunn is failing. I notice it every time I see her,' the daughter began, following the unspoken trend of her mother's thoughts, as those do who live together.

'She was good-looking when she first came here,' Mrs. Brownell said. 'The Irish are often fine appearing when they are young. I used to watch her and her husband going down the street to church with the other Catholics from up the hill and think she was the prettiest woman in town. You wouldn't know her for the same person.'

'She doesn't go to the Catholic church now, does she?'

'I guess it's twenty years since she went last.' For that time and longer Mrs. Brownell and her daughter had sat on their porch and watched the little world of Brakely pass their door.

A rattling farm waggon lumbered by and lost itself in a cloud of dust further up the road. Mrs. Brownell's eye followed it and rested on a church spire, crowned by a weather-cock that sprang out above the trees. Her glance drifted back to the woman among the flowers.

'Of course we ought to be thankful that she's left the Catholics and their superstitious ways. She did that after her husband was taken away. They said that she and the priest had trouble about a cemetery lot. I don't think she ought to go back to the Catholics, but it is too sad for her not to have some church connection—and our meeting-house so near!'

'We should make a special effort to have her join with us.'

'She's been invited often enough, goodness knows,' said Mrs. Brownell. 'Mr. Thompson, our minister before Mr. Miller came, used to call on her and urge her to become a member of our Church, but she just smiled and said she guessed she was through with religion now.'

'I've noticed that when Catholics quit their Church they don't generally go to any other.'

'But there was Mrs. Bates,' the daughter put in, 'she that was Mrs. Burns. She always went down to her church, and we used to wonder how a lady with so much money could associate with the mere Irish. When Mr. Bates became acquainted with her and proposed marriage, we found out that her first husband wasn't