

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- May 15, Sunday.—Pentecost Sunday.
 " 16, Monday.—Pentecost Monday.
 " 17, Tuesday.—Pentecost Tuesday.
 " 18, Wednesday.—Of the Octave. Ember Day.
 " 19, Thursday.—Of the Octave.
 " 20, Friday.—Of the Octave. Ember Day.
 " 21, 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

ALTAR GIFTS.

'Hearts of silver and hearts of gold
 Men had brought in days of old
 To Thy shrine for offering,
 Lord my King!

Gold and jewels, incense rare,
 Roses with their heart's blood fair,
 Saints and martyrs had Thee given,
 Christ my Heaven.

Rose nor incense, blood nor gem,
 Have I for Thy diadem;
 Worthy of Thy smallest thought
 Have I naught.

Poor and common are my flowers,
 Worthless all my days and hours,
 Yet beneath Thine altar's shade
 Be they laid.

—*Ave Maria.*

He who wishes to be happier than others must first consider others.

Good companionship does not depend upon accident, but upon selection.

Success is utter failure if achieved by the sacrifice of moral principles.

Let your means overrun your wants, not your wants overrun your means.

The right key to a happy life is patience with little annoyance, whether they pertain to self or others. It has been well said that happiness depends much upon 'cultivating our growth of small pleasures.' The face that laughs in a mirror sees another that laughs back. Cultivate a happy disposition and let others see it. The bright, cheery face will be reflected in many another face. Down with the black flag of ill-temper that selfishly gives no quarter, and up with a banner of good cheer, that, being helpful to the world at large, is itself helped.

Don't whine! Take what comes to you and do your best with it. Make the bravest fight you can; strain yourself to see the cheerful side of things, even the funny side of the mishaps you cannot help. Strangle complaints with a laugh—a cheery laugh is good for heart and brain, and clears the mists from the eyes of faith. Endure what must needs be endured, go forward bravely. A day is not a day well spent unless you have tried to send a ray of sunshine into some clouded life. What will you do to-day? You may be busy here and there with your household cares or the vexatious details of your business, but you should take time to make some one happy. 'Taking up one's cross' means simply that you are to go the road you see to be the straight one; carrying whatever you find is given you to carry, as well and stoutly as you can; without complaining or calling people to come and look at you. Who watching our lives and following us as we go about our daily avocations would dream that we are laying the foundation for an eternal mansion? Who, viewing our conduct, would ever imagine that we are conscious our actions and thoughts are all stamping with an indelible mark our life beyond the grave?

The Storyteller

PITIED OF ANGELS

The Church of the Holy Angels is vast and beautiful. Standing in a prominent position in one of the largest cities of the United States, it is known to Catholic travellers as the princely gift of a wealthy Irishman, who, not forgetting his religion in the days of his prosperity, determined to offer to Almighty God a temple not altogether unworthy of His worship and praise.

It may very well have been that the founder had a special devotion to the blessed spirits in whose honor the Church is dedicated; at any rate, few European churches contain so many painted and sculptured figures of those ambassadors of God. Very sweet to look upon are the angels of the Eucharist, carved in stone on the capitals of the pillars; devout and moving, the sight of the angels of Gethsemane and Calvary bearing the instruments of the Passion; fair and beautiful the angels of the Resurrection and the consoling spirits who, on the day of the Ascension, stood by the Apostles on Mount Olivet; perpetual reminder, indeed, of the Divine Presence that hallows the building of which they are a part, for the head of every angel is turned towards the high altar, and its eyes are ever resting upon the tabernacle of God with men.

To some, however, the painted groups high up above the arches, below and around the clerestory windows, are more beautiful and more moving. From the organ gallery the nine choirs of celestial singers are, of course, more plainly seen than from the floor of the nave, and very fitting it is that the choristers of the Church militant should be confronted with the chorus of the Church triumphant. At intervals, here and there above the spring of an arch, are representations of the Seven Spirits who stand before the throne, and upon these figures a skilled painter has bestowed his most careful art. Close to the organ-gallery, and looking immediately down upon the singers, are St. Gabriel, the Angel of Baptism, and St. Jehudiel, the Angel of Penance. Full of strength and spiritual beauty are these figures of 'young men in shining garments,' and if the eye rests long and lovingly upon the great Gabriel standing by a flowing fountain, and with the lilies of the Annunciation blooming at his feet—certainly one will not turn away in terror from the guardian Spirit of Penance. Grave, but very winning, is the aspect of St. Jehudiel, and though his left hand holds the scourge of three black cords, his right offers to the spectator a shining crown of gold—the eternal reward of those who cleanse their souls in the fountain of the Precious Blood.

Years ago a little child, who sat on a low stool close to his father's organ-bench, studied these pictures long and earnestly. For him, at least, the front of the gallery blotted out the interior of the great church below, and only the groined roof and the pictured walls about the clerestory were visible. He was never tired of looking at the angels of the organ-loft. Sometimes, indeed, he would fall asleep, but this was only to dream of the angel faces that smiled upon him in his slumber. From such visions the music of the organ would rouse him sweetly enough, and once the noble diapason sounded, the child was wide awake. Rarely did Professor Fryth employ the full power of that mighty instrument; when he did so his little Ambrose was never afraid. Sometimes it seemed as though the child's pleasure increased in proportion to the loudness of the music, and it is certain that, at such times, he raised his voice and sang—canticles without words, and the music of no fixed melody—jubilantly and continuously. His father never checked him. Even if the little creature's singing produced a discord, the volume of sound was always sufficient to drown it; but the organist knew it was seldom his son sang a note that did not harmonise with the music that was being performed. As for the absence of words—well, the father thought the angels understood and would rightly interpret his child's intention.

As time went on it became evident that little Ambrose Fryth was both talented and pious. On his fifth birthday the Professor had given him a tiny violin; long before he was six years old the child could play any simple melody that was put before him. This was the more astonishing from the fact that the boy's father was occupied during the greater part of the day with the duties attached to his post at the city academy, as also with a large circle of private pupils. The child's mother had died when he was two years old, and his infancy would have been a lonely one, perhaps, but for the companionship of his little fiddle. With this he could be happy for long hours together, giving no trouble to his father's elderly housekeeper and her one assistant. Every morning, however, a governess came to the pretty villa on the outskirts of the city where the Professor lived, and the quickness with which Ambrose learned to read and write was on a par with his rapid progress in the art of music.

Whenever the professor could do so, he spent his evening at home in the society of his little son; though it not unfrequently happened that a concert engagement kept him in the city until a late hour, for Mr. Fryth was an accomplished pianist as well as organist. However, Sunday