

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

June 25, Sunday.—Third Sunday after Pentecost. St. Gallican, Martyr.
 „ 26, Monday.—SS. John and Paul, Martyrs.
 „ 27, Tuesday.—St. William, Abbot.
 „ 28, Wednesday.—St. Leo II., Pope and Confessor.
 „ 29, Thursday.—SS. Peter and Paul, Apostles.
 „ 30, Friday.—Commemoration of St. Paul, Apostle.
 July 1, Saturday.—Octave of the Feast of St. John the Baptist.

SS. Peter and Paul, Apostles.

St. Peter was known originally as Simon Barjona—that is, Simon, son of John. The name Peter, which means rock, was given to him by our Divine Lord to signify that he was to be the solid foundation of Christ's future Church. 'I say to thee,' said Christ, 'that thou art Peter (that is, Rock), and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it,' etc. This solemn promise of Christ was fulfilled after His Resurrection, when He said to St. Peter, 'Feed My lambs, feed my sheep,' words which, in the figurative language of the East, signify the exercise of supreme power over the Church. The principal events in the life of St. Peter—his imprisonment, his government of the Church from Antioch, and finally from Rome—are commemorated by special feasts. To-day we consider more particularly the glorious death by which he atoned for his former denial of his Divine Master. St. Peter was crucified at Rome, under the Emperor Nero, about the year 67. St. Paul is associated with St. Peter in this day's solemnity, because, after having labored with him for the conversion of Rome, he received the crown of martyrdom on the same day.

Commemoration of St. Paul, Apostle.

The miraculous conversion of St. Paul is commemorated on January 25. After his baptism he spent three years preparing himself in solitude and prayer for the work of the Apostolate. At the end of that time he proceeded to Jerusalem to confer with St. Peter. During his stay in the Holy City he preached in the synagogues with such success that the fanatical Jews endeavored to take away his life. The missionary career on which he thus entered terminated only with his death. The history of his labors, journeys, and sufferings occupied the greater part of the book of the Acts of the Apostles. In the midst of his labors he found time to write to different churches the fourteen epistles which form part of the New Testament, and which manifest so clearly his lively faith, his zeal for souls, and especially his ardent love of his crucified Lord. St. Paul was beheaded outside Rome, near the place where the magnificent basilica which bears his name now stands.

GRAINS OF GOLD

WHO HATH KNOWN THEE?

Who hath known Thee, Holy One,
 Brightest Saviour, Mary's Son,—
 Have the hosts of Saints, that harbor in the skies?

No!—forever and for aye,
 New glories thou'lt display,
 New charms to feed the hunger of their eyes!

Mother Mary knows Thee best,—
 She who held Thee to her breast,
 She who watched to see Thy baby eyelids part.

Yet, while endless ages grow,
 Mary's self shall never know
 All the deeps of glory flowing in Thy heart!
 —*Sacred Heart Review.*

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.

It would be hard to portray the darkness of a world in which there were no reverence. Happiness would be impossible, for there could be no friendships upon which to build it and no values out of which it might spring. To view life thus would be to put it on the basis of pessimism, and pessimism is in its last analytical misery.

The inner knowledge that one has been honest is a reward which passes words. One thus rewarded is rich beyond measure of wealth that might be dishonestly gained. These are not fancies, but facts. Humanity should have learned them as such, and made use of them long ago. Not having done so, humanity should begin now. The first step is to be honest with self.

The Storyteller

AUNT LUCY'S LEGACY

(Concluded from last week.)

Carew whistled a tune as the front of the packing-case came loose in his hands. What a dear angel of a wife he had! He would not have hurt her for worlds by saying what he thought of that selfish old woman who still kept a place in her dear heart.

He pulled the heavy desk into the light of day, and began unwinding the straw from about it.

'It has some pretty carving, after all,' he said. 'It will add to the appearance of our room.'

Suddenly something fell on the floor with a clink of coin. He stooped and picked it up. It was a sovereign, somewhat discolored, but still a sovereign.

'Good Heavens!' he cried, and dived in the straw, bringing up a handful of coins. 'Why, the bottom has come out of the desk! Look, darling, here is money, quantities of it. It must be your Aunt's savings. No wonder the men grumbled at the weight of the case.'

He was down on his knees, picking up the coins—sovereigns, every one of them. The straw was an actual Tom Tiddler's ground. More than that, they discovered later that Aunt Lucy's love letters were interleaved with Bank of England notes. When the money came to be counted they found that the old desk had given up some six thousand pounds.

So Carew and Elsie and the boy went back to Rose Cottage, and the desk went with them. On its second journey it yielded a few more sovereigns, though they could not discover where they came from.

Sensible people strongly advised their breaking up the old desk. Evidently all the secret hoards had not yet been discovered. But neither Carew nor Elsie were eager to do that.

From the time the desk came into their hands Carew's affairs began to look up. The very day after the finding of the treasure brought him a brief from a firm of solicitors whose name spelled fortune to any lucky young barrister who might be taken up by them.

'Let it stand there,' said Carew, looking at the desk in its dark corner of the room where they had heard Aunt Lucy's will read. 'We shall always feel that if we want money we have only to shake it. I wonder why she tried you like that, darling.'

All the roses were out in the garden. It was June, and they had been back at Rose Cottage for several months. The boy was lying asleep in his mail-cart just outside the open window—a thriving, beautiful boy, who was the light of his father's and mother's eyes.

'I don't know why she did it,' said Elsie, 'but if she meant it for a test of love it answered all right. I loved her even when we were at our saddest.'—*Katharine Tynan.*

THE RECONCILIATION

It would never have happened if the last scratch rehearsal had not gone execrably, or if Major Hayhurst's neuralgia had not attacked him for hours, making havoc of patience and temper alike. He had kept his physical sufferings to himself very unwisely as it turned out, for when the ladies had retired discomfited and out of heart with a nerve-racking performance, Hayhurst's own nerves were strung up to the highest point of irritation. Left to themselves in the wide hall, the men began chaffing him about the poor quality of his performance that afternoon; and one audacious youngster, not fully fledged enough to be entirely judicious, suggested that as a stage-lover Hayhurst was not acting up to Miss Eve Saxton, who was the only one of them who had gone satisfactorily through her part that disastrous afternoon.

Hayhurst could have kicked the lad for his inapposite joking, as just then his neuralgia was unbearable; instead of kicking him, he answered with the savagery of which repressed physical suffering was entirely responsible.

'I am sorry to have marred Miss Saxton's brilliancy. It takes a better artist than I am to play the adoring lover to a plain woman; the two things are incompatible.'

Now Hayhurst, like the average man, had always thought beauty the first duty of every woman; but, to do him justice, in his normal state he could no more have voiced such a brutality concerning a lady and a fellow-guest than he could have struck her with his hand. But retribution was swiftly upon him, as with one startled impulse the men turned their heads to see Eve Saxton with her foot on the last stair, practically in their midst.

There was nothing to be done or hidden; the words had been clearly uttered and clearly heard by all present; not a doubt about it. There was a moment of stunned silence, of general shock, and then Eve descended the last stairs and spoke to the host:

'I left my book here. I want to read until dinner-time. If we think about the rehearsal we are lost.'

She looked straight at her host and at no one else. Coming forward, he took her hand and turned her gently