

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

May 24, Sunday.—Fifth Sunday after Easter. Blessed Virgin Mary, Help of Christians.
 „ 25, Monday.—St. Gregory VII., Pope and Confessor. Rogation Day.
 „ 26, Tuesday.—St. Philip Neri, Confessor. Rogation Day.
 „ 27, Wednesday.—St. John I., Pope and Martyr. Rogation Day.
 „ 28, Thursday.—Ascension of Our Lord. Holiday of Obligation.
 „ 29, Friday.—St. Boniface IV., Pope and Confessor.
 „ 30, Saturday.—St. Felix I., Pope and Martyr.

Rogation Days.

The observance of Rogation Days—Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday—owes its origin to a variety of calamities that befell the city of Vienne in Dauphine. For more than half a century, not a year, not even a season, passed without Dauphine and Savoy being afflicted with some new evils. So many misfortunes had reduced these provinces to a state of extreme desolation. Mamertus, Bishop of Vienne (and who is honored as a saint), in the liveliness of his faith and charity, offered up prayers and tears to appease the wrath of God. He was heard. Whilst contending with a conflagration in his cathedral, on Easter night (469), he made a vow to institute the 'Rogations.' The Rogations are litanies, or supplications, which consist in solemn procession, accompanied with public fast and prayer. With the general consent of the clergy and people, the three days preceding Ascension Day (Thursday) were chosen for the fulfilment of this vow. This example was soon followed everywhere. A decree of the First Council of Orleans, in 544, established the Rogations in Gaul, and other countries.

Feast of the Ascension.

Christ risen from the dead remained forty days on earth, instructing His Apostles, and proving beyond all doubt the truth of His Resurrection. At the end of that time He ascended into heaven from Mount Olivet, in full view of His Apostles.

GRAINS OF GOLD

O LOVE DIVINE.

How canst Thou here, O Thou Eternal One,
 Find Thy delights among the sons of men
 Who wound Thy Heart, and grieve Thy spirit o'er
 And o'er again.

O Love Divine! O Love of loves not loved!

Who yearns alone our faithless hearts to fill,
 Unsought, unasked, unheeded, and unpraised,
 Yet yearning still.

The world's true Light! Bright Sun of Righteousness,
 Thy noonday beams upon my darkness pour,
 Enlighten me, that I may ever know
 And love Thee more.

We should call a man who could sit on a barrel of gunpowder smoking a pipe a rather unbalanced sort of man; so is the man who lives in this world thoughtless of the next.

'Vanity of vanities' is the verdict of the higher as well as the lower experience of life. That we are dissatisfied with all that the world could ever give us, is the proof that there is a higher love-power within us which must seek its object elsewhere.

'Man must work and woman weep,' the poet says. But we know that poets dream, and woman must needs do other than weep; she must be strong; so strong that her heart may break, her soul be strained, and yet her soul's peace remain undisturbed, her kindness unchanged, her compassion, her pity, and her love undimmed, unlesened, unimpaired. What the angels are in God's Heaven, women should be in His beautiful world—the ministering spirits, strong in their weakness, unflinching industry, and, like their angelic kindred, always bound on missions of comfort and hope. If sweetly low, their paths may run through the years, crowded with the little things which make life's joyful crown or bitterest consecration; or, if the years lead them as high as woman's ambition can soar, still they must always be women, women of Mary's type who can climb Calvary with its pain, its agony of shame, its torture, and finally its glory.

The Storyteller

THE FATHER

Priscilla went to the school in the Hollow. It was called College-School. There were so many things that Priscilla could not understand: one was why the teacher was not married and had no little shin-digs of her own. She had always supposed that every man and every woman always married because her father and mother, and lots of fathers and mothers she knew, had married. She wondered why people laughed when she said 'shin-digs' (children), 'College pudding,' and 'Plaster'; for surely her little friends were shin-digs, and that part of the Bible her father sometimes read from, was the Plaster—she had seen it in big letters—and the pudding was the same name as her school—College. Her father had told her that it was rude and unkind to laugh at people—he never laughed, no matter what she said. Yet these big people laughed at her, and some of them were kind. Uncle Tom always gave her lovely presents at Christmas time, and on her birthdays, and yet he used to laugh merrily over what she said.

Then it was hard to understand why other little girls had mothers here on earth—oh lots and lots—and only she had a mother in heaven. Father said that it was lovely to have an angel mother waiting for us, and watching over us—it was the day she cried so hard for her when she fell out of the apple tree and sprained her foot, and Gwen Miner told her that she was spoiled and not nice because she hadn't any mother to teach her things, and Priscilla felt that not only her foot, but her heart was broken. She wanted to see her mother so much that she told her father. She did not often tell her father for it made the sorry look come into his face, and he would catch her in his arms and say, 'My poor little girl. I am afraid your father is not much of a mother to you, but he tries.' And Priscilla's arms would be flung about his neck in a tight hug, and she would say that he was the very best father in the world and she loved him better every single day.

But one day a dreadful thing happened. Instead of comforting her, her father put his head down on the table, and he cried—yes, cried. This frightened Priscilla so much that she thought she never would tell him again how much she wanted to see her mother. And her father said: 'O God, how I want her!' Priscilla never could forget that time, and she used to say the words over sometimes, they seemed burned into her very brain.

But Priscilla's sad days were not half so many as her happy ones. There were the delights of going up and down in the spelling class, which happened only on Fridays; and the 'last day,' when each child who stood first or second in a study could select a gift from the collection on a square table. Oh, the suspense and the anticipation of that moment when one stood in blissful hesitation before taking one of the prizes set forth in such tempting array! For if it were the book with the red cover, a later desire might be for the china shepherdess, or the gilded mug with 'For a Good Child' on it in red letters. And best of all for Priscilla was the moment when her name was called out as the best reader in the third class, and to see the light come into her father's eyes, and his smile; for all the fathers and mothers and aunts and cousins came to Miss Marchmont's 'last day.' And the skipping home by her, father's side in her best dress of blue cashmere with dainty lace ruffles in the neck and sleeves, and carrying in her hand the charming book of Peter Parley's, or the shepherdess, or mug as it might be, and then the supper, when the father would say, in such a proud, glad voice: 'Mrs. Larkins, this is the little girl who gained a prize for reading. I think that we must have a pot of your excellent strawberry jam opened to-night.'

Mrs. Larkins was the housekeeper, who looked after everything in the house, partly because she needed it, partly because she had loved Priscilla's mother, who had helped her over many a hard place in her very troubled life.

And there were Fair days, when Priscilla went in the carry-all with her father and Mrs. Larkins, and two of her little friends squeezed in on the seat beside her; the Fair, where there were racing and dog shows and animals of all kinds in the stalls, and swings and peanut taffy sticks of peppermint as long as Priscilla was tall.