

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

June 7, Sunday.—Pentecost Sunday.
 „ 8, Monday.—Whit Monday.
 „ 9, Tuesday.—Whit Tuesday.
 „ 10, Wednesday.—Of the Octave. Ember Day.
 „ 11, Thursday.—Of the Octave.
 „ 12, Friday.—Of the Octave. Ember Day.
 „ 13, 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.'

Ember Days.

The Ember Days are the first Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday of each of the four seasons of the year, set apart as fast days by the Church. According to the testimony of Pope Leo, they originated in the time of the Apostles, who were inspired by the Holy Ghost to dedicate each season of the year to God by a few days of penance; or, as it were, to pay three days' interest, every three months, on the graces received from God. The Church also commanded the faithful to fast at the beginning of each of the four seasons of the year, because it is at this time that she ordains the priests and other servants of the Church, which even the Apostles did with much prayer and fasting.

GRAINS OF GOLD

GOD IS EVERYWHERE.

Above—below—where'er I gaze,
 Thy guiding finger, Lord, I view,
 Traced in the midnight planet's blaze,
 Or glistening in the morning's dew.
 Whate'er is beautiful or fair,
 Is but Thine own reflection there.

No matter what kind of work, in shop, store, office, or kitchen, you will find one way to success, and it is always to be kind and content. Have a kind word for those around you, do your work in a good spirit, show the world a smiling face and good nature, and you will find the work a pleasure to yourself and employer. Don't forget to be glad and thankful for good health, which is the main thing to make you able to work.

Nothing so much avails us in keeping our good resolutions as a daily examen of conscience. A few moments devoted to this duty are precious moments. You will find the study of self a very strange one, and indeed a curious one. 'What influences me?' As the study progresses you will soon come to determine what is necessary to your spiritual growth, and wherein you are inadequate. The careful examen will be of value to this testimony.

If we are educated let us, in the Master's name, instruct the ignorant; if we possess wealth, let us use it as God intended; if we have health, let us cheer some ill soul; if we enjoy any singular opportunities, consider them prayerfully, and in so doing we shall find that the moments that really shine out in our lives are those in which we have buried self and gone out into this busy and sinful world, and have endeavored, by prayer and effort, to do His will, whose one great mission was to go about doing good.

For Bronchial Coughs take Woods' Great Peppermint Cure. 1s 6d and 2s 6d.

The Storyteller

THE MOTHER

(Concluded from last week.)

Raymond went on, lost in the mazes of his own beautiful dream:

'If you could only see her and know her, you would realise what taste she has, what wonderful intelligence. She gives a charm to all she touches. Her toilets, always simple, are perfect. Her fairy fingers could transform the most unattractive room. When she arranges flowers in a vase, she groups them with the eye and hand of a painter. Those violets, now, she would—'

He did not finish the sentence; some bright thought, some reminiscence of his adored, interposed and carried him away. But the mother had seen the stray glance that had wandered with involuntary cruelty of comparison, to the table in the centre of which stood the stiff little bouquet of violets, the flowers crowding each other, surrounded by their regular collarette of green leaves, and they seemed to her, as they did to him, things of vulgarity and ugliness. What a pity that between their petals, between those blossoms so inartistically arranged, the painter could not see the poetry, the love that had made them that day, to one poor, lonely heart, the expression of joy, gratitude, long-delayed happiness! Why could he not divine that in the pure, delicate perfume that filled the room they adorned, there was something more than the aroma of violets? He had rudely plucked the flower of joy from his mother's heart—poor mother, who had still so much to suffer!

The frosty night, spangled with stars, smiled serenely down upon the sleeping city. It was a time of respite, when men, forgetting the cares of the day, slumbered peacefully; when suffering souls, unable to sleep, hid their anguish in the pitying darkness. Heedless of the icy cold of the February night, the widow wept and prayed at the foot of her narrow bed. Her joy had been short-lived indeed!

'My God,' she murmured, 'help me to support this blow! I thought myself unhappy before the good news came, and then I believed Raymond's heart was all my own. Why did he tell me to-night—to-night, when we could have been so happy together? As he spoke, it was as one talking to himself; I was outside of it; I was not included in his dream, not even in his happiness. A stranger has taken my place. I am banished! Forgive me, O my God—forgive me! We mothers are egoists. The day was sure to come. Why should I be so selfish? How can I be? It is only natural that he should wish to marry. And yet how was it that I never suspected what was passing in his mind? I might have prevented it. But no: I could not have done so. The last time we were at Fontaine-Vielle, Madeleine's grandmother told me she knew the little one loved my boy. Madeleine, the richest heiress in the town, and so sweet, so loving, so pious! It would have been an ideal marriage in every way. And now this stranger! Alas! Alas!'

For a moment longer she knelt, her face hidden in her hands. Then she rose softly and went on tiptoe to her son's room. He was quietly sleeping. She pushed the long hair from his forehead, and, bending, softly kissed him. A tear fell, but it did not wake him. The mother stole away as quietly as she had come.

After two or three days, Raymond brought his fiancée to see his mother. Madame Lestrade, who had been informed of her coming, was preparing some slight refreshment in the kitchen when she arrived. The door was slightly ajar. She could hear the frou-frou of silken skirts, the tones of a high, clear voice, unconsciously of its own carrying powers; could fancy the quick, penetrating gaze flashing from place to place as the words left the thin red lips.

'Ah, how old-fashioned, Raymond! And how clean! I can already describe to you how the little mother looks. And I am sure she loves every piece of furniture almost as well as she does you. How glad she will be to take it all back with her to Threuil!'

She heard no more, though more was said. Her poor head, low bent over the chocolatière, began to throb as though it would burst. 'Back with her to Threuil!' So it had all been arranged: they had taken it as a matter of course that she would return to Threuil. They had not consulted her—had not asked her if she would have preferred a little corner in the new household. She was not necessary to them; they did not take her into their scheme of life at all. Then Raymond came into the kitchen, and, laying