

# Friends at Court

## CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- June 14, Sunday.—Trinity Sunday.  
 „ 15, Monday.—St. John of San Fagondez, Confessor.  
 „ 16, Tuesday.—St. Antoninus, Bishop and Confessor.  
 „ 17, Wednesday.—St. Paschal I., Pope and Confessor.  
 „ 18, Thursday.—Feast of Corpus Christi.  
 „ 19, Friday.—St. Juliana Falconieri, Virgin.  
 „ 20, Saturday.—St. Silverius, Pope and Martyr.

### 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.'

### St. Juliana Falconieri, Virgin.

St. Juliana was a native of Florence. Having, while still a child, lost her father, she found a second father in her uncle, St. Alexis Falconieri, one of the founders of the Servite Order. She is celebrated for her devotion to the Adorable Sacrament of the Altar and to the Mother of God. Like so many other saints, she was singularly successful in reconciling enemies and reclaiming sinners. She died at an advanced age in 1340.

## GRAINS OF GOLD

### AT THOUGHT OF DEATH.

If Thou, O God, shouldst summon me to-night  
 And bid me put the things of time away,  
 Nor let me even for a moment stay  
 To set the day's unfinished tasks aright,  
 How should my soul shrink back in sore affright,  
 And eager unto Thee for respite pray,  
 That I the penalty of sin might pay  
 Ere standing, bowed with shame, in Thy pure sight!

I know this, Lord, and yet the days go by  
 With little heed that one must be the last.  
 O help me so to live that I may die  
 With no dark thoughts of unforgiven past;  
 And grant, as on the bed of death I lie,  
 All fears may in Thy Sacred Heart be cast.  
 —'Ave Maria.'

Virtue vanishes when one wishes to parade it.—E. Cornille.

We prefer speaking ill of ourselves to not speaking at all.—La Rochefoucauld.

In order to rise, how far will we not descend!—C. Delavigne.

The happiness that comes from renown is a bronze statue hollow within.—Ph. Gerfaut.

Every war ends where it should begin—in peace.—Abbe Barthelmy.

Man orders his life; woman undergoes hers.—P. Korrigan.

One must never have more sense than one's leaders.—A. Assolant.

People who recreate too much bore themselves.—Christine de Suede.

Egoists always leave, in improved health, the chambers of the sick.—P. Bourget.

It is precisely on the eve of its accomplishment that a revolution is deemed impossible.—J. Simon.

To digest knowledge, one must have swallowed it with an appetite.—A. France.

In all lands, all good hearts are brothers.—Florian.

I read, not to instruct, but to elevate myself.—Eugenie de Guerin.

To be economical is in reality to be miserly as to one's superfluity.—A. Houssaye.

Our friends—a family whose members we have chosen.—A. Karr.

# The Storyteller

## A TATTERED ROMANCE

The farm was on its last legs, that was self-evident.

Rag-weeds and thistles crept through the pasture fence and encroached upon the road, with curious-eyed dog-fennel peeping out here and there.

A large walnut tree stood by the broken gate, a sentinel of nature.

A one-horned cow was reaching lazily over the lean-to fence, snipping off the leaves of a ragged cabbage.

A flock of geese dabbled in and out of a stagnant pool in the little hollow below the walnut tree.

'Mary Frank,' called a drawling, high-pitched voice from the log house beyond the persimmon grove, 'why hain't you hurryin' them geese up? I'm just tired standin' here watchin' the hogs out of the yard.'

'Yes'um. The geese hain't done dabblin' in the water, ma.'

There was a grumbling reply, but Mary Frank did not hear; she was busy chasing a contrary goose into marching order. Finally she experienced something she had never seen or heard of before.

She had been running about the pond, stooping under the briers, slipping into the ill-smelling water, until her blood seemed as hot as fire; another run into the sun and she fell, with a little groan, forward into the hot dust upon the road.

'Mary Frank gets more no count every day. I'll just fasten the gate after the geese and go on to work.'

Mrs. Brown, the widow, who owned the small farm under discussion, felt herself aggrieved, in that, in her seven children she had only one boy.

'Dadrad girls,' she would say, 'they just eat their heads off like idle colts, when they're growin' up, and after they're grown they go and marry some no 'count man critter.' Meanwhile Mary Frank was in her dead faint in the dusty road.

The afternoon was nearing to its close, but Mrs. Brown's lace-making needed her attention, and it never struck her that her youngest and most fragile daughter was not coming at her usual time. Opposite to Mrs. Brown's farm lived a silent bachelor, the last of a race famous in neighborhood annals as fox hunters, hard drinkers, and long livers.

Death had taken away every member but one in the years following the war, and Cyril Woodlett was left with his hounds, his horses, and his remnant of a farm. He grew more reticent as he neared his fortieth birthday, while his well-kept orchard was the temptation, as its owner was the terror of the neighboring boys.

Toward the Browns he never showed any recognition beyond a contemptuous tolerance, that the widow received with very evident displeasure.

To-day he had been seeing to his tobacco, and as he neared the roadside he stopped and took a look up the lane for the one-horse cart that carried the village mail. All he saw was a slender figure doubled up in the dust, one outstretched hand clutching a faded pink sunbounnet, while the sun beat down hotly on a head of soft brown hair.

'Gee!' muttered Cyril, 'somebody's killed, I reckon. Did you ever?'

He raised the soiled face and examined it carefully for bruises, as he did the arms. Then he made an effort to stand the unconscious figure on its feet, but it fell against him limply.

'Gee!' he said once more, 'I guess I'll have to carry you home, but I expect I'll never hear the last of it.'

He thought with a pang how light she was, and he noticed the thinness of the wrist and throat. The possibility of her being half-starved suggested itself.

He had not, he was certain, ever looked squarely at one of the Brown women, yet this face against his breast seemed strangely like an old friend.

He saw the little curls of hair, damp against her forehead and neck.

'Poor little girl!' His own thoughts expressed, startled him.

For a minute he rested against the fence and looked at the thin face. In all his life he had never been the comforter or helper of any woman. He felt a tenderness for the burden he held, that a mother feels for a child.

A dumb unreasoning hate of the ways of the Browns filled him, and he wondered if death was not