

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

April 11, Sunday.—Easter Sunday.
 „ 12, Monday.—Easter Monday.
 „ 13, Tuesday.—Easter Tuesday.
 „ 14, Wednesday.—Of the Octavo.
 „ 15, Thursday.—Of the Octavo.
 „ 16, Friday.—Of the Octavo.
 „ 17, Saturday.—Of the Octavo.

Easter Sunday.

'The festival of Easter,' writes St. Gregory, 'is the solemnity of solemnities, because it raises us from the earth into eternity, which it enables us to enjoy beforehand by faith, hope, and charity.' 'You shall rise again!' This is what the Church says to us by the eloquent voice of her ceremonies. From the holy temple all signs of mourning have disappeared. The altars are decked out with extraordinary magnificence. Ornaments of gay color and rich embroidery appear. Every face is bright. The bells are all in motion. The song of joy—the Alleluia—that word of the language of heaven fallen on earth for our festive days, resounds on all sides, is repeated every moment; is varied again and again; is modulated into every key; and when there are added the rays of a beautiful sun, you cannot avoid those feelings of hope and delight which it is the mission of this great day to inspire.

GRAINS OF GOLD

EASTERTIDE.

Gather lilies, fair and fragrant,
 At the blessed Eastertide;
 Let their incense rise to heaven,
 Offered to the Crucified!
 For we know that Christ has risen
 From the grave wherein He lay;
 Let our hearts be all-exulting
 On this holy Easter Day!

See!—the earth has waked from slumber!
 Birds are singing everywhere;
 New life leaps from hill and hollow;
 One great, universal prayer
 Rises to the sky above us,—
 Prayer of praise to One in Three:
 Christ has conquered death and risen,—
 Conquered death for you and me!

—*Ave Maria.*

Men say that when they know they will do; Our Lord says that when we do we shall know.—Babcock.

A wide-spreading, hopeful disposition is your only true umbrella in this vale of tears.—T. B. Aldrich.

Take the Sunday with you through the week,
 And sweeten with it all the other days.

—Longfellow.

Christianity alone, of all human religions, possesses the power of keeping abreast with the advancing civilisation of the world.—James Freeman Clarke.

The blindest, the most purely instinctive, effort of mere pluck has a lifting power and deserves our thankful admiration. Every degree and every form of courage tends to raise the whole tone of life within the range of its influence in proportion to the amount and the quality of the endurance exercised.

As there is no true devotion to Christ's sacred Humanity which is not mindful of His Divinity, so there is no adequate love of the Son, which disjoins Him from His Mother, and lays her aside as a mere instrument, whom God chose as He might choose an inanimate thing, without regard to its sanctity or moral fitness.—Faber.

When God's call comes we should stop, look, and listen. Stop that we may be more fully informed of the duty of the hour; look that we may see more fully the path in which He would have us go; listen that we may hear the kindly persuasion of His love. Stop, for it is God Who calls; look, for the way can be travelled but once; listen, for He may never call again.

When all the world—the Christian world, at least—was Catholic, Lent was, of course, universally observed. As a result, there was a superabundance of meat on the market by the time the six weeks of abstinence were completed, and that article of food was correspondingly cheap. In oldtime Catholic England the phrase 'at Easter price' was equivalent to 'at a great discount,' very cheap.

The Storyteller

THE SPOTTER

'Travel seems to be steadily increasing on our Neustro Heights Branch, Ferris,' Mr. Goodwin, superintendent of the Grand Pacific Electric Railway, said to his assistant one morning as he came into the office. 'Bentley's car's almost always crowded. I rode down on twenty-seven, and it was scarcely half full, on the average. We crossed Bentley at the corner of Pacheco avenue and Ninth street, and there didn't seem to be standing room left on his car.'

'That's about how it most always is, Mr. Goodwin. Ferris glanced up in the big man's smooth, suave face as he spoke.

'But Bentley's cash-in turns don't tally up with the travel, Ferris. Needs looking into closer. See to it, please.'

'Bentley's the best conductor we've got, Mr. Goodwin. Five years without an off day or scratch to a passenger is our record-breaker, sir.'

Goodwin wriggled in his chair. 'He's had Monahan at his grip mor'n half that time, Ferris, an' you know well that it's the gripman quite as much as the conductor that prevents accidents.'

'They must work together, sir. Monahan and Bentley make as hang-up a team as you can scare up. Any fresh orders this morning, Mr. Goodwin?'

'The question nettled the stout, ruddy superintendent. 'If you can't conjure up some way of discovering the leakage on Bentley's car, I must take the matter in hand myself, Ferris.'

'His daily cash inturn in the office averages fully five per cent. more than any other conductor's on our road, sir, which you know without my telling you.'

Goodwin's absorption in a communication from the chairman of the Board of Directors of the road, which he was now reading, seemed to Ferris to make him oblivious of his reply. Tucking the letter as he finished it on top of the file which he had already gone through, under the paper-weight, he swung his revolving chair till he faced his tall, lank-featured assistant. 'See here, Ferris,' he retorted, 'you ain't such an overgrown easy as to suppose that a man can build a four thousand dollar house on the savings of five years' conductor's wages of a dollar and eighty-five cents a day?'

'Hardly, sir; hardly. But Bentley is a steady, sober, self-respecting young man, aiming to better himself. The Building and Loan Association helps him to build that home for his invalid mother, whom he supports. The rent of half the house will more than pay interest and taxes, and the property will increase in value all the time.'

'M-m-m, quite good financiers, you and Bentley, Ferris,' Goodwin snapped sardonically. 'But if I may hope that the interests of the Grand Pacific has any of your attention, sir, I shall henceforth look to see you aid our spotters in every possible way in scenting out the leaks—especially on Bentley's car.'

Something hitherto unseen in his chief's look, as he delivered these sinister orders, alarmed Ferris. What if Mr. Goodwin should suspect him of being in secret league with Bentley in defrauding the company? 'Your instructions will be carried out to the letter, sir,' he replied in palliating voice. 'I did not mean to be obtrusive, Mr. Goodwin.'

'Of course not, Ferris. Henceforth, however, your remembering that this company is in business for other than benevolent purposes will simplify matters and obviate misunderstandings. I look to see this leakage ferreted out very soon. If no pertinent discoveries are made within the next week, shift Bentley on to the Ruralton run. That will tell the story in a nutshell, though it won't be sufficient to convict anyone. That's all this morning, Ferris.'

It was about 11 o'clock, the slackest time of travel on Bentley's run, when Ferris boarded his car at the corner of Pacheco and Twelfth. Bentley, with the thumb and forefinger of his right hand on the bell strap, felt the cracked ring in Ferris' voice as he bid him 'Good morning,' boarding the car.

'You ain't feelin' quite yourself this mornin', Ferry. Hope nothing's off the track so soon,' Bentley bantered as Ferris got beside him between the two after-end outside seats.

'Running smooth as cotton seed with me, Ben. How's the crowd this morning?'

'Bigger'n ever. That Mothers' Club convention down at Stanton's Pavilion is drawin' 'em all out. I was packed on my three last down trips.'