

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- May 23, Sunday.—Pentecost Sunday.
 „ 24, Monday.—Pentecost Monday.
 „ 25, Tuesday.—Pentecost Tuesday.
 „ 26, Wednesday.—Of the Octave. Ember Day.
 Fast.
 „ 27, Thursday.—Of the Octave.
 „ 28, Friday.—Of the Octave. Ember Day.
 Fast.
 „ 29, Saturday.—Of the Octave. Ember Day.
 Fast. No Abstinence.

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.'

GRAINS OF GOLD.

AGNUS DEI.

O Lamb of God, Who takes away
 From the whole world its sin,
 Give me the grace, I humbly pray,
 My home in heaven to win.

O Lamb of God, Whose blood was spilt
 For me on Calvary,
 O save my soul from all its guilt,
 That I may reign with Thee.

—DULCIE HULME.

Perfect contentment would make a man a sluggard. Those that think it permissible to tell white lies soon grow color-blind.

Learn to live thy religion, and thou shalt have little need or desire to argue and dispute about it.

One foundation of happiness is the ability to know when we have what we want, and then not restlessly seek after something else.

Whether we think of death or whether we forget it, whether we serve God or neglect Him, life, in spite of us, is all the while a minute and detailed preparation for death.

Self-mastery is a great thing. It is not gained all at once, but by little victories at a time. Every near victory gives fresh strength for greater victories in the future. It is important, therefore, that we practice self-control daily in little things.

Habits formed early in life are like letters cut into the bark of a beech tree. They grow and widen with age. This is a thought that ought to be considered by those who are giving their children an education. This is the reason why education should be Christian.

He who waits to do a great deal of good at one time will never accomplish much that will be of merit to him. Let us do the little good we can while we are on the journey through life.

The Storyteller

THE CALL OF DUTY

Doctor Carney put the latch key into his front door and wearily entered his home. It had been a most exacting day, and he was mentally and physically exhausted. The physician was blessed with the frame of a giant and the patience of a Job, but he was only a man, after all, and the strain was beginning to tell on him. He had been working from 5 o'clock in the morning, and it was now almost midnight. He walked into the cosy sitting-room and threw himself into the comfortably padded reclining chair for a few minutes' rest before retiring for the night.

Doctor Carney loved his work, and took an earnest man's enthusiasm in handling difficult cases. Naturally, he had a keen sense of professional pride, and sometimes he carried this to such an extreme as to win the dislike of those with whom he came in contact. One event of the day had disturbed him profoundly. For many years he had been the consulting physician at the Good Samaritan Hospital. The post meant little or nothing in a financial sense, but it gave him a standing with his brothers in medicine which was worth more than gold. He filled the place acceptably, and had won the good-will of all those having anything to do with the institution. But a few weeks before he had had a conflict with John Edward Levering, the president of the Board of Trustees, and he carried his point, much to the discomfiture of that gentleman, who was one of the richest and most important men in the community. He was not accustomed to having his will thwarted in any way, and Doctor Carney felt confident that Levering would strike back at him. He was not mistaken. The blow had fallen that day. The doctor had been informed, courteously enough, that his resignation as the consulting physician of the hospital would be cheerfully accepted by the Board of Trustees.

Doctor Carney loved his work, and nursed a feeling of resentment at the meanness of the wealthy one. He felt that if Levering had happened to be in the room at that moment he would have gladly chastised him with his brawny fist, and any one knowing the doctor's reputation for thoroughness could have felt certain that he would have made a good job of it. He arose finally and started for his bedroom with a hearty sigh at the vanity of life. He had barely taken off his outer garments when the electric bell from the front door began an interminable buzzing. He picked up the receiving tube and gruffly inquired what was the matter.

'Doctor,' pleaded a voice anxiously, 'you are wanted at once. It is a matter of life and death.'

'Who is it?'

'It's the young son of John Edward Levering. He has had a fall, and they are afraid it's meningitis or something of that kind.'

The doctor frowned. He had resolved not to leave the house again under any circumstances, and now a call had come from the man who had done him a rank injustice. Why should he go? He was not even the family physician of John Edward Levering. Besides, there were four or five physicians in the same block who could, no doubt, take care of the case as well as he could. He picked up the receiving tube again.

'Who are you?' he asked.

'I am the nephew of Mr. Levering, and I have a motor car waiting for you.'

'All right,' said the doctor wearily, 'I will be with you in a few minutes.'

He had just finished dressing again when his wife entered the room, anxiety pictured upon her face.

'Why, John,' she cried, 'you are surely not going out again?'

He made a wry face. 'I'm sure I don't want to, Mary,' he said, 'but I've got an urgent call and I don't see how I can refuse.'

IN COLD WEATHER

no beverage is so acceptable as SYMINGTON'S COFFEE ESSENCE. In two minutes you can have a delicious warm drink. If you haven't tried it you should do so at once.