

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

June 27, Sunday.—Fifth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 28, Monday.—St. Leo II., Pope and Confessor.
 „ 29, Tuesday.—SS. Peter and Paul, Apostles.
 „ 30, Wednesday.—Commemoration of St. Paul, Apostle.
 July 1, Thursday.—Feast of the Most Precious Blood.
 „ 2, Friday.—Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
 „ 3, Saturday.—Of the Octave.

Saints Peter and Paul, Apostles.

St. Peter was known originally as Simon Barjona—that is, Simon, son of John. The name Peter, which means rock, was given to him by our Divine Lord to signify that he was to be the solid foundation of Christ's future Church. 'I say to thee,' said Christ, 'that thou art Peter (that is, Rock), and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it,' etc. This solemn promise of Christ was fulfilled after His Resurrection, when He said to St. Peter, 'Feed My lambs, feed My sheep,' words which, in the figurative language of the East, signify the exercise of supreme power over the Church. The principal events in the life of St. Peter—his imprisonment, his government of the Church from Antioch, and finally from Rome—are commemorated by special feasts. To-day we consider more particularly the glorious death by which he atoned for his former denial of his Divine Master. St. Peter was crucified at Rome, under the Emperor Nero, about the year 67. St. Paul is associated with St. Peter in this day's solemnity, because, after having labored with him for the conversion of Rome, he received the crown of martyrdom on the same day.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

IN THE NIGHT WATCHES.

When in the long, dark night I wake,
 And, sleep-forsaken, turn and toss,
 I think of One Who for my sake
 Hung tired and tortured on the cross.

And when with pain my temples throb,
 My mind and body sick and sore,
 My heart remembers with a sob
 The bitter pangs that Jesus bore.

My heart remembers—and I yearn
 With tears His wounded feet to wet;
 But, ah, when health and hope return,
 How soon my Saviour I forget!

—*Ave Maria.*

The Cross is the key of the centuries, the rallying point of history, the uplifting force of the world. It brings order into what would otherwise be chaos. Its arms stretch out to the ends of the earth, and its head points the way to heaven.

Many of us seem not to be aware that we are bound to respect in others that freedom of thought and utterance which we claim for ourselves, or that freedom of opinion is as sacred to them as it is to us.—Brownson.

Every age has its own specific wants and mode of thinking. Principles are eternal and invariable, but the mode of expressing and applying them in a world where all is mutable must vary with the every-varying wants and circumstances of time and place.—Brownson.

Only the pure minded, the souls who beat in perfect harmony with Christ's heart, can have a really good time. What the worldling calls fun is often madness or intoxication or brutish sensuality; but the child of God is ever ready to sing and play from the very exuberance of innocence.—Rev. W. F. McGinnis, D.D.

The Storyteller

THE CLAIM TO THE RECTORY

'I heard of it yesterday,' said the youngest sister, timidly.

The elder Miss Minters unfolded her knitting.

'Straighten the tidi on your chair, Priscilla.'

Then she went on thoughtfully: 'You have known it a whole day.'

The round, soft cheeks of the other flushed.

'Mrs. Conley told me,' acknowledged the younger woman.

'You should have conferred with me, Priscilla,' remonstrated Miss Minters.

'But, Cynthia,' the speaker's eyes rested lovingly on the angular, unemotional face of her sister, 'I knew it would only bother you, and I do hate so to bother people.'

Through her fifty years of life, this hatred of bothering people had become an obsession with Priscilla Minters.

'It doesn't "bother" me,' returned her sister.

'It doesn't, Cynthia?'

'No. It necessitates a call on the Bishop. That is all.'

'The Catholic Bishop?'—the tones were full of wonder.

'My dear Priscilla, since I intend registering a protest against a Catholic priest's occupying our beloved father's former rectory, it must naturally follow that it is a Catholic Bishop whom I shall visit.'

Priscilla rocked a while in silence.

'But we don't own the rectory. What will you say?' she finally asked.

A slight smile hovered around the corners of Miss Minters' long, thin mouth. The fingers were now busy with her knitting.

'I shall simply register my protest.'

'Cynthia!' The other's plump body straightened resolutely. 'Times have changed since father died—'

Her sister stopped knitting.

'There must be a reason back of what one says,' the younger sister added lamely.

'You have imbibed the modern ideas to a great extent, Priscilla. In fact one could almost call you a Modernist,' Miss Minters replied.

'I am not a Modernist, Cynthia.' The younger Miss Minters knew as little of the term as did her sister. 'But I do know that Catholics are not all bad.'

Again the knitting ceased.

'You know one Catholic, Priscilla. I know none. From our earliest years, however, we have heard sufficiently of them and their doctrines.'

Priscilla was unusually bold to-day.

'Cynthia, we never heard they were bad.'

'If you define the word "bad," child, you will say that it is the opposite of good. I am not saying that Catholics are wicked, but they are not up to my standard of goodness.'

The other puckered her brows.

'Because they are gaining so many converts to their Church—is that what you mean, Cynthia?'

The elder Miss Minters was beyond the blushing stage, but she was, nevertheless, slightly ruffled.

'Don't be absurd. I dislike seeing so many souls led astray from the path of righteousness.'

'That is the same thing,' answered Priscilla. Seeing the growing displeasure in her sister's face, she went on hurriedly: 'What is the right path, dear?'

'I do not know, but it isn't the Catholic way surely.'

This unconsciously humorous statement elicited no direct response.

'Didn't father once mention a Catholic priest as a friend of his?'

'Priscilla!'

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.