

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

June 15, Sunday.—Trinity Sunday.
 „ 16, Monday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 17, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 18, Wednesday.—SS. Mark and Marcellian,
 Martyrs.
 „ 19, Thursday.—Feast of Corpus Christi.
 „ 20, Friday. Of the Octave.
 „ 21, Saturday. Of the Octave.

Trinity Sunday.

To-day we are not asked to imitate the virtues of one 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 seventh 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.”

Feast of Corpus Christi.

As the Adorable Trinity is the essential and primary object of all religion and of all festivals, so the august Eucharist is the perpetual sacrifice and the holiest worship we can render to the Trinity. In other words, every day is a festival of the Trinity which we adore, and of the Eucharist by which we adore It. The special feast of the Blessed Eucharist, which we celebrate to-day, was instituted in the thirteenth century. “Without doubt,” says Urban IV., in the Bull of institution, “Holy Thursday is the true festival of the Holy Sacrament, but on that day the Church is so much occupied in bewailing the death of her Spouse that it was good to take another day, when she meant to manifest all her joy and supply for what she could not do on Holy Thursday.”

GRAINS OF GOLD.

“IF I'D BUT THINK.”

If I'd but pause to think, sweet, gentle Jesus,
 Each time an unkind thought rests in my heart,
 A pointed spear Thy tender side is piercing;
 And from the wound those precious blood drops start.

And if I'd pause to think, meek, loving Jesus,
 That every time an angry word I speak,
 A cruel thorn Thy noble brow is pricking;
 How quickly then a softer tone I'd seek.

And every time I act, O wounded Jesus,
 In deeds that all but love and kindness show,
 Thy sacred hands upraised for aught but blessing
 With nails are pierced till from them blood streams flow.

I'd strive to think, speak, act, to please Thee, Jesus,
 I'd place a rose crown where a thorn'd one lay;
 And comfort that pure Heart all bruised and aching.
 Then in my heart sweet peace would dwell alway.

ANNA MARY BORNMAN, in the *Catholic Columbian*.

REFLECTIONS.

A return to God can never be too late to be accepted. He is a Father, and loves His children as long as His love can reach them.

Adversity may be a stern preceptor, but is none the less a most efficient one. Crosses always point upward, revealing the hidden worth of things unseen.

The Storyteller

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

(By arrangement with Messrs. Burns and Oates, London.)

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXVII.—VERONA.

In the meantime the years had been spent by Mr. Honeywood and Kevin in travelling over the greater part of the known world. On a certain summer day they turned their backs upon the Rhine, the banks of which they had thoroughly explored, and set their faces towards Italy.

Arrived in Innsbruck, they felt already the exhilarating spell of the mountains. Passing down the street where the famous gold-roofed house glitters against an Alpine wall of purple, they turned into the church, where furry-capped peasant women knelt at prayer, and a strange brown company occupied the centre of the nave.

“Who are all these people?” asked Kevin, hardly distinguishing between the brown-checked devotees in their wild head-dresses and the weird bronze figures, as large as life, that stood as if engaged in some solemn ceremony.

“These in the middle are royal personages,” said Honeywood, “and they are standing round a tomb. One would think they had come here to witness the burial, and had forgotten to go away again. The others are mere common-place peasants, who are so accustomed to the presence of all this splendor that they do not stop to wonder at it as we do.”

“It is like a witch-meeting, a Walpurgis-nacht,” said Kevin. “Fancy this church in the dead of night, with the moon glimmering through the windows, and all these bronze people standing gazing at each other.”

“You think they take hands and skip over the tombs and chase each other through the aisles?”

“They are too ponderous for that,” said Kevin. “They seem to me riveted to the earth with the weight of their own experience. Look at these massive robes of bronze, these jewels and headgear which they wear here still, long after they have been stripped even of their flesh, and have gone destitute into eternity. Knowing all they know, they are standing here aghast at the dreadful pageantries of life.”

A magnificent thunderstorm came on while our friends were on their way to Verona; the train sped through fire; the ancient city was weirdly illuminated for their arrival. As they drove through the streets at midnight the lightning furnished a royal torchlight; by it they could fitfully discern the yawning Roman arches, under which the horses passed, and which seemed to soar suddenly into a sky of flame and vanish; the black pile of the amphitheatre; the lofty towers; the tall medieval houses, with their shutters and balconies, their quaint roofs, and the long, deep shadows that lie about their base, surrounding them with grandeur and mystery. The great courtyard of the hotel was like a well of shadow covered in overhead with dark, intense purple, till a flash of lightning discovered the airy balconies hanging out above, with their clumps of flowering plants, and all the tiled intricacies of the roofs and chimneys, and the upper windows with their fantastic hoods and cowl.

Who can tell the delights of a first walk through Verona?—the rare old medieval city, strong and beautiful in its antiquity, though so hacked at and notched by time; set like a jewel among blue hills and mountains; its towers and spires hanging so high in the bright air, that one almost reels to look up at them; with its gigantic Roman gates and arches, its sumptuous tombs and palaces, its Gothic fountains and faded frescoed dwellings, and its solemn and venerable churches.