

# Friends at Court

## GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

June 4, Sunday.—Pentecost Sunday.  
 „ 5, Monday.—Within the Octave.  
 „ 6, Tuesday.—Within the Octave.  
 „ 7, Wednesday.—Within the Octave. Ember Day.  
 „ 8, Thursday.—Within the Octave.  
 „ 9, Friday.—Within the Octave. Ember Day.  
 „ 10, Saturday.—Within the Octave. Ember Day.

### 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

### THE ANGELUS HOUR.

Ave Maria! Linger, dying,  
 Fades the day in mystic gloom;  
 Soft o'er the downs the west wind's sighing,  
 Sunk the great sun to his tomb.  
 Sancta Mater! Faintly stealing  
 Over mead and leafy dell,  
 Hark! the gentle cadenced pealing  
 Of thy far-off Vesper bell!  
 Ave, Ave! pure and fair!  
 List, gentle Lady, to our prayer!

Ave Maria! Shades are falling  
 Round us; fled the golden glow.  
 Hear thy children fondly calling;  
 Shield us from our ancient foe.  
 Sancta Mater! Keep us near thee  
 Till that dawn of faultless day—  
 Rapturous morn,—when we shall hear thee  
 Claim us as thine own for aye!  
 Ave, Ave! pure and fair!  
 List, gentle Lady, to our prayer!

—Ave Maria.

He that lives a life of going to do will die with nothing done.

However brilliant an action, it should not be esteemed great unless the result of a great motive.

A laugh to be joyous must flow from a joyous heart, for without kindness there can be no true joy.

They are gladdening souls who mean exactly what they say and expect you to say exactly what you mean.

The pyramid of knowledge is made up of little grains of information, little observations picked up from everywhere.

One of the fundamental principles of religion is growth. Our devotion is not very warm if increased love and strictness do not keep pace with it.

Manners are the happy ways of doing things. If they are superficial, so are the dewdrops which give such a depth to the morning meadows.

The men and women who forget God in their struggling, inane, careless, money-seeking, or fame-seeking days forget the best that is in them—for human endeavours are limited, and human sympathy fails, and human joys vanish, and human ills persist; who forget that great, comforting Confidant—such people miss a wonderful peace.

The greatest scientists in practically every department of recent science have been the firmest believers. This is no mere assertion founded on a few scattered examples, but, on the contrary, represents the true story of the position of scientists in this matter very thoroughly. There is not a single department of nineteenth century science in which representative discoverers were not faithful believers.

You must pay no attention to the trouble and darkness which comes over your mind at times. We must sometimes feel our own emptiness, and see how wonderfully weak our nature is, and also how frightfully corrupt. Do not be downhearted. Take each day as it comes, and serve God. Don't make plans. God will call you at His own and your own time. That is the simplest, the safest, and sweetest course to follow.

# The Storyteller

## A MAN'S OPPORTUNITY

Hesketh put her into the brougham very carefully, his clean shaven, strong young face showing a tenderness pleasant to see. She was driving the short distance alone. From beneath the folds of her evening cloak Nan's bare left hand stole out and touched his own. In the midst of the light and noise and movement they seemed to be absolutely alone.

He smiled down at her, then stood back on the pavement. 'To-morrow,' he said.

'To-morrow,' she replied, as the carriage moved on to make way for the next in the long line. 'To-morrow.'

There was little space between the two houses, and the electric brougham soon slowed down again before Marsha's Balmaine's big house. A flood of light flashed out across the pavement. Nan, who in the few minutes' drive had never stirred, gathered her cloak about her and passed slowly up the steps.

In the hall she paused, one little satin shoe upon the stair. The light shone down on her uncovered fair head and the young beauty of her face. She passed up another stair, the shimmering length of her cloak flowing behind her; then she hesitated again.

'I can't talk about it to-night,' she said to herself, tremulous with the wonder of it all, 'and yet—'

She turned to question the man servant, and at the same moment saw her father coming along the side hall from his study. 'Still up?' she asked, leaning over the balustrade. 'It is so late that I imagined even you might be tired of waiting.'

He smiled, the keen, hard lines of his face softening as they never failed to soften at the sight of her. 'Come along and tell me all about it,' he said, preparing to lead the way back to the study. 'Five minutes more or less will make no difference.'

For an instant she hesitated, looking down at him as if about to refuse. From beneath his heavy brows he shot a look at her, realising in her a barely perceptible difference, a radiance and vivid beauty that enfolded her as a garment. His heart contracted sharply as he looked, warning him that something had come into her life in which he had no part.

She caught his glance and coloured softly; but she followed him into his own room and passed over to the hearth, her cloak slipping from her shoulders as she went. He picked it up and threw it across a chair. She was all in white to-night, like a bride, with a string of pearls round her throat and a creamy rose in the lace at her breast. A little, slender thing, inexpressibly dear to him—his one ewe lamb, whom, father and mother both, he had guarded jealously for nineteen years. For some reason he now thought of the night she had come to him, and how in the shabby little parlor of those days he had waited alone with arms outflung across the table, his fingers stopping his ears.

He came back to his surrounding, to find Nan's hand through his arm, her cheek pressed close to his shoulder. His eyes were dark with memories as he looked down at her. She was extraordinarily like the mother she had never known, as he had first seen her—in a little cotton frock, her fair head framed in the pink and white apple blossoms of the orchard. His hand shook a little as he smoothed Nan's hair. She raised her face to look at him.

She, in her turn, felt a subtle difference in him to-night. 'You are worried about business'

'Not a bit.'

Her glance fell again. The red glow from the fire irradiated her, converting her white gown into rose. In her eyes was a dreamy happiness which again sent that sharp pain through his heart. The clock on the mantel shelf chimed softly, then struck two sonorous strokes.

'You must get to bed, Nan. It is later than I thought.'

She stood on tiptoe to kiss him and moved toward the door. Then suddenly she turned and came back again to where he stood watching her. 'Father, there's something I want to tell you, and it's so difficult to tell.'

'Not really, Nan?'

She nodded, staring into the heart of the fire as if she saw fairy visions there. 'It won't make any difference between us,' she said in a moment.

'What could make any difference?' queried Balmaine, his doubts becoming certainties. Then, as she still hesitated, he framed her face in his big hands and held her so, searching it with eyes in which jealousy struggled with tenderness.

She grew very pale and her eyes darkened; but she looked back at him steadfastly, without a trace of doubt. He let her go, and she gave a low, happy laugh, half sob. 'It's Neil Hesketh, father, and I can hardly talk about it yet, even to you. But I promised—when I really cared—to tell you. It is all so different! Those others who wanted to marry me—' She waved her hand, smiling mistily up into his face.

'Two of them were good men,' Balmaine said slowly, 'hard workers, steady going; the third—I thanked God you never gave him a thought!'