

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- June 11, Sunday.—Trinity Sunday.
 " 12, Monday.—St. Leo III., Pope and Confessor.
 " 13, Tuesday.—St. Anthony of Padua, Confessor.
 " 14, Wednesday.—St. Basil, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
 " 15, Thursday.—Feast of Corpus Christi.
 " 16, Friday.—St. Antoninus, Bishop and Confessor.
 " 17, Saturday.—St. Paschal I., Pope and Confessor.

Trinity Sunday.

To-day we are not asked to imitate the virtues of some saint, or to contemplate the merciful dealing 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 eleventh 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 bemoaning the death of her Spouse that it was good to take another day, when she might manifest all her joy and supply for what she could not do on Holy Thursday.'

GRAINS OF GOLD

NO MORE.

It was the lonely gloom of night;
 My heart was numb with pain,
 My weary eyes could find no light
 Across the tempest main,
 And thunder crashed its ghastly fright
 Till hope was madly slain.

I called the Master; where was He
 All through that bitter hour?
 O was His silence mocking me
 Within the Pilot tower?
 Why did that Voice of majesty
 Deny its peaceful power?

And I had sought some creature then,
 To grasp its mortal care;
 O fool! I thought with fickle men
 My loneliness to share.
 But, lo! I called on Christ again,
 And peace was everywhere.

He stood, and looked through loving tears
 Beside the morning shore.
 'O little faith, O foolish fears!'
 This mild rebuke He bore;
 'O come, and show through all the years
 So little faith no more!'

—Ave Maria.

What we need is eyes to see. The presence of the benevolent God is evidenced in a thousand ways, but we lack the power or the disposition to appreciate this marvellous fact. Many a man has seen a country graveyard, but it required a Gray to see it in a great poem. Literature is filled with gems that genius has rescued from the rubbish heaps. So a cultivated spiritual sense may see everywhere tokens of the Divine Presence, and the common is transformed into the uncommon by the glory of it.

Think what we lose when we are faithless to some small duty imposed by the law of love. We lose character and life itself. For, after all, life cannot be satisfactorily measured by the excitement of striking occasions, or by the thrill of great sensations, or by the joy of overpowering emotions. The greater part of life for most of us is made up of small, humdrum duties; of routine. And routine can be inspired (so Jesus teaches) by a high sense of duty, and unselfishness can be combined with loyalty to noble ideals of faith and love and transformed into the opportunity of spiritual growth.

The Storyteller

THE HOUSE OF RECONCILIATION

The old Perkins house on the hill was rented at last. It was certainly a misnomer to call it by that name, for the original Perkins was dead more than forty years, and had left no child to continue in unbroken succession, as the historical hand-books elegantly say, his wealthy but plebeian lineage. He was the last of his family, and a mighty poor family it was, of close-fisted, tyrannical, ambitious, money grabbers. The noble line of anti-spenders of the Perkins dynasty flourished, culminated, and ended with the most typical Perkins of them all, Samuel Perkins, Esquire, whose demise, as having happily occurred some forty years ago, I have succinctly chronicled above. Where he got his money, how he got his money, and from whom he got his money, it is not my business uncharitably to inform you. Any ancient settler of the town will tell you all that with more due regard to pleasant details than I could respectably descend to. The one thing I will say is that he did get plenty of it and held on to that same plenty. And for that very tenacity of purpose he lived unloved and died unmourned, and I can conceive of nothing more tragic than that in the life of any one man.

I daresay he had intended to love and to be married finally, but the slack in business was never long enough to allow that, and so when he died without having made a will, it is safe to assert that he turned in his grave many times when all the carefully guarded Perkins coins slipped into the pockets of Samuel's scapegoat cousin, presumed to be dead, but devotedly returning shortly after the obsequies to prove his claim, and then leaving for parts unknown to enjoy his dear cousin's generosity. He never slept a night in the Perkins' house; evidently he feared the return of Samuel to register a protest. But as soon as the proprieties of fashionable mourning would allow, he sold the whole estate to one of his dead cousin's avowed enemies. I am not going to make this history the mere registry of deeds, denoting the various transfers of the property. They were, like the proverbial wedding gifts, numerous and costly. Yet nobody prospered in the place, hence nobody liked it. Very versatile it had been, now as a family dwelling, now as a boarding-house, now as a sanatorium for recovering inebriates, and finally, in the character it affected most, as a big ghost of an empty mansion that looked scornfully down upon the very prosaic three-decked flat-houses of a utilitarian present.

Now I fear I have said a bit too much about Samuel Perkins, more than the proper proportion of a short story will allow, but my reason for so acting, and I feel perfectly justified, is to show you the peculiar freak of fortune, or misfortune, in this that the latest occupant of the house was also known by the name of Perkins. Strange fate, indeed, for the poor old house after the lapse of nearly half a century. But this new Perkins was not a Samuel Perkins. In fact, there was no man in the family, simply a Mrs. Mary Perkins, her ten-year-old daughter Cecelia, and a middle-aged servant woman, whom I may fitly and finally describe as ever making a declaration of war that she would give in her notice if she were obliged to take care of that big barracks of a house unaided.

Why Mrs. Mary Perkins had come to the big house, and she a widow with only one child and one servant, was long the sole consideration of the feminine contingent of the town. All sorts of reasons were advanced, and it was commonly and conclusively agreed that in a very short time a freshly painted sign-board, advertising 'Board and Rooms,' would be swinging and creaking over the entrance to the Perkins mansion. But in reality there was little mystery about her coming to that particular house. When she had come from those parts which were unknown to her new neighbors, she had remained a while in Boston, making investigations for a desirable house in the suburbs, and the real estate dealer upon hearing her name told her of the strange coincidence of having had the Perkins house put into his hands that very day. That aroused her womanly curiosity, and she expressed a wish to see the place, and seeing it she at once fell in love with it, leased it for a year, and moved into it as soon as the furnishers to whom she had given carte blanche had done it up as expensively as it would permit. And so, although I said it was a misnomer to call it the Perkins house during that half a century, it was solely because it retained that name through all the various assaults of strange occupants that it was lucky enough to fall again into the hands of another Perkins. Lucky, I say, because if it had been known by any other name it might not have been rented to Mrs. Mary Perkins, and then I would have no story to tell.

All this is a very simple explanation which would have satisfied the world, but somehow it did not satisfy the world's wife. During the days when the house was being fitted up for its new mistress there was never a human being so minutely dissected as this unknown newcomer.

But at last one day in early September Mrs. Perkins and hers arrived. Rather it was one night, late at night, and Saturday night at that, and in a taxicab which had groaned heavily in mounting the steep hill as if barefacedly inviting the somnolent neighbors to arise and peek