

## Friends at Court

### CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

March 24, Sunday.—Palm Sunday.  
 " 25, Monday.—Monday in Holy Week.  
 " 26, Tuesday.—Tuesday in Holy Week.  
 " 27, Wednesday.—Wednesday in Holy Week.  
 " 28, Thursday.—Holy Thursday.  
 " 29, Friday.—Good Friday.  
 " 30, Saturday.—Holy Saturday.

#### Holy Thursday.

For a short time to-day the Church puts off her mourning. At the Mass her ministers are vested in white, the bells are heard, the organ peals forth. For a moment she desists from her meditations on the sufferings of her Divine Founder to contemplate the tender love which led Him to institute the Blessed Eucharist on the very night before His Crucifixion. In cathedral churches the Bishop consecrates the Holy Oils which are used in the administration of certain sacraments, and also in some ecclesiastical functions.

#### Good Friday.

This day is called 'Good' because on it we were liberated from the dominion of Satan, and the happiness which God had in view in creating us was placed once more within our reach. We must not forget, however, by what means this was accomplished, and that the day so pregnant with blessings for us was marked by unspeakable sufferings on the part of our Divine Redeemer, who for our sake yielded Himself to a shameful death. This should be the subject of our meditations to-day. We cannot enter the church without being reminded of it. At the morning office he celebrant and his ministers are vested in black, and the history of the Passion is chanted. When the ceremonies are over, the altar is bared of its ornaments. The statues and images of the saints remain veiled. The crucifix alone is uncovered—a striking reminder of the intensity of God's love for man, and in particular an emblem of hope to the repentant sinner.

#### Holy Saturday.

Holy Saturday is consecrated to the memory of our Blessed Saviour's burial. Until Sunday morning (the time of the Resurrection) the Church continues the weeping widow by the grave of her Divine Spouse. But in the midst of her grief there are gleams of joy. We feel that she has faith in the mystery so soon to follow. In blessing the Paschal candle, the deacon, who is, as it were, the herald of heaven to announce the glad tidings of the Resurrection, seems carried away by enthusiasm as he exclaims in words attributed to St. Augustine: 'Let the angels of heaven, the hosts above, exult and thrill with gladness, and let the sound of trumpets proclaim our joyous sacrifice. Let the earth be filled with bliss, and let it revel in the glorious light that has burst upon it. And do thou, our Mother, Holy Church, rejoice too! Thou art all radiant with the divine light that shines upon the world. Let the holy place resound with the joyful transports of the people, and let the acclamations of earth ascend to heaven,' etc.

## GRAINS OF GOLD

### LIFE.

A little dreaming by the way,  
 A little toiling day by day;  
 A little pain, a little strife,  
 A little joy—and that is life.

A little short-lived summer's morn,  
 When joy seems all so newly born,  
 When one day's sky is blue above,  
 When one bird sings—and that is love.

A little sickening of the years,  
 The tribute of a few hot tears;  
 Two folded hands, the falling breath,  
 And peace at last—and that is death.

Just dreaming, loving, dying so,  
 The actors in the drama go—  
 A fitting picture on the wall,  
 Love, Death, the themes; but is that all?

## The Storyteller

### REFORM AT BIENVILLE

'You take some wine, Monsieur?'

'No, madam, no wine.'

The tiny glasses tinkled against each other. Madame LaCoste set the tray down with alacrity.

'Ah! it ees a leetle brandy you will like,' she said after a moment's hesitation. 'Run, Ambrose, quick, bring dat brandy flask.'

'No, madam; no brandy.'

'No? Ah, then it ees a little sangaree, yes. Felicite, it ees she that knows how to make a sangaree of claret.'

'I take no liquor whatever, Madame, from principle.'

There was a moment of waiting, while Garth felt that the brown eyes regarding him were full of surprise.

'It ees a pity,' she said; 'a pity, yes. And one so pale!'

When some one in Bienville had asked Father Angell where a young divine, delicate in health, needing something more than ordinary comforts, could find a home in the heart of his Catholic parish, he had persuaded Madame LaCoste to open to him her friendly shelter.

'It ees I that will know how to make him strong, le pauvre!' she had said, as she and Father Angell were putting the last touches to the young man's chamber.

Father Angell was rolling his own library table and chair into place between the windows.

'It is you will know how to spoil him,' he said.

'And you,' she laughed. She held his two silver candlesticks aloft in either hand.

Garth sat stiffly regarding the kindly troubled face before him. To refuse a little wine after a journey, was it then an offence?

'If I may, I would like to go to my room,' he said at length.

'Oh, yes. Pardon! Stupid that I am! You will like that you may repose alone, yes,' she said, swiftly leading the way across the hall.

She went inside the room with him a moment. She made a pretty gesture with her hands.

'It ees not con-conve-convenable? No? But if Monsieur will call, I will attend.'

She went out, softly closing the door.

It was a long, lofty, wide-windowed, white-curtained room. Garth found his books unpacked, and placed on shelves. A library table and chair stood near. In the alcove was his white-valenced bed. Through his southern windows, opening on the wide gallery, swept the scent of honeysuckle and rose. Beyond the honeysuckles and the roses was the primeval forest, a great green cone, fretted with a thousand aisles.

Garth stretched his arms upward with a deep sigh of satisfaction. Duty, as he conceived it, had called him there; but when Duty, unsmiling in those Vermont hills where he was born, had pointed her stern finger to these far, low-lying lands of Louisiana, she held no hint of the welcome that awaited him. This dainty room, with its touches here and there of something delicately rich; the friendly if mistaken courtesy that had met him at the threshold, oh! this dimpled and joyous June that laughed outside his windows, it was all beautiful, beautiful. Ascetic in his creed, anchorite in his life, accustomed from his birth only to the cold, the chilling, the severe, the sudden kiss of this wanton wind went to his head like the wine he had refused. He stretched his arms upward. He stood on tiptoe. He took deep breaths, drinking and tasting as of an over-filled beaker. Then his arms fell, and his countenance darkened.

'O fool! O fool that I am to go a-trembling and a-trembling, a helpless reed blown upon by Beauty's sensual breath!'

He fell upon his knees by his bed.

When Ambrose came gently tapping at his door. Garth was far within that mystic atmosphere of prayer, and hardly heeded the child's words.

'Father Angell ees send you dose.' He uncovered a bowl of strawberries with long stems set about with their own dew-wet leaves. Garth was very weary. He took the bowl in his hands. He bent his face close to the delicate and fragrant fruit.

Then he set the bowl down, putting back the fruit that had almost touched his lips.