

## Friends at Court

### GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

March 22, Sunday.	—Fourth Sunday in Lent.
„ 23, Monday.	—Of the Feria.
„ 24, Tuesday.	—Of the Feria.
„ 25, Wednesday.	—The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
„ 26, Thursday.	—Of the Feria.
„ 27, Friday.	—St. Rupert, Bishop and Confessor.
„ 28, Saturday.	—St. Sixtus III., Pope and Confessor.

#### The Fourth Sunday in Lent.

The Gospel of this Sunday contains the account, given by St. John, of the miracle of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes. Before working this miracle Christ wished the people to present the little store they had—the five loaves and two fishes—thus teaching them and us that, while we owe all spiritual and temporal gifts to God's goodness, our co-operation is also required. We must pray, for example, for the virtue of temperance, but, to obtain it, we must also often deny ourselves little gratifications which in themselves are quite lawful.

#### The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The Angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city of Galilee called Nazareth, to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, and the virgin's name was Mary. And the angel said to her: 'Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found grace with God. Behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bring forth a Son, and thou shalt call His name Jesus' (Gospel of St. Luke).

#### St. Rupert, Bishop and Confessor.

St. Rupert, a Frenchman, illustrious for his noble birth, but still more so for his many virtues, was Bishop of Salzburg, in Bavaria, the inhabitants of which country he had converted to the true faith. He died about the beginning of the seventh century.

### GRAINS OF GOLD.

#### A MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

Lord Jesus, Thou hast known  
A mother's love and tender care:  
And Thou wilt hear,  
While for my own  
Mother, most dear,  
I make this birthday prayer.

Protect her life, I pray,  
Who gave the gift of life to me;  
And may she know  
From day to day,  
The deepening glow  
Of joy that comes from Thee.

As once upon her breast,  
Fearless and well content I lay,  
So let her rest,  
On Thee at heart,  
Feel fear depart  
And trouble fade away.

—Exchange.

It is good to prostrate ourselves in the dust when we have committed a fault, but it is not good to lie there.

If we are not responsible for the thoughts that pass our doors, we are at least responsible for those we admit and entertain.

You will probably suffer in some way if you always do what your conscience tells you is right, but you will have all the martyrs for company.

## 'STAND FAST IN THE FAITH'

(A Weekly Instruction specially written for the N.Z. Tablet by 'GIMEL'.)

### THE PASSION OF OUR LORD.—I. GETHSAMENE

During the Lenten season we must make some attempt to sketch, however briefly, the history of our Saviour's Passion, to us the greatest of all histories. It is in these His last sufferings, when He entered the 'sanctuary of sorrow,' that Christ seems most divine. And whereas indeed He was the Son of God He learned obedience by the things which He suffered, and through His sufferings He was 'made perfect' as the author (captain) of our salvation.

The dread of the hour of darkness was already weighing on the mind of Jesus, as He led His disciples out of the room of the Last Supper into the cool night air. Leaving the city through one of the eastern gates, they descended the steep hill into the ravine of the Cedron, crossed over the bridge, turned aside into the lower slopes of the Mount of Olives, where within a low wall or hedge was an olive grove, with its gnarled and twisted trees, and oil-press, called Gethsamene. Leaving behind first eight of His disciples and then even the favored three, Jesus advanced further into the depths of the garden. There is an awful silence in a sleeping wood, but never did the silence speak to a heart so still in its agony as the one that was then seeking, in Gethsamene, a place of seclusion and prayer. That seclusion seems too sacred to be broken. Grief is always holy, and the holier the sufferer the less may we profane his sorrow by our presence. A great painter who painted the Man of Sorrows as an act of highest worship showed at once his genius and his reverence by hiding the marred visage, leaving the less noble parts to reveal the agony that had broken His heart. So to us Gethsamene ought ever to be a veiled Holy of Holies, to be visited, if at all, only at moments when we can look with purified eyes, and allow the meaning of the Saviour in His passion to steal softly into our minds. We are here on holy ground, and must stand, as it were, with spirit bareheaded and barefooted, reverent while inquiring' (*Studies in the Life of Christ*, p. 235).

Let us combine the fourfold record of the Evangelists—nothing can better describe the feeling of sorrow, the experience of dread, and the excessive and poignant anguish that swept over our Saviour's human soul, or the fervor of His prayer, and His filial, passionate confidence in His Father's loving presence and helpful will.

'When Jesus had said these things, He went forth with His disciples over the brook Cedron, where there was a garden, into which He entered with his disciples. Now Judas also, who betrayed Him, knew the place, because Jesus had often resorted thither together with His disciples. And they came to a place called Gethsamene, and He saith to His disciples, Sit ye here, while I pray. And He took with Him Peter and James and John; and He began to fear and to be heavy (to grow sorrowful and to be sad). And He saith to them, My soul is sorrowful even unto death: stay you here and watch. And He was parted from them a stone's throw; and kneeling down, He prayed that if it might be, the hour might pass from Him. And He saith: Abba, Father, all things are possible to Thee: remove this chalice (of suffering) from Me: but not what I will, but what Thou wilt. And He cometh, and findeth them sleeping, and saith to Peter, "Simon, sleepest thou! Couldst thou not watch one hour? Watch ye, and pray that ye enter not into temptation; the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." Again the second time, he went and prayed, saying: "O, My Father, if this chalice may not pass away, but I must drink it, Thy will be done." And He cometh again and findeth them sleeping, for their eyes were heavy; and they knew not what to answer Him. And leaving them, He went again and prayed a third time, saying