

## Friends at Court

### CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

February 14, Sunday.	—Quinquagesima Sunday.
„ 15, Monday.	—SS. Faustinus and Jovita, Martyrs.
„ 16, Tuesday.	—Of the Feria.
„ 17, Wednesday.	—Ash Wednesday.
„ 18, Thursday.	—Of the Feria.
„ 19, Friday.	—Of the Feria.
„ 20, Saturday.	—Of the Feria.

#### Quinquagesima Sunday.

Our Blessed Saviour, far from declining the sufferings that He knew awaited Him in Jerusalem, went of His own accord to meet them. How far are we from imitating His example! 'Jesus,' says the author of the *Imitation of Christ*, 'has now many lovers of His heavenly kingdom, but few are willing to bear His cross. He has many that are desirous of comfort, but few of tribulation. He finds many companions of His table, but few of His abstinence. All desire to rejoice with Him, but few are willing to suffer with Him. Many follow Jesus to the breaking of bread, but few to the drinking of the chalice of His Passion. Many reverence His miracles, but few follow the ignominy of His cross.'

### GRAINS OF GOLD.

#### HYMN TO THE SACRED HEART.

'Oh! Sacred Heart of Jesus,  
I place my trust in Thee!  
Whatever may befall me, Lord,  
Though dark the hour may be,  
In all my joys, in all my woes,  
Though naught but grief I see,  
'Oh! Sacred Heart of Jesus,  
I place my trust in Thee!'

When those I love have passed away,  
And I am sore distressed,  
Oh, Sacred Heart of Jesus,  
I fly to Thee for rest!  
In all my trials, great or small,  
My confidence shall be  
Unshaken, as I cry, dear Lord,  
'I place my trust in Thee!'

This is my one, sweet prayer, dear Lord!  
My faith, my trust, my love,  
But most of all in that last hour,  
When death points up Above,  
Ah! then, sweet Saviour, may Thy face  
Smile on my soul set free,  
Oh! may I cry with rapturous love—  
'I've placed my trust in Thee!'

*The Missionary.*

The aim of all intellectual training for the mass of the people should be to cultivate common sense.

Vices, like weeds, sprout up at short notice, and beget a huge crop from very little nourishment.

The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts: therefore guard accordingly.

When I think of the happiness that is in store for me, every sorrow, every pain becomes dear to me.—St. Francis.

Let us never forget that an act of goodness is of itself an act of happiness. No reward coming after the event can compare with the sweet reward that went with it.

The finer the brain, the finer should be its culture. The higher the daily plane upon which the soul lives, the higher still must be its climb each succeeding day.

## The Storyteller

### THE LIGHTNING ARTIST

The crowd before the Rembrandt Art Store on lower Broadway stood gazing open-mouthed. There, in the window, the Lightning Artist, whom boastful placards proclaimed as second only to Rubens in technique and vastly his superior in rapidity, was filling canvas after canvas with the most wonderful pictures. About him, within easy reach of his hand, was a gaudy array of variegated paint pots, blues of the deepest and reds of the most flaring hue, saffrons and scarlets, dark browns and pale pinks. The large, dirty brush handles, however, that protruded from each, suggested freshly-painted barns rather than canvases that were to put to blush the works of the masters.

But where speed is aimed at, the implement must be large and the materials ample. And speed was surely the conspicuous talent of the Lightning Artist. He had been working but an hour, yet, despite liberal intermissions between pictures, the man nearest the window declared to a neighbor who had just elbowed his way up, that he had seen ten masterpieces begun and finished. The newcomer sniffed incredulously, when the artist put a fresh canvas on the easel, seized brush number one and began his work.

'Just you watch him,' said the man nearest the window, piqued at the stranger's unbelief. 'I guess I've had enough experience with painters to know a swift one when I see him.'

The brush which the artist drew from the paint pot dropped in its trail drops of a blue more cerulean than Italian skies or Neapolitan waters or Brazilian sapphires. One quick gesture, and he had drenched the upper part of the canvas with such a mass of blue that the hand of man might well despair of ever restoring its virgin whiteness. Next came the saffron, a great splash of it. Quite naturally, the jaundice grew worse as it neared the blue above.

'I saw another picture like this,' volunteered the man of one hour's experience. 'I bet it's a sunrise.'

Another magical sweep of the Lightning Artist's hand, and the lower portion of the picture was flooded with livid green. Blue, saffron, and green had Titian any combination of colors to surpass this in daring?

'Now, wait,' said the amateur lecturer, though his acquaintance plainly had no intention of leaving, 'he's going to make the sun.'

Out of the pail of crimson rose the blood-red brush. Almost dramatically, the artist drew back his arm, measured the distance with his eye, and flung the brush, paint and all, at the striped canvas. As the brush dropped to the floor, the crowd gave a little gasp of wonder; in the centre of the picture, just where the green entered into the chromatic conflict with the saffron, was a huge blotch of sanguinary red, while the upper half of the picture was bespotted with tiny flaming dots.

'That don't look like a sun,' growled the newcomer, determined not to be convinced.

But lo! The tiny dots were being connected with a skilful hand into long blazing rays, while about the sun, suddenly called forth by a series of rapid strokes, rose a host of round clouds, pink, vermilion, yellow, from behind which the sun shone forth with diminished splendor, but with a contour more true to astronomical laws.

'This is where he does his fancy work,' cried the original spectator.

Three wriggles of a small brush bathed in brown, and a clump of trees was skeletoned against the dawn. Both hands waved the golden tipped wands that called into being in the vast green of the meadow, a bevy of daffodils, as large as full-grown sunflowers. Then, while his left hand gave to the world a lavender shepherd, his right hand called into being three beautiful purple cows. With the corner of his apron he now smudged together the more solid hues of the sky, smear-

**'Pattillo'**

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