

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- March 13, Sunday.—Passion Sunday.
 „ 14, Monday.—St. Purysey, Abbot.
 „ 15, Tuesday.—St. Zachary, Pope and Confessor.
 „ 16, Wednesday.—St. Fridolinus, Abbot.
 „ 17, Thursday.—St. Patrick, Bishop and Confessor,
 and Patron of Ireland.
 „ 18, Friday.—St. Gabriel, Archangel.
 „ 19, Saturday.—St. Joseph, Spouse of the Blessed
 Virgin Mary, and Patron of the
 Universal Church.

Passion Sunday.

As the annual commemoration of the death of Our Blessed Saviour approaches, the Church seems to enter into deeper mourning. On the eve of Passion Sunday the images and statues of the saints, and even the representation of the crucified Redeemer, are covered with purple veils, which will not be removed till the close of Holy Week. From the Office and Mass are omitted the few expressions of joy which remained after Septuagesima Sunday.

St. Joseph, Patron of the Universal Church.

St. Joseph was chosen by God to watch over the infancy of Christ, to be a protector of Mary's chastity, and to secure her from calumnies in the birth of her Divine Son. So great a dignity, such familiar intercourse with the Deity, required a sanctity far above the common. That St. Joseph possessed this we know from the inspired Word of God. He is styled in the New Testament 'a just man,' one, namely, endowed with all the virtues. From the fact that no mention is made of him after the finding of the Child Jesus in the Temple, we conclude that he must have died before the beginning of Our Lord's public ministry. We cannot doubt that he was comforted and assisted in his last moments by Jesus and Mary. Hence his intercession is sought particularly to obtain the grace of a happy death.

GRAINS OF GOLD

A COMMON NEED.

Friend of all in sorrow—
 Thus I prayed—
 Those who of to-morrow
 Are afraid
 Lift their eyes to meet Thee
 In the night;
 Oh, to them be gracious
 And give light.

When my hope is darkened
 Like the days
 And my heart too heavy
 For Thy praise,
 Do not Thou forsake me,
 But at length
 Teach me hope and courage
 Thro' thy strength.

Lord, I crave Thy pity;
 I am weak,
 Yet art Thou so gracious
 To the meek
 That I will not clamor
 To be strong,
 Only pray to serve Thee
 My life long.

In the time of trouble
 Be my stay;
 Let Thy presence brighten
 Each dark day;
 Grant me what Thy wisdom
 Knows is best,
 And within Thy kingdom
 Give me rest.

—Catholic News.

Most of the things we struggle for, after we have got them, we find are not the things which bring us happiness.

They who die rich in character leave a great deal that was not here when they came; they have something to take with them as well.

There is no teacher like necessity; it has been the making of man; it wakes up his dormant faculties and stimulates to action his latent talents.

Delay and procrastination, indolence and indecision, are effectual robbers of time and defrauders of men's purposes. The delays of good and dutiful intentions, which ultimately lead to the defeat of them, cause more regret and repentance in most men's lives probably than any other class of causes.

The Storyteller

YOUNG MRS. RICHARD

There are few people who can look unmoved at a bride on her wedding day. But Richard Hazelton stood grimly by while his favorite grandson, Richard, was married to the girl of his choice, and nobody detected the least softening of his keen black eyes or the slightest relaxation of the stern lines around his close-set mouth.

When congratulations became necessary he marched slowly up to the young pair, standing flushed and smiling among flowers, bowed stiffly to the new Mrs. Richard Hazelton, and looked coldly over her head, shook his grandson's hand without a word, and turned away, a proud, unrelenting figure. Then he vanished from the house, and nobody saw him again that day.

Richard Hazelton, his smooth cheek glowing an indignant red, looked down at his bride with a tender light in his eyes.

'Never mind, dear,' he whispered; 'you'll win him yet.'

She smiled back, with the least suspicion of wet lashes to intensify the beauty of her violet eyes. The look said: 'I will,' and Richard believed it and stood straight again, with a lift of the head singularly like that of Mr. Hazelton.

For it mattered much what Grandfather Hazelton thought of Richard's marriage. The boy had lost both father and mother at an early age, and he and his brother, Archer, had been brought up by their paternal grandfather. Archer had finished his college course and gone away to the other side of the world several years before Richard had come to maturity. The younger brother had been Mr. Hazelton's dearest treasure, whom he loved with a love as deep as it was reticent.

When at twenty-six, Richard, on a successful footing of his own in the world, had announced to his grandfather his intention to marry the fair-haired girl with the eyes like blue violets, who had grown up in the house next door, and whose father was Mr. Hazelton's special aversion, the old gentleman had been excessively displeased.

But he had not been able to advance a reason for his displeasure, beyond the insufficient one of his dislike to his neighbor and political rival, so the marriage had proceeded. For Richard, while loyal to his grandfather, was also loyal to the violet eyes, and knew no just cause why anyone should forbid the banns.

Mr. Hazelton himself did not forbid them, but he did all that he felt called upon to do in the matter when he went to the house of General Andrews during the brief period following the marriage ceremony.

'Grandfather,' said Richard, coming in one evening, when he and Evelyn had returned from their wedding trip and had taken up a temporary abode next door, 'we've decided on a house—if we can get it. Will you sell us one of yours?'

His tone was precisely as if nothing unusual had happened. The Judge eyed him severely over his gold-rimmed spectacles.

'Which one? The Singleton place, I suppose?'

'No, sir; Aunt Martha's old house.'

The Judge took off his glasses and wiped them.

'May I inquire why you have selected that?'

'It is within my means—I hope,' explained Richard promptly. 'The Singleton place is not. We don't care to start off with a pretence of style beyond our income. Besides, Evelyn prefers the old house.'

Judge Hazelton grunted—it could be called nothing else. Then he replaced his spectacles, took up his pen, and went on with the writing Richard had interrupted. The young man waited silently, but with a peculiar curve at the corners of his mouth. He had not lived for twenty years with the head of the State Supreme Court without learning that there is a time for withholding speech.

The old gentleman finished his page, blotted it, and said without looking up:

'I will rent the house to you. I do not wish to sell it. It would not be worth your while to buy it. Your bird will demand a cage with more gilding before very long. She's too young to know her own mind yet.'

His grandson's eyes sparkled with the quick retort which he did not allow to reach his lips. He rose with a quiet 'Very well, sir; thank you,' and left the room.

Outside on the street he rejoined his young wife with a smothered whoop of delight. 'We can rent it,' he told her gleefully. 'I did not dare expect as much as that.'

'I hoped he would be pleased that we wanted it,' she said, with a shadow of disappointment in her eyes.

'Don't you flatter yourself he'd show it; not he. That'll come later, when we've carried out your little schemes. That is, I hope it will. It will take a long storming of the citadel and a tremendous battering of the fortifications to carry off the enemy into our country. But we'll do it. He shall own some day that my wife—'

He finished the sentence with a look more eloquent than the words he could not find. Then the two walked over to Albemarle street to go by the quaint little house