

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

April 9, Sunday.—Palm Sunday.
 " 10, Monday.—Of the Feria.
 " 11, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.
 " 12, Wednesday.—Of the Feria.
 " 13, Thursday.—Holy Thursday.
 " 14, Friday.—Good Friday.
 " 15, Saturday.—Holy Saturday.

Palm Sunday.

Palm Sunday derives its name from the procession with palms, which takes place, wherever practicable, before the principal Mass, and which commemorates the triumphal entry of Christ into Jerusalem. The procession is an expression of joy and triumph, but bleaded with these feelings to-day is one of sadness, for this triumph of Our Blessed Saviour was the prelude to His Passion.

Monday in Holy Week.

The week which begins on Palm Sunday is called Holy Week, and also the Great Week, 'on account,' says St. John Chrysostom, 'of the great things which were wrought in it. For on these days was the tyranny of the devil overthrown, death disarmed, sin and its curse taken away, heaven opened and made accessible, and men made fellows with the angels.'

Tuesday in Holy Week.

St. Bernard exhorted his religious to fervor during Holy Week in the following words:—'Let not the commemoration of these great mysteries pass you in vain. God is going to pour forth His most abundant blessings. Let your hearts be penetrated with piety and devotion; restrain your senses under a strict discipline; cleanse your consciences; purify your affections; and prepare your souls to receive the excellent gifts which will be most plentifully conferred on those who shall be disposed.'

Wednesday in Holy Week.

On this and the two following days the Office of Tenebrae is chanted in those churches in which the presence of a sufficient number of priests is obtainable. The Office consists of a number of Psalms, with lessons from the Sacred Scriptures, and the writings of the Fathers of the Church appropriate to the season. The name of Tenebrae (darkness) is given to the Office because, at its close, the lights are extinguished to express the mourning of the Church, and to represent the darkness which covered the face of the earth on the death of Our Blessed Lord.

GRAINS OF GOLD

A SOUL'S SURRENDER.

'O Sacred Heart, with love consumed,
 Thy love compelleth mine!
 Take it, my wayward rebel heart,
 Make it be wholly Thine!

Break Thou, O Jesus, break the chains
 Of earth that hold me fast!
 Draw me till I capitulate
 And live for Thee at last!

In Crib, on Cross, in Sacrament,
 Dear Lord, keep drawing me,
 To love Thy loving Heart Divine,
 No creature but in Thee!

To love with deep and generous love,
 With love that counts no pain,
 Thee, O my God, Who naught did'st spare
 Thy creature's love to gain!

A kind word is often as welcome as alms, and as great an act of charity as if a gift of money.

The essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in, and the beauty from a great action is gone like the bloom from a soiled flower.

If our religion brings us courage, joy, and peace, we shall not rail at the faults of men, but shall rather strive from a happy and loving heart to lead them towards the light.

The greatest strength and nobility of character lies always in making a firm stand on the side of right and allowing oneself to be influenced by nothing that will weaken this stand.

Men who live for self never succeed in satisfying self, or in quite satisfying anybody else; men who live for others in God-like unselfishness have joy themselves while giving joy to others.

Wisdom consists not in knowing many things, nor even in knowing them thoroughly, but in choosing and in following what conduces the most certainly to our lasting happiness and glory.

The Storyteller

THE DAFFODIL LADY

The daffodils were standing sentry fashion among the grass in the glades of Dane Court Park. Spring had come again; spring, with its fresh breezes and warm showers and bright sunshine, filling the air with the sweet incense of the fragrant wood violets and the joyous carolling of birds. Mistress Betty Franklin strolled in the park. She was like a dainty daffodil herself; gowned in dark green velvet with a glimmer of gold where her overskirt fell apart revealing her underdress of satin. Her step was as light as the swaying of the flowers on their long stems, and to complete the resemblance her head was crowned with a mass of golden curls, beneath which her eye shone like bits of blue sky caught in a mist of sunshine.

From time to time she looked around, as though expecting someone. Then she strolled, carelessly humming a song to the while, in the direction of the beechwood where the violets lay hid in the shadow of the tall tree trunks. The moss lay thick underfoot like a green velvet carpet gemmed here and there with dewdrops that sparkled in the sunlight. Still the girl held on her way, trilling out her song in a birdlike voice, until she reached an open glade surrounded with trees as yet bare against the sky, though the buds were already bursting through their brown envelopes. Here she paused and seated herself upon a fallen tree.

Then there emerged from the thicket a tall figure clad in tight-fitting garments of black velvet, with a short cloak lined with blue satin and an outstanding ruff. At his side dangled a long rapier, and on his head was a cap of velvet with a white plume.

'How now, Betty!' he said as he approached her. She rose demurely and curtsied.

'Good-morrow, Hugh!' then in a lower key, almost in a whisper, 'Hast seen Father Trevelyn?' He gave a hasty glance around before he replied, in the same tone: 'Ay, sweetheart; to-night he will be with us at the court, and in the early morning, long before the lark has risen, will bless our marriage.'

'Hugh, I am sore afraid—'

'Afraid, dear heart! Art thou afraid? Geoffrey Franklin's daughter?'

'Nay, Hugh, not for myself—but the priest. Thou knowest the new law, and the death is so terrible. It seems selfish to let him run the risk for our own happiness.' She covered her eyes.

'My dearest one, it is God's own ordinance. Some must be wed—some must die—and all must be shriven,' he said, almost lightly.

'Ay, I know, Hugh.' Then, sinking her voice still lower and casting a furtive look around: 'Shall we have Mass?'

'Yes, dearest one.' Then, as if to change the current of her thoughts: 'See! I have brought you this necklace,' displaying as he spoke a string of pearls.

'Oh, Hugh, they are in truth too fine! Alas! that we should be wearing gems and seeking happiness while the Church is so sore oppressed.'

She broke into a passion of sobs. It was but a year since her only brother had suffered imprisonment and torture and finally banishment for exercising the functions of his priesthood, and now that he had returned in defiance of the law, it was he and no other who would say the Mass and bless her marriage with Hugh Fisher that very night. Hugh passed his arm around the weeping girl and drew her head down to his own broad shoulder.

'Do not weep, sweetheart! I shall think that you are afraid to trust me. See,' he continued, as he clasped his bridal gift about her neck, 'my peerless Betty, they are like dewdrops on a daffodil! My Daffodil Lady, dost remember the day I first discovered thee? Thou wast a merry, care-free child, thy green velvet lap filled with lent lilies; and now thou art still more fair—though I would fain behold thine eyes, sweetheart.'

'Nay, Hugh, thou wilt think me but a silly wench,' she protested, as he led her gently from the little glade back along the path down which they had come.

They had not noted the occasional rustle of a leaf or snapping of a twig as they stood together in the wood. Neither had they seen the outline of a man's slim figure clad in a hunting suit, who, with his dogs at his heels, had been a witness of their meeting.

'So Mistress Betty hath a lover,' he soliloquised—'and therefore she will have none of me. And yet I am personable enough—and I have riches enough—and houses and lands enough—to say nothing of the fat Grange that the Queen's Grace hath promised me if I can but catch the priest Trevelyn. "My Daffodil Lady!" oh! oh! Sir Poet—my Daffodil Lady! Come, Point! Come, Arrow!' The dogs followed at his heels as he crashed through the undergrowth, laughing aloud, and impatient for the hunt.

As he emerged from the wood on to the high road he laughed again scornfully, as he thought how easily the Grange would be his. But how about Betty? She would scarcely care to marry the man who had hunted her brother to death, and it might be her father, too—and Hugh Fisher. Master Fisher was already under suspicion, for he was related to the late Bishop of Rochester, who had