

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

April 16, Sunday—Easter Sunday.
 „ 17, Monday—Easter Monday.
 „ 18, Tuesday—Easter Tuesday.
 „ 19, Wednesday—Within the Octave.
 „ 20, Thursday—Within the Octave.
 „ 21, Friday—Within the Octave.
 „ 22, Saturday—Within the Octave.

Easter Sunday.

'The festival of Easter,' writes St. Gregory, is the solemnity of solemnities, because it raises us from the earth into eternity, which it enables us to enjoy beforehand by faith, hope, and charity.'

'You shall rise again!' This is what the Church says to us by the eloquent voice of her ceremonies. From the holy temple all signs of mourning have disappeared. The altars are decked out with extraordinary magnificence. Ornaments of gay color and rich embroidery appear. Every face is bright. The bells are all in motion. The song of joy—the Alleluia—that word of the language of heaven, fallen on earth for our festive days, resounds on all sides, is repeated every moment; is varied again and again; is modulated into every key; and when thereto are added the rays of a beautiful sun, avoid, if you can, those feelings of hope and delight which it is the mission of this great day to inspire.—Gaume.

GRAINS OF GOLD

EASTER.

Sursum Corda! The Lord has risen indeed!
 Let us be glad,
 Rejoicing on this Day of Days:
 Bring your sacrifice of praise,
 No heart be sad.

Sursum Corda! The Lamb redeems the sheep.
 O Sinless One!
 Fierce conflict o'er with death and shame,
 The Key to Heaven, His own dear Name.
 O gift, hard won!

Sursum Corda! Christ lives, and reigns on high,
 In splendour bright.
 In sweet compassion for our race,
 He shed His Blood and did efface
 Death's dismal night.

Resurgam! We shall rise, and share
 Eternal bliss!
 Christ will the prize of Life bestow
 On all His dear redeemed below.
 He knoweth who are His!

Faith is the magnetic needls which guides the soul when the polar star of reason is wrapt in darkness.

When a man is his own worst enemy he really needs no other enemies. He is most unfortunate as he is.

The person who thinks of nothing but a 'good time' in this world is usually also making provision for a bad time in the next.

The pleasant things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the greatest art in life is to have as many of them as possible.

Catholics must recognise how precious a privilege it is to be allowed to assist their dear ones even after the shadows of death have hidden them from mortal view.

Do what you can to believe, be liberal and beneficent; still, the riches in the universe do not equal the value of these two virtues, nor the reward which they will receive.—Bossuet.

An indiscreet man is more hurtful than an ill-natured one, for as the latter will only attack his enemies, and those he wishes ill to, the other injures indifferently both friend and foe.

Whoever will labour to get rid of self, to deny himself according to the instructions of Christ, strikes at once at the root of every evil, and finds the germ of every good.—Fenelon.

The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman; the foundation of political happiness is faith in the integrity of man; the foundation of all happiness, temporal and eternal, is reliance on the goodness of God.

The slightest act may be done with a graciousness that warms the day, or with a hard indifference that almost repels us from goodness itself. It is possible to buy a newspaper or pay a car fare in such wise as to make newsboy or car conductor feel for the moment that he is in a friendly world.

The Storyteller

THE ONE THING NECESSARY

'The fourth!' said General Wyndon with a sigh, as he folded the letter and slipped it under his plate. 'My dear Mary, Roland Martin has asked his firm to give him the Pacific Coast territory for a while.'

'Oh, my!' said Mrs. Wyndon. She was a slender, white-haired woman, with a delicate face. 'Isn't that too bad? Isn't that too bad?' she repeated, almost pathetically. 'I really thought Theo cared for him.'

The General waved his hand and began his breakfast. 'Cared for him!' he growled. 'I don't believe she'll ever care for anyone—'

'Good morning, father! Good morning, mother!'

'Miss Theo Wyndon, what do you mean by this? Late for breakfast, as usual!'

The girl came into the room hurriedly and kissed her father and mother before settling into her place. General Wyndon looked at her with a glance he tried to make disapproving.

'You don't seem very sorry, Theo,' he began. She waved her spoon at him.

'You know you've not had more than one bite, either of you,' she said airily. 'So I don't feel really sorry. Besides, lateness is its own worst punishment. I miss, raising a laughing face, 'just so much of your society.'

Her brown eyes danced. He tried to grumble, but could not.

'Well, perhaps you won't fret much at losing Roland Martin's society,' he said. 'When did you refuse him, Theo?'

'I didn't refuse him, father.'

'Didn't refuse Roland Martin. Why, he asked me—he said he was going to speak to you—'

'I rather thought he was going to speak to me, father.'

'Why didn't he?'

'He's rather an oddity,' with a little grimace. 'We were talking the other day on personal matters, sentiments, tastes, etc., and I told him I could never marry any man but a Church member. I did, really. And I think he imagined I wanted him to become a ranting, raving, out-and-out revivalist at once, for he said no more. He left me, my youthful hopes blighted, my young heart filled with sorrow—'

'Theo, Theo, don't get on that string! Why did you tell him anything of the sort? Or was it a polite way of refusing him? You know you don't give a ten-cent. piece about a man's religion.'

'Perhaps if I had a little more of my own—' began the girl.

'I don't see you've ever felt the need of it,' said the General coldly. 'And how could a man, an up-to-date, busy man like Roland Martin, be bothered with religion? Theo, I'll try to believe you said it to him, but I don't want you to pretend to me that you would want him to get religion.'

Theo Wyndon laughed softly.

'Oh, father, you should have seen his face! It was funny. He sat and stared and stared. He thought I was out of my senses. Then he said: "Well, I'm not a Church member and have no inclination towards any Church. I've been brought up to follow my own convictions, do as my conscience dictates, and hate the Church of Rome." With which lack of profession of faith the gentleman signed his doom if he cared anything about me. I will never marry a man who hates the Church of Rome.'

'Why not?' cried her exasperated father. 'How could it affect you?'

Theo put her bright head on one side, with a long sigh.

'Oh, father, one gets so tired trying to find new excuses. And that was a very good one.'

General Wyndon laughed—he could not help himself.

'You have the most wonderful talent for wriggling out of a situation,' he said. 'He was a fine chap—'

'A really worthy fellow,' put in Mrs. Wyndon now, disapprovingly, 'and of a most excellent family. I liked him.'

'Oh, mother! How could you? Picture living as long with him as you've done with father!' She shivered. 'If he were only like father,' she added hastily, realising that her remark could be misconstrued. 'Why, I don't believe Mr. Martin could say a cross word if he tried. It was an awful experience—almost—almost clammy.'

'There is only one thing helps me to endure your singular choice of English,' said Mrs. Wyndon, but the smile on her lips belied the severity of her words. 'As your father's daughter you cannot help it.'

'I'm afraid I'm getting very nicely between two fires,' remarked the General to his cup of coffee.

'You've been setting a bad example,' said Theo severely. 'Mother is trying to talk to me the way you do. But, after all, my dear parents, if I can't like a man, must I take him whether I will or not?'

'You don't even try to like anyone of them, Theo,' said her mother.

'Now, mamma! Did you have to try to like father?'