

## Friends at Court

### CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- March 24, Sunday.—Passion Sunday.  
 „ 25, Monday.—The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.  
 „ 26, Tuesday.—Feast of the Most Precious Blood.  
 „ 27, Wednesday.—St. Rupert, Bishop and Confessor.  
 „ 28, Thursday.—St. Sixtus III., Pope and Confessor.  
 „ 29, Friday.—The Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary.  
 „ 30, Saturday.—St. John Capistran, Confessor.

#### Feast of the Most Precious Blood.

This is one of the many feasts by which the Church endeavours to recall to our grateful remembrance the sufferings of Christ for our redemption.

#### 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 Salzberg, in Bavaria, the inhabitants of which country he had converted to the true Faith. He died about the beginning of the seventh century.

#### St. Sixtus III., Pope and Confessor.

St. Sixtus succeeded Pope Celestine in 432. His pontificate lasted till 440. The meek and forgiving spirit of this Pope was shown by his many acts of kindness towards a Roman noble by whom he had been grievously slandered.

### GRAINS OF GOLD

#### GOD UNDERSTANDS.

It is so sweet to know,

When we are tired, and when the hand of pain  
Lies on our hearts, and when we look in vain  
For human comfort, that the Heart Divine  
Still understands these cares of yours and mine:

Not only understands; but day by day  
Lives with us while we tread the earthly way;  
Bears with us all our weariness, and feels  
The shadow of the faintest cloud that steals  
Across our sunshine, even learns again  
The depth and bitterness of human pain.

There is no sorrow that He will not share,  
No cross, no burden for our hearts to bear  
Without His help, no care of our too small  
To cast on Jesus: let us tell Him all—  
Lay at His feet the story of our woes,  
And in His sympathy find sweet repose.

In every relation of life our happiness is at the mercy of somebody. Husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, parents and children, co-workers in office or shop—all hold one another's peace and happiness to some extent in the hollow of their hands. In the midst of our triumphs, our joy or success, a small taunt, a sarcastic, wounding speech, transforms our cup of honey into gall.

Make the home the hearthstone of Catholic life. Let its atmosphere be Catholic with memorials of Catholic history and devotion, teaching art upon its walls, and Catholic books to familiarise the young minds with Catholic literature. Let the conversation turn sometimes to Catholic subjects, and that sympathetically—not in an offensive and carping spirit. And above all, let there be at least occasional prayer together. These things are all educative, while requiring but little effort, and they serve to raise up children who will not be ashamed of their home, who will love it wherever they go. It will make them good Catholics, honorable men and women, good citizens, and successful figures, both in public and private life.

## The Storyteller

### THE SECRET OF THE MOORISH MANUSCRIPT

(Concluded from last week.)

Don Jose now comprehended who his unknown antagonist was and he could not restrain an exclamation. The agent replied to it with some polite phrases of condolence, to which he added that Don Henriquez had been especially induced to decide on keeping the castle, in order to profit by the next autumnal hunt.

'Ah!' thought Don Jose, who was not in the sweetest of humors; 'I wish that I had had him wounded a little more seriously—just enough to deprive him of any hope of enjoying the hunt this autumn.'

And he added aloud, that such a motive would scarcely deter Don Henriquez from accepting certain propositions.

'The lands please him,' observed the notary, 'and I should say that they combine in themselves every advantage. First, an admirable situation—'

'I know it,' bluntly interrupted Don Jose.

'With forests, fields, gardens—'

'I have seen them,' again broke in the Doctor, whose covetousness was only excited tenfold by this description.

'Well and good,' resumed Perez, 'but what the gentleman has not seen, perhaps, is the interior of the castle since the embellishments completed therein by the late Count. First, there is a gallery of paintings by our best masters—'

'Paintings!' echoed Don Jose; 'I have always adored paintings, although I rather prefer statues—'

'The castle is peopled with them!'

'Is it possible?'

'To say nothing of a library—'

'There is a library!' exclaimed the Doctor.

'Of thirty thousand volumes.' Don Jose made a gesture of despair.

'And such a treasure will be lost!' he cried; 'that arsenal of science will remain in the hands of a numskull.'

The notary shrugged his shoulders.

'Er, well,' said he, lowering his voice, 'his lordship knows only that he is a young man of noble family, rich, and fond of pleasure—'

'I am sure of it,' interrupted Don Jose; 'he is a scamp.'

'And yet he has good in him—much good. He is only a little high-spirited, perhaps, and that has already drawn him into several affairs of honor.'

'Ah, that is the bent of his genius! A brawler, a duellist!' resumed the Doctor. 'I might have known as much.' And he added, in a lower tone: 'It would certainly be nothing more than justice to take away the means of his continuing in such a course, by depriving him of the hand that holds the sword. Yes, that would be justice!'

'Age will correct these ebullitions,' remarked Perez, 'and also, I hope, the prodigious temper of his lordship. Notwithstanding his wealth, he is always unprovided. He has already demanded all their arrears from his uncle's tenants.'

'And they have paid?'

'With much ado; because their last harvests were unfortunate.'

'But it is absolute cruelty!' exclaimed Don Jose, sincerely indignant. 'What! to press the poor people who have lost their all, when one has a princely fortune, a castle with pictures, statues, and a library of thirty thousand volumes! Why! such a man is a veritable scourge, and it is really to be desired, for the sake of humanity, that Spain should be rid of him.'

He was interrupted by the mingled sounds of footsteps and voices on the stairway, and by the appearance of a servant who plunged into the room all aghast.

'What is it?' asked the notary.

'A misfortune! a sad misfortune!' exclaimed the breathless domestic. 'Don Henriquez has been fighting.'