

FRIENDS AT COURT

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- March 15, Sun.—Third Sunday of Lent. St. Zachary.
- „ 16, Mon.—Of the Feria.
- „ 17, Tue.—St. Patrick, Bishop and Confessor.
- „ 18, Wed.—St. Cyril of Jerusalem. Confessor and Doctor.
- „ 19, Thur.—St. Joseph, Spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
- „ 20, Fri.—Of the Feria.
- „ 21, Sat.—St. Benedict, Abbot.

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St. Joseph, Spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

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.

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GRAINS OF GOLD TO ST. JOSEPH.

O Joseph of the tender heart  
For human woe!  
What favors rare thou dost impart,  
Thy clients know.  
Who, needy, asking aught of thee  
With earnest mind  
But must proclaim thee thankfully,  
His patron kind?  
Thy generous prototype of yore  
With loving hand  
Fed thousands of the famished poor  
In Pharaoh's land.  
But unto all of every clime  
On God's wide earth  
Who seek thy aid at any time  
In stress or dearth,  
Thou lendest e'er a gracious ear  
And pitying eye,  
To soothe affliction's bitter tear  
And heart-wrung sigh.  
How shall we marvel this is done  
If we recall  
That thy sweet spouse and Fosterer  
In tender thrall  
Of love's sweet fetters bind us fast:  
The one as Brother;  
The other clasps us to her breast—  
Our loving Mother.  
Do thou, whom thus we love to call  
Our Father fond,  
Direct us safe through life's nightfall  
To Heaven beyond.

THE STORYTELLER

NORA

Translated from the German by PRINCESS LIECHTENSTEIN

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CHAPTER XVIII—(Continued.)

This pain was too much. She felt she had not deserved it, and the heart, thus trampled upon, rose against the injustice she had suffered. What was *he* that he should not have vouchsafed her one word, or granted her one look? Had he not broken the vow he had made to watch over her, to protect, and to save her from her cruel position?

And at the very first wave of misfortune he had left her to herself! Yes, thought she, in the bitterness of her heart, she had made it easy for him to break from her; she had instantly returned him his word, and freed him from every engagement. As for him, he had at once accepted the proffered liberty, and had not even held out his little finger to save her from her depth of misery. Why was she mourning? Why had she been mourning for him all this time? He had certainly greeted his liberty as a welcome event, whilst she had been offering up everything to the very shadow of his love. And now, forgotten, despised, why should she lay such severe restrictions upon herself? Why should she refuse entrance to every joy life still had in store for her?

Her blood rushed tumultuously and rebelliously through her veins, and the forsaken heart cried aloud for distraction, for something to forget, for something, whatever it might be, to fill the void.

She had often come across those light and butterfly natures, who flutter joyously through the world so careless and so free. Yes, she had met them, and after all, those were the natures best fitted to her position. 'Tis true that they often sank into the dust, but still they had been cradled amongst flowers, had feasted unconcernedly upon the sweets of life, had been happy, so long as it lasted. But she, she was also trodden in the dust, and had enjoyed nothing of the brilliancy of life.

What right had she to think herself better than those with whom destiny had placed her? Why should she wear herself to death, in order to attain that height she could, perhaps, never reach, and upon which, anyhow, the world would never suffer her to remain? Whatever might happen now, she was lost to every real happiness, and, yet, live she must, without this burning thirst after it.

They are wicked hours those in which our excited feelings gain the upper hand; but the purest of souls goes through such hours, when it is tossed too wildly about by despair, and thus comes in contact with the pitch which lies at the bottom of every earthly nature.

Long did Nora remain thus, until her excitement died a natural death. But it is only after an inundation, after the high waters have retired, that one sees how changed is the whole aspect of the earth.

When Nora arose, her face bore another

expression than it had borne the night before. It was no holy light which shone in her eyes, and the lips had a contemptuous turn which no longer spoke of calm and of retiring modesty. There was a new life, but what the Scotch would call an *uncanny* life, which seemed to animate her whole person. She was still arranging her hair, when a knock was heard at the door, and a beautiful bouquet was brought in to her. She was on the point of refusing it, according to her old habit, but immediately afterwards she accepted it. It was a beautiful assemblage of rare and costly flowers, perfuming the whole room with their narcotic scent. She seized hold of it, and pressed her face into it, inhaling its perfume, as if she hoped therein to find intoxication. She knew very well the offering came from a princely admirer who had pursued her for months with such-like gifts. She had disdained them until now, but to-day it pleased her, nay, it filled her with a wild joy, to think how many were sighing for a look of her.

"I can bring them all to my feet, when I choose," she said, and she tossed her head proudly back. "I can lead them all where I like by a look from these eyes, by a gesture of this hand. I can make these proud men as miserable as I have been made myself. And I will show him that I need only hold up my little finger in order to gain that which he refuses me."

A few hours later when Nora went to her father to discuss the arrangements for that evening, she struck him as being much more accommodating than usual.

It soon became the talk of the whole town that Nora Karsten had gone through some mysterious transformation. She had never been so beautiful or so enchanting as this season. She had almost completely lost that calm and even stiff reserve of manner, for which one had found fault with her. This change was mostly attributed to a journey she had made in England and in France.

Nora no longer refused to appear in combined scenes, and a particularly romantic one soon became famous by the part she played in it. The subject treated of was Libussa, the famous man-hater, Bohemia's beautiful queen. The scene represented a combat between the army of Amazons and their antagonists of the stronger sex, and gave a full display of good acting as well as of good riding. It was, moreover, remarkable by the brilliancy of the costumes displayed. The victory of the Amazons, their wild chase after the flying, and, at last, Libussa left alone face to face with the brave Scharka, and fighting with her pride and her love; then the triumphal march and the sorrow of the Amazons, when Libussa, having pierced Scharka with her arrow, herself falls and dies. This was of itself an animated

A. H. O'Leary

CLOTHIER, MERCER, HATTER, AND BOOTER.  
MEN'S AND BOYS' SUITS A SPECIALTY.

Taumarunui