

FRIENDS AT COURT

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- May 7, Sun.—Fourth Sunday after Easter.
 „ 11, Mon.—Of the Feria.
 „ 12, Tues.—SS. Nereus and Achilleus, Martyrs.
 „ 13, Wed.—Of the Feria.
 „ 14, Thurs.—St. Boniface, Martyr.
 „ 15, Frid.—St. John Baptist de la Salle, Confessor.
 „ 16, Sat.—Sat.—St. Ubaldus, Bishop and Confessor.



SS. Nereus and Achilleus, Martyrs.

These holy martyrs were attached to the service of St. Flavia Domitilla, and were banished with her to the island of Pontia by the Emperor Domitian. They were beheaded at Terracina in the reign of Trajan.

St. John Baptist de la Salle, Confessor.

This saint was born in France in 1651. Even before his ordination he took a keen interest in the education of children, a work for which he was naturally fitted, and to which he afterwards entirely devoted himself. He was the founder of the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

St. Ubaldus, Bishop and Confessor.

St. Ubaldus was born near Ancona, in the Papal States. Consecrated Bishop of Gubbio, he adorned that high dignity with all the virtues of a true successor of the Apostles. He died in 1160, after an episcopate of thirty years.



GRAINS OF GOLD

THE MAY PROCESSION.

What is clearer, what is dearer, than the children's voices singing,
 As they come with banners waving, as they come with garlands gay,
 Where the waking buds are breaking and the tender grass is springing,
 In Our Lady's month of beauty, in Our Lady's month of May!

What is purer or demurer than the fresh young flower-like faces
 (Ah, no flowers in all the meadows are so gracious or so sweet!)
 As advancing, softly glancing, through the fragrant woodland places,
 They approach the shrine of Mary, there to kneel at Mary's feet!

What is fairer, what is rarer, than Our Lady's May procession!
 What is nearer to a foretaste of a more than earthly bliss;
 Ah, no pleasure—ah, no treasure, of our later life's possession,
 Can compare with all the sweetness and the innocence of this!

THE STORYTELLER

NORA

Translated from the German by PRINCESS LICHTENSTEIN
 (Published by arrangement with Burns, Oates, Washbourne, Ltd.)

CHAPTER XXIV—(Continued)

As for his second wife, he never pronounced a syllable about her, or so much as named her; nor did he in the least notice the little boy. Once only the injured man's anger broke loose for a moment from the bonds which kept his mind a prisoner. The child had, naturally enough, been playing at riding in the Circus upon his wooden horse, and had pronounced Landolfo's name in doing so. At the same moment the director's features were contracted by a fearful fit of anger, and throwing himself upon the child, he would have felled him to the ground had not Nora rushed to the rescue. He then stamped upon the harmless plaything, and continued in this wild state during hours and hours.

For the first time Nora, kneeling by him, and taking fearlessly his closed fists in her hands, spoke to him, with trembling lips, but in a calm and firm voice, words of pious warning, and whispered prayers into his ears, until the rolling eyes closed themselves in sleep.

The task, the great task she had once set herself, had been lost sight of in the midst of her happiness and of her sorrow; she now remembered with a pang how, in her girlish days, she had felt that it must be her first duty to awake her father's soul from the indifference his career had brought with it, and how, later on, she had only lived, thought, and prayed for her love. The task appeared before her now in all its grave and important light, and she knew that she had lost her time, and had neglected the greatest of her duties. Happy Nora! for she had now found something more absorbing to herself than her own sorrow, and at the same time she had found the best remedy for it.

Moreover, things now smiled upon her from another and a less grave point of view. It was impossible not to take some pleasure in life with so good and so pleasant a friend as Baron Dahnnow at her side, whose whole thoughts and whole endeavors were directed towards the one aim, of making her happy. For instance, it was perhaps a detail, and yet it contributed much to her comfort to find a horse in readiness for her. She thought it at once too costly and too useless a pleasure, and would have done away with it had not Dahnnow insisted, upon the strength of his having the direction of affairs, that the horse was to be kept. It was necessary for her health, and he met every objection she made with a practical answer. There was no doubt but that, when the weariness, which steals over one after every great sorrow, was beginning to take possession of her, it did her endless good to ride out into the fresh air, and enjoy the sight of nature's beauties.

She generally started off early in the morning in order to meet no one, and she always chose the most solitary rides. It sometimes

happened, nevertheless, that she came across a solitary rider, who seemed also not to care for his morning's repose, and whom she permitted to ride beside her, when was the only reward Dahnnow earned for having arranged everything so well. Those were friendly, cosy rides along the quiet roads, among the fresh and green trees, displaying all their springlike magnificence. Those were the hours in which Nora's eyes had something of their old sparkle about them, and in which her cheeks would bear a healthy color.

Was it extraordinary that Dahnnow, riding in her company, and gazing with her at the fresh life budding out on all sides, should also have felt a new and great hope arise in his heart? Was it so easy to nature, and should it be impossible to the human heart, to shoot out fresh blossoms of love?

Whatever he thought, whatever he felt, not a word fell from his lips which might have troubled Nora at that time; nor did he even allude to the past.

Baron Dahnnow had the rare gift of never being in any one's way. Nora felt this particularly in her present intercourse with him. As at one time his letters, now his visits, were the only events which gave her pleasure in her monotonous life.

Her feelings were still too much benumbed for her to be able to notice, to their full extent, the constancy and delicacy of the attentions he surrounded her with; but she was very thankful to him, and she enjoyed his society. There were certainly some topics which she would willingly have discussed just then, but to which he was a stranger; and yet she could not deny that it was very pleasant to see so constantly a true friend, and a clever man.

Baron Dahnnow could speak well and fluently; he moreover had visited her mother's country across the seas, and having studied its manners and customs thoroughly, he could talk about it in an interesting manner. It was, perhaps, a slight circumstance, but it awoke a new string of ideas in her to hear so much about America.

Although, however, it had now become quite a natural and settled thing that Dahnnow should ride out with Nora in the morning, and should spend his afternoons at the villa, and although she always received him as a welcome visitor, spring went by and summer came, and even autumn began to show its golden and russet leaves, before Dahnnow had mustered courage to say what lay at his heart. Perhaps Nora's eyes met his too openly; perhaps her hand was held out in too friendly and easy a manner when he entered the room.

He had established himself completely in the capital, and when questioned as to his strange taste for a dusty town in summer,

A. H. O'Leary

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

Taumarunui