

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

April 4, Sunday.—Easter Sunday.
 „ 5, Monday.—Easter Monday.
 „ 6, Tuesday.—Easter Tuesday.
 „ 7, Wednesday.—Of the Octave.
 „ 8, Thursday.—Of the Octave.
 „ 9, Friday.—Of the Octave.
 „ 10, Saturday.—Of 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, you cannot fail to experience those feelings of hope and delight which it is the mission of this great day to inspire.”

Easter Monday.

“The contemplation of Christ's glorious Resurrection and the eternal joys of heaven ought particularly to occupy our souls at this season.”—Butler.

GRAINS OF GOLD

E A S T E R T I D E.

An Easter thought! Forget the night of sorrow,
 Forget the weary vigil, sad and long;
 Oh, hail the dawning of the promised morrow,
 And list in silence to the angel song.

An Easter message! O'er the earth is shining
 The wondrous glory of the day-dawn bright;
 Oh, let it hush all doubts and vain repining,
 It comes to cheer thy longing, anxious sight.

An Easter wish! Oh, may the morn of gladness
 In beauty rise within thy waiting heart,
 Its heavenly joy will banish fear and sadness,
 Its golden beams will make the clouds depart.

An Easter song upon the breezes swelling,
 Its echoes from the shadowy long ago,
 “The Lord is risen!” the happy notes are telling,
 Then hush'd be ev'ry strain of grief and woe.

An Easter hope! That resurrection glory
 May bless the whole world with its fadeless rays,
 That every human heart may hear the story
 And join the anthem of eternal praise.

—B. Bell.

I N T H E L I G H T.

There were long days of doubting and of pain,
 There were long nights when whirls of wind and snow
 Hid the fair stars, and, as weird witches go
 Across the sky in dreams, rode hill and plain;
 Who could still hope that the sweet-scented rain
 Would touch once more the peony's roseate glow,
 Or that the purple flower-do-luce would blow,
 Or that the wild azalea was not slain?

Yet through the days of doubting there did run
 The Law of Love that binds the Christ-blessed earth,—
 This Law immutable we could not see;
 The Promise blooms; O Life turn to the Sun,
 Here are the Summer and the Easter birth
 Out of the dark; the Risen Light is He!

—Maurice Francis Egan.

If it were necessary that Our Lord should be expert in the science of addition, do you not think that, confronted with our many sins, He would send us back to our nothingness? But His love for us makes Him actually blind.—The Little Flower.

The Storyteller

WILLY REILLY

AND HIS DEAR COLEEN BAWN.

(A Tale Founded upon Fact)

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

In the course of half an hour the Red Rapparee came in, dressed in his uniform. On looking about him he exclaimed with an oath:—

“Who in hell's fire is here?”

“Why,” replied Mary Mahon, “a poor ould man that axed for charity and a lodgin' for the night.”

“And why did you give it to him?”

“Bekaise my charity to him may take away some of my sins.”

“Some of your devils!” replied the savage, “and I think you have enough o' them about you. Didn't you know I was to come here to-night, as I do every night?”

“You wor drinkin’,” she replied; “and you're drunk.”

“I am drunk, and I will be drunk as often as I can. It's a good man's case. Why did you give a lodgin' to this ould vagabone?”

“I tould you the reason,” she replied; “but you needn't care about him, for there's not a word of English in his cheek.”

“Faith, but he may have something in his purse, for all that. Is he ould?”

“A poor ould man.”

“So much the better; be the livin' I'll thry whether he has any ould coins about him. Many a time—no, I don't say *many* a time—but twis't I did it, and found it well worth my while too. Some of these ould scampers die wid a purse o' goolden guineas under their head, an' won't confess it till the last moment. Who knows what this ould lad may have about him? I'll thry, anyhow.” said the drunken ruffian; “it's not aisy to give up an ould custom, Molly—the sheriff, my darlin', for that. I axed him of his fines, and was near strikin' a double blow—I secured his pocket-book, and made a good attempt to hang Willy Reilly for the robbery into the bargain. Now, d—n it, Molly, didn't I look a gentleman in his clothes, shoes, silver buckles, and all? Wasn't it well we secured them before the house was burned? Here,” he added, “take a suceshin of this,” pulling at the same time a pint bottle of whisky out of his pocket; “it'll raise your spirits, an' I'll see what cash this ould codger has about him; an' by the way, how the devil do we know that he doesn't understand every word we say? Suppose, now—(hiccough)—that he heard me say I robbed the sheriff, wouldn't I be in a nice pickle? But, tell me, can *you* get no trace o' Reilly?”

“Devil a trace; they said he has left the country.”

“If I had what that scoundrel has promised me for findin' him out or securin' him—here's—here's to you—I say, if I had, you and I would—” Here he pointed with his thumb over his shoulder, as much as to say they would try another climate.

“And now,” he proceeded, “for a search on the shake-down. Who knows that the ould fellow has the yellow boys (guineas) about him?” And he was proceeding to search Fergus, when Mary flew at him like a tigress.

“Stop, you cowardly robber!” she exclaimed; “would you bring down the curse and the vengeance of God upon both of us? We have enough and too much to answer for, let alone to rob the ould an' the poor.”

“Be aisy now,” said he, “I'll make the search; sure I'm undher the scoundrel Whitecraft's protection.”

“Yes, you are, and you're undher my protection, too; and I tell you, if you lay a hand upon him it'll be worse for you.”

“What—what do you mane?”

“It's no matter what I mane; find it out.”

“How do I know but he has heard us?”

We must now observe that Fergus's style of sleeping was admirably adapted for his purpose. It was not accompanied by a loud and unbroken snore; on the contrary, after it had risen to the highest and most disagreeable intonations, it stopped short, with a loud and indescribable back-snort in his nose, and then, after a lull of some length, during which he groaned and muttered to himself, he again resumed his sternutations in a manner so natural as would have imposed upon the very devil himself, if he had been present, as there is little doubt he was, though not actually visible to the eyes of his two agents.

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