

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

February 27, Sunday. Third Sunday in Lent.
 „ 28, Monday.—Of the Feria.
 March 1, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 2, Wednesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 3, Thursday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 4, Friday.—St. Casimir, Confessor.
 „ 5, Saturday.—Of the Feria.

St. Casimir, Confessor.

St. Casimir (Prince of Poland), Confessor, was born in the royal palace at Cracow, in 1458, and died at the court of Grodno on March 4, 1484. He was the grandson of Wladislaus II. Jagiello, King of Poland, who introduced Christianity into Lithuania. St. Casimir was possessed of great charm of person and character, and was noted particularly for his justice and chastity. Often at night he would kneel for hours before locked doors of churches, regardless of the hour or the inclemency of the weather. He had a special devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and the hymn of St. Bernard of Clairvaux, "Omni die die Maria mea laudes anima," was long attributed to him. After his death he was venerated as a saint because of the miracles wrought by him. He was canonised by Pope Adrian VI. in 1522. Pope Clement VIII. named March 4 as his feast. St. Casimir is patron of Poland and Lithuania.

GRAINS OF GOLD

VIRGIN AND MOTHER.

Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer,
 All hearts are touched and softened at her name.
 Alike the bandit with the bloodstained hand,
 The priest, the prince, the scholar, and the peasant,
 The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer,
 Pay homage to her as one ever present!
 And even as children who have much offended
 A too indulgent father, in great shame,
 Penitent, and yet not daring unattended
 To go into his presence, at the gate
 Speak with their sister, and confiding wait
 Till she goes in before and intercedes;
 So men, repenting of their evil deeds,
 And yet not venturing rashly to draw near
 With their request on an angry father's ear,
 Offer to her their prayers and their confession,
 And she for them in Heaven makes intercession.
 And if our faith had given us nothing more
 Than this example of all womanhood,
 So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
 So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure,
 This were enough to prove it higher and truer
 Than all the creeds the world had known before.

—LONGFELLOW.

REFLECTIONS.

When you recognise a weakness in yourself, grapple with it without delay. Do not delude yourself with the thought that you will outgrow it and lose it accidentally somewhere along the way.

How inspiring it is in all our intercourse with our fellow-men, how efficacious in resisting temptation, is the thought, "I am a child of God!" Does not this dignity demand of me purity of soul and body?

I know that misery is the alphabet of fire, in which history writes in flaming letters the consequences of evil; and that without its glaring light we should never see the path back into the kingdom of God.—Florence Nightingale.

We shall never convert the world nor renew the achievements of old times without a mighty zeal for the salvation of souls. In your prayers, in your desires, ask for others and for your own soul this fire that can light and warm a world.

The Storyteller

WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

"I am not coming to dun you about that trifle of rent, Myles," Harman said, as he threw the reins to the boy, and joined Myles Rohan, who was standing at the door of the mill-house with his hands in the pocket of his blousy white breeches, and a less aggressively open look than usual upon his broad ruddy face. "I always say you are as safe as Threadneedle Street. But the fact of it is, Lord Drumshaughlin is always tight for money—he is a most unreasonable man—it is so long since he saw his property, he forgets that we can't quarry gold out of the Coomhola grits. And such a temper as he has! Speaking between you and me, I sometimes think of flying to a ranche in the Rocky Mountains, or mid-Africa, or somewhere. Well, but what can we do to stop his mouth? It is only a matter of—let me see—yes, by Jove, there are four gales—£256 14s, besides that little balance for the stable."

"I am sorry to say I cannot do much at the present moment," said the miller. "The milling business is not what it used to be. The Americans are running us off our legs. We are no match for them in this unfortunate country. They have the capital and the new machinery. You can get American flour in Cork market this moment for a song. There will soon be nothing but Indian corn left for us to grind—or to eat, either, I'm thinking."

"I am sorry to hear that, Myles—you millers used to hold your heads so high, you know. Those Americans are playing the devil with everything. I would not have an American article enter the country, except American letters. There's an infernal lot of treason in them, but there's money, too. Keep the money, say I, and hang the treason. Well, but we'll have to manage something, you know—a bill at three months, now, would do nicely, and you'll have the harvest-work coming in."

"There are bills of mine out in both the banks," said the miller, shaking his head, "and until I can make a lodgment or so—"

"Pooh! Dargan will discount one for £250 at all events."

"Dargan and I are not on very good terms. I should not like to ask him."

"Then I will, and I should like to see him refuse me! A hundred and fifty will keep his lordship's gout in good humor. I dare say the odd hundred will turn in handy enough for yourself."

"This is very kind of you, sir," said the miller, with downcast eyes, coloring.

"Not at all. I'm a skinflint and a heartless tyrant, you know. Or was it a black-livered exterminator you called me that day you ran against me for the chairmanship of the Board and raked up that old business of the Coomhola clearances against me?"

"Well, and I was right about the Coomhola clearances, if it comes to that," cried Myles, bridling up.

"There you go—I knew I would draw the badger," laughed Mr. Harman, gaily. "My dear Myles, I would let a fellow heave every adjective in the dictionary at me at a shilling a gross. Besides, I beat you for that chairmanship, you know, so I had the best of the argument. A man must live, even if he is an agent, till you've got an act to hang him. I have to do some grinding, like yourself, only in a different way—worse luck mine. Trade is hard for both of us. Why shouldn't we be good neighbors? By the way, I am sorry to hear of your trouble with your boy, Myles."

"Well, sir, we can't put old heads on young shoulders, can we?" said the miller, fidgeting a little uneasily.

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