

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- April 17, Sunday.—Third Sunday after Easter.
 „ 18, Monday.—Of the Octave.
 „ 19, Tuesday.—Of the Octave.
 „ 20, Wednesday.—Octave of St. Joseph.
 „ 21, Thursday.—St. Anselm, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
 „ 22, Friday.—SS. Soter and Cajus, Popes and Martyrs.
 „ 23, Saturday.—St. George, Martyr.

SS. Soter and Caius, Popes and Martyrs.

We know very little of these two Pontiffs except the manner of their deaths. St. Soter won the crown of martyrdom in 177; St. Caius, after many sufferings for the Faith, died in 296, in the reign of Diocletian, whose kinsman he was.

St. George, Martyr.

St. George has been recognised as patron of England since the time of the Crusades. Unfortunately, no authentic details of his life have come down to us. He is believed to have been a soldier, and to have suffered martyrdom about 303. In emblem of the victory he thus gained over the Evil One, he is often represented in pictures as a knight tilting against a dragon.

St. Anselm, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.

St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, was born at Aosta, Italy, in 1033. William II., during a dangerous illness, resolved to restore the estates which he had taken from the different churches; and urged by his nobles he nominated the learned Anselm, Abbot of Bec in Normandy, to the See of Canterbury. Only on the King's promise to resign the temporalities belonging to the See of Canterbury, to follow his counsels in things spiritual, and to acknowledge Urban II. as rightful Pope, did Anselm at last consent to receive consecration in 1093. But when restored to health, the King, by his renewed rapacity and despotism, soon gave much trouble to the new Primate. The refusal to acknowledge Urban II., and permit Anselm to receive the pallium from the Pontiff, led to a complete rupture. In his struggle with the King, Anselm was forsaken by the bishops, whilst the nobles of the realm earnestly supported him. Shortly after William acknowledged Urban, and was reconciled with Anselm. But fresh aggression compelled Anselm to have recourse to the Holy See. He set out for Rome in 1097 and was received by Urban with signal marks of respect, but his resignation the Pope refused to accept. While in Italy Anselm took part in the Councils of Lateran and Bari. Anselm remained in voluntary exile, living chiefly at Lyons, till the year 1100 when upon the sudden death of William and the accession of Henry I., he returned to England. Difficulties again were placed in the way of Anselm by the new King. Anselm went into exile a second time. Action was taken by Pope Paschal II. against Henry and the venal prelates who had received investiture from the King. At last the good services of Henry's sister Adela, led to a compromise. Anselm returned to England in 1106, and henceforth lived in peace till his death in 1109. Anselm is regarded as the earliest of the scholastic theologians, and is sometimes called the "Father of Scholasticism."

REFLECTIONS.

Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face.—Trench.

When Jesus Christ thought of the misfortunes which so closely menaced Jerusalem and the Jewish people, He could not restrain his tears.—Bossuet.

Beware of envy and you will have avoided a great pitfall which engulfs too many good people. For a secret envy in its thousand disguises is too apt to be the vice of the good.

The Storyteller

WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

Perhaps the hardest of Miss Westropp's pets to understand was the American Captain. Englishmen love to think that all their actions are determined by the rules of pure prose, merciless logic, and hard sense. They are, on the contrary, the most whimsical and sentimental of men. They are only in dread of being thought so. What possible process of logic could account for the fact that Neville's notion of the cause of law and order in Ireland was decided by the offensive twist of Sub-Inspector Flibbert's moustache, and that he only came to like Captain Mike MacCarthy by disliking Flibbert? So it was, at all events. He could not help thinking what a figure burly Captain Mike, with his antic dialect, devil-may-care felt hat, and square-cut clothes of dingy black, would cut among the young men of the Knightsbridge mess, with whom an ill-chosen word was as painful a disfigurement as a crease in their morning coats; but then he thought how little Flibbert's irritating strut and Drumshaughlin fashions would fare in the same company; and the next time he met the American Captain, he astonished that grizzly warrior by saying, "I've been reading up your war a bit. There was never anything like it—such dogged hard work, I mean."

"Just so. There wasn't much of a show—no return tickets at excursion rates—no programme of dance music on the grounds. No, sir, 'twas all conducted on strict business principles. When you've got to kill a million and a half of your fellow-men in a limited time, where's the use of dressing them up in osprey feathers and them kind of fixings? don't deny there's pluck behind your fine coats, you Britishers—not by no means," said the Captain, determined to be generous. "Your boys have done some rale purty things from time to time, in a small way. All I want entered on the minutes is that an army don't miss pipe-clay when it's short of boots. When we started out after Joe Johnson, the Union supplied us with a gun and carriage-belt, and I guess that was about all—except fellows to fire at. We wrestled Joe's hash purty powerful all the same for plain citizens. You think that's bragging?" An unconquerably candid increase of color in Neville's fresh face betrayed him. He had indeed been thinking vaguely that this was not Knightsbridge form. It seemed an additional rudeness to force him to confess or deny it. But he did not yet know Captain Mike. "So it is bragging," said the American Captain, knocking away a pyramid of ashes from the end of his cigar with leisurely gravity. "Rather 'taint bragging—it's advertising. What's a new country like ours to do but advertise? She's bet out of the market unless she advertises. It's all well for your crowd to hold your tongues about your battles, an' look modest—silence comes easier to you than descriptive particulars—I don't say nothing agen it—but your advertising's done for you—you've had your historians booming along ever so many centuries now—had a'most all the lying to yourselves. Consequence is you're a great nation—you've only got to hold your tongue for people to believe Battles of Waterloo about you. We're only beginners—we're not above writin' our own puffs and stickin' our own bills—else I'd like to know who's goin' to hear that Gettysburg was a bigger day's work than Waterloo! No, sir, we ain't ashamed of advertising honest goods. And our work on the Potomac was real honest. I can tell you them that came out alive deserved the remarks of the *Gettysburg Evening Telegram*. Yes, sir."

"I can easily believe it," said the young Life Guardsman fervently. "Won't you have another cigar?"

Joshua Neville was attracted by his new Irish sur-

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