

## Friends at Court

### GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

May 29, Sunday.—Within the Octave of Corpus Christi.  
 „ 30, Monday.—Of the Octave.  
 „ 31, Tuesday.—Of the Octave.  
 June 1, Wednesday.—Of the Octave.  
 „ 2, Thursday.—Octave of Corpus Christi.  
 „ 3, Friday.—Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.  
 „ 4, Saturday.—St. Francis Caracciolo, Confessor.

Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Since the Person of Christ, including His human nature, is the object of divine adoration, the worship which is due to His Person is due to all that is united to His Person. For this reason the Fifth General Council condemned the Nestorians, who introduced two adorations as to two separate natures and to two separate persons. The Council affirms that one adoration is to be offered to the Word united to His humanity. The material object of this divine adoration is Christ, God, and man; the formal object or the reason for which this divine adoration is given to Him in both natures is the divinity of the Incarnate Son. Thus the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the human heart which the Son of God took from the substance of His Immaculate Mother, is adored with divine worship in heaven and on earth—at the right hand of His father and in His real presence in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar. “Devotion to the Sacred Heart reveals to us the personal love of Our Divine Redeemer towards each and every one for whom He died. It is a manifestation of His pity, tenderness, compassion, and mercy to sinners and to penitents. Nevertheless its chief characteristic and its dominant note is His disappointment at the return we make to Him for His love.”—Cardinal Manning.

### GRAINS OF GOLD

#### THE SACRED HEART.

Oh! Sacred Heart of Jesus,  
 I place my trust in Thee!  
 Whatever may befall me, Lord,  
 Though dark the hour may be,  
 In all my joys, in all my woes,  
 Though naught but grief I see,  
 “Oh! Sacred Heart of Jesus,  
 I place my trust in Thee!”

When those I love have passed away,  
 And I am sore distressed,  
 Oh! Sacred Heart of Jesus,  
 I fly to Thee for rest!  
 In all my trials, great or small,  
 My confidence shall be  
 Unshaken, as I cry, dear Lord,  
 “I place my trust in Thee!”

This is my one sweet prayer, dear Lord!  
 My faith, my trust, my love,  
 But most of all in that last hour,  
 When death points up above,  
 Ah! then, sweet Savior, may Thy face  
 Smile on my soul set free,  
 Oh, may I cry with rapturous love—  
 “I’ve placed my trust in Thee!”

—MERCEDES.

#### REFLECTIONS.

The believer receives his reward when he acts as he believes.—St. Cyprian.

The evil deeds which I commit are really evil, and really mine; the good that I do is neither wholly good, nor wholly my own.—St. Hugh.

There can be no fellowship between faith and faithlessness.—St. Cyprian.

Have confidence; wait in peace for your Saviour, Who will transform this body of your ignominy, and make it like His Own glorious body.—St. Hugh.

He made our offences His offences, that He might make His righteousness our righteousness.—St. Augustine.

## The Storyteller

### WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

#### CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

All creeds, races, and castes agree once a day—at dinner-hour. Men may differ as to the form of grace before meat, but all the family of Adam acknowledge a common parentage as to what follows. The keen mountain air, and perhaps a certain platonic recollection of the old monk's bleak penances and meagre larder, diffused a general feeling of present comfort at sight of Mrs. Motherwell assuming the command of the game-pie, and Father Phil carving the ham with an expression of face as cheerily frosted as that decorated joint itself. Even disinterested readers sometimes linger to take in the savor of such toothsome human festivities—to receive one of Mrs. Motherwell's plentiful helpings from the grouse pie; to see the Rector cut up the partridge, with dashing digressions into the neat's tongue; to hear the American Captain demanding the pleasure of wine all round, even to the youngest Miss Neville, who had never before seen such a droll man, and nearly spilled her wine with laughing; to behold Katie Rohan trotting up triumphantly with a dish of bursting potatoes smoking hot, which that wonderful Mrs. Motherwell and she had cooked over a fire which these conspirators had set going somehow in the cobwebbed kitchen grate at the Lodge; to see the great Guardsman nervously escorting dishes of trembling jelly from the hampers and escorting back precarious pyramids of plates; to hear the clink and the gaiety and prattle—the hundred pretty idiotic tricks and innocent nothings, which on these occasions light up young hearts (and, if the truth were told, mayhap, old ones too) with more genuine joy than half a dozen Dr. Johnsons flashing and blazing around Sir Joshua's table. Most of the business that makes life pleasantest is transacted in exceedingly small coin, luckily for those who are but scantily furnished with Bank of England notes, in wit or in stamped paper.

Of course the American Captain felt obliged under the influence of emotions to which the young Republican heart of Great America was as susceptible as the more historic but played-out shrines of European chivalry and romance—emotions which he hoped were not altogether dead even in the extinct volcano which once kicked up shines at the head of C company, Ninth Massachusetts Volunteers—felt coerced by every sentiment of homage to youth and beauty joined with goodness which he need not apologise to St. Finn Barr for describing as unsurpassable, and a sumptuous hospitality which would not discredit the First Floor Room at Delmonico's—felt coerced, in short, to get on his legs and propose the health of Miss Westropp in a speech which would have made her sink into the earth had not so thoroughly enjoyed it from beginning to end.

The Rector, entering into the humor of the moment, took it upon himself to respond in the name of the young lady, explaining, with a quizzical look around, to see whether Mrs. Motherwell, who was stowing away the desert-plates, was out of hearing, that he had by no means resigned his own interest in youth and beauty, although circumstances over which he had no control might possibly render it dangerous for him to proclaim that sentiment in too high a key at the present moment, whereat good Mrs. Motherwell smiled and said: “Fie, Edward; I heard you! I'll tell Miss Deborah!” The Rector concluded by, to his horror, proposing Father Phil, in glowing and generous terms, which grew terribly in earnest as he proceeded. The old priest fidgeted and blushed, and smiled all the while, with exclamations of “Oh, dear me!” Did you ever hear such a thing?” “Listen to that now!” “Mrs. Motherwell! who'd ever have thought he was such a play-boy!” and when the Rector wound up the “three cheers more” by calling for “a Protestant one,” which he gave as lustily as Luther's Latin, Father Phil could be by no means tempted on his legs, but kept murmuring, in a state of amused indignation—“I'm sure it was all that rascal Jack's doing.”

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