

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

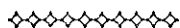
March 12, Sunday.—Second Sunday of Lent.
 „ 13, Monday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 14, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 15, Wednesday.—Of the Feria. Abstinence.
 „ 16, Thursday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 17, Friday.—St. Patrick, Bishop and Confessor.
 „ 18, Saturday.—St. Cyril of Jerusalem, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.

ST. PATRICK, BISHOP AND CONFESSOR.

The nationality of St. Patrick is much disputed, some naming France, others Scotland, as the place of his birth. When but 16 years of age he was carried captive into Ireland, where he remained for six years, thus by a remarkable dispensation of Divine Providence becoming acquainted with the language and customs of the people whom he was afterwards to evangelise. Having escaped from captivity, his one desire was to return to Ireland, bringing with him the blessings of the true Faith to its pagan inhabitants. The desired mission was confided to him by Pope St. Celestine about 432. His labors were crowned with complete success. By his exertions Ireland has ever since not only kept the Faith pure at home, but has helped to propagate it in nearly every country in the world. St. Patrick died about 464, and was buried in Downpatrick.

ST. CYRIL OF JERUSALEM.

St. Cyril, a Father of the Church, was born at, or near, Jerusalem, about the year 315. He was ordained priest in 345 by Bishop Maximus, who also entrusted him with the charge of the Catechumens, and in his stead appointed him preacher to the people. In 350, Cyril succeeded Maximus in the See of Jerusalem, and was consecrated by Acacius of Caesarea. This Acacius, a bitter Arian, soon became a severe enemy and persecutor of Cyril, and in 358, procured his deposition and exile from Jerusalem. Cyril was restored by the Council of Seleucia, in 359, but, at the instigation of Acacius, he was banished again, the next year by Constantius. On the accession of Julian, Cyril returned to Jerusalem. The Emperor Valens, in 377, again banished Cyril from his see, and only after 11 years was he allowed to return. In 381, he assisted at the Second General Council of Constantinople. He died in 386, after a troubled episcopate of 35 years, 16 of which were spent in exile.



GRAINS OF GOLD

WHAT SHALL I SAY?

What shall I say to Thee,
 How shall I pray to Thee,
 Beauty so ancient and ever so new?
 Hastening I cry to Thee
 Kneeling I sigh to Thee,
 Long wert Thou veiled from my earth-dazzled view.

Madly I fled from Thee,
 Hopelessly led from Thee
 E'en by the gifts of Thy mightiest love.
 Far did I roam from Thee;
 Then turning home to Thee,
 Where did I seek Thee? I sought Thee above.

Sought Thee away from me,
 While 'Thou didst say to me,
 Call to me, cry to me, "Am I not here?"
 Light-flashes blinding me,
 Love fetters binding me,
 Told me the Monarch of Beauty was near.

Oh! Thou has bent to me;
 "Art Thou content with me?"
 So didst Thou plead with me, woo me, and I,
 Borne on swift wings to Thee,
 All my soul clings to Thee,
 Rest on Thee, lives in Thee, cleaving the sky.

—In *Dublin Annals*.

The Storyteller

WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XXXVI.—(Continued.)

It was characteristic of the young philosopher of La Mere Medecine that, though the letter was as a thick black curtain falling upon all the stage-glory of the career he had been promising himself, he nevertheless put the crisp bank-note in his pocket along with the Attorney-General's, and, by the time he felt the fresh air blowing on his temples again, was half inclined to think the bank-note the most important part of the communication. Ten pounds *plus* youth was a great deal of present money; and as for the remote future beyond the ground covered by that dazzling quantity of silver and gold, does the butterfly perched on a luscious summer flower ruffle his pretty wings about equinoctial gales to come? Dublin was large, and must have more brilliant corners than its workhouses for men of parts; and in the meanwhile his ten pounds spread out into an obsequious army of shillings and half-crowns in silver uniforms, obligingly offering to show him the town. Those dusky Irish-American soldiers he had met in the dingy hotel were capital company to begin with; and the faithless rogue had already remarked that the little girl behind the bar had an uncommonly wicked pair of merry brown eyes and seemed not altogether indisposed to use them. In the airy content of thoughts like these he floated across the frowsy courtyard of the Castle, whose walls of dingy blood-colored brick, coated with the grimy sweat of ages, habitually suggested the exhalations of an evil conscience in respect of deeds done within. Passing under an arch into the Lower Castle Yard, the prancing of cavalry horses and the hoarse sound of an agitated crowd in motion roused him to the fact that something unusual was afoot. The Lower Castle Yard was filled with troops and policemen. A troop of hussars with drawn sabres were keeping back a swaying crowd by backing their horses gently amongst them. Presently a great roar of voices was heard outside and two great prison vans surrounded by mounted constables dashed into the courtyard. A broken multitude surged in after them cheering wildly. The hussars, who had faced around, received a hoarse order, and set their horses and sabres in motion, upon which the rush forward became a rush backward, and the cheers changed into the groans and curses of men slashed at with naked swords, trampled under the hoofs of horses or trampling over one another's bodies.

"What is it?" asked Jack of a man standing near him.

"Them's the Fenian prisoners that was took last night," was the reply.

Harold looked at him inquiringly.

"What, you didn't look at the papers to-day?" said Madden the detective, scanning his face slyly. "They were all grabbed at the Bull in the middle of the night—18 American officers and the whole Directory in session—so they says. 'Twas the mischief of a haul, wasn't it?"

The Bull was the dingy hotel in the decaying street. It did not tax Madden's keenness much to note what a deadly white crept over the gay French face.

"And—what is going on now?"

"Luk it here—they're bringing 'em up at the Po-lis Office for examination," said the detective.

A sudden sense of desolation struck upon Jack Harold's heart. He felt himself a stranger in the great city. The arrests had deprived him of all his friends at a swoop. They had, at the same time, brought home to him a sharp sense of personal danger. The gloomy stone-paved streets were now to him simply so many corridors of a prison, of which the policemen at the street-corners were the warders. He crept home to his lodgings in a dirty brick street on the northern side of the river, oppressed with a nervous discomfort near the shoulder, as if a heavy hand were going to be laid there. But what to do next? He paced up and down the narrow room till it became a stifling dungeon, till the bed with its yellow counterpane grew in the foggy twilight into the likeness of a coffin, till a man work-

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