

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- April 2, Sunday.—Passion Sunday.
- „ 3, Monday.—Of the Feria.
- „ 4, Tuesday.—St. Isidore, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
- „ 5, Wednesday.—St. Vincent Ferrer, Confessor. Abstinence.
- „ 6, Thursday.—Of the Feria.
- „ 7, Friday.—Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
- „ 8, Saturday.—Of the Feria.



ST. ISIDORE, BISHOP, CONFESSOR, AND DOCTOR.

St. Isidore was born in the south of Spain about the middle of the sixth century. In the year 600 he succeeded his brother, St. Leander, in the See of Seville, which he occupied for 36 years. His learned writings in defence of religion have caused him to be numbered among the Doctors of the Church.

ST. VINCENT FERRER, CONFESSOR.

St. Vincent was born at Valentia, in Spain. The austerity of his life, the gift of eloquence which he possessed in a remarkable degree, and the miracles which signalled his labors, rendered his preaching most effective. Wherever he went the people were aroused, and the most hardened sinners sought to be reconciled with God. His labors were not confined to his native country. He traversed Italy and France, and at the invitation of Henry IV. visited Ireland, England, and Scotland. He died in Brittany, in the 63rd year of his age, A.D. 1419.

THE SEVEN DOLORS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

To drink of that chalice of suffering which the Redeemer of mankind drained to the dregs has fallen to the lot of all the saints, but most of all to the Mother of God. Owing to the closeness of the sacred tie which bound her to her Divine Son she felt most keenly every danger which threatened Him, and every pang that wrung His Sacred Heart. Her seven principal sorrows, commemorated to-day, were—the prophecy of St. Simeon, the flight into Egypt, the loss of the Child Jesus, the meeting with her Divine Son on the way to Calvary, the Crucifixion, the taking down from the Cross, and the burial of Our Lord.



GRAINS OF GOLD

AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

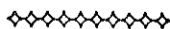
Our Lady as she stood beneath the Cross in anguish keen,
 Ah, who so cold but what that picture stirs!
 Through all the previous centuries no mother e'er had seen
 A son so die—and such a Son as hers.

No wonder earth protested and the sun withdrew its light,
 No wonder wailing breezes moaned her loss;
 They never since creation's dawn had viewed so sad a sight—
 Our Lady as she stood beneath the Cross.

Our Lady as she stood beneath the Cross evokes our tears,
 Our sympathy goes out to her amain;
 Ah! yes; but in our daily life what evidence appears
 That we shall nevermore renew her pain?

The sins by us committed helped her Son Divine to slay.
 Oh, when temptation's waves around us toss,
 God grant our thoughts revert to her, all martyrs' Queen
 for aye—
 Our Lady as she stood beneath the Cross!

—ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C.S.C.



REFLECTIONS.

When we are at peace books are our treasure and delight; when we are fighting they are our arms; when we are hungry they are our food; when we are sick they are our remedy.—St. Hugh.
 Now to be a true Christian, three things are necessary: Charity in the heart, truth on the lips, and purity of life; if we are wanting in these, we are unworthy of the name of Christian.—St. Hugh.



WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XXXVII.—(Continued.)

Once only did the flood of waters from the father's heart quite overflow the sterile egoism of the London club-man. It was while he leaned on Joshua Neville's arm over poor Harry's coffin as it disappeared into the yawning sepulchre in the grey shadow of the moist winter dawn. There was nobody else present except the Rector, young Neville, and two workmen. With an instinct for which Lord Drumshaughlin thanked him by a pressure of the arm, Mr. Neville had taken it upon himself not to invite Mr. Hans Harman to be of the party. He had more hesitation in deciding against an extraordinary suggestion of his son that Harry should be buried by the side of Quish, the bailiff, whose story had somehow affected father and son in a most unaccountable manner for two prosaic people from the Black Country.—“Poor chap, he never owed much to the Drumshaughlins. I almost think Harry would feel more at home with Quish than in that stuck-up stone vault,” said the most romantic of Guardsmen.—“No, no,” said his father, shaking his head, after a judicial summing-up. “His father could never be got to consent. Besides, if others were unkind, remember Mabel!”—And here the young Guardsman dropped the subject and flushed scarlet. He had not remembered Mabel quite so engrossingly of late.—There was one lonely wreath among the expensive ones which the Misses Neville heaped on poor Harry's coffin—a simply-twined circlet of rustic green with lilies of the valley glistening like angels' tears through it. Where this wreath came from nobody could tell. The Rector, who got it from his wife, and who expressed his wonder where that mother of a family got the lilies of the valley, was told to mind his own business, and could see that there were one or two angels' tears in Mrs. Motherwell's honest eyes as well as in the white chalices of the flowers. I have my own suspicions what took Katie Rohan flitting over to the Rectory like a frightened bird the night before the funeral, with the air of one engaged in the most awful enterprise of her life. She somehow trusted the Rector's wife only little less than Mother Rosalie. I rather suspect also that, for all the timidity of her fluttering heart, she was too honest to soothe herself with the belief that it was on Mabel's part alone she twined the little wreath, but that with all the sweet purity of her soul she offered it as a gratification to the dead boy's shade. May we not go further and assume that when the trembling confession of her daring deed came under Mother Rosalie's eyes, in the next communication from the Mill, a tear from Mother Rosalie's own old heart fell with the wreath upon poor Harry's coffin? Nay, may we not take one last flight of clairvoyance and make sure that if Harry Westropp's simple spirit hovered at all near his mortal tenement that ghostly winter dawn, the sprays of lily of the valley dropped from the hand he loved made him happier than ever he had been in his lifetime—happier, perhaps, than many a dreary-hearted statesman whose shade beholds the loads of floral lumber with which a nation piles his coffin in Westminster Abbey? At all events, the Lord Harry's coffin, with its little green and silver crown, vanished from this chilly world to one where kindlier breezes blow, and Lord Drumshaughlin had the first good heart-breaking cry that had ever attacked him since, a little curly-headed blue-eyed boy, he had seen his own mother's coffin disappear into that same vault, upon one of those pure pearly summer mornings that, for Ralph Westropp, never came again.

Mabel's naturally healthy constitution saved her. She emerged at last from the weird fever-world, little more than a beautiful spectre herself, with deep mysterious shadows in her eyes such as the awe-stricken Italians used to remark of “l' uom ch' o stato all' inferno.” To everybody's relief and wonder it was found that she was aware of all that had happened. Possibly words dropped by her nurses when they thought her delirious had given her the clue; possibly some more subtle knowledge had come to her in the darksome deathlands she had been traversing of