# Friends at Court

#### GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

May 21, Sunday.-Fifth Sunday after Easter.

- 22, Monday.—Of the Feria. 23, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.
- 24, Wednesday.—Blessed Virgin Mary, Help of Chirstians.
- 25, Thursday.—Feast of the Ascension. Holiday of Obligation,
- 26, Friday.-St. Philip Neri, Confessor.
- 27, Saturday.—St. Bede, Confessor and Doctor.

FEAST OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY, HELP OF CHRISTIANS. This feast was instituted by Pope Pius VII. at the beginning of last century. Napoleon, in his ambitious attempt to become autocrat of the world, found a formidable obstacle in the opposition of the Supreme Pontiff, who refused to surrender the patrimony of the Church, or to allow the French Emperor to control the management of ecclesiastical affairs. As a consequence of his firmness, Pius VII was detained in captivity for several years.

In gratitude for his liberation, which seemed an answer to the prayers of the Church, invoking the intercession of the Blessed Virgin on his behalf, he ordered the present feast to be celebrated. Under the title of "Help of Christians," the Blessed Virgin Mary has been selected as patron of the Catholic Church in Australasia.

FEAST OF THE ASCENSION OF OUR BLESSED LORD.

Christ risen from the dead remained 40 days on earth instructing His Apostles, and proving beyond doubt the truth of His Resurrection. At the end of that time He ascended into Heaven from Mount Olivet, in full view of His Apostles. Thus He secured for His sacred humanity the happiness and glory which He had merited by His sufferings, and at the same time opened to us the gates of Heaven. From the time of the Apostles this event has been commemorated in the Church by a special feast.

#### ST. BEDE, CONFESSOR AND DOCTOR.

St. Bede, commonly called Venerable Bede, was born not far from Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 673. Piety and learning were in him equally conspicuous. Mabillon writes of him: "Whoever applied himself to the study of every branch of literature, and also to the teaching of others, more than Bede? Yet who was more closely united to Heaven by the exercises of piety and religion?" "To see him pray," says an ancient writer, "one would think he left himself no time to study; and when we look at his books, we wonder how he could have found time to do anything else but write." The works of Venerable Bede include several commentaries on the Sacred Scriptures, and a history of the Catholic Church in England, which have earned for him the title of Doctor of the Church, conferred on him by the late Pope. Venerable Bede died

## **\*\*\*\*\*\*** Grains of Gold

SONNET.

Storm had been on the hills. The day had worn As if a sleep upon the hours had crept; And the dark clouds that gather'd at the morn In dull, impenetrable masses slept; And the wet leaves hung droopingly, and all Was like the mournful aspect of a pall. Suddenly, on the horizon's edge, a blue And delicate line, as of a pencil, lay, And, as it wider and intenser grew, The darkness removed silently away And, with the splendor of a god, broke through The perfect glory of departing day; So, when his stormy pilgrimage is o'er, Will light upon the dying Christian pour.

#### **◇**◇◇ REFLECTION.

If thou writest, it does not relish to me, unless I read there Jesus. If thou disputest or holdest a conversation, it does not relish to me, unless the sound of Jesus be heard there. Jesus is honey in the mouth, music in the ear, jubilation in the heart.—St. Bernard.



# The Storyteller



### When We Were Boys

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XXXIX.—(Continued.)

It was only that morning Hans Harman had finally satisfied himself that the Composition Account was in the hands of the all-seeing Englishman. Things had been going horribly wrong with him all round. A superstitious belief in luck was the agent's religion. His belief in his own star had hitherto been indomitable. But now that the run of luck was against him he had the gambler's usual cowardly conviction that if red was breaking the bank he had only to lay a napoleon on it to transfer the luck to black. His latest great scheme had been to make himself the Attorney-General's chief bottle-holder, with a view to obtaining the vacant seat at the Local Government Board by way of recompense. His agency at Drumshaughlin had, of course, become untenable; but, on the other hand, Lord Drumshaughlin could have no interest in provoking a public exposure of his own family skeletons; and what with the 80001. he would receive from the county for the burning of Stone Hall, and the income he might hope to derive from the reinvestment of the Hugg loan and his own, he was able to map out a career of opulence and splendor for himself in Dublin, where a seat at the Local Government Board was the blue ribbon of place-hunting ambition. But, though he threatened in his own daring way to throw himself into the Fenian camp, he could not bring Toby Glascock to business about the vacancy in the Local Government Board. The fact of it is, the Attorney-General, who never liked the agent's cynical air, had heard rumors of the relations between Harman and his principal; and was so satisfied that the Puddlestone peerage had made the Drumshaughlin tenantry secure, and so universally assured that the whole contest would be a mere matter of form, that he flatly rejected Harman's terms, and was even emboldened (out of hearing of the reverend clergy) to tell the agent that he might go to the Feniaus, or go to the devil, if upon mature consideration he felt so disposed. The agent did quietly arrange a little revenge by giving Mat Murrin a secret letter to the tenantry; but he no longer felt as if his revenge had much sting in it. felt like a beaten general who could look for no higher satisfaction than gouging a wounded enemy's eye out for mere mischief's sake on his line of light. And now he had learned for certain that the Composition Account, the key to his life of fraud, had fallen into the iron grip of Joshua Neville. This book he had usually kept locked up in his own cabinet at Stone Hall. But, so completely secure seemed the triumph of his plans for forcing a sale of the estate, that in sitting up late at night, preparing the Rental for the Court, he had transferred the Composition Account-book to the Rent Office for the purpose of readier reference as to the difference between the nominal and real rental, and had overlooked it among the other books which he locked into the safe upon the night of Joshua Neville's midnight visit to the office. He had not at first remembered the circumstance, and had searched for the private account-book like a maniac in all sorts of possible and impossible places; but this morning the recollection of having seen its red-and-gold-lettered title on the white vellum among the pile of estate-books he had bundled into the safe, suddenly flashed upon him clear as day; and he started up, ashen-colored as a corpse, with the horrible thought that a policeman had just grasped him by the collar and hissed "Felon!" in his ear.

"Neville is quite capable of doing it-those infernal virtuous fellows always are merciless-but I dare say they would scarcely search me, and ten minutes would do it," he said, opening his cabinet and placing a small phial of laudanum in his breast-pocket. "Poor Deb!" he said, as he saw his sister's green and shrunken face on the gardenpath outside. There is no such thing as a perfect villain. Hans Harman was about as bad a scoundrel as I could find in nature; but it was impossible not to feel some touch of human kinship with him as he stood there by the window, like a chained and doomed wild animal, softening towards the one human creature who had been able t make tendrils of affection cling round his lonely There is the insurance for five thousand on my lif st have that at all events, in spite of all the he

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