

## Friends at Court

### GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

February 25, Sunday.—Second Sunday in Lent.  
 „ 26, Monday.—Of the Feria.  
 „ 27, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.  
 „ 28, Wednesday.—Of the Feria.  
 March 1, Thursday.—Of the Feria.  
 „ 2, Friday.—Of the Feria.  
 „ 3, Saturday.—Of the Feria.

#### “THE SPIRIT ALSO HELPETH OUR INFIRMITY.”

All that creatures possess on earth or in heaven, whether in the order of nature or of grace, comes to them from the Holy Ghost, the Infinite Love of the Eternal Father and His co-eternal Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord.

Towards the Holy Ghost, therefore, ought all of us to turn our minds and hearts that He may impart His saving grace together with His light and strength to enable us to keep God's commandments, the precepts of Holy Church, and to fulfil in a state of grace the ordinary duties of our state of life in a worthy manner.

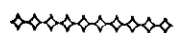
This is the devotion—this is the duty obliging all of us, and this is, or should be, the daily exercise of all who expect to be saved. By the exercise of true and constant devotion to the Holy Ghost given us to be our Sanctifier we shall honor and glorify Jesus Christ and our Father Who is in heaven. We cannot become holy or sanctified without the grace of the Holy Sanctifier, but it is God's will that we do become holy, for, says St. Paul, “Thine is the will if for your sanctification.” It is foolish, therefore, to expect to be able to please God and to do His holy will without the aid of the Holy Ghost. If, therefore, there were no other reason why all men should cultivate devotion to the Holy Ghost this one grave reason is quite sufficient in order to induce them to take up this holy duty. But “the Spirit also helpeth our infirmity.” If only we had a clearer insight and knowledge of our own nothingness and misery we would judge ourselves unworthy of God's favors and the esteem of men, and at the same time attribute to God the gifts of body and of mind which He has freely bestowed upon us. Moreover, we would acknowledge that which the Holy Church teaches—namely, that we cannot believe in God, or hope in God, or love God, or have true contrition for our sins without the saving grace of the Holy Ghost. By having true and constant devotion to the Holy Ghost we acknowledge this teaching of Holy Church.

“We know not what we should pray for as we ought—but the Spirit Himself asketh for us with unspeakable groanings.” When we pray, inspired by the Holy Ghost, our prayers are certain of being heard.

We know not the Way, the Truth, and the Light, but through the Holy Ghost for it is He who leads unto Jesus. He speaks to us the truth taught us by Jesus, and He the Spirit of Christ, makes us to live in Christ, and Christ our Lord to live in us unless, as St. Paul remarks, we be “reprobates.”

We are so infirm that, of ourselves, we are unable to pronounce the adorable Name, Jesus, as we ought without the aid of the Holy Ghost, and yet we are bound to keep the ten commandments of God. We are obliged to observe the precepts of the Church, and we are to imitate Christ's holy virtues. How can this be done unless the Spirit of Sanctity and of Fortitude comes to our aid? Strive, therefore, to have, from now onwards through life, true and constant devotion to Him, for then God will “give you a new heart, and put a new spirit within you.”

“I will put My Spirit in the midst of you and I will cause you to walk in My commandments” (Ezekiel xxxvi. 27).



### Grains of Gold

#### A CRY FOR HELP.

Stay, Lord! beside me—danger night and day  
 Is hovering near; Redeemer, with me stay!  
 Too frail my barque to strive 'gainst storm and wave;  
 Lord, be my pilot, cheer me, guide and save!  
 Look! how the tempest flies o'er sky and sea,  
 Help! help 'mid perils! stay, oh! stay with me!

## The Storyteller

### Knocknagow

OR

#### The Homes of Tipperary

(By C. J. KICKHAM.)

#### CHAPTER I.—MR. HENRY LOWE BECOMES THE GUEST OF HIS UNCLE'S PRINCIPAL TENANT.

It is Christmas Day.

Mr. Henry Lowe has just opened his eyes, and is debating with himself whether it is the grey dawn, or only the light of the young moon he sees struggling through the two round holes in the window shutters of his room. He has slept soundly, as well he might, after a journey the day before of some 80 miles on the outside of the mail-coach, from the metropolis to the town of —; supplemented by an additional drive of a dozen miles in his host's gig to his present not uncomfortable quarters.

The young gentleman knows little of Ireland from personal experience, having spent most of his life in what is sometimes oddly enough called “the sister country.”

Mr. Henry Lowe is at present the guest of his uncle's principal tenant, Mr. Maurice Kearney. The visit was partly the result of accident and partly a stroke of policy on the part of the young man's mother. Her brother, Sir Garrett Butler, owned—at least nominally—extensive landed property in the South of Ireland; and the prudent mother was trying to induce him to give her son the agency. And Mr. Kearney having gone to Dublin to see the landlord about the renewal of his lease, it was agreed that the young gentleman—whom we intend to introduce to the reader when he gets out of bed—should accompany him on his return home, and spend some weeks among his uncle's Tipperary tenants.

And so we find Mr. Henry Lowe half buried in down, this clear Christmas morning, in the best bedroom of Ballinaclash Cottage—for so Maurice Kearney's commodious, if not handsome, residence is called.

He had just settled the question with which his mind had been occupied for some ten minutes back, in favor of the moon, and was relapsing into slumber, when it suddenly occurred to him—

That he was a land agent in embryo.

That he was at that moment in the midst of a district not unknown to fame in connection with “agrarian outrages”; and

That his room was on the ground floor.

This train of thought gave the holes in the window-shutters a new interest in his eyes.

He was beginning to succeed pretty well in calling up a vision of a blunderbuss loaded to the muzzle with slugs, and two tall figures in frieze coats and knee breeches, with crape over their faces, when a tremendous report—as if the blunderbuss had gone off and burst—made him start to a sitting posture.

A second bang, if possible more stunning than the first, caused Mr. Henry Lowe to execute a jump—or rather to put forth a degree of muscular action which, under more favorable circumstances, would have resulted in that gymnastic feat; but which, owing to his position and the non-elasticity of a feather-bed, must be pronounced a failure. The repetition of the sound a third, and a fourth, and a fifth time, was followed by as many vigorous but—whether we have regard to a “high” or a “long jump”—abortive efforts on the part of Mr. Henry Lowe.

At this stage of the proceedings the bedroom door was opened, and Mr. Kearney entered with a lighted candle in his hand. He held the light above his head, and looked considerably astonished when his guest was revealed to him, perceiving, as he thought, the identical African dance which the Reverend Edward Wright, the missionary, had been describing to him a few days before.

The gentlemen regarded each other with looks of mutual surprise and inquiry. But Mr. Kearney, divining the cause of his guest's perturbation, said apologetically:

“I'm sorry they're after disturbing you.”

“What—what is it?” gasped Mr. Lowe, who maintained his sitting position and his scared look.

**A. W. Bryant**

Coal Merchant and Carrier, 2 Waitemata Chambers, Custom St. W., Auckland. Branches: Jervois Rd., Ponsonby; B'Way, Newmarket.

**Auckland**

Phones: 1138 (Head Office 679) 1886.  
 Bricks, Sand, Lime, Cement, Shingle, Scoria, etc. Covered Vans for Furniture Removal.