

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- March 4, Sunday.—Third Sunday in Lent.
 „ 5, Monday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 6, Tuesday.—SS. Perpetua and Felicitas, Martyrs.
 „ 7, Wednesday.—St. Thomas of Aquin, Confessor and Doctor.
 „ 8, Thursday.—St. John of God, Confessor.
 „ 9, Friday.—St. Frances of Rome, Widow.
 „ 10, Saturday.—Feast of the Forty Martyrs.
 SS. Perpetua and Felicitas, Martyrs.

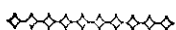
SS. Perpetua and Felicitas, together with three companions, suffered martyrdom for the faith at Carthage, in the year 203.

St. Frances of Rome, Widow.

St. Frances, a native of Rome, exhibited from her childhood a remarkable love of solitude and prayer. As she grew up these qualities became more marked, though she never, under the pretext of engaging in private devotions, neglected the duties of her state of life, her motto being: "A married woman must, when called upon, quit her devotions to God at the altar to find Him in her household affairs." After the death of her husband, St. Frances entered an Order of nuns which she herself founded. She died in 1440, being then in the 56th year of her age.

Feast of the Forty Martyrs.

The Forty Martyrs were a party of soldiers who suffered a cruel death for their faith, near Sebaste, in Lesser Armenia, victims of the persecution of Licinius, who, after the year 316, persecuted the Christians of the East. The earliest account of their martyrdom is given by St. Basil, Bishop of Caesarea (370-379), in a homily delivered on the Feast of the Holy Martyrs. The feast is consequently more ancient than the episcopate of Basil, whose eulogy on them was pronounced only 50 or 60 years after their martyrdom, which is thus historic beyond a doubt. According to St. Basil, 40 soldiers, who had openly confessed themselves Christians, were condemned by the prefect to be exposed naked upon a frozen pond near Sebaste on a bitterly cold night, that they might freeze to death. Among the confessors, one yielded and, leaving his companions, sought the warm baths near the lake, which had been prepared for any who might prove inconstant. One of the guards set to keep watch over the martyrs beheld at this moment a supernatural brilliancy overshadowing them, and at once proclaimed himself a Christian, threw off his garments, and placed himself beside the 39 soldiers of Christ. Thus the number of 40 remained complete.



Grains of Gold

JESUS.

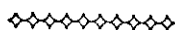
Jesus, to Thee from ways of sin and sadness,
 Trusting we turn for rest amid the strife;
 Thou, Thou, alone canst give true peace and gladness,
 Thou art alone the Way, the Truth, the Life.

Thou art the Way, dear Lord, to Thee for guidance
 From ways of sorrow and of death we flee;
 Seeking the Father, vainly shall we seek Him,
 Unless our steps are guided on by Thee.

Thou art the Truth, dear Lord, Thy teaching only
 True light and wisdom can to us impart;
 Thou, only Thou, canst keep the mind from error,
 Strengthen the will, and gently sway the heart.

Lord, be to us all that Thou hast promised;
 Be Thou our guide to shun the paths of sin;
 Sow in our souls Thy sweet and saving lessons,
 Fill us with strength eternal life to win.

—JOHN G. HACKER, S.J



REFLECTIONS.

Give us not years but souls.—St. Francis of Assisi.
 O could we only pronounce the Holy Name of Jesus
 from our hearts, what sweetness would it diffuse to our
 souls.—St. Francis of Sales.



Knocknagow

OR

The Homes of Tipperary

(By C. J. KICKHAM.)

CHAPTER II.—"MY ELDEST DAUGHTER, SIR."

Mr. Lowe judged from the hearty "I wish you a merry Christmas, sir," which greeted his host so frequently on the way homeward, that Mr. Kearney was on excellent terms with his neighbors. They did not wait for the procession; and, after a brisk drive of twenty minutes, the young gentleman again found himself in front of the crackling wood fire. While looking out on the snow-covered landscape, his attention was attracted by the extraordinary gait of a person approaching the house, swinging his legs and arms about in a manner impossible to be described. As he came nearer, the size and shape of the feet were particularly noticeable. And as the figure was passing the window, the fact flashed upon Mr. Henry Lowe, as if by inspiration, that after all Barney Brodherick was Wat-tletoes.

He had the curiosity to raise one of the windows to see what Barney meant by stopping suddenly opposite the hall-door, and holding out his hand with a coaxing wink of his little grey eyes.

Maurice Kearney's youngest son, a fat, innocent-looking boy, stood, with his shoulder leaning against the jamb of the door, picking the raisins out of a great slice of plum-cake.

"I'll bring you to hunt the wren," said Barney.

"I can go with Tom Maher," the boy replied.

"I'll give you a ride on Bobby," Barney continued, in a still more insinuating voice.

But the boy continued picking the raisins out of his plum-cake.

"Be gob, Mr. Willie, I'll—I'll show you a thrush's nest!" exclaimed Barney, in a sort of stage whisper.

The boy looked from the cake to the tempter, and hesitated.

"With five young wans in id," continued Barney, pressing the advantage he saw he had gained, "feathered an' all—ready to fly."

This was too much. The thrush's nest carried the day; and Barney was in the act of taking a bite out of the plum-cake as he repassed the parlor window on his way round to the kitchen. But the promise of a thrush's nest, with five young ones in it, on a Christmas morning in our latitude, impressed Mr. Lowe with a high opinion of Barney Brodherick's powers as a diplomatist.

"Come, Mr. Lowe," said his host, as he placed a chair for him at the breakfast table, "you ought to have a good appetite by this time. I'm sorry you would not take something before you went out this morning."

"Oh, thank you," he replied, "but I'm all the better able to do justice to your viands now."

As the young gentleman was sitting down, Mrs. Kearney's portly figure caught his eye in the doorway. She at once walked up to him, holding out her hand, and apologised for not having been prepared to receive him properly on his arrival. "But indeed," she added, "we had not the least notion that any one was coming.—Why did you not write to say that Mr. Lowe would be with you?" she asked, turning to her husband.

"Where was the use of writing, when I knew I'd be home myself before the letter," was the reply, in a rather brusque manner, which was peculiar to Maurice Kearney.

"The time," said Mr. Lowe, "is very unusual for such a visit; but you know I am a homeless wanderer at present."

"My eldest daughter, sir," said Mr. Kearney, waving his hand towards the door, near which the young lady had stopped hesitatingly for a moment.

Mrs. Kearney took her portly person out of the way; and her face beamed with pride and fondness as she surveyed the lovely girl, who, after curtesying gracefully, advanced, and, with a half-bashful smile, gave her hand to her father's guest.

A. W. Bryant

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