

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

May 17, Sunday.—Fourth Sunday after Easter. St. John Nepomucene, Martyr.
 „ 18, Monday.—St. Venantius, Martyr.
 „ 19, Tuesday.—St. Peter Celestine, Pope and Confessor.
 „ 20, Wednesday.—St. Bernardine of Siena, Confessor.
 „ 21, Thursday.—St. Felix of Cantalicio, Confessor.
 „ 22, Friday.—St. Paschal Baylon, Confessor.
 „ 23, Saturday.—St. John B. de Rossi, Confessor.

St. Felix of Cantalicio, Confessor.

St. Felix was born at Cantalicio in the Papal States, in 1513. As a lay Brother in the Capuchin Order he gave a perfect example of humility, obedience, and mortification. He died in Rome at the age of 72.

St. Paschal Baylon, Confessor.

This saint was born in the north of Spain, of poor but virtuous parents, who endeavored to bring him up in sentiments of solid piety. On entering a monastery of Franciscan Friars he showed himself proficient in every virtue, but was specially remarkable for an ardent devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. He had attained the 52nd year of his age when he died in 1592.

St. John Baptist de Rossi, Confessor.

At the age of 13 St. John left his birthplace in the north of Italy, and directed his steps to Rome, where, after having completed the usual course of studies, he was ordained priest. While yet a student he labored so successfully to promote the spiritual welfare of his companions, that he was called 'the apostle of the school.' As a priest, entrusted with the charge of one of the parishes of Rome, his zeal found a wider field, and enabled him to do an incalculable amount of good to all classes of people. He died in 1764, at the age of 65.

GRAINS OF GOLD

A MORNING PRAYER.

Who needs me, Lord, to-day?
 I will for Thee be kind;
 The lonely way, the wind,
 The snow, I shall not mind.

Is it a foe, a friend?
 A stranger gone astray?
 I'm waiting, Lord, to know.
 Who needs me much to-day.

—'The Monitor.'

It is easy to attribute to foes the failures due to our own faults.

The major blessings often come from what we call the minor virtues.

The best cure for a destroying love of the world is the divine love of the world.

Be slow to take offence and be slower yet to give offence; for it is a fact worth remembering that it does not take half as long to make a wound as to heal one.

Cheerfulness is like music to the soul; it excites to the duty; it oils the wheels of affliction, makes duties light, and religion ride swiftly on the wings of delight.

Work is no humiliation; on the contrary, it is greatly to a man's credit to maintain himself and others by his own exertions. Unbridled passions and vice alone degrade a man. He who serves his fellow-man, because he recognises it to be the will of God, really serves God, and, if he does so in the state of grace, merits eternal reward. He who is the servant of another man is more to be respected than one who is the slave of a passion. Work tends to make man healthy, virtuous, and cheerful. If a man does not apply himself to doing something good, he will turn to evil. Vice and idleness always go hand in hand. Those, however, who conscientiously accomplish the duties of their calling are always conscientious in all things.

'Catholic Marriages'. The book of the hour. Single copies, 1s posted; 12 copies and over, 8d each, purchaser to pay carriage. Apply, Manager, 'Tablet', Dunedin.

The Storyteller

A TASTE OF REVENGE

(Concluded from last week).

But it was one of these moments of pause, when remembrance of the troubles of yesterday was farthest from her thoughts, and she was watching, for an idle instant, the pageant, and listening to the music of it all, that she became conscious of fresh trouble brewing. The old bookkeeper, to the sound of whose shuffling step, her ear had grown specially sensitive, since she had learned to dread his approach, had pushed back his chair sharply from his place below, and was coming—coming across to her.

She turned instinctively as he climbed up beside her, and as she looked up at him, she felt the pleasure of the moment before melt away, and bitterness against him, rise in its place.

Solemnly he laid a slip of paper on the desk beside her and turned away, but one glance at the sheet was enough to stir again, all the pent-up wrath of the girl, in a single instant, almost beyond control.

The paper contained a detailed statement of all the trifling errors in her accounts for a full month back, carefully tabulated, every petty detail worked out and recorded with minuteness which could only suggest a keen enjoyment of the task on the part of the recorder.

Edith set her teeth on her lips for self-control. The man's act, intended, apparently, to irritate and annoy and embarrass her, was offensive beyond endurance. It seemed to drive her to action at last, and she turned on him, with scornful, passionate words rushing up for utterance, till they threatened to choke her, before she could speak them.

And then, suddenly, something happened.

The door of the little office, just behind Mr. McCowan opened, and Mr. Swain, the head of the firm, entered.

'McGowan,' he said, sharply, for he was a man, who did not multiply phrases, 'what's the matter. You are two thousand dollars short.'

Edith saw McGowan turn white to the lips, and his gaunt frame appeared fairly to grow smaller. The amazing suddenness of the announcement carried to the girl, for the moment, a sense of tremendous disaster, and it seemed to have come upon the bookkeeper with like force. The hard, uncompromising line of his mouth relaxed, and the ugly chin dropped in helpless astonishment and dismay. It even occurred vaguely to Edith that his weakness and agitation before the sudden crisis, serious as it was, were out of proportion to the gravity of it. He looked up at his employer with an air that suggested panic.

But the idea that retribution in some form was about to fall upon her persecutor, was quick to find a place in the girl's mind, and a feeling that leaped up like mounting fire, from satisfaction to exultation, possessed her.

'Now,' she thought, 'oh now he will learn how it feels!'

'Come into my office,' said Mr. Swain, his dark eyes holding McGowan's helpless ones; and in a moment, they had both turned and had gone, and the office seemed big and empty without them.

Startled, excited, ready to laugh at the turning of the tables, yet with misgiving already undermining her momentary triumph, Edith turned back to her desk, and mechanically tried to take up her work.

'Two thousand dollars!' she murmured. 'Two thousand dollars! It's his turn now.'

The cash-carriers sang and clashed up their long converging tracks of wire to the terminus just above her head. Business in the store was at its height, and her duties were multiplying swiftly before her, but she sat with her hands tightly holding to the edge of the desk, while her heart pounded, and her eyes grew hot with her passion.

Such a shortage, to her one of huge magnitude, meant dire trouble for McGowan. It was some extraordinary mistake, of course, which must explain itself for dishonesty was out of the question. But the mistake was McGowan's and it was certain he would suffer for it. And then the hardest thought of all, crept into her mind. She was in a position to see that he did suffer—that he should not be able to hide his error as he would surely try to do, and that every one should know of his fall from his self-made pedestal. It would be her opportunity for retaliation, for revenge.