

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

April 4, Sunday.—Palm Sunday.
 „ 5, Monday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 6, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 7, Wednesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 8, Thursday.—Holy Thursday.
 „ 9, Friday.—Good Friday.
 „ 10, Saturday.—Holy Saturday.

Wednesday in Holy Week.

On this and the two following days the Office of Tenebrae is chanted in those churches in which the presence of a sufficient number of priests is obtainable. The office consists of a number of Psalms, with lessons from the Sacred Scriptures, and the writings of the Fathers of the Church appropriate to the season. The name of Tenebrae (darkness) is given to the office because, at its close, the lights are extinguished to express the mourning of the Church, and to represent the darkness which covered the face of the earth on the death of our Blessed Lord.

Holy Thursday.

For a short time to-day the Church puts off her mourning. At the Mass her ministers are vested in white, the bells are heard, the organ peals forth. For a moment she desists from her meditations on the sufferings of her Divine Founder to contemplate the tender love which led Him to institute the Blessed Eucharist on the very night before His Crucifixion. In Cathedral churches the Bishop consecrates the Holy Oils which are used in the administration of certain Sacraments, and also in some ecclesiastical functions.

GRAINS OF GOLD

BREAD ON THE WATER.

'Twas only a crumb, last evening,
 In the form of a kindly word,
 That you spoke to a weary companion,
 Only he and the dear Lord heard.

'Twas only a pleasant 'Good-morning,'
 To a man whose life is drear,
 But he understood its meaning,
 And knew that you meant to cheer.

'Twas only a crumb at noonday,
 In the coin you gave to a child;
 But you gave it for sweet charity,
 And he understood and smiled.

'Twas only a crumb at evening,
 When, after a tiresome day,
 You gave up your seat in a street car
 To a woman, old and grey.

'Twas only a crumb at evening,
 When, instead of the concert hall,
 You went to the house of mourning
 To comfort and help them all.

They're only crumbs, but without them
 There could not be any bread;
 And the bread shall be returned to us,
 For so the dear Lord has said.

The acid of envy eats all happiness out of the human heart.

He who wishes to secure the good of others has already secured his own.

One's personal enjoyment is a very small thing; one's personal usefulness is a very important thing.

The corruption of the age is made up of the particular contributions of every individual man.

Be constant to your purpose, and desirous only of the praises which belong to patience and discretion.

Only that which is highest, truest, noblest, and best will abide the test of centuries. Only that in man which stands for character, self-mastery, goodness, sanctity—the only things that the soul when stripped of everything else takes with it—will live in glory throughout eternity.

I recommend to you mental prayer, or the prayer of the heart, and especially that which has for its object the life and passion of our Lord. By making Him the frequent subject of your meditation, your whole soul will be replenished with Him; you will imbibe His spirit, and frame all your actions according to the model of His.—St. Francis de Sales.

The Storyteller

MR. JOHNSON, ADVANCE AGENT

'It's getting lonesome, isn't it, Mr. Johnson?'

No response save a slight snore.

'Are you asleep, Mr. Johnson?'

This time there came a sort of snuffle, followed by three soft thumps, and Mr. Johnson issued forth from the gloom; not a very imposing personage, just a small 'yaller' dog with loving wistful eyes and a wise little face.

The child in the window raised his head from his crutch, where it had been resting, and smiled brightly as the little fellow trotted up to him.

'I'm afraid I spoiled your nap,' he said apologetically, 'but it is so foggy out that I can't even see the lights in the grocery shop, and I thought you wouldn't mind talking to me until dad comes.'

There was a quaint courtesy and comradeship in the child's manner that would have been amusing had it not been for the pathetic story of a lonely dependence on the friendship of this one ugly little dog.

'Dad is late to-night,' sighed the boy, peering out into the gathering darkness. 'They must have had a long rehearsal. The concert is to-morrow, you know, and dad is going to sing that beautiful song I love. It is the first time he has sung for the people here, and he says it means great things for him if they are pleased. But they couldn't help being pleased, could they, Mr. Johnson? I wish I could sing like dad, for I love to sing better than anything else in the world.'

Mr. Johnson wagged his tail appreciatingly.

'Dad didn't feel well this morning,' said Gabriel, after a pause. 'He had a cold, and was afraid he couldn't sing as well.'

Here a step on the stair brought a glad light to the child's face. The next moment strong arms held him close.

'Oh, dad! I'm so glad you've come!' His voice, full of gladness, filled the room.

'Has it been such a long day, old chap?'

'Not so very,' smiled the child bravely. 'You see, I had Mr. Johnson to talk to, and he is a great comfort.'

Gabriel's thin little hand stole softly up and stroked his father's cheek.

'How hot your face is, dad! Does your head ache?'

'A little.'

'And you are hoarse, too, dad. Is the cold worse?'

'I hope not,' answered his father cheerily. 'I am a little tired, I guess. A good night's sleep will fix me all right. Now for the lamp and then supper. You can't think what I have brought you. See here.'

'Guava jelly? Bully! You're the best old dad a feller ever had!' cried the child delightedly.

His father did not add that it had been bought at the expense of his own lunch. But the deprivation mattered little as long as Gabriel had the delicacies so needful to his fitful appetite. The man was ill. He knew it now. All day long the truth, like a menacing spectre, had dogged his footsteps, ignore it as he would. The tightening pain in his chest and the ever-increasing hoarseness meant but one thing—he would not be able to sing at the concert the following night, and the recognition he had hoped to gain thereby would be lost to him. At the rehearsal that afternoon his voice had broken down utterly. The director had been politely sympathetic, but Newton had read only too clearly in his concerned face a corroboration of his own fears. It was not until Gabriel had gone to bed, however, that he dropped his mask of cheeriness and squarely faced the truth.

Could it be that the success within his grasp at last was to be wrested from him—the success that had meant so much? He recalled the vista of hope it had opened to him—a future of comfort and pleasure for Gabriel, and ultimately perhaps a little home for him amid the sunshine and flowers of the country. In bitter contrast to this rose the hopeless reality of the present, with its grinding poverty and want, the overwhelming struggle of the past against misfortune and death, the memory of his angel wife, taken from him in her youth and beauty, his own long illness that followed, their subsequent removal to a strange city, and the failure to get a start until now, when the opportunity had come only to mock him in the end.

It should not be! All the defiance in the man's nature rose up in bitter revolt against it. He would conquer this fatal hoarseness in time. He would ask God to help him—yes, he would pray to Gabriel's God and hers, for their sake to come to him now in his hour of need. It was