

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

April 4, Sunday.—Easter Sunday.
 „ 5, Monday.—Easter Monday.
 „ 6, Tuesday.—Easter Tuesday.
 „ 7, Wednesday.—Of the Octave.
 „ 8, Thursday.—Of the Octave.
 „ 9, Friday.—Of the Octave.
 „ 10, Saturday.—Of the Octave.

Easter Sunday.

'The festival of Easter,' writes St. Gregory, 'is the solemnity of solemnities, because it raises us from the earth into eternity, which it enables us to enjoy beforehand by faith, hope, and charity.'

'You shall rise again!' This is what the Church says to us by the eloquent voice of her ceremonies. From the holy temple all signs of mourning have disappeared. The altars are decked out with extraordinary magnificence. Ornaments of gay color and rich embroidery appear. Every face is bright. The bells are all in motion. The song of joy—the "Alleluia"—that word of the language of heaven, fallen on earth for our festive days, resounds on all sides, is repeated every moment; is varied again and again, and is modulated into every key.

Easter Monday.

The contemplation of Christ's glorious Resurrection and the eternal joys of heaven ought particularly to occupy our souls at this season.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

OUR MOTHER.

White is the snow when it mantles the mountains.

Fair are the elements that float o'er their peaks:

Pure is the water of rock-springing fountains.

True is the star that the mariner seeks:

But fairer and purer and truer by far

Is the Heart of our Mother whose children we are.

Great is the power of the saints in their glory.

Loving their guidance and tender their care:

Clients unnumbered of each have a story.

Telling of favors in which all may share:

Far greater the power of Christ's Holy Mother:

Hers is a patronage shared by no other.

On Calvary's Mount, when our Saviour was dying,

Then was she given our Mother to be.

Dearest of titles, in beauty none vying:

Mother of Christians, Star of life's sea.

God's saints are our patrons, all loving and good:

But Mary is Mother, O sweet Motherhood!

—*Ave Maria.*

He who reigns within himself, and rules passions, desires, and fears, is more than a king.

The greatest friend of truth is time, her greatest enemy prejudice, and her constant companion is humility.

It is the possession of an ideal which is the real incentive to action; it is the ideal alone which makes life worth living.

Nothing more completely baffles one who is full of guile and duplicity than straightforward and simple integrity in another.

Common prudence does not always keep one from committing follies, nor much sense from thinking them, nor much wit from uttering them.

Energy will do anything that can be done in the world; and no talent, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a man without it.

We too often put off repentance, but the time of salvation is now, this very day—we might die with only the desire to lead a better life.

The Storyteller

THE EYES OF FAITH

The old sexton glanced uncertainly at the bowed figure in the corner of the last pew. The little old lady always stayed after Mass to say 'the beads,' but this morning she had remained so long and was so ominously still, that Michael was a little uneasy.

He felt rather a sense of responsibility towards this small, black-clad person. There was something appealing about the sweet face and the soft eyes—it's the blue eyes of her,' Michael told himself at the times when he tried to account for this unusual interest in a stranger. 'Yes, it's the blue eyes and the smile of her. I'll just be after touchin' her to see if maybe she's asleep.' He shuffled over—the rheumatism 'got' Michael every winter, 'bad cess to it, but the will of God be done!'—and gently touched the bent shoulder. Instantly the old lady raised her head and gave Michael a rainbow of a smile through her tears that were streaming down her worn face.

'Are ye in anny trouble, ma'am?' inquired the sexton, respectfully. 'Could I do annything to help ye?'

'No, thank ye,' she replied, standing up with difficulty. 'No, God bless ye, I'll be gettin' home now—they'll be wonderin' am I lost. Isn't it terrible the little faith we have? It's a great wonder that our Lord and His Blessed Mother don't lose patience entirely, the way we ask for things, and then despair and cry, and don't trust enough to be sure we'll get them if it's for the best.'

'Yes, ma'am,' answered Michael, with a sigh, 'we're like children, and it's terrible hard for us to see why we can't have what we want. But it's sorry I am to see you feelin' so sad, ma'am.' He walked with her to the door of the church and after she had wished him good-morning, watched her shabby figure going slowly down the street. Then he went back to his work. 'She's a widow,' he reflected, remembering the old-fashioned widow's weeds she wore, 'so her husband is past giving her trouble. 'It'll be a son, maybe—a wild gossoon, a drunkard, or one that has lost the "Faith." He sighed again and thought of a certain green mound in far Roscommon, where he had laid his own mother before coming to America. 'Thank God, I never left her while she lived, nor gave her any trouble. May her soul rest in peace.'

New York bewildered and frightened little Mrs. Halloran. She had travelled, as a girl, to Limerick, and she had sailed from Queenstown two years ago, but such a place as New York she had never dreamed could exist. She marvelled at it this morning as much as she had marvelled two years before. But she did not wonder to-day, as she used to do, how she was going to cross the street without being instantly killed, for she had a staunch friend in the big, blue-coated young fellow at the corner, one of New York's 'finest,' who stopped the traffic in his lordly way and helped her over as solicitously 'as if,' she thought wonderingly, 'as if I was a pretty colleen instead of an ugly ould witch.'

Officer O'Brien, evidently, did not think she was an 'ugly ould witch' at all, for he looked very tenderly at the sweet old face and guided her almost reverently across the crowded avenue. She turned to him at the other side and said, 'God bless ye, ye're a good boy!' He smiled, raised his visored cap while New York's traffic waited his pleasure, and replied, 'Thank you, ma'am. The day wouldn't be started right without your blessing.'

Officer O'Brien effectively upheld the majesty of the law and compelled the respect of reckless chauffeurs and truck-drivers, but, often to his own vexation, he seemed unable to impress the women of his acquaintance with a sense of his dignity. Unawed by his six feet of height and his Jove-like look of sternness, they persisted in smiling a certain kind of smile and characterising him as a 'nice' boy.

IN COLD WEATHER

no beverage is so acceptable as SYMINGTON'S COFFEE ESSENCE. In two minutes you can have a delicious warm drink. If you haven't tried it you should do so at once.