

FRIENDS AT COURT GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- Jan. 25, Sunday.—Third Sunday after Epiphany.
 „ 26, Monday.—St. Polycarp, Bishop and Martyr.
 „ 27, Tuesday.—St. John Chrysostom, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
 „ 28, Wednesday.—St. Agnes, Virgin and Martyr. (Second Feast.)
 „ 29, Thursday.—St. Francis de Sales, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
 „ 30, Friday.—St. Martina, Virgin and Martyr.
 „ 31, Saturday.—St. Peter Nolasco, Confessor.

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St. Polycarp, Bishop and Martyr.

St. Polycarp, a disciple of St. John the Evangelist, governed the important See of Smyrna for 70 years. He is believed to have been the angel or Bishop of Smyrna commended by Our Blessed Lord in the Apocalypse (chap. ii.). He was martyred in 169, being then about 100 years of age.

St. John Chrysostom, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.

St. John, surnamed Chrysostom, or the golden-mouthed, on account of his eloquence, was born in Syria, A.D. 344. At first a lawyer, he afterwards became a priest, and was subsequently elected Archbishop of Constantinople. Undeterred by human respect, he boldly denounced the vices of the Imperial court, thus making for himself many powerful enemies, at whose instance he was banished to a remote district situated to the east of the Black Sea. The saint never reached his destination. Worn out by the exhausting journey, he died in Armenia, A.D. 407.

St. Martina, Virgin and Martyr.

St. Martina is one of the principal patrons of Rome, where she suffered martyrdom in the third century. It is to be regretted that but little is known of her life and sufferings.

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GRAINS OF GOLD

A WISH.

How I could lie for long, long dreamy hours;
 My roof-tree but the cloud-flecked sunlit sky,
 My couch a bed of brown leaves dead and dry,
 My treasure but a handful of fall flowers!

How I could lie and think, and think, of Thee,
 Forgetting all the worry and the grief,
 Refreshing all my soul in that belief
 That Thou art God and that Thou lovest me.

There seems so little pause in this wild race,
 This rush of labor with attendant pain,
 Yet surely work and suffering are vain
 If we forget our goal, the Holy Face.

THE STORYTELLER

NORA

Translated from the German by PRINCESS LIECHTENSTEIN
 (Published by arrangement with Burns, Oates, Washbourne, Ltd.)
 CHAPTER XII—(Continued).

It was not only the castle upon which the sun shone; it also threw its benignant rays upon a young girl sitting on the balcony—a lovely flower amidst the surrounding beauty of spring. But her eyes were half closed and heavy, as if they had shed many a tear. Her whole attitude was depressed, and her hands lay idle on her knees, as if she had enough to do with thinking. She seemed not to care for the lovely garden beneath, or to enjoy the perfume which arose from the flowers. It was to her as if all things on earth were clouded and misty, and she wondered, in a dreamy, listless way, at the change which had come over the earth since the last spring, when all had been so enchanting to her. Was it only on the Rhine that the air was sweet and the sun bright? or was it rather that the charm had gone with his presence, the sunshine vanished with his fondness?

Nora was not quite clear about it herself. She did not like to admit that she was hurt at his silence, and yet it gnawed at her heart; she fought against distrust, and yet it found its way into her mind. The trial had seemed so easy a one at first. "Two years would pass so quickly," her loving heart had murmured, and now that six months only had elapsed, there seemed to be a fearful abyss between them. Would it grow wider and wider, deeper and deeper, until they were parted for ever? Their meeting too, had been so bitter-sweet. How often had she wished that, in spite of all, chance might bring them together, and now that they had met she almost unwished it, for it had been so different from what she had hoped. Of course, she told herself over and over again that it was perhaps better he should travel, that even a chance meeting was dangerous as matters stood; but her heart was stronger than her reason, and she groaned to herself: "O Curt! Why must you be so dreadfully sensible?"

And the warm spring breeze blew upon her burning cheeks as if with a caress, but it hurt her; it seemed so playful and so false whilst she was so sad and so lonely. A tear rolled down and fell upon her white hands, and Nora thought her heart would break with pain and longing.

She evidently did not hear the carriage which had driven up to the gate, and from which a young man had sprung, without even listening to the coachman's directions as to the way up to the castle.

"He is in hot-haste," muttered the old man, looking with satisfaction at his *pourboire*. "I'll bet anything he's on a visit to his lady-love! They're always in a hurry and open-handed in that case."

Whilst the coachman was thus giving vent to his psychological reflections, the traveller had found his way across the windings of

the plantation. He appeared tired, his hair was out of order as well as his dress, and yet his eyes were bright and glad as he looked about him, seemingly in search of some one. At last he espied the figure on the balcony. A low cry of joy escaped his lips, and a few rapid strides brought him to the foot of the low stone steps. She now heard that some one was approaching, and turned a wondering and cold look upon the stranger.

"Nora! Nora!" he cried, and his arm was round her waist.

For one moment she remained quite still, as if she could hardly believe her own eyes, and then a ray of intense happiness lighted up her lovely face, and a cry of deep rejoicing arose from her heart, . . . they were in each other's arms, and they clung to each other, those two who loved one another so dearly.

When at last they were able to speak, there was no end to all they had to ask and to recount.

Did he really deserve a great scolding for having travelled three days and two nights straight from the Bosphorus in order to catch a glimpse of her? Perhaps he did; but she praised him for it too; and how anxious about him she was! Of course, he laughed at her fears with a man's superiority, and yet was pleased with them the while, with a man's inconsequence. Every minute was sweet and precious. The clouds and the mist had suddenly disappeared, and the spring was as radiant and glorious as could be.

The grave nun had said that human love did not count for much before God's throne; but on earth it is the great beautifier of our existence—the fairy wand which turns copper into gold.

It was quite in the order of things but it is perhaps well to remark, that, whilst the two lovers were so happy together, they did not give a thought to the person who had been the cause of their meeting thus. At last Degenthal did mention that he had felt jealous of Dahnow, and Nora laughed heartily at such an idea.

"Oh, yes; Baron Dahnow had been very friendly and amiable, but she had not a notion whither he had gone."

Neither Nora nor Curt had the remotest idea what a chivalrous feat the fat baron had accomplished on the day he wrote to Curt.

"So now we are quits," he had said to himself after throwing that letter into the post-box. "My conscience is at ease. If he does not come after that his love is not worth twopence. This letter must expiate my two former ones. I will not be responsible for those sad eyes. I meddled once, so I was right to meddle again. And now it's over!"

"But if the good Mecklenburger's conscience was at ease, there was still something

Phoenix Thick Peel



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