

FRIENDS AT COURT

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S
CALENDAR.

- Feb. 22, Sun.—Quinquagesima Sunday.
Chair of St. Peter at Antioch.
- „ 23, Mon.—St. Peter Damian, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor. Vigil of St. Matthias.
- „ 24, Tues.—St. Matthias, Apostle.
- „ 25, Wed.—Ash Wednesday.
- „ 26, Thurs.—Of the Feria.
- „ 27, Fri.—Of the Feria.
- „ 28, Sat.—Of the Feria.

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St. Peter Damian, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.

St. Peter was born at Ravenna, in the north of Italy, about 988. After a month of hardship, he entered a Benedictine monastery at the foot of the Apennines, where for many years he led a life of austerity, prayer, and study. His great piety and learning having brought him under the notice of his ecclesiastical superiors, he was employed by more than one Pope in important affairs, and displayed great zeal and prudence. In 1057 he was created Cardinal and Bishop of Ostia, but, five years later, he succeeded in obtaining permission to resign his bishopric and return to his monastery. His death occurred in 1072.

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GRAINS OF GOLD

VISITS TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

Leaving the busy street,

What solace and joy to come
And spend a moment with God,
Alone at His altar home!

To talk to the Sacred Heart,
And tell Him of all our fears,
And ask Him for guidance now,
To-day, and through all the years.

Moments alone with God
Bring strength to the weary soul,
And courage to keep it true,
In its path to the final goal.

To talk as a friend to Friend—
A Friend that is, Oh! so true;
To ask for advice and aid
In the things which you hope to do.

To offer Him all your thoughts,
Your labors of every day,
And ask Him to bless your toil,
To thank Him, and go your way.

Just for a moment or two
To visit the Lord, and find
Joy for the lonely soul,
And peace for the troubled mind.

Moments alone with God
Lamps on the lonely way!—
Moments alone with God—
The gold of the passing day!

—Irish Messenger.

THE STORYTELLER

NORA

Translated from the German by PRINCESS LIECHTENSTEIN

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CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

The grooms, in their smartest livery, were all attending upon her, and little boys, dressed up in the most bewitching costumes as pages, stood at the entrance of the course, waiting to usher in their mistress.

As she now entered, a storm of applause followed upon the silence of expectation. With one leap the beautiful Amazon was in the middle of the arena, and her horse and herself remained for a second motionless, so that they both seemed cut out of marble.

From the box occupied by the young men there followed considerable excitement. Each one arose and stepped forward in order to take a better view of her. In this place they had, indeed, never seen so beautiful a woman, so noble an attitude, so sweet and innocent an expression.

The fiery animal now raised itself so high that it seemed incomprehensible how the Amazon kept her seat so firmly. And now the music struck in with the light and soft tones which generally accompany such a performance. The horse flew and danced gracefully about, and evolution followed upon evolution, directed by so sure and so firm a hand, and executed with such unmistakable ease, that "Bravo!" upon "Bravo!" accompanied the charming scene. The *connoisseurs* did not find words enough with which to praise such perfect talent.

Meanwhile the music became gradually quicker and wilder; the measure more exciting; the horse, as if animated by success, snorted across the course, flying at one leap over the obstacles placed upon its road. The excitement was gaining the lookers-on. Every eye was fixed upon the daring Amazon, whose face remained so still, whose eye shot forth no glimmer of satisfaction, and whose expression seemed to be that of one turned to stone, and totally unconscious of the rows of spectators, whose whole attention and admiration were centred upon her. And now, one high leap across the closed barrier, and she was gone as suddenly as she had come.

The pent-up feelings of the public vented themselves in one mighty storm of applause, such as had not been heard for years in that circus.

The beautiful enigmatical woman had completely charmed every one, and Landolfo might well rub his hands with satisfaction. A thousand voices repeatedly cried out the traditional "Fuori! Fuori!" in hopes that she would appear once more, but her father presented himself alone. His voice trembled as he thanked the public for the approval his daughter had met with, but, he added, she was so overcome by her first appearance in public that she was quite unable to thank them in person for the applause bestowed upon her.

The speech was so far a happy one, that it reminded all present of the interesting and romantic reports which had surrounded Nora with so much mysterious charm.

This *début* had assured her success, but whilst her name was in every mouth, and young swells drank to her in sparkling champagne, calling her "The New Star!" and adding some spicy word upon this circus beauty, Nora was lying pale and still upon her couch.

The bodily and mental emotions she had gone through now asserted their right; indeed, she was too much exhausted to feel great pain.

One fearful ghost alone, the ghost of her past happiness, arose before her, and told her that all was over, that this evening was irrevocably inscribed upon the annals of her life, and that, do what she would, she could never wash away its stain. With it she had taken farewell to the set she belonged to in mind and heart. Once more her limbs shook with a nervous tremor, and her eyes would not close in sleep.

She mechanically held out her hand towards the letter her kind friend had written her, and mechanically read the touching words of comfort it contained.

"My poor child," wrote the good nun, "the Lord leads you to Him by strange and rough roads. A pure intention sanctifies, and a great sacrifice explains everything; thus even your determination which would otherwise be inexplicable to me. Perhaps this mode of life is better for your soul, than the one we had dreamt of for you, and which, to our short-sightedness, seemed to place you so safely above all danger. My own heart's child, whatever you may be, you are dearer to me than ever; let us love each other—more even than in the old times! I follow you in mind wherever you go, and pray God that He may protect and defend you."

And so friendship crossed the barrier which love could not surmount. Nora read this one passage over and over again: "A pure intention sanctifies, and a great sacrifice explains everything." Her last thought that night was: "Will Curt think as she does, and not despise me? Oh, he need not fear; I will show him that I shall not sink even upon this road. My love will keep my courage firm and high."

Whilst these events were taking place at home, Curt, who had not the faintest idea of them, was thoroughly enjoying the beauties of the East. Ever since his heart was at rest, he had felt that he could bear and forbear, for he knew that neither in his love nor in that of Nora a change was possible. Only a short year and a half, and he would take her to his heart before the whole world as his own fair bride.

A. H. O'Leary

CLOTHIER, MERCER, HATTER, AND BOOTER.
MEN'S AND BOYS' SUITS A SPECIALTY.

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