

FRIENDS AT COURT

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S
CALENDAR.

- March 1, Sun.—First Sunday of Lent.
 2, Mon.—Of the Feria.
 3, Tues.—Of the Feria.
 4, Wed.—St. Casimir, Confessor. Em-
 ber Day. Abstinence.
 5, Thurs.—Of the Feria.
 6, Frid.—SS. Perpetua and Felicitas,
 Martyrs. Ember Day. Ab-
 stinence.
 7, Sat.—St. Thomas of Aquin, Con-
 fessor and Doctor. Ember
 Day. Fast, no abstinence.

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St. Casimir, Confessor.

St. Casimir (Prince of Poland), Confessor, was born in the royal palace at Cracow, in 1458, and died at the court of Grodno on March 4, 1484. He was the grandson of Wladislaus II. Jagiello, King of Poland, who introduced Christianity into Lithuania. St. Casimir was possessed of great charm of person and character, and was noted particularly for his justice and chastity. Often at night he would kneel for hours before locked doors of churches, regardless of the hour or the inclemency of the weather. He had a special devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and the hymn of St. Bernard of Clairvaux, *Omni die dic Maria mea laudes anima* was long attributed to him. After his death he was venerated as a saint because of the miracles wrought by him. He was canonised by Pope Adrian VI in 1522. Pope Clement VIII named March 4 as his feast. St. Casimir is patron of Poland and Lithuania.

St. Thomas of Aquin, Confessor and Doctor.

St. Thomas, son of the Count of Aquino, was born in 1126, and received his early education at the famous abbey of Monte Cassino. At the age of seventeen, in spite of the opposition of his family, he entered the Order of St. Dominic. By his piety and extraordinary talents, he became the glory, not merely of his Order, but of the whole Catholic world. His great humility caused him to refuse the dignities offered to him by more than one Pope. He died in 1274, whilst on his way to attend the Council of Lyons, to which he had been summoned by Gregory X. All Catholic schools were placed under his special patronage by the late Pope Leo XIII.

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GRAINS OF GOLD

VOCATION.

Beaten and sore I sought within the church,
 Dim with rich color where the red light
 glows,

To ease my tortured spirit of its pain—
 Behold! Oh Lord, I cried, my countless
 woes.

Then from the brazen crucifix on high
 The weary face of Christ bent down and
 smiled,

"Thou art my best beloved, my chosen one,"
 he said,

"And thou must walk with me beneath the
 olive trees, my child."

—JEAN DORE.

THE STORYTELLER

NORA

Translated from the German by PRINCESS LIECHTENSTEIN
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CHAPTER XVII.

Three years had passed by and had worked their change imperceptibly upon everything and everybody; upon Lily, too—upon Lily with the round and rosy face—they had also left their mark. She was of age, and had entered into possession of her property.

Until then she had been under the guardianship of Countess Degenthal, a distant cousin, whom, however, she always called "Aunt," having contracted the habit in her childhood. The countess wished to continue exercising her trust until Lily had found a protector for life. But up to this time the heiress had refused every offer of marriage, to the inward satisfaction of the countess, who had not yet completely given up all hope of her first project succeeding, especially since destiny had caused such a change to take place in Nora's life. She attributed Lily's refusal of every proposal to the fact that the girl nurtured a secret affection for Curt. She was, therefore, all the more surprised and displeased when Lily suddenly announced her intention of henceforward living independently, under the chaperonage of an old relation, and of managing her property herself. But her home did not lie far from the Degenthal estate, and both were near the Austrian capital.

The countess could not make out what had induced Lily to take such a step; but whether she understood it or not, she could not prevent the young lady doing as she chose. Albeit a gentle spirit, Lily had within her a certain power of resistance which nothing could break; and when she had set her mind upon a thing, she did it—quite quietly and simply. She was of age, and no observation to the contrary could move her to change that which she had long ago determined to do.

Since Curt's sudden departure, she had felt an almost uncorseous antipathy for his mother; not that Lily thought the latter had wished to separate him from her; on the contrary, she knew how much the countess desired their union; but Lily had the notion that Curt's mother had been too imperious with him, and had thus caused him to leave his home, and that since then he had been unhappy. She knew nothing of the whys and wherefores, for the countess had not taken her into her confidence. Indeed, it was not Lily's nature to think deeply and much in general; but now that her otherwise narrow mind had seized hold of an idea, she would not let it go. She had liked Curt ever since her earliest childhood. His coldness and indifference had certainly pained her at one time, but that "cotillon" had served to drive all desponding reflections out of her head, and she was, moreover, conscious that she must be worth a great deal to him if one looked at the matter in a

simply sensible point of view; and Lily was very sensible. She loved him, and she could wait.

She felt instinctively that to remain any longer with the countess would but estrange her still more from Curt. Besides, she was one of those who only feel really at ease upon their own domain. It requires a certain degree of imagination to enter into the mode of thinking of other people, to fathom them, and to see the good side of their minds and characters; small understandings generally feel irritated at other people having different ideas and different characters from their own.

With her shy and timid manner, Lily had silently kept up an internal combat with her aunt during all the years they had spent together; and she had hastened to seize the first opportunity of gaining her liberty.

Notwithstanding her youth, she seemed more fitted for independence than most people even older than herself. She never did anything unusual, or at all out of the way, and one might feel quite sure that she would never overstep any of the barriers erected by decorum or common sense. Her household, her garden, her birds, her poor—these filled her day. She found everything in the best order when she entered into possession of her domain, so that she moved in it with all security. She had not, perhaps, a very large heart, and did not look at things in a broad comprehensive way, but she was very calm, and, meeting every one with a certain benevolence of manner, she carried her sceptre with some grace; and if anything were found wanting in her, it was attributed to her youth.

She was still termed "a bore" by young men, and old ones still found her "a model young lady," who would, in time, become a capital housewife. Young ladies made but little out of her; only mammas dreamt of that still and fair creature, so gentle and so shy, as an ideal daughter-in-law—a common, but no less great mistake; for narrow and obstinate minds are the least fitted for getting on well with their mothers-in-law.

To-day, however, the still fair face had been brought out of its usual quietness, and an unusually pink tint overspread her features. She had just received a letter from Curt who was on his way home at last, and who had announced his intention of paying a short visit to his cousin, her property being quite close to one of the stations he would have to pass by. This had caused great joy to Lily, and her blue eyes had gained life and animation on reading the announcement. Her aunt said that he might arrive in a few days, so, that the young hostess was, contrary to her custom,

A. H. O'Leary

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

Taumarunui