

## FRIENDS AT COURT

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S  
CALENDAR.

March 8, Sun.—Second Sunday of Lent. St.  
John of God. Confessor.

9, Mon.—St. Frances of Rome. Widow.

10, Tue.—The Forty Martyrs of Sebaste.

11, Wed.—Of the Feria.

12, Thur.—St. Gregory the Great.  
Pope, Confessor, and Doctor.

13, Fri.—Of the Feria.

14, Sat.—Of the Feria.

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## The Forty Martyrs of Sebaste.

These holy martyrs were soldiers from different countries, but serving in the same troop. By order of the Governor of Armenia, they were exposed naked, in the depth of winter, on a frozen pond in the neighborhood of Sebaste, A.D. 320.

St. Gregory the Great, Pope, Confessor, and Doctor.

St. Gregory was born in Rome about the year 540. In 590 he endeavored in vain to decline the dignity of Supreme Pontiff, to which he was elected on the death of Pelagius II. In the calamities which befell Italy in consequence of the invasion of the Lombards, St. Gregory showed himself a father to all in distress. He was most successful in maintaining the purity of Catholic doctrine in some of the countries where heresies had arisen. In 597 he sent a number of monks, with St. Austin at their head, to preach the Gospel in England. He died in 604, having by his eminent holiness, great erudition, and illustrious achievements earned for himself the title of "The Great."

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## GRAINS OF GOLD

## TO THE SACRED HEART.

O Heart! where human sorrows find  
An echo and a balm combined,  
Be with us in this weary way  
That men call life, Oh, be my stay  
Teach me to bear misfortune's stings,  
The agony of little things,  
The thorns in duty's pathway spread,  
That wear the heart like tears unshed;  
Oh! lift me up, till I can see  
Naught, but Thine own Divinity.  
Help me, O God! when I must bear  
Heart-aches that Thou alone canst share,  
Unworthy of Thy faintest sigh,  
To Thee I cry! to Thee I cry!  
Give me Thy Love! Give me Thy Love!  
Oh! let my life be spent above  
Earth's sordid cares! Oh, let me be  
Thine, most Sacred Heart, eternally. Amen.

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## REFLECTIONS.

Do not fix your eyes on temptation: look solely on Our Lord. . . . Divert your mind with any right and healthy occupation, for if that takes possession, and fills your thoughts, it will drive away temptations and evil imagination.—St. Francis de Sales.

It was not Christ's death, but His freely dying, which was pleasing to God.—St. Bernard.

## THE STORYTELLER

## NORA

Translated from the German by PRINCESS LIECHTENSTEIN  
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## CHAPTER XVII—(Continued.)

The train is once more moving rapidly away. . . . A group of students, who have been enjoying the summer night, raise a loud cheer after it, and now the merry university town is left behind in the far distance. The two in the carriage are still motionless; their eyes no longer seek one another; on the contrary, they both look fixedly out of their respective windows, as if they were staring at a world of dreams.

Gone by! gone by! has their happiness also whirled by them, and dwindled into nought, as the landscape they are passing, as the smoke which vanishes before their eyes? They are incapable of thought, there is a chaos in their heads, and a beating in their hearts, as if they would turn mad, and their hearts break for this great and immeasurable woe.

The tepid air of night enters and refreshes their burning foreheads. The moon has risen in the heavens, sharply delineating the distant mountains, and causing the broad river to sparkle with a thousand gems.

Is it then so long ago since they stood side by side upon these mountains, or were rocked together upon this river, for ever seeking and meeting each other, these two who now turn away the one from the other so sadly and so coldly? And was it not here in this lovely land of the vine that they had told each other of their love?

At the remembrance a tear starts to her eyes, and suddenly, as if overpowered by an intense longing, she turns towards him and looks at him imploringly; but he has turned his head away, and is looking out with a fixed gaze and a marble coldness upon his face, as if he completely ignores who that woman is sitting in the same carriage with him.

Then the softer feeling in her breast is also frozen up, she remembers her letter disdainfully returned to her, without even having been opened, and it now rises as a wall between them.

And he what is he thinking of? He is thinking that once before a rushing and rattling train also led him day and night, every moment seeming too long which kept him from her; he remembers how he had thought nothing of distance, and had laughed at impossibilities in order to look at her, and to hold her rejoicing in his arms: if only for a few minutes.

And that is the woman who now sits there opposite to him. He can hear the soft rustle of her dress at every movement she makes, and the heavy breathing which passes across her lips.

What would he not have given in old times for such hours spent with her? And now that lovely form has lost all charm for him. Almost unwillingly he turns his eyes upon her.

Yes, those are the same admirably chiselled features, the same long black eyelashes shadowing her cheek. These are the same red and full lips, and on her brow those same locks of dark hair which had been his delight. Beautiful, more beautiful than ever, . . . and yet he turns away suddenly and indignantly.

Where did he last see that face portrayed? Ah, yes; he remembers now, he saw it in a newspaper as the likeness of the most admired and sought-after beauty of a circus.

He closes his eyes so that he may see her no longer. Perhaps his heart would have melted had he found her pale and worn; but he finds her fresher and more blooming than ever. The fact is, we can hear any amount of sorrow in the exuberant days of our youth; and it is only later on that it leaves marks on our brow and poisons the blood which flows in our veins.

The train puffs on farther and farther. They are in the plain now, and the romance of that mountainous country is as far away from them as the romance of their own lives. God help them! Will all now be with them as flat, as devoid of charm, as this landscape drawn out in so melancholy a fashion by the grey morning dawn? Farther, farther, hour after hour. The night is over, and the train still moving on, together with their thoughts. In their minds arise endless questions, prayers, and accents of indignation, but none pass their lips. When will he get out? Is she not arrived at the end of her journey? Now, again, a shrill whistle is heard, and the name of a large south German town is called out. She raises herself as if with some great alarm; the journey has lasted so long, and yet it seems so short.

The old abigail now awakes and arranges the parcels in order to get out.

Nora also takes her small bag in a mechanical way. She is obliged to pass in front of Curt, and for one moment her eyes rest upon his face; no longer with a terrified look as before, but full of a silent despair.

Now, indeed, he may be satisfied with the wan and sorrowing expression he had missed; her lovely face is deadly pale and completely upset with grief.

A mist suddenly rises before his eyes at that moment, and he holds out his hand, but only from pure courtesy.

A gentleman, who has evidently been awaiting her on the platform, is already on the carriage-steps and helps her down. Only a dumb and cold bow, and she is gone. She is met with zealous offers of service, but she refuses them with a haughty gesture; the gentleman, however, takes possession of her things, as if it were his right to do so, and leads her to the carriage waiting for her.

A. H. O'Leary

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

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