

FRIENDS AT COURT

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

Nov. 29, Sun.—First Sunday of Advent.

Dec. 30, Mon.—St. Andrew, Apostle.

Dec. 1, Tues.—Of the Feria.

„ 2, Wed.—St. Bibiana, Virgin and Martyr.

„ 3, Thurs.—St. Francis Xavier, Confessor.

„ 4, Frid.—St. Peter Chrysologus, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.

„ 5, Sat.—Of the Octave of St. Francis Xavier.

First Sunday of Advent.

Advent is a time of prayer, and penance, which the Church has appointed to dispose her children for the worthy celebration of the birth of Our Saviour. During Advent we ought to prepare ourselves to receive the Son of God, quitting the bosom of His Father in order to become man and converse with us. We ought daily to steal a little time from our affairs that we may meditate on the following questions:—Who comes? Why does He come? What should be the fruit of His coming? Let all our desires call on Him with the just, and the Prophets of the Old Testament, who longed for Him so much; and to open a way for Him into our hearts, let us purify ourselves by confession, fasting, and Communion.

St. Andrew, Apostle.

St. Andrew, the first disciple of Christ, and afterward an Apostle, was, like his brother Peter, a fisherman. Previous to his recognition of Christ as the Messiah he had been numbered among the disciples of John the Baptist. The career of Andrew as an Apostle after the death of Christ is unknown. Tradition tells us that, after preaching the Gospel in Scythia, Northern Greece, and Epirus, he suffered martyrdom on the cross at Patrae, in Achaia, 62 or 70 A.D. A cross formed of beams, obliquely placed, is styled St. Andrew's Cross. St. Andrew is the patron saint of Scotland. He is also held in great veneration in Russia, and, according to a tradition, preached the Gospel in that country. In both countries there is an order of knighthood named in his honor.

GRAINS OF GOLD

MARIA!

At morn, at noon, at twilight dim,
Maria, thou hast heard my hymn!
In joy and woe—in good and ill—
Mother of God, be with me still!
When the hours flew brightly by
And not a cloud obscured the sky,
My soul, lest it should truant be,
Thy grace did guide to thine and thee;
Now, when storms of Fate o'ercast
Darkly my present and my past,
Let my future radiant shine
With sweet hopes of thee and thine!

—EDGAR ALLAN POE.

The Storyteller

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

Ambrose Armstrong was the son of an attorney who, during the minority of the present landlord, managed the estates upon which the Dwyers of Corringlea were the oldest and most respected tenants. One day the attorney took his sickly little son with him in his gig when going his customary rounds among the tenantry, and finding that the boy seemed to have taken a liking to John Dwyer's eldest son, who was about his own age, left him to play in the old orchard during a long summer's day. In the evening, as Mrs. Dwyer was lifting him into the gig, little Amby turned round his head and burst into tears on seeing his playmate at the orchard gate looking shyly and regretfully after him.

"Leave him to me, sir," said the farmer's warm-hearted wife, "and you'll see how strong the mountain air and the goat's milk will make him."

"I will," replied the attorney with subdued emphasis, after a pause, during which his eyes glanced alternately from his son's pale face to the ruddy cheeks of the sun-burnt urchin at the orchard gate. "Will you stay with Mrs. Dwyer, Amby?"

"Yes, sir, please," returned the boy, the tears again rising to his eyes; and thus commenced a life-long friendship between Martin Dwyer and Amby Armstrong—who for upwards of seven years after lived almost entirely at the old ivied farmhouse, trudging daily to the village school with Martin Dwyer, quite winning the old schoolmaster's heart by the gentleness of his manners and his superior penmanship. The penmanship and the wonderful improvement in the boy's health suggested to the attorney that after all "Amby might be good for something." He was sent for a couple of years to a good school, and then duly installed in his father's office. The delicacy of the lad's constitution, however, soon began to tell against him, and the attorney saw the wisdom of allowing him long intervals of rest. It was during these holidays that John Dwyer initiated him into the mysteries of the "gentle craft." His friend Martin, even in those early days, preferred holding the plough to amusement of any sort.

"Don't you think," said Mrs. Armstrong, addressing her husband one morning as he stood up from the breakfast table, "don't you think that Amby is getting to look very pale and ill again?"

"Yes," was the reply, "I have noticed it. I fear he'll never take kindly to the law."

"Why do you say that?" Mrs. Armstrong asked. "It is too hard he works. He never cares to go anywhere, except an odd time to the Glebe."

"He must try Mrs. Dwyer's prescription now at all events," said her husband. "Nothing sets him up like the goat's milk and

the mountain air. I really believe if she had not asked me to leave him that day when he was a little fellow he'd be in his grave long ago."

"They must be very kind people," said Mrs. Armstrong. "Amby was always so anxious to be with them when he was a boy; but now that he's a young man, and so much admired, I can't help wondering why he cares so little for society. And why do you say he doesn't care for law? Is it because he plays the fiddle?"

"Not exactly," her husband replied, "but I have reason to suspect that he pens a stanza when he should engross."

"Do you mean writing poetry?" Mrs. Armstrong asked in surprise.

"That's just what I do mean," replied the attorney, gloomily. "A fishing-rod and a book of ballads under his arm was bad enough; but if, as I am told, it was he wrote the verses in Saturday's *Loyalist*, I give him up."

"Oh, you shouldn't say that," returned his wife. "They were all praising that little poem at the Glebe last evening. Now I see why they like Amby so much. They prize talent more than anything."

"All very fine," the attorney answered with an impatient shake of the head. "Have his shirts and stockings ready," he added after a pause, "and I'll take him over to Corringlea on Friday."

Mr. Armstrong returned home from Corringlea that same Friday, more doubtful than ever as to Amby's "doing any good." Not that he had lost faith in the efficacy of Mrs. Dwyer's prescription, or that the fishing rod and book of ballads were likely to prove more deleterious than usual; but there was John Dwyer's eldest daughter just returned from the convent boarding school, one of the most intelligent and graceful girls he had seen for some time.

"I never thought of this before," the attorney soliloquised, as he tightened the rein while passing over a little mountain rill that crossed the road. "He didn't seem a bit surprised either—as I was—to see her grown such a fine young woman. And so far from showing any surprise or bashfulness at seeing the change in her, she looked and laughed at him as if he were still a boy. 'However,' he continued, looking at the bright side of the picture, 'she appears to be a sensible girl who won't listen to nonsense. She'll be getting married in Shrove. And nothing worse will come of it than an outbreak of poetry. Ned Cormack would be a good match for her,' the attorney went on, his mind reverting to business. "She doesn't look like the sort of girl that would turn up her nose at a man because he or his father got up in the world—instead of coming down as so many have done. I'm glad Ned Cormack got that farm of Connelly's. He's a decent sort of fellow." And Mr. Armstrong touched his horse with the whip and

D. B. Ferry

Regd. Plumber, Gasfitter, & Sheet Metal Worker, Estimates Given Town and Country.
H. & C. Water Services & Sanitary Work a Specialty.

201 DEE ST.

Invercargill