

FRIENDS AT COURT

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S
CALENDAR.

- Dec. 13, Sun.—Third Sunday in Advent.
 „ 14, Mon.—Of the Octave of the Immaculate Conception.
 „ 15, Tue.—Octave of the Immaculate Conception.
 „ 16, Wed.—St. Eusebius, Bishop and Martyr. Ember Day. Fast and Abstinence.
 „ 17, Thur.—Of the Feria.
 „ 18, Friday.—Of the Feria. Ember Day. Fast and Abstinence.
 „ 19, Sat.—Vigil of St. Thomas Apostle. Ember Day. Fast.

St. Eusebius, Bishop and Martyr.

St. Eusebius, Bishop of Vercelli, was born in Sardinia, in 283, and died at Vercelli, Piedmont, on August 1, 371. He was made rector at Rome, where he lived some time, probably as a member, or head, of a religious community. Later he came to Vercellae, the present Vercelli, and in 340 was unanimously elected Bishop of that city by the clergy and the people. He received episcopal consecration at the hands of Pope Julius I, on December 15, of the same year. According to the testimony of St. Ambrose, he was the first Bishop of the West who united monastic with clerical life. He led with the clergy of his city a common life, modelled upon that of the Eastern cenobites. For this reason the Canons Regular of St. Augustine honor him along with St. Augustine as their founder.

GRAINS OF GOLD
DIVINE PROTECTION.

Encamped, the soldiers of the King,
 About the mountain lay,
 To seize the Prophet, and in chains
 To bear him swift away.
 The Saint's young servant cried in fear:
 "Oh! now what shall we do?"
 "Nay, nay, for us there are far more
 Than all this host in view."
 The Seer then prayed unto the Lord:
 "Dispel, O God, his dread."
 The prayer was heard, and from the youth
 Straightway his terror fled.
 He saw the mountain all ablaze
 With Cherubim who rode
 In fiery chariots, rank on rank;
 Sunlike, their armor glowed.
 Thus heavenly warriors gird us round
 From foes to guard us well,
 And when Faith opens our eyes to see,
 We mock the host of hell.
 —M. J. WARSON, S.J., in *Pearls from Holy Scripture for our Little Ones*.

If you find anyone determined to talk failure and illness and misfortune and disaster, walk away. You would not permit the dearest person on earth to administer slow poison to you if you knew it. Then why think it your duty to take mental foods which paralyse your courage and kill your happiness?

The Storyteller

For the Old Land

A TALE OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

(By CHARLES J. KICKHAM.)

Chapter VI.—Sammy Sloan in the Priest's Shrubbery—The Cooper's Workshop—Rody Flynn and His Melancholy Crony—How Paddy Shaunnahan Defeated Hammy Cosgrove out of His Own Bible—The Repeal Warden and Counsellor Doheny's Speech—Mr. Robert O'Keeffe Desires Joe Cooney to Bring His Horse to the Forge, which Compels the Bailiff to Alter His Plans.

It was known all over the village of Shannaclough that the Hon. Horatio himself had called upon Father Feehan the night before, accompanied by a tall gentleman with a long nose. It was further ascertained that after a discussion of nearly three hours' duration between the parish priest and his two visitors—during which the embryo legislator shed tears and talked of his "poor mamma"—the long-nosed gentleman filled cheques to pay expenses and so forth, and the Hon. Horatio consented to repress his honorable ambition to "elevate himself and his country together," until the general election, which Father Feehan, with an affectionate clasp of the hand, assured him was nearer than many people imagined. Father Clancy, the curate, remarked at breakfast that the youthful aspirant for parliamentary laurels would do well to employ the interval in the cultivation of "Lindley Murray," and a beard, a remark which, fortunately for the curate, Mrs. Slattery, the housekeeper, thought was intended as friendly and complimentary to the scion of the house of Allavogga, who had shaken hands with her very civilly and respectfully, when taking his leave the night before. All this, by some mysterious agency, had been spread over the whole parish at an early hour in the forenoon. We know how the news was received by Martin Dwyer, of Corriglet, and his wealthy neighbor, Mr. Cormack, of Rockview House. There was gladness among the enfranchised everywhere; and, to a great extent, the non-electors sympathised with their "free and independent" neighbors. The owners of the two public-houses looked sullen; but even they could not help feeling the influence of the general sunshine more or less. In fact the only really discontented person in Shannaclough that morning was Sammy Sloane, the bailiff, who had been conditionally retained in the Tory interest, and counted upon making a good thing out of the election.

Unlike the two publicans, however, Sammy Sloane wore a cheerful and comfortable look, as with his stick under his arm, he was seen to walk quickly through the street, and, somewhat to the surprise of Rody Flynn, the cooper, turn into the priest's gate, which was but a short distance outside the village. The bailiff noiselessly opened the gate, observing that the key had been left in the padlock, which was locked round one of the bars. He glanced furtively up the avenue, which was quite overhung by trees, whose thick foliage almost completely shut out the sky. With a

laughing expression in his really good-humored face, the little bailiff walked quickly across the enclosure—half-field, half shrubbery—on the right-hand side of the avenue, till he came to a fine lilac in full blossom close to the high ivied garden wall. Sammy Sloane put up his hand as if to pull a sprig of the lilac, looking furtively in every direction to see if anyone was observing him. Mr. Sloane was a man of taste, and his getting a nosegay to bring home to his wife and children would have caused no surprise whatever; though, possibly, Father Feehan might say it was like Sammy Sloane's audacity to come into his shrubbery uninvited and help himself to his lilacs.

Mr. Sloane, however, did *not* help himself to a single sprig of the priest's lilac because it happened that Father Feehan or anybody else was *not* looking at him. His real business in the priest's shrubbery this morning was not to get a nosegay for his wife, though that would have done very well as a reason for his being there—if occasion required it. He sat down behind a holly bush, against the ivied garden wall, and, stretching out his short, stout legs, took off his hat and placed it between them. Taking a roll of papers from his breast-pocket, which was very deep, Mr. Sloane selected two from the lot, and returned the rest to his pocket.

"Well," said Sammy Sloane to himself in an argumentative sort of way, "if they let the election go on I could put them off for another six months. But people must live. And he is not a bit thankful to me for sparing him so long. Now, if that was Murty Magrath had these," he added, running his eyes over the contents of the two documents, in a way from which it could be seen that Mr. Sloane was rather short-sighted—"If Murty had these, 'tis long ago it would be done, unless he was squared, I don't think that a good system. There's more lost than gained by it in the end. When a man gets the name of taking a bribe he'll lose many a good job. Honesty is the best policy—and to do things quiet."

In this virtuous frame of mind Mr. Sammy Sloane reclined at full length by the garden wall, resting his head against the ivy, and seeming to take great interest in the movements of a pair of golden wrens among the branches of the fir tree, against the trunk of which he had placed his feet, the heel of one resting upon the toe of the other. While the bailiff was watching the busy little wrens with his half-shut, short-sighted eyes, Mr. Robert O'Keeffe was slowly riding through the village, stroking the neck of his handsome bay horse with his gloved hand, and followed by many admiring eyes, till he reached the priest's gate, which he opened without dismounting, and was lost to all eyes in shady avenue, save the half-shut ones that glanced for a moment from the golden wrens, as the rider passed from the sunlight

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