

FRIENDS AT COURT

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- Jan. 3, Sun.—Feast of the Most Holy Name of Jesus.
 „ 4, Mon.—Octave of the Holy Innocents.
 „ 5, Tues.—Vigil of the Epiphany.
 „ 6, Wed.—Feast of the Epiphany.
 „ 7, Thurs.—Within the Octave.
 „ 8, Frid.—Within the Octave.
 „ 9, Sat.—Within the Octave.

THE EPIPHANY*

This feast was instituted to celebrate the memory of three great mysteries, of which the first and principal one is the adoration of the Magi; the second, the Baptism of Jesus Christ; and the third, His first miracle on the night of Cana in Galilee.

The feast of these three mysteries is called the Epiphany, which means *showing* or *manifestation*, because in these mysteries the glory of Jesus-Christ was clearly manifested to men.

The Magi were eminent persons of the East, who devoted themselves to the study of wisdom. They came to adore Jesus Christ because a new star had appeared, and they knew by divine inspiration that it was a sign of the birth of the King of the Jews and Saviour of mankind. Hence they came to adore Jesus Christ in Bethany; for, on going to Jerusalem, the capital of Judea, where was the holy temple of God, they understood from the priests that the Messiah was to be born in Bethlehem according to the prophecies.

GRAINS OF GOLD

A NEW YEAR THOUGHT.

When weary one night from the toil of the day,

My heart with its burdens cast down;
 Alone and unaided on life's barren way,
 And all the world wearing a frown,
 I heard the quaint tones beating measured and slow,

Of the clock, from its shelf on the wall;
 And, as the staid pendulum swung to and fro,

In rhythm these words seemed to fall :

“Never give up. Never give up.

Time will be given you.

Never give up.”

“The past is gone, with its sorrows and faults,

Then leave it and build you anew.

The past is dead, locked in memory's vaults,
 And living hopes beckon to you.

For the brave is the pathway of life.

Can you climb?

Then turn from the years that are dead,
 With your eyes on the promise that's sublime

In the years that are lying ahead.

Never give up. Never give up.”

The great misty future says,

Never give up.”

* This feast of January 6 can be traced back to a very early date in the East, where it was associated with the Nativity and Baptism of Jesus. Baptisms often took place on this day, and lights were carried to symbolise the spiritual illumination of the baptised. It also had several other names, as Day of Lights, Feast of the Three Kings, Twelfth Day, and so on.

The Storyteller

For the Old Land

A TALE OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

(By CHARLES J. KICKHAM.)

CHAPTER VIII.

Rody Flynn Visits his Garden—George Ponsonby and his White Greyhound—Acting-Constable Finucane and Sub-Constable Joe Sproule of the Gurthnaboher Station.

Rody Flynn, having taken a look at Father Feehan's garden—and particularly admiring the peas and the “early-york,” which was getting white already—thought that, as he had left his work at all he might as well have a look at his own “garden” also. Rody's “garden” was a miniature farm of four Irish acres, a half-mile or so from the village. Here was a strip of pasture, a strip of meadow, a narrow strip of turnips, a wide one of wheat, which looked promising, and one of equal width of potatoes, which, Rody observed, with that sparkle of the eyes and raising of the brows which we have before noticed, were beginning to peep over the ground. All were enclosed by a good quickset fence, on the mossy sides of which primroses grew by the million. The white-thorns in the farthest corner from the road Rody “never knew to be without a blackbird's nest,” a thing which he believed could not be said of any other “piece of a ditch” of equal length in Ireland, except that one in the Queen's County, where two pair of blackbirds built every year as “regular as the sun.” A happy man was Rody Flynn as he walked along the headland, looking at his wheat and potatoes, and turnips and meadow—not unmindful of the primroses and the hawthorn blossoms, which promised to be abundant this year—till he came to the strip of pasture. Then the sparkle in Rody Flynn's eyes was dimmed, and the laugh faded from his round chubby face. He turned from the headland and walked to the middle of the strip of green pasture where a little brown cow was quietly grazing, and kept from trespassing upon the meadow and the tilled portion of the field by means of a light chain and a long iron pin driven into the ground. The little brown cow raised her head and turned her mild eyes upon Rody Flynn, and Rody, standing close to her, looked into the little brown cow's meek face for a minute or two without moving. Then patting her upon the shoulder—the least little gleam of the old merry laugh returning to his eyes, as she playfully thrust her black horn under his arm (just as if she wanted to tickle him)—Rody moved on towards the gate, picking up two stones on the way and flinging them over the fence upon the road. Rody Flynn told his melancholy friend, Davy Lacy, one evening in strict confidence that he could never bear to look on while Julia was milking the little brown cow, as it always gave him a “swelling in the heart”—thinking of her mother. And he had known a very decent man who died of a swelling in the heart in the Queen's County.

“I'll give him to Mr. Armstrong. I'll give Rover to Mr. Amby. Who else has a better

right to him? And even if he sends him to Tom Dwyer, I have no objection, except that he might let him run apace through that stony place above Corrigdhoun. That's the only objection I have to Rover's being sent to the mountain; I can't keep him any longer myself. Perrington threatened to shoot him; but I'll snare rabbits in spite of his teeth. He can't prevent that, and let him do his best. I have snares set now where he little suspects. But I'll make a present of Rover to Mr. Armstrong.”

During the delivery of this abrupt address the merry look came back into Rody Flynn's face, and his black eyes sparkled as he fixed them on the speaker, who looked all round while he spoke, as if these remarks were addressed to the hills and the trees, and the sheep and cattle in the fields, and once or twice to the little brown cow—but never to Rody, whose eyebrows rose higher and higher as the speech went on, till at length he laughed outright, and looked into the orator's face.

“You think I ought to shave off this,” he went on, grasping his long black beard and combing it with his thin delicate fingers. “Well, you see, shaving is a great trouble; and Mrs. Perrington says the beard is picturesque. She wouldn't shoot Rover or stop me from snaring rabbits. And she likes this too,” he added, raising a hareskin cap from his matted jet-black locks, and holding it at arm's length before him, but seemingly unable to keep his large brown eyes fixed on that or any other object for more than a second.

“Yes,” he continued, replacing the hareskin cap on his head, and looking at the torn sleeve of his old green shooting jacket, which, it was evident, originally belonged to some slender and not very tall stripling. “I know I'm in a queer state,” and the large brown eyes wandered immediately from the green coat sleeve to the grey tweed trousers, which were equally dilapidated, and as much too short for his long legs as were the coat sleeves for his attenuated arms. “But”—and now his gaze took up the whole horizon—“but I'll come out in flying colors when I come in for my property. I'll buy a white pony then for Mrs. Perrington. Why wouldn't I?” he exclaimed, looking directly for the first time at Rody Flynn, as if he had protested against the white pony. “She was always my friend. Didn't she send for me long ago after she came home from London, and said I was the handsomest boy she ever saw? That was before she married Perrington. I'm sorry she ever married him; for only for my father dying without making a will, and I lost my property, I'd have proposed for her myself.” Here he put a whistle, that hung suspended by a cord round his neck, to his lips and blew a long clear note. In an instant a beautiful snow-white greyhound sprang lightly over the fence and stood beside him. “Now, I'll let you see

D. B. Ferry

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