

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- March 13, Sunday.—Passion Sunday.
 „ 14, Monday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 15, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 16, Wednesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 17, Thursday.—St. Patrick, Bishop and Confessor. No fast or abstinence.
 „ 18, Friday.—Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
 „ 19, Saturday.—St. Joseph, Spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

St. Patrick, Bishop and Confessor.

The nationality of St. Patrick is much disputed, some naming France, others Scotland, as the place of his birth. When but 16 years of age he was carried captive into Ireland, where he remained for six years, thus by a remarkable dispensation of Divine Providence becoming acquainted with the language and customs of the people whom he was afterwards to evangelise. Having escaped from captivity, his one desire was to return to Ireland, bringing with him the blessings of the true Faith to its pagan inhabitants. The desired mission was confided to him by Pope St. Celestine about 432. His labors were crowned with complete success. By his exertions Ireland has ever since not only kept the faith pure at home, but has helped to propagate it in nearly every country in the world. St. Patrick died about 464, and was buried in Downpatrick.

GRAINS OF GOLD

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

St. Patrick, blest Apostle of our nation,
 To-day thy children scattered o'er the earth,
 Unite in thought and prayer, in heart and spirit.
 With those who in the dear land of our birth
 Now celebrate thy feast with deep affection
 And with devotion kneel before thy shrine
 To thank thee for the precious gift thou broughtest—
 The Faith that ever in our land doth shine.

Through smiles and tears, 'midst joys and tribulations,

Unto thy teachings we have faithful been,
 And as each year comes round, upon thy feast day
 We wear with pride the shamrock ever green—
 The little three-leaved plant that thou didst gather
 To teach the mystery of the Trinity,
 Which ever since that day we've fondly cherished,
 And ever will, with memory of thee.

Yet not alone in Ireland is it worn,
 For loving hands have sent it o'er the foam,
 And with "Cead Mile Failte" we receive it
 Who exiled are from our dear native home;
 For neither time nor space can separate us
 From that dear land—in spirit we are there:
 Oh, how we long to see her liberated—
 In all her woes, in all her joys we share.

But, though the way is long and hard the struggle,
 We'll not despair, for surely we can see
 The far-off dawn of that bright day long wished for
 When our dear little island shall be free.
 Oh! then, dear Saint, we'll come again to thank thee
 And seek thy blest protection as of old,
 While Ireland's flag will proudly flutter o'er us,
 Its folds alight in Faith's own rays of gold.

—AN IRISH EXILE, in the *Irish Catholic*.
 Somewhere in France, March, 1920.

A buoyant word—a brief smile—a nod of glad recognition—all these little things that do not interfere with attention to duty, are of large importance in making the lives of others more bright.

The Storyteller

WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

"I—I hope you are not afraid of me," stammered Ken, feeling, if the truth must be told, stupid to distraction. He felt a guilty shock, in the presence of his love, to remember how little love had been in his thoughts of late. I tremble for the opinion young ladies of sixteen and thereabouts will hold of him; but the fact is, Lily's fairy form and blameless blue eyes had got a good deal jostled out of sight, like a baby in a crowd, by the burly figures of Captain Mike MacCarthy and Monsignor McGrudder. It is a way with those young Hotspurs. When they take to "dreams of iron wars" their bonny Kates have often enough to put up with the rude hint that "this is no world to tilt with lips in." Kate, however, has a knack of recovering her empire. Our Hotspur was at her feet already—I don't mean in the literal sense—thoroughly ashamed of himself for ever having forgotten the potency of his lady's fan. This is, perhaps, a high-flown way of putting his halting observation. "I hope you are not afraid of me, Lily."

"No, indeed, Ken. Why should I be?" she said, looking at him with those clear blue eyes, which shone with the simplicity of two violets on a dewy bank. To which his ungrateful response was a desperate stare, and an almost inaudible passionate cry: "You have eyes out of heaven!" He sat down beside her at the usual unnegotiable distance at which love's engineers open their parallels, and captured one little outpost hand with the most delicate blue tracery wandering over its soft snow. A pretty pair of creatures enough they looked amidst the picture-scenery to the music of the waterfalls—she with the mild lightnings in her large blue eyes, he flushed with the passion which would have made a much more ill-cut profile than his look luminous—as promising a pair of pretty ones as ever softened the Arcadian hills with their melodious sighing. Alas! how the prettiest of these pastoral reeds get out of tune, even in Arcadia!

She drew away her hand determinedly.

"Ken, you mustn't! It is wicked I must tell you. You won't be angry with me, will you. I am not to speak to you any more"—faltering just a little at the last.

Here was an heroic situation for a young gentleman who had just been reproaching himself—perhaps with some little *souçon* of vain-gloriousness, as men will—with having been neglectful of his goddess under the stress of weighty cares of state; and now the goddess tells him with the calmest celestial expression of countenance that, so far from her having languished for his devotion, he must please to give her shrine a wide berth for the future, if he does not want celestial bull-dogs set at him. Is Ken Rohan the only member of the base masculine fraternity whose fidelity is all the more ardent for a snubbing?

"You are joking," he said, in the trepidatory tone of one who had just heard that the Last Trumpet was about to sound, and, incredible though it seemed, had it on authority which he did not dare to doubt. "You don't usually tease a fellow, Lily."

"No, indeed, I am quite in earnest. Mamma says you have set yourself against the Church and connected yourself with low people, and that a curse follows such things, and I don't know what else."

Ken burst out laughing—not a gay laugh. "And is that all?" he asked, almost rudely.

"Well, papa and mamma say it is very terrible and will end badly."

"No doubt it will not end in the Commission of the Peace," cried Ken, stung and daunted in an intolerable way by her tranquillity. "But, good heavens! Lily, do you know what it is that we are going to fight for? Why, it will be a whole nation in arms! It will be battle, glory, freedom! I am nobody, yet,

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