

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

March 20, Sunday.—Palm Sunday.
 „ 21, Monday.—St. Benedict, Abbot.
 „ 22, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 23, Wednesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 24, Thursday.—Holy Thursday.
 „ 25, Friday.—Good Friday.
 „ 26, Saturday.—Holy Saturday.

Palm Sunday.

Palm Sunday derives its name from the procession, with palms, which takes place wherever practicable before the principal Mass, and which commemorates the triumphal entry of Christ into Jerusalem. The procession is an expression of joy and triumph, but blended with these feelings is one of sadness, for this triumph of Our Saviour was the prelude to His Passion.

Holy Thursday.

For a short time to-day the Church puts off her mourning. At the Mass her ministers are vested in white, the bells are heard, the organ peals forth. For a moment she desists from her meditations on the sufferings of her Divine Founder to contemplate the tender love which led Him to institute the Blessed Eucharist on the very night before His Crucifixion. In cathedral churches the bishop consecrates the Holy Oils which are used in the administration of certain Sacraments, and also in some ecclesiastical functions.

Good Friday.

This day is called "Good" because on it we were liberated from the dominion of Satan, and the happiness which God had in view in creating us was placed once more within our reach. We must not forget, however, by what means this was accomplished, and that the day so pregnant with blessings for us was marked by unspeakable sufferings on the part of Our Divine Redeemer, Who for our sake yielded Himself to a shameful death. This should be the subject of our meditations to-day. We cannot enter the church without being reminded of it. At the morning office the celebrant and his ministers are vested in black, and the history of the Passion is chanted. When the ceremonies are over, the altar is bared of its ornaments, the statues and images of the saints remain veiled. The crucifix alone is uncovered—a striking reminder of the intensity of God's love for man, and in particular an emblem of hope to the repentant sinner.

GRAINS OF GOLD

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

Riven hands in love extended
 Wounded feet and sword-rent side
 For ye pour in torrents blended,
 Mercy's bright, baptismal tide.
 Hail, sweet stream forever flowing!
 Hail, O blest and boundless flood!
 Fount with life eternal glowing
 Love's own pure and Precious Blood.

Downward from the mystic mountain,
 Feet, and hands, and opened side
 Poured their bright baptismal fountain,
 Poured their clear and cleansing tide.
 Crimsoned Cross, so brightly glowing
 With that blest, redeeming flood,
 Still we hail, with hearts o'erflowing,
 Thy sweet stains of Precious Blood.

Ransomed saints, in garments whitened
 By the life-blood of the Lamb,
 Pilgrims with your burdens lightened,
 Martyrs, crowned with purple palm.
 Let us join your songs of gladness,
 Let us hail redemption's flood;
 Christians, cleansed from sin and sadness,
 Praise, O praise the Precious Blood!

The Storyteller

WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

Three or four nights afterwards Myles Rohan fell off his office-stool in a fit. It happened in this wise. Danny had several hours before shut down the sluice-gate and stopped the water-wheel, the drought having reduced the millstream to a rill, and had locked up the premises for the night; Myles, as had happened several times after tea, had quitted the parlor, taking the key with him, and unlocked the office and lighted the gas. He had spent many absorbed hours of late over his accounts and bundle of freight-notes. It so chanced that, some loads of corn having arrived unexpectedly from the Garrindinny railway station, Danny was called up to the windlass to hoist in the sacks, and, having come into the office for the carter's docket, found his master's body lying beside the overturned stool in a great blotch of blood, which was still oozing from a wound in the head; the teeth were locked tightly together, and the breathing that of a man almost strangled.

Though Mrs. Rohan was a delicate woman, who indulged in her full share of woman's luxury—complaining—she took the command in this emergency by as divine a right as Israel Putnam in his shirt-sleeves, fresh from the plough, went to the front at Bunker's Hill. She had the wound in the head bandaged, and the blood sponged away, and the throat freed, while the carters were standing glued to the ground in stupefied horror. She had, with Ken's and Danny's help, a comfortable bed made up in the office, and a fire sparkling in the grate. By the time the old doctor came, blinking profoundly through his round spectacles, and administering his sparse medical knowledge with an abundance of stock consolations, Mrs. Rohan's decisive measures had already tided over the worst of the fit, and the excellent doctor gradually came to see that his directions were as superfluous as his condolences. "He is at present, madam, exhibiting favorable symptoms of a somnolent condition, with still some stertorous indications as to breathing," he observed, with much impressiveness.—"Yes, doctor, he is getting into a beautiful sleep, thank God!" said Mrs. Rohan. Another wonderful thing was to see how coolly little Katie bore herself amidst the horrors which paralysed the rough carters—Katie, who would almost swoon with terror every time the blood even of a chicken came to be shed on the premises. She was as white as her own little counterpane, indeed, but there was not a tear or a cry; and she moved about with the mysterious instinct of those gracious presences which are missing nowhere and are noticed nowhere, and which are as welcome in a sick room as lint.

The wound in the head had saved Myles Rohan. He fell into a heavy sleep. Towards three o'clock in the morning, when the dawn began to struggle with the night-lights, Mrs. Rohan, watching by the bedside, felt an outstretched arm laid upon her hand, and in a mute transport of joy saw Miles sitting up in the bed. He could not speak, however. Several gallant efforts, which I shrink from describing, made that plain. He motioned convulsively towards the high desk at which he had been writing when he fell. She thought she understood. In an instant she had writing materials at his hand. He scrawled, very eagerly and rudely:

"Documents on desk. Don't want the children know," and then signalled for them violently. There was a letter advising him of the failure of a Cork corn merchant with whom he had considerable transactions; there was an account with a stinging word or two written across it in red ink; and there was a cheque of his own, with two still more intolerable words on the face of it. He pounced on them like a wild animal, and stuffed them under his pillow, and then calmly

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