

## Friends at Court

### GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

April 3, Sunday.—Low Sunday.

„ 4, Monday.—Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

„ 5, Tuesday.—St. Vincent Ferrer, Confessor.

„ 6, Wednesday.—Of the Feria.

„ 7, Thursday.—Of the Feria.

„ 8, Friday.—Of the Feria.

„ 9, Saturday.—Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

In this festival the Church celebrates the Mystery of the Annunciation of the Angel Gabriel to the Blessed Virgin Mary. The institution of this feast dates back to the first centuries of Christianity. St. Athanasius mentions it in one of his sermons. For a long time they commenced the civil year with the Feast of the Annunciation. The custom of commencing the year on January 1 was introduced in France in 1564, in Scotland in 1579, in England in 1752.

St. Vincent Ferrer, Confessor.

St. Vincent was born at Valentia, in Spain. The austerity of his life, the gift of eloquence which he possessed in a remarkable degree, and the miracles which signalled his labors rendered his preaching most effective. Wherever he went the people were aroused, and the most hardened sinners sought to be reconciled with God. His labors were not confined to his native country. He traversed Italy and France, and at the invitation of Henry IV. visited Ireland, England, and Scotland. He died in Brittany, in the 63rd year of his age, A.D. 1419.

### GRAINS OF GOLD

#### THE ANNUNCIATION.

A Hymn of the Primitive Church (*Hæc illa solemnis dies.*)

This is the day, the solemn day,  
Which God appointed to convey  
Such news as made our sorrows cease,—  
Glad news of mercy and of peace.

Our parents' guilt, our parents' fall,  
To certain death consigned us all:  
From certain death mankind to save,  
His only Son Jehovah gave.

Yes! He who was th' Eternal's Son  
Ere time had yet its course begun,  
Our life of pain and weakness bore,  
Nor did the Virgin's womb abhor.

He took on Him our mortal state,  
That He might bear the sinner's fate:  
That so His blood, in ransom given,  
Might take away the wrath of Heaven.

Yes! He, the infinite great God,  
In human flesh a while abode:  
That we might high in glory dwell,  
He came as our Immanuel.

Redeemer of the world, to Thee  
All praise and glory rendered be;  
And to the Father, King of Heaven,  
And Holy Ghost, all praise be given.

—Translated by the REV. J. CHANDLER, in *Ave Maria*.

### REFLECTIONS.

Anticipate the wants of others without waiting till you are asked. True charity teaches us how they may stand in need.

If your doubts do not prevail so as to make us leave off praying, our prayers will prevail so far as to make us leave off doubting.—Hickman.

## The Storyteller

### WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

#### CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

"I am afraid you will find this a very stupid place after London," said Miss Westropp, as they sat at lunch.

"Oh, no; I hear there is archery, and a dance now and then when a frigate comes," said one of the girls.

"Dull? Quite the contrary," said Mr. Neville, anxious to put in an encouraging word for the country. "Glenariff has no end of interest for me. My father came over here as a member of the Friends' Committee in the Famine. I remember the first sovereign I ever had I subscribed it to our little family fund for the poor Irish.

"Yes," Miss Westropp remarked quietly. "We are rich enough in Famine memories."

"But that's not all. Come, you mustn't run down your country like that," he said good-humoredly. "If you had nothing to show but the Coomhola grits, Glenariff would always be a place of interest and renown—in the eye of the geologist at any rate. Girls, we must take the first opportunity of making out the Coomhola grits. I believe you won't get many fossils, but the formation gives us one of the most curious links in palaeozoic history—this whole neighborhood is singularly rich in the fish-life of the Devonian period."

"I can give you as gamey a fish as ever you hooked any day you like," said Harry, who did not see why the Devonian period (whatever it might be) should not extend to the nineteenth century. "And there's no end of carp and perch in the loughs."

"That is very interesting," said Mr. Neville, who was consoled for this alarming contempt of the charms of geology by the promised feast to his other *belle passion* of rod-fishing. "I will certainly do myself the pleasure of placing myself under your direction. I mean to see and do everything. I have a theory that whatever country a man owes hospitality to, it is his duty to learn all about it and do the best he can for it."

"Our fashion here is just the other way," said Miss Westropp. "It is supposed to be vulgar for a man who lives by the country to do anything but abuse it."

"Yes, and I think that is one of the very points to which attention ought to be directed," said Mr. Neville, preparing with much animation to mount one of his hobby-horses. "That's just what leaves you with no other industries but agitation and the begging-box."

"You'll have the governor in a few days producing a plan for the pacification of Ireland, and making the whole thing as clear as daylight," broke in Reggy, who had been twirling his moustache in some alarm.

"Well," rejoined his father, placidly, "it is true I have a few ideas upon the subject, and if I should happen to put them in ship-shape some day—"

"They'll send us all to sleep, governor," said his undutiful son.

"Your father's plan will have one great advantage," said Miss Westropp, coming to the rescue. "It cannot possibly be worse than the plans they've been trying up to the present. Here have we, Westropp, been on the shores of Bantry Bay ever since the sixteenth century, and a man or woman of our house never knew a soul among the people that pay us rent—I mean, knew in any real sense—until Harry here broke the ice."

"I, Mabel! Nonsense!" said Harry, blushing. The affability with which he drank pewters at Moll Carty's with the boys had never occurred to him in that dignified light before, and he was never sure that compliments to him were not sarcasms.

"I believe you are fond of the Germans, Mr.

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