

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- November 27, Sunday.—First Sunday of Advent.
 „ 28, Monday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 29, Tuesday.—Vigil of St. Andrew, Apostle.
 „ 30, Wednesday.—St. Andrew, Apostle.
 December 1, Thursday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 2, Friday.—St. Bibiana, Virgin and Martyr.
 „ 3, Saturday.—St. Francis Xavier, Confessor.

First Sunday of Advent.

Advent is a time of prayer and penance, which the Church has appointed to dispose her children for the worthy celebration of the birth of Our Saviour. During Advent we ought to prepare ourselves to receive the Son of God, quitting the bosom of His Father in order to become man and converse with us. We ought daily to steal a little time from our affairs that we may meditate on the following questions:—Who comes? Why does He come? What should be the fruit of His coming? Let all our desires call on Him with the just, and the Prophets of the Old Testament, who longed for Him so much; and to open a way for Him into our hearts, let us purify ourselves by confession, fasting, and Communion.

St. Andrew, Apostle.

St. Andrew, the first disciple of Christ, and afterward an Apostle, was, like his brother Peter, a fisherman. Previous to his recognition of Christ as the Messiah he had been numbered among the disciples of John the Baptist. The career of Andrew as an Apostle after the death of Christ is unknown. Tradition tells us that, after preaching the Gospel in Scythia, Northern Greece, and Epirus, he suffered martyrdom on the cross at Patrae, in Achaia, 62 or 70, A.D. A cross formed of beams, obliquely placed, is styled St. Andrew's Cross. St. Andrew is the patron saint of Scotland. He is also held in great veneration in Russia, and, according to a tradition, preached the Gospel in that country. In both countries there is an order of knighthood named in his honor.

GRAINS OF GOLD MOTHER.

My happiness, my love, my all,
 I speak to you, dear heart, I call
 Back visions sweet and blessings' dew,
 Shed by my flow'r of stainless hue.

When sorrow wends its way to me,
 In dreams of happiness I see
 You—bowed in humble prayer,
 That heav'n may drive from me each care.

My heart with true devotion bleeds
 For you, dear heart. Your noble deeds
 Have made me worthy of my name,
 And raised me to the highest fame.

Your pow'rful love, it sanctifies
 My tasks. And then your true blue eyes,
 With that same love still teach me right
 From wrong, and bring me heav'nly light.

O spotless soul, my visions sweet
 Of you bring thoughts I'd love to keep
 Where all the earth could view, for man
 Would change his life and earthly span.

O violet of humility,
 O rose of all eternity,
 No blossom of this mortal earth,
 Can equal thy immortal worth.

My heart's inflamed with thy sweet face,
 And time can never take the place
 I've saved for you, dear heart, for you,
 And ev'ry day makes me think of you.

Wounds and inward grief with years
 Come with many embitter'd fears.
 And then I'm thrilled just through and through,
 Mother dear, at the thought of you.

—TERENCE F. BEEHAN.



The Storyteller



WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XXXI.—(Continued.)

At this moment, however, he was not trusting to the inhabitants of the cemetery for company. In the richer than Rembrandt glow of a red-hearted fire of turf and pine-logs, a number of young men sat together around two travellers who had just arrived, and who in personal appearance were as distant from one another as the two shores of the Atlantic Ocean. One, who went by the name of Mr. Mahon, was devoured with all his eyes by Ken Rohan, for there sat the poet and principal contributor to the suppressed revolutionary organ. Ken looked at him with a face like a verse of Mr. Browning's "Ah! did you once see Shelley plain?" He might, indeed, have sat for the portrait of a poet, and to a painter of the seventeenth century rather than of the nineteenth. His costume when he entered was an old and still older-fashioned cloth cloak which fell over his broad shoulders in picturesque folds, and a soft felt hat under whose broad shade you saw nothing but two luminous eyes burning in the midst of a gloom of hair. When the Tyrolean hat slid off, all you noticed still was the thick fall of intensely black hair streaked with grey which rolled down in a stately broad cascade almost to the shoulders, and the large lustrous eyes which looked out of their dusky mist of hair glowingly, and yet not as if they were fixed upon any particular thing. (The grey-streaked black locks have since been shorn by a convict's scissors, and while the icy fangs of six winters were fixing and unfixing themselves on the bleak Portland quarries, that far-away dreamy look of Mr. Mahon's was brought back to a blinding world of granite-dressing under the spell of a turnkey's oath and outlass.) The features were white and delicate, as of a man who either thought too much, or ate too little, or both:—a thin, almost transparent nose, with nostrils that were apt to quiver as reeds do in the wind; lips that seemed to quiver also in their narrow region of color within the circumambient waves of grey-black beard and moustache; a white dome of forehead, looking tapering and not very broad, perhaps owing to the masses of shadowy hair that encroached upon it:—altogether a simple, pathetic, beautiful face, such as you could imagine lying extended on a crucifix and smiling. So, at least, Ken Rohan in his enthusiasm thought—for, woe is me! how cruelly our gods sometimes disappoint us in the flesh!—our patriot has a consumptive cough, our beauty a temper, our poet a hump, our saint takes snuff, even our general wears spectacles!—yet here before him was the man whose poems had given Ken Rohan his first glimpse of uncreated light, and he was the best poem of the lot himself. Less youthful and cooler-headed observers would perhaps make a more contracted estimate of Mr. Mahon's poems, as well as of his personal attractions; but it was impossible to know his history of lifelong, passionate clinging to a losing cause without pity for the hapless land and wonder for the strange romantic chances which brought this gentle dreamy creature to be one of the chiefs of a desperate revolutionary enterprise. Judge, then, our young friend's ecstasy when he found that Mr. Mahon had admired his own first wild-bird singing in the proscribed journal; and that his great bright eyes glowed still more brightly when he heard that Ken's was the pen which was glittering and lightening in the new secret revolutionary sheet. Jack Harold's mission to Dublin had borne immediate fruit, and several numbers of the new journal had already been spirited away to Cork in the porter-casks, sending the strangest electric current along the young nerve-centres of the country, and bringing back an even stranger interacting spiritual thrill to the young gentleman who worked the battery. Mr. Mahon patted his head, smiling with ever so sweet a pathos; and the young fellow bent down his head in a state of sacred happiness which reminded him singularly of his Confirmation Day when the consecrating chrism touched his forehead.

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