

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- Sept. 7, Sunday.—Thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 8, Monday.—Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
 „ 9, Tuesday.—St. Gorgonius, Martyr.
 „ 10, Wednesday.—St. Nicholas of Tolentino, Confessor.
 „ 11, Thursday.—SS. Protius and Hyacinth, Martyrs.
 „ 12, Friday.—The Holy Name of Mary.
 „ 13, Saturday.—Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The birth of the Blessed Virgin Mary has been, from very ancient times, the occasion of a special feast in the Church. Conceived without stain, she was brought forth into the world pure, holy, and beautiful—adorned with all the most precious graces which became her who was chosen to be the Mother of God. The Church finds an additional reason for rejoicing in the fact that, as the aurora heralds the sunrise, so the birth of the Blessed Virgin announced that the advent of the promised Redeemer was nigh.

St. Nicholas of Tolentino, Confessor.

St. Nicholas receives his surname from a small town in the Papal States, where he spent the greater part of his life. He was remarkable for his austerity, being accustomed to fast on bread and water several days in the week. In the pulpit and in the confessional his zeal and prudence were productive of an incalculable amount of good. He died in 1306.

GRAINS OF GOLD

“OUR MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.”

‘Tis thy birthday, sweetest Mother;
 All thy children know it well,
 And the gift we want to offer
 Fondest love and joy must tell.

Just a spray of fairest blossoms—
 Blossoms of the soul's own wealth,
 And the safest way to send them
 Is by Jesus dear Himself.

Deeds of love will bear sweet rosebuds,
 Violets—Humility's flower,
 Waft with Lily's breath of purity
 Sweetly to thy heavenly bower.

There to ask thy fond protection
 Through this fearful bloody strife,
 That our world so black in anger
 Soon may brighten into life.

O sweet Mother, ask our Jesus
 That thy birthday gift this year
 May be peace for thy poor children,
 Trembling 'neath this scourge in fear.

—ANNA MARY BORNMAN, in the *Catholic Columbian*.

REFLECTIONS.

The life of Jesus must animate our interior and exterior acts so as to conform them to the sentiments of God-made man, either in His intimate relations with God His Father or in those which He has deigned to have with man His creature and His brother by adoption.—*Mother M. of the Sacred Heart*.

The chief thing for us to remember, as the sure basis of our devotion, is that Mary's power with Our Lord is still the same as it was during His life upon earth, for natural feelings are not destroyed in glory, but are exalted and perfected. Therefore, the Most Blessed Virgin need never fear a refusal. Christ's own love pleads on the side of Mary's prayers.—Bossuet.

The Storyteller

WILLY REILLY

AND HIS DEAR COLEEN BAWN.

(A Tale Founded upon Fact)

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

The hour was now a little past twilight, and the western sky presented an unusual, if not an ominous appearance. A sharp and melancholy breeze was abroad, and the sun, which had set among a mass of red clouds, half placid and half angry in appearance, had for some brief space gone down. Over from the north, however, glided by imperceptible degrees a long black bar, right across the place of his disappearance, and nothing could be more striking than the wild and unnatural contrast between the dying crimson of the west and this fearful mass of impenetrable darkness that came over it. As yet there was no moon, and the portion of light, or rather, “darkness visible,” that feebly appeared on the sky and the landscape, was singularly sombre and impressive, if not actually appalling. The scene about them was wild and desolate in the extreme; and as the faint outlines of the bleak and barren moors appeared in the dim and melancholy distance, the feelings they inspired were those of discomfort and depression. On each side of them were a variety of lonely lakes, abrupt precipices, and extensive marshes; and as our travellers went along, the hum of the snipe, the feeble but mournful cry of the plover, and the wilder and more piercing whistle of the curlew still deepened the melancholy dreariness of their situation, and added to their anxiety to press on towards the place of their destination.

“This is a very lonely spot, your honor,” said his servant, whose name was Andrew, or, as he was more familiarly called, Andy Cummiskey.

“Yes, but it's the safer, Andy,” replied his master. “There is not a human habitation within miles of us.”

“It doesn't follow, sir, that this place, above all others in the neighborhood, is not, especially at this hour, without some persons about it. You know I'm no coward, sir.”

“What, you scoundrel, and do you mean to hint that I'm one?”

“Not at all, sir; but you see the truth is, that this being the very hour for duck and wildfowl shootin', it's hard to say where or when a fellow might start up, and mistake me for a wild duck, and your honor for a curlew or a bittorn.”

He had no sooner spoken than the breeze started, as it were, into more vigorous life, and ere the space of many minutes a dark, impenetrable mist or fog was borne over from the solitary hills, across the dreary level of country through which they passed, and they felt themselves suddenly chilled, whilst a darkness almost palpable nearly concealed them from each other. Now, the roads which we have described, being almost without exception in remote and unfrequented parts of the country, are for the most part covered over with a thick *sole* of close grass, unless where a narrow strip in the centre shows that a pathway is kept worn and distinctly marked by the tread of foot passengers. Under all these circumstances, then, our readers need not feel surprised that, owing at once to the impenetrable obscurity around them, and the noiseless nature of the antique and grass-covered pavement over which they went, scarcely a distance of two hundred yards had been gained when they found, to their dismay, that they had lost their path, and were in one of the wild and heathy stretches of unbounded moor by which they were surrounded.

“We have lost our way, Andrew,” observed his master. “We've got off that damned old path; what's