

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- Sept. 21, Sunday.—Fifteenth Sunday after Pentecost. St. Matthew, Apostle and Evangelist.
 „ 22, Monday.—St. Thomas Villanova, Bishop and Confessor.
 „ 23, Tuesday.—St. Linus, Pope and Martyr.
 „ 24, Wednesday.—Feast of Our Lady of Mercy.
 „ 25, Thursday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 26, Friday.—SS. Cyprian and Justina, Martyrs.
 „ 27, Saturday.—SS. Cosmas and Damian, Martyrs.

St. Matthew, Apostle.

Before being called to follow Christ, St. Matthew was a tax-gatherer, and bore the name of Levi. After the Ascension he preached for some time in Judea, and under Divine inspiration wrote his Gospel to convince the Jews that Christ was the long-expected Messiah. St. Matthew afterwards proceeded to the East, where he won the crown of martyrdom.

SS. Cosmas and Damian, Martyrs.

These two saints were brothers, born in Arabia, and renowned for their skill in medicine. They were remarkable for their charity, and for the zeal with which they endeavored to propagate the Christian religion. They were both beheaded in the persecution of Diocletian, about the year 303.

Our Lady of Mercy.

In the thirteenth century, when the Mediterranean was swept by Moorish pirates, a religious Order was instituted under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary for the purpose of collecting alms for the relief and ransom of Christian captives, of visiting them in their captivity, and restoring them, when possible, to their friends and families. In memory of the institution of this admirable Order and of the tender compassion of the Blessed Virgin, to whom it owed its origin, the Feast of Our Lady of Mercy was instituted.

GRAINS OF GOLD

FEAST OF OUR LADY OF MERCY.

Mother of Mercy! divinely sweet

That title of hope to man;

Beneath thy mantle of light we meet,

With heart-grown flowers of love to greet,

Culled in our prayers' sublime retreat;

Great fruit of redemption's plan, Marie—

Great fruit of redemption's plan!

Mother of Mercy! aloud we cry:

Look down on this scene of woe,

And pity the dear ones lost that lie

Soaked in their blood beneath the sky;

Take thou each parting prayer and sigh

At mercy's seat to glow, Marie—

At mercy's seat to glow.

Mother of Mercy; benign and great,

Stretch to us thy gracious hand,

And lead us to paths the saints have pressed,

Through pierced Door of thy Jesus' Breast;

O Mother! list to thy child's behest.

Thy word hath a Queen's command, Marie—

Thy word hath a Queen's command.

Mother of Mercy! beneath the Cross,

Ere His dying Eyes didst close,

You held the chalice for contrite tears;

You shared His cup for atoning years;

And still you plead to the God who hears,

As the rescued soul well knows, Marie—

The chastened soul still knows.

Mother of Mercy. He named you then,

He fathomed your soul of love;

He gave you the children so dearly bought,

With all the treasures His Blood hath wrought,

To guide them safe in the ways He taught,

Till the soul is crowned above, Marie—

Is crowned at thy throne above.

God has prohibited despair.—Mme. Swetchine.

Love and practise virtue, with a holy fear of God, but a fear which comes from love. Thus you will accomplish with a sweet joy and a true devotedness the duties and the sacrifices imposed upon you by His service and the love of your neighbor.—*Mother M. of the Sacred Heart.*

The Storyteller

WILLY REILLY

AND HIS DEAR COLEEN BAWN.

(A Tale Founded upon Fact)

By WILLIAM CARLETON.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

When they had gone, the Rapparee and his companions looked after them with blank faces for some minutes.

"Well," said their leader, "Reilly has knocked up our game for this night. Only for him I'd have had a full and sweet revenge. However, never mind, it'll go hard with me, or I'll have it yet. In the meantime it won't be often that such another opportunity will come in our way."

"Well, now that is over, what was your intention, Randal?" asked the person to whom Reilly had addressed himself.

"Why," replied the miscreant, "after the deed was done, what was to prevent us from robbing the house to-night and taking away his daughter to the mountains? I have long had my eye on her, I can tell you, and it'll cost me a fall, or I'll have her yet."

"You had better," replied Fergus Reilly, for such was his name, "neither make nor meddle with that family after this night. If you do, that terrible relation of mine will hang you like a dog."

"How will he hang me like a dog?" asked the Rapparee, knitting his shaggy eyebrows, and turning upon him a fierce and glooming look.

"Why, now, Randal, you know as well as I do," replied the other, "that if he only raised his finger against you in the country, the very people that harbor both you and us would betray us, aye, seize us and bind us hand and foot, like common thieves, and give us over to the authorities. But as for himself, I believe you have sense enough to let him alone. When you took away Mary Traynor and nearly kilt her brother, the young priest—you know they were Reilly's tenants—I needn't tell you what happened: in four hours' time he had the country up, followed you and your party—I wasn't with you then, but you know it's truth I'm spakin'—and when he had five to one against you, didn't he make them stand aside until he and you should decide it between you? Aye, and you know he could 'a' brought home every man of you tied neck and heels, and would, too, only that there was a large reward offered for the takin' of you, livin' or dead, and he scorned to have any hand in it on that account."

"It was by a chance blow he hit me," said the Rapparee—"by a chance blow."

"By a couple dozen chance blows," replied the other; "you know he knocked you down as fast as ever you got up—I have it to the boys here that wor present."

"There's no use in denyin' it, Randal," they replied, "you hadn't a chance wid him."

"Well, at all events," observed the Rapparee, "if he did beat me, he's the only man able to do it; but it's not over, curse him—I'll have another trial with him yet."

"If you take my advice," replied Reilly, "you'll neither make nor meddle with him. He's the head o' the Catholics, and you know that; aye, and he's their friend, and uses the friendship that the Protestants have toward him for their advantage, whenever he can. The man that would injure Willy Reilly is an enemy to our religion, as well as to everything that's good and generous; and, mark me, Randal, if ever you cross him in what he warned you against this very night, I'll hang you myself, if there wasn't another livin' man to do it, and to the back o' that again, I say you must shied no blood so long as I'm wid you."

"That won't be long, then," replied the Rapparee, pulling out a purse; "there's twenty guineas for you, and go about your business; but take care, no treachery."

"No," replied the other; "I'll have none of your money; there's blood on it. God forgive me for ever joinin' you. When I want money I can get it; as for treachery, there's none of it in my veins; good-night, and remember my words."

Having thus spoken, he took his way along the same road by which the old squire and his party went.

"That fellow will betray us," said the Rapparee.

"No," replied his companions, firmly, "there never was treachery in his part of the family. We wish you were as sure of every man you have as you may be of him."

"Well, now," observed their leader, "a thought strikes me; this ould squire will be half-dead all night. At any rate, he'll sleep like a top. Wouldn't it be a good oppor-