

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- October 12, Sunday.—Eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost.
 " 13, Monday.—St. Edward, King and Confessor.
 " 14, Tuesday.—St. Callistus, Pope and Martyr.
 " 15, Wednesday.—St. Theresa, Virgin.
 " 16, Thursday.—Of the Feria.
 " 17, Friday.—St. Hedwige.
 " 18, Saturday.—St. Luke, Evangelist.

St. Callistus, Pope and Martyr.

The Pontificate of St. Callistus, which began in 217, terminated in 222 by the martyrdom of this holy Pontiff. A detailed account of his sufferings has not come down to us, but it is probable that he lost his life in a popular uprising during the reign of Alexander Severus.

St. Luke, Evangelist.

One of the four Evangelists, and a disciple of St. Paul, whom he joined at Troas in the year 53. He was a native of Antioch, in Syria, a physician by profession, and a painter of no mean skill. St. Luke shared the travels and trials of St. Paul, and was with him in his second imprisonment. He afterwards returned to Macedonia and Achaia, and died a martyr at Patxae, at the age of 74. St. Luke is the author of the third Gospel and of the Acts of the Apostles. He wrote both works in Greek.

GRAINS OF GOLD

LAST WORDS.

My God, my day is spent, I come to Thee;
 The shadows of the evening fall on me;
 The world of creatures passeth,—silently
 And swiftly moves my spirit unto Thee;
 O God, my Father, open unto me!

Thou art Who art, O glorious Majesty;
 All Being art Thou, whom I may not see;
 Out of my nothingness I cry to Thee;
 I, who am not, encircled am by Thee,
 And hoping, wait; then open unto me!

My being had not been, except in Thee;
 My strength was not—it lived and fed on Thee;
 My breath is passing—let it pass from me
 In words of loving confidence in Thee.
 O Light! O Beauty! open unto me!

Thy voice hath spoken all through life to me,
 And in the dark I searched and felt for Thee,
 And waited all these years, my God, to be
 Once more restored to Thy great Unity:
 I feel Thee now! O open unto me!

O sweet caress! O Love divine for me!
 Farewell, O earth! O heaven, I part for thee!
 O nothingness, farewell! My All to me,
 As Thou hast died, so would I die for Thee!
 O Love! O Jesus! open unto me!

—LACORDAIRE.

AN IRISH PRAYER.

[A translation from the modern Irish of the Prayer of Aongus in Dr. Hyde's *Lost Saint*. The Irish for the prayer would of course give the genuine ring, but even a translation gives a good idea.]

O Lord God, take pity on this tender little child. Put wisdom into his head, dispel the mist from his mind, and make him able to learn his lesson like other boys. O Jesus, Thou wert once young Thyself; take pity on youth. Thou didst Thyself shed tears: dry the tears of this little boy. Give ear, O Lord, to the prayer of Thy servant, and refuse him not this little boon. O Lord, *bitter are the tears of a child, sweeten them; deep are the thoughts of a child, calm them; keen is the grief of a child, remove it from him; soft is the heart of a child, do not let it be hardened.* Amen.

—EYNE.

REFLECTIONS.

Those who are good in themselves are the least respectful of bad in others.

No one has a right to afflict others with his own burdens. Bear your own cross.

The richest vintages are grown on the rough slopes of the volcano, and lovely flowers bloom at the glacier's edge; and all our troubles, great and little, may be converted into gladness if we accept them as God meant them.—Alexander Maclaren.

The Storyteller

WILLY REILLY

AND HIS DEAR COLEEN BAWN.

(A Tale Founded upon Fact)

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

Before Miss Folliard came down to make tea, Reilly had summoned the servants, and given them instructions as to their conduct during the expected attack. Having arranged this, he went to the yard, and found a large body of his tenants armed with such rude weapons as they could procure; for, at this period, it was a felony for a Roman Catholic to have or carry arms at all. The old squire, however, was well provided in that respect, and, accordingly, such as could be spared from the house were distributed among them. Mr. Folliard himself felt his spirit animated by a sense of the danger, and bustled about with uncommon energy and activity, considering what he had suffered in the course of the evening. At all events, they both resolved to conceal the matter from Helen till the last moment, in order to spare her the terror and alarm which she must necessarily feel on hearing of the contemplated violence. At tea, however, she could not avoid observing that something had disturbed her father, who, from his naturally impetuous character, ejaculated, from time to time, "The blood-thirsty scoundrel!—murdering ruffian! We shall hang him, though; we can hang him for the conspiracy. Would the fool Tom Steeple's evidence be taken, do you think?"

"I fear not, sir," replied Reilly. "In the meantime, don't think of it, don't further distress yourself about it."

"To think of attacking my house though; and if it were only I myself that—however, we are prepared, that's one comfort; we are prepared and let them—hem!—Helen, my darling, now that we've had our tea, will you retire to your own room? I wish to talk to Mr. Reilly, here, on a particular and important subject, in which you yourself are deeply concerned. Withdraw, my love, but don't go to bed until I see you again."

Helen went upstairs with a light foot and a bounding heart. A certain hope, like a dream of far-off and unexpected happiness, rushed into and filled her bosom with a crowd of sensations so delicious, that, on reaching her own room, she felt completely overpowered by them, and was only relieved by a burst of tears. There was now but one image before her imagination, but one image impressed upon her pure and fervent heart; that image was the first that love had ever stamped there, and the last that suffering, sorrow, madness, and death were ever able to tear from it.

When the night had advanced to the usual hour for retiring to rest, it was deemed necessary to make Helen acquainted with the meditated outrage, in order to prevent the consequence of a nocturnal alarm for which she might be altogether unprepared. This was accordingly done, and her natural terrors were soothed and combated by Reilly and her father, who succeeded in reviving her courage and in enabling her to contemplate what was to happen with tolerable composure.

Until about the hour of 2 o'clock everything remained silent. Nobody went to bed—the male servants were all prepared—the females, some in tears, and others sustaining and comforting those who were more feeble-hearted. Miss Folliard was in her own room, dressed. At about half-past 2 she heard a stealthy foot, and having extinguished the light in her apartment, with great presence of mind she rang the bell, whilst at the same moment her door was broken in, and a man, as she knew by his step, entered. In the meantime the house was alarmed—the man having hastily projected his arms about in several directions, as if searching for her, instantly retreated—a scuffle was heard outside on the lobby—and when lights and assistance appeared, there were found eight or ten men variously armed, all of whom proved to be a portion of the guard selected by Reilly to protect the house and family. These men maintained that they had seen the Red Rapparee on the roof of the house, through which he had descended, and that, having procured a ladder from the farmyard, they entered a back window, at a distance of about 40 feet from the ground, in the hope of securing his person—that they came in contact with some powerful man in the dark, who disappeared from among them—but by what means he had contrived to escape they could not guess. This was the substance of all they knew or understood upon the subject.