

## Friends at Court

### GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

October 19, Sunday.—Nineteenth Sunday after Pentecost.  
 „ 20, Monday.—St. John Cantius, Confessor.  
 „ 21, Tuesday.—St. Hilarion, Abbot.  
 „ 22, Wednesday.—Of the Feria.  
 „ 23, Thursday.—Of the Feria.  
 „ 24, Friday.—Of the Feria.  
 „ 25, Saturday.—Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

#### St. John Cantius, Confessor.

St. John was born at Kenti, in Poland. Ordained priest, he exhibited the most ardent zeal for souls, and a boundless charity—in a word, all the virtues of a good pastor. Severe to himself, he was ever indulgent to others, who were sure to find in him a generous friend in all their necessities. He died in 1473, being then 70 years of age.

#### St. Hilarion, Abbot.

St. Hilarion, founder of the monastic life in Palestine, was born at Tabathe, near Gaza. He became a Christian at Alexandria, and visited St. Anthony in the Thebaid. Returning into his own country in 307, he divided all his goods among the poor and retired into the frightful solitude of Majuma, where numerous disciples placed themselves under his direction. He founded numerous monasteries in Palestine and in Syria, and left his solitude and retired to the island of Cyprus, in order to escape celebrity.

### GRAINS OF GOLD

#### PARTICIPATION.

[A seminarian's appreciation of the toil of a sister who has made possible the realisation of his priestly ambition.]

In silence at the Master's feet I sit and weave.

One glance of love, then weave again.

For he has promised that my tangled mesh shall be  
 A net whose precious catch is men.

And in the distance where Toil's shadow deeper falls.

Love urges on a sister's hand

To spin the never-ending thread I weave, to press  
 Her prayerful lips to every strand.

Dear heart, when this frail net is done and holy oils

Anoint my feeble hands, thine too

Will share the holy unction and their seams be smoothed,—  
 Dear hands that never respite knew.

And when my lips first meet the Precious Blood, thy lips  
 Shall purple with eternal hue.

—E.J.M., in the *Missionary*.

#### COMFORT AND PRAYER FOR HUMAN HEARTS.

The Sacred Heart of Jesus speaks to thee,  
 Hearing thy tearful prayers, His throne-room is,  
 O child of God, thy heart eternally.

Mother of Mercy! Queen of the Courts of Bliss,  
 Pray for us sinners, who in thee confide!

Sancta Maria! Heart of the Mystic Rose!

Open the gateways of our souls full wide,  
 Now to the Throne of Grace whence pardon flows!

—GEORGE JOSEPH EVATT (Psalm I, verse 19).  
 Ora Pro Me.

#### REFLECTIONS.

Humility is the A B C of a spiritual life.—St. Vincent de Paul.

The knowledge of thyself will preserve thee from vanity.—Cervantes.

Happiness is increased, not by the enlargement of the possession, but of the heart.—Ruskin.

A man lives by believing something, not by debating and arguing about many things.—Carlyle.

Be careful not to grieve over the wickedness of others; watch yourself, "lest you grow a few sprigs of ungodliness."

Pray for a sound mind in a sound body, for a bold spirit free from all dread of death, that can endure labor, that knows not anger, that covets nothing.—Juvenal.

Self-control in diet means health and strength; in expenditure, it means honesty and peace of mind; in sickness, it is sometimes so important a factor that it is reckoned by one's friends as adding much to the chances of recovery.

Martyrs are spiritual heroes. Every man has some hour of martyrdom in his existence. The Saviour of all was the great martyr of the human family, and through such a prototype all martyrdom has become unspeakably blessed and sacred.

## The Storyteller

### WILLY REILLY

AND HIS DEAR COLEEN BAWN.

(A Tale Founded upon Fact)

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

On the evening of the same day, probably about the same hour, the old squire, having recruited himself by sleep, and feeling refreshed and invigorated, sent for his daughter to sit with him, as was her wont; for indeed, as the reader may now fully understand, his happiness altogether depended upon her society, and those tender attentions to him which constituted the chief solace of his life.

"Well, my girl," said he, when she entered the dining room, for he seldom left it unless when they had company, "well, darling, what do you think of this Mr. Mahon—pooh!—no—Reilly—he who saved my life, and, probably, was the means of rescuing you from worse than death? Isn't he a fine—a noble young fellow?"

"Indeed, I think so, papa; he appears to be a perfect gentleman."

"Hang perfect gentlemen, Helen! they are, some of them, the most contemptible whelps upon earth. Hang me, but any fellow with a long-bodied coat, tight-kneed breeches, or stockings and pantaloons, with a watch in each fob, and a frizzled wig, is considered a perfect gentleman—a perfect puppy, Helen, an accomplished trifle. Reilly, however, is none of these, for he is not only a perfect gentleman, but a brave man, that would not hesitate to risk his life in order to save that of a fellow-creature, even although he is a Papist and that fellow-creature a Protestant."

"Well, then, papa, I grant you," she replied, with a smile, which our readers will understand—"I grant you that he is a—ahem—all you say."

"What a pity, Helen, that he is a Papist!"

"Why so, papa?"

"Because, if he was a staunch Protestant, by the great Deliverer that saved us from brass money, wooden shoes, and so forth, I'd marry you and him together. I'll tell you what, Helen, by the memory of Schonberg, I have a project, and it is you that must work it out."

"Well, papa," asked his daughter, putting the question with a smile and a blush, "pray what is this speculation?"

"Why, the fact is, I'll put him into your hands to convert him—make him a staunch Protestant, and take him for your pains. Accomplish this, and let long-legged, knock-kneed Whitecraft, and his thirty thousand a year, go and bite some other fool as he bit me in 'Hop-and-go-constant.'"

"What are thirty thousand a year, papa, when you know that they could not secure me happiness with such a wretch? Such a union, sir, could not be, cannot be, must not be, and I will add, whilst I am in the possession of will and reason, shall not be."

"Well, Helen," said her father, "if you are obstinate, so am I; but I trust we shall never have to fight for it. We must have Reilly here, and you must endeavor to convert him from Popery. If you succeed, I'll give long-shanks his *nunc dimittis*, and send him home on a trot."

"Papa," she replied, "this will be useless—it will be ruin—I know Reilly."

"The devil you do! When, may I ask, did you become acquainted?"

"I mean," she replied, blushing, "that I have seen enough of him, during his stay here, to feel satisfied that no earthly persuasion, no argument, could induce him, at this moment especially, to change his religion. And, sir, I will add myself—yes, I will say for myself, dear papa, and for Reilly, too—that if from any unbecoming motive, if for the sake of love itself, I felt satisfied that he could give up and abandon his religion, I would despise him. I should feel at once that his heart was hollow, and that he was unworthy either of my love or my respect."

"Well, by the great Boyne, Helen, you have knocked my intellects up. I hope in God you have no Papist predilections, girl. However, it's only fair to give Reilly a trial—long-legs is to dine with us the day after to-morrow—now I will ask Reilly to meet him here—perhaps if I get an opportunity, I will sound him on the subject myself—or perhaps you will. Will you promise to make the attempt? I'll take care that you and he shall have an opportunity."