

## Friends at Court

### GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- Nov. 30, Sunday.—First Sunday of Advent.  
 Dec. 1, Monday.—St. Andrew, Apostle.  
 „ 2, Tuesday.—St. Bibiana, Virgin and Martyr.  
 „ 3, Wednesday.—St. Francis Xavier, Confessor.  
 „ 4, Thursday.—St. Peter Chrysologus, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.  
 „ 5, Friday.—Of the Octave.  
 „ 6, Saturday.—St. Nicholas, Bishop and 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.

#### St. Bibiana, Virgin and Martyr.

St. Bibiana was the daughter of a Roman noble named Flavian, who himself gave his life for the faith. The confiscation of her property, with its consequent privations, having failed to shake her constancy in the profession of Christianity, she was subjected to cruel tortures, and finally scourged to death, A.D. 363.

### GRAINS OF GOLD

#### A MORNING AND EVENING PRAYER TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

##### Evening.

Ave Sanctissima, I breathe this prayer to thee;  
 Ave Purissima, pray thou this night for me!

Plead that the evil I have done  
 Be fully pardoned through thy Son,  
 And oh, sweet Mother, let me share  
 Thy tender love, thy watchful care.  
 Thou wilt not spurn me, for thou art  
 The Mother of each orphaned heart;  
 Soothe, then, the griefs within my breast  
 And lull thy child to peaceful rest!  
 Protect me while in sleep I lie,  
 Receive me if in sleep I die,  
 That I, unworthy though I be,  
 May love thee through eternity! Amen.

##### Morning.

Ave Sanctissima, our guardian through the night,  
 Mater Carissima, I greet thee with the light;  
 Be with me through the coming day  
 In all I do and think and say,  
 That deeds and thoughts and words may be  
 The fruit of Christ-like charity;  
 To others' faults may I be blind,  
 To every living creature kind,  
 And, ever mindful what thou art,  
 May I be wholly pure in heart!  
 Against my soul, so prone to fail,  
 Let neither doubts nor sin prevail,  
 And may I, when life's day is past,  
 Through thy dear Son reach Heaven at last! Amen.

—JOHN L. STODDARD.

The wisdom of some people consists largely of knowing what other people ought to do.

## The Storyteller

### WILLY REILLY

AND HIS DEAR COLEEN BAWN.

(A Tale Founded upon Fact)

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

#### CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

The roads of Ireland at this period—if roads they could be called—were not only in a most shameful, but dangerous state. In summer they were a foot deep with dust, and in winter at least 18 inches with mud. This, however, was by no means the worst of it. They were studded, at due intervals, with ruts so deep, that if a horse happened to get into one of them, he went down to the saddle-skirts. They were treacherous, too, and such as no caution could guard against; because, where the whole surface of the road was one mass of mud, it was impossible to distinguish these horse-traps at all. Then in addition to them, were deep gullies across the road, worn away by small rills, proceeding from rivers in the adjoining uplands, which were principally dry, or at least mere threads of water in summer, but in winter became pigmy torrents that tore up the roads across which they passed, leaving them in the dangerous state we have described.

As Reilly and his companion had got out upon the road, they were a good deal surprised, and not a little alarmed, to see a horse, without a rider, struggling to extricate himself out of one of the ruts in question.

"What is this?" said Fergus; "be on your guard."

"The horse," observed Reilly, "is without a rider; see what it means."

Fergus approached with all due caution, and on examining the place discovered a man lying apparently in a state of insensibility.

"I fear," said he, on returning to Reilly, "that his rider has been hurt; he is lying senseless about two or three yards before the horse."

"Good God!" exclaimed the other, "perhaps he has been killed; let us instantly assist him. Hold this portfolio whilst I render him whatever assistance I can."

As he spoke they heard a heavy groan, and on approaching found the man sitting, but still unable to rise.

"You have unfortunately been thrown, sir," said Reilly; "I trust in God you are not seriously hurt."

"I hope not, sir," replied the man; "but I was stunned, and have been insensible for some time; how long, I cannot say."

"Good God, sir!" exclaimed Reilly. "Is this Mr. Brown?"

"It is, Mr. Reilly; for heaven's sake, aid me to my limbs—that is, if I shall be able to stand upon them."

Reilly did so, but found that he could not stand or walk without assistance. The horse, in the meantime, had extricated himself.

"Come, Mr. Brown," said Reilly, "you must allow me to assist you home. It is very fortunate that you have not many perches to go. This poor man will lead your horse up to the stable."

"Thank you, Mr. Reilly," replied the gentleman, "and in requital for your kindness, you must take a bed at my house to-night. I am aware of your position," he added, in a confidential voice, "and that you cannot sleep safely in your own. With me, you will be safe."

Reilly thanked him, and said that this kind offer was most welcome and acceptable, as, in point of fact, he scarcely knew that night where to seek rest with safety. They accordingly proceeded to the parsonage; for Mr. Brown was no other than the Protestant Rector of the parish, a man with whom Reilly was on the most friendly and intimate terms, and a man, we may add, who omitted no opportunity of extending shelter, protection, and countenance to such Roman Catholics as fell under the suspicion or operation of the law. On this occasion he had been called very suddenly to the death-bed of a parishioner, and was then on his return home, after having administered to the dying man the last consolations of religion.

On reaching the parsonage, Fergus handed the portfolio to its owner, and withdrew to seek shelter in some of his usual haunts for the night; but Mr. Brown, aided by his wife, who sat up for him, contrived that Reilly should be conducted to a private room without the knowledge of the servants, who were sent as soon as possible to bed. Before Reilly withdrew, however, that night, he requested Mr. Brown to take charge of his money and

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