

## Friends at Court

### GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- Feb. 8, Sunday.—Sexagesima Sunday.  
 „ 9, Monday.—St. Cyril of Alexandria, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.  
 „ 10, Tuesday.—St. Scholastica, Virgin.  
 „ 11, Wednesday.—Blessed Virgin Mary of Lourdes.  
 „ 12, Thursday.—Seven Holy Founders, Confessors.  
 „ 13, Friday.—Of the Feria.  
 „ 14, Saturday.—Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

St. Scholastica, Virgin.

St. Scholastica was a sister of St. Benedict; and, like him, she embraced the religious life at an early age. She was for several years superioress of a community of nuns at a little distance from Monto Cassino, where her saintly brother was abbot. St. Scholastica is supposed to have died about the year 543.

Our Lady of Lourdes.

The pilgrimage of Lourdes is founded on the apparitions of the Blessed Virgin to a poor fourteen-year-old girl, Bernadette Soubiroux. The first apparition occurred on February 11, 1858. There were eighteen in all; the last took place on July 16 of the same year. In 1873 the great "National" French pilgrimages were inaugurated. Pope Leo XIII. authorised a special office and a Mass in commemoration of the apparition, and in 1907 Pope Pius X. extended the observance of this feast to the entire Church; it is now observed on February 11.

### GRAINS OF GOLD

#### AFTER A RETREAT.

What hast thou learnt to-day?  
 Hast thou sounded awful mysteries,  
 Hast pierced the veiled skies,  
 Climbed to the feet of God,  
 Trodden where saints have trod,  
 Fathomed the heights above?  
 Nay,  
 This only have I learnt, that God is love.

What hast thou heard to-day?  
 Hast heard the Angel-trumpets cry,  
 And rippling harps reply;  
 Heard from the Throne of flame  
 Whence God incarnate came  
 Some thund'rous message roll?  
 Nay,  
 This have I heard, His voice within my soul.

What hast thou felt to-day?  
 The pinions of the Angel-guide  
 That standeth at thy side  
 In rapturous ardors beat,  
 Glowing, from head to feet,  
 In ecstasy divine?  
 —Robert Hugh Benson.

#### REFLECTIONS.

An aim in life is the only fortune worth the finding, and it is not to be found in foreign lands, but in the heart itself.

Faith has a sort of vision of its own; but there is no light in which it can distinguish objects except the light of prayer. The light of prayer is as the beam of steadfast day.—Father Faber.

What we are, and where we are, is God's providential arrangement—God's doing, though it may be man's misdoing; and the wise way is to look your disadvantages in the face and see what can be made out of them.

Love makes us constantly desire the presence of him whom we love; this love and this desire were consequently the reason why Jesus chose to remain with us in the Tabernacle.

What a great blessing is a friend with a breast so trusty that thou mayest safely bury all thy secrets in it, whose conscience thou mayest fear less than thine own, who can relieve thy cares by his conversation, thy doubts by his counsels, thy sadness by his good humor, and whose very looks give comfort to thee.—Seneca.

Calmly wait! all crosses grasping—  
 Think! this life will soon be o'er,  
 And we'll find these heart hopes flowering  
 Where flowers bloom to die no more!

## The Storyteller

### WILLY REILLY

AND HIS DEAR COLEEN BAWN.

(A Tale Founded upon Fact)

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

#### CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

In the meantime Sir Robert Whitecraft, having had another interview with Hennessy, was prevailed upon to get a military party together; and the cunning reprobate, in order to excite the baronet's vengeance to a still higher pitch, mentioned a circumstance which he had before forgotten—to wit, that Reilly, his arch-enemy, was also in the cave.

"But," said Sir Robert, who, as we have already said, was a poltroon and a coward, "what guarantee can you give me that you are not leading me into an ambushade? You know that I am unpopular, and the Papists would be delighted to have my blood; what guarantee, then, can you give me that you are acting by me in good faith?"

"The guarantee of my own life," replied the other. "Let me be placed between two of your men, and if you see anything like an ambushade, let them shoot me dead on the spot."

"Why," replied the baronet, "that is fair; but the truth is, I have been put on my guard against you, by a person who escorted me home last night. He rendered me some assistance when I fell from my horse, and he slept here."

"What is his name?" asked Hennessy.

"He told me," replied the baronet, "that his name was Drum."

"Could you give me a description, Sir Robert, of his person?"

Sir Robert did so.

"I declare to God, Sir Robert, you have had a narrow escape from that man. He is one of the most bigoted priests in the kingdom. He used to disguise himself as a drummer—for his father was in the army, and he himself was a drummer in his boyhood; and his object in preventing you from bringing a military party to the cavern was merely that he might have an opportunity of giving them notice of your intentions. I now say that if you lose an hour's time they will be gone."

Sir Robert did not lose an hour's time. The local barracks were within a few hundred yards of his house. A party of military were immediately called out, and, in a short time, they arrived, under the guidance of Hennessy, at the very mouth of the cavern which he disclosed to them. It is unnecessary to detail the particulars of the search. The soldiers entered it one by one, but found that the birds had flown. The very fires were burning, but not a living soul in the cave; it was completely deserted, and nothing remained but some miserable relics of cold provisions, with which, by the aid of fire splices that served as torches, they regaled themselves as far as they went.

Sir Robert Whitecraft now felt full confidence in Hennessy, but would have given a trifle to renew his acquaintance with Mr. Rowland Drum, by whose ingenuity he was so completely outwitted. As it was, they scoured the country in search of the inmates of the cave, but above all things in search of Reilly, for whose capture Whitecraft would have forgiven every man in the cavern. The search, however, was unsuccessful; not a man of them was caught that day, and gallant Sir Robert and his myrmidons were obliged to return, wearied and disappointed men.

#### CHAPTER XIII.—REILLY IS TAKEN, BUT CONNIVED AT BY THE SHERIFF; THE MOUNTAIN MASS.

Reilly and his bishop traversed a wild and remote part of the country, in which there was nothing to be seen but long, barren wastes, over which were studded, here and there, a few solitary huts; upon its extremity, however, there were some houses of a more comfortable description, the habitations of middling farmers, who possessed small farms at a moderate rent. As they went along, the prelate addressed Reilly in the following terms:—

"Mr. Reilly," said he, "I would advise you to get out of this unhappy country, as soon as you can."

"My lord," replied Reilly, who was all candor and truth, and never could conceal his sentiments, at whatever risk, "I cannot think of leaving the country, let the consequences be what they may. I will not trouble your lordship with my motives, because they are at variance with your character and religious feelings; but they are not at