

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- September 23, Sunday.—Eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost.
- „ 24, Monday.—Feast of Our Lady of Mercy.
- „ 25, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.
- „ 26, Wednesday.—SS. Cyprian and Justina, Martyrs.
- „ 27, Thursday.—SS. Cosmas and Damian, Martyrs.
- „ 28, Friday.—St. Wenceslaus, Martyr.
- „ 29, Saturday.—Dedication of St. Michael the Archangel.

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.

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.

St. Wenceslaus, Martyr.

St. Wenceslaus, Duke of Bohemia, was remarkable for his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. His zeal for the propagation of the true faith led to his death at the hands of his brother, A.D. 932.



Grains of Gold

TO MARY IMMACULATE.

O Mother! thou unblemished Eve
Who didst our paradise retrieve;
Redemption's beauteous instrument,
Immaculate, all-excellent;
Lily, whose calyxed purity
Drew, bee-like, Love Divine to thee;
Who art unto the Eucharist
A living Monstrance—may thou list,
O Mother! Thou unblemished Eve,
My faltering minstrelsy receive.
Ah, what of thee may human tongue
Essay, whose glories have been sung
By angels when the world was young?
Fails saintly eloquence that tries
The Saint of Saints to eulogise;
Painters have found no flesh and blood
True model for thy womanhood;
Poets despair a hymn to frame
Fit to extol that sacred name
Of "Mary"—sweeter than the sound
Of summer foliage whispering round
God's Pleasance.

Purest and dearest! Spotless-souled!
Our love is dross beside thy gold;
Yet, stamp of a Queen's countenance
The basest coinage doth enhance;
So deign, my chosen Liege, with thine
To dignify this love of mine.
I know weak words of mortal's song
Thy empery and whiteness wrong,
By number are inadequate—
God is thy Poet-Laureate!
Though my heart's fond imagining
Is but as sea-shell's murmuring
Of the vast ocean, I would bring
All men free vassals to thy throne;
So might thy fame be, too, mine own—
Thine be sole memory of me,
And thine my immortality. Amen.

—Irish Catholic.

The Storyteller

Knocknagow

OR

The Homes of Tipperary

(By C. J. KICKHAM.)

CHAPTER XXXII.—AN OLD CROPPY'S NOTIONS OF SECURITY OF TENURE.

Father Hannigan and Maurice Kearney, with old Phil Morris and Phil Lahy, and a few more choice spirits, drew close together round the social board, and enjoyed themselves in their own way.

"I gave my daughter to Ned Brophy," said old Larry Clancy, in reply to a question of Father Hannigan's—"I gave my daughter to Ned Brophy, because he has a good lase."

"A good landlord is as good as a good lease," said Maurice Kearney.

"I do not know that," returned Larry Clancy, slowly and emphatically. "For my own part, I'd rather have a good lase wud the worst landlord, than no lase wud the best landlord that ever broke bread. Security is the only thing to give a man courage."

"He's right," exclaimed old Phil Morris, striking his stick against the ground. "Security is the only thing. But if every man was of my mind he'd have security or know for what."

"Hold your tongue, you old sinner," said Father Hannigan, who had often combated Phil Morris's views, as to how the land question could be brought to a speedy settlement.

"I have my old pike yet—an' maybe I'd want id yet!" he exclaimed, with a look of defiance at the priest. "An' the man that'd come to turn me out on the road, as I see others turned out on the road, I'd give him the length uv id, as sure as God made Moses."

"And swing for it," said Father Hannigan.

"Ay, an' swing for it," shouted the old Croppy; for it was a musket bullet that shattered Phil Morris's knee in '98. "Ay, an' swing for it."

"And be damned," added the priest. "Don't you know 'tis murder—willful murder?"

"I don't know that," he replied. "But the prayers of the congregation would carry the man's soul to heaven, that'd do a manly act, an' put a tyrant out uv the country, and keep other tyrants from following his example. 'Tis self-defence," he added, striking his stick against the ground; "'tis justice."

"'Tis bad work," said Father Hannigan. "And take my word, luck or grace will never come of it."

"I agree with you," Hugh Kearney observed, who had joined them during the latter part of the discussion.

"You do!" exclaimed old Phil, turning upon him with a scowl. "An' who the devil cares what you or the likes of you agree with? You're well off as you are, and little trouble id gives you to see the people hunted like dogs."

"You're wrong there, Phil," replied Hugh. "I'd like to see that old pike of yours taken from the thatch for a manly fight like that you fought in '98. But that's a different thing."

"Well, I know that," returned Phil Morris, letting his chin drop upon his chest, and seeming to brood over the subject for a minute or two. "But five years ago," he added, "I could count three-an'-twenty houses, big an' little, between the cross uv Liscurrig an' Shanbally-bridge; an' to-day you couldn't light your pipe along that whole piece uv a road, barrin' at wan house—and that's my own An' why am I left there? Because they knew I'd do id," he muttered through his clenched teeth, as if he were speaking to himself.

"Let him alone," said the priest. "There's no use in talking to him."

"There's reason in what he says," said old Larry Clancy in his slow, emphatic way. "I say," he added, looking at the priest, "there's reason in what he says."

"Don't be talking foolish," returned Father Hannigan, who saw that the eyes of three or four small farmers were fixed inquiringly on his face. "Good never came of it."