

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- August 9, Sunday.—Ninth Sunday after Pentecost. St. Emygdus, Bishop and Martyr.
- 10, Monday.—St. Lawrence, Martyr.
- 11, Tuesday.—St. Sixtus II., Pope and Martyr.
- 12, Wednesday.—St. Clare, Virgin.
- 13, Thursday.—St. Philomene, Virgin and Martyr.
- 14, Friday.—St. Hormisdas, Pope and Confessor. Fast Day.
- 15, Saturday.—Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Holiday of Obligation.

St. Philomene, Virgin and Martyr.

St. Philomene was one of those countless martyrs who sealed their faith with their blood in the persecutions of the Roman Emperors. The date and manner of her death are uncertain.

The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The Church has always believed that the body of the Immaculate Virgin was, after death, assumed into Heaven, and reunited to her spotless soul. Without being an article of Faith, this belief, first expressed obscurely by the early Fathers, has gone on developing, like so many other truths; so much so that it is now formally held by all Catholics. It seems indeed appropriate that the reunion of soul and body, which in the case of the generality of men will take place on the day of final resurrection, should have been anticipated on behalf of her who had been, by Divine intervention, preserved from that original sin of which death and corruption are the consequences. To-day, therefore, we honor the glorious assumption of the Blessed Virgin, both body and soul, into Heaven, where her intercession is a power to succor us in our wants, comfort us in our trials, and protect us from the dangers to which we are exposed during the course of our mortal pilgrimage.

GRAINS OF GOLD

THE SACRED HEART.

I love Thee, God, amid the city's sighing;
I love Thee in the solemn watch of night;
I love Thee, Lord, when weary day is dying
And Nature fades in silence from my sight.
Each vesper moment throbs with hope eternal,
Each soul vibrates with loving sympathy,
Each life becomes an ardent prayer supernal
Which radiates, O Sacred Heart, from Thee!
Thou art, O Heart, the angel's supreme glory,
The dread of demons into Hell once hurled,
The humble saint contritely kneels before Thee,
Thou art my share, loved Heart, of this bleak world.
Rev. H. B. Tierney.

God manners are made up of petty sacrifices.—Emerson.
We tarnish the splendor of our best actions by often speaking of them.—Blair.

We know the truth not only by the reason, but also by the heart.—Pascal.

No fact in science has ever discredited a fact in religion.—Henry Drummond.

The dangers that we know are many, but many more those that are unknown. We pray God to deliver us from our secret sins; we have need to pray that He may deliver us from our secret dangers. There is a shield over us which is turned every way, as the assault comes from all sides when we least know it to be near.—Cardinal Manning.

Teach the boy to be true to his word and work; to face all difficulties with courage and cheerfulness; to form no friendships that can bring him into degrading associations; to respect other people's convictions; to reverence womanhood; to live a clean life in thought and word as well as in deed; that true manliness always commands success; that the best things in life are not those that can be bought with money; that to command he must first learn to obey; that there can be no compromise between honesty and dishonesty; that the virtues of punctuality and politeness are excellent things to cultivate. Criticisms never hurt anybody. If false, they cannot hurt you unless you are wanting in manly character; and if true, they show a man his weak points.

The Storyteller

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN

From the hillside farmhouse the deep-toned bellow of the dinner-horn came reverberating down the valley. It was a thing of usance, so the surprising strength of the tiny, withered old woman who sounded it awoke no sentiment in the workers below, other than one of punctual expectancy. The crackle of sorghum cane-heads falling beneath keen knives in this field, the rattle of fodder-stripping in that, ceased intermittently, as one here, or another there, stopped and drew a moist shirt-sleeve across a moister forehead. The farmer himself, patriarchal of aspect, straightened his great height, towering silently above them all, until the crisp October breeze rustling the dry husks was the only sound. Then, as his glance lifted to a faded homespun skirt disappearing from the porch above, a twinkle lightened the blue eyes, glass-clear yet, after eighty years:

'You-uns,' he said, in his deep, even tones, 'had best not let Maw-hear ye go thet-a-way over thet thar show. She'll allow ye're plumb crazy.'

Then he led the way up the slope with the long, slow stride of the mountaineer, covering much ground, yet equally unhurried whether toward a wedding, a funeral, or merely dinner.

The little, active old woman who had prepared the meal, served it also, giving to each the generous proportion of corn bread, cabbage, and squirrel-stew which long acquaintance with the tonic-effects of open-air labor had taught her to be necessary. It was not until she sat down to a preliminary draught of buttermilk that any one spoke.

Then one of the hired men, taking up the idea last received and lying fallow in a brain accustomed to postponement, said in stolid protest: 'Ef Mis'-Todson could git to go down to the post office an' see them thar bills with two-foot letters of the 'Biggest Aggravation in the World'; an' the blue an' green an' red an' yellow pictures of all the animiles thet went into the Ark with Noe, an' a lot more rampaccous ones thet no Ark could a held—why, she'd jes' want to go herself!'

A hoarse murmur went round the board in adhesion: 'Thet's so—she would.' 'She jes' would, by gum!' 'She shore would—supposin' she had eyes in her head!'

The humorous twinkle shone again in the farmer's look across at his wife. 'Ye hear thet, Mandy?'

Her small, keen features kept their composed shrewdness unmoved: 'I'm a-hearin' a heap o' things every day I thinks mighty little of. For all my old eyes is e'namost as good as Jim Pyot's, I kain't afford to go trottin' down to no post office to git 'em dazzled an' blinded an' ginully overcome. It's only men folk hez time for sech fool gapin' an' starin. Ez for me, I'm seventy—gimme the sop, Jim—an' I ain't been to no circus in my life, an' I ain't allowin' to go now. When'll you-uns git them molasses ready for bilin'?' It was a sobered party of men who changed their topic at her bidding.

It came up, however, in the cane-field and the village store, and even returning from preaching, wherever singly or conjointly they were fascinated by gaily-colored posters announcing the marvels presented by Windem and Threepaws' 'Mammoth Aggregation, Menagerie, Hippodrome, and Circus, Greatest in the World.' This was at every turn in the road where surface of fence, rock, or tree invited disfigurement. Surely no actual human woman could be as beautiful as the sylph who, perched on one toe, hovered over twenty flying white steeds! The pictured athlete playing marbles with cannon-balls could have left Samson his hair and overcome him at a canter. What awesomè dragons and fearsomè beasts were these, winding their purple and crimson coils and curves and manes and scales, and spouting fire! Lion-tamers and tight-rope dancers; Indian snake-charmers and African cannibals; polka-dotted pigs playing chess and Bengal tigers riding bicycles, flared from each board in kaleidoscopic glory before gloating rustic eyes.

'Shucks! I don't believe thet thar kin be true!' might venture some lank agnostic.

To be frowned down with: 'Tis, then; I seen it myself onct over to Beannville.'

The tidings went abroad from village to mountain top, from post office to log-cabin nestling in far away coves; and this family group and that made preparation for the ten, twenty, thirty, or even forty-mile drive needed to see the show; or, lacking means for that, the street procession, at least.