

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- August 12, Sunday.—Eleventh Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 13, Monday.—SS. Hippolyti and Cassiani, Martyrs.
 „ 14, Tuesday.—Vigil of the Assumption. Fast Day.
 „ 15, Wednesday.—Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Holy Day of Obligation.
 „ 16, Thursday.—St. Joachim, Confessor.
 „ 17, Friday.—St. Hyacinth, Confessor.
 „ 18, Saturday.—Of the Octave.

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.

St. Hyacinth, Confessor.

St. Hyacinth, called by the Church 'the Apostle of the North,' was born in Silesia, then a part of the kingdom of Poland. As a missionary he visited Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, traversed Russia from the Baltic to the Black Sea, and even penetrated through Turkestan to Thibet and China. His labors were crowned with success, due to the eloquence of his preaching and the example of his life, as well as to the numerous miracles which everywhere marked his presence. He died in Cracow in 1257, in the seventy-second year of his age.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

AVE MARIA.

When first 'twas heard, that blessed word,
 "Hail Mary, full of grace!"
 All Nature's frame made glad acclaim
 To Mary, full of grace.
 Each star afar with joy was filled,
 Each cave 'neath wave of ocean thrilled,
 And o'er earth's varied face
 New light broke bright in haste to write,
 "Hail Mary, full of grace!"

On myriad strings still Nature sings,
 "Hail Mary, full of grace!"
 Chant birds and bees and soothing breeze,
 Hail Mary, full of grace!"
 The strain of raindrops in the night,
 The theme of streamlet in its flight,
 Of river in its race,
 Full strong the song the whole day long—
 "Hail Mary, full of grace!"

Like earth and sky, I'll ceaseless cry,
 "Hail Mary, full of grace!"
 My lifetime through to her still true,—
 To Mary full of grace.

—Lyonel Byrra in the *Ave Maria*.

The Storyteller

THE O'DONNELLS OF GLEN COTTAGE A TALE OF THE FAMINE YEARS IN IRELAND.

(By D. P. CONYNGHAM, LL.D.)

CHAPTER X.—MR. BAKER'S NOBLE EXPLOITS.—MR. O'DONNELL'S FAMILY.

It is fit that we should return to our friend, Mr. Baker, who by this time had finished his little snack. Mr. Baker was an attorney of very limited practice indeed. He preferred getting his living by pandering to the tastes of Lord Clearall, and other gentlemen, than by perseverance in a lucrative profession. He was a man of very poor abilities, and although he was looked upon as Lord Clearall's law-agent, still, any cases of importance or difficulty were handed over to men better versed in their business. In fact, he was merely tolerated as a kind of family dependent or lumber, that could not be well thrown away. His humorous eccentricities gained him a ready introduction to the tables of the neighboring gentry. Besides, it being known that he was the guest and law-agent to Lord Clearall, was another strong letter of recommendation. We are all fond of basking in the shade of nobility. There are few disciples of Diogenes now in existence, and so our friend found. Mr. Baker was naturally indolent and a sensualist, and therefore he thought it much easier and pleasanter to eat a good dinner with his neighbor, than to go to the trouble of providing one himself. Mr. Baker seldom condescended to dine with farmers; so, after dining with Lord Clearall and Sir —, and Mr. —, he could not infringe so far on his dignity; however, he relaxed a little on behalf of Mr. O'Donnell, for, as he said, Mr. O'Donnell had the right blood in him, and was a respectable man: the truth is, Mr. O'Donnell kept a good table, and gave him some legal employment connected with his bank, that added to his slender income.

As I have remarked, Mr. Baker had peculiarities and eccentricities: though a noted coward, still, he would keep his hearers in roars with all his encounters with robbers and murderers. He had a powerful constitution, or rather appetite, for he was able to eat and drink as much as four moderate men. He possessed a good deal of the narrow-minded bigotry of the old school, and it was laughable to witness his endeavors at trying not to damn the papists or send the Pope to hell, when in company with Catholics. On the whole, this Mr. Baker was not a bad kind of man: he was, in fact, more a fool than a knave.

Mr. Baker had finished his little lunch, and then carefully drew his seat near the fire.

Frank and Willy Shea joined the party at the table. Kate O'Donnell sat in an easy chair reading a book, and her mother and Bessy were seated on the sofa near her.

"This is comfortable, ay, comfortable, by Jove," and Mr. Baker looked from the bright fire, over which he held his hands a few seconds, into his glass of sparkling punch; so it was hard to say which he pronounced comfortable: perhaps the two; or perhaps he was taking in the whole in his mind's eye, and thinking what a happy man Mr. O'Donnell was, with his kind wife and fair children, as they sat around that cheerful fire, and that table sparkling with glasses and decanters and streaming lights.

Mr. Baker was an old bachelor—and strange things do run in old bachelor's heads: for, when they enter a little Eden of domestic bliss, they wonder why they were born to mope alone through life, without one tendril to keep alive the affections, or one green vine to cling to them for support.

"Heigh ho! Very comfortable!" said Mr. Baker, and he rubbed his hands and looked around again.

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