

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- August 13, Sunday.—Tenth Sunday after Pentecost. St. Philomene, Virgin and Martyr.
- „ 14, Monday.—St. Hormisdas, Pope and Confessor. Day of Fast and Abstinence.
- „ 15, Tuesday.—The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Holy Day of Obligation.
- „ 16, Wednesday.—St. Roch, Confessor.
- „ 17, Thursday.—Octave of St. Lawrence, Martyr.
- „ 18, Friday.—St. Hyacinth, Confessor.
- „ 19, Saturday.—St. Urban II., Pope and Confessor.

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 succour 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. Roch, Confessor.

Montpellier, in France, was the birthplace of St. Roch, as well as the scene of his death. The devoted charity which he displayed in assisting, at the risk of his own life, persons suffering from a virulent and contagious disease has caused him to be regarded as a special patron in time of pestilence. He lived in the fourteenth century.

GRAINS OF GOLD

THE NAME OF JESUS.

Like the dawn of rosy morning
When the gentle zephyrs blow;
Or the summer's golden grandeur
Neath the noon-sun's torrid glow;
Purer than the purple twilight,
Of the day the sweetest hour;
Is the Holy Name of Jesus,
Name of Majesty and power.

Greater than the wondrous ocean;
Spotless as an angel's wing;
Fragrant as the rose's petals,
Or the violet in Spring;
Mightier than a mighty army;
Tender as a gentle dove,
Is the blessed name of Jesus,
Name of pity and of love.

Dearest, holiest name of Jesus,
Be my safeguard thro' the day;
Fill my heart in hours of slumber,
Drive all evil thoughts away.
In my wanderings safely guide me;
Be my anchor on life's sea,
Blessed be Thy name, O Jesus!
Blessed may it ever be!

The Storyteller

RANSOM'S PAPERS

The old Southern mansion made an ideal army hospital. Standing as it did, on the outskirts of Fernandina, it caught the slightest breeze from Amelia harbor on one side and from the ocean on the other. The broad windows gave a view of the white sandy beaches and the blue waters of the bay beyond.

The beauty of the scene, however, had little charm for Ransom, the gaunt soldier in the east corner room. His hollow eyes were fixed wistfully on a flitting sail, the progress of which he watched until the little craft had passed beyond his field of vision. Then he turned to the sweet-faced young nurse, who was busy about the room.

"I suppose Fernandina's a pretty old town?" he said, with his slow New England drawl.

Miss Eliot straightened deftly the pillows with which Ransom was propped. "It was settled by the Spaniards in 1632," she said, "so it has had quite a history. There are some interesting places near here. Cumberland Island was the home of General Nathanael Greene, and "Light-Horse Harry" Lee is buried there."

A look of interest came into Ransom's face. "You don't say!" he exclaimed. "They was big men, both of 'em. Now I ain't so surprised about General Lee, but it seems kind of funny that Nathan'el Greene would want to come off down here to live, don't it, now?"

Miss Eliot's blue eyes twinkled. "Where is your home, Ransom?"

"Maine," said the soldier, promptly, "and I'm proud of it, too. You ain't ever been in Maine, have you, Miss Eliot?" His tone was wistful.

"No, I never have, Ransom, but I mean to go there some day," she said, pleasantly. "All of my great-great-ancestors were New Englanders, though my own family has always lived in Ohio."

"Ohio's a great State," said Ransom, gallantly, "but I don't know as it quite comes up to Maine. It's a great country, all right, but Maine's a kind of long stretch from Fernandina," Ransom added, with a sigh.

"Oh, not so far," said Miss Eliot cheerfully. "It takes only a few weeks for the transports to make the trip. You must hurry to get strong and well, or you won't be ready."

"That's right," said Ransom. "It won't be very long now before my discharge papers come, and just as soon as I git up among the pines I'll begin to pick up. This here climate sort of takes the stiffenin' out of you, don't it?"

"It is enervating," acknowledged Miss Eliot. "By the way, how do you happen to be here, Ransom? I've never thought to ask you before."

"Guess you was too busy takin' care of me," said the soldier shyly. "You've been pretty good to me, Miss Eliot. I must have been an awful nuisance, specially when I was out of my head so long."

"An awful nuisance, Ransom," said the girl, with mock seriousness. "But about your being in Fernandina?"

"Does seem kind of funny; but it come about natural enough. I was in the 42nd Maine, Army of the Potomac, and our regiment got orders to join Grant in Vicksburg. I was kind of ailin' before we set out from Fortress Monroe; got a cold doin' sentinel duty in the rain.

"It hung on and hung on, and it's hangin' on yet. So when we got to Fernandina they dropped me off. "Unfit for service," they said." Ransom's voice faltered. "And here I am, a-waitin' for my discharge papers to come."

"It was hard to feel that I wasn't no more use, so to speak, when I'd just turned thirty-seven. Seems as if all the things I thought was hard before wa'nt nothin' to it. At first I thought I couldn't stand it, but land sakes, folks can stand almost anything in this world! They have to."

Miss Eliot nodded sympathetic comprehension.