

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- August 14, Sunday.—Thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 15, Monday.—Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Holiday of Obligation
 „ 16, Tuesday.—St. Joachim, Father of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
 „ 17, Wednesday.—St. Hyacinth, Confessor.
 „ 18, Thursday.—Of the Octave.
 „ 19, Friday.—Of the Octave.
 „ 20, Saturday.—St. Bernard, Abbot, Confessor, and Doctor.

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 final 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 pilgrimages.

St. Joachim, Father of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The Fathers of the Church unite in extolling the sanctity of St. Joachim and St. Anne, whose privilege it was to be the parents of the Most Pure Mother of God.

GRAINS OF GOLD

THE ASSUMPTION.

The weary years of waiting,
 And of yearning, all are o'er,
 Earth's exile and its longing,
 For the spirit hence to soar.

Beauteous eyes, fore'er upturning,
 To the clouds which hid His face,
 Who, ascending to the Father,
 Left the Mother, "full of grace,"

Now are feasting on His beauty,
 Now are drinking in His joy;
 Royal welcome, bliss unending,
 Rapture hers without alloy.

Oh, that meeting! who can picture?
 Heart to heart—her God, her Son;
 Union which no power can sever,
 Son and Mother now are one.

Crowned she of men and angels
 Queen and Empress—Virgin flower;
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 Welcome her to heavenly bow'r.

Joyous hearts and gladsome voices
 Lady Day in harvest greet;
 Mother, Queen and royal lady!
 Now we gather at thy feet.

Bless thy subjects, bless thy children,
 Who 'mid earth's drear shadows roam;
 Lady of the Heart of Jesus,
 Lead us all to Heaven and Home.

—M.C., in the *Irish Catholic*.

The Storyteller

WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Continued.)

"Of course, you might throw Meehal's land in with your mountain," said the agent, when they were ensconced in the shadows of the back parlor, and the blind pulled down, "but the place wouldn't fatten snipe, and he has a dangerous son. If you'd just seize the heifer of a morning, he'd probably raise a fiver in one way or another and buy her out, and you'd make a better thing of it. I suppose that was your son in the passage?" he said, referring to Master Lionel, who had made a descent from Trinity College for the wedding, and was at present engaged in overcrowding Drumshaughlin with the most *chic* Dublin fashions in Tyrolese hats, prodigious stand-up collars, and magenta neckties (it was in the brief reign of that lackadaisical shade). "By the way," he continued, as a happy thought struck him, "you'll be wanting to settle him down to something. The Attorney-General, Glascock, has given me the nomination to a handsome little thing in the Pipe Roll Office—nothing to do, ninety pounds a year to begin, and quite the right kind of thing, you know, though it's called a clerkship. What if I present you with the nomination for your lad as a sort of birthday present to you on this your magisterial natal-day—eh, Dargan?"

"A clerkship at ninety pounds a year," repeated the magisterial baby, stroking his puddled grey beard reflectively. "Thank you, sir—you're very obliging, I'm sure—most cembable of you, Mr. Harman; but his mother has, ahem! other views for Lionel. Lord Dunbrody's son and he are College chums—a bit of a scapegrace, no doubt—it runs in them genteel families—but he talks of getting Loinel into the—ahem!—Diplomatic Service through the influence of his respected father."

"The devil he does!" cried Hans Harman, walking towards the window to discharge an oath into the street in safety. (The respectable father happened to be in the respectable Bankruptcy Court.) "Very well, Dargan, to business. First, you've got the decree for possession of the Mill. Very well, if he doesn't stump up on the 24th, I don't care how soon you execute it. My bailiff will have to take the possession formally; but it will have to be known that it is you are working—you understand?"

"I understand, sir," said old Humphrey, licking one hand unctuously with the other. (The gloves were now gone, and he felt at home with his hands once more.) "Though, indeed, I'm really sorry for Myles Rohan—an old neebour, sir, though a little *im-pate-yus*."

Now, to talk of more important matters. The time of redemption for the mortgage for 45,000*l.* is more than a year expired—three half-years' interest overdue? Very well, the Court cannot possibly resist an application for sale. A judge will be sitting on Tuesday. You must have notice of application lodged at once. A conditional order will go as a matter of course. The second mortgagee, you know, Hugg, I can make all right, and then if you get the carriage of sale, and if I can get appointed Receiver to watch you—as, of course, I must, on the part of the owner—well, well, my good friend, you and I will manage to console ourselves on the ruin of Carthage, eh?"

"No fear of that ironmaster up at Lord Clanlaurance's place bidding, sir?" asked Dargan, his velvety eyes blinking like those of an ancient cat in their ambush of eyebrow. "He's rich, and I hear he likes the place."

"Pooh! he's an Englishman and an ass. Wait till we have a parcel of arrests or a bit of a rising somewhere in his neighborhood. My dear Dargan, there could not possibly be a more opportune moment for a sale—country in a disturbed state, smouldering volcano, pending insurrection, threat-talking of the Protestant inhabitants (I forgot you're not a Protestant, Humphrey—but these Fenian fellows are no bigots—they'll make a bonfire of your Bishops, as well as ours, quite impartially—Monsignor McGrudder will tell you that)—in short, if we get queasy old Grimshaw, the

Painting . . .
 Paperhanging

For house-painting that
 looks better and lasts
 longer, call, write, or

Jas. J. O'DONOGHUE,