

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- August 12, Sunday.—Twelfth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 13, Monday.—SS. Hippolytus and Cassian, Martyrs.
 „ 14, Tuesday.—Vigil of the Assumption.
 „ 15, Wednesday.—Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Holiday of obligation.
 „ 16, Thursday.—St. Joachim, Confessor.
 „ 17, Friday.—St. Hyacinth, Confessor.
 „ 18, Saturday.—Within the Octave of the Assumption.

The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

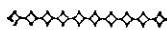
The Church has always believed that the body of the Immaculate Virgin was, after death, assumed into heaven and reunited to her spotless soul. Without being an article of faith, this belief, first expressed obscurely by the early Fathers, has gone on developing, like so many other truths; so much so 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.

St. Hyacinth, Confessor.

St. Hyacinth, Polish Dominican, Apostle of Northern Europe, was born in 1183, and died at Cracow in 1257. He received at Rome the religious habit from the hand of St. Dominic, who appointed him Superior of the mission established in Poland. He founded a monastery of Dominicans at Cracow in 1217 and several others in the principal cities of Poland. He made numerous conversions all over Northern Europe, and preached the Gospel in a number of European countries.



Grains of Gold

STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY.

Strive; yet I do not promise
 The prize you dream of to-day
 Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
 And melt in your hand away;
 But another, and holier treasure,
 You would now perchance disdain,
 Will come when your toil is over,
 And pay you for all your pain.

Wait; yet I do not tell you
 The hour you long for now
 Will not come with its radiance vanished,
 And a shadow upon its brow;
 Yet far through the misty future,
 With a crown of starry light,
 An hour of joy you know not
 Is winging her silent flight.

Pray; though the gift you ask for
 May never comfort your fears,
 May never repay your pleading,
 Yet pray, and with hopeful tears;
 An answer, not that you long for,
 But diviner, will come one day;
 Your eyes are too dim to see it,
 Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

—ADELAIDE E. PROCTER.



The Storyteller



Knocknagow

OR

The Homes of Tipperary

(By C. J. KICKHAM.)

CHAPTER XXVI.—A BRIDEGROOM WHO COULDN'T DESCRIBE HIS BRIDE.

"I hope you enjoyed the hunt yesterday, Mr. Lowe," said Mary.

"Oh, very much," he replied. "The harriers are an excellent little pack. But I must confess I thought the country rather stiff; particularly beyond the hill."

"But how did you get through the bog? Grace and I could see you all in a cluster in the wood; and Grace said she could see the hounds going through the heath over the high part of the bog; but I could not see them."

"Did they not go through the place where the heath is?" Grace asked, turning to Richard.

"Yes; and into the wood at the other side; and we don't know what became of them after that."

"I knew I could not be mistaken," said Grace. "Though Mary wanted to persuade me it was a flock of geese I mistook for the hounds."

"We thought ye'd be back to dinner," said Mrs. Kearney. "We were an hour later than usual. But Hugh said if ye had not gone somewhere ye'd be home before then, and there was no use waiting."

Mr. Lowe apologised; and justly threw all the blame on the doctor.

"The fact is," said the doctor, "Bob Lloyd insisted that we should dine with him. He had young Hemphill and a few more friends."

"Mr. Beresford Pender among the number, I suppose," said Mary.

"No, he didn't ask him; though he was with us at the time. Lloyd doesn't care about him. I think he told me his father overreached him in some money transaction."

"Depend your life on old Isaac for that," said Mr. Kearney.

"By-the-by," said Mr. Lowe, turning to Grace, "your friend young Mr. Hanly was there—I mean at the hunt. And he is really one of the boldest riders I ever saw. He had an unbroken colt with his tail down to the ground and all covered over with mud—as indeed was the rider, for they both rolled over in a muddy ditch."

Grace laughed at this description of her admirer. It was agreed on all hands that she had made a conquest during the short time she had been Lory's partner in the dance.

He had come back five several times to shake hands with her and bid her good-night; renewing his offer to show her the cave each time; besides telling her he could lend her Pope's *Homer*, or the *Rambler*, or Thomson's *Seasons*, or Goldsmith's *Poetical Works*.

"I'll bring them all to you," said Lory.

But Grace assured him all those books were in her papa's library; and Lory, shaking hands with her for the fifth time, mounted to his place in the phaeton; but tumbled out again immediately, and thrusting his long neck inside the drawing-room door, startled Mrs. Kearney with the announcement that he had *The Devil on Two Sticks*.

"And four volumes of the *Spectator*," added Lory, "and the second volume of *Tom Jones*."

So that it was agreed on all hands that she had made a conquest. And the moment Lory was mentioned, Mary looked at her, but Grace frowned scornfully—till the picture called up by Mr. Lowe of Lory mounted upon an untrained colt with a long tail and covered with mud, forced her to laugh whether she would or not.

"He certainly has pluck," said Mr. Lowe; "and rides remarkably well."

An almost imperceptible motion of the head—something between a nod and a toss—and a certain thoughtfulness in her look—led Mary to suspect that Miss Grace was just saying to herself that a young gentleman who had pluck was not to be despised.

And in fact Grace resolved that her reception of him