

# Friends at Court

## GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- September 13, Sunday.—Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost. The Most Holy Name of Mary.
- „ 14, Monday.—The Exaltation of the Holy Cross.
- „ 15, Tuesday.—Octave of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
- „ 16, Wednesday.—SS. Cornelius and Cyprian, Bishops and Martyrs. Ember Day.
- „ 17, Thursday.—Stigmata of St. Francis, Confessor.
- „ 18, Friday.—St. Joseph of Cupertino, Confessor. Ember Day.
- „ 19, Saturday.—SS. Januarius and Companions, Martyrs. Ember Day.

Saints Cornelius and Cyprian, Bishops and Martyrs.

These two saints were contemporaries and friends. Cornelius was elected to succeed Pope Fabian in 251. During his Pontificate the Church had to contend not only with the persecution of the Emperor Decius, but also with the internal disturbances excited by the heretic Novatian. In 252 St. Cornelius was banished to Civita Vecchia. Brought back to Rome in the same year, he there gained the crown of martyrdom.

St. Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, was born in the beginning of the third century, of a wealthy senatorial family, and had been an esteemed and successful rhetorician at Carthage, his native city. He was converted to Christianity about the year 246, and soon after was raised to the priesthood, and, on the death of Bishop Donatus in 248, he was chosen to succeed that prelate. Cyprian ended his noble episcopate by martyrdom under Valerian in 258.

## GRAINS OF GOLD

### STRENGTH OF THE SACRED HEART.

'Without Me,' said the Lord, 'ye can do naught!'

Yea, Blessed Master, naught save wrong and sin!

Here self-reliance, self-conceit are brought

To their true nullity. We nothing win

From unassisted nature. All our best

And brightest efforts crumble 'neath God's test.

'Thou hast all need of Me—not I of thee!

Thou canst not even breathe My Name Divine

If I sustain thee not!—Redeemer, be

Our sole support! We have no strength save Thine;

Striving impotently 'gainst myriad foes—

The world, the flesh, the fiend that round us close.

But, lo! in Thee who strengtheneth our souls,

We can do all things. Sorrows may assail—

And waves of fierce temptation round us roll—

Trusting in Thy great Heart we cannot fail;

For Power, Wisdom, Goodness infinite

Uphold us there, and crown us in the fight!

—ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

To forget—that is what we need. Just to forget. All the petty annoyances, all the unkind acts, the deep wrongs, the bitter disappointments—just let them go, don't hang on to them. Learn to forget.

How exalted is the office of parents to prepare, to adorn, and preserve undefiled living tabernacles of the Most High! Must they then not be or earnestly strive to become holy models of a truly Christian life? They cannot teach and still less make their children esteem and love virtue, if they do not love and practise it themselves.

Speaking of alms-deeds, Father Faber in his Spiritual Conferences remarks that an alms which does not put the giver to inconvenience is rather a kindness than an alms; and certainly the alms which is to be a satisfactory evidence of inward repentance ought to reach the point of causing some palpable inconvenience or involving some solid self-denial.

# The Storyteller

## THE WOLF HEAD LIGHT

In August, when the islands lie dreaming in a summer sea that sparkles sapphire and silver to the very horizon, save where the tide-rip streaks it with splendid purple, when the waves lap idly about the head, and lazily rattle the pebbles on the tiny beaches, one wonders why they were ever named the Wolves. But in January, when the naked cliffs stand at bay in the fury of the winter gales, there is something sinister in their aspect, as if they, no less than the breakers that assail them, were snarling, leaping, thirsting for human life.

'The Wolf's begun to growl,' is a common saying of the natives; but when, huddled in their huts, they wait for the terror of a winter gale to pass, they have another word—'It's the long howl to-night.'

There are two Wolves—Little Wolf, which is merely a tumble of granite and trap, with, on the highest point, a bit of green sod no larger than your two hands, and Big Wolf, which is less rugged, and contains a couple of miles of rocky pasture covered with huckleberry, bay and juniper.

Big Wolf, with its score of weather-beaten huts and tiny schoolhouse, boasts a population of ninety-three. Little Wolf contains a population of three—Jed Carlow, the lighthouse-keeper, his daughter, Jess, and his assistant. Between Little Wolf and Big Wolf lies a causeway a quarter of a mile long, never passable in winter, but often visible in the still seas under summer skies. Between Big Wolf and Little Wolf for forty years lay also the feud between the Carlows and the Randalls.

It began when the lighthouse was built on Little Wolf, and Amos Randall and Jed Carlow both wished the position of keeper. The pay, although only four hundred and fifty dollars a year, meant luxury for the islands, but the honor was more than the pay. In the little fishing village, where all toiled alike for the difficult harvest of the sea, and all suffered alike the privations of poor seasons and the danger of the best, the leisure days and assured provision of the keeper of the light set him apart, and gave him prestige.

Amos Randall was the first keeper, and held the position two years. He was, from all reports, a capable man, quick-witted, iron-willed, and strong as an ox. Undoubtedly his position went to his head a little, and intensified a nature always inclined to be domineering.

The blow fell like a bolt out of a blue sky. The inspector visited the lighthouse one May afternoon, and informed him that Jed Carlow had been made keeper in his place. For a moment the huge keeper stood motionless; then he demanded the reason for his dismissal.

'You have been known to be drunk,' the inspector replied.

'Drunk?' Randall retorted. 'Yes, I've been drunk, but has any man said I drank since I had the light?'

'No,' the inspector replied.

Randall's face grew black. 'If that hound of a Carlow has been sneaking—' he thundered.

'No one has been sneaking,' the inspector returned shortly. 'The Government changes its keepers at its own discretion, that's all.'

Without another word Randall turned away, and began putting his things together—it took less than an hour. On the way across—the causeway was open—he met Carlow. Randall put down his pack and waited; when Carlow was a few rods away he spoke.

'You stop right where you are!'

Carlow stopped at once. Although not so large a man as Randall, he was no coward. He waited, watchful but fearless.

Randall's face was red with rage, but he controlled himself by a mighty effort.

'I have three things to say to you, Jed Carlow, and they're the last things you'll ever hear me say to any Carlow. In the first place, I haven't touched a drop since I put foot on Little Wolf; and to prove it I'll never touch a drop again as long as I live. In the second place, I'll curse any child of mine that ever speaks to a child of yours. In the third place, I am going to be keeper of that light again.'

'Is that all?' Carlow asked.

'That's all.'

'Then I've three things to say to you. In the first place, I don't know anything about your rum, and I don't care. In the