

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- October 18, Sunday.—Nineteenth Sunday after Pentecost. St. Luke, Evangelist.
- „ 19, Monday.—St. Peter of Alcantara, Confessor.
- „ 20, Tuesday.—St. John Cantius, Confessor.
- „ 21, Wednesday.—St. Victor III., Pope and Confessor.
- „ 22, Thursday.—SS. Cyril and Methodius, Bishops and Confessors.
- „ 23, Friday.—The Most Holy Redeemer.
- „ 24, Saturday.—St. Raphael, Archangel.

St. Peter of Alcantara, Confessor.

St. Peter of Alcantara, a religious of the Order of St. Francis, was born at Alcantara in 1499. He was vicar and visitor-general of this Congregation, established a strict observance of the rule, was a model of penance, and one of the directors of St. Theresa. He died in the convent of Arenas, 1561.

Feast of Our Most Holy Redeemer.

This day is set apart by the Church to praise and glorify God for the great mystery of our Redemption, and to honor the person of His Son, Who by becoming man and dying on the Cross for us has freed us from the slavery of Satan, and restored to us our heavenly inheritance.

St. Raphael, Archangel.

St. Raphael is one of the seven Archangels who, according to the Bible, are before the throne of God. Raphael was the protector and guide of Tobias, and advised him to marry Sara.

GRAINS OF GOLD

TO THE SACRED HEART.

- O Sacred Heart, by sinners so forsaken!
O Heart that pleads with God in heaven above!
Within my heart some little spark awaken
Of Thy undying love!
- O Sacred Heart, by sinners so neglected!
O Heart that strives our wayward souls to win!
Give me again the grace so oft rejected
To triumph over sin.
- O Sacred Heart, but just a little longer!
O patient Heart, be patient with me still!
Until my heart has purer grown, and stronger
My sin-enfeebled will.
- O Sacred Heart, ere yet my life has faded,
Work Thou a miracle of grace in me—
That I may choose the way so oft evaded,
The way that leads to Thee.

—Sacred Heart Review.

Human laws may, to an extent, check crime; they can never make a people virtuous because they deal only with external manifestations. They cannot reach the seat of virtue and vice. Besides, eliminating God, what motive exists for obeying laws? Conscience? Without God, conscience is a meaningless word. General good as altruism? This, in its last analysis, is only marked selfishness, which is often better subserved by violation than by observance of laws. Penalties? Escape is easy. Moreover, mere fear does not elevate men to the dignity of virtuous citizens, but degrades them into dangerous slaves, who only wait till might can be wrenched from existing authority to wreak terrible vengeance. Atheism can furnish no worthy or sufficient motive for obeying the laws, but acknowledgment of and reverence for God and recognition of the consequent truth of religion, of the spiritual and responsibility of future inevitable eternal rewards or punishments, give solid foundation to the right of authority a sufficient and worthy motive for obedience to the law's meaning to conscience, which postulates the recognition of a supreme Lord and Lawgiver, who is infinitely wise, just, and powerful, to whom vigorous and inevitable account must be rendered and who will reward or punish according to desert.

The Storyteller

FITZGERALD'S LUCK

The topsail schooner Molly Harwood lay in Carlisle Bay, off the sweltering city of Bridgetown, Barbados. She was a Newfoundland vessel, just up from Brazil, in ballast, and was now awaiting orders. Her master, Captain Wooly, was ashore at the consignee's office.

Mr. Fitzgerald, the mate, was painting the life-preservers that hung under the rail aft. He wore a wide straw hat, blue cotton shirt, and paint-bedaubed overalls. As you see, he was no fancy mariner. In port as on the high seas he had his work to do. He did it, but of late silently and without joy.

The cause of his gloom was the fact that his master's certificate was three years old, and he was still mate of the Molly Harwood.

He had sailed the seas ever since his fourteenth birthday—that was sixteen years ago—and always in Newfoundland 'wind-jammers,' with their eternal outward freights of 'fish.'

He was a good seaman and a capable officer. His navigation was sound, and his courage and caution were above criticism. But ashore, especially in the owner's office, he displayed a flustered countenance and a stuttering tongue. For this reason he had been kept from a master's berth. A small thing will sometimes belie a man's true worth in the eyes of his employers.

As Mr. Fitzgerald moodily but thoroughly slapped the white paint over the life-preservers, he kept a veiled eye on a trim vessel that lay about thirty yards aft of the Molly Harwood. The trim craft was the schooner-rigged auxiliary yacht *Venturer* of the New York Yacht Club.

Mr. Fitzgerald had been keeping his eye on the *Venturer* for the past two days. He was in love with her. Already every slow-sweeping line of her hull and every characteristic of spars and rigging were printed on his mind. To sail a vessel like that would be the crowning accomplishment of a seafaring life, it seemed to him.

But not all of Fitzgerald's attention was given to the yacht, for there was a stout, red-faced man aboard the *Venturer* who excited his animosity as greatly as the craft herself excited her affection. The reason for it was no reason at all, for a sailor has his whims and fancies, his unfounded likes and dislikes, as illogical as those of a school-girl or a poet. The stout, red-faced man on the *Venturer* had never done anything to offend the mate of the Molly Harwood, but for all that, Mr. Fitzgerald eyed him with ever-growing disfavor.

He did not like the cut of his jib. He did not like to see him leaning so casually on the rail of the yacht, and defiling the bright deck with cigar ashes. It grieved him to see a man who was so evidently a landlubber making himself so free and easy aboard such a craft as that. His prejudiced eyes beheld in that stout stranger a subject upon which to vent all his chagrin at still being mate of a topsail schooner. He did so in muttered epithets that would have amazed the other could he have heard them.

While Fitzgerald was still improving the appearance of the ancient life-preservers, the stout man put off from the *Venturer* in a varnished and upholstered gig. He sat alone in the stern-sheets, a vision of white clothing, white helmet, and red face. Three sailors, dressed man-of-war style, in neat blue and white, manned the oars.

As the boat passed under the counter of the little freighter, the man glanced up at Fitzgerald.

'That's good,' said he. 'A little of the same treatment wouldn't hurt the rest of her.'

The mate leaned over the rail, paint-brush in hand. He had something scathing to reply, but instead of saying it he could only stutter angrily, and glare at the grinning man in the fast-receding boat.

When Captain Wooly came aboard in the afternoon he brought word that the sailing-master of the *Venturer* was in hospital with sunstroke, and that Mr. Benton, the owner, was looking out for a substitute.

'You should apply for the job, Mr. Fitzgerald,' said he. 'You're just the style for that class of craft, and I guess the bosun and I could sail the Molly home all right.'

The mate scowled. He did not relish the captain's efforts at wit.

'Try it for yourself, sir,' he replied.

'Aye, but d'ye think the owners would let me go?' asked Wooly, self-complacently.