

Davy, with a grin. "But we can't be wild like that now. Look out, my son-in-law, here they come. Take care of your old scalp, Jim. Ready, boys, fire!"

The bridal party in sleighs came in sight. The horses being frightened by the guns were galloping madly. But the occupants enjoyed the wild drive. The bride held on to the best man, the bridesmaid clung to the groom. They were laughing merrily at the plunging and skidding and twisting of the sleighs. The Skipper and I quietly slipped into a pew just inside the church door, to observe the ceremony at the altar.

That evening, as he had promised, Skipper Jim brought me over to the O'Mara's to take part in the festivities of the marriage. It must have been late according to the customs of the settlement, for when we entered we found the place full of visitors; all dressed in their best.

Skipper Jim was in his element. On such occasions he had the settlement at his feet. His experiences had been so varied that whenever there was a gathering he took advantage of the opportunity to entertain them by a story or two. After the usual hustle of shaking hands with everybody in the room was over, the Skipper held the bridegroom apart and spoke long with him. Then the bride—a handsome girl of three-and-twenty—came to him and bent her head that the old man would lay hand on it and bring her good luck.

"Isn't Skipper Jim a wonderful man—a knowable man, a very knowable man?" whispered old O'Mara to me, with a solemn nod of his head.

If the Skipper was in good form, Davy Dolan was equally so. He was a source of general amusement to see him leading off the second dance of the night with the bride.

"Bedad, Davy," cried the Skipper, "you're as agile on the instep as you were twenty years ago. Well done, lad, 'tis younger you're growing!"

As the night wore on the younger folks, who were dancing almost continually, became fatigued, and voted that all chairs be drawn around the Skipper for a story. The old man smiled, but shook his head. The bridegroom begged him. The bride, holding his hand, entreated him.

"I can't remember anything to-night, child," said he to her, "that would be fitting."

"Why bless my soul, as poor Jimmy Moore used to say, tell them anything," said old O'Mara, "and you'll be all right."

"Why not tell them of Jimmy Moore himself?" said Davy.

The Skipper frowned, and said quietly to Davy: "You know this is no occasion to tell Jimmy's history."

"Yes, yes, Skipper Jim," exclaimed the bride, "tell us Jimmy's history, that's what I'm afraid of. Lest night Tom and I might have, perhaps, objected to hear it. But now, you know, all trouble is over. Isn't that so, Tom?" said she, turning to the bridegroom.

"My child," said the Skipper, "you're a rook of sense. I suppose I'll have to tell it."

"When I was a boy the greatest man in the world, in my childish imagination, was Jimmy Moore. Amongst the boys he was a kind of superior being. When at play on the roads often we suddenly ceased from our game, and fell back in a line when Mister Moore was called him, put in an appearance. He always enjoyed this exhibition of respect or fear. Which it was I cannot say, for it is now so far back that I cannot recall what feelings prompted us to the act. With the girls, even to the present, it was altogether different. They rushed to him from every corner, and at times you would see eight, or ten little tots clinging round his side, and going about dancing by his side. And from out those mysterious pockets of his came the delicious sweets of childhood—biscuits. Minnie would get two, Janie two more, and soon with all the little chattering friends around him. Occasionally he would give something to whoever answered his questions in catechism best.

"The prize for this was over the same—those morsels of destruction on juvenile teeth. A rook of Gibraltar. Whenever this happened you would see after his departure the girls on their knees in a circle, the prize winner vainly endeavoring to crush Gibraltar between two beach stones into pieces of equal size. And another half hour you could see as many little mouths showing clear signs of molting, and buns were here and there slightly spotted. Evidences that Gibraltar had become dissolved into the liquid state from which it had originally sprung.

"As we grew up in years we could never find any change in Mister Moore. To our eyes there was no change. He neither grew bigger nor smaller. He never held the beam for ever admiring, held the same angle on his head. The gold watch-chain, which was a source of bewilderment to our young eyes, seemed to hang with the same identical curve of years gone by. And that left hand of his was as hidden under the same coat, as I shall never take anyone to fill your place. As long as breath is in my body, Sunday after Sunday I shall remember you until the day when I hope we shall again meet in heaven.

"In a few days Katie was laid in the cemetery among her relatives. Jimmy instead of returning to the city obtained a kind of agency from his firm to look after their interests here. In everything he was looked up to both as a good Christian and a man of superior education. Many things he started among us for our benefit especially in the way of the young. His kind, smiling face opened up the inner recesses of hearts, and many a one went to Jimmy in trouble for guidance and assistance. For the people he was a good-between with the Soggarth. When anyone had committed himself Jimmy did the pleading with the Soggarth for the delinquent. And there are poor souls in their graves to-night that had Jimmy's good looks combined with the neat way in which he dressed made him as presentable a man as any town could produce.

"By birth he was a Dublin man, and

came to this country when about twenty years of age. He had a good education and found no difficulty in procuring a situation in one of our offices in the city. For some years he worked on and became a favorite with his employers. It was during that time that he made the acquaintance of Katie Whelan from down around the Point. She had left here for over three years, and had been in the States for a time. Not finding that place suitable for her health she returned and was living in St. John's, when Jimmy Moore met her. From an accidental acquaintance a friendship arose, and this in turn ripened into a courtship. The inevitable promise of marriage followed. When this was made abroad people shook their heads silently. Some even ventured to say that the marriage would never come off. The women folk, his and her friends, were especially solemn, and many were the whispers that passed between them.

"Katie was but two and twenty at this time. She was one of a family of five—four boys and herself. All the boys had died; she alone remained. From her earliest years she had not had the best of health, and her father, old Dan Whelan—as fine a soul as ever lived, God rest him—was tooth and nail opposed to her leaving for the States. But from the child's pleading and the wife's urging he at last gave way, and Katie left for Boston. The girl had a craze for self-improvement, and was full of strange whims. She was constantly saying that she could not learn anything at home, here, but would do so in the States. Everyone apparently saw, except herself, that all this time she was—you will pardon an old sea skipper's language—flying danger signals; the red at the main. A pair of blue eyes glistening like crystals; a pale white face, and too small a nose for the face, and she looked like a crimson flush on the cheeks could be seen plainly read by the knowing ones as C or D can be when displayed at the truck. But as a landsman when he sees some letters of a code aloft cannot read any meaning in them, but sometimes thinks that the captain is merely decorating his ship with bunting, so Jimmy Moore could not read like the women folk the hectic blush on Katie's cheeks. But the next winter made the covering fall from his eyes.

"I have heard the old folks say that that winter was a warm, heavy and damp season, and so unhealthy that hundreds were sick all over the country. It was then that Katie showed signs of breaking down. On leaving home one of her whims was to bring with her a pot of geranium, to have by her as a remembrance of all that was near and dear to her. It was certainly a strange idea, and one would think that she would pitch the geranium to the old boy. She did nothing of the sort, but stuck to it through thick and thin. She brought it with her to the States, and there had a row with the custom house officers, who took her to be a smuggler, and nearly destroyed the plant searching around the roots for jewels. While she lived there she tended and reared the plant, and when she came back to the country the self same old pot and the geranium came with her.

"The first signs of collapse in her health was given by her extraordinary desire to safeguard the plant. She got the idea fixed in her head that the geranium was slowly dying and she would spend hour after hour of the day tending, watering, and shading it from what she called cold winds. Often she could be seen with moist eyes tenderly stroking the leaves of the plant, and marking the spring of that year the blow fell; she was carried home here to die. The geranium came with her, and in a week or so Jimmy Moore followed.

"Every place that Jimmy went the sunshine followed. His very build, particularly in advanced years, when I know him well, suggested good humor and kindness. When he got acquainted with people here he held the palm of his hand. There was no mistake about it; the people loved him. Dances and parties of every kind were organized by him to cheer up Katie. And if ever a man kept a woman alive he did it. If there is such a thing as stretching one's days here below, the happy man and bright Jim prolonged the days of the girl. The May day opened. The sun became warm, but life began to ebb fast from Katie. She died early that month, but before she ceased to breathe one promise she extracted from Jimmy.

"I may yet get strong again, Jim," she said one day. With the fine weather I may perhaps, lose this cough. But if I don't, promise me that when I'm gone you'll take my geranium and that every Sunday morning throughout life you'll cut off a leaf and bring it in your prayer book to Mass to remember me there. When I go some other girl will take my place; but you won't forget me, Jim?"

"If you should be taken, Katie, I promise that I shall never forget you. Not only will I care for the geranium for your sake, but I moreover promise that I shall never take anyone to fill your place. As long as breath is in my body, Sunday after Sunday I shall remember you until the day when I hope we shall again meet in heaven.

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"These are devotions which ought not so much as to be named among us, and yet they go on spreading. Oh, that our holy religion, so sublime in its origin, so pure in its worship, may be preserved from falling miserably into ridicule, or so low as to recall to mind the heathen superstitions!"

WHY HE OBJECTS.

"If you will consider the origin, spirit and tendency of certain devotions you will find that not infrequently they have for their object the obtaining of certain concessions, some material favor, some removal of a disease, or to obtain rain or fine weather, to drive away noxious insects that the cattle may not take a disease, that the harvest may be abundant, that business may be prosperous, and so on without end.

"It is lawful and right to ask temporal favors of God, and to ask them through the invocation of this or that saint? Yes; it is right and lawful in itself to do so. But in that way? Never under the serious impression that the devotion itself or practice can be infallible, or almost so, as so many of the faithful, pious rather than educated, are misled by Him, but the result is not necessarily bound up with the devotion as grace is allied to the sacraments, and even to think so is both a presumption and a gross error. The devotion must always be directed to the condition that it pleases God and that it shall turn to benefit in what is of most importance, namely, the real good of the soul.

"Ah, even among good Christians, among those souls so dedicated to devout practices, how little the words of Jesus Christ are remembered. Who said, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and these things shall be added to you.' On the things shall be added to you, that is to say, temporal benefits, deliverance from bodily ills, and afterward seek, if they seek them at all, the spiritual ones. These are the real objects of not a few of these devotions, if one may judge by what one sees and hears."

What is to be said of these devotions when it is proposed by means of them not only to obtain material favors and the successful issue of simple, lawful and minor interests, but to ensure the success of unlawful ones, opposed and openly, to all religious principles?

A subtle, deadly poison," Mgr. Bonomelli declares, "often than we think instills itself, almost imperceptibly, into these devotions, the poison of private interest. There are the interests of self-love, vanity, a desire to make oneself prominent in the eyes of the people or of one's superior, to be a priest, to form a clientele for oneself, to open out for oneself a way to get on. There is the low, base interest, which in the times of St. Paul caused him to blaze forth in wrath against

certain men of the primitive church as being 'greedy of filthy lucre.' And why 'filthy lucre'? Because under the appearance of piety and religion their eyes were really fixed on the money which they were striving after and for which they made merchandise of holy things. Before St. Paul, too, our Lord Jesus Christ chastised mercilessly those miserable men who, under pretence of long prayers, devoured the houses of widows."

"I believe that all these devotions and pious societies for devotions, of all sorts and everywhere, always ask for money, some little offering, either in a direct or indirect manner. I know that certain honest and necessary expenses must be provided for, and are so far good. But do all the offerings go toward the expenses? And these expenses themselves, do they not conveniently transform themselves into profitable industries alongside of the devotions? Again, how many ways are there by which, without raising any suspicion, the promoters and administrators of these offerings can derive advantage to themselves from them? I am not accusing anybody. I merely point out the possibilities which exist of material advantages derived from certain devotions, worked with singular ability, sometimes individually, sometimes collectively, sometimes alone, sometimes by means of others, or through the shops and trades which get bound up with the objects of devotion.

"If ever there was a period when Catholics, both priests and laymen, ought to guard themselves from the 'defiling pitch,' the evil of seeking their material interests, committing 'simony' with subtle art, it certainly is this of ours. Nowadays, owing to the thousand channels of the press and facilities of communication of all kinds, owing also to the lack of faith, and anti-clerical hatreds now so obstinate and profound, the slightest failing on our part is made matter of and converted into a weapon against religion. The unimpeachable conduct of twenty or fifty priests and religious is overlooked, in order to point at and cry out against one who is guilty. It is unexpectably unjust on the part of the world, but so it is, and it is useless to protest against it. All the more is it our duty as Catholics never to give an opening to such accusations and innuendoes, and to render it impossible to make them."

This is one of the great difficulties which the Church has to contend against, viz., to convince the un-Catholic world that what they object to is not a part of Catholic belief. Much attention paid to these new devotions, that the great central object of true and solid piety and faith, viz., the Blessed Sacrament, is overlooked by the simple-minded, and those who are superstitiously inclined.

HOW A TRUE CATHOLIC DIES.

Nothing extraordinary, perhaps, may mark the end, except what astonishes those who see nothing beyond the present life—I mean the serenity of a soul who abandons the world without an effort, writes Monsignor D'Halst. The sacraments ardently desired, hailed with faith, received with love; the calm with which the preparation for death and the last tender adieux are made; the firm and tranquil hope of a future reunion; one last look, mingled with confidence, at that past which God has purified; then the minds turns away from visible things to fix itself on the bright dawn of eternal realities; the hands clasping the crucifix, the lips murmuring a last prayer, and the entire man, peacefully recollected, waiting for his last sigh. Such is the sight which ever makes a Christian death the astonishment of the impious, the consolation of the just, and one of the most eloquent witnesses which God gives us of Himself here below.—Richmond Virginian.



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A medical authority has recently entered a warning against the habit of sitting with one knee crossed over the other—a pose which is nowadays almost as common among women as among men. This apparently harmless habit, it seems, is likely to cause sciatica, lameness, chronic numbness, ascending paralysis, cramps, varicose veins and other evils. The reason is simple: the back of the knee, it is explained, as well as the front of the elbow and wrist, the groin and the armpit, contain nerves and blood vessels, which are less adherent of self-love, vanity, a desire to make oneself prominent in the eyes of the people or of one's superior, to be a priest, to form a clientele for oneself, to open out for oneself a way to get on. There is the low, base interest, which in the times of St. Paul caused him to blaze forth in wrath against

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