TWO

HER IRISH HERITAGE

BY ANNIE M. P. SMITHSON

AUTHOR OF "BY STRANGE PATHS" CHAPTER XVII.

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

"God's goodness has been great to

Let never day or night unhallowed

pass But still remember what the Lord hath done."

Mary Blake was leaning back in a basket chair, in the garden of their house in Rathmines. There was a lilac tree in bloom this lovely even ing in early June, and a hedge of veronica which formed the boundary between them and the garden next door was scattering its beauty and scent around. The garden was just beginning to look really well-wallflowers, stocks, geraniums, pansies, and carnations were all trying to

bloom as gaily as possible. The tears rose to Mary's eyes as she looked. It was the first day that she had been out of doors for some time, as after the double tragedy in the family she had been prostrate for some weeks, and un-able for any of her ordinary occu-

Miss Jane Blake had come over from Rathfarnham to take control of her brother's house until Mary should be strong again, and it was well that they had her capable brain and hands to help them at holy Ireland. this crisis.

Mary was very pale and thin, with a look of deep suffering in her kind eyes — those motherly eyes which had always looked so kindly on the young brothers and sisters for whom she had so tenderly cread. There were threads of silver There were threads of silver in her hair too-and lines on the gentle countenance which had not

been there a month ago. Her gaze wandered over the garden now — sadly and wistfully. "His pansies!" she whispered to herself, "and there are his prize carnations, and that scarlet rambler-I remember so well the day he first planted it. Ah! Shamus! Shamus!" Footsteps on the gravel walk made her turn her head, hastily brushing aside the tears as

"Oh! Anthony!" she cried out at sight of the visitor, " is it you back again? And how is Mary and Clare?"

"I'm glad to see you are better, Mary," replied Anthony as he seated himself on the garden chair beside her; "it's good to see you about again—even if you are only a ghost of your old self!" Mary smiled feintly Mary smiled faintly.

"Yes-I'm much stronger, thank God!" she said; "but tell me about the others, Tony, I'm so anxious to hear

And so he told her all about his visit south, and gave her all the loving messages with which he had been entrusted by both Clare and the other Mary. "And when is the wedding to be?"

she asked.

'In September, please God," he answered. "Clare did not want to leave Mary before Angel was able answered. to go down to her, so we arranged for September, as by that time I suppose she will be able for the journey?"

'Oh, yes, I hope so," said Mary, "she is getting on nicely and will be able to sit up in a few days. I suppose," she added wistfully, "there is no chance of Mary coming

back to us ?' chance at all. I'm afraid."

will, and he looked at her in surwill, and he looked at her in sur-prise, but even before he could speak, she whispered, "Oh! God forgive me! God forgive me! What am I saying ?" But Anthony said softly, "Ah! Angel, His ways are not our ways! still we know 'that those whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth!'"

Clare came up to Dublin and stayed with the Blakes for a few weeks before her wedding, and Pat took Angel down to the country, and left her with Mary Carmichael. She

was to stay for some months, and then her sister Mary had promised

to go down for awhile. They were determined that Mary Carmichael should not be lonely if they could

"And surely some day she will ne back to us!" So they prayed and hoped

help it at all.

Clare Castlemaine and Anthony Farrell went into Retreat for nine days before their wedding. They parted at the commencement of the Retreat, and did not meet again until they stood before the Altar of God to pronounce their solemn vows. For them marriage was in-

deed a sacrament. It was a quiet wedding-taking place at seven o'clock Mass, one bright September morning—but as she and Anthony knelt side by side to receive the Lord, with hearts full of love and thanksgiving, it would have been hard indeed to find a hap-pier couple in all the "four walls of And you are content, dearest?"

her husband asked Clare, on the evening of the same day, as they stood side by side watching the moon rise over Bray Head. Jimmy.

"Oh! so content, Tony !" she said softly, "and so happy-now that I have entered into my Irish

heritage! "Deo Gratias !" said Anthony, reverently.

On that same September evening Mary Carmichael and Angela Blake were also watching the moon riseover the trees of the lonely opposite the cottage. "I suppose Clare and Tony are happy now!" said Angel, smiling: "the world forgetting — by the world forgot, sort of thing !"

Mary laughed. "We did not forget them, any-how!" she said. "I hope they got our wire of congratulations all

There was silence for a few moments, and then Angel said softly, laying her hands on Mary's. "And you, Mary? Have you for-gotten? Are you content?" "Forgotten -- no!" was the low

reply, "but I am trying to be con-tent—trying—oh, Angel! but it's hard sometimes!—trying to say— 'Welcome be the will of God!'"

"Amen !" said Angel. And so we leave Mary Carmichael, and let us take farewell of her in a few lines written in memory of another disappointed heart: 'This to your memory - who of

yore In patience love's sweet burden

bore By old Killala's wind swept shore. for no one ever loved in vain, And stricken sheaves yield golden

grain, When Love is purified through pain.

THE END TOM'S "CURRANTS"

AND ST. ANTHONY

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

"Currants, currants. 'S matter, beans in yer ear? Mr. Collins ±aid

Together the two friends hurried to Mr. Collins' office. Arriving there, Tommy made a dash for the stairs, and had already covered three flights, before he noticed his

Jimmy.

em.

transportation.

first

this sort.'

Jimmy was ready to doze away.

when he heard two voices speaking, but there was nothing remarkable

about that, except that these voices

spoke of a subject that sounded interesting to him. They stopped,

'Is it all in currency ?"

friend was not following. Descending the stairs, three at a time, (a feat on which he greatly prided himself.) he discoverd Jimmy leaning against the doorway, a look of intense pain on his pinched, little

face. "What's up ?" asked Tommy in

"Must've wrenched my leg. Can't walk up those stairs. Will you take it up?"

"Sure," answered the obliging little Irishman, and taking the paper, he soon found himself in Mr. Collins' luxurious office.

Coltins' luxurious office. Now Mr. Michael Collins was a very wealthy man, and he had taken a great liking to the two boys, especially the refined Jimmy. He resided in one of the more fashion-able parts of New York City, and was known as a kind man, who valued truth and honesty more than he did his millons.

he did his millons. Tommy, looking about the spacious office, saw no one. He did not even see a man, carrying a suspicious looking package, step out from behind the door, and begin to descend the steps very hastily and

softly. So after waiting for what seemed to the impatient little Tommy, a great length of time, he deposited the paper on a desk, and left the room. When he was once more on the outside he saw Mr.

Collins bending tenderly over 'It doesn't hurt much at all, Mr

"It doesn't hurt much at all, Mr. Collins," Jimmy was saying. "Now, just one minute," replied the man kindly. "Here, let me give it a jerk. Hold still now. There! Now step on it." Jimmy did as he was told. There Anthony, Things."

was a look of relief and gratitude on his face as he said: "Why, it feels just fine Thank you, Mr. Collins. Good-bye." Turning to Tommy, he linked arms, and together the two friends trudged home. Home to these two mother-less boys, was just an attic room in

an old, tumble-down shack. A chair, a bench, a left-over mattress in a far corner of the room, con-stituted their "furniture." There There was also a box, over which Jimmy had hung an old lace curtain, and which he was bound to call a "kitchen cabinet" to Tommy's utter disgust, who had never even

"seen one of them things." "Guess we'll have to do without supper tonight, Tom," said Jimmy Lisslow, quiet way. "You know,

supper tonight, 10th, "You know, in his slow, quiet way. "You know, Tim Sweeney took all the money I had, and there isn't anything here had, and there isn't anything here to eat. Oh, here's an apple," and, cutting it in half, he offered a piece to Tommy, and kept the other for himself. by the box.

"Gee, Jimmy, that half tastes like more," said Tommy, mischiev-ously eyeing Jimmy's piece, which

the boy had not yet touched. "Oh, did it?" replied Jimmy innocently. "Well, here, you can take my half, for I am not a bit hungry Say, what do yer t'ink I am ?

A hog ?" That "Please take it, Tommy." That

lad needed no second urging, and he eagerly munched the other half, smacking his lips, and saying : "On the level now, Jimmy, that was the most juiciest half of an apple I ever et." He was about to go to bed, when Jimmy reminded him of his prayers. "Do not forget Saint

ony and he'll never forgetyou,' quoted Jimmy, whose mother had so often repeated it to him.

Jimmy often told

himself he

her-," and the lonely little boy walked over to the window, and looked up towards the starry heavens, where he felt sure his own heavens, where he felt sure his own mother was. Suddenly they were interrupted by a loud knocking at the door. A policeman, unbiden, opened it, and said in a gruff voice; "Tom McCabe, Mr. Collins wants you immediately," and walking over to Tommy, he grassped him roughly by the arm and fairly carried him from 1. Do you wish to make your Will or to change your present Will ?

2. Have you money you wish to be

immediately," and walking over to Tommy, he grasped him roughly by the arm and fairly carried him from the room. "You stay here," com-manded the policeman, jerking his thumb at the wide-eyed Jimmy. Fully three hours later Tom returned, muttering over and over to himself: "I didn't take no currants, I didn't." 3. Have you property you wish man-

'Didn't take any what?" asked

you-" "Gee whiz, Mr. Collins," broke in Tom, (no one had noticed his entrance.) "Is it really that late? I got to get my papers, or I'll get left !"

I tuk ten thousand currants, and I didn't. Said he'd gimme jist twenty-four hours to fin' dem in, I " Papers nothing !" the old gentle man said almost fiercely. "Boys, I have a proposition to make to you. How would you like to live with me rule of the unguided conscience may don't even know what the things looks like. Gee whiz!" and poor Tommy, overcome by his emotions, lead us. Decent feeling and relig-ious habits need to be supplemented by solid study and courageous action

in my house, and be my sons ?" "Live with you, Mr. Collins ?" shouted Tom. "Really mean it ?" began to cry. "Goodness, Tom. don't be a baby," said Jimmy disgustedly. to make good against ' big business,' and help will be needed from all shouted Tom. "Really mean it ?" "Sure do, Tom," smiling at the baby." said Jimmy disgustedly. "You'd be worser 'n a baby." "Well, then tell me, what is the matter ?"

men and women of goodwill. I deny absolutely that the social boy. Cross your heart and hope to question is a matter for the work

ing class alone ; it concerns everyone outside Trade Union ranks as well die ?" The man did so. "Whoopie !" shouted Tom. "Mr. Collins, you're a-a-a brick," that being Tom's strongest way of complimenting 'Currants. For the lova Mike. can't you hear nothin'? It's currants I want, Mr. Collins wants as inside. The under-dog, the victim of the system, must assert himself vigorously and state his claim, but if he is ever to attain to

Jimmy, unable to get anything Jimmy, unable to get anything more out of Tommy than "cur-rants." finally gave up in despair, and resolved to find out in the morning about Tommy's "cur-rants." Meanwhile, he prayed earnestly and fervently to Saint Anthony, "The Finder of Lost Thinge" Three months have passed. It is social justice, he will need plenty of New Year's eve, and the two boys, sitting before a brilliantly lighted pine tree, are enjoying their first real taste of a Happy New Year. Tom stretched lazily on a soft bearhelp from those more favored through mental training and leisure for study in dealing with the baffling technical problems inherent in any attempt to recast the social skin rug, was saying: "I tell ya, Jimmy, it was Saint Anthony done "I tell ya, order on scientific lines. Without disparagement to other forms of currants, 'cause he knowed I didn't

The next morning, however, Mr. Collins was not in his office, and Jimmy walked aimlessly about the charitable effort, it seems evident that such voluntary help in the way take 'em "It isn't currants, Tom, it is currency," corrected Jimmy, in his slow refined way. of social study would rank high as an exercise of charity.

Jimmy walked aimlessiy about the streets, now filled with throngs of hurrying people. Tom's conduct, too, had puzzled him, for he had refused to leave the house, for fear the "brass buttons" would get him. Finally, weary of walking around, he sat down on a curb, leaning his weary head against a telegraph pole, beside which stood a large box of merchandise, awaiting transportation. "Aw right, den, currency," repeated Tom. "But I tell ya, Saint Anthony knowed all along "For the social diseases com-plained of there are all sorts of where dem currants was, only he diagnoses and all sorts of remedies put forward to correspond. Most of these are ameliorative and temporary in character, and their value consists in making the present was too busy findin' a home for me and you !

GENUINE COMMUNITY RULE

SPEAKER AT TRUTH SOCIETY

CONVENTION OUTLINES METHOD

basis of modern Communism. From Marx to Trotsky Jewish Socialist, and Jimmy peeping around, saw two men glancing furtively down Dublin.-Condemning class rule whether it be the veiled dictatorthought is in possession of the ground and by dint of propagands the street to see if anyone was watching them : then they stepped ship of a propertied minority under and the absence of serious competi-tion the ideas they are responsible the present social system, or the closer to the curb, so that they were on one side of the pole, while avowed rule of a proletarian majority under Marxian Socialism, for originating have come to domin-ate socialist and labor thought the Jimmy was on the other, shielded Seumas Hughes, in a paper delivered world over, including this country of ours. There is only a difference at the annual convention of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, "Lucky for me that there paper kid, Tom McCabe. was in the office, called upon his hearers to aid in else I would not have got off easily with this ten thou'," said t establishing in Ireland a commonsaid the wealth in which the organized community would dictate industrial policy and transfer to those at work in each industry the burden of "Every cent. And I got it all right here in this package." carrying out the policy determined upon. As a first step, Mr. Hughes "Don't carry it so careless there, Bill," cautioned his friend. "Any old time I'd lose this," boastfully, "believe me, Jack. I know how to take care of things of advocated a social survey of Ireland by a commission upon which the Government, Labor and the Church

would be represented. "If the ultimate objective of The method that Mr. Hughes "Sure you weren't seen ?" "Nope. Old Man Collins puts all the blame on the kid." organized labor can be defined as the attainment of the welfare and advocates by which the community the blame on the kid." "All right then. Let's divvy up the coin, and skip town, before we are suspected." And the two men continued their walk down the street. Jimmy, wide-eyed and open-monthed, listened to their conversahappiness of the workers through complete social justice, then I want to denounce Marxianism with its political ideal and dictatorship of the Proletariat as a red herring across the track of labor. Its leading principles are scientifically

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has been launched on the world is the doctrine of Karl Marx, the

the world as to the extent of the

this position for the workers and

humanity in general. The proletar-

iat of Russia has exchanged the

frying pan for the fire, one set of

tyrants for another more merciless

and more sinister.

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he said ; " she never even alluded to did not speak of it either; but Clare told me she is certain that Mary will never return to Dublin." Mary Blake sighed.

Mary Blake sighed. "Well! after a while I must only go down to Co. Clare and see her," she said, adding quickly, "Here is Father, Tony-how do you think he is locking ?" is looking?

Anthony's heart misgave him as he looked at Mr. Blake—he seemed to have suddenly become a very old man, and all his former life and energy were vanished. But he would not add to Mary's

troubles, so he only said-"We must give him time, Mary,

and then you will see that he will pull himself together again."

Anthony went upstairs later to ee Angel. The pretty room was as see Angel. dainty and neat as ever—the window box was gay with flowers, and the canary was singing his little heart out. Angel alone was changed. Ah! yes—it was a different Angel who extended two thin eager hands to her visitor — older and graver, the sweet childishness that used to be her greatest charm was gone entirely, and in its place was a grave womanly look. And yet she did not look altogether sad—it was rather as if she had passed through the storm which had left its mark upon her for ever-but that now she had at last reached calm waters

again.

"Oh! Tony! Tony! how are ey?" she cried with something of they ?" her old impulsiveness. And sitting beside her bed, her hands in his, he told her all his

news. "Oh! Tony," she whispered when he had finished and they had

"Gee whiz, Jimmy! Ain't you got them papers sold yet? Gee whiz !" The speaker, a sturdy little fellow of perhaps twelve, looked the picture of utter disgust, as he stood, hands in pockets, loftily surveying his friend.

"Oh, don't you worry. I've only got ten more," replied Jimmy. "Only ten. Well, I thought you

had just about that much," was the somewhat airy rejoinder of Tom McCabe. Then, "Cheese it, here comes Tim Sweeney and his gang," and hastily grabbing Jimmy's arm, they hurried down the street. The

boys ran until they reached the opposite corner, where they stopped, breathless.

"Now, Jimmy," said Tom, "you look up that way, and I'll-" "You'll do nuttin o' de kind,"

"You'll do nuttin o de kind, said a rough voice, and looking around, the boys saw, to their utter dismay, the dreaded Tim Sweeney. Then, "Sa-a-y, wot's de big idee, you two kids runnin' off like dis?" "None o' yer business," retorted said :

Tom. "None o' my business, is it?" growled Tim. "Well, we'll soon see." Then ensued a lively squabsee. Then ensued a nively squab-ble, which resulted in the escape of the would be desperado, with all their papers and money. The poor, little boys had not the ghost of a chance against the big, sixteen-year-old bully. He was known and hated by all the younger" Newsies" as a quarrelsome fellow and a coward, and while they sympathized

with Jimmy and Tom, they could do

"Now, what'll I do about Mr. Collins' paper?" queried Jimmy

nands in his, he told her all his news.
"Oh! Tony," she whispered when he had finished and they had been silent for a short time, "you will be so happy—both of you! I know it. Ah! how good God has been to Clare. Why? Tony—why? and to us and to Mary Carmichael \_\_\_\_\_\_?
It was the first time he had ever heard Angel question the Divine
Collins' paper?" queried Jimmy helplessly. "Mr. Collins paper?" repeated Tom, a puzzled frown on his face, "Oh, here's one," joyously announced Jimmy, picking up a paper, which the bully in his haste had forgotten to take. "Hurry up, Tommy. or he might leave, and I know Mr. Collins would be very much disappointed if I didn't deliver his paper."

wisely.

would never forget his mother's words. He fell to thinking of her. tion as one in a dream. He pinched himself hard to see if he were really awake. It hurt. So, this is Many times had she spoken to him, with tears in her sad, brown eyes, what Tom meant by those "ten thousand currants." Poor Tom! "Saint Anthony, help us!" prayed of his wealthy grandfather; how she, the only child, had married against his will and, as a con-sequence, had been disinterited. Jimmy. He peeped cautiously around the pole, and saw the two men sauntering down the street. They evidently could not agree on the "divvy," for, suddenly, one man3swung out his arm, and the package fell to the ground. Jimmy could hardly believe his eyes. He Then after a few happy years of married life, Jimmy's father died, and his gentle mother, unused to poverty, gradually sold her jewels and, one cold night, she, too, died, leaving Jimmy to take care of him-self as best he could. Somehow, Jimmy never could forget the night his mother died. Terrified he ran made a dash for it, and before the men were aware of their loss, was half-way up the street. With a shout of anger, they pursued him. "What if they should catch him before he should reach Mr. Collins' into the street, nor did he stop until his tired, little legs could carry him no further. Then he sat down on a curb, and someone office ?" thought the boy, and the thought drove him on. He looked back. Why they were almost upon him! He ran faster up the street. The men also ran faster. He could touched him on the shoulder. Look-ing up he saw a policeman, who asked him why he did not go home. He was about to say that he had no hear the one man cursing his luck under his breath. He looked back

home, when a voice behind him said: "That's my brudder, mister, said: "That's my brudder, mister, we're goin' home right now, we are." Dazed and wondering, Jimmy was led to Tommy's "home," where the matter was explained to him. "You see," Tommy said, "I wuz watchin' you, an' when I seen you runnin' like sixty, I knowed sumpin' was up. So I followed you. Den I heart dat bunch of brass buttons tryin' to bull you, so I up and tuk your part. again. The man was reaching out his arm, ready to stop him. Jimmy felt as though his legs could carry him no farther, when the building in which was Mr. Collins' office loomed up before him. Before he could even realize it, he flew into the office, and placing the coveted package into the surprised owner's hands, he collapsed at his feet. built you, so I up and tuk your part. 'S a good thing I did, too. No tellin' where you'd be by now,' and Tommy shook his tousled head

When he opened his eyes Mr. Collins was bending over him, and was regarding him with a strange look of affection in his eyes. Jimmy looking about, recognized

"Jimmy heaved a deep sigh. His hand slipped to his breast. Ah! It was still there. That locket which his mother had given him so long ago. Tender memories of quiet evenings spent with his dear mother flitted through his mind, as he gazed at the sweet girlish face. the thieves, whom the policemen following the strange chase had captured and safely fettered, and said bravely: "There are the real thieves, Mr. Collins: I know Tommy didn't take the money and now I can prove it."

absurd and its social consequences tone and sound in principle, and utterly catastrophic. Dictatorships that if Irish leaders in industry and are bad in themselves, especially politics would meet and examine the proposal, he believed that they when they masquerade as a system of society. No section of the would adopt it.

community has any authority as from itself, since all authority is from God and resides in those to Mr. Hughes' paper follows: "We are all impressed with the gravity of the social question. More than ever the need for deep theoretic and imprediate for the whom it is delegated for the benefit of humanity as a whole, not thought and immediate action presses on us on account of the in any of its parts. Class rule is unjust in principle and anti-social aggravation of the evils of the in results. Its advocates rely on the theory of the personal superiorindustrial system brought about by the political events of the last few ity of a particular type of person as a pretext for social and political months. Ameliorative measures are being applied and legislative mastery, but the truth is that all types are superior in their own tendencies are ever more liberal, but still matters are steadily going domain proper, and radically inter-dependent. We all want churches from bad to worse until many of our fellow-Christians in Holy for religious ministrations and we land have good reason to envy the prefer to have steeples on them, but dead their security and peace. "Meeting as Catholics at an

fear the typical steeple jack would preach a poor sermon and a famous preacher would fail to earn his annual Conference, we owe it to our self-respect as Christians, but still living at putting up lightning conductors. Community rule in its fullest sense is essential to establish more to the great institution of the universal undying Church resolutely to face those evils which are playing that harmonious relationship be such havoc with our people and to tween the working parts of Society endeavor to produce a solution worthy of our preeminence in dogma and philosophy. "Faith without without which social justice cannot be realized.

and philosophy. "Faith without good works is dead' and if we really believe that the canker in our social WHEN DEMOS IS KING "It will be at once said that we have community rule already Our system is deep-seated and that its effect cannot be ignored, then we new Irish State is adopting adult suffrage and now, if ever, Demos is shall busy ourselves in finding a cure that will go to the root of the king in Ireland. It is true we have the forms of democracy, but have evil and reduce, at least in number and gravity, the material obstacles

we the substantial reality? If Demos were really King, would he be unemployed? It is well to be flattered with the title of a free and to a decent Christian life. "What is wanted is a Social Policy worthy of the Church. I plead for deliberate concerted independent electorate, but even at the best of times thousands of voters action as against a policy of drift, for radical treatment as compared are only free to starve and at the with the doctoring of sores, for informed intellectual effort, in contrast to reliance on the simple Christian conscience. Nothing has mother flitted through his mind, as he gazed at the sweet girlish face, that smiled to him out of the locket. Tommy looked at him and said Mr. Collins. "I have already said Mr. Collins. "I have already said Mr. Collins. "I have already and I intend asking that young for your mother. Wisht I had one of mine. But I never even seen if in addition he lacks clothing, shelter and the fine things of life,

