

HER IRISH HERITAGE

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CHAPTER XVII.

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

"God's goodness has been great to thee!"

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 evening 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 at the garden chair which had been out of doors for some time, as after the double tragedy in the family she had been prostrate for some weeks, and unable for any of her ordinary occupations.

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 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 cared. 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 she first planted it. Ah! Shamus! Shamus!" Footsteps on the gravel walk made her turn her head, hastily brushing aside the tears as she did so.

"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 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 then, after 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 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?"

"No chance at all, I'm afraid," he said. "she never even alluded to such a thing, and then, of course, I did not speak of it either; but Clare told me she is certain that Mary will never return to Dublin."

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 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 see Angel. The pretty room was as 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.

will, and he looked at her in surprise, 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 help it at all.

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

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 their marriage was indeed 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 happier couple in all the "four walls of holy Ireland."

"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.

"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 rise over the trees of the lonely wood opposite the cottage.

"I suppose Clare and Tony are happy now!" said Angel, smiling; "the world forgetting—by the world forgot, sort of thing!"

"We did not forget them, anyhow!" she said. "I hope they got our wire of congratulations all right."

There was silence for a few moments, and then Angel said softly, laying her hands on Mary's.

"And you, Mary? Have you forgotten? Are you content?"

"Forgotten—no!" was the low reply, "but I am trying to be content—trying—oh, Angel! but it's hard sometimes—trying to say—'Welcome be the will of God!'"

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 friend was not following.

Descending the stairs, three at a time, in a feat on which he greatly prided himself, he discovered Jimmy leaning against the door, a box of intense pain on his pinched, little face.

"What's up?" asked Tommy in his abrupt way.

"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.

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 fashionable parts of New York City, and was known as a kind man, who valued truth and honesty more than he did his millions.

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 package on a desk, and left the room. When he was once more on the outside he saw Mr. Collins bending tenderly over Jimmy.

"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 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 motherless 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, constituted their "furniture."

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 in his slow, quiet way. "You know, Tim Sweeney took all the money I 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.

"Gee, Jimmy, that half tastes like more," said Tommy, mischievously 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 'ink I am? A hog?"

"Please take it, Tommy." That had 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 juicy half of an apple I ever et." He was about to go to bed, when Jimmy reminded him of his prey.

"Do not forget Saint Anthony and he'll never forget you," quoted Jimmy, whose mother had so often repeated it to him.

Jimmy often told himself he would never forget his mother's words. He fell to thinking of her. Many times had she spoken to him, with tears in her sad, brown eyes, of his wealthy father; how she, the only child, had married against his will, and as a consequence, had been disinherited. 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 himself as best he could. Somehow, Jimmy never could forget the night his mother died. Terrified he ran 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 touched him on the shoulder. Looking up he saw a policeman, who asked him why he did not go home.

"I was about to say that he had no home, when a voice behind him 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 bully you, so I up and tuk your part. 'S a good thing I did, too, no tellin' where you'd be now," and Tommy shook his tousled head wistfully.

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, that smiled to him out of the locket. Tommy looked at him and said a little wistfully: "Gee, Jimmy, it must be awful nice to have a pitcher of your mother. Wisht I had one of mine. But I never even seen her—"

and the lonely little boy walked over to the window, and looked up towards the starry heavens, where he felt sure his own mother was.

Suddenly they were interrupted by a loud knocking at the door. A policeman, unbidden, opened it, and said in a gruff voice; "Tom McCabe, Mr. Collins wants you immediately," and walking over to Tommy, he grasped him roughly by the arm and fairly carried him from the room. "You stay here," commanded 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."

"Didn't take any what?" asked Jimmy.

"Currants, currants. 'S matter, bens in yer ear? Mr. Collins said I tuk ten thousand currants, and I didn't. Said he'd gimme just twenty-four hours to fin' dem in, I don't even know what the things looks like. Gee whizz!" and poor Tommy, overcome by his emotions, began to cry.

"Godness! Tom, don't be a baby," said Jimmy disgustedly. "You'd be worse 'n a baby."

"Well, then tell me, what is the matter?"

"Currants. For the love Mike, can't you hear nothin'? It's currants I want. Mr. Collins wants 'em."

Jimmy, unable to get anything more out of Tommy than "currants," finally gave up in despair, and resolved to find out in the morning about Tommy's "currants." Meanwhile, he prayed earnestly and fervently to Saint Anthony, "The Finder of Lost Things."

The next morning, however, Mr. Collins was not in his office, and Jimmy walked aimlessly 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.

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, and Jimmy peeping around, saw two men glancing furtively down the street to see if anyone was watching them; then they stepped closer to the curb, so that they were on one side of the pole, while Jimmy was on the other, shielded by the box.

"Lucky for me that there paper kid, Tom McCabe, was in the office, else I would not have got off so easily with this ten thou'!" said the first voice.

"Is it all in currency?"

"Oh, yes, mate. And I got it all right here in this package."

"Don't carry it so careless there, Bill," cautioned his friend.

"Any old time I'd lose this," boasted, "believe me, Jack. I know how to take care of things of this sort."

"Sure you weren't seen?"

"Nope. Old Man Collins puts all the blame on the kid. 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-mouthed, listened to their conversation as one in a dream. He pinched himself hard to see if he were really awake. It hurt. So, this is what you meant by those ten thousand currants. Poor Tom! "Saint Anthony, help us!" prayed 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 man swung out his arm, and the package fell to the ground. Jimmy could hardly believe his eyes. He 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' 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 hear the one man cursing his luck under his breath. He looked back 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.

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 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."

"And I believe you, Jimmy," said Mr. Collins. "I have already sent the office boy after Tommy, and I intend asking that young gentleman's pardon for having doubted his honesty." Then he took something out of his pocket

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rule of the unguided conscience may lead us. Decent feeling and religious habits need to be supplemented by solid study and courageous action to make good against 'big business,' and help will be needed from all men and women of goodwill. I deny absolutely that the social question is a matter for the working class alone; it concerns everyone outside Trade Union ranks as well 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 social justice, he will need plenty of help 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 order on scientific lines. Without disparagement to other forms of charitable effort, it seems evident that such voluntary help in the way of social study would rank high as an exercise of charity.

SUGGESTED REMEDIES

"For the social diseases complained of there are all sorts of 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 system more bearable, not in attempting to alter it. The most thorough-going and consistent plan for recasting the social system that has been launched on the world is the doctrine of Karl Marx, the basis of modern Communism. From Marx to Trotsky Jewish Socialist, thought is in possession of the ground and by dint of propaganda and the absence of serious competition the ideas they are responsible for originating have come to dominate socialist and labor thought of the world over, including this country of ours. There is only a difference of degree between the countries of the world as to the extent of the Marxian triumph. Looking coldly at the net effects of the complete triumph in Russia, we can see plainly the terrible significance of this position for the workers and thought in general. The proletariat of Russia has exchanged the frying pan for the fire, one set of tyrants for another more merciless and more sinister.

If the ultimate objective of organized labor can be defined as the attainment of the welfare and happiness 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 absurd and its social consequences utterly catastrophic. Dictatorships are bad in themselves, especially when they masquerade as a system of society. No section of the community has any authority as from its position. Authority is from God and resides in those to whom it is delegated for the benefit of humanity as a whole, not in any of its parts. Class rule is unjust in principle and anti-social in results. Its advocates rely on the theory of the personal superiority of a particular type of person as a pretext for social and political mastery, but the truth is that all types are superior in their own domain proper, and radically interdependent. We all want churches for religious ministrations and we prefer to have steeples on them, but I fear the typical steeples which would preach a poor sermon and a famous preacher would fail to earn his living at putting up lightning conductors. Community rule in its fullest sense is essential to establish that harmonious relationship between the working parts of Society without which social justice cannot be realized.

WHEN DEMOS IS KING  
It will be at once said that we have community rule already. Our new Irish State is adopting adult suffrage and now, if ever, Demos is king in Ireland. It is true we have the forms of democracy, but have 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 independent electorate, but even at the best of times thousands of voters are only free to starve and at the present day, there are hundreds of thousands in that position. A hungry monarch lacks dignity and if in addition he lacks clothing, shelter and the finer things of life, we can safely conclude he is only a king "pour rire." When we further reflect that these conditions are world-wide, we see plainly that the mere extension of the franchise does not secure social justice for

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