

Dempsey sobs representing the sentiments of the audience over the lot of the latter. Next the saviors of humanity (Marks, Bebel and the irilk,) were made to appear on the scene. The Materialistic Concept of History was expounded, and every other system of social betterment knocked into a cocked hat. Then, after predicting and depicting the socialistic millenium, with applause in the shape of a few exclamations from Mrs. Dempsey, Mike tottered off to his room, and fell into bed and asleep in the same act.

During this fiery harangue, a little girl lay in her snow-white cot, in an adjoining room, her lips moving in prayer. Awakened by her fathers noisy entrance, and terrified by his loud talking, Nora had begun to say the Rosary, the last few grains of the fifth decade passing through her fingers towards the end of the speech. Nora was going on ten. She would make her First Holy Communion next Thursday. She also confidently expected her fathers conversion on this same happy day. Her teacher, Sisters Camilla, has suggested making a novena to Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament in that intention, and it was now the fifth day.

Her Rosary finished, Nora lay awake, with her eyes fixed on a picture of Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament dimly discernable on the wall at the foot of her cot. That loving Mother, her right hand pointing to the chalice carried by the Child Jesus, seemed to say "Yes little one your father will be converted on the occasion of your first reception of the Body and Blood of my Son".

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"Are you tired pet?"

"Yes Papa."

"Well sit up here on my knee."

The speakers were Mike and Nora, in a crowded street car, returning from the suburbs.