

of some kindly neighbor who was touched by the poor creature's weary waiting for the letter that never came, and thought it no harm to say something which might cheer them up and prevent their hope from dying out. As they were watching for the postman on this particular St. Patrick's morning, the old man suddenly clutched his wife's arm as he exclaimed:

"Look! Look! Kitty! There he is!"

With palpitating hearts they watched him come along hoping he would turn up their barren with the long expected letter. For a moment it seemed as if he would, for he looked anxiously in their direction (he knew the poor things were always watching for him) and made a faint of going through his letters. But when he shook his head and walked on their hearts sank and hand in hand they turned dejectedly to their lonely hearth. Mutely they sat with bowed heads gazing with unseeing eyes into the fire. At last the man spoke: "Kitty, I'm thinking it must be dead poor Paddy is. Sure it's not letting Patrick's Day pass without writin' a line home he'd be, if he was alive to do it."

"God is good, Liam," she answered. "Maybe we'd hear from him yet."

But though her words were cheery, she was wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron.

On that very day, however, the little messenger from Erin wrought its magic spell, and soon the letter was speeding over the sea which was to bring joy to their weary hearts.

A week later the postman came up the barren with no lagging footsteps waving a letter triumphantly in his hand. They ran to meet him.

"A letter from Paddy," said Kitty, in a scream of delight, as she pressed the missive to her heart. "Thanks be to God," said her husband raising his eyes to heaven.

And that letter but the precursor of many which brought them gladness to the very end of life.

CHAPTER III

"Must have been dropped by one of the servants," said David Langdon as he pried up a piece of shamrock from the leaf of a book from his luxurious furnished library. "I remember Letitia told me that the new parlor maid was Irish. I suppose it must have been she. Ah! well! well!"

And forgetting all about the book on mining which he had come to consult, he threw himself into an easy chair and gazed contemplatively at the little bit of trefoil which he kept on fingering.

David Langdon was a man of immense wealth as everything about him proclaimed. From the palatial mansion in which he lived, to the priceless diamond which flashed on his finger. He was rather a mysterious figure in New York. Nobody seemed to know anything about him except the fact that he was a self made man, and had made his fortune in mining. He seemed to have no relations or connections, except his wife's. She had been a celebrated New York beauty—"a penniless lass with a long pedigree." People said that she married him for his money, and that the love was all on his side. Whether that was the case or not she made him a most proper wife, though she often wished that she was less cold and haughty. Though she was now getting on in years her features were still handsome, but their beauty was somewhat marred by their proud expression, and her husband was still her lover though he stood not a little in awe of her.

As he now inclined in his luxurious chair, gazing at the little shamrock spray, memories of days long past came back with such overwhelming force that he could not choose but think of them. No longer did he see the picture-covered walls of his magnificent mansion, but a little Irish cabin perched on a green hillside. And no longer was he himself David Langdon, the famous millionaire, but a small boy called Davy Langan, running barefooted about the self-same cabin. But the picture which came most vividly before his mental vision was that of his parents, whose existence he had utterly ignored since he had become the husband of one of the haughtiest, though most beautiful women of the States. It would not do to let her know that he came of such humble stock, so he severed all connection with home and country and relegated them both to the limbo of forgotten things. But the little shamrock now told him all about them in a voice so small and still, but so marvellously penetrating that it seemed to vibrate through his whole being.

He seemed to hear again his mother's voice as he said "Good-bye" to her at the railway station.

"God bless you, my own Davy, and God be with you wherever you go," she said, as she folded him to her heart in a last embrace.

And he saw, too, his father's pathetic figure as he stood in deep thoughtless demonstrative grief on the platform, gazing wistfully after the train which was bearing his boy away from him.

How often had he accompanied them to early Mass on St. Patrick's Day, running before them in childish glee to pick up every bright shamrock sprig which caught his eye, and decorating his little coat with his green trophies. What a happy little lad he was then, and how kind and loving his parents were. But, alas! how had he treated them! And how were they now, or were they still in the land of the living?

The shamrock seemed to look at him with accusing eyes, and to shout

in his ear: "Go home! Go home and see!"

That very evening he told his wife, Letitia, that it would be necessary for him to go on urgent business to Europe the following day, and as there would not be sufficient time for her to prepare for the journey, that he would be obliged to leave her behind on this occasion. Letitia was secretly glad of the arrangement, for she disliked the discomforts of a sea voyage in cold weather.

The next day David Langdon boarded an Atlantic liner which was bound for Queenstown. A little more than a week later a well-dressed man alighted at a railway station in the West of Ireland in the late afternoon. He at once proceeded to the best hotel in the town, and after dinner walked along the road which led to the country and in the direction of a small village which lay a few miles from the town. He seemed to know his bearings thoroughly, for he never once paused to make inquiries of anyone as to his route. When he neared the village he stopped for some minutes and contemplated the scene before him, which seemed to affect him strangely. "Hardly a change in the whole place," he said to himself. "Seems to have remained stationary since I left five and twenty years ago. But I can hardly expect to find the people unchanged, too. I suppose most of them are dead, but I hope not my old folks." The shades of night were now falling and lights began to twinkle in the little windows. There were only a few people about—boys on their way to visit at neighbors' houses—and these looked curiously at the well-dressed stranger, as if they wondered what such as he could be doing in their native village.

"Looks like a Yank," said one.

"He's hardly one," answered another, "because we haven't heard of anyone comin' home."

"I'm thinkin' he must be one of those tourist people," said a companion. "They often come, you know, to have a look at the old castle on the hill beyond, though it's rather early in the year for them yet."

Unaware of these comments concerning him David Langdon—for it was he—made his way to the little cabin at the far end of the village where he was born. He noticed as he neared it that it was much more dilapidated looking than he remembered it, and that the small garden in front showed signs of neglect.

The flickering firelight shone through the uncurtained window of the small kitchen, and he resolved to have a peep into the interior before knocking at the door. A murmur of voices reached him as he walked towards it, and when he looked in he saw his parents—how grey and thin and withered they had grown—on their knees saying the Rosary, just as he remembered in the olden days. When they had finished it the old man prayed:

"An' may God bless an' prosper our Davy, the crature, wherever he is; an' if he is dead may God give him the light an' the glory of heaven."

"Amen!" answered his wife in a quivering voice, "God bless again an' again our Davy."

"Davy," with a well of emotion stirring in his heart, stood stock-still gazing through the window like one spellbound.

When they had finished their prayers they sat each on a three-legged stool by the hearth.

"Mary," said the old man in a weak trembling voice, "I'm wonderin' what we'll be doin' at all, at all. I'm not strong enough to till the little garden this spring. I'm afraid it's to the work-house we'll have to be goin'."

"Don't say that, Tom avourneen," she answered. "Sure, God is good, an' I haven't told you that I was dhramin' about our Davy last night. Didn't I dhrame that he came home from Ameriky an' that he walked in the door to us, a great, rich man wid o' power o' money."

"Sure them dhrames is all nonsense, Mary. Don't be for mindin' them. Anyways they go by contraries and that would mean that our Davy—"

Here he was interrupted by the lifting of the latch and the entrance of a man fashionably and richly dressed, who clasped them both to his heart as he said:

"No, father; dreams don't always go by contraries, for here's your own Davy come back a rich man to make you both happy to the end of your lives. Thank God, he's not too late!" And to the last day of his life David Langdon thanked God for the finding of that little bit of shamrock on St. Patrick's Day, which reminded him so forcibly of home and friends and impelled him to do his long-neglected duty.

The old grandmother who had sent the shamrocks across the sea would have been well pleased had she known the magic they had wrought in Irish hearts.

As for the other shamrocks in her box—by far the larger number—they were all worn over true and loyal hearts which had never wavered in their allegiance to home and country and thank God, they, too, are in the overwhelming majority.

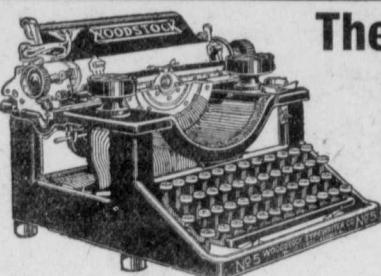
Nothing in life has any meaning except as it draws us further into God, and grasps us more closely to Him. The word is no better than a complication of awkward riddles, or a gloomy storehouse of disquieting mysteries, unless we look at it by the light of this simple truth, that the Eternal God is the last and only end of every soul of man.—Fr. Faber.

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JIM was a lineman before the war. It was difficult to find a uniform broad enough across the shoulders for him when he "joined up" in 1914.

Jim found army discipline hard at first, but picked up the "war business" very quickly. He was one of the first of the "trench raiders," a Canadian contribution to the art of warfare. Jim seemed to bear a charmed life. Time after time in the dead of night Jim jumped into a German trench, spreading fear and disaster, and returned safe and sound.

But one fell night his luck gave out. He stepped into a stream of machine gun bullets. When consciousness came to him again, far in the rear of our lines, he was horrified to find his right leg missing.

During the ensuing months Jim's progress was—Clearing Station—Boulogne—"Blighty" and Home—Canada!

The shock of the operation left Jim pretty weak for a time. He was content to sit idly in a chair in the sun. But this grew tiresome after a bit. When he began to think about

getting back to work he realized that a line-man with an artificial leg was rather impractical. That was his trade. He had spent years at it. And now he was barred from following it.

At this critical juncture, the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment came forward and with knowledge and experience pointed the way out.

After long and earnest discussion, it was mutually decided that the nearest thing to his old trade was that of a telegrapher despatcher. If Jim couldn't any more string wires on

the poles he could learn to send the messages over the wire that the other fellow put up. So under the direction of the D.S.C.R., telegraph instructor Jim studied and perfected himself as an operator. This accomplished, the D.S.C.R. quickly found him a position.

Jim is all right now. He's contented as only a man who works can be contented. He is earning more money than before. His enthusiasm is high for the D.S.C.R., which gave him the training whereby he is again an independent and prosperous citizen. After all, it was for Canada that Jim fought and suffered—and Canada is only too eager to repay Jim and every man impaired in body or health through service to his country.

The record of the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment contains endless details in the matter of re-training ex-soldiers—a disabled farm laborer is now a machinist; a carpenter who lost four fingers on his right hand is now a draughtsman at a good salary; a former plasterer is now a printer. So it goes—a long and interesting record of men

deprived of limbs or impaired in health—equipped with training and knowledge, now following new and suitable trades.

This great nation-wide organization of the D.S.C.R. requires a considerable expenditure. To meet its expenses a part of the Victory Loan 1919 is to be used. But its maintenance, until every disabled ex-soldier is fitted with a vocation enabling him to earn for himself an adequate and independent living, is one of the most sacred obligations that Canada has to discharge. Support to the limit of your ability—the

Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment	
Brief summary of the work to August 31st, 1919.	
VOCATIONAL	
Total number of retraining courses undertaken.....	17,449
Variety of occupations taught.....	260
Total number of men now in training.....	11,494
Total number of graduates.....	5,955
Percentage of re-trained men placed in civil occupations.....	80.20%
Sick.....	3.23%
Discharged.....	8.37%
Unemployed.....	5.74%
	100.00%
MEDICAL	
Number of amputation cases fitted with free artificial limbs.....	3,744
Pairs of orthopedic boots supplied free.....	2,941
Number of amputation and orthopedic cases given free service.....	14,148
Number of tubercular patients treated.....	3,909
" " restored to gainful work.....	2,932
Average number of men receiving free medical attention per week.....	5,129
INFORMATION AND SERVICE	
Total number of applications for employment.....	68,673
" " placed in employment.....	81,278
" " enquiries answered re soldiers' benefits.....	245,103

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