

Mr. Leahy, M.P., said that a reduction of ten per cent. would be a ten-pound note to a man who paid £100, which would be a matter of no importance. Anything less than 25 per cent. would not be acceptable.

Mr. J. Minchin gave some particulars showing the state of distress existing in the district not only among his Grace's tenants, but among the tenants on neighbouring estates. He was largely engaged in the corn trade, and had supplied the farmers in the locality, some of whom were still indebted for the seed supplied to them for the last two or three years. Last year he had not received in cash one-half of the amount of the seed supplied. As illustrating the state of the country, he might mention that the county court judge was giving lengthened periods for payment. To one man who owed for three years' seed he gave two years to pay the amount in instalments of £2 a quarter. He wished to add that this action had been taken by the tenantry entirely of their own motion, and altogether independently of the Land League, with which this particular movement was not in any way connected.

Mr. Duncan said that if his Grace was not prepared to give an immediate answer they would retire and return again in an hour or two.

The Duke of Leinster said that he should like to have a longer time to consider the matter, but he would let them know his final decision early in the week.

The deputation thanked his Grace and retired.

Naas, Tuesday.

To-day, at a meeting held in the Town Hall, Athy, of the Athy tenants of the Duke of Leinster, a resolution was passed accepting his Grace's offer of a reduction of 20 per cent. on the half-year's rent.

THE LADIES' LAND LEAGUE.

(From the Kerry *Sentinel*.)

The three L's will soon occupy as prominent a position in the present agitation as did the three F's. The under-named ladies of Brosna, having written to Miss Fanny Parnell on the above subject, have received this reply we append:—

Bordentown, New Jersey, Nov. 27th, 1880.

Miss Minnie O'Carroll, Miss Nellie O'Carroll, Miss Mary O'Carroll—Ladies—Your extremely patriotic letter has been forwarded to me here from the New York Hotel. I feel the utmost pleasure and gratification at its contents, and take much pride in learning that my feeble appeal to Irish-American ladies published in the papers here has reached Ireland, and gained me the pleasure of reading such a letter from my countrywomen. The Women's Land League, formed here six weeks ago, has been amazingly successful, and branches of it are spreading like wildfire all over America. I trust that after you have established your League, it may have a similar success. If the Government imprisons all the members of the men's Land League, then let the women's Land League come to the front, and carry on the battle. All that will be necessary for you to do will be to send letters or postal cards to all the ladies you know of, who you think would be willing to join your League, asking them in turn to act as recruiting sergeants, and invite all the ladies they know. If you have a patriotic local paper you should get a call to the women of Ireland published in it, stating the objects of your League, and inviting all to join. You, ladies, can employ with tremendous effect the weapon of "social ostracism," which is used in the Irish Land League. Shun as if they were criminals all men and women who buy crops or stocks that have been seized for non-payment of rent, or who take farms from which other farmers have been evicted for non-payment of rack-rents; at the same time set your faces steadily against murders and outrages of all kinds. Every time a landlord or an agent or a farmer who grabs land from his neighbour is shot in Ireland, it hurts the Land League, diminishes its influence, and diminishes the sympathy felt in America for Ireland, and the flow of money that goes on from America to the Land League; besides which it gives the Irish a bad name they do not deserve. As women, you can do much good in preventing foolish crimes, which are not necessary, and injure our cause. After you have got a sufficient number of ladies together to begin with, fix your entrance fee at whatever you think the ladies can afford, whether one shilling or sixpence per year, and one penny a week if you can. Forward all money you collect to Mr. Patrick Egan, treasurer of the Dublin Land League, and ask to have your remittances acknowledged in the *Nation*, to encourage other ladies to join. I enclose the circular of our Land League. Hoping to hear again from you and of you—I remain sincerely yours,
FANNY PARNELL.

(FROM THE CORK EXAMINER.)

A ladies' branch of the Land League was formed in Kanturk during last week, and a president, treasurer, secretary, and executive committee appointed. The probable result will be that Conservative bachelors may find themselves "Boycotted" in the quarters they should least expect.

The Ladies' Land League, organised in New York only a few weeks ago by Miss Fanny Parnell, has already been the means of raising over 1000 dolrs. Good for the ladies.

At one of the sessional divisions of Dorsetshire, a certain well-known tradesman was last week summoned for "killing and taking" a pheasant. He was defended by the George Lewis of the neighbourhood, and acquitted, the magistrate remarking that it was disgraceful to subject a respectable man to such a prosecution. So delighted was the defendant at the result, that he insisted on his advocate dining with him. In due course a pheasant was put on the table, and it was pronounced to be a most excellent bird. "Yes," said the host, "this is the bird which it has been clearly proved to day I did not kill or take."—*London Truth*.

Poets Corner.

AFTER THE FEAST.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

The bells chime softly in the gloom;
The guests are gone; the fire is low;
I wait within the echoing room
To greet mine own before I go.
Mine own for whom, beside the board,
To-day no empty chair was set;
For whom the silent pledge was poured
While trembling tears the eyelids wet.

No foot-fall echoes on the stair,
No shadow fall across the light,
No whisper fills the happy air
With the lost music of delight,
Yet all my restless thoughts are stilled,
And, waiting by the hearth alone,
My longing heart is warmed and filled
With the dear presence of its own.

Beloved faces, faintly set,
In halos of my tenderest thought,
Immortal eyes, whose radiance yet
With yearning human love is fraught,
Dear lips, whose kisses, sweet and slow,
Drop, like a balm, on mortal pain,
Dear hands whose every touch I know,
Yet may not hope to clasp again.

I know not to what clearer height,
In that sweet heaven, their thought has grown,
Or what new fountain of delight,
Untasted here, their souls have known;
But since through changing years I keep
Their precious memory green and fair,
I cannot deem that love can sleep,
Or cease its tender vigils there.

O unforgetting souls, that swell
The swift, exulting host above,
Where face to face with Him ye dwell
Whose endless years are endless love.
To-night, by some celestial air,
The cloudy curtain wide is blown:
Guests of my heart, but grown more fair,
I see you, greet you, claim mine own!

—*Christian Union*.

WAKING UP THE BABY.

JUST at dusk the other dismal day three children, the eldest of whom did not seem to be over ten years old, were huddled together on the rickety steps of an old house on Beaubien street. A pedestrian peeped over their heads to read the number on the door, and the children looked so frightened that he asked:—

"Children, where are your father and mother?"

"Father's been gone way off for ever so long, and mother goes out to wash and has not got home yet," said the eldest, a girl.

"And you are all alone?"

"Yes, sir, but baby is in on the bed. He's been asleep an awful long time, and we can't wake him up. If we could we'd play hide and seek and let him find us."

"Is the baby sick?" inquired the man.

"We don't know, sir; but we can't wake him up. I touched him and touched him, and Charlie he tickled his feet, but little Sandy never moved once. I guess he is awful sleepy. Don't you think you could wake him up?"

"I'll try," replied the man, as he went in, and when the girl had lighted the lamp he followed her into a bedroom where there was neither carpet nor furniture. Pushed back against the broken wall was a poor old tick and a single quilt. He bent over her to look at the child, and the first glance showed him that little Sandy was dead. On the window-sill were some pieces of bread and a cup of milk which the children intended to feed him. The dead child's hand clasped a rag doll made of an old calico apron, and its thin little feet and pale face were evidences that it had known sickness and hunger throughout its brief life. While the children waited for him to open his eyes and romp with them and drive the gloom out of the house, the angels had whispered to him and his eyes had unclosed to behold the splendours of heaven.

"Won't he wake up?" asked one of the children, standing back in the shadow.

"Children, you must not come in here until your mother comes!" he said as he left the room.

"Won't he be afraid to wake up in the dark?" they asked.

"He will sleep a long time yet!" he whispered, not daring to tell them the truth, and as he went out they put the light on the bedroom floor, that little Sandy might not find the darkness around him when his sleep was ended. Poor things! They knew not and they could not see the crown of glory on the dead child's brow—a crown whose light all the shadows on earth can never darken in the least.—*Detroit Free Press*.