

verisimilitude, it may be safely affirmed that there are comparatively few in Ireland and scarcely a handful in Britain, who can yet see in their true perspective the long train of events which brought a degenerate Parliamentarianism to its doom, and necessitated and justified the Irish Revolution of 1916-21. The time has come when the attempt can be made at all events without unworthy heat, to imitate the triennial custom of the ancient Parliament of Tara and "to purge our contemporary annals of all false and spurious relations." He that is but flesh cannot always hope to preserve a spirit of heavenly detachment while he brings to light the system of suppression and persecution from which his friends and himself suffered during a considerable space of their lives, without any hope of redress or even of an honest hearing. But the protagonists on all sides have by this time passed from the arena of Irish public life. For the personal part of the injury, events have already made generous atonement to ourselves. No tongue, however unclean—no pen, however obscure—is likely henceforth to repeat the accusations which, to the ruin of the country and of our accusers, bewildered the older generation now passing to its account. Nobody of sense will repine if *sic vos non vobis mellificatis, apes* is the decree of Fate for all the pioneers; what matters is that the honey should be hived if it were only to give to the life of this poor world some taste of sweetness. The young Harmodiuses of the Revolution are, doubtless, still easier in their minds as to their own part of the vilification and of the vindication. But these, after all, are matters of stern historic truth. What remains is that the coming men with whom must lie the making or marring of the nation their valor has called into being should not grow up in piteous ignorance of the deceit which, for their predecessors, placed the events of the early twentieth century in a light so grotesquely the reverse of the truth that the falsification might well pass for some Satanic practical joke at the expense of a whole people. The primary appeal of this book is to the increasing company of scholars, thinkers, and students for whom the truthfulness of her History is the most sacred charge of a nation. They have only—it is submitted with some confidence—to scrutinise the facts and documents herein presented, to be in a position to furnish the youth who will be the architects of our future with the means of demolishing for themselves the edifice of topsy-turvy falsehood which has hitherto been accepted as our contemporary history, but which will be found to crumble at the first touch of honest investigation. Assuredly it shall be the fault of the writer, if the narrative do not prove to be one of fascinating human interest, as well as paying a long overdue debt of truth and justice to the History of our times.

(To be continued.)

### A A Wedding Bells A A

McCOOL—BURKE.

The wedding was solemnised on November 28, at St. Patrick's Church, Palmerston North, at a Nuptial Mass celebrated by Rev. Father McManus, assisted by Rev. Father Doolaghty, of John, second son of Mr. and Mrs. A. McCool, "Raukawa," Ashhurst, and Mary Kathleen, only child of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Burke, Palmerston North. During Mass Gounod's "Ave Maria" was beautifully sung by Miss Violet Bartlett. The church was nicely decorated by girl friends of the bride. The bride, who entered the church on the arm of her father, was daintily attired in a wedding gown of maize colored georgette over white satin, trimmed with beautiful radium lace, wore the usual veil and orange blossoms, and carried a lovely bouquet of roses, maiden-hair and asparagus fern. She was attended by three bridesmaids—Miss Rosie Burke (cousin of the bride) and Julia McCool (sister of the bridegroom), who wore frocks of salmon pink morocain with stockings to match, black suede shoes and large black hats, and little Minnie Prendergast, who wore mauve georgette over silk, with stockings to match, black suede, shoes, and large black hat. All carried posies of sweet peas and maiden-hair fern. Mr. Alex. McCool was best man, and Mr. John Tierney

groomsman. After the ceremony the guests, numbering over 60, were entertained at Collinson and Cunningham's tea rooms, and were received by the bride's parents. The presents were numerous and costly, including a valuable present from the members of St. Patrick's Choir, of which the bride has been a member. The newly-wedded couple left later for Wellington, the bride travelling in a smart navy costume with hat to match. Mr. and Mrs. McCool's future home will be at Waipawa, Hawke's Bay.

## A Complete Story

### The Price

(ANNA CECILIA DOYLE, in *Catholic Progress*.)

There was a shade of condescension in Lina Gilson's greeting of her one-time friend and confidant, but Netta Casserley did not let it affect in the least her very apparent pleasure in their accidental meeting. Since the parting of their ways there had come to the one fame and the worldly advantages incident to the career of a popular novelist, to the other only the lesser triumphs of the lowlier worker in the same field.

But for the attainment of her ambition Lina had sacrificed that which was the breath of life to Netta, so there was no envy of the successful one's tasteful elegance in the clear eyes of the plainly clad young toiler. She broke into Lina's correctly conventional phrases of delight at their meeting with a breathless intensity of expression which elevated the eyebrows of her quondam friend.

"I consider it nothing short of a miracle that we should have met like this. I have been thinking of you all morning, wanting—indeed praying to see you."

"Praying?" Lina laughed.

A shade fell on the brightness of the face before her, but the brave eyes that looked into her cynical ones were reproachful and—was it possible?—a bit compassionate.

"My prayer has been answered, you see. What made me think of you was this: I have been interested for some time in a young girl at the Mercy Rescue Home, and yesterday she told me the story of her life."

A flush came into Netta's pale cheeks and she hesitated as if seeking inspiration for her next words. Lina waited, puzzled, distrustful.

"It is a story that I would give years of my life to have you hear. You—you—there is material in it that would be of infinite value to you."

Lina's rather soulless laugh rang out.

"You were always impulsive, Netta, and time has not improved you. But why not utilise this rich find yourself? Why this passionate desire to hand over to one consigned to the inner circle of God-forsaken sinners, this sacred history of a rescued soul? It might prove edifying to some of your pious admirers."

"It is too big for me," Netta said simply. "You alone could bring to it the genius to comprehend its lights and shades. I hope with all my heart that you will not let the opportunity pass."

Something in Netta's eyes haunted Lina for hours. It would give her no peace. The strangeness of Netta's words—"a story that I would give years of my life to have you hear—that would be of infinite value to you"—came between her and her work. She could not read for puzzling over them. Could this terrible earnestness of utterance be a natural outgrowth of Netta's school-girl intensity?

To be rid of the irritation of the incident she decided to visit this girl at the Rescue Home—her story, she told herself, would doubtless prove commonplace enough. She arrived late in the afternoon but, as a friend of Miss Casserley, was admitted. The young woman she sought was in the infirmary.

When Lina looked down at the white face upon the pillow, she was startled at its wonderful beauty. Even before the great eyes opened she knew that they were very sorrowful. It was indeed Sadness itself that looked out of their dark depths. She could see that they had been sweet and bright and happy, but they would never

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