

such a sacrifice to you. Yesterday I feared that you had grown accustomed to it."

"Oh, would that I had!" cried Nora bitterly. "Would that it were no longer a sacrifice, and that I could forget everything from the first to the last. . . After all, I've a deal to make me happy: riches, admiration, and, as people say, beauty, all that which, in short, makes life pleasant. Why do I go on clinging to the old thought I should like to forget? And now, you have come too, to renew the combat! I wanted to ask you not to come, and to leave me to my fate. Oh, why did I not follow my first inspiration? Let me go my own way. As it is, nothing can be done, and I shall be perhaps less unhappy if left alone. Why, oh why did you come?"

She spoke with dreadful agitation—this poor, unhappy girl—rapidly, harshly, almost repellingly.

"Why did I come?" said the chaplain. "Simply in order to keep the promise I once gave your dying mother—that I would stand by her child so long as it lay in my power. Would to God I had been with you, and could have advised you at that moment in which you took a step which has brought so much misery upon you and upon others."

"Others! Who has been made miserable by any step of mine, I should like to know?" Nora interrupted him in a querulous tone. "Others have given up, without a pang, that which they had loved; have forgotten, and they now despise, her who evidently does not seem worthy of pity in their sight."

"We have never the right to judge others as to the amount of their sufferings," said the chaplain quietly, "for no one can tell the bitterness which may fill another's heart. Perhaps he was mistaken in you, as you are mistaken in him. Perhaps all this has taken place in order to lead you more surely—although differently than you had hoped—to the same great end."

"Oh no; I shall never reach that end now!" she cried bitterly.

"Not, perhaps, to the earthly one we had hoped for, but to the one to which all roads may lead; and, indeed, child, I think that God Himself is leading you by the hand; for His ways are always inaugurated by some great sacrifice, such as you seem to have made."

"Do you really think," she asked with a touch of satire, "that the road I have now chosen brings me so much nearer to the goal?"

"There exists no position we cannot sanctify," said the chaplain, always in the same quiet manner. "The greater the temptation the greater the glory of not succumbing."

"And do you imagine it so easy to conquer a great temptation?" she answered passionately. "Look there!" and she scattered about the tiny *billets-doux* which lay on the table, the very appearance of which was suspicious. "Look there!" and she petulantly brushed the wreaths and the bouquets which had been placed about the room. "Do you think all that makes no impression in the long run? That it does not steal into one's mind, coax itself into one's heart, and bewitch one by degrees? Do you believe that we can hear for ever the loud and enthusiastic applause resounding in our ears, and remain for ever passive

and indifferent to it? Particularly when one knows that there is no other happiness in store for one. . . Since the last anchor is broken, since I know that he despises me, my heart yearns after compensation, and wants to taste at least of those joys the world

can offer. Oh, I feel it! I feel that I shall succumb. After all, I am not different from others. I shall learn to love and enjoy life as thousands better than I have done before me, as thousands will do after me."

(To be continued.)

The Irish Revolution and How It Came About

(By William O'Brien)

CHAPTER XXIX. —Continued

By the spring of 1920 the Prime Minister who in July, 1919, had mistaken for the white flag of a beaten man, Mr. de Valera's offer of peace while he had still an undisputed power to enforce it, was casting about for negotiations upon more ignominious terms with Archbishop Clune, an Australian Prelate who, with the usual clumsiness of England's dealings with Ireland, was eagerly welcomed to Dublin Castle by way of administering another snub to his more authoritative colleague of Melbourne, all this time held in close custody in London, far from his native land and from consultation with the Sinn Féin chiefs with whom his word was law. Was the voice of Wisdom, which sitteth by the throne, to be heard even then? The concessions announced to Archbishop Clune were, it is certain, the same in substance as those embodied in the Treaty signed in Downing Street in December, 1921, after eighteen further months of official brutalities which were wholly unavailing except that they most dangerously increased the power of the military chiefs of the I.R.A. as the arbiters between peace and war. It was to be "Canadian Home Rule" under precisely the same conditions of a Canada robbed of its richest province and coerced into an Imperial tribute, which was the best Mr. Griffith and General Collins could obtain for Ireland in the Treaty of Downing Street. The one difference of any moment between the two offers was that Mr. Lloyd George still held out for the surrender of their arms by the I.R.A. as an indispensable preliminary. For the sake of saving Sir Hamar Greenwood's face by this paltry satisfaction, the chance of an agreement then and there which the *pur sang* Republicans were not yet strong enough to forbid was once more madly sacrificed. Sir Hamar Greenwood's face was not saved, because the condition then insisted upon was after another year of wanton bloodshed ignominiously dropped. The only result British statesmanship had to show for itself was that it arrayed the entire Irish race at the back of the Irish Republican Army in their refusal to surrender the arms by which they had brought Mr. Lloyd George to reason, and by which alone they could make sure he would not undergo a further sea-change before the bargain was honestly through, if he found himself negotiating with a disarmed nation. Another of the few remaining books of the Cumaeum Sibyl was cast to the winds.

On went the war with immeasurable loss of blood and credit on both sides, and with ever multiplying obstacles to that enduring peace which Ireland had gone on petitioning for until her soul was sick. It was the unsundered arms that in the long run did it. It would, of course, be nonsense to

say the English armies were driven out of the country by the phantom levies of the I.R.A. The *guerilla* bands were nowhere able to meet in battle-array the exultant legions just returned from their dazzling victories on the Continent, but it is no less true that the I.R.A. achieved the still more amazing military feat of cutting up that tremendous English army of a hundred thousand men into helpless fragments, isolating them, torturing them and getting upon their nerves in small surprises by night and day until it grew to be the one desperate longing of that host of heroes to get their orders for England.

Heaven defend me from doing any wilful injustice to Mr. Lloyd George, if only because he is a cousin Celt in qualities and defects alike, and there is a call of the blood which thrilled the whole Celtic breed with pride at the sight of the dauntless little Welsh country practitioner bestriding the narrow world like a Colossus, as for memorable years he did. It will not do to dismiss him as "a turncoat from Home Rule," as did one of the Hibernian leaders who had been for years swinging an abject censor before his altar. If Mr. Lloyd George swapped Home Rule for Partition, so did Mr. Asquith and the rest of his "Home Rule Cabinet"; so did the Hibernian Party themselves, without a single exception. They were "turncoats" all, or none. My own conviction has been already avowed that had he occupied Mr. Asquith's place, with Mr. Asquith's majority, and did Parnell's spirit still animate the Irish Party, Mr. Lloyd George would have developed the clear sightedness and imagination to carry a great Home Rule Act without any serious dissent from Ulster. He would have understood the Irish aversion to Partition as he would have died in the slopes of shadowy Snowdon rather than submit, had the since Disestablished Church of Wales (a minority proportionately more considerable than that of Unionist Ulster in Ireland) proposed by way of compromise to cut up his own high-spirited little country into two provinces of Church-goers and Chapel-goers at eternal enmity. But now that "the Act on the Statute-book" with Ireland's own privity, was changed from a Home Rule Act to a Partition Act, Mr. Lloyd George, for whom there was no absolute truth in politics, but only a relative truth adjustable according to the reports of his Party whips, felt it a duty to try whether, as he was noisily assured from Dublin Castle, a Black-and-Tan settlement on that basis might not be the line of least resistance. The Black-and-Tans, the Whips now began to report, were not a success either in dragooning Ireland or in comforting the conscience of

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