

roundings from a totally opposite standpoint to his son's. Reggy liked them because they were so utterly un-English; his father because he felt stirred by a mission to make them as English as his own flesh and blood. The young Guardsman was of the type of Norman invaders who had to be restrained by statute from adopting the wild Irish dress and marrying an Irish wife. The native faults of character which inspired the father with the ambition of reforming them, rather disposed the son to imitate them. He fretted under the sense of his own taciturnity and poverty of mental landscape. He envied this people, their imaginativeness, their recklessness, their elegant laziness, their power of dining on National aspirations and supping divinely on an evening prayer. He only wished he could be as nimble of wit and lazy of limb as the most incorrigible of them. His father, on the other hand, could not see why they might not become as methodical and practical and as much attached to the grindstone for the grindstone's sake as he was himself. The two impressions only differed from the point of view. The Englishman, as a social animal, is the most diffident of men; the Englishman of Commerce the most indomitable. The young Guardsman, it must be confessed, only saw the outer rind of things. Joshua Neville could not in the least understand why Glengariff should not be in its kind as thriving a place as the Black Country; scenery, of course, had no chance in the market against coal and iron; but he had known no end of good strokes made in scenery, and with an inferior article, too, to that which a Glengariff prospectus could put on the market. What gold diggings that ugly blotch of mud which the Liverpoolians take for the seashore had been turned into! And there were lots of things to be done with Glengariff besides floating a Casino. He had satisfied himself by personal investigation (as well as out of the pages of Thom's Almanac) that the district was singularly rich in mineral wealth, and that the coast was teeming with fishes running about in vain importuning the natives to catch them. It gave Joshua Neville genuine personal pain that this should be so. Curiously enough, it was not without a certain subtle sense of national self-satisfaction as well that he devoted himself to noting down the hundred-and-one things which might be done with the Glengariff country, and were not. He developed as keen a relish for investigating the economic eccentricities of the place day by day as his son did for shooting over the mountains. And what bags the father as well as the son made! Everything wanted mending everywhere. The house drains of Clanlaurance Castle were of as archaic a type as the arrangement for emitting smoke through the tatch of the huts at the Ranties. One day he sighed over a pitful of fish laid out for manure for want of a market. Another, he noted with horror that the fishery pier, which it had taken a quarter of a century of agitation to erect, had been erected at the only spot on that part of the coast where the hungry sea could burst in (as, of course, it duly did, and scooped away the foundations like so much piecrust at a bite). It was, in this way, a still more trying thing to a man of business to find that even the town clock was of the most unsteady and dissipated habits as a time-keeper, being sometimes too fast, often too slow, and still oftener altogether asleep at its post. It was one of Joshua Neville's boasts to possess a chronometer which showed Greenwich as well as Irish time without a variation of twenty seconds in as many months. Precision in such matters he regarded as of the essence of English greatness; fancy, then, this shameless clock coolly lying to the extent of twenty minutes at a time, and a morning or two after declining point blank to give any information whatever on the subject.

"Now, what have you got to say to that?" he demanded in a tone in which sincere annoyance was blended with no less sincere complacency. "English rule does not set the works of a clock astray. As a strong well-wisher of Ireland, I want to know why you won't keep the correct time?"

"Because, like the Atlantic ocean, we've got so

much of it on our hands that it is not worth measuring to a nicety," said the Rector, good-humouredly.

"Well, indeed, now that you mention it," said Father Phil, "a queer thing happened myself the other morning through the vagaries of that same town clock—bad cess to it for a town clock! I—I hadn't my own watch convenient," stammered the old priest, with a suspicion of deeper red on his weather-beaten apple cheeks, "and when I jumped out of bed to look at the town clock, I found to my horror that it was within a minute of the hour for eight o'clock Mass, and the bell not rung nor the chapel opened. There was no sign of the chapel-woman. I rushed out and rang the bell myself—not very artistically, I am afraid, but I suppose I put my heart in it, for before I had given the last tug at the bell I had the whole town, men, women, and children, rushing out half-dressed to know what was the matter. What do you think? The town clock was not going at all that night—it was only four o'clock in the morning; and, of course, when the people heard the bell banging away at that unearthly hour they thought it must be a fire or the Fenians that were after coming. I am told that Patsy Kent, who has the winding of the town clock, was on a slight bit of a caper at the time. He is one of the most harmless creatures you would meet in a day's walk only for an occasional drop too much. But, upon my word, they are the kindest people in the world, or they would have thought it was not Patsy Kent but I that was on the caper that morning."

Joshua Neville felt in the depths of his logical soul that this was not a relevant answer to his remark on the disregard of precision in native time-keeping; but he felt some difficulty in resuming the theme in view of a droll little drama, which seemed to impart a certain halo to Patsy Kent's reprehensible part in the town clock's aberrations. His heart warmed to the American Captain when that grizzled warrior broke out—

"That's my native land down to the bed-rock! and I'll venture a small pile you didn't bring Patsy fooling out of his bed that morning—he was too drunk for that. I reckon he thought himself the most sensible man in the town in that transaction. Most probable, if Editor Murrin called around for his views for the *Banner*, Patsy would maintain in big type that 'twas all the fault of his reverence in bein' up so early."

"Maybe there's some sense in that same," said Father Phil, judicially shaking his head.

"No, sir—nary bit—not so much sense as would keep a mosquito from buzzing when he means business. No, sir, the gen'leman from Sheffield's quite right—I expect I have located you correctly, boss."

"I do come from that part of the country," said Neville, gravely.

"That's so. The Hon. Joshua Neville's ideas are the ideas of a brainy man, if he will allow a plain Amurrican citizen to say so. It's what I've been saying all over the camp since I came hereabouts—what you want is to keep tugging at that bell all the time till you wake Patsy Kent, and wake the town, and wake the whole blessed poppy-headed country. This, sir, would be a great country if the people only knew what o'clock it is."

"It's all very well for you to taunt Patsy with not knowing what o'clock it is—you haven't stolen his watch. We have—Mr. Neville and I," said the Rector.

"That, of course, is a joke," said Neville, who was always uneasy in metaphorical discourse.

"It's no joke for the creatures in those cabins yonder. Our great nation has been picking their tattered pockets ever since the Crusades or so. It's no joke for me either. If everybody had his own, my gold repeater would be in Father Phil's pocket and not in mine."

"Why, then, my dear, I'm not so well able to keep a silver one when I've got it," said Father Phil, with a smile.

"No. Somebody else would rob you if I didn't; so I hold on to the gold repeater and to the Church

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