

deafening thunder-smash resounded at Ken Rohan's ear, horrible enough, it seemed, to have cracked the gloomy jagged mass of mountain over his head. The crooning winds appeared to pause for a frightened moment or two to listen. Then the clouds burst, and the winds shrieked, and thunder crashed from height to height, and the road was swallowed up in a miserable black abyss, through which the lightning sported like an imp of darkness, and the whirling rain cut with icy whips, and a hundred waterfalls, suddenly swollen, dashed towards the roadway through the darkness, with a remorseless hungry roar that was appalling. The ill-defined road-track was not visible for three yards in front; every moment it seemed as if some ferocious torrent were coming to tear it away. An unaccustomed steed or horseman might well have quailed in the midst of so hopeless-looking and terrible an outlook. But the pony picked his business-like way through the inspissated gloom and storm, as though the winds and thunderclouds were old travelling companions with whom he had a working understanding not to interfere with one another's trade upon the road; and Ken found in this grand orchestral war of the mountains an almost exhilarating dramatic overture to the great scenes that were beginning to rush red on his sight. The rain grew colder and more bitter until it changed to volleys of fierce hailstones, and then again into driving cataracts of icy liquid snow, when, yet again, the gale would sweep all before it, and so rage and bluster that the snow itself could scarcely find where to fall. And now to the awful diapason of the winds began to be added the deep answering roar of the ocean, when a speck of light from the lighthouse at Inishfarnard, now and again flickering out of the gloom, announced the neighborhood of Cooiloch Bay. The gnome-like threatening masses of mountain impending over the pass of Clugher began to recede; the noise of breakers and their terrible white light mingled more and more with the shrieks and frozen breath of the storm on the defenceless stretches of the road as it wound down to the shore.

(To be continued.)

The principles of social life, laid down by Pope Leo XIII., are still available. They are the only basis upon which peace and order can hope to rear the structure of prosperity and happiness. But the world wants not such principles, for the world is selfish.

For the Greater Honor and Glory of God!

CATHOLIC CHURCH, HOKITIKA.

Not only for the adornment, but also for the preservation of the new Church at Hokitika, it is necessary to undertake at once the work of plastering the building. In a damp climate the fine new church would in time be ruined if not protected. Therefore the parishioners have decided to co-operate with their pastor in undertaking the necessary work at the beginning of the new year.

The parishioners return heartfelt thanks to the Sisters of various communities, within the diocese and beyond it, who have already sent them valuable gifts in aid of the bazaar. They appeal to their friends throughout New Zealand, and especially to old residents of Hokitika, to help on the good work. The faith of many a family throughout the Dominion has its roots in Hokitika, which was indeed among the nurseries of Catholicism in the South Island. Bonds of hallowed memories and of old friendships unite the children of the West Coast, no matter where they roam. The centre of all these memories and friendships is the Faith of Our Fathers that spread forth from the tabernacle of the church at Hokitika. To make the church beautiful and enduring is, therefore, a labor of love, in which all whose affection for the Coast is a reality, will esteem it a privilege to join in.

Donations will be duly published in the *Tablet*, and may be sent to the—

VERY REV. DR. KENNEDY,
Catholic Presbytery, Hokitika.

Evening Memories

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER II.—A THREE YEARS' NIGHTMARE
(1882—1885)

The three years between the Phoenix Park murders in 1882 and Earl Spencer's surrender of the Vice-royalty in 1885 witnessed an agony of body and mind in their resistance against desperate odds such as the half-a-dozen men who underwent it cannot even yet recall without a shudder in the watches of the night. They were young and "their sleep fell soft on the hardest bed," or they should never have lived to emerge in golden clouds of victory from the Inferno.

The living are beginning to lose sight of the forlorn outlook, and History has not yet arrived to reconstitute it, when Forster's jails having been triumphantly thrown open to his prisoners and Gladstone won over to strew their way with the rosy petals of a policy of concession differing in nothing except in name from Home Rule, the entire edifice of our hard-won success was tumbled about our ears one sweet afternoon in May by a trio of half-witted desperadoes who did not even know until they read it in the paper the next morning that it was the new Chief Secretary, the angel of good tidings, they had murdered. What a labor of Hercules to begin building up all over again from the bottom, and what a handful of raw Irish gorsoons to affront the task! Parnell himself avowed that as long as the new Coercion Act should remain in force, public life in Ireland had been made for him impossible. He bade God-speed to the young enthusiasts who refused to quit the breach *quand même*, with the same pang—half sorrow, and half pride—with which a commander sees his forlorn hope charging forth to their doom. Not uncommonly in the Irish battle, one particular county or district does a disproportionate amount of the fighting, then falls asleep and only reawakens ten or fifteen years afterwards. It so happened now again. Mayo, which bore the major part of the burden during the fierce though incredibly short life of the Land League, retained not a vestige of the Land League organisation for many years after its suppression in 1881. Those who figured most largely on its early platforms—Davitt, Tom Brennan, Harold Rylett, Boyton, Dillon, Sheridan, Daly, and the Walshes of Balla and of Castlebar for all practical purposes disappeared from the fighting front altogether. Michael Davitt—ever liable to an occasional lovable rebellion against the realism of earthy politics—allowed himself to be carried off in the train of Henry George's apostleship of the Nationalisation of the Land, until Parnell was forced to take public issue with him, and in a single speech in Drogheda dismissed the Georgian evangel from the practical affairs of Ireland. Mr. Dillon had retired to the rancho of a relative in Colorado in despair, and only came back three years afterwards with the bonfires for our victory. There was no help to be expected from the House of Commons. Only twenty-eight "Home Rule" members gave a vote against the Coercion Bill that tore "the Kilmainham Treaty" to shreds and began a new war of extermination against Irish Nationality. Mr. Healy summed up the situation when, turning upon the Coercionists yelling around him, he cried: "I had as lief try to reason with a pack of Zulus. Come on with your assegais as soon as you like!"

But the outlook at home was scarcely less depressing. "The Land League" has come to be popularly accepted as the incarnation of Ireland's resistance for a quarter of a century. The reality of the case was far otherwise. The Land League had only a bare twelvemonths' existence when it was suppressed by a proclamation following the No Rent Manifesto in the winter of 1881 and was never afterwards revived. The country was exhausted by the sacrifices of the first volcanic upheaval against coercion and famine. Even after the National League was timorously founded under the naked sword of the new Coercion Act, there were few who risked making speeches to its meetings, and, indeed, the meetings were few and frightened which could be got to listen to them. Lord Spencer's Government availed themselves of the country's abasement to deepen the terror by exacting a fearful vengeance for the murders of the

J. O'Rourke,

Gents Outfitter

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