

keenly she felt the insult offered her. "Why, because I know it's wrong; that's the reason."

"And how do you know that?" persisted Thompson.

"Because my father says so; an' when he says it, that's enough for me!"

"Your father says it!" repeated Sam, with infinite contempt; "but what's that to the purpose?—the old fellow ain't here now, and his opinion is not worth much at the best!"

"God tells me to honor my father," replied Alice, firmly; "an' my religion tells me that if I don't do it I'll be lost. It's not only when he's to the fore that I am to obey him, but just as well when his back's turned; because God didn't say, *Honor your father and your mother when they're present*, but only *Honor your father and your mother*;—an' another thing, Mr. Thompson, I don't like to hear anyone callin' my father an old fellow; I'd rather be called any ugly name myself." She was entirely overcome by her feelings, and burst into tears, covering her face with both her hands.

"Hillo!" cried Thompson, "what a fuss is here about nothing! What did I say to make her cry so?"

"Don't cry, Alice, don't cry," said her uncle, kindly; for he was touched by the sight of her tears. "He was only joking, Alice, for he thinks a great deal of your father; indeed he does. Dry up your tears and come over here; here's a sixpence for you to buy candy to-morrow when you go out. Mr. Thompson musn't joke any more with you, for I see you're not up to his ways."

"Get a candle from Betty," said her aunt, "and go off to bed. What a foolish girl you are to be so easy made cry! But never mind, it'll be all over to-morrow; don't say anything of it to your father."

"Indeed, I'll not, ma'am, not a word; for I never tell my poor father anything that 'id grieve him, if I can help it. He has sorrow an' trouble enough without me carryin' stories to make him worse." So saying she left the room.

Not a word was spoken for some minutes after Alice had disappeared, but the three sat looking at each other in mute wonder. "After all, Lizzie," said Malone, speaking slowly and earnestly, "after all, the child is in the right, and we were all wrong."

His wife and Thompson laughed out on hearing him speak so. "Hoity-toity!" cried Lizzie, "is that Harry Malone, or is it not? As I live, Cormac Riordan or the daughter has bit him, and we'll have him mad with religion like them. Look at him, Sam, wouldn't you think his face grew two inches longer since that little prate-box gave us our lesson?"

"I quite agree with you, Mrs. Malone," said her worthy ally; "a serious face doesn't at all become my friend Harry. Nature intended him for 'a right good fellow,' and I'd be sorry to see him turning canter on our hands. He's not cut out for that, I promise you!"

Harry only shook his head, and fetched something like a sigh; but the next minute he was as jovial as ever, and quaffed draught after draught of his own *brown stout*, till even Thompson thought it high time to follow Mrs. Malone's example, and retire to bed, which that excellent woman had done half an hour before.

When Alice Riordan got into her own little room, she carefully closed the door, and then sitting down on her bed she wept with all the *abandon* of childish grief. When she had somewhat eased her heart, she wiped her eyes, and knelt to say her prayers, not forgetting her father's injunction to pray for her uncle. "I'll say five *paters* and five *aves* for him," murmured she to herself, "in honor of the five wounds of our Blessed Saviour." So she did, and then, arising from her knees, she undressed herself and went to bed, with a lighter heart and a more hopeful spirit.

(To be continued.)

## AN APPEAL!

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## Evening Memories

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

### CHAPTER X.—THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN (1886).

"I dare say you did as little harm as could have been managed, but Finnerty seems to have bossed you all." What must have been the effect upon the uninformed English mind, if the above was the conclusion of the expert Irish Leader when I crossed to London to report the result of the Chicago Convention? As soon as he had learned what really occurred—the defeat of the candidate of "The Triangle"—the unambiguous endorsement of the Home Rule programme—the repudiation by every responsible speaker of any right or purpose to dictate to the leaders at home—the grotesque insignificance of Finnerty in the whole proceedings—the proofs at our private sittings that Alec Sullivan's personal rancor was at the bottom of all the mischief, and the fact that his plot had been baffled with a completeness which practically terminated his public career—Parnell's indignation with the London Press went to a length he seldom permitted himself even in his most confidential hours. "The dynamiters are gentlemen and statesmen," he declared, "compared with the fellows who run these English newspapers." I gathered from him that a serious view of the situation was taken by Mr. Morley—always in moments of stress a Brutus more intent on showing how nobly he could die on his own sword than on winning his battles—and that he was himself anxiously deliberating whether it would be possible to go on, if the triumph of the policy of Dynamite had been as complete as the Press panegyrists of John Finnerty had represented. As a matter of history, from the date of the Chicago Convention, no dynamite bomb was ever again exploded in England.

But no sooner was one gap stopped at Chicago than a more horrifying abyss opened under our feet at home. 1886 was a year of agricultural depression even more deep-seated than that which had stirred up the revolution of the Land League in 1879. The prices of butter, beef, pork, grain, and wool had fallen, roundly, by 22 per cent. and were still heavily falling; the calamity was brought to a crisis by a season of storms and rains which laid waste the farmers' harvest; high official authorities themselves acknowledged that the means of paying even the reduced Judicial Rents would not be forthcoming, while hundreds of thousands of leaseholders and others excluded from relief under the Gladstone Act of 1881 would lie defenceless at the landlords' mercy. To look for mercy to the landlord, it was already plain, was to expect milk from a male tiger. The same cruel instinct which prompted the Orangemen, maddened by the guilty incitements of Churchill and Chamberlain, to drench the streets of Belfast with blood as soon as they were assured of the defeat of the Home Rule Government, now bristled up the courage of the landlords to a fresh campaign of extermination under the wing of a Ministry raised to power for a twenty years' war for the subjugation of Ireland. The evictions, which had fallen to 698 families in the first quarter of 1886, when the Home Rule Bill was in gestation, rose to 1309 families in the second quarter, when the doom of the Home Rule Government was sealed, and were sure to be doubled again as the winter approached. Vast numbers of landlords who (as was proven before the Cowper Commission) received only a fifth part of their nominal income themselves, owing to the incumbrances accumulated by follies of their own or of their ancestors, refused a penny of abatement, and evaded the Gladstone Act by acquiring the tenants' interest by a forced sale at a nominal bid of £5 and putting it up to competition among landgrabbers, or compelled the tenants to redeem by finding not only the full amount of the extortionate rents but law costs of equal amount in addition. The political conflict was thus complicated by an agrarian crisis which threatened nothing less than the spoliation and eviction of tens of thousands of rackrented tenants, at the hands of bankrupt landlords whose last desperate chance lay in the patronage of Ministers who had not hesitated to call up the fiendish spectre of Orangeism for their own office-hunting ends.

I found Parnell harassed with the anxieties of the new emergency, but as clear-sighted and ready as usual with his remedy. He startled the new Parliament at one

**E. S. Robson**

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