

at least looking at the houses of some of the tenantry."

Mr. Isaac Pender laughed too, and shuffled about the room, rubbing his hands instead of his face, like a very pleasant old gentleman.

"Why, Beresford—why, Beresford—is it going to ride that old horse you are? Where is your own horse?" old Isaac asked, in real surprise, as one of the poor tenants who remained hanging about the house in the hope that something might turn up for their advantage, led the two horses round from the stable.

"My own horse is after casting a shoe," Beresford replied.

"But is it safe to ride that old horse? Look at his knees—look at his knees."

The animal referred to was a tall, raw-boned, hook-nosed, ill-conditioned brute, both morally and physically.

"There's no danger," replied Beresford, climbing into the saddle, in which he sat quite perpendicularly, with his elbows as far as possible from his ribs.

"Where is Darby, to open the gate?" his father called out.

"I sent him of a message," Beresford answered, as he rode off upon the hook-nosed steed, who, it may be remarked, rejoiced in the name of "Waterloo."

Two of the poor tenants before alluded to ran to open the gate, dividing the honor equally between them, as one raised the latch, while the other pulled up the long, perpendicular bolt. There was some delay and a little jostling, as in their hurry the two took hold of the same side of the gate, and then both let that side go and took hold of the other—after the manner of people who meet suddenly at a street turning; but at last each took his own side, and the gate stood wide open, the men pulling off their hats and looking, we are ashamed to say, as if they were ready to lie down and let "Waterloo" trample upon them, if Mr. Beresford Pender so desired. But, it must be remembered, they were conceived and born under a notice-to-quit; it took the light out of their mother's smile and ploughed furrows in their father's face while he was yet young; it nipped the budding pleasures of childhood as a frost will nip the spring flowers, and youth's and manhood's joys withered under its shadow; it taught them to cringe, and fawn, and lie; and made them what they are now, as they stand there with heads uncovered while Mr. Henry Lowe and Mr. Beresford Pender ride through the gate of Wellington Lodge.

They rode for half-an-hour in silence up a narrow road that led into a rather wild looking glen among the hills. Mr. Lowe was busy with his own thoughts; and his companion, not being largely gifted with conversational powers, confined himself to staring at nothing but between the ears of the hook-nosed steed.

(To be continued.)

Evening Memories

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Continued.)

The presence of more than one party to the exquisite messages to Galway had never once suggested itself, and I suffered myself to be shepherded by the genial Doctor to my new duty-visit with no more cheerful anticipation than that of a political chat in my limping French with some doubtless most indulgent fine lady. I was already beginning to stumble into the discovery, clear enough to me now by the experiences of many a charming year, that my hostess was one of the most distinguished women in Europe, both for beauty and for intellectual power, when the door opened and her daughter Sophie entered the room. What followed there are no words consecrated enough to describe. For me, the heavens visibly opened, and there descended the Guardian Angel who has ever since enfolded me in the healing shadow of her wings. An angel, too, of action as well as of wisdom, whose footsteps left a shining track of inspiritment and hope as they went. Human nature would be the better, if it were possible in language that would not be a desecration of the holy places, to tell of the hidden life of one who has made Wordsworth's lines—

"Nor bath she ever chanc'd to know

That aught were easier than to bless"

ring through my life like a never-ending hymn. But only one pen could attempt the task with the necessary delicacy and the necessary reserve, and I fear me, to expect that hers should touch the theme would be to expect a violet to write of her life in her woodland nook, or a Sister of Charity to publish abroad the beauty of her ways. More than one holy person has suggested that her intervention in my lonely and hunted life was the reward of a certain tender intercessor on high. It would be presumptuous to accept this as an explanation of how an All-Seeing Power dispenses His unsearchable decrees of good or evil fortune among men. One can only bow a reverent head before the eternal secret. But this remark, at least, I can with knowledge make, that had the fondest prayers that even a mother's love could utter been heard, she could not well have supplicated for more of human blessedness for her son than the supreme event of my life brought with it.

Often enough, especially since my release from public cares, has come the thought that it would be almost a meanness to taste the sweets of health and peace of mind, and an ideal home, as I am doing, were there not forty years of almost unbroken ill-health and feverish labor and evil usages of all sorts behind to redress the balance in God's great share-dividing account between the things that make men rejoice and the things that make them suffer. I can only humbly pray that, for all the children of men, the Cross may be as richly recompensed by the Crown!*

* Wilfrid Blunt's note of my marriage to Sophie Raffalovich by the Archbishop of Cashel may be of interest to more than ourselves, for it was the last occasion on which the greatest ecclesiastical leader and the greatest lay leader of the Irish race—with the entire array of Parnell's marshals and russet captains—eighty-two out of a possible eighty-four—were destined ever again to meet together in unity.

"June 11th, 1890. To London to attend William O'Brien's wedding. This was a really wonderful event and has lifted me once more to a higher level. It is all very well to scoff at the age in which we live, but the Catholic Irish are a standing miracle of God's grace. I should say there has never been—certainly not in the last hundred years—a political party so pure in its purposes. Along with them, from Dr. Croke to Dr. Duggan, you have a second army of high ecclesiastics, and no doubtful man among them for honesty and virtue. To-day's wedding was the apotheosis of this high-mindedness. Dr. Croke, in giving the pastoral benediction, said to William O'Brien: 'I have no advice to give you, for you need none.' The truth is, he has led an absolutely virtuous and unselfish life from boyhood up, allowing himself no pleasure and almost no rest. He (O'Brien) alluded to this very simply and pathetically in his speech returning thanks afterwards at the wedding breakfast. It was in his best and most subdued manner and made many a man there shed tears. I saw Dillon weeping fairly and T. P. Gill, and even two



Wedding Bells



AHERN—MURRAY.

A very pretty wedding was solemnised on September 25 at Oamaru, when Aloysius Eugene, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Ahern, South Dunedin, and Katie, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Murray, were united in the bonds of holy matrimony. Rev. Father Fenelon officiated and celebrated a Nuptial Mass. The bride, who entered the church on the arm of her father, wore a frock of fawn morocain, and a becoming hat to match. The bridesmaid (Miss M. O'Donnell) wore a pretty frock of blue shot taffeta. Mr. Cornelius Ahern (brother of the bridegroom) was best man. Miss A. Molloy played the "Wedding March." The church was tastefully decorated by the many girl friends of the bride. At the conclusion of the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Murray entertained the guests to wedding breakfast at the Balfour Tea Rooms, the usual toasts being honored. Later the newly-wedded couple left by the afternoon express for their honeymoon.

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