

not developed herself to advantage, since she had last seen her. Lily's stature was small, her features were indifferent, and her youth was of too exuberant a nature to be attractive. Now, with her swollen eyes and her overpowering shyness, she looked particularly unprepossessing. Countess Degenthal turned away with irritation; here was another spoke in her wheel. How on earth could that pretty child's face have grown into anything so plain? Unwittingly, Nora's tall and fine figure and her expressive eyes came before the countess in painful contrast. She heaved a deep sigh and returned to her notes until dinner was announced, and Curt came in. He looked tired, but on the whole more gentle and quiet than during the earlier part of the day. His mother received him coldly, although he kissed her hand with some emotion. During dinner, the conversation was painfully monosyllabic, and Curt more than once sought to attract the countess's attention, but in vain. He seemed anxious to speak with her, but she had evidently decided upon another course. As soon as dinner was over, she arose, and went to her room, asking only the chaplain to visit her there. Curt's brow darkened once more, and the gentler expression vanished from his eyes. He stood uncertain for a while, as if intending to follow his mother after all, but then, changing his mind, he retired, after wishing his cousin a hasty good-night.

Poor little Lily! This was a sad beginning to her life out of the convent. She had so rejoiced at meeting her cousin, and now he had hardly said a word to her, hardly considered her worthy of a look. Evidently something had happened between mother and son, and that was the cause of Curt's ill-humor. So much she perceived, and with the party spirit which one young creature feels for another, she immediately settled in her own mind, that her aunt was in the wrong.

On the following day, a fiacre stopped at the door of the P. Hotel, and Chaplain L. got out of it. He asked for Director Karsten, and was at once ushered into his presence. The director was at his writing-desk, but as soon as the visitor entered, he sprang up, and cordially held out his hand to him.

"Years seem to have rolled unconsciously over your head, leaving no trace behind them," said the circus-rider to the priest.

It was true; the peace of his mind and the tranquillity of his conscience made him look younger than his age, whilst years ago, the gravity of his vocation had made him look older than he really was.

(To be continued.)

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## The Irish Revolution and How It Came About

(By William O'Brien)

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

Sir Horace Plunkett, who was to be the Chairman of the Convention, did me the unusual honor of addressing to me two public letters couched in terms of high courtesy asking me to reconsider my decision, adding that, in his belief "if you could see your way to come in, you would bring a good many more than your own immediate followers." In my reply, I pointed out that in his letter he had forgotten "the objection which is the most fatal of all—namely, that at least 90 members of the 100 members of the Convention will be the nominees of the two Irish parties of politicians who only last year came to an agreement to form six Irish counties into an 'excluded area' to be separately administered through departments responsible only to an English Secretary of State under an arrangement which could never be terminated without a new Act of the Imperial Parliament." My colleagues and myself had made it known that we were ready to go into the Convention to resist Partition against all odds, "if the august body of Bishops, Catholic and Protestant, who signed the recent manifesto, saw fit to delegate to the Convention representatives of their Order as to whose 'unrelenting opposition to Partition, temporary or permanent' (to use the Bishops' own words) the bulk of the Convention could be left in no possible doubt," but I was obliged to add: "Unhappily their lordships have decided in a sense which has given rise to grave misunderstandings and for reasons which this is not the time to discuss but which have not lessened the anxieties of patriotic Irishmen." To Sir Horace's gentle reproach that, in refusing to participate, I was "casting off the mantle of National Unity," which had so long been mine, my reply was:

"Our small band have fought, not for a contemptible verbal victory, but for a practical agreement which would make Irishmen of all parties and creeds willing partners in the government of an undivided Ireland, and while nominally pursuing that object, the organisers of the Convention have so loaded the dice that, short of a miracle from Heaven, the only agreement likely to be arrived at is one for the permanent division of Ireland among the place-hunters of both factions."

But his letter seemed to open one avenue by which our participation might still be possible. He made it an "essential point" that an agreement by the Convention should be "submitted for popular approval by Referendum or otherwise," and intimated that this "would unquestionably" be done. "If he made this statement on official authority" I answered, a Referendum would still leave it possible for us to take part. Sir Horace Plunkett, in his second public letter, avowed that "unfortunately, I have no authority to make any official person responsible for the statement, but I did not speak without having the best of reasons for believing that what I said was true. If, I am able to give you

my authority later, I will gladly do so." The "later" announcement of his authority was never made, and so that avenue to the reconsideration of our decision was closed as well. Manifestly, with Sir Horace as with myself, the Chief Secretary had inclined towards a Referendum for all Ireland, but was promptly put in his place by those who had Sir E. Carson to satisfy. A Referendum for all Ireland was now and had always been the terror of his life.

For all that, the most trusted of my own advisers began to waver, under the influence of that cry of "Peace!" where there can be no peace which sometimes sweeps over Ireland with the weird pathos of a Banshee. With, perhaps, the most influential of them all, for his breadth of judgment, Lord Dunraven, I had been compelled to differ on Conscription, although with a respect for one another's different points of view which was never diminished for an hour on either side. "I agree with you," he wrote, on the first disclosure of the Constitution. "If Redmond's majority can come to any agreement with Lansdale, they can carry it. What I fear is some agreement involving carefully concealed Partition": but he eventually yielded to the argument that our absence would let judgment go against us by default, and accepted for himself the invitation of the Crown. I suspect that Mr. Healy's preference inclined in the same direction, although with the loyalty in which he never failed throughout these soul-trying years, he forbore to say so.\* Mr. William Martin Murphy, the proprietor of the most widely circulated of the Irish newspapers, *The Independent*, had been all along a convinced believer in the policy of the All-for-Ireland League, but to Ireland's heavy loss he hesitated to enforce his opinions in his paper, acting, as he told me more than once, on the advice of Lord Northcliffe: "Never come out strong until you've first got your circulation; once your circulation is there, you can say anything you like." His first impression of the Convention was my own:

"Dartry, Dublin,

May 28, 1917.

"Dear Mr. O'Brien,—I agree with you about the danger of Partition. Bonar Law's reply to Ronald McNeill has turned the Convention which was intended as a trick into a farce. The Ulsterites will be able to say: 'Heads I win, tails you lose.'

After Partition is repudiated by four-fifths of Ireland, it is to be set up again at the Convention. My present feeling is to advise that the whole scheme should be ignored until Lloyd George repudiates Bonar Law's promise to the Ulsterites.

I think I will write to Northcliffe and tell

\*Had I his leave to publish them, Mr. Healy's letters, teeming with diamondiferous wit, and laden with piquant items of secret information, would make a valuable addition to the inner history of the time.

C. Rodgers

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