

motioning to the servants to kneel once more; "let us now resume it. Mrs. Finlay, I request that you will lay your commands on that girl, and instruct her to assist decorously at our family prayers."

Mrs. Finlay smiled assent, and the prayers, being resumed, went on and ended, without further interruption, though Danger, the favorite, was very near causing another outbreak by jumping on Archy's back, where he knelt against a chair, his young master slyly encouraging his advances—for he dearly loved mischief, even when it broke in on the solemnity of family worship.

(To be continued.)

Evening Memories

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

Mr. Balfour's first spring was at the combination on the Marquis of Lansdowne's estate at Luggacurran. The ground was well chosen. The Marquis was a landowner of not illiberal traditions, and was possessed of wealth equal to carrying on a prolonged campaign. The two tenants first aimed at were graziers paying rents of £750 and £1,000 respectively, and consequently little likely to appeal to public sympathy either in Ireland or in England. How move the pity of the country for the fate of the first picked out for eviction, Mr. Denis Kilbride, whose home and life were those of a country gentleman, and who, the charge went, was dishonestly trading on the poverty of his mud-cabin neighbors? The plea was a plausible but an utterly false one. On the merits of the individual case, if Mr. Kilbride's rent was the lordly one of £750, the official valuation which was generally accepted as the equivalent for a reasonable rent was only £450—not greatly more than half the rackrent for which, in a year of desperate depression, he was expelled from his home and despoiled of his means of livelihood. His real offence, of course, was that he threw in his fortunes with those of his poorest co-tenants and thus deprived the rackrenters of their traditional resource of using their few wealthy rent-payers to make an easy prey of their more necessitous neighbors. This unbreakable solidarity between the most favored and the most defenceless, was, indeed, the vitalising principle of the Plan of Campaign, and with its amazing later development of an entire estate in Tipperary submitting to wholesale eviction out of sympathy with their brother-tenants of an estate in the County of Cork whom their landlord had exterminated, constituted the first daring experiment in the invention of that collective sympathetic strike which has since made the newer Trade Unionism irresistible in Britain.

But this class solidarity of the poor and the comparatively affluent seemed at that time a very shocking departure from well-bred righteousness, as well as a capital opening for either breaking or discrediting the Plan of Campaign. Before the eviction army was set in motion negotiations for a friendly settlement, with our hearty concurrence, and, as I have reason to know, with the active sympathy of Earl Spencer, had all but reached the point of an agreement based upon an all-round abatement substantially the same as was compulsorily decreed all over the district under the Unionists' own Act of the next Session. It is no less certain that Lord Lansdowne's agent, Mr. J. Townsend Trench—a man whose ancient family associations with the worst villainies of the Rent Office were now mellowed by the experiences of later years of growing popular power—went to London with the determination to split, in the familiar phrase, the difference still existing. We shall probably never know what happened there, or how much importance is to be given to Mr. Townsend Trench's numerous hints that his own counsels of peace had been overborne by the Chief Secretary's assurances of the most uncompromising assistance in the enforcement of the law, and by his intimation that any pact with the Plan of Campaign, at the outset of his new policy in Ireland, would be nothing short of a betrayal. The Land Agent returned, at all events, to break off the negotiations and to let slip the dogs of war for an eviction campaign, beginning with Mr. Kilbride as the tallest of the poppies. The expectation, perhaps, was that at sight of the evicting army he would think better of sacrificing his mansion and his broad acres, and that the enemies of the Plan would open hostilities with a smashing initial

success. The calculation proved as fatuous as all the rest. I never beheld a spectacle of finer, although heart-breaking self-sacrifice by the strong for the sake of the weak than that which met my eyes when the tenant and the ladies of his family stood immovably by while the emergency men and their police coadjutors with ladders, hatchets, and crowbars were battering down their home, and gave up their last legal title to a property which was valued at £10,000 by the Estates Commissioners, when, after many a year of deadly struggle, the wrong was at long last repaired and the home fires once more relighted.

The blow was one to be sternly answered. The evicting landlord was the Governor-General of the free Dominion of Canada, one-third of whose population were of Irish blood. In the mingled pride and anguish of the eviction day, it was resolved that the evicted tenant and myself should carry the war into Canada, and at Lord Lansdowne's palace gates challenge him to trial before the free-born democracy under his rule for the wrong done in the distant Irish valley. This novel proof of the length of the arm of Ireland produced a startling effect in the English-speaking world on both sides of the ocean. Speechless was the indignation at the proposal to summon Canada to bring her own Governor-General to account at the cry of his pillaged and homeless Irish serfs; but those who were most scandalised at the thought of involving Canadian public opinion in the paltry quarrel of Ireland were mostly those who in after years hailed with transports of enthusiasm the not more altruistic intervention of the Armies of the young Dominion for the liberation of the interesting Tebecho-Slovaque and Yugo-Slav rebels of Austria, and even of that more abstruse and coffee-colored brother-man, the King of the Hedjaz. As in the case of so many other aids to the power of democracy in the world, Ireland was the first to set the example of calling in the virgin forces of Transatlantic public opinion for the defence of the oppressed in every clime. A much astuter way was taken by our professional defamers to whip up lions in our path. Our visit was cabled across as that of "Fenian assassins" for the purpose of instigating the murder of Lord Lansdowne, and before we were yet on the sea announcements that Lord Lansdowne was afraid to leave his palace and was guarded night and day by police and soldiers, lashed the Orange population of Ontario into a perfect blood-frenzy, and the whole Dominion began to ring with the demand that we should be summarily deported, if we landed.

(To be continued.)

An Irish Catholic Diocese in the United States

After Cologne the most populous diocese in the Catholic Church is the archdiocese of New York, which has not inaptly been called by a writer "an Irish Catholic diocese." It well may bear the name with its 1145 priests (731 seculars and 414 regulars) and its Catholic population of 1,473,291, all of whom, with the exception of Germans and Italians, belong to the O's and the Mac's. Here one sees largely represented "the greater Ireland beyond the seas," for with Chicago and San Francisco, New York has been the cradle of every movement organised for the people "at home" these 50 years. With no small degree of interest does an Irish visitor find that in this small world night schools are running for the teaching of the Gaelic language, and a quarterly magazine in the same language is in circulation. From New York, as soon as things settle down in Ireland, many persons of Irish blood will go to reside permanently in "the old country." Their help in establishing commercial relations between the United States and Ireland will be invaluable; especially since the United Irish Steamship Lines have joined heartily in the industrial revival among the Irish people. Like all successful dioceses, New York is one of intensive organisation. The sight on Sunday, July 9, of 2300 Post Office officials being enrolled in the New York Post Office Holy Name Society was a rather inspiring one, almost as inspiring as that of 3000 members of the Metropolitan Police Force receiving Holy Communion *en masse* on the previous Sunday.

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