

deny the charge I am willing to withdraw the statement." This lofty and lordly assurance in throwing upon the accused the whole onus of disproving what proved to be a groundless charge evoked derisive laughter from the ministerialists and brought Mr. Sexton to his feet. In an instant, and before the House exactly knew what was the point at issue, a "scene" was in full swing.

Mr. Sexton had been sitting beside Mr. Dillon and the two present a remarkable appearance. Their silk hats are pulled down over their foreheads, casting a shadow over their faces; their heads are bent forward, deepening the shadow. The impression one gets from seeing them in this attitude is a distinctly unfavorable one. There is something sullen and foreboding, something sinister and defiant, something almost tigerish in their look. But the impression wears off the moment one sees them with their hats off and hears them speak. Their faces are bright and their voices with their slight Irish accent are not unmusical. Beside them sits Mr. Blake and just behind is Mr. John Redmond, their one-time friend and present foe. He does not wear his hat, his face is clean-shaven, his countenance open. He is a solidly-built fellow, young, strong and apparently capable of wielding the "sprig of shillelagh" when necessity requires. It may be heresy to say so but I freely confess that, with the exception of Mr. Gladstone and a few others, I was more interested in the Irish members than in any others in the House and that in consequence my eyes would wander to where they sat more often than to any other quarter of the House—always excepting that where the Grand Old Man was seated. However much one may disagree with them—I do not say I do—one cannot help admiring them for the struggle they have made for what they believe to be right and just; and for the fortitude, perseverance, tenacity of purpose and, shall I say, patience they have shown amid all the tremendous opposition they have met with and the bitter taunts that have been hurled at them. This charge of Viscount Wolmer's is a sample of the insulting jibes that some of their opponents feel free to cast in their teeth. But this one overshot its mark, proved a "boomerang" and rebounded with redoubled force upon the officious and imprudent lord and upon