

long as she can make a meal pass pleasantly. They do not want wonderful characters—they like people who are civil at dinner.

There is keenness in this analysis of man's waywardness. You may know a man for twenty years, and in the twenty-first year he will do something which will make your twenty years' experience count for nought. Then you say, "I should never have expected this from A." Just as if A would have expected it himself. Men astonish themselves far more than they astonish their friends.

And here is a modern woman's illustration of a deep truth on which our spiritual mentors are wont to insist. There is a story told of a man who begged his wife to tell him his besetting sin, "in order that," said he, "I may conquer it, and so please you in all respects." With much reluctance, and only after many exhortations to be honest, the lady replied that she feared he was selfish. "I am not perfect," said her husband, "and perhaps I am a sinful creature, but if there is a fault which I thank God I do not possess it is selfishness. Anything but that!" And as he spoke he passed her the apples—they were at luncheon—and set himself to work on the only peach.

Pungency is the note of this remark: "There are very few men that can bear authority if they have not been born with the shoulders for it. If you gave a man a nose who had never had one, he would be blowing it all day."

The thoughts of this convert naturally turned to the consideration of such realities as life and sorrow, and the thoughts are often deep and wise, though at times we see that her sensitive soul bears tokens of the fire through which it has passed. "There are many duties and difficulties in life: there is but one obligation—courage." "Men are punished by the law and otherwise—not because they deserve punishment, but because Nature herself makes inexorable war upon her failures. Her legislature is for the robust in mind and body—one or the other at least—and while religions preach benevolence, patience, charity, long-suffering, we know that strength where it meets weakness must prevail, and industry, no matter how wrongly directed, where it meets half-heartedness, no matter how well-trained, must of necessity conquer. If so-called good people had the energy, the nerve, the backbone of so-called bad people, the bad would be trampled out of existence."

And these moralisings on sorrow are well worth quoting: "I cannot forget that every supreme blessing must be bought with long sadness, both before and after. Is night less night because it pales gloriously before the sun? Is day less day because it darkens into evening? Is joy a false thing because it passes? Does not sorrow pass also?" "If no one is completely happy, no one is completely unhappy. On the other side of the limit fixed to all sufferings and all joy, there is a sort of stupor." "Hope is the heroic form of despair. Such must have been the feeling of the great Lawgiver, who, if you remember, sang as he started for the Promised Land, and died in silence when it was at last shown to him."

So in *A Bundle of Life* we come to this conclusion of faith:

This is only Sorrow  
For to-day;  
Life begins to-morrow.  
Faith, and all endeavour  
That is pure,  
Hope and Life, for ever  
These endure.  
All things else are folly  
To the wise,—  
Quit thy melancholy,  
And thy sighs!

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## IRELAND'S DAY OF TRIUMPH

### INTERVIEW WITH THE IRISH LEADER.

To a representative of the *Freeman's Journal* on May 25, Mr. John Redmond, M.P., made the following statement with reference to the Third Reading of the Home Rule Bill:

To-day's division marks the death, after an inglorious history of 114 years, of the Union of Pitt and Castlereagh. That Union, the cause of Ireland's poverty, misery, depopulation, and demoralisation—the cause of famine, insurrection, and bloodshed, and of the disloyalty of the Irish people throughout the world—is dead, and its place is to be taken by a new union, founded on mutual respect and goodwill, between the two islands, and to be followed, I firmly believe, by the history of peace, prosperity, and loyalty. The Union, as we have known it, is dead. That, at any rate, is beyond doubt or question after to-day's division.

#### What the Division Means.

I am not quite sure that everybody quite understands that to-day's division is equivalent to the passage of the Home Rule Bill into law. Yet this is strictly true. There are only two eventualities—and both of them are impossible—which could possibly prevent the Home Rule Bill actually becoming a statute in a few weeks' time. The first is that the present session of Parliament should come to an abrupt end before one month from this date—an utterly unthinkable proposition—and the other is that the House of Commons should suddenly go mad and pass a resolution to the effect that the Bill should not be presented for the Royal Assent. In the absence of these two absurd contingencies the Bill must automatically become law. The House of Lords have no power to stop—and even the Government have no power to prevent—it going in the ordinary course for the Royal Assent to the Throne. The Parliament Act provides that the Bill shall be presented for the Royal Assent.

#### The Royal Assent.

At one time there were people idiotic and irresponsible enough to suggest that the King could or would withhold his Royal Assent, but everyone now admits that is an absolutely absurd and impossible suggestion. Therefore to-night's division, for all practical purposes, passed the Home Rule Bill into law, and the Union of Pitt and Castlereagh is dead.

#### The Prophets of Evil.

It is scarcely worth while, perhaps, to pause to recall all the prophecies of evil which have attended the efforts of the Irish Party to carry Home Rule during the last three years. We were told that it would be as easy to throw Galtee more into the sea as to pass the Parliament Act. After that Act was passed we were told that the Liberal Government would not deal with Home Rule at all, or if they did that they would introduce an utterly unsatisfactory Bill which would be repudiated by Ireland. In the same breath we were told that the Government would introduce a Bill so favorable to Ireland that they would split their own Party. When these prophecies were falsified we were told that the Bill would never become law, and the Government from month to month was threatened with destruction. To-day how silly all these prophecies look! Patience and discipline and mutual confidence between the members of the Irish Party and their British allies have carried the day; and I think there is not an Irishman in the world to-day who must not rejoice to think that he has lived to witness the end of the Union of Pitt and Castlereagh.

#### Threats and Conspiracies.

Nor were prophecies of evil the only ones put forward to alarm and deceive our people during the last few years. It is impossible to forget the threats repeatedly made, not only in the English newspapers but by Parliamentary leaders—notably by Mr. Bonar Law—that if an attempt were made to carry the Home