

we must be against him in 1916, and to the close of the chapter. But this means raising more and more soldiers, making good losses, refraining from a policy which would harass the Allies, and submitting to grievances which at another time we could and should do our best to get rid of. There have been plenty of grievances besides the wrongs of Ireland in these two years. The scandals of scanty munitions, dishonest army-contracts, waste in all departments, pro-Germans in high places—has not the democracy of Britain had to suffer all this and more? Yet that democracy is waging the great battle of freedom and civilisation dauntlessly. It is giving labor, life, and treasure to the cause. For it is the cause, not of official England, of Downing Street, or Whitehall, or Dublin Castle, but of Europe, threatened by a conquest of which the process may be read in the *German War Book*, and the aims in a hundred German writers. I am asked mockingly how much I know about Germany, since I know so little about Ireland. My knowledge of Teuton life and literature goes back over half a century, and whoever wants to test it may consult what I have published on its various departments. As for Ireland, the chances are that I spoke Gaelic and studied Gaelic authors before my critic was born. Let these personalities go down the wind. I will state my own conclusions beyond mistake. They are these—

Faith, Honor, Interest.

Ireland and England are, as Burke said, indissolubly united. A self-contained, independent Irish Republic will never exist so long as England keeps her head above water. But Home Rule is perfectly compatible with Ireland's inclusion as a Federal member in the British Empire; and it is the right of the Irish nation. To attempt its achievements, however, by sedition, by armed risings, or by other violent means, would be as wicked as disastrous; and I utterly abhor the policy of Fenians, Clan-na-Gael, Sinn Fein, as simply fraught with evil to the country infested by them. Moreover, Ireland as Christian and Catholic is bound to resist by every means in her power the advance of the anti-Christian assault on liberty and morality known by the name of Germanism. The chief and instant means, already adopted with her hearty consent, is the war against the Kaiser. Ireland is in it; she cannot, without loss of honor, draw out of it. So far as she possesses the men, they were in principle dedicated and told off to this duty when Mr. Redmond spoke in the House of Commons as, in effect, her ambassador, and when she thus entered the ranks of the Allies. How she shall raise the men is her concern; but the contract is binding. It is not merely a pledge to England; it was given to Europe; and I am quite confident it will be fully redeemed. There are national obligations created by circumstances; this is one of them. In the world-crisis now upon us the question is not what has the English Government done to Ireland? but what does Ireland owe it to her faith, her honor, and her lasting prosperity that she should do?

A GREAT SPANIARD

A great figure has passed away from contemporary Spanish life by the death of D. Jose Echegaray, writes the Madrid correspondent of the *Irish Catholic*. He was such a many-sided genius, his portentous mental activities were displayed in so many fields that he has been compared by his countrymen to Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci and those men of the Renaissance who shone equally in the varied departments of literature, science, and art. One of the most prominent scientists Spain has produced for the last few centuries, and the one who has done most to popularise science, he was at the same time one of its foremost litterateurs and dramatists; in fact, the founder of the modern Spanish school of drama, and from '74 to the beginning of the present century, scarcely a year passed that did not see at least one of his plays produced. Trans-

lated into all the European languages, they still enjoy a great vogue in the theatres of Europe.

But for us the interesting thing is his political and religious history. The young engineer and author entered political life in the stormy days of the Spanish revolution, and was amongst the extreme of extreme demagogues. Amidst the applause of the anti-clerical Deputies he thundered against theocratic power, religious unity and so forth, and was made Minister of Finance as a result in the republican government. After the restoration he was one of the leaders of the Progressive Republican party, but on some of his friends acknowledging the Alfonsoist monarchy he retired in disgust from active politics. This was in '80, but in 1906 he was induced to enter the Liberal party when it was bravely carrying on the work of 'secularising the life of the citizen,' and he became again Minister of Finance under the 'great champion of democracy,' Montero Rios. Though now a monarchist, his place was very decidedly among the Lefts.

Yet it is the old story, so often repeated in this country when prominent revolutionists come to die. In his will he had left it recorded that he desired Christian burial. In his last illness the priest was called, and he devoutly received the sacraments. When rapidly sinking, he kept repeating to the end, 'Jesus, my God.' By royal decree he was granted the funeral honors of a captain general who dies while actually in command. The funeral procession was certainly a great show—troops lined the streets, detachments of cavalry paraded, military bands played, etc., but more significant than all these were the parochial cross, which preceded the hearse, and the standard of the religious confraternities of the parish to which deceased belonged. And yet, apparently, some of his former friends were unwilling to loose their hold of him in death, for the Spanish Grand Orient sent a flamboyant crown, as did also the sour, sectarian, and venomous anti-clerical paper, *el Liberal*. The interment took place in the Catholic Cemetery of St. Isidore and in the part known as the 'Conception.'

We may mention that deceased was honored with the Nobel prize in 1904, and was one of the few not of royal blood who possessed the high Spanish distinction of the Golden Fleece.

Since October 1 the Ashburton County Council has paid out the sum of £632 18s 4d in purchasing small birds heads and eggs (says the *Guardian*). The above amount included £105 for eggs.

While at Rotorua the Hon. Dr. McNab (Minister in Charge of Tourist Resorts) discussed with Mr. Hill, Government representative, the operation of the new scale of charges in connection with the resorts. As a result (says the *Auckland Star*) several amendments in the scale will be made.

:: :: Thanks :: ::

WE desire to sincerely thank our Subscribers who forwarded their amounts on receipt of the various letters sent out, and also those who so courteously acknowledged them, and who through stress of finance were unable to fully meet their obligations, but forwarded a deposit with promises of further remittances. Several letters were of a very complimentary nature towards the paper, and while we are unable to acknowledge the numerous letters individually, we thank those Subscribers for their encouraging remarks, and trust that things will soon be brighter and enable them to settle up.