

spent his boyhood his death will be keenly felt; in the city by the Suir, which he represented so long, there will be heartfelt grief among the emotional Gaels of the South, who remained true to the Leader to the last, just as in other stormy days they had been faithful to Parnell. There men and women who knew John Redmond will experience all the poignancy and all the gloom of a personal loss; and we can have no doubt that everywhere within the Four Seas of Erin differences of policy and aim will be for a while forgotten beside the grave of this grand Christian gentleman of old Wexford.

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There is an epigram of Tom Kettle's which says that Wexford is a land of tillage and taciturnity. Like most epigrams it conveys a half truth. For there are two Wexfords. There is the Wexford which lies south of the Forth Mountain, and there is the other Wexford which was part of the ancient kingdom of Hy Kinsellagh. The two are as different as if an ocean lay between them. The men of the Barony of Forth, in the south, are of a different race from the men who live by the Slaney and the Barrow and on the slopes of the Blackstairs Mountains. Tillage and taciturnity well describes the farmers of the south whose ancestors came across from Pembroke and from the Low Countries in bygone years; but the men of Bantry and Shilmalier are as Irish as the children of them who in years of bloodshed and slaughter fled over the Shannon before the murderers of Cromwell. They were the men who, armed with pikes and pitch-forks, defeated British armies at Wexford and Enniscorthy, and whose headlong bravery won the admiration of experienced officers who saw them fight at New Ross; and they, too, in our own time were the men who broke the power of the landlords and secured a measure of justice for Irishmen, who, until a quarter of a century ago, were slaves and serfs in the land of their fathers. Willie Redmond represented one Wexford, and John had many of the qualities of the other—its gravity, its seriousness, and haply also its lack of Celtic fire and its disposition to compromise. Our earliest recollection of him recalls him as a young politician speaking one day at the Cross in the Irishtown of New Ross, which was his first constituency. His audience was mainly composed of the farmers of Bantry and Shelburne, and on the fringe of the crowd one could see the helmets and the bayonets of the servants of a government that still fought for the maintenance of injustice and oppression. He had then come back from his tour in Australasia, where he and Willie had gone to plead Ireland's cause before a population very little disposed to hear them. They were denounced in the press as criminals. They were denied the use of public halls in most parts of Australasia, and let it be told here to the credit of Dunedin that the Scotch settlers of Otago were the fairest and the most impartial audience beneath the Southern Cross in those distant years when no lie about Irish patriots was too black to be believed. In those strenuous days John Redmond won the admiration of many men in the Dominion who became Home Rulers as a result of his eloquent speeches and his logical presentation of the justice of Irish demands for self-government. And what he did here he continued to do until the end of his life in England and in America, and wherever he went. Perhaps it may be claimed that his greatest achievement for Ireland was his success in allaying old prejudices, and by his marvellous gifts of oratory and reason bringing men to look for the first time at the Irish question from an Irishman's point of view. In saying this we do not underrate his success in other matters; for it may well be held that the foundation of our hopes for Ireland is based ultimately on the will of the British democracy which will give our country freedom because it recognises that freedom is right and just.

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In 1857 John Redmond was born at Broadway, Co. Wexford. He was elected for the borough of New Ross in 1881. He became Chairman of the Irish Party

in 1900. He represented Waterford City since 1891. We think it well to mention the leading dates of his career because we have seen already in our press erroneous statements. The events which filled these years are well known to followers of Irish politics in this country, and it is unnecessary to dwell on them here. We reluctantly approach the subject of that loss of power which threw a shadow over the last years of the life of a fine Irish patriot—for, differ from him as we may, not one of us can deny that he was that. The beginning of the end was at least a decade ago. To our mind it became noticeable after his rejection of the Councils Bill which he personally approved. Then a suspicion of sinister influences in the Party and also of a want of strength on his part got abroad. As years went on he lost touch with several new movements in Young Ireland which Parnell would have welded into the homogeneity of a National movement, but which—perhaps because he was influenced by others—John Redmond ignored. These movements grew, and as they grew dissatisfaction with the Party became more obvious. Perhaps the verdict of the Archbishop of Dublin best sums up the feeling of the people: the Party had sacrificed its independence and become the tail of an English political party! We can appreciate John Redmond's trustfulness in promises which Parnell would have scouted in the light of Irish history, but we cannot agree that he was right in accepting promises where Ireland was at stake. Many of us who knew him personally withdrew our allegiance regretfully in 1914 when he accepted the "scrap of paper" as payment in full of all our claims; but not one of us believed that he had been guided by any other motive than love for Ireland. In a word we realised that he lacked the strength and the judgment of his old chief; and that he did not possess these gifts was Ireland's loss as well as his. Sympathy rather than condemnation was due to him. None who knew him could withhold that sympathy, and all who now understand him, or who will yet come to understand him, will one day pardon a mistake which we can one and all regret without being harsh towards him. John Redmond was an honest man, a great Irishman, and always a model Christian gentleman. He has left his place at the head of the Irish Party and gone to join his brother Willie (they were always "Jack" and "Willie" to each other), who fell, as Sarsfield fell, fighting in France for another flag than Ireland's. Their loss is no light one; and Erin may well mourn them. Let us remember their great services for her cause, and may the love of our common faith inspire us to pray for the eternal rest of these gallant Wexford men.

.. NOTES ..

Pagan Models for N.Z.

The good Emperor Marcus Aurelius tells us in the beginning of his *Meditations* of the example of his parents:—

"By the recollection of my father's character I learned to be both modest and manly. As for my mother she taught me to have regard for religion, to be generous and open-handed, and not only to forbear from doing anybody an ill turn, but not so much as to endure the thought of it. By her likewise I was bred to a plain, inexpensive way of living, very different from the common luxury of the rich."

We recall a conversation with a respectable New Zealand gentleman who told us sadly that after all he had done for his only son there was not a man in the street who showed him less respect than that son. What that father said to us is the story of many a father in this country. We often wonder how many hundred years it will be before the young people of New Zealand really begin to realise how little they know and how little they are worth knowing. The fear of God is the beginning of wisdom. And surely the beginning of the fear of God is reverence for parents—an unknown quantity almost in this new country.

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