

We have prayed every morning since the war began for this day. If we have not gone forth and prayed at street corners we have prayed in the early hours while most of the world still slept. If we have not joined in advertised public prayer-meetings, we have been bound by our superiors to pray day after day, no matter whether we prayed alone or in the midst of our own people. And now we will pray the God of Peace to accept our humble thanksgiving that He has heard us, and to make of the past years of blunder and terror stepping-stones on which we may all rise to better things. While we rejoice with those to whom peace has meant safety for the dear ones who bore the heat of the day unto the very end, let us not forget to sympathise with those whose soldier sons, or brothers, or husbands, or friends will march no more on this earth,—those who have carried their cross already, borne their loss, and been purified through its revelation of suffering. Throughout all the land there is no home, no individual, that has not felt the weight of the cross: and for them all we can pray no better prayer than that they all be made better by their loss and find in it such consolation as we know many have found. And while we rejoice, while we prepare to welcome those who will come back to us carrying their sheaves, let us not forget the souls of the dear dead who may not come back any more and whom we are bound on a thousand titles never to forget. The irresponsible feeling of joy that sweeps through all to-day will soon pass away: let not the memory of the dead, and the mindfulness of our obligations towards them pass so readily. And though we will linger in thought by the distant graves we shall never see, let us think far more of the souls that have not been shut in narrow graves, but liberated to prepare for the sight of God through a purification in which we can help them though they cannot help themselves. Once again in this month of November this thought is insistent; and with no better thought can we celebrate the news of the great peace for which the dead fought and died.

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Surgit amari aliquid! We are told now that the downfall of oligarchy has been consummated, and that the small nations of the world have been freed. We are told that the war aims for which our men were called to fight have been achieved, and that all is well at last. Here is where the disappointment comes in. In this day of wild jubilation our thoughts turn inevitably towards that land in the western seas where Erin still sits in chains, and we ask ourselves what of the rights of small nations where she is concerned, what of the destruction of that Orange oligarchy which has kept her in chains against the will of her people, and against the will of the whole world? And as we look at the stern facts of her case we are reluctantly compelled to deny that the dire curse of oligarchy has been removed and that the rights of small nations are established. And these were the things for which we were asked to fight! Consider the plain fact that the British people three times registered their votes in favor of allowing Ireland to govern herself, in conformity with that solemn enactment ratified by an English Government only to be shamefully torn up and thrown to the winds as a scrap of paper; consider that a clique, largely composed of men who plotted with the Kaiser for the overthrow of the British Constitution, and who incited the British Army to mutiny, successfully defies the will of the British people, even though by so doing they have enabled it to be said all over the world that Britain was by her acts contradicting all her high-flown war aims and was actually doing to Ireland the things of which she accused Germany of doing to Belgium; and reflect then whether oligarchy has indeed been destroyed or no, and whether the cause of small nations has been vindicated. There is the rift in the lute this morning for twenty millions of us who belong to the greater Ireland, and who will not consider that Europe or the world has been freed from despotism and oligarchy until the last vestige of the Orange domination has been trampled in the dust and the men who plotted with the Kaiser and bought

his guns share in his ignominy which they, as traitors to their country, deserve more than he. In the meantime, while we are thankful to God for the gift of peace, we are regretfully obliged to conclude that our war aims have not yet been realised: oligarchy is intact, and a small nation lies under the heel of an illegal secret society. Had that society anything to do with the fact that Mr. William Massey was the only Premier of a self-governing Dominion who did not call on England to grant Home Rule to Ireland during the war? If so we have had enough of him as well as of the secret society which still boasts at home of its German rifles. Thank God for peace, and pray that He may give us honest politicians soon.

NOTES

"Rhymes with Reasons"

Rhymes with Reasons (Burns and Oates, Ltd., 1/- net), is a little book of verses by the author of that pathetic and lovable little piece of prose, *Aunt Sarah and the War*. This, and the fact that it is published by the famous Catholic firm whose publications are the delight of book-lovers who love to see a good book in artistic format, is already a useful introduction to the public. One can only risk giving one's own impressions, which depend on that inconstant element, individual taste, when judging a new volume of poems, and one must be prepared for differences of opinion. However, we think few will question that *Rhymes with Reasons* deserves a good word. It has the good qualities and the perfections of the prose of the author. It has the same sympathy and tenderness, the same charm and delicacy of touch. If poetry that we like is the poetry we ought to read—as it is certainly the poetry that we do read,—this little book ought to find many readers. *Concessions* is a fine little poem; *To a British General Denied His Needed Supports* is a noble apology which has its very special appeal to those who are kith and kin with the men who shared in that General's failure. We quote a few short selections as a sample of the poetry of the book:

JERUSALEM.

*Mothers of sons who fell that day
I see you foremost in the fray.
Men took the citadel, the mine, the mart—
But you took Calvary—to your heart.*

THE BEARERS OF LOST SONS.

*Arms and the Man:—be arms his care,
By arms he men bequied!
It counts but little what men bear,
So women bear the child.*

*Mothers, who suffered Love's sharp joy—
By Christ, Who bore one Cross,
Twice blest be you, who bore the boy,
And now who bear the loss.*

OF ENGLAND: HER NEW ARMY.

*There's something mellowier than the moon
Shines through the apple-trees,
Flickers in village and in town,
Is ambient on the ivory Down,
More buoyant than the breeze.*

*A hundred thousand English Ghosts,
The Dead who died in fight,
Promoted now to Michael's hosts,
Stand sentry over English coasts,
Walk English lanes to-night.*

*They breast the immemorial hills;
They hear the whinnying mare.
"O, who goes there, for well or ill?"
They answer, "Friends—and fighting still
Your battle elsewhere."*