

wards—had reason to maffick, for the war enriched them. For the people—for those who fought and who will now set themselves to pay—the proper course would have been to spend three days in prayer and penance, supplicating God to deliver them from the evils amid which the war has left them.

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Now, for an Irishman who sees at the end of the war for the freedom of small nations the heel of John Bull on the neck of Erin it would be natural enough to find no cause to rejoice and to dance to order like any Jingo marionette. Ireland is the test by which we judge the sincerity of all the promises and by which we estimate whether the war has been won or no. However, Irishmen are not the only ones whose eyes are open to the fact that the war has not been won, that democracy has not been saved, that the pledges have not been kept, that right and justice have not been the ideal of the Allies. For thousands let one speak. Father Bernard Vaughan is as loyal an Englishman as any on earth to-day; but he is not so blind as to say that black is white like so many other people who think they are loyal and that those who will not say that black is white are disloyal. Here, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, is what Father Vaughan thinks of our great victory:—

"There was a section of the community—he thought they must be the families of the profiteers—who seemed to live on snapshots and headlines and the jazz. One would think God Almighty had made them to be glorified spinning tops. He should think the punishment of such people in the next world would be to be whipped round when they were too tired to move. The divorce courts of the country were congested, the nurseries were empty, and the undertakers had more than they could do. We, as a nation, were travelling towards the cemetery. And the present state of things was going to be worse, because we had the happy knack now of making out that whatever we liked was right and that there was no sin except being dull and no remorse except being found out. . . . Referring to the Peace Conference, Father Vaughan said the Big Four had parcelled out God's earth, as though it were an allotment field. God had not been consulted in the matter. They had settled the business without God, and God would unsettle it."

Father Vaughan speaks of conditions in England, but his words are true for all the Empire—true especially for New Zealand. Here certainly we have the gospel of eat and drink, for to-morrow you die, worked out to its limits. Here are the empty cradles and the full coffins. Read our papers and see how our little population keeps the Divorce Court busy. Read our papers and judge from them if religion is not dead and if expediency is not the highest principle that appeals to a good Jingo. Here more than anywhere, the schools having boycotted God, the creed of the masses is that whatever we like is right and there is no sin except it is found out. We all know what rottenness obtains in every one of our towns, we know that the insincerity of our press is but the reflex of the insincerity of our lives. We are travelling towards the cemetery!

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"The Big Four had parcelled out God's earth, as though it were an allotment field. God had not been consulted in any way. They had settled the business without God, and God would unsettle it." Note the word "business": it sums it all up neatly. Can anybody doubt that the Jewish financiers who represented four Christian countries at the Peace Conference regarded it otherwise? Who were they, you ask: Klotz (France), Gompers (America), Reading and Montagu (England), Hymans (Belgium). In addition to these, you have in Germany Bernstein, Haase, Heyman, and Hartmann.

"Who shall blame,

When the slave enslaves, the oppressed ones o'er
The oppressor triumph for ever more?"

Lord Jellicoe issues a message to be prepared!
Haig's peace note is a warning to all to learn to shoot.

The *Tory Observer* says the Peace Conference has sowed Europe with dragon's teeth. "They settled the business without God, and God would unsettle it!" "Eat and drink, for to-morrow you die," is the lesson taught this Dominion by our Education Boards. We have learned it as a people. Therefore we were ready to maffick instead of doing penance and setting ourselves to reconstruct society on the lines for which the war was once alleged to be waged. The mafficking is over, and one thing remains: it is the truth that God is not mocked.

NOTES

Padraic Pearse

As a correspondent tells us that she is very anxious to get hold of the poems of Padraic Pearse, and as we know how infinitely easier it is to get the last trash by Marie Corelli or Elinor Glyn than anything of true literary value from our booksellers, we will this week try to give our readers some idea of the ethereal loveliness and the mystic charm with which Pearse's verse is drenched. Not till he fell before the rifles of the "Butcher" Maxwell did Padraic Pearse come into his own. Only when he was no more did the blind world realise for what were responsible the blundering and the insincerity of Asquith, George, and the rest of the gang that killed Pearse and rewarded Carson to the eternal shame of English honor. But Padraic Pearse's spirit has arisen from the ruins of Easter Week, and England has begun to realise now that it had been far better for her had she hanged Asquith and George rather than massacred Pearse. As things are now, the former are alive and damned and the latter is dead and immortal, lending of his immortality to the unconquerable spirit of the New Ireland which he helped to create. Of Pearse, A.E. wrote soon after his death: "Probably no more selfless spirit ever broke itself against the might of the Iron Age than this man's spirit, which was lit up by love of children and country, a dreamer with his heart in the Golden Age." And when his first collected works were published, Robert Lynd wrote in the *New Statesman*: "Here then is a book which a considerable number of human beings already regard as a holy book, because a man died for what is written in it. . . . These plays and poems are beautiful with a faith in the destiny of the poor and the oppressed, and in the power of self-sacrifice to redeem the travelling world."

I HAVE NOT GARNERED GOLD.

I have not garnered gold;
The fame I found hath perished;
In love I got but grief
That withered my life.

Of riches or of store
I shall not leave behind me
(Yet I deem it, O God, sufficient)
But my name in the heart of a child.

CHRIST'S COMING.

I have made my heart clean to-night
As a woman might clean her house
Ere her lover come to visit her:
O Lover, Pass not by!

I have opened the door of my heart
Like a man that would make a feast
For his son's coming home from afar:
Lovely Thy coming, O Son!

THE MOTHER.

I do not grudge them: Lord, I do not grudge
My two strong sons that I have seen go out
To break their strength and die, they and a few
In bloody protest for a glorious thing,
They shall be spoken of among their people,
The generations shall remember them,