

Home Rule Bills every day in the week. Their Bills are regarded by Sinn Fein exactly as the American Senate would regard a Bill for the government of the United States, solemnly passed in the British talking shop. Consent of the governed is the only right to govern: that is an ethical principle that only a Hun can deny. It was also one of the principles that England agreed to when the Germans were on her borders and America was still hesitating. England may see no sin and no shame in making a liar of herself; she may not have soul enough to feel the opprobrium of calling men to fight against those who were doing to others exactly what she has been doing to Ireland for many centuries. But Ireland is a Christian country, and the ways of hypocrites and pledge-breakers are not her ways; Ireland has self-respect, and though she can suffer she cannot sell her soul. It is the English way to do that; but it is not Ireland's. Therefore, Ireland regards with contemptuous amusement the efforts of such persons as the cadaverous Canadian, Bonar Law, and the deceitful Welsh wizard, Mr. George, and the old, hoary hypocrite, Arthur Balfour, to legislate for a people determined to recognise—in accordance with British war aims—a Government elected by the vast majority of the governed. Ireland's position is that the British in Ireland stand in exactly the same relationship to them as the Prussians in Belgium stood to the Belgians; and the Irish regard British legislation for Ireland in exactly the same light as Cardinal Mercier regarded Prussian legislation for the Belgians. The Irish people are logical; what is more, they are standing fast by what was solemnly enunciated as a British war aim. And there they mean to stand or die.

The Irish Bishops are with the people. In Maynooth, on January 27, the united Irish Hierarchy pronounced:—

"We have therefore to declare that the one true way to terminate our historical troubles and establish friendly relations between England and Ireland to the advantage of both countries is to allow an undivided Ireland to choose her own form of government."

That is simply asking England to be honest and to keep her pledges. How she does keep them is clear from a letter of the Archbishop of Cashel to Mr. de Valera:—

"Ireland is in a state of bondage. Our press is muzzled, our fairs and markets are stopped, our exhibitions of industries are prohibited, our national games are barred, our literary and musical festivals are proclaimed; even the Princes of the Church are asked to guarantee that they are not criminals before they are allowed to use their motor cars.

"Our homes are raided by armed forces of the British Crown, our streets are paraded by an army of occupation. . . .

"To you, the trusted representative of the Irish people, I send the enclosed cheque for £50 as a contribution to the Irish National Loan. Here at home the British Government has continued to trample on the principles of Democracy.

"I wish you every blessing on your noble efforts to right the wrongs of centuries, and to free Ireland from the blighting influence of foreign rule."

There is ample episcopal approbation of Sinn Fein: there is the highest and sanest Irish opinion on the present misgovernment of Ireland by the brave British champions of oppressed people. To those persons who carry round in their pockets letters from spiteful and half-hearted Irishmen who hate Sinn Fein we recommend serious meditation on the studied opinions of the Irish Hierarchy. To those persons who ask us what do the Irish people think of the latest British scheme, we reply that they think of it exactly what England would think if Lapland passed a Home Rule Bill for the British people. They think it is English from first to last. And Ireland, true to ethical principles, stands or falls by the right of a people to govern themselves.

VON SCHWEINHUND RECEIVES THE ORDER OF THE BOOT

Last week we devoted a little space to the latest exhibition of duplicity and Hunnishness of Muckpherson. Even England could not stand his awful exposure in the House of Commons; even England could not stomach a publicly exposed prevaricator. Hence we were not astonished to read on Saturday evening a quiet little cablegram to the effect that Muck had been kicked out of office to be replaced by another non-entity. We weep not over his departure. He will be duly promoted—as were the Ulster pro-Germans. But we reflect on all he did, and we say that if any man wants proof that the Sinn Feiners do not shoot from behind hedges, proof abounds in the fact that even the Scottish savage went from Ireland alive. No Sinn Feiner would waste powder on him or on any of the gang associated with him. So, then, exit von Schweinhund. His future concerns not us, but his masters. Mr. George has always suitable work for such tools. We notice that poor Mr. George has been whining through the cables over his fool Home Rule Bill. Has he forgotten his little war for the right of self-determination? The Irish people have not. And that is the answer to all his Welsh rhetoric. Sinn Fein has greased a flagstaff in Queenstown. Lloyd George might as well try to climb it as to delude again the people he betrayed.

NOTES

Chesterton and Belloc

We wish to call attention to a series of articles on "Chesterton and Belloc," contributed by Theodore Maynard to the *Catholic World*. If you admire the two valiant and doughty apologists for old, sane, beautiful things, in those days of Imperial corruption, you must read Mr. Maynard's illuminating study of the writers to whose school he himself belongs and under whose flag he has *et non sine gloria*—himself adventured. In the February number he gives us a passage in prose and a poem from each, in which he thinks the personality of the writer is revealed best. From Chesterton's *Flying Inn* he selects this song of the wild Irishman, Dalroy, who sings as he marshals the army of English democracy for the final assault on the Mohammedan Prohibitionists:—

Lady, the light is dying in the skies,
Lady, and let us die when honor dies;
Your dear dropped glove was like a gauntlet flung
When you and I were young,
For something more than splendor stood; and ease was
not the only good,
About the woods in Ivywood, when you and I were
young.

Lady, the stars are falling pale and small,
Lady, we will not live if life be all,
Forgetting those good stars in heaven hung,
When all the world was young;
For more than gold was in a ring, and love was not a
little thing,
Between the trees in Ivywood, when all the world was
young.

Now, we agree with Mr. Maynard that no poem could better present the ideals and the spirit of the genial philosopher who has fought so valiantly for such old, sane, sweet things as are sadly touched upon in the foregoing lines by the Irish Quixote. We hope it is a poem that no Celt can read without emotion. Mr. Belloc's ego is supposed to be set forth in the following poem which comes into an essay after the author has told us of a priest who once preached a sermon on the words "Abba, Father," and whose eyes