

phön from the Office of the Day: "The angels sang upon the earth, the archangels rejoiced, and the just exulted, saying, 'Glory to God in the Highest.'"

As usual on great festival occasions, the high altar and sanctuary were most tastefully adorned. The "Crib of Bethlehem," which is each succeeding Christmas such a strikingly realistic feature among the objects of devotion in the Cathedral, attracted large numbers during the day.

At 11 o'clock on Christmas morning High Mass was celebrated at St. Mary's Church, Manchester Street. Earlier in the morning there were large attendances at each Mass, celebrated from an early hour, and the majority of the congregations approached the Holy Table. At the High Mass the Very Rev. Dean Regnault was celebrant; Very Rev. Father Graham, S.M., deacon; and Rev. Father Roche, S.M., subdeacon. After appropriately addressing the congregation on the festival of the Nativity, Very Rev. Dean Regnault said that during the year many parishioners of St. Mary's had performed works of zeal which had brought glory to God, and which had been of great assistance and a source of consolation and comfort to the priests of the parish. A deep debt of gratitude was due to the Sisters, whose devotedness to the children and success in the school had earned the praise of those most competent to judge. The members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society and the Hibernian Society had shown great zeal amongst the poor, the sick, and the needy, and had performed many works of charity. The devotion of the Children of Mary, the Altar Society, and the members of the choir was warmly commended. The Dean also expressed his gratitude to all the other Church workers in the parish. The high altar and sanctuary were tastefully decorated for the Christmas festival by members of the Altar Society, and an impressive effect was created by the representation of the "Crib of Bethlehem." The choir, under the conductorship of Mr. W. T. Ward, was assisted by a full orchestra. On Christmas morning and on Sunday Beethoven's Mass in C was finely rendered, the "Adeste Fideles" being sung at the Offertory. Miss Nina Ward was organist.

A LONDONER ON LLOYD GEORGE

Most observers saw a Georgian touch in the policy of reprisals, but no one expected such an apostolic blessing of them as the Carnarvon speech (says the London *Nation* for October 16). Yet there was no reason to be surprised. Mr. George lacks breeding because he wants true or deep human feeling. Humanity appears to him as so much raw substance to be moulded to his will; and all that has happened to it in the past is little or nothing to him, for he has neither knowledge of its habits, nor sympathy with its soul. Everyone who knows Ireland, and deplores these later horrors, also knows her to be a glorious piece of work, fit to shine by herself or to adorn any political system of which she is a part, but immensely difficult for us to deal with because of our bad conduct to her, and her acutely sensitive memory of it. But it is merely unskilled workmanship in politics to treat her to the brutal words of the Carnarvon speech, and the brutal action it adopts and defends. Mr. Asquith may have made mistakes about Ireland. But he behaves to her like a gentleman. And that is precisely what Mr. George cannot do.

Mr. George's speech makes the question of origins more important than ever. How and where did the policy of reprisals take its rise? The Irish account is that it came before the Cabinet, and that the claim of the military then was to be given a free hand, without interference from the civilians, and that this, after debate, was conceded. It is a pretty stiff proposition. Is it credible that the politicians gave up Ireland to be sacked? And yet, if such a consent was withheld, how could the thing ever have happened? How account for the organisation of the auxiliaries, the mobilisations of the Black-and-Tans, the attacks by plan and signal, the choice of the creameries, the *discriminate* character of the whole plan of campaign? Besides, Carnarvon is a confession. It gives the clue to Macready's open sympathy and Greenwood's halting tongue. The Prime Minister, at least, was with the Black-and-Tans. And one knows enough of this Government to divine that that ended the matter with Mr. George's "Liberals" no less than with his Tories. But there has been opposition, some of it merely perfunctory, but another part genuinely horrified and disposed to supply at least a dampening atmosphere to the policy of terror.

As for the British government of Ireland, it is over; the lurid track of '98 and 1920 marks it out with too visible blackness ever to give it a chance to put on a lighter colouring. Outside the Orange pale, the raids have been a Unionist cause. "No more English rule,

thank you," is the motto, not of Sinn Fein merely, but of the substance and wealth of Southern Unionism. Therefore it is now a question of devising the way of the exodus. It is absurd to suppose that there is no settling with Ireland. "I have repeatedly said," declared Mr. Arthur Griffith, the other day, "that once England recognises our right as a nation to independence, Ireland is ready to meet her and discuss with her, as a friend, any military, international, or financial points upon which she may be uneasy, and to enter into treaties which will secure our mutual interests and protect hers." The task of statesmen is to discover an opening to such a negotiation. The Prince of Wales might be taken as its sponsor, if he came to Ireland armed with the power to proclaim amnesty and disarmament, clap a muzzle on Dublin Castle, and summon a Constitutional Conference. Mr. Asquith, I understand, would summon at once a meeting of Dail Eireann, that is to say, of the Irish Members of Parliament, collecting its members from their Irish and English prisons, and, I imagine, giving them a charge to draw up an Irish Constitution and submit it to our statesmen.

How many of these so-called "reprisals" are reprisals in intent or even in name? If a quarter of what I hear from Ireland is true, the policy of terrorism was set about, not by impulse, but by plan. The desperadoes have been let alone—in fact, not one of them has been captured. But some of the quieter, and therefore the weaker, centres of Irish Nationalism have been methodically and repeatedly shot up and outraged. The crops have been attacked, and hundreds of haystacks destroyed. Isolated houses, situate in remote villages, where nothing had happened, have been burned to the ground. In the county I have in mind, and from which I have received two independent reports, the statement is that districts were mapped out among the police, and visited one after the other. They often looted right and left, returning nothing of what they stole.

Here is a story. It was told me by an Irish merchant of substance and ability, as his address and conversation seemed to show. He stated that his office, stores, and house had been bombed and gutted, and that he had lost £10,000. He showed me a photograph of his office, with the safe ripped up and torn to fragments, and the furniture scattered in utter disorder. Notes, silver, cigarettets, fishing tackle, boxes of scent, everything that these public guardians could lay their hands on had, he said, been stolen. After the sack had been complete, a policeman in uniform came round and handed the following note to the doorkeeper. He showed me the original envelope and epistle:

"To Mr. B—

"Advocate of Assassination (*sic*).

"You are warned to make no claim to compensation in a British Court. Leave C— by first train. Life is sweet. You are well watched."

He added an account of what happened to two of his neighbors, well-to-do citizens. One was forced into the sea and made to stand there till the water reached his neck, when he was shot at until he was on the point of drowning. He was then taken out and made to stand in front of his house in his dripping clothes, shot at again, and released. The second man was dragged out of his bed, half naked, made to crawl round his garden, on hands and knees, till the skin was scraped off them, and to cry "God bless the R.I.C." Then he was shot at and allowed to go. This is the story. I hardly suppose it is an invention. But if not, what have the Government to say to it?

ST. JOSEPH'S GLEE CLUB, DUNEDIN.

On Monday, the 20th inst., St. Joseph's Glee Club—both members and friends—held a social evening in St. Joseph's Hall as a wind-up to the year's activities. The function was one of the most successful and pleasant in the club's history. During the evening the secretary (Mr. M. Coughlan) on behalf of the club, presented Mr. T. J. Anthony, its popular conductor, with a handsome Mosgiel rug, thus marking the members' appreciation of a tireless and enthusiastic leader. Mr. Anthony, who was agreeably surprised, feelingly responded, and predicted success for the forthcoming year. The following members contributed to the evening's programme: Pianoforte solo, Miss Gilligan; pianoforte duet, Misses Dyer; recitation, Miss Rita Wilson; songs, Mesdames Coughlan and Forrest, Misses C. Dillon, M. Dixon, M. Brown, Moya Coughlan, Murphy, S. Mulholland, B. McGrath, Messrs. P. Cull, F. Rodgers, C. Dillon, M. Coughlan, L. Forrest, W. Fennessey, and T. J. Anthony. The accompaniments were played by Misses A. Gilligan, B. Meade, and M. Coughlan.

Let us lift ourselves above all things that pass, and soar aloft far from the earth! Up above, the air is so pure! Jesus may hide Himself, but we know that He is there.

EYES' FLUID