

great accessions to the Republican Army from the Dublin University. In the slums of Dublin and Cork little children form fours, march, and drill for the day when they will rid their country of the filthy visitation of the "Black-and-Tans." Intimidation might produce a temporary success of a kind, and the Government try to make the nation believe that such a success is within their reach. But for Englishmen who are thinking of the future, the question is not whether an abominable system of terror can divide the ranks of Nationalist Ireland or bring about a modification of her immediate demand, but what sort of Ireland we are to have in the future. At present we are creating an Ireland in which the first instinct of every self-respecting man is to hate England. Sir John Moore after seeing something of English rule in Ireland, said more than a century ago, that if he were an Irishman he would be a rebel. Six years ago, Irishmen, thinking England was going to give them their freedom, were so well disposed to us that they were ready to help us in the war. Can anybody imagine that an Ireland brought up on memories of the outrages committed by English irregulars, and the insolence with which these men bear themselves before the Irish people, will cherish anything but profound hatred for the very name of England?

The Government's policy leads nowhere. It would be intelligible, though abominable, if this people meant to devote its energies to holding down the Irish people by force, and to prepare for all the military and diplomatic dangers that are inseparable, for a generation to come, from a permanent quarrel with the Irish race. On any other assumption it is madness. The alternative policy is to make peace, and that is the policy which the Labor Party is about to urge on the country in an active campaign. The obstacle to peace is racial pride; the arrogance of men who think, as the Germans thought, that it is the mark of superior worth to give orders and not to discuss terms. Our politicians are so far gone in their contempt for all liberal ideas that they think the present reign of terror in Ireland is less disgraceful to us than a frank recognition of the view that Irish Government is a matter for the decision of Irishmen and not for Englishmen. Six years ago Germans thought that the atrocities in Belgium were less damaging to German honor than the admission that Germany could not give orders to her neighbors. Englishmen appreciated her mistake, but they are now copying it. We have to make peace with Ireland in order to bring to an end a state of things that disgraces us, and in order to secure a tolerable life in the future for both peoples. Lord Grey reminded the House of Lords in October that we were only just in time in giving self-government to the Transvaal. How much time is left to us in Ireland?

THE SHAME OF THE PEACE TREATY

Nothing more pathetic has reached this country since the World War closed, than the heart-rending stories of misery and want in Austria, with countless thousands of little children as the innocent victims (writes Father Joseph Kelly, of Detroit, U.S.A., in the *Fortnightly Review* of St. Louis). And what is the reason for the wretched state of these people? The integrity of the Austrian nation has been violated by the Treaty of Versailles. The alienation of the territory belonging to her has left her stranded, little more than a political and business capital, like a head bereft of its body. Moreover, the country is not merely unable to pay the interest on its vast debt, but unable to pay its running expenses. Its currency has been inflated until it is worth only about one per cent. of its face value. Austria is unquestionably in a deplorable plight.

The Treaty of Versailles has been the cause of all this. So far as Austria is concerned, it is a monstrous injustice, the work of men blind to facts, the juggling of children with the blocks of other people's destinies. Austria is a standing condemnation and reproach of what was done at Paris. Austria was not only dismembered and ruined, but worse still, a huge indemnity was imposed after taking from the people the power to pay it. Even the means of living were taken from them. To all appearances, Austria was rendered impotent, in order that she might become a prey to be divided among the Powers who went into the war "to make the world safe for democracy." What has democracy done for Austria? The people sadly admit, and keenly feel, not what democracy has done for them, but what the so-called democracy of England and her associates has done to them. Are we not co-responsible for the sad state of these stricken people? Let us strike our breasts and admit our guilt.

It was in our power at Versailles to insist that the reasons that actuated us to enter the war, "to make the world safe for democracy," be lived up to. We lost our

opportunity and let England and her associates have their way. The policy that is now being followed in unhappy Ireland was the policy of the Peace Conference, and the results of that policy are the same in all countries affected. Democracy and the "rights of small nations" have no place in that policy. Austria stands out as a terrible example. She is ruined, and her people are almost beyond recovery.

What are our duties to this country? Since a nation, like a man, does not live unto itself, but is a part of a great vital network of relationships, something will have to be done about Austria. As we are responsible for her condition, justice requires that we exert every effort to rehabilitate her. There are several millions of people to reckon with. They are little different from other human beings. They cannot live unless they have work and clothing and shelter and food and order, and these are impossible if their public life fails to function. Economically it is doubtful whether Austria can survive if left in its present political status, even should temporary help be provided. For the present, money, food, and clothing should be sent from America into the homes of the weak, emaciated, and starving victims of conditions over which they have no control. Then, the government itself should be rehabilitated. The proposed Austrian loan of \$250,000,000 is a highly important step towards the accomplishment of this end. Unless both of these things are done, or something equally efficacious, it is not difficult to foresee what the end of that unhappy country will be.

SACRED HEART CONVENT, WANGANUI.

Miss Kathleen Carroll, a pupil of the Convent High School, St. John's Hill, Wanganui, has received cabled advice through the New Zealand University that she has passed her final section B.A. degree. Miss Carroll received her entire education from the Sisters of St. Joseph. Previous to her coming as a boarder to the High School, she was a pupil of the Sisters of St. Joseph in Manaia, a branch of the Order from Wanganui. She entered the boarding school here at 13 years of age, and began her secondary work at 14 years of age. Miss Carroll passed the following examinations within the six years of her boarding-school period:—Public Entrance with credit; Senior National Scholarship, Matriculation, First Terms (Victoria College, Wellington), Second Terms, and in the same year First Section B.A., Third Terms and Final Section B.A. Miss Carroll is just 20 years of age, and leaves her Alma Mater this year to take up the profession of teaching. She paid a very high tribute to her teachers and school on receiving the news of her success—"I owe it all to my teachers at the Sacred Heart Convent, Wanganui."

The public examinations at the above school were again this year a record—no failures, and candidates sat for "D," Matriculation, Public Entrance, and Intermediate.

A DONEGAL HUSH SONG.

God bring you safe from the death sleep of night,
A Leanniv Machree,
My Heart's Delight,
From the green-hill'd homes of the Shee,
O'er the purple rim of a starlit sea,
Through a leafy lane, o'er Moy Me's plain,
Where dew-drops strung on a gossamer chain,
From blossomy boughs, swing to and fro,
And a round, red moon hangs low, so low—
God bring you safe through the Night to me,
My Heart's Delight,
A Leanniv Machree,

God bring you safe from the death sleep of night,
A Leanniv Machree,
My Heart's Delight,
From the grey world's edge where the rose-dawn sleeps,
Through the white dream gates where the shy day peeps,
Down the silver track of the Morning Star,
To the yellow strand where the white cliffs are,
Where each fairy foot in a fairy brogue
Is hastening away to Tir-na-oge.
God bring you safe to the Dawn and me,
My Heart's Delight,
A Leanniv Machree,

—CATHAL O'BYRNE.

There is no creature so little and so contemptible as not to manifest the goodness of God.—Thomas a Kempis.

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