

ened by the rewards to be earned, there sprang up in those days the infamous trade of priest-hunting, "five pounds" being equally the government price for the head of a priest as for the head of a wolf. The utmost care was necessary in divulging intelligence of the night on which Mass would next be celebrated; and when the congregation had furtively stolen to the spot, sentries were posted all around before the Mass began. Yet in instances not a few, the worshippers were taken by surprise, and the blood of the murdered priest wetted the altar stone.

Well might our Protestant national poet, Davis, exclaim, contemplating this deep night-time of suffering and sorrow:—

Oh! weep those days—the penal days,
When Ireland hopelessly complained:
Oh! weep those days—the penal days,
When godless persecution reigned.

They bribed the flock, they bribed the son,
To sell the priest and rob the sire;
Their dogs were taught alike to run
Upon the scent of wolf and friar.

Among the poor,
Or on the moor,
Were hid the pious and the true—
While traitor knave
And recreant slave

Had riches, rank, and retinue;
And, exiled in those penal days,
Our banners over Europe blaze.

A hundred years of such a code in active operation ought, according to all human calculations, to have succeeded in accomplishing its malefic purpose. But again, all human calculations, all natural consequences and probabilities, were set aside, and God, as if by a miracle, preserved the faith, the virtue, the vitality and power of the Irish race. He decreed that they should win a victory more glorious than a hundred gained on the battle-field—more momentous in its future results—in their triumph over the penal code. After three half-centuries of seeming death, Irish Catholicity has rolled away the stone from its guarded sepulchre, and walked forth full of life! It could be no human faith that, after such a crucifixion and burial, could thus arise glorious and immortal! This triumph, the greatest, has been Ireland's; and God, in His own good time, will assuredly give her the fulness of victory.

(To be continued.)

A U T U M N.

The still, reluctant dying of the leaf
Shall cast a shadow o'er the twilight time
In rainbow-beauty, and the wind shall rhyme
The echo of a sad song's trailing grief.

Sic transit! Not with gorgeous pomp and blare
Shall Beauty pass and Death, defiant, greet;
But grey-robed winds shall come with muffled feet,
And weave sweet dreams upon the conscious air.

And she shall pass; as incense passes when
Light windlets lift the flower-faces up
And waft their soul to Heaven, while the cup
Goes crumbling to its earthly home again.

With the red glory sinking in the west,
She, calm and great, will glow and fade, and glide
In passionate silence, to th' unfathomed tide
Of Heaven's glorious light, in dimness dressed.

Envoy.

But memoried traces of her shall remain,
A reflex, tinting a fair afterglow
Of Hope upon the soul, that she may know
Death's but a rainbow-archway in Life's fane.

—MARY MONGEY, in *Studies*.

If your doubts do not prevail so as to make us leave off praying, our prayers will prevail so far as to make us leave off doubting.—Hickman.

THE CHARACTER OF THE IRISH TERROR

There is (says the London *Nation*) a passage in Bolingbroke, if we remember rightly, in which he describes the true statesman as the man who can remember that the world in which he is administering affairs for the moment began before him and will continue after he is dead. We wonder what Ministers who are responsible for the state of things described in temperate language by the Labor Party Commission imagine is the future of Ireland. The answer, no doubt, is that none of them look beyond the next Session.

But what do those Englishmen who can look ahead think about the future? Roughly, our position in Ireland is that of Germany in Belgium. Terrorism is the force on which we rely. Our position differs from that of Germany in this respect; that our methods of frightfulness are rather less sensational, and that they have been carried out less under command. The German soldier burnt or shot under orders from his officers. The burnings and shootings in Ireland have been carried out more by *condottieri* acting on their own initiative. Sir Hamar Greenwood's account of Balbriggan, for example, describes a body of one hundred men, under no kind of authority, taking lorries and petrol and burning and killing, and returning to their barracks, as if they were a perfectly independent body of freebooters. In this respect our frightfulness differs from the German. But it remains frightfulness, and it is by frightfulness that we are holding what authority we possess. The report of the Labor Commission speaks, for example, of the number of people who are "on the run" in Ireland. In one important town all but five of the town councillors are "on the run." Now what does this expression mean? It means that men who are interested in politics, some of them Irish Volunteers, and in that sense belligerents, but many of them Sinn Feiners or trade unionists who have no connection with the Republican Army, live in a perpetual expectation of capture. They do not sleep in their own beds; they move from place to place; they are always on their guard against surprise. Sir Hamar Greenwood uses the phrase, amid the answering cheers of the House of Commons, to describe the steady progress he is making in reducing Ireland to order. The innocent might suppose that these men are in danger of arrest and trial before a court of law. No such thing. *They are in danger of murder.* When at last they are surprised in bed, they are carried off, not for trial, but to the nearest backyard or the nearest river, to be shot or drowned. "Attempting to escape" is now becoming one of the commonest forms of death in Ireland. When all the ordinary processes of law are suspended, and a country-side is put under the authority of a force raised in another country for the purposes of terrorism, this sort of thing is inevitable. You get the terrorism by which order was maintained in the Balkans. The report gives a picture of Tralee: "The whole population seemed to be sunk in the depths of morbid fear and contagious depression. There is no curfew in Tralee, but the streets become bare soon after the hour of darkness sets in. . . . We were told that the Town Council was compelled to meet in secret in some hidden ravine. Petty tyranny, beatings, intimidations, raids, threats of violence against husbands uttered to wives, brutal assaults to make boys forswear Sinn Fein, to denounce the Pope, to spit on photographs of the late Lord Mayor of Cork, to chant the battle-cry of the R.I.C. . . . had left their mark upon the inhabitants. . . . Names painted above shops in Irish characters have had to be obliterated under penalty of vengeance. . . . The Black-and-Tans used to drive about in lorries, trailing a Sinn Fein flag through the mud." It is not surprising to learn that the disease of St. Vitus's dance is rapidly increasing.

Now the German terrorism in Belgium had a definite object. It was the German way of deterring the Belgian civilians from attacking soldiers or otherwise giving trouble during the occupation of Belgium. The Germans wanted to hold Belgium during the war, perhaps to hold Belgium after the war, by military power. But even the Government does not pretend that we mean to hold Ireland by military power for an indefinite time. We are not going to annihilate the Irish population; we cannot remove Ireland to some other part of the globe. Ireland is there at our door, and there she will remain. What, then, do our politicians expect next year, five years hence, ten years hence, as the result of this terrorism? They answer that they will break the spirit of Ireland and intimidate her into a docile acquiescence in any system we may seek to impose. Do they seriously think this? The Labor Commissioners were immensely impressed by the romantic passion with which the youth, and even the childhood of Ireland are throwing themselves into the Sinn Fein movement. The execution of Kevin Barry was followed by

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