

in Belgium. "We venture to hope that as soon as the present War is over, the nations of the world in council will consider what means can be provided and sanctions devised to prevent the recurrence of such horrors as our generation is now witnessing." Those are the concluding words of the Bryce Report. None of the signatories—Mr. Fisher, least of all—can have imagined that when the War was over the world would witness such a "recurrence," and that its author would be their own land and Empire.

A PLEA FOR IRELAND'S FREEDOM

[Address of REV. JAMES G. MYTHEN, of Christ Episcopal Church, Norfolk, Va., at Liberty Hut, Washington, D.C., January 7, 1921.]

Dr. Mythen said in part:—

In America the campaign against the freedom of Ireland has become lately one of religious calumny, our opponents having no logical arguments to advance: they can't come to America and say "Ireland, Egypt, and India ought not to be free," because they know we wouldn't believe that, so they tell us other things, and one of the things they tell us about Ireland is this: That the question of Ireland is not the question of a race older than any other white race in Europe, a race which civilised Britons when Britons were painted savages roaming through the forests, a race that sent sages and priests and prophets to them and gave them the culture they have so misused. They will not let the Americans believe that this race has never died, that through every century the men of the Gaelic blood have fought for liberty, so they tell us it is a question of religion. They desecrate even the mind of God, and I challenge them to-night with a high crime, a crime against the decalogue,—they have taken the name of God in vain!

They tell Americans, or try to tell them, that it is to protect the Protestant religion in Ireland that they remain there. It has been followers of the Protestant religion in Ireland who have answered this lie, because they have stood up in the face of all that England offered them and spurned her and fought her. The roster of Irish Protestant liberators should silence this slander. Wolfe Tone, whose tricolor flag, orange, green, and white, you see here; Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the Emmets, John Mitchel, Francis McKinley (uncle of the late President), and Parnell—these fought, and some died, for Ireland. In fact all the bloody insurrections against England in Ireland, until the last one of Easter Week, were led by Protestants. There is no question of religion in Ireland to-night. The day has dawned when now we stand side by side as we did in the past, Catholic and Protestant, willing and ready to give our lives and all that we have—for what? For our blood—our blood that is older than Christianity, yes, and our nation, which is older than the Protestant religion. We were fighting for Irish independence before Martin Luther was born, and we will go on fighting for it until we win it or until our race perishes from the face of the earth.

As a Protestant and a Protestant of Irish blood, I want to say this for my religion: I honor it, I love it. It has never been on the side of the oppressor, though oppressors have used it. England is the deadliest enemy that the Protestant Church has to-day. She has used us; she has abused us; she has mutilated us; she has made us stand out before her guns. We have carried the banner of the Cross to China, India, and Africa, and wherever our missionaries have gone, they have gone out nobly and gladly to preach the Gospel of the Cross of Christ; but when they were established, suddenly they were swept aside, and there they saw the deadly guns and the British dominion began. But I say this: If it were true to-night that Protestantism in Ireland is against Irish independence, if Protestantism in Ireland depends upon poison gas, upon airplanes that drop death, if Protestantism in Ireland depends upon machine-guns, then indeed is Protestantism dead and should be buried in the same tomb as the religion of Moloch. But I deny it. I will take my stand with the men of my Church, who in the last century—Episcopalians and Presbyterians—have died in Ireland fighting for Ireland's independence. I will stand with them. Yes, and I want to stand with the greatest Episcopalian that our Church can boast of in the last 150 years, says George

Washington, but who stands with him, co-partner in glory; I will stand in the shadow of the glory of Robert Emmet as I did in San Francisco when Eamon de Valera, President of the Irish Republic, unveiled a beautiful statue to that Protestant Saint of Catholic Ireland.

There is something I want you men and women of Irish blood to pray over, no matter how your altars are dedicated. Your prayers will reach the same God in the end. I want you to pray the great prayer of action! God is a workaday God. To labor is to pray. Let your prayers be prayers of labor, prayers of action, direct action that this may come about, that it may be our beautiful, our wonderful destiny that in our day, in our generation, we may answer the challenge of Robert Emmet when he stood on the dock facing the hangman's noose and said: "When Ireland takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written." If you but will to do it, if you stand united, you Americans who fought for democracy, you men of blood that sings in your veins, you women who have power and might,—if you will it we shall write upon the blank space left below his statue that epitaph that Robert Emmet wants to have written. I want America to write it. I want Americans to write it in letters of gold, but if we do not, if we miss this supreme time in the history of the Gaelic race, God help us and God defend us. God send us penitent to our death, because we shall have been the first of the Gaelic race in 700 years that failed in the hour of crisis. We can write it if we will, but if we do not, never again call ourselves Irish: give up your Ancient Order of Hibernians, give up your Friends of Irish Freedom, give up your Sons of St. Patrick, your Protestant Friends of Ireland, and cringingly call ourselves what we will, but let us not dare call ourselves Americans, because we will not be worthy of that name any more than we will be worthy of the blood that is in us.

There is an alternative. If we do not write this epitaph there is in America to-night a man who is listening, who is waiting and hoping that we will, and his heart is heavy and his mind is staggering with the responsibility that we are going to place upon him, because if we in America do not do it, he will be compelled to go back to our motherland, our fatherland, and say to the men, young and old, to the women and children of Ireland, "Go you up and write the epitaph of Robert Emmet and write it in your blood." (Applause.)

TO CERTAIN LIVING POETS.

Where are your tongues, unvalorous bards—
Blind throngs of provident minstrelsie—
Who 'mid the ordure and the shards
Are singing of the linden-tree!

Of cherry-blossom and the spring,
And merry birds that wake the day,
The russet tree-tops shimmering
About the shining fields of May.

For who shall see the cherry-flower?
And who the glade in emerald drest?
And who the chestnut blossom dower
With chiselled snow the woodland's breast?

You sing as if revolving Earth
Mingled no warning in her roar,
Nor heed the breaking strings of mirth,
The darkness groping at the door.

Have you no eyes to see; no ears
To penetrate this crusted gloom?
Heaven hath withheld the ruining spears
And willed a fairer Earth to bloom.

And some have stirred the springing sod
Where no profaning foot should press,
And turned the smoking fields of God
Into a scentless wilderness.

Come down, bright streams of Heavenly fire,
Ascend, ye conquering flames of Hell;
The song is withered from the lyre:
Forge trumpet-flange and clarion bell.

—HERBERT E. PALMER, in the *Westminster Gazette*.

The Defence Department of New Zealand has decided to adopt the "Dennis" Motor Lorry. Transport Officers say that in France the "Dennis" proved first for reliability.—The New Zealand Express Co., Ltd.

S. McBRIDE Monumental Mason, Sophia St., **TIMARU**