

contemplated the policy of treachery towards the League which the Supreme Council was prepared to practise. Others, again, drawing nearer to the truth, dwell upon the damaging blow struck to the moral and political authority of Wilson by the elections of 1918, both in America and in Great Britain. America was clearly deserting Mr. Wilson. His enemies complain that it was his own fault for reverting from pure and full Americanism to the game of party politics. But while no one can accurately assess the damage of this indiscretion, it would be wrong to conclude that it was wholly or mainly responsible for the evaporation of American idealism. The storm of war-pas- sion which seized the American people would in any case have robbed Mr. Wilson of any strong popular support for his healing principles, and have thrown him on his own resources at Paris. America has no right to up- braid Europe for the Bad Peace. America under any other representative than Wilson was eager for a peace of revenge.

But none of these considerations gives a fully satis- factory explanation of what must be regarded in final analysis as a moral and personal tragedy. That Mr. Wilson raised his banner of political idealism with pas- sionate sincerity of purpose, no one has a right to ques- tion. But it by no means follows that he is, therefore, to be regarded as merely a victim of adverse circumstances and of popular betrayal. This is surely not the depth of the tragedy. Every real tragedy is a soul's tragedy, every great failure an inner failure. One of his most helpful biographers puts the critical issue in March, 1919, as follows: "Wilson had at that time three sources of influence in the world: he could refuse, as President of the United States, to accept the Treaty when finished; he could cease approving the grants of hundreds of mil- lions of credit to European Governments; and he could announce that, in his opinion, the moral forces of the world should not approve the proposed settlement." Had he staked his personality and future career upon the use of all three influences, it seems at least possible that he might have there and then prevailed, or, if he had failed for the moment and retired, shaking the European dust from his shoes, the flaming virtue of his action would have rekindled the political idealism of America and once more rallied to his leadership the sane and liberal forces of the European peoples.

But no full or fair consideration can fail to give weight to the physical collapse of the President, due to the ter- rible and prolonged strain of activities of mind and body which the performance of his high office involved. Nor is this exterior aspect of the personal tragedy truly sep- arable from the inward struggle and the consciousness of the failure to which it was contributory. Health and physical vigor are essential to that type of mental and spiritual energy needed to stand the buffets of evil cir- cumstances and base antagonisms; and to struggle on to a victorious end, alone, with the consciousness of desertion and malice in one's own household, requires a toughness of nature and an unflagging power of will only possible to one whose body is contributing its full share to sup- port the strain on heart and head. The sober verdict of history, taking account of all these material factors, will certainly recover a juster and a higher estimate of Wood- row Wilson and his work than prevails just now, when the world lies prostrate and helpless in the trough of its misfortunes and misdeeds. Rating him by the measure of his aspirations and his efforts, rather than by the present success which it is no man's to command, it will account him the only great redeeming personality which these years of the returning tide of barbarism has left stranded on the shores of Christendom.

We perhaps never detect how much of our social de- meanor is made up of artificial airs, until we see a person who is at once beautiful and simple; without the beauty, we are apt to call the simplicity awkwardness.

FARMER READERS.—Where do you get your Butter Wrappers printed? Why not patronise the printing de- partment of the *N.Z. Tablet*, Dunedin? Every order, no matter how small, is welcome. Prices or application to the Manager for 1lb or ½lb wrappers.

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THE IRISH WILL BE THERE.

One day the great Creator took a little bit of sand,
He placed it in the ocean where it grew a beautiful land;
The Angels were in raptures at this Emerald Isle so fair,
While the joyful news through Heaven spread, the Irish
Will be there.

When Caesar with his legions conquered Gaul and Britain
too,
He thought he ruled the world till this Island came in
view;
Then speaking to his army with a truly frightened air,
Said he, "We'd better turn back, the Irish will be there."

A mighty host of greedy Danes beheld with covetous eyes
The Island with its riches, sure 'twould make a goodly
prize;
But when they wanted profits far beyond their rightful
share,
At Clontarf Brian cleared them out, the Irishmen were
there.

Long ages before England had a fleet to rule the seas,
Another fleet, more noble, spread its pennants to the
breeze;
The Captain, brave Columbus, was often joined in prayer
By a hardy member of his crew, an Irishman was there.

When Washington at Valley Forge was pressed with perils
great,
When the future of our Nation lay on the knees of fate;
When of trials and of troubles he had a heavy share,
He proudly said, "We'll conquer yet, the Irish will be
there."

We know from history's pages, from our monuments so
grand,
From the record of our warfare both on sea and land,
That our fathers died for Freedom, deny it if ye dare!
For when'er the bugle sounded, brave Irishmen were there.

In the not far distant future which is known to God alone,
Out of a sea of sorrow a new Ireland will have grown;
She'll have peaceful trade and commerce, she'll have bless-
ings rich and rare;
She'll have ships and schools and scholars, the Irish will
be there.

Should you enter Afric's jungle where the grass is ten feet
high,
Should you visit South Sea Islands where the zephyrs
gently sigh:
Should you reach the Polar regions where the ground is
white and bare,
You'll find a Celt is running things, the Irishmen are
there.

On the Day of General Judgment all nations large and
small
Must assemble in the Valley to be judged true one and all;
You'll see the best and bravest on the right side of the
Chair.
With St. Patrick their leader, yes, the Irish will be there.
—REV. LUKE L. PLUNKETT, S.J., in the *Cork Examiner*.

A meeting of 30 Catholic bishops from different parts of Asia took place recently at Hong Kong. They repre- sented various missions in India, China, Japan, and Korea, and they discussed various phases of their missionary en- deavors. Very Rev. Father P. M. Lynch, the well-known Redemptorist from Australia, now stationed in the Philip- pines, was present at the gathering.

AN APPEAL

ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT, GREY LYNN, AUCKLAND.

The Convent home in which the Sisters of St. Joseph, Grey Lynn, Auckland, lived and worked for God and thousands of God's little children has been burnt to the ground, burnt as it seems to us by foul means. The home must be raised again in which the Sisters will take up their work for God and Christ's little ones. We appeal to the ever-generous Catholics of New Zealand to help us in this undertaking and to show the people of this country that we regard the Sisters and their noble work as a priceless possession.

*JAMES M. LISTON,
Coadjutor-Bishop.

Newton, Auckland.