

observation, and greatly favored the preparations he was stealthily making to meet the Norman expedition with stout help on the shore.

(To be continued.)

IRELAND'S CLAIM TO SELF-DETERMINATION

CARDINAL O'CONNELL'S POWERFUL ADVOCACY.

His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston, U.S.A., gave the following address at Madison Square Garden, on Tuesday night, wherein he emphasised the fact that "Justice to Ireland will prove that the war's aims were won," says the *New York American* of December 15:—

In finally yielding to the repeated urgent invitations of your committee to be present here at this significant meeting to-night, I have listened to the advice of duty alone.

As the case was presented to me it became clear to my mind that to stay away would be tantamount to the evasion of a grave obligation to my faith, my country, and my race. When the voice of that sacred trinity of motives calls, no man with a Christian conscience can refuse to rise and follow it, no matter what the cost or the sacrifice. I had to choose between convenience, conventionality, and duty. I have made my choice, and here I stand.

The Irish people through all the painful vicissitudes of their history have been faithful, as no other people in all the world, to the Christian faith. The most Christian country in the world to-day, according to the testimony, even of her enemies, is Ireland. When her children, fleeing from an intolerable condition of servitude under a foreign domination of all freemen, came in pitiable exile to these shores of free America, they brought with them the noblest virtues of Christian souls. Where even to-day would the Church in America be—for that matter in the whole English-speaking world, England included—but for the fidelity, the great-heartedness, the unquenchable devotion of the children of Erin?

Is it possible that any of us bishops or priests of America could ever be guilty of forgetting that to the heroic generosity of the Irish we owe such glorious monuments to faith as the superbly beautiful Cathedral of this wonderful city, dedicated to Ireland's patron saint and erected by the sacrifices of his faithful sons and daughters? What is true of this noblest Christian shrine in America's greatest city is equally true of thousands and thousands of humbler fanes in humbler communities all over the land.

Can any of us among the Church's leaders ever remain silent and inactive when there is at stake the welfare of the people to whom we owe our very daily bread and the roof that shelters us? There is no legitimate length, no limit within Christian law, to which I and every prelate and priest of America should not be glad and happy to go when the cry of the long-suffering children of the Gael comes to us, and when as now, before the tribunal of the whole world, the sacred cause of justice to every nation and every people is to be given a public hearing.

It is because the people of Ireland have solemnly kept their sacred word, given to their great Apostle, to be faithful to Peter's successor as they would be faithful to Christ, that they have felt the heel of a foreign despot mercilessly grinding them down into the very dust of humiliation. Yes, let us say it frankly and openly, for it is the truth—it is the fidelity of Ireland to all she holds most sacred which has been the chief cause of her offending.

Are we whose lives are dedicated to the eternal principle for which Ireland has become a martyr among the nations so bitten by mere worldly interests as to be mute in this day when all the world of brutal might is summoned into court? God forbid!

In God's name let us now speak out fearlessly for God's cause, for the cause of justice to all weak and strong, small and great, or let us be forever silent.

If we look back upon what has happened during the last four years, we shall see that conditions, hitherto accepted as permanent and absolutely unchangeable, have been so completely and entirely transformed that almost nothing remains of them to remind us of what once stood as firm as Gibraltar. It is as if the elemental forces had suddenly asserted themselves and had completely overrun the earth. The kaleidoscope of the world has been shaken and the bits of colored glass in the child's toy have rushed into new combinations which puzzle the eyes of our brain. One after another thrones have been overturned and empires have fallen. Disorder has broken loose upon the earth, and unless some power greater than the forces of anarchy prevails, all Europe—all the world—will be shaken to the foundations of civilisation.

The great war is over now, but he who fancies that because the great war is over universal peace will appear on scheduled time has a great disillusion ahead of him. No, unless now that the war is over, justice begins her rightful reign over the whole earth, there may be a momentary lull, but enduring peace will not be attained. It was for justice that humanity fought, and humanity will still be ready to go on with even fiercer wars until justice holds full sway.

Be not deceived by false prophets. Diplomacy which failed so utterly to preserve the peace of the world will not succeed alone in bringing it back.

Underneath the smooth and cool phrases and barren formulas of a diplomacy which has forgotten its own purposes, we can even now hear the mysterious stirring of elemental forces striving urgently to burst through the cryptic formularies of a decadent system, striving to get into articulate speech what suffering humanity wants to say, striving with the impatience of agonising multitudes to stop the babble of bribed officialdom that honest men may be heard, striving to articulate in all the dialects of the world the word, which heeded, will help the staggering earth to recover itself; unheeded, will plunge the whole tottering world into universal anarchy.

America is far away from the real theatre of mighty changes. But even America will not easily escape a movement so universal as now is visible on every horizon. What is that movement? It is the pent up longing in the hearts of a dozen nations for the right to rule themselves.

The doom of autocracy has already sounded. The silent millions of Russia, patient for centuries, have rushed madly into the vortex of revolution. Even in Germany, which seemed so content with itself, a new force is pushing out the older forms.

Obviously, therefore, we are at the end of a period, and a new one is beginning. It is strange that when Poland and Serbia and Czechs and the Slovaks and the Serbs and the Ukrainians are clamoring for national rights and national recognition that Ireland, for full seven centuries dominated by a foreign rule acquired only by force, and even to-day exercised by force, should now more than ever call upon the world, but most of all upon America, as the bountiful mother of true freedom, to help her regain the treasure stolen from her, and reinstate her in full possession of her complete liberty. If in the blaze which the great war enkindled, various tribes and families of the human race beheld as with a new light their claim to separate consideration, is it any wonder that the people of Ireland, too, had even a clearer and a stronger vision of their age-long inheritance?

Ireland's position as a nation is nothing new which the war has just succeeded in creating. Never since the day her crown was stolen has she ceased to claim it back. In every century for 700 years by protest, by appeal, by Parliament, by arms, when other means seemed futile, but in any event, by one means or another as she found it in her power to use them, Ireland has never failed to keep alive her own sense of distinct nationhood, and impress it as palpably as

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