

to bring the case of Ireland before the Conference; and this resolution was backed by the united voices of millions of Irishmen and Americans in assemblies held all over the United States. We have good reason to believe that already prominent members of the Sinn Féin Executive have arrived in France and that they are bearing living testimony to the terrible misgovernment of Ireland under British rule. We have seen how Cardinal Mercier spoke for the Continent and asserted the right of Ireland to be heard at the Peace Conference. In addition to this, remember that when Germany and Turkey and Austria come in they will not be slow to use Ireland as an answer to the charges of misgovernment and atrocities brought against them. All things considered, we have reason to hope that at last the united powers of the world will compel the Orange gang and their mercenary tools in the Government to do justice to Ireland. The plea we read in our own pitiful press is that Ireland's affairs are a domestic concern and that outsiders have no right to interfere. The same plea might be made with equal reason by Germany and Austria; it is as dishonest in the one case as in the other. And granting for a moment that the Irish problem were domestic there would still remain the obligation of America, and with America those nations to whom justice is dear, to deliver a persecuted and brutally oppressed country from the grasp of her Prussian rulers. And on that plea alone President Wilson, with the call of a free American people ringing in his ears, could not remain silent. We are told again by our own press that he has no right to speak and that he carries no weight, as if he had not saved England and as if her own politicians were not forced to admit that he had saved them. There is no healthier sign at present than the howling of the Jingoos who resent Mr. Wilson's manly stand on the basis of truth and right, and we can have no doubt, knowing what we know from America and from Ireland, that he who was strong enough to win the war for the sake, not of England but of universal peace, will see to it that Prussianism is destroyed in England as well as in Germany. The men of his father's blood surely are as dear to him as the Poles and the Serbs; the Prussianism that killed Sheehy-Skeffington and drove his wife to exile in America, where she told a maddened people what things were being done in Ireland by those who were asking the Irish people to fight for small nations, is surely as detestable and as criminal in his eyes as that of the hordes that overran Belgium and burned Louvain. The time has come at last when the trickery and the chicanery of Lloyd George must be exposed and when all the world will know how a nation has been plundered and drained of her life-blood for the sake of a bigoted fraction of the people of one little province. America knows it; France will know it; Russia and Germany know it; and they will not stand by at the end of this war for world-freedom and sanction the further martyrdom of the oldest and bravest people in the world. A domestic question forsooth! Ireland, persecuted for centuries, never submitted to the foreign yoke: all the world knows that, and all the world knows how hypocritical is the plea by which Lloyd George and his friends of the Ulster pro-German army now attempt to shield their crimes from punishment at the hands of those who are sincere in their desire to extirpate despotism and oppression from the world. Ireland is a small nation ruled by an English misgovernment just as Poland was by a Prussian and a Russian; Ireland has as much right to govern herself as any nation in Europe, and all Europe knows it. The world knows too that never again will Ireland submit to the outrages of the past and to a government which sent over lunatics like Colthurst to murder the people. If justice is not done now there is little room for doubt that the people will be goaded into a rebellion which can only end in extermination or complete victory. We know that extermination would be the Government's way of rewarding Ireland for the lives of the 40,000 men who died like Tom Kettle; but it is just possible that

4,000,000 people might succeed where a handful of Boers failed.

The West Coast Hibernians

On St. Patrick's Day this year Greymouth will be the Mecca for all the children of the Greater Ireland on the West Coast. Far back in 1869, there were formed branches of the Hibernian Society at Addisons and at Greymouth. In matter of time, Addisons was the first branch formed in New Zealand, but now that it is defunct Greymouth has the honor of being the oldest in the Dominion. The Grey branch was officially opened by delegates from Australia in 1870, but as it was in being from the previous year half a century has now passed since its inauguration. Unfortunately the local records have been lost; but one of the pioneer members, Mr. T. O'Donnell, is still active and zealous in the interests of the society and his mind is the repository of the history and traditions of the old days that are gone. The Greymouth Hibernians are to celebrate their jubilee on the 17th March, and the event will be an Irish demonstration worthy of the society and worthy of the Irish spirit of the men of the West Coast. It was from a West Coast priest that we received a reminder of the neglect of duty on the part of all of us here who care in truth and in deed for the cause of small nations, and who have no part in the policy which holds that Prussianism is wrong only in Germany. On the West Coast the priests and people have felt the shame that has been put upon us by the silence of our Government when the representatives of the freemen of the whole world are calling on England to prove her sincerity by ending forever the oppression and the plunder of Ireland. During these past days we have seen how a Judge of the Supreme Court of Philadelphia declared that Irishmen were perfectly justified in establishing their own Parliament in Dublin as they have done; since then a monster meeting of the sons of the Greater Ireland in America, over whom the venerable Cardinal Gibbons presided, demanded in the name of justice and honor that the Irish nation be restored to her rightful place and that the liberty which is her due be granted her. While all over the world every man who hates hypocrisy and loves justice is protesting against the shameful conduct of England we alone have kept silence, and by our silence have been so far partakers in the shame of England. There were many among us who were at one time so misled by faked fablegrams as to utter words of strong condemnation for the men who were the victims of Maxwell's cruelty and Tory duplicity; if no others make a move surely these people will endeavor to make a little reparation by doing their part to swell the protest that the whole world is making now. Greymouth, we are assured, will do its part on St. Patrick's Day, when motions in favor of the freedom of Ireland will be carried, and when we hope the men who asked Irishmen to fight for the freedom of small nations while oppressing the oldest nation in Europe will be rightly censured. Every Irishman in this country who was told in the press and from the platform that he was bound to fight for the extermination of Prussianism and for universal self-determination among the nations has a right to demand that the Government of this country which invoked the aid of Militarism in order to beat Germany shall prove its sincerity by advocating, as Australia and Canada and South Africa did, the freedom of the Irish people. What Greymouth does we ought all to do. We should have done it long ago; but if we do nothing now, then in heaven's name let us never again pretend that we are Irishmen or that we care a jot either for the freedom of Ireland or for anything else beyond our own selfish interests. The number of people in this country—probably as a result of an environment begotten of materialistic schools and politicians without principle or backbone—that are incapable of realising what it is to be bound by a principle, and how shameful it is to compromise and quibble when principles are at stake, is legion. Could we see ourselves as others see us, could we feel with

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