

of prosperity and royalty; a founder of churches and monasteries by his bounties and contributions." In fine, our history enumerates no braver soldier, no nobler character, than Art MacMurrough "Kavanagh," Prince of Leinster.

(To be continued.)

THE IRISH GUARDS.

At a London matinee organised by Lady Paget in aid of the "Irish Guards" War Fund, the chief novelty was the recital by Mr. Henry Ainley of the following poem, entitled "The Irish Guards," specially written for the occasion by Mr. Rudyard Kipling:

We're not so old in the Army List,
But we're not so young at our trade,
For we had the honor at Fontenoy
Of meeting the Guards Brigade.
'Twas Lally, Dillon, Bulkeley, Clare,
And Lee that led us then,
And after a hundred and seventy years
We're fighting for France again!
Old Days! The wild geese are fighting
Head to the storm as they faced it before!
For where there are Irish there's bound to be fighting,
And when there's no fighting, it's Ireland no more!
Ireland no more!

The fashion's all for khaki now,
But once through France we went,
Full-dressed in scarlet Army cloth—
The English—left at Ghent.
They're fighting on our side to-day,
But before they changed their clothes,
The half of Europe knew our fame,
As all of Ireland knows!
Old days! The wild geese are flying,
Head to the storm as they faced it before,
For where there are Irish there's memory undying,
And when we forget it is Ireland no more!
Ireland no more!

From Barry Wood to Gouzeaucourt,
From Boyne to Pilkem Ridge,
The ancient days come back no more
Than water under the bridge.
But the bridge it stands and the water runs
As red as yesterday,
And the Irish move to the sound of the guns
Like salmon to the sea!
Old days! The wild geese are ranging
Head to the storm as they faced it before,
For where there are Irish their hearts are unchanging,
And when they are changed, it is Ireland no more!
Ireland no more!

We're not so old in the Army List,
But we're not so new in the ring,
For we carried our packs with Marshal Saxe
When Louis was our King.
But Douglas Haig's our Marshal now,
And we're King George's men,
And after one hundred and seventy years
We're fighting for France again!
Ah, France! And did we stand by you
When life was made splendid with gifts and rewards?
Ah, France! And will we deny you
In the hour of your agony, Mother of Swords?
Old Days! The wild geese are fighting,
Head to the storm as they faced it before,
For where there are Irish there's loving and fighting,
And when we stop either, it's Ireland no more!
Ireland no more!

It's most provoking to find, after moving, that your furniture has been scratched or otherwise injured as the result of unskilled work. Get us to remove it, and ensure careful expert handling. We have letters from people in all parts of the Dominion telling us how well we have removed their furniture. THE NEW ZEALAND EXPRESS CO., LTD.

THE ORIGIN OF SINN FEIN

(By SIR FRANCIS VANE, in the *New Witness*.)

So much confusion appears to exist in respect of the origin of Sinn Fein as an active, militant, and political force, that a few words in explanation may not be wasted. It is a psychological problem of immediate and intense interest. Now, it happens that the Anglo-Saxon race, otherwise prosaic, not to say stolid, enough, is more influenced by bogey words than either the Latin or the Celt. It is a problem which may well deserve the attention of the folklorist and even the psychiatrist, for it may throw back to that earlier time when they inhabited the swamps of the Elbe, and were nightly misdirected by will-o'-the-wisps.

Nerve-destroying expressions need not be understood by them to be effective. There are few of the persons to-day who repeat in terms of horror the word "Bolshevist," who have the remotest conception of what it means, but attach to it all the gruesome characteristics which in their childhood they associated with the Devil, visualised in print in books published by the less scrupulous among the religionists.

Bolshevists, it may be presumed, vary from Tolstoyans to Red Anarchists (if such a person as an anarchist exists), but the name is sufficient to cause us to tremble for our bank balances, and to prepare us for the early loss of our wives. "The Scarlet Woman," "Boney," "The Russian Ogre," "Krooger," have in a century or so played their useful roles in frightening the fools in the interests of the profiteers—and now comes Sinn Fein as the incarnation of equally evil propensities.

Let us see how it arose as a powerful political force. Up to the Irish Rebellion in 1916, Sinn Fein existed as a literary movement, having as an object to create a revival of interest in Irish history and institutions. Among its members were some of the leading loyalists in Ireland, as also some of the most profoundly disaffected. It so happened that a considerable number among the leaders of the small rebellion belonged to this organisation, and this offered an excuse to the more wooden-headed Unionists (who had always feared a movement which encouraged the Irish people to study the glories of their past), to describe it as a Sinn Fein uprising. It was a profoundly stupid move, because it gave to a revolt which was in the greater part a protest against the scandalous conditions of life in the slums of Dublin a distinctly patriotic character. It united the Labor and the Nationalist causes, which never should have been separate but undoubtedly were so.

From this time forth Sinn Fein became the Nationalist cause, swallowing the old Nationalist (or Constitutional) Party at one gulp.

How this came about is simple enough. The leaders of the rebellion, Pearse, MacDonagh, MacNeill, and the rest, were not only patriots ready to display the only form of patriotism which is respected of any people—namely, to die for the cause—but they were, moreover, severely logical. If Ireland be a nation, in tradition, history, and temperament, separate from Britain, then as such she must have the right to self-determination. There is no right to half-freedom, to colonial or any other form of Home Rule, within the group of the commonwealth, but only to freedom. The slave cannot logically claim half-liberty, such, for instance, as villeinage, but must claim freedom first and then make whatever arrangements of an economic nature he wishes with the man who was his overlord. The rebel leaders of 1916, writers, poets, and very practical dreamers, saw this, and claimed on it. They made the only claim the representatives of a live nation can make—they claimed to be free. This did not mean that if the claim were granted they would not accept national service within the Empire, as Canada does, nor does it now. They claimed liberty, and swept the country on this claim. And why did these leaders of a miniature rebellion carry all before them? A rebellion of much less than 10,000 men out of a popula-