

tion of 4,000,000, fighting as they were an unpopular cause, or at least one which the vast mass of the people regarded as introduced at an untimely moment!

The answer is simple enough. Sinn Fein, as a great political and therefore revolutionary cause, was made in Downing Street, and not at Liberty Hall, or on Tara Hill. It was made by senile reactionaries in the Kildare Street Club with their policy of blood and pinchbeck, backed by military would-be Bismarcks, and never countered as they might have been by a strong civil Government. The Cabinet was afraid of offending the Brahmins of the War Office, and they in their turn played the game of the Irish Administration. When a high official of the Irish Government told me, on May 1, that they intended to have a bloody revenge on the rebels, I foresaw what would happen and tried to prevent it. What did happen was this. For a miniature rebellion, 16 men were put to death at the slow march—two or three a day for a fortnight, the murders of 15 innocent men in North King Street were entirely concealed from the British public, though every woman and child in Ireland knew what had been done; and the Portobello murders would have been hushed up with a score or so of murders added to them, but for the accidental presence of the present writer.

The collective result of this method of Government was to throw the Irish mentality back to the days of the famine and of '98. Whereas, since the Land Act, and more especially since England took the part of Belgium and France in the late war, the people of Ireland had begun to believe that the British Government had changed its methods, that in respect to small nations it had become more humane and chivalrous. Suddenly all this was changed by the brutal and callous treatment of the Government in the suppression of what was not more than an *émeute*. For it never should be forgotten that the Irish, at the end of 1914, in spite of the patronage of the Ulster rebels by British Unionists, were as enthusiastic for the Allied cause as the Britons. They were more so, if anything, for they remembered that their old ally, France, and a small nation like Belgium were being attacked, as they themselves had so often been, by superior and bullying force.

In a moment it was flashed to them that in respect to Ireland, the leopards of England had not changed their spots, that the old ferocity was there, for they naturally did not distinguish between Government and people.

This is why Sinn Fein has developed from an interesting literary movement into a powerful political force with a distinctively anti-British character.

It only remains for some statesman—we can hardly look for such in England—to use the energy of National sentiment for a great constructive movement, which cannot be done by attempting to counter it, but most certainly can be done by accepting and directing it.

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ROSA MYSTICA.

[Our readers may be glad to see one of the poems illustrating what the Poet-Laureate calls an "exaggerated Marianism" and which he on that account excluded from his edition of the late Father Gerard Hopkins's poetry. It was first printed by Father Matthew Russell in the *Irish Monthly* for 1898, and is here reproduced by courtesy of his successor, the present editor. The original MS. of the poet, which is in our hands, shows that it was only by dint of frequent change that he finally attained the perfect result.—*The Month*.]

"The rose is a mystery"—where is it found?
Is it anything true? Does it grow upon ground?
It was made of earth's mould, but it went from men's eyes,

And its place is a secret and shut in the skies.
*In the gardens of God, in the daylight divine,
Find me a place by thee, mother of mine.*

But where was it formerly? Which is the spot
That was blest in it once, though now it is not?
It is Galilee's growth: it grew at God's will
And broke into bloom upon Nazareth hill.
*In the gardens of God, in the daylight divine,
I shall look on thy loveliness, mother of mine.*

What was its season then? How long ago?
When was the summer that saw the bud blow?
Two thousands of years are near upon past
Since its birth and its bloom and its breathing its last.
*In the gardens of God, in the daylight divine,
I shall keep time with thee, mother of mine.*

Tell me the name now, tell me its name.
The heart guesses easily: is it the same?
Mary the Virgin, well the heart knows,
She is the mystery, she is that rose.
*In the gardens of God, in the daylight divine,
I shall come home to thee, mother of mine.*

Is Mary the rose then? Mary, the tree?
But the blossom, the blossom there—who can it be?
Who can her rose be? It could but be One
Christ Jesus our Lord, her God and her son.
*In the gardens of God, in the daylight divine,
Show me thy son, mother, mother of mine.*

What was the color of that blossom bright?—
White to begin with, immaculate white
But what a wild flush on the flakes of it stood
When the rose ran in crimsonings down the cross-wood! *
*In the gardens of God, in the daylight divine,
I shall worship His wounds with thee, mother of mine.*

How many leaves had it?—Five they were then,
Five, like the senses and members of men;
Five is their number by Nature, but now
They multiply, multiply—who can tell how?
*In the gardens of God, in the daylight divine,
Make me a leaf in thee, mother of mine.*

Does it smell sweet, too, in that holy place?
Sweet unto God and the sweetness is grace:
The breath of it bathes great heaven above
In grace that is charity, grace that is love.
*To thy breast, to thy rest, to thy glory divine
Draw me by charity, mother of mine.*

—GERARD HOPKINS.

*There are no less than six variants of this last couplet in the MS.

'Tis the season for fires and furs,
There are dreary damp days to endure,
If a cough, cold, or sore throat occurs,
Take Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.
'Tis the treatment most favored, by far,
Just because it's prompt, potent, and pure.
If you've asthma or gastric catarrh,
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