

prevalent at any given time. He forgets, however, that although the people may elect their Government, that Government, when elected, becomes an administrator carrying out the will, not of the people, but of God. "There is no power but from God." Edmund Burke, speaking to his constituents of Bristol, voiced a truth that modern politicians and electors consistently ignore. He said: "You choose a member indeed, but when you have chosen him, he is not a member for Bristol, he is a member of Parliament. His unbiassed judgment, his enlightened conscience, he ought not sacrifice to you, to any man, or to any set of men living. These he does not hold from your pleasure; no, nor from the law and constitution: they are a sacred trust from Providence, for the abuse of which he is deeply answerable." If that is a true definition of the standing of a Parliamentarian (and who can doubt that it is?), Professor Thrift may well ask himself if the Free State, believing in the sanctity and indissolubility of marriage, could sanction divorce laws and still remain true to the trust which Provi-

dence has placed upon it. The question of the liberty of the minority cannot be considered in this regard. To say that one is at liberty to do wrong if one chooses is to deny liberty, and divorce cannot be defended upon any ground, moral, social, or economic. The last objection raised by Professor Thrift, that the motion would be a further barrier against reunion with Northern Ireland, is really too trivial to merit comment. The separation obtains chiefly because interested people in the North and in England know that Irish unity would interfere with their commercial interests. Lloyd George's letter to Lord Carson, which we published a few weeks ago, disclosed as much; and all that has transpired since serves to convince us that even if Dail Eireann were willing to institute Mormonism Sir James Craig and Lord Londonderry would then object to link up the Holy North with a State prepared to set aside the Divine command, "What God hath joined let no man put asunder." Excuses seldom are hard to find.

old airs were being sung in London drawing-rooms, of Emmet who had given his life for the country of those songs? Yet Moore was not the only offender. Emmet died before a great crowd who watched in utter silence. And no man in that mighty crowd raised up his voice to cry a friendly word to the soul about to pass, no man there raised his voice to say, "God bless you, Robert Emmet!" Did Emmet ever think of Moore in that prison of his? Did he scorn him? It is not likely. The soul that is great enough to choose death is too great to judge others. There are so many kinds of service. One is fitted for one kind, one for another, and the Almighty has but to stretch His hand and find His tool.

There were others besides Moore who had set the old songs, set them more truly, more faithfully, but Moore had a way with him, and right or wrong, his songs have reached the people, that is the city people. In the country it is the originals that have held. For years they were out of fashion, ousted by the tinkling words of Moore, but with the coming of the Celtic Renaissance, they have come again. I have an old book before me, a book of wonder. In recent years the Dominion has heard many of these old airs. To those who hold collections of them requests come from all quarters for the loan of them. New Zealand is quick to acknowledge their beauty. Let us name a few at random—"The Three Colored Ribbon," "Shule Agra," "Colleen Das Cruitha na Mo," "Draherin O Machree," "The Snowybreasted Pearl," "O'Donnell Aboo," "The West's Asleep," "Carrigdhoun," "The Shan Van Vocht," "The Bells of Shandon," "The Memory of the Dead," "Follow Me Up to Carlow," "The Battle Hymn," all Hughes's resettings, especially "I Know Where I'm Goin'," and "The Sally Gardens," "The Cruiskeen Lawn," a fine rousing sporting song. One could quote many beautiful songs among the moderns. Stanford, for instance, has set Moira O'Neill's poems to music. Winifred Letts is similarly honored.

Then there is the new collection of national songs that these last years have brought forth. There is "Wrap the Green Flag Round Me, Boys," "The Soldier's Song," "The Green, White, and Gold," "Danny Boy," and of course though the airs—one Polish, one Irish—are old, into this category come "The Battle Hymn," and "The Three Colored Ribbon." Kubelik has said that "The Londonderry Air" to which "Danny Boy" is set is the most beautiful tune in the whole world. And Darley says that there is an air in the Petrie collection that properly sung would lift the heavens. It is called "Scorching is this Love," and he suggests that it be used for an Irish National Anthem. All our searching here has failed to find it yet, but some day it may be found and New Zealand may hear this crashing, majestic chant. With all these and many other old favorites like "The Croppy Boy," and the "Boys of Wexford" to choose from, is there any excuse for soloists who have to fall back for every item and encore on the songs of Moore? Singers will find that to the older and grander generation these old songs will bring back

## NOTES

By Eileen Duggan

### Dr. Marie Stopes

Dr. Marie Stopes and the Catholic Church are in conflict. She sued a churchman recently for a pointed and fierce condemnation of her book of advice to young people. The book is sold in New Zealand, but it is doubtful if any Catholics here have come across it. The account of the lawsuit came to this country in a Catholic weekly. The judge, in commenting on the case, said that some people might be under the impression that Dr. Stopes held a medical degree, whereas her degree was philosophical. He also made an amused reference to well-intentioned people who consider they could have given the Almighty points had they been consulted in the arrangement of the Universe. The case was fought round the point of fair criticism. Dr. Stopes' ideas are in conflict with all that the Church has taught her children down the centuries. Her sincerity was not questioned. Its result was, sometimes the present-day world reminds one of the world in the year of Christ's coming, with this hopeful difference—a portion of it at least clings to Christianity. In the world of the Caesars the old gods were gone. Jove had lost his thunder and Pan was a dream. There was no shepherd and the flock ran wide. To-day many of the ways of the Roman Empire have returned. It is not progress. It is retrogression. In their care for the liberty of the individual the law-makers have forgotten the common good. Now from primitive communities we learn the value of race chastity, of respect for the marriage tie. The common good was considered in those primitive communities. Read the old Roman marriage laws and marriage customs, read of the motherhood of women like Cornelia! No laxity there! Rome rising should have warned Rome falling. Unchastity and adultery found small favor in young Rome. And what of our

own New Zealand? Read that fine old historian, Tregear, on the marriage customs of the ancient Maori: read the punishment that a Maori incurred for a breach of marriage. Read and realise that this was not decreed for the pleasure of chastisement, but for the good of the tribe, the race. Apart from the moral grounds that should weigh with every Christian there is the instinct for race-preservation that amid the swirl of civilisation is becoming blunted or lost. It is a great, a terrible blindness that will, in its endeavor to be fair to the individual, bring moral and physical deterioration upon the race.

But to return to Dr. Stopes, who probably means well. The court was old-fashioned enough to reject her point of view. She lost the case.

### Old Songs

St. Patrick's night is coming again. Is it too much to hope that the singers will give us really national songs? Once upon a time as they say in the fairy stories it was firmly believed that an item of Moore's was the only thinkable offering for St. Patrick's night. Now one must be just to Moore. Owing to certain social gifts he was able to spread the Irish airs at a time when the original airs from which he pilfered were hidden and forgotten. He took the old airs, he stole from them, in many cases he mutilated them, lest their wild Irish clangor, their fierce lamentation might shock the sluggish ear of the Regent, but at least he meant well, and by his intention he must be judged. Those same social graces made him useless as an Irishman. Like Celestino, or rather like Celestino as Dante has miswritten him, this Moore, the friend of Emmet, "made through cowardice the great refusal."

Did he ever think of Emmet while those

McGrath & Co.

MEN'S AND BOYS' OUTFITTERS

MAIN STREET Gore