

believe me, you have not done so in vain."

The chaplain turned away deeply moved; she seemed to him still more lonely and forsaken than she had been on that night when he had seen her mother die.

The director also endeavored to take a becoming farewell of the visitor.

"Don't make a nun of her! don't make a nun of her!" he repeated stupidly. But suddenly he could no longer keep upon his feet, and threw himself upon the first chair he could catch hold of.

The chaplain was hardly out of the room, when Nora followed him rapidly.

"One word more," she said retaining him,

and as she did so her lips trembled and her cheeks burned. "Let me have only one piece of news—let me know how he's getting on. Don't tell him anything about me, it would only make him more unhappy; and, as it is, nothing can be changed!"

The chaplain pressed her hand and nodded silently; after which he was gone, thinking, as he went along, of the devoted heroism which lies at the bottom of a woman's heart, who, loving with all her might, prefers to be ill-judged, than to pain the loved one.

As for Nora, she felt it easy to be heroic once more, now that she knew how he had mourned for her.

(To be continued.)

The Irish Revolution and How It Came About

(By William O'Brien)

CHAPTER XXIX.—(Continued.)

It is more creditable to the moral courage of the Irish delegates, and I believe, truer to the facts, to conclude that their signatures were obtained, not so much under pressure of the threats of the Government, shameful though they were, as in reliance upon the promise of Mr. Winston Churchill and the Prime Minister that the Boundary Commission would result in the inevitable merger of the Six Counties in the Free State of Ireland. As it turned out, that promise had to be broken and the Boundary Commission reduced to a parochial business, if it is to be heard of any more; and the first violation of the Treaty, in its spirit if not in its letter, had to be charged against England. The root cause of thinking Irishmen's repugnance to the Treaty of Downing Street went deeper than the pedantic difference between genuine Canadian Home Rule and a Republic. Had the Sinn Féin leaders—those who unwisely remained in Dublin, as well as those who shouldered the responsibility in London—taken their stand from the start upon the impregnable rock of the integrity of their country, and all their efforts been bent to overcoming the apprehensions of Ulster, nothing could have resisted the tide of thanksgiving which would have borne the Treaty to victory in a country blent together with the high mission and inspiration of National Regeneration. Even if these particular negotiations had to be broken off upon the clear issue of "Ireland a Nation, and not two hostile States," we should have had a justification in the eyes of civilised mankind against which Black-and-Tan methods could never again have raised their blood-guilty hands.

For, whatever else may be doubtful, Black-and-Tannery was flatly and for ever beaten to the earth as an instrument of human government. And that, as I have already insisted, not by the valor of the young soldiers of Ireland alone, but by noble and enlightened co-operation from British lovers of freedom. A race of natural kindness akin to weakness might, indeed, have been almost too effusive in forgetting all but the cheerfulness with which Mr. Lloyd George and his Ministers themselves gave up their prejudices and boasts of only a few months before, were it not that their change of heart was made manifest only after it be-

came clear that the savagery of the Black-and-Tans was a failure as well as a crime—if not a crime because it was a failure. The game was up, at all events, in Ireland. The surrender of arms, on which the conversations with Archbishop Clune were broken off, had to be meekly given up. The Truce was proclaimed for the 11th July, 1921, as between two armies on an equal footing.

The last engagement of the war was a characteristic one. The Truce was to come into force at noon on July 11th. At twenty minutes before noon a detachment of Black-and-Tans passing in caged lorries through the village of Castleisland, Co. Kerry, was attacked by a company of the I.R.A. and a fierce, and, I am sorry to say, deadly conflict ensued, in the brief war-minutes still remaining. When at twelve o'clock the first stroke of the Angelus Bell sounded from the village church-tower, the I.R.A. took off their caps and put up their guns. Not another shot was fired after the appointed hour in Castleisland or anywhere else through the country. That afternoon "the boys" scampered down from the hills into the towns "on a fortnight's furlough," as they modestly calculated, and celebrated their holiday in the half-schoolboy, half-fanatic spirit in which they had for two years maintained their war against an Empire still inebriated with the greatest military triumph in its history. They had their devout Requiem Masses for the fallen, their vast processions for the removal of the bodies of their dead comrades from the resting places in the bogs and mountains where they had found their temporary graves; they ordered the closing of the public houses with as stern a discipline as ever; but in the sweet summer evenings sang their "Soldier's Song" and danced their jigs around the bonfires with their sweethearts with the same frolic welcome with which they had for many a month of danger hailed the thunder or the sunshine—the ghastly wounds or the shouts of victory.

CHAPTER XXX—AND AFTER?

Here a book specially designed to trace "How the Irish Revolution Came About" might well come to its rightful end. From untold depths of degradation the young men of the Sinn Féin cycle had raised the Irish cause to a pinnacle at which the most power-

ful empire on the earth, its Coercion Ministers, its iron captains, and both Houses of its Imperial Parliament solicited almost on bended knees Ireland's acceptance of a Treaty, which to a more down-trodden generation might have seemed fabulously favorable. The first phase of the Revolution finished in all but unspotted glory with the Truce of July 11th, 1921. The Truce which was the work of the soldiers marked the truly memorable date rather than the Treaty of December 5-6, 1921, which was the work of the politicians. For, to the humiliation of English statesmanship and of Irish "Constitutional" methods as well, be it recorded, the Treaty could never have come up for discussion at all were it not for the heroic fortitude and the sheer military genius with which the Truce was first achieved by a host of unknown striplings, flinging themselves unterrified against the seeming omnipotence of English militarism in its most barbaric mood and in its most intoxicated hour of triumph. It was the last of the soldiers' part of a gallant and united war.

Would there not, however, be a certain heartlessness in concluding without some endeavor with the best skill at one's command to lift a corner of the black curtain behind which the dread drama of the future is in preparation? In all the revolutions of men success brings its sacrifices of broken friendships, which passed through the fire and were not burnt, of illusions that seemed certitudes, of dreams that were divine. The faith, that wrought miracles in the obscurity of the Catacombs, showed a less holy flame when the miracle-workers marched out to fame and power in the Golden House of the Caesars. *Que la République était belle—sous l'Empire!* has its meaning for others than the cynics of the Third Republic. The mere ugliness which is everywhere apt to overspread the first radiant face of armed Revolution was not to be avoided in Ireland. Of poisoned words and vindictive passions—of deeds on both sides to make honest Irish blood run cold—there was enough and to spare, but of greed or self-seeking as little as may consort with the motives of mortals. Taunts of "place hunting" against unfortunate Ministers every day or night of whose lives might be their last, in their efforts to preserve what they regarded as the only semblance of settled government left to the country, were not more absurdly unjust than the counter-charge that the many thousands of outlaws hunted and maligned who were crouching in the winter hills wasted with hunger and exposure were simply pursuing a lucrative means of livelihood as they trod an unregarded Calvary for their Idea.

The rudimentary facts of the case are not so simple as they are too often taken to be. The divine right of the Provisional Government rested on the following proposition: "The outstanding fact is that the Free State Government is the Government selected by the will of the people of Ireland and consequently it is the lawful government." That is the very claim on which the case for unquestioning submission to the Free State Government topples over. There is no such "outstanding fact." There was no such pronouncement of the clear will of the people of Ireland—not even of "Southern Ireland,"

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