

Testimony before us further purports to show that in 1918 Imperial British forces perpetrated in Ireland six murders, sixty-one armed assaults on unarmed civilians, and sixty raids on private houses; arrested 1,107, court-martialled sixty-two, and deported ninety-one; proclaimed and broke up by baton and bayonet thirty-two public assemblies; and suppressed twelve newspapers. In 1918 Irish citizens are alleged to have endured 1,651 outrages. No officer of the Imperial British forces, "policeman" or soldier, was killed in retaliation.

During this period, free speech and civil liberty seem to have been practically suspended in Ireland. The perpetrators of the outrages upon the people apparently went unpunished, even the murderers. The whole force of the Irish Republic seems to have been directed towards restraining the Irish people to endure in patience the increasing terrorism to which they were subjected by the Imperial British forces. Miss MacSweeney testified both to the increasing vigour of British repression and to these efforts of the Irish leaders to persuade the citizenry to patient endurance. During 1919 the Imperial British forces are alleged to have sacked and burned four towns, perpetrated eight murders, 476 armed assaults on unarmed civilians, and 13,782 raids on private houses; arrested 959 men, women, and children, court-martialled 309, and deported twenty; dispersed 959 public meetings; and suppressed twenty-five newspapers.

During 1919, the Irish citizens began to defend themselves against the Imperial British forces. The evidence would show that those assassinated were popularly believed to be spies or other special instruments of the British terror.

During 1919, the British "reprisal" policy was instituted. It demonstrably consisted in an acute intensification of the already long prevailing British terror. That terror was not initiated by the assassination of British military, was not confined to areas in which these assassinations occurred, and was not absent from areas in which there had been no assassinations. It was, therefore, not in the nature of a retaliation, either justifiable or unjustifiable, on the part of the party first attacked. The official use of the term "reprisal" would consequently seem to us the stereotyped *ruse de guerre*, intended to lead the British and other people into condoning an aggravation of the Imperial British terrorism in Ireland.

(To be continued.)

TO IRELAND.

Your hair is streaming down the wind—
Each strand I recognise;
Your tears have made your bright eyes blind—
I know those soft gray eyes.
Dark little Rose, those tears you shed
Belong to eyes long closed and dead.

Your voice strikes all the stars with pain;
That voice wove my young sleep.
Why does that voice of dreams again
Come bleeding when you weep?
Dark little Rose, I heard your sigh
Pass through dear lips about to die.

I see red anguish in your face;
Hers was like Yuletide snow;
I should have died if any trace
Of sorrow marked her brow;
And yet your face ploughed deep with woes
Is hers, is hers, dark little Rose.

Your blood is mine, as hers is mine;
It flames with frenzied heat
To see your holy form supine
Beneath the world's coarse feet.
I know why blood so gladly flows
For your sweet sake, dark little Rose.

—REV. J. DALY, in the *Queen's Work*.

READERS! Patronise our advertisers, and when doing so, mention you read their advertisements in the *Tablet*. This helps us more than you perhaps know.

The Passing of Lloyd George

We have no knowledge of what moved Mr. Lloyd George to his public rebuke of the attitude of the Churches to his Irish and social policy (says the *Nation and the Athenaeum* for June 25). It may have been a twinge of conscience, or an annoying memory of the time when he himself was a somewhat conspicuous dealer in public righteousness. The Prime Minister, having in his salad days used the Free Churches for all the political influence he could get out of them, may have considered that the great battle of Church and State was over, and that having been induced to promote the war and tolerate the peace, official Christianity would stand anything. He may have been reasonably annoyed to find that it still had a conscience left. Or he may have felt genuine surprise that its lantern should have been turned on him rather than on Sinn Féin and the Miners' Federation. But there is no mistaking his general line of thought. Let the Church know her place; she was the second, not the first. The real issues—war, the relations of Labor and Capital, the government of rebel peoples—were committed to the politicians. They were the directing classes. The Churchman could create an atmosphere: he had no right to an opinion, even, it would seem, to a moral judgment.

Now this is a momentous issue; and we have no desire to shirk it. It may seem a trifle audacious for a singularly light-minded member of the political class to move religion out of the world in the hour when most of its younger thinkers plead for her return, and when the very existence of humanity may depend on its power to rediscover a common rule of spiritual life. But that, in effect, is the demand of the politics of the great materialistic period. It was the earlier Darwinians who banished the soul from physical evolution. And now the opportunist statesmen, who allowed and prepared for the war without any mental reference to its effect on the future of the race, ask to be allowed to deal as they please with the fragments of society that remain. Mr. George himself, be it remembered, insisted on a fight to a finish. He would listen to no argument for a compromise—no suggestion that the warring States must find the means of mutual accommodation they have since been laboring in vain to discover. After-war Europe and England live on; but how? On a baser level of thought than before the war, which was not a time of spiritual force or creative intelligence. Never were our people so divided and so unsettled. Never had they less confidence in their rulers and in each other. The war was to have brought them security: physically and militarily, indeed, England has nothing to fear. Yet her nerve-system remains stretched out on a tremulous thread of anxiety and apprehension. Mr. George has the audacity to tell the Colonial Premiers that the Empire is built, not on "force," but on "goodwill" and "mutual understanding." How much more on "force," and how much less on "goodwill" and "understanding" since Mr. George came into power, let the state of Ireland, of Labor, of Egypt, of India say. All is worsened; and if the Bishop of Chelmsford pleads that the trouble is due to the divorce of politics from religion, Mr. George is the last man in the world to say him nay. It is a great evil for a nation to quit the path of justice, encumbered as it may be, and to set up the horrible canon of revenge. Mr. George did this, and no modern Government ever sank lower. The Churches, or some of them, protested, not because they disliked Mr. George, but because their creed forbade them to tolerate murder. Mr. George's retort is that God is love, and that the business of the Church is not to take sides in public life, but to "create an atmosphere." The Prime Minister aggravates his offence by mixing sentimental piety with disregard of the plain obligations of Christian ethics. Love descends on the earth in no mystic showers of general blessing; it lives or dies in the hearts of its chosen ministers. Mr. George had it in his power to "create" a greater circle of divine love in Central Europe, and a smaller one in Southern Ireland. He preferred the blockade and the fires of Balbriggan. Louis XIV. and Tilly did nothing worse; but humanity has not yet consented to canonise the dragonnades of the Thirty Years' War.

But "myopic demagoguery," in Mr. Bernard Shaw's phrase, is, we hope, nearing the end of its

Darby & Hannan

BROUGHAM STREET, NEW PLYMOUTH (Box 171).

Estimates Supplied for all classes of Decorative Work.

Workmanship Guaranteed.

FOR Wall Papers