

Country Joys.

I am so glad that I can see the woods—
When I look up from tasks to out-of-
doors—
So glad for sunsets and for evening's star,
As I "do up my chores!"

I am so glad for fields of trackless snow,
For grey network of trees against the
sky,
For warm rose-reaches of the arms of
dawn
To gently waken by;

No sounds to mar a wee girl's laughter or
The cherry whistling of a little lad—
For all the simple, home-like country joys
I am devoutly glad!

—Sel.

Mona's Isle.

A German Prison Camp in Great
Britain.

BY GEORGE MATHER.

(A Competition Essay.)

SO many contradictory rumors of how
the Hun has been treated and the
manner of his confinement when he
landed on British soil, have inspired me to
send you a short account of the land and
the people on whose shores there was one
of the largest German prison camps, and
from which not long before the close of the
war a prisoner escaped and swam out to
sea. He was picked up by a passing
fishing vessel, and after being identified,
was promptly dumped back into his ap-
pointed place. Very few indeed managed
to escape; in fact, they seemed to prefer
the hospitality and safe refuge of the
British prison, and indeed they were lucky
to be sojourners in such a romantic and
charming little spot as Manxland,

"Where smiling Spring, its earliest visits
paid,
And parting summers lingering blooms
delayed."

Goldsmith could not have conceived a
more beautiful phrase to describe the
subject of my little article, had he pictured
his ideal of "Sweet Auburn" on the
adjacent Isle to the land of his birth.

SET as an emerald in a sea of sparkling
diamonds, as the Irish Sea reflects
the sun at high noon, stands out a
sister isle of the little group which is so
proudly distinguished as the "British
Isles", commonly known as "Mona's
Isle", or "The Isle of Man." The
population are chiefly men who occupy
their business in great waters, the re-
mainder eke out a living by following
agricultural pursuits. Surely this little
self-governing nation has deservedly a
rightful place in the records of the world's
history, for in bygone days there were
Kings of Man, the present Earl of Derby
being a descendent of the Royal House.
There has been a Bishop of the Church
there for many generations. It also has
a Parliament, by whom the laws of the
land are made, and also a Lieutenant-
Governor; at present he is Lord Raglan,
appointed by the British Government,
and the laws must have his approval and
his signature before they become law.
These laws are always proclaimed to the
people by the Deemster, I believe, from
a place called Tynwald Hill, before
they are printed for use of the common
people.

It is a land of strange customs, and
many old families observe the ancient
rules to this day. The men mostly
earn their livelihood from the harvests
of the sea, and, the majority being fisher-
men, their varied experiences in the
performance of the duties by which they
earn their daily bread, bring out all the
qualities that go to make them strong,
husky men, bronzed by exposure to the
weather, for sometimes they remain out

at sea for days together waiting for the
shoals of fish (mackerel and herring) that
are reported by passing vessels. In these
days the women have some very anxious
times. One is reminded of Tennyson's
beautiful lullaby that he must have
composed as he walked along the cliffs,
as he did every day during the time that
he spent at his residence in Freshwater,
in the Isle of Wight. "Sweet and Low"
is beautiful poetry, and the dear old poet
must have had some vivid personal
experiences to have written it. May
I quote a few lines that will help us to
realize the hopes and fears of the fisher-
men's wives in the hazardous tasks their
loved ones are constantly coming in
contact with?

"Sweet and low, sweet and low, wind of
the western sea
Low, low, breathe and blow, wind of the
western sea,

Over the rolling waters go—come from the
dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me, while my little
one, while my pretty one sleeps.

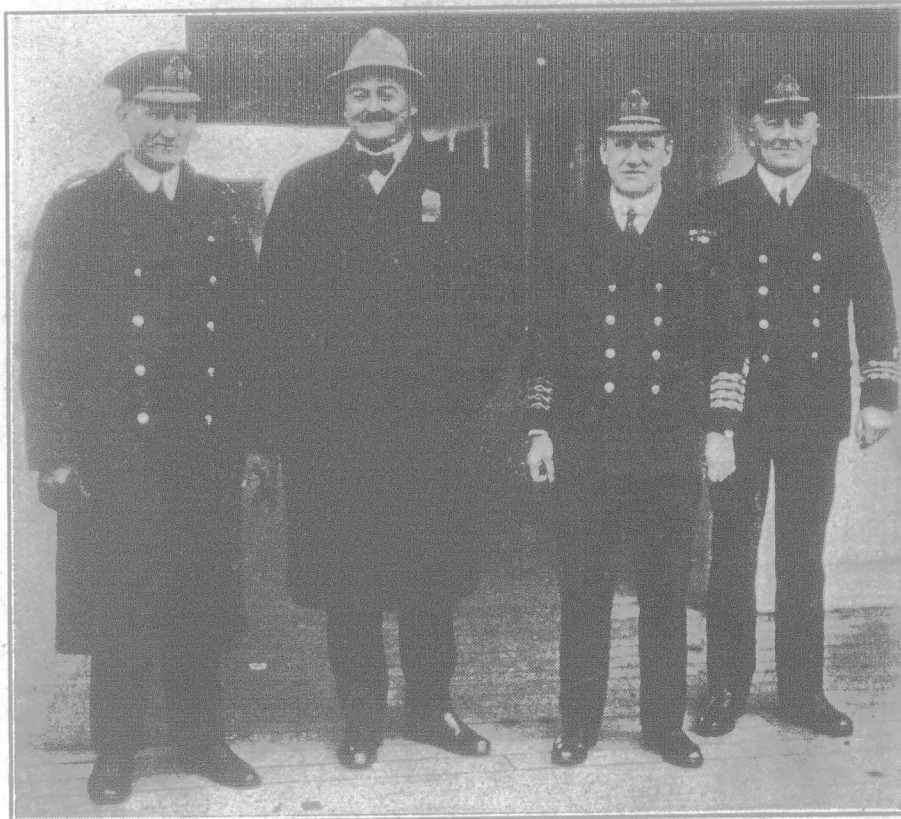
"Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, father will
come to thee soon,
Rest, rest on mother's breast, father will
come to thee soon,
Father will come to his babe in the nest
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon—sleep my little
one, sleep my pretty one, sleep."

lap, as the first streak of dawn was break-
ing over the rough sea, having watched all
through the night for a glimpse of a boat
that would never return, and this is where
the lessons of this poem are so applicable.
He says:

"For men must work and women must
weep,
And the sooner its over, the sooner to
sleep,
While the harbor bar is moaning—is
moaning."

But in the long summer days the Manx
people have the privilege of passing their
time amongst the most sunny brooks and
wooded glens, and there is little wonder
that these good, honest, industrious Is-
landers are so bright and happy in their
romantic scenery, for they find plenty
of amusement even amongst their own
folk; like their neighbors, they too have
the native wit of the Irishmen, and they
speak the Irish brogue themselves. When
they go to market with their chickens
and eggs, the jokes pass along and they
all seem to forget the risks they have
dared in the stormy sea. They impress
one with the idea that they are always
as fresh and bright as the merry, merry
month of May.

THERE are several fairly large Towns
on the coast, viz.: Douglas, Ramsey,
Port Erin, Port St. Mary and



Ship's Officers of the "Olympic."

From left to right: Commander Thomson, R. N. R.; (Mons. E. Gabrury, French Consul);
Capt. Hayes, C. M. G., D. S. O., R. D., R. N. R.; Lieut.-Commander Bullman, R. N. R.
British and Colonial Press.

At times there are fearful storms and
the waves dash up against the hard brown
rocks which, in their turn, hurl the sea back
to its appointed bound. Then the signals
for the lifeboats are often seen and brave
men leave their cozy cots and their loved
ones to battle against the mountainous
waves, and it is here one recalls Charles
Kingsley's beautiful poem where he
tells us about "Three Fishers":

"Three fishers went sailing out into the
West,
Out into the West when the sun went
down, etc.

I saw a very striking picture of one of
these fishermen's wives watching through
the window, with her babe asleep in her

Castletown, with its ancient old castle
which is now used as a Government
Penitentiary. It is called Castle Rushen
and it is a stern old fortress, standing
on a high hill overlooking the Irish Sea.

There are other ancient residences where
for the past ages such Manx families
as the Christians and the Caines, the
Kellys and the Curphys have lived con-
tented and happy with no other desire
to travel beyond the rock-bound coast
line of their Isle; but I just want to
mention one old pile of buildings. It
is called "Greeba Castle", and within
its walls a celebrated author and writer
makes his home, right there in the midst
of the characters and scenes of romance
he so much loves to write about. I am
referring to Mr. Hall Caine, the author of

"The Manxman", "The Scapegoat",
"The Deemster", and several others.

I prefer to think about the Manx
people in their native industries and
their self-satisfied style of going through
"The daily round and the common
task", which I understand never be-
comes irksome or monotonous. There
are little details of their home life which
Hall Caine describes in his books which
are very interesting and amusing to the
student of human nature and of animal
life, but there is one little animal of which
I make quite a household pet and which
I am afraid the great author has omitted
to make mention of, and that is the little
household pet, the cat. There is a
special breed of cats called "Manx
cats" and they differ from other breeds,
because they are minus that important
part of the anatomy of other common
cats, the tail. It makes them appear
quite unfinished, for one can very often
discern from the movements of a cat's
tail what kind of a temper it has, and the
Manx cat makes one think of a ship
without a rudder; someone may call it a
"catastrophe."

Space forbids me to describe how the
children appreciate the out-door life
and the wonderful fascination of the sea,
but the yellow sandy beach with its
background of great high rocks and rare
little flowers growing out of the niches,
makes an ideal playground. The children
have plenty of chance for sailing in the
little harbor in their own little row boats;
they are all clever at handling the oars.
How can they help shouting and singing
about their own little island which they
call in the native tongue "Mona".

Many delightful visits to this tight
little island fill my thoughts with the
utmost sympathy and yearning for
a solution of the problems of the peace
that should reign in sister Isle of Ireland,
for the Manxman is half Irish and he is
naturally gay and witty like Pat, and
patriotic too. So full of zealous patriot-
ism was the late lamented John Redmond
that we are told that his loyalty and zeal
for her welfare and the oft repeated
failures and disappointments of his
schemes caused him to die a broken-
hearted man. Even his strongest op-
ponents have laid at the foot of his bier,
brilliant eulogies of his diplomatic abilities
and loyalty of spirit. Let us hope that
this single sacrifice of a patriotic life
to the cause of his heart's desire may in due
time bring together the fighting factions
in Ireland, so that they may be as happy
and contented as the Manxman in his
little Island home.

A recent writer says: "Blessed are they
whose lives begin with the humblest
scenes, and whose bodies feel the pinch
of sheer poverty, if thereby the later
years are enriched with the enduring
wealth of that peace that cometh to the
upright in heart and the power to love
even the unlovely. Poor indeed is
he to whom these things never come,
whatever else he may gain of the world's
plunder."

The plain working man in the Isle
of Man has sometimes had his life moulded
into a career of great national worth,
stern, uncouth and ragged though he may
be.

A correspondent in the London *Evening
Standard* that, very oddly, at the Ver-
sailles Conference Great Britain is
represented by

1 Welshman (Premier Lloyd-George).
1 Scotch Canadian (Bonar Law).
1 Jew (Lord Reading).
4 Scots (Hon. A. J. Balfour, Sir Eric
Geddes, Marshal Haig, and Admiral
Wemyss).

1 Englishman (Lord Milner, who, though
of English parentage was really born
in Germany).