

rolls into the ocean of time, Orangeism will be "a thing of the past."

Every cloud is gradually rolling away from the skies of Ireland, the noonday sun will shortly flood the hills in Freedom's light. It only requires Irishmen to keep cool, to keep steady, and above all united. The grand old pilot of the Liberal ship is steering their bark with an unerring compass into a safe anchorage of peace and contentment, after its being tossed about for seven centuries on the tempestuous seas of strife and bloodshed. Of course the loud-mouthed demagogues of the Tory Party—men like Joe Chamberlain and Arthur James Balfour—for their own aggrandizement will tell you, and come over here to tell it, that Gladstone is going to disintegrate the British Empire and rouse religious strife among men. Is this talk not absurd? Gladstone disintegrate the British Empire!—that empire for which he has done so much—the empire that he devoted his mighty energies and unparalleled talents to build up—he whose wisdom spread the "Union Jack" from almost pole to pole and meridian to meridian. And then the cry of religious liberty! Why has Gladstone not proved himself the great friend of civil and religious liberty?

Gladstone is not going to haul down the "Union Jack"; neither is he going to set up an apotheosis of his own. Oh no! Gladstone in his own wisdom is going to weld the two nations strongly together by the bonds of Friendship and Love. During seven centuries he is the only English Statesman who has successfully solved the Irish problem. A great political mathematician, he has found a key to the mysterious question which puzzled his predecessors.

The Irish people do not want separation from England as some will tell you. Separation is only the dream of the theorist, the vision of a fanatic. Ireland only wants a voice in making her own laws and shaping her own destiny. This she must have and this England will give her if she only remains true to herself.

Therefore I would say to Irishmen the world over—"Be patient! bide your time! join hands in brotherly love; the day of your emancipation is at hand. Soon your long suffering country will rise from the grave of thralldom, shake its dull cements from her fair shoulders and take her place amongst the proudest and fairest of earth's nations."

JOSEPH DEVLIN, '97.



A MOULTED FEATHER.

I crossed a moor, with a name of its own
And a certain use in the wood, no doubt,
Yet a hand's-breadth of it shines alone
Mid the blank miles round about;
For there I picked up on the heather
And there I put inside my breast
A moulted feather, an eagle feather!
Well I forget the rest.

— ROBERT BROWNING, in *Memorabilia*.

