

HISTORIC SCENE IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT—WHEN HOME RULE BILL PASSED ITS THIRD READING

Interesting Pen Picture of the Imperial Lawmakers at Work—Younger Nationalists Cheered But Older Heard Result in Silence

By Mary Boyle O'Reilly LONDON, June 10.—You have read in the cable dispatches of the passage of the Home Rule Bill. But perhaps you would like to see the historic scene when this half-century-old measure passed the British House of Commons, virtually becoming a law to give you a pen picture of that scene I attended and was one of a party which sat behind the famous "grill" the only place where women are allowed in the English House of Parliament. The following is what we who watched saw:

A hot spring afternoon, the lobbies crowded, the air electric with anticipation. Within the House are the ambassadors to England. In the Peers' gallery above the clock Lord Londonderry (whose great uncle bought the Dublin Parliament) has come to witness the undoing of that wicked work. Besides him the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. About them sit the signors of a day that is dead.

The rank and file of both parties crowd like school boys on their green benches. Unionists smiling sourly. The Noble Triplets (Lord Cecil, Castlereagh and Helmsley) wriggle into their places. Two hours before Mr. Speaker fills the chair, aggressive "die-hards" are in full force. Cascades of cheers welcome Premier Asquith. A spruce of hisses and ill-natured growls greet Lloyd George as he appears. "Here's dear old Jonah," croaks Lord Robert Cecil—more like a raven than ever. The Welsh "Repporie's" (highwayman's) smile in reply is cherubic.

The Nationalists Across the aisle sit two rows of Nationalists—John Dillon, the Cavalier among the Roundheads; William O'Brien, author of the "No Rent" manifesto in his cell at Kilmainham jail; "Tim" Healy, who bearded the British Lion with a whoop; O'Connor, long "T. P." to his friends and "Tay-Pay" with his enemies; William Redmond, who foretold that "Cossacks might one day stable their horses in this House of Commons; all of them marshals of the old fight men who joined Parnell's perilous flag to pass from Parliament to prison and from prison back to Parliament, steadfastly protesting the compulsory government of Ireland.

For the Young Irishmen are elderly Irishmen now. The "Outlaws" are now grave, law-framing men. Amid sudden silence the Speaker of the House stands by his high chair, a stately figure. He expresses regret in opening that he had been severe on Tory Leader Bonar Law in some matter of the day before.

Cat-calls from the Liberals. "Order!" From the back benches a noisy Nobody starts badgering the First Lord of the Admiralty, Winston Churchill, for not appearing on Sunday. Ironical "Hear! Hear!" Rises a country member, severe with self-importance. His constituents would have the Home Secretary answer questions about an ill-used donkey. To such a pass is the mother of parliament brought on occasions. The chamber, tense with excitement, rings with nervous laughter.

Redmond Cheered Enter Carson, the Ulster warrior, the Covenanter, grim, implacable. The courteous Irish give him greetings. Again cheers foam along the benches, mingled with howls and cat-calls. A man of handsome presence and falcon's eye is making slow way through the throng. Quiet in conversation and grave courtesy emphasize his self-restraint of manner. His head in profile resembles Napoleon. He is John Redmond, the Irish "Chief."

The business of the day is called—the third and last reading of the Home Rule Bill. A sudden gravity grows within the house—the Premier's solemn mien, the Nationalists silent strength forewarn that the hour has come. Bonar Law, leader of the Tories, strides to the table protesting, last clamant in a lost cause. "It is no good appealing to Mr. Asquith for fair play," he shouts. "This course, is being adopted by the Government not because they themselves think it right and proper, but because it is dictated to them by Mr. Redmond."

The Premier (Asquith) rises precise and concise and "Pooh-poohs" the accusation. John Redmond, standing both hands in his pockets, smiles tranquilly. "And now," storms the leader of the Opposition, "let the curtain ring down on this contemptible farce. Although it is the end of the act, it is not the end of the play." At 17 minutes to 5 the dining bells are set ringing. Shepherded by frantic whips, followed by groans and cat-calls, 600 members troop into their voting lobbies.

The Vote. A quarter of an hour of heart-chilling suspense. Then Percy Illington, chief Liberal whip, reports the result—337 to 274, Government majority 77. So the great bill was won. The younger Nationalists break into uncontrollable cheers, a clamor of sound bursts from the Liberal benches. But the older Irish members sit silent, not excited nor exultant. Irishmen who dreamed of nationalism in exile and in prison, they seem lost in thought.

"T. P.'s" face is severe and introspective. William O'Brien's bearded chin is sunk on his breast. "Joe" Devlin's boyish eyes pay tribute to the old guard, John Redmond in his corner looks stern and white. Five minutes later I met Mr. Redmond in Saint Stephen's Hall, still calm and a little sad. "This is only the beginning," he said, as one who thinks long, long thoughts. "There is a world of work to do. But to-night there are a good many ghosts about!"

To The Editor A VIGOROUS PROTEST

Editor of the Courier: Dear Sir.—Why all this political pow-wow in our city pulpits—this unusual spectacle of amazing zeal and suddenly aroused enthusiasm? Why are these men behind the pulpit (who have thus taken advantage of their position) not as zealous and bold in proclaiming the Word of God and as keenly alive to the business of preaching the Gospel and the saving of souls to which occupation they are supposedly ordained? Apart from this pitiful pyrotechnic display of unadulterated egoism, is it not a downright insult to the intelligence and moral discernment of the people in the pews to expect them to swallow the statements or adopt the views of a man (whether in the pulpit or out of it) whose knowledge of the "Temperance" situation, past, present and future, may be as superficial and erroneous as his knowledge of recorded Spiritual truths, also relating to the past, present and future. Having our homes flooded with the daily papers, which give not only one side, but all sides of live political and moral questions, I do not think that people nowadays look to the pulpit for enlightenment along these lines, nor to the man behind it for a "leader" in these matters. Is it not a self-evident fact that any intelligent, conscientious person who has the Temperance 'cause' truly at heart, will examine not only the present platform, but also the past records and achievements of both political parties, thereby deciding for himself which of them is really the true 'Temperance' party?

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every chapter of the Bible, from Genesis to the Apocalypse. Again, did Christ go about meddling with Roman politics and law, attending committee meetings, organizing for the formulating and pushing of drastic measures for the wholesale suppression of vice, legislating "moral reform" and preaching "social service" knowing as He did that humanity was rotten at the core? Did He not scathingly denounce the law-keeping Pharisees as "whited sepulchres" and would He not apply the same term to-day to unregenerate humanity, no matter what the degree of moral perfection brought about by legislative measures?

That many of our clergy are seriously afflicted with spiritual myopia and also assignable defects of vision is an undoubted and deplorable fact. Another disorder which has invaded our church might be termed "pernicious anaemia" and is the direct result of the bloodless Christianity which is being preached and accepted far and wide. Its deadly effects are becoming more and more apparent, hence the frantic efforts to fill the churches with "special features" and "attractions," such as "Children's Day," "Mothers' Day," and even "Married Women's Day," any "day" but the Lord's Day. Finally, if our ministers are going to devote their time to carrying on the work of "social service" and "moral reform," meanwhile letting their respective "flocks" perish of spiritual starvation, why not close up our theological schools and hand over our pulpits entirely to sociological experts. CHURCH MEMBER. June 17th, 1914.

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BURFORD

[From Our Own Correspondent] Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hastings of Norwich, spent the Sabbath with Mr. and Mrs. John Cavin. Mr. Cohoe of Essex, visited Dr. Johnson last week. Dr. H. Ross, of Ottawa, was calling on friends in the village this week. Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Neff of Ottawa are visiting the parental home. Mr. and Mrs. Stuart and Mr. and Mrs. Burgess motored to Hamilton last Sabbath. Mr. Robt. McCracken has sold his residence and is moving into the village. Mrs. Caldwell and Mary, of Hagersville, are visiting friends in the village. Mrs. Day of Toronto is visiting Mr. Henry Cox. James Gorry of Ottawa is spending his holidays at home. Mr. and Mrs. A. Fowler of Toronto, spent a few days this week with Mr. and Mrs. Giles Fowler. Mr. and Mrs. A. Weaver of Ham-

burgton, spent Sabbath with Mrs. Mrs. V. J. Woodin, of Hagersville. Rev. Mr. Caldwell of Hagersville will preach anniversary at Fairfield next Sabbath. Fiddes will take Mr. Caldwell to Hagersville. Willie's Dilemma. Sister—Willie, if you had a sister when Jack and I shall whip you. Willie—And Ma says she'll whip me if I don't keep tabs on him.

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