

to die. That the brave people will finally triumph, does not admit of a rational doubt. It is only a question of time; a matter of a few weeks, or at most of a few months. Substitute years for months and it would still seem an airy trifle to a race that has struggled incessantly during seven long centuries against proscription, persecution, expatriation, rapine and massacre. The Irish outlook is now apparently as black as Erebus, but only apparently. Behind the mass of cimmerian darkness, the blessed light of freedom is pent, which ere long will burst forth like the brilliant flush of the resplendent dawn that ends a night of storm.

At the same time the situation of the British Government is most peculiar. The Tories are completely dependent upon the Unionist faction, and the English bye elections have unmistakably proved that those hybrid parliamentary wreckers are already repudiated by the British Electorate. The Unionists will soon disappear "inside" the Tory party like the young lady who rode on the back of the tiger.

Let us hope they will make a very unpalatable and unwholesome bolus for the Tory tiger—nauseous even to death.

The English people have determined to do now what they should have done generations since, that is, to study the grievances under which Ireland reels. Study is certain to produce sympathy. Therefore, while Goschen and Hartington and Chamberlain boast and bluster, the revolution will roll calmly over them, and leave them crushed as flat behind it as the mild Hindoo beneath the car of juggernaut.

In truth, the doom of those arrogant dis-sidents or disruptionists is already written. The dark grave is open to receive their defunct political carcasses. Whence did they secure their support? From the doubtful, the listless, the apathetic and the nerveless among the Electorate. The two latter component parts of their constituency they will probably retain for all time without exciting a single pang of envy, but the two former are irrecoverably lost to them. Talk as they may, there is not a Unionist leader who does not envy in his heart of hearts, the safe albeit inglorious isolation of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. The most blatant among them would eagerly clutch at an offer of a Foreign Commission, even if it led him to a region of hyperborean frosts or burning suns, if thereby he could escape the deep disgrace by which he is constantly menaced.

The Unionists endeavour to uphold what Swift has happily called, the division of hearts and the union of states. This is an apt paraphrase of the deadly union between England and Ireland, a union which was formed by bribery and corruption, and maintained by evicting, imprisoning, torturing, exiling and hanging. Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and a large section in England, have already proclaimed by their vote, that the people of Ireland must be accorded the natural right to govern themselves. In other words, a mighty majority of the Irish, Welsh and Scotch Electorates have declared for Irish Home Rule, and the same cause has obtained a marvellously strong support in England. Lord Salisbury says the Irish are a nation of Hottentots born to be ruled by the lash. Lord Salisbury has been compared to a toothless old dog whose bark is infinitely worse than his bite, but I am quite willing to accept his brutal enunciation as a sufficiently correct Tory estimate of the Irish. In blind hatred of the Irish, if in nothing else, the Tories and Unionists are thoroughly identified. It is this most Christian feeling that causes those double extra refined Aldiels of patriotism to oppose their puny voices to the thunderous demand for justice of the blended democracies of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland. It is Great Britain against Salisbury, Hartington, and Balfour. Mrs. Partington was a very noble-minded matron, but she did not keep back the Atlantic. It was grand of Ajax to defy the lightning, but the lightning probably took the defiance out of him with great promptitude.

Did a general election take place in Great Britain to-morrow, these quasi Unionists would be wiped out of existence. They have broken faith with the English people, before whom they came on the hustings with glib but insincere promises not only to rule Ireland according to the common law of the land, but to meet all her demands for land law reform. They have abundantly proven themselves to be what they are—a faction of distempered Liberals, soured politicians, stupid Tories, and tuft-hunting traitors.

For the Coercion Bill no particle of justification could be produced by its authors; and that momentous fact is fast winning over the masses in England to the Irish side. The enfranchised democracy of England is being forced to reflect on the misgovernment of Ireland, by the spectacle of a drastic measure alleged to have been for the prevention of crime in a country where crime has scarcely an appreciable existence. When Hodge, who is the honest, blunt, burly personification of much of what is best in the English character, gets his horny hands on the Tories and their Unionist tail, someone will bite the dust, and it will not be Hodge. "There have none gone about to break Parliaments," says Pym, "but in the end Parliaments have broken them." The recent great Liberal victories in Liverpool, Spaldings, Bridgton, Northwick, and Coventry tend to substantiate the statement.

But while the Disruptionists can hang together the Tories will survive, and while the Tories remain in office Coercion will flourish. Such is the pitiful chain of destruction, such the poisonous serpent that threatens the vitals of a nation old as time yet fresh as the passing hour. The Tory-Unionist alliance could hardly be broken on the plain issue of Home Rule in the approaching session of Parliament, but the most dangerous rocks and shoals are not those which appear above the tide. A comparatively trivial side issue may lead to the demolition of this house of cards; for English ministries have a fashion of tumbling blindly over just such obstructions. For the present, Ireland and her friends can only trust in Providence, hope for the best, and keep cool.

Meanwhile the imperative duty of the Irish in Canada is clear. We must aid our poverty-stricken kindred who are nobly struggling to be free. Our numerous brethren in the United States, instigated by a touching patriotism, gallantly support their oppressed Motherland. Patriotism is something more than a romantic notion. In past history it appears everywhere as one of the chief roots of virtue; it lends a ravishing charm to the famous old classical stories; it has been the great theme of oratory in all ages, it has inspired the mighty minstrels to attune their harps to immortal lays; finally, it is a sentiment so pure and elevating that it never yet filled a human breast that was not thereby greatly purified and highly benefitted. Fortunately, we, of the grand old Celtic race need no instructions as to the inborn goodness of patriotism, and, let me add, least of all such of us as were born beside the majestic St. Lawrence or the queenly Ottawa, who breathed an atmosphere laden with the sweet ether of freedom, and tread a fertile soil which is our own, and which our manhood shall keep forever inviolate. It must not be said that Irish Canadians are waiting in hearty fealty for Ireland. The affection we bear for the Old Land will make us all the better citizens of the New.

Ireland has now become the battle ground of freedom for the people of the three kingdoms. There the masses are opposed to the classes, toiling democracy to landed aristocracy, Dives to Lazarus, right to might. We who were born on "the people's side of the barracks," as the chansonnier of France expresses it, should side with the people. If there be any "born lords" among us, they may pass the other way. Then, let every man, woman and child in the Dominion hasten to swell the Anti Coercion Fund with a generous contribution. Make no delay, because the money is urgently needed in Ireland. A silver dollar outweighs a volume of talk! The friends of freedom among the other nationalities should not stand idle, but join us in laying our national tribute on the hallowed altar of liberty. This is probably the last time our motherland will be compelled to tax the generosity of our expatriated children, and there is not one among us who would not wish to truthfully boast in years to come, that it was partly through his instrumentality that our country was enabled to take her rightfully place among the nations.

M. W. CASEY.

As our dreams are, such are we.
Our dreams are but the mirrors of ourselves.
We shape in thought what soon we dress in deeds.
And what we daily do within the heart
We grow to be. Our visions are ourselves.

—Henry Bernard Carpenter.