

Another significance of my visit to Ireland was appearing before that body in the great round room with the marble statues of Ireland's old heroes surrounding us, under the frowning guns of the army of occupation, being escorted to that hall by the President of the Irish Republic, who, if the law had effective force, was under it an escaped prisoner from jail, a felon under the law, but the people had spoken, Vox Populi, Vox Dei, the people had spoken; God himself seemed to have touched him, and he walked into that hall a free man, he was as free a man under those guns as you were when you walked in here to-night.

No idea, my friends, was ever put in jail; no idea was ever strangled on the scaffold. John Brown was a felon when he gave up his life, but you all know the refrain of that old American song "John Brown's body lies amouldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on." And so we find the effort, an effort tremendous in its tragic consequences, one that causes the most concerned to practice the greatest restraint that they may not speak or act with too great impetuosity, but nevertheless the idea itself marches on as the very soul, the pure white soul, I am glad to say, of the Irish nation, and little by little the material things are gathered, the body comes to surround the soul, and perhaps the action of this great body of democrats that is now meeting in Montreal, the word we hope they may send, may be the last message that will cause that body to stand up with a living and breathing soul and the Republic of Ireland to function.

I would not mention conditions in Ireland except to tell its beautiful spirit. It was but a few weeks until the plan was to mature for their great President to come to the United States. It was decided that while he was gone Arthur Griffiths, that great leader of thought, the father of Sinn Fein, would be in charge. My dear friend, Harry Boland, said that Sinn Fein was not translatable literally in English but that it meant, as close as we could come to it, "We, ourselves," but perhaps, he said, after being through America and hearing so much comment on our own brand of patriotism, it meant, he said, one hundred per cent. Americanism to them and one hundred per cent. Irishism. But another Irish friend gave the term a new translation, from the American standpoint, he said, it meant 1776 Irishism (Applause).

Upon the day that this election was held there was in Ireland a volunteer army of something like a hundred and seventy-five thousand men—it is now over two hundred thousand—it was established for the defence of their own land, just as your army and our army is established. It met, and is meeting, with no opposition from the people, who believe that they are being protected by that Army. All of us, I assume, are lovers of peace. I hated war always; I hated the last one and I will hate the next one, but when that last war came my heart not only throbbed with pride but with devotion when I saw the two boys I loved more than life in the army of my country going to vindicate the prin-