

of Sir E. Carson and of that baneful policy which made Ulster the key of Unionism."

"When the Irish Times calmly writes that 'failing such assurances he (Mr. Duke) must be asked to transfer his responsibilities to stronger hands,' we have a pure example of the Protestant Irish Party terrorism which is the cause of all the trouble. It is Trinity College speaking. It is Ulster politics. It is the Carson monopoly which runs Ireland, thus helping to poison feeling in Ireland by attacking the English civil administration."

"Sinn Fein is the reaction to Sir E. Carson's revolutionary movement. Now, this from the English or Imperial point of view is a healthy sign. It is the index finger of the solution. It means that the opportunity has come for true Imperial statesmanship."

"I am perfectly clear that nothing can be done now so long as Castle government remains, because all Nationalist Ireland recognizes now that Castle government is itself controlled by Ulster Unionist politics in England. And that is the healthy sign. To ask Nationalist Irishmen today to trust us so long as the author (and his following) of the threatened Ulster revolution of 1913-14 controls the English attitude towards Ireland in the British Government is useless. As well ask Sir E. Carson himself to trust the German Emperor, although he may place confidence in his imported German rifles. The change of attitude in Ireland means England's chance. It is to show the Irish that we here are not going to be dictated to by a handful of Irish Protestant politicians who, under the cloak of anti-Popery, control the English attitude and so frustrate all hopes of settlement."

"Nor have I the smallest doubt — and I have had unusual opportunities for studying all features of the Irish situation in three successive visits — that the moment Sinn Fein was made responsible it would astonish even Irishmen by its progressive responsibility."

"The whole world is watching England's attitude. We must now decide. I say it with sadness and with full responsibility that if we allow ourselves here to be carried away by the Mi-

nority Ulster attitude we shall drift into disaster and irredeemable catastrophe. We, too, must see to the Huns in our midst, or this great fight will have been fought in vain. Ireland is ready for settlement. Failure on our part to do the simple and right thing now must prejudice our cause before the eyes of the world, and may yet imperil our Imperial truth."

I will ask Mr. Harrison to compare with this my own article, "Sinn Fein," in the September "International" written under the nom-de-plume of Sheamus O'Brien, and "England's Blind Spot," in the "American Weekly," of April 18, 1917.

And now I will quote one other passage. He has told me something; I should like to reciprocate.

"At four p. m. on the Saturday Irish friends come to tell us that the sands have run out of the glass, and that on the morrow Ireland will be plunged once more in tragedy and very likely in the throes of revolution.

"Then the good news comes — Mr. Duke has returned; the prisoners are to have political status. It circulates through the city like wildfire long before the late evening editions can publish it. Within an hour all Dublin knows that the crisis is over. Men smile again. I go out to find the relief and happiness everywhere. That evening Dublin sleeps in peace."

Do not you see, Austin, my Austin, that the Irish are the proudest people on the earth? You cannot bribe us by material advantages; we want *political status*.

The same thing applies, incidentally, to Germany; before any solution is possible, we must drop the "Sadists" and the "Huns" into the abyss with the "Irish Rebels," and "blackguards," and "cattle-maimers," and "traitors," and "moonlighters," and all the rest of the silly abuse. The Pharisee who began his prayer by thanking God that he was not as other men are didn't get far on the road to heaven. Come; it is time we were done with hysteria; let us rather discuss the merits of the baffle once more "among the flowers of Covent Garden."

P. S. — We can do nothing while Lloyd George and Carson are in power. They are lawyers, and so technically gentlemen; but we cannot afford to lose the Empire on a technicality.

A. C.

THE BATH.

By CLYTIE HAZEL KEARNEY.

Down a sandy path I trip on clattering little slippers,
And pull my kimona from the edges of little pools left by the rain.
In the middle of the garden I reach the bathhouse
And brush aside the lime tree boughs that hold the hasp.
The air is filled with the scent of the shaken blossoms
And the tang of the rinds of fallen fruit bruised by my heel.
Inside I fasten the clumsy wooden latch
And put my bare feet on cool squares of marble, half-sunk in
moss.
I drop aside my garments and fling up my arms to meet the cool
downfalling shower.
I throw back my head and laugh when it envelopes me.
The slits between the jalousies let the sunshine fall through in
bars on the marble squares.

Where it stripes my skin, it turns it the color of the Quesqueldit's
wing when he cries in the morning.
With the wet drops still glistening on my flesh I slip into my
kimona and step into my slippers.
I undo the latch and push through the lime boughs whose blossoms
drip rain drops on my face.
And there not many yards distant, in the sunlight, stands my
lover.
His eyes are gray and inexplicable as they meet mine.
Oh, I think the air of heaven must love him to surround him
with that glory of light!
In one long glance, my body trembles.
I gasp, and clutch my kimona across my breast.
Then I flee down the sandy path.