

with him and never left him till he had promised to meet me in London and introduce me to a certain Brotherhood of which he spoke darkly.

The rest of the story is short. In London he introduced me to a really great magician, one known to adepts as Frater Volo Noscere, who introduced me to a true magical brotherhood. It was more than a year afterwards that I found myself again at a dead-centre. Again I sent out the S. O. S. call from the City of Mexico. The next mail brought me a letter from Frater V. N., solving the questions which I had not

asked! And again, two months later I sent out the call. This time a Master came from England to teach me a New Path—and who should it be but the mountaineer, who had always passed for a sceptic? At the moment of my first call he had been sitting opposite me at the fireplace, had been linked to me on the precipices of Scafell by a rope—if only I had the eyes to see him!

My life has been full of such incidents; if any one cry "coincidence," let him also admit that her long arm was very effectively pulled by my conjuration!

(To Be Continued.)

SINN FEIN

By SHEAMUS O'BRIEN

"We do hereby declare war upon England until such time as our demands being granted, our rights recognized, and our power firmly established in our own country, from which we are now exiled, we may see fit to restore to her the blessings of peace and extend to her the privileges of friendship." The Declaration of Independence of Ireland.

On his accession to the throne of England, it did not escape the observant eye of King Edward VII that the grounds of Balmoral Castle were somewhat conspicuously decorated with a statue of the late John Brown.

This John Brown is to be carefully distinguished from the abolitionist hero of the same name; for we here write of the gillie who is said to have been morganatically married to the Queen of England.

Now Edward VII had no personal feeling about John Brown, so far as we know; and we are not told whether he disliked the statue on aesthetic grounds, though, if it pleased Victoria, there may have been some reason for a very hearty abhorrence. But he expressed no such sentiments as you or I might have done; he simply ordered it to be removed to a part of the forest where deer or grouse were likely to be the only persons shocked.

Dirt has been well defined as "matter in the wrong place"; for instance, raspberry jam in one's hair. It may be the most excellent raspberry jam; but so long as it remains in one's hair, one is annoyed by it. One quite stupidly calls it bad names, and one adopts divers expedients for removing it.

If I were a young girl, I might be exceedingly in love with some fine stalwart man. I might think him simply perfect—and yet you might hear me speak quite sharply to him if he chanced by some inadvertence to be standing, with his nailed shooting boots on, upon my face. Nor, I fancy, would an extension of this process over seven centuries, varied by a war-dance whenever I protested, acclimatize me.

Whenever and wherever Irish and English meet as equals they are the best of friends. Their natures are opposite, but they fit delightfully, better, I think, than any two other races in the world. It has been England's salvation that she has always had Normans or Celts for her real rulers. There is hardly a "Sassenach" in the government to-day. Yet no government has proved capable of dealing with the Irish question, for the perfectly simple reason that its simplicity has been misunderstood. Even Irishmen have misunderstood it. All sorts of nostrums have been tried; the land question has been tinkered for generations; the experiment of this and of that statesman begins with applause, continues with irritation, ends in failure. It is like

the woman with the issue of blood who had spent all her living on physicians, and was nothing bettered but rather grew worse. On the whole, the most satisfactory plan—as philosophers have pointed out—has been the policy of rape and murder, starvation, forced emigration, wholesale massacre. It was considered a good joke in my boyhood to say that the Irish question could be settled quite easily—by submerging the island for four-and-twenty hours. (The kind of mind that thinks that funny is hardly like to be of much assistance, perhaps.) Yet the question was and is perfectly simple. All Irish protests, whatever their appearance, meant one thing and one thing only: "Get off my face!"

I have no patience with those Sinn Feiners who are out of temper, and regard the English as monsters and devils. They are the most charming people in the world, and merely become monsters and devils when they try to deal with Ireland.

The British rule in India has been a miracle of beneficence, under the most appalling difficulties of climate, race, language and religion. I have lived long enough in India to know that. But India is not Ireland: for some uncanny reason, in Ireland, England always does the wrong thing at the wrong time. I wish to avoid rancour and recrimination; I wish to cover England with my charity—which is proverbially capable of the task. I impute no blame. I wish to treat all that has happened as misunderstanding. Even England admits that she has blundered. It is really almost a case of sheer mental deficiency. Think of the imbecility of the Piggott forgeries! The whole story is simply incredible. Even G. K. Chesterton, writing a formal apology for England, can only urge that the outrages—which he deliberately parallels with those alleged of the Germans in Belgium—were committed not by England, but by England's Prussian soldiers!

Even pro-Ally Americans were shocked into indignation by the appalling tactlessness of murdering the revolutionists of Easter, 1916; and when, not content with hanging Sir Roger Casement, who was, at the very worst, an unbalanced crank of impracticable idealisms, they proceeded to defile his memory by circulating—in secret, so that no man could challenge and refute it—an alleged diary attributing