

Forgive me for thus wandering away from my subject—the two are, after all, not very far apart in some ways, and we of the Irish Industries Association owe a special debt to the Irish Literary Society, inasmuch as we stole from them our most earnest and enthusiastic Secretary and Managing Director, Mr. T. W. Rolleston. To him is largely due the success of both societies. Alongside of the Irish Literary Society in London and that of Dublin, others are prospering in Liverpool and Cork, Glasgow and Edinburgh and elsewhere at home and abroad. Not only can they point to definite results from their own immediate work, but they are creating an atmosphere favorable to the general revival of Irish Literature quite apart from anything that any society may accomplish. A magazine called the *New Ireland Review*, itself a proof of what I am saying, points out in the current number how many distinctly Irish volumes have been issued during the last two years outside the New Irish Library, and many of these are books which have claimed wide attention outside Ireland, although the subject matter is Ireland. Mr. Rolleston asks, What is meant by Irish Literature? and he answers this by saying that it is literature written by Irishmen under Irish influences, whether those influences be of the past or of the present, and that all this stir about Irish Literature means that the Irish imagination is endeavouring to do what is always the highest function of the imagination to do—namely, to idealize and ennoble what is near and familiar to it—idealizing those old stories of by-gone times of which we have spoken this evening, idealizing the scenes of everyday life in Ireland by giving