

enough information about the origin of their own blood, to be able to form any idea as to why there exist the differences of thought and sentiment and point of view which they feel and know themselves and which make them feel vaguely, that they are, after all, another race.

Under such conditions one result was almost inevitable. We adopted the English idea; we sneered at the poor, whipped French. We boasted English boasts; and we swallowed the arrogant assumption that in this Empire all languages must give way to English. Little Scotch and Irish boys were proud to call out "Waterloo" after a French boy; and little world-conquerors of 12 years could flap the old flag like an Ontario politician. All this gave us views—wrong ones.

We gave up these views, years ago. We have to thank a scholarly Presbyterian gentleman—a judge—for putting us on the right track. In conversation with him one day, we, in our ignorance, said to him that "all languages but English are doomed in the Empire." He gently hinted to us that before making such sweeping statements, we had better look up the record of our own race in that matter.

When we started to act on his advice we found, and were much ashamed, that our knowledge of Irish history was entirely superficial; and that our main idea concerning it was altogether wrong.

We had always thought that the seven hundred year struggle—you remember what the little New York Irish boy wrote in school—"What do you know about the conquest of Ireland?" "It began," said he, "in 1172, and it is still going on."—that this seven century struggle was political, national and religious. We found that it was all that, but more; much more; that it was social as well; that the battle-ground was not only on nationality, merely as a difference of race or nation; but on nationality with all that goes to make up nationality; on all the things that make the Celt different from the Saxon; on custom, on tradition, on sentiment; on racial individuality; on the Celtic unit, the Clan, with its small individual ownership, now coming again to pass; on language; on the grand old Gaelic.

These are the things the Celts fought for; and had they not had to fight for them; had the English been wise enough not to attack them on these grounds; had they been wise enough to rely on gradual amalgamation; then, saving God's Providence, there would be few Irish or Scotch Catholics in the world to-day; or at least, the inroads of heresy would have been so great, the results of mixed marriages so ruinous, that we should indeed have little cause to boast of how we preserved the faith.