

failure but even serious obstruction. There must, after all, be the genius of kindness in the language when the effort to restore it has robbed all hostile force of its sting, for of a verity it has softened, to an extent unparalleled by any popular movement of modern times, the acerbity of social and political life. Is it the awakening of those latent energies and rudimentary instincts to which Father Forde refers above as needing but the sound of our fathers' tongue to rouse them into action, we may thank for this gracious change? It may be, for of all known tongues there is not one which holds and enshrines within it the ideals and characteristics of a race with more fidelity than does the tongue of the Gael. Listen to those first words which drop from the lips of one with any knowledge of the old tongue when the heart's language is evoked at meeting or farewell or by sudden joy or pain. Country, friends, the past with its store-house of memory, legend, and tradition, are recalled by a phrase; antagonisms vanish, estrangements are forgotten, and the claims of a common ancestry assert themselves.

It is but enunciating a truism to state that what is patriotic or national in Ireland is also religious. This is a characteristic of the Celtic race, proceeding probably from that faculty which is universally ascribed to it above all the peoples of the earth, the faculty of realizing the unseen. And in no aspect of the national life is the inseparableness of religion and patriotism so pronounced and insistent as in the national language of the Irish people. Those phrases embodying and linking together the highest and holiest conceptions of God and country, and which have survived generations of neglect and proscription of the language have not lost their potency or charm wherever there are Irish lips to speak them and Irish ears to listen to them. What an ideal saying that was of the Franciscan brother, Michael O'Clery, the chief of the Four Masters, when, in his brown, threadbare habit, he addressed his fellow-workers on the commencement of their monumental task (The Annals of the Four Masters) in the library of the dilapidated convent of Donegal on that memorable morning of the 22nd January, 1632, — *Do cum glóire De, agus onóra na h-Eireann* ("To give glory to God and honor to Erin.")