

describe the nature of the scenery or ground, the name of founder, or chief, or priest, or the leading fact in the history of the place. To you these are names hard to pronounce, and without meaning.

And yet it were well for you to know them. That knowledge would be a topography, and a history, and romance, walking by your side, and helping your discourse. Meath tells its flatness, Clonmel the abundant riches of its valley, Fermanagh is the land of the Lakes, Tyrone the country of Owen, Kilkenny the Church of St. Canice, Dunmore the great fort, Athenry the Ford of the Kings, Dunleary the Fort of O'Leary; and the Phoenix Park, instead of taking its name from a fable, recognises as christener the "sweet water" which yet springs near the east gate.

All the names of our airs and songs are Irish, and we every day are as puzzled and ingeniously wrong about them as the man who, when asked for the air, "I am asleep, and don't waken me," called it "Tommy McCullagh made boots for me."

The bulk of our history and poetry are written in Irish, and shall we, who learn Italian, and Latin, and Greek, to read Dante, Livy, and Homer in the original—shall we be content with ignorance or a translation of Irish?

The want of modern scientific words in Irish is undeniable, and doubtless we should adopt the existing names into our language. The Germans have done the same thing, and no one calls German mongrel on that account. Most of these names are clumsy and extravagant; and are almost all derived from Greek or Latin, and cut as foreign a figure in French and English as they would in Irish. Once Irish was recognised as a language to be learned as much as French or Italian, our dictionaries would fill up, and our vocabularies ramify, to suit all the wants of life and conversation.

These objections are ingenious refinements, however, rarely thought of till after the other and great objection has been answered.

The usual objection to attempting the revival of Irish is, that it could not succeed.

If an attempt were made to introduce Irish, either through the national schools or the courts of law, into the eastern side of the island, it would certainly fail, and the reaction might extinguish it altogether. But no one contemplates this save as a dream of what may happen a hundred years hence. It is quite another thing to say, as we do, that the Irish language should be cherished, taught, and esteemed, and that it can be preserved and gradually extended.

What we seek is, that the people of the upper classes should have their children taught the language which explains our names of persons or places, our older history, and our music, and which is spoken in the majority of our counties, rather than Italian, German, or French. It would be more useful in life, more servicable to the taste and genius of young people, and a more flexible accomplishment for an Irish man or woman to speak, sing, and write Irish than French.

At present the middle classes think it a sign of vulgarity to speak Irish—the children are everywhere taught English and English alone in schools—and, what is worse, they are urged by rewards and punishments to speak it at home, for English is the language of their masters. Now, we think the example and exertions of the upper classes would be sufficient to set the opposite and better fashion of preferring Irish; and, even as a matter of taste, we think them bound to do so. And we ask it of the pride, the patriotism, and the hearts of our farmers and shopkeepers, will they try to drive out of their children's minds the native language of almost every great man we had, from Brian Boru to O'Connell—will they meanly sacrifice the language which names their hills, and towns, and music, to the tongue of the stranger?

About half the people west of a line drawn from Derry to Waterford speak Irish habitually, and in some of the mountain tracts east of that line it is still common. Simply requiring the teachers of the National Schools in these Irish-speaking districts to know Irish, and supplying them with Irish translations of the school books, would guard the language where it now exists, and prevent it from being swept away by the English tongue, as the red Americans have been by the English race from New York to New Orleans.

The example of the upper classes would extend and develop a modern Irish literature, and the hearty support

they have given to the Archaeological Society makes us hope that they will have sense and spirit to do so.

But the establishment of a newspaper partly or wholly Irish would be the most rapid and sure way of serving the language. The Irish-speaking man would find, in his native tongue, the political news and general information he has now to seek in English; and the English-speaking man, having Irish frequently before him in so attractive a form, would be tempted to learn its characters, and by-and-by its meaning.

These newspapers in many languages are now to be found everywhere but here. In South America many of these papers are Spanish and English, or French; in North America, French and English; in Northern Italy, German and Italian; in Denmark and Holland, German is used in addition to the native tongue; in Alsace and Switzerland, French and German; in Poland, German, French, and Slavonic; in Turkey, French and Turkish; in Hungary, Magyar, Slavonic, and German; and the little Canton of Grison uses three languages in its press. With the exception of Hungary, the secondary language is, in all cases, spoken by fewer persons than the Irish-speaking people of Ireland, and while they everywhere tolerate and use one language as a medium of commerce, they cherish the other as the vehicle of history, the wings of song, the soil of their genius, and a mark and guard of nationality.

Napier

(From our own correspondent.)

December 7,

Rev. Father Tymons, S.M., has returned from Sydney after attending the Centenary celebrations in connection with St. Mary's Cathedral, and the triennial congress of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul Society, at which 400 delegates from over a wide area were present.

At the proficiency examinations recently held in Napier all the pupils presented by the Marist Brothers were successful in gaining their certificates. The results achieved by the pupils of St. Joseph's Convent schools were: High School, proficiency 17; St. Joseph's parish school, proficiency 4; Māori Girls' College, proficiency 5, competency 1.

The many friends of Mr. W. C. Sproule will regret to learn that he is seriously ill, and is at present a patient in the Mater Misericordiae Hospital at Auckland. Mr. Sproule has always been most generous in his benefactions to the Church, and one of the first to assist in every good work in the parish. The parishioners of Napier are asked to remember him in their prayers.

For the Greater Honor and Glory of God!

CATHOLIC CHURCH, HOKITIKA.

Not only for the adornment, but also for the preservation of the new Church at Hokitika, it is necessary to undertake at once the work of plastering the building. In a damp climate the fine new church would in time be ruined if not protected. Therefore the parishioners have decided to co-operate with their pastor in undertaking the necessary work at the beginning of the new year.

A Grand Bazaar

for the purpose of raising the needed funds will open at Hokitika on DECEMBER 22, and will continue during Christmas week.

The parishioners return heartfelt thanks to the Sisters of various communities, within the diocese and beyond it, who have already sent them valuable gifts in aid of the bazaar. They appeal to their friends throughout New Zealand, and especially to old residents of Hokitika, to help on the good work. The faith of many a family throughout the Dominion has its roots in Hokitika, which was indeed among the nurseries of Catholicism in the South Island. Bonds of hallowed memories and of old friendships unite the children of the West Coast, no matter where they roam. The centre of all these memories and friendships is the Faith of Our Fathers that spread forth from the tabernacle of the church at Hokitika. To make the church beautiful and enduring is, therefore, a labor of love, in which all whose affection for the Coast is a reality, will esteem it a privilege to join in.

Donations will be duly published in the *Tablet*, and may be sent to—

VERY REV. DR. KENNEDY,
Catholic Presbytery, Hokitika.

JEYES' FLUID