

I bethought me that a people's language was a living thing, and that it was a shameful thing for an Irishman to stand by and see the soul of his country being dragged out through its lips. I accordingly gave up my club in London, and devoted the amount of the annual subscription thus saved to a training college in Munster where Irish teachers are perfected in a fuller knowledge of, and more scientific methods of imparting, 'kitchen Kaffir'.²

"If ever we let the Irish language die we shall have parted with the foundation stone of Irish Nationality, and, although we may see Ireland a nation it will be a nation lacking the mind, the culture, the colour, the very life-blood of its forefathers."

"If we let it die we shall be a base generation of Irishmen, and those who come after us may well say it was the cowardly and selfish generation of the 20th century that allowed the language to die out. You in Ballingeary, at any rate, are trying bravely, and I hope and pray successfully, to redeem your part of Ireland from that reproach this generation is, indeed, in peril of incurring."

(Written the occasion of laying the foundation of new building of the Munster Training College. 1914)