

so much in his choice of poetic themes as in the wealth of his IMAGERY, which grows and shines and changes above all in the perfect execution of his VERBAL MELODY. That is the body of which his IMAGERY is the soul, and the two make one creation so beautiful that we are not concerned with anything but its beauty." In the pages in which our essayist studies these perfections he shows himself a true critic and an enlightened student of poetry. He does for Shakespeare what Stopford Brooke did for Tennyson; he gives us a key to unlock a treasure-house of rare loveliness and pure melody. The essay is certainly a valuable contribution to critical literature, and for penetrating, appreciative wisdom it ranks with the very best work of the kind we possess: it is doubtful if even Dowden or Arnold have done better. We feel that we will not weary our readers by quoting a few passages which he selects in illustration of his theme.

Shakespeare's Verbal Imagery

"Most of Shakespeare's images are painted—but the word is too gross to convey the clarity of his art—in so transparent an atmosphere as to seem still a part of nature showing her uses of perpetual change. In the *Sonnets* we watch the ceaseless *Passing of the Year*—

"Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride;
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd;
In process of the seasons have I seen
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burned.

"Sap checked with frost and lusty leaves quite gone. . .

" . . . lofty trees . . . barren of leaves
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd. . .

"That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or few, or none, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang.

"Often in his themes he illustrates his effects with images from Inheritance, or Usury, or the Law. . .

"When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past. . .

"He draws also upon Journeys, Husbandry, etc.

"O, no it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark. . .

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field."

Verbal Melody and Eloquent Discourse

To illustrate Shakespeare's eloquence and melody we have the following:—

"Be wise as thou art cruel: do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet love to tell me so. . .
For if I should despair, I should go mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee. . .

"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May
And summer's lease hath all too short a date. . .

"How like a winter hath my absence been,
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness everywhere."

"The cankered blooms have all as deep a die
As the perfumed tincture of the roses."

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

The Christian Brothers' School will re-open on Monday next (May 5), after the Easter vacation.

It having been found necessary to alter the date originally fixed for the annual meeting of St. Joseph's Men's Club, this will now be held on Monday evening next, in St. Joseph's Hall.

The Christian Brothers' Association Football Club show every indication of having a successful season. Teams have been entered in the First, Second, Third, and Fourth Grades of the O.F.A. competitions. In the opening games last Saturday Christian Brothers' First Grade played a drawn game with Northern, who are reported to be one of the strongest teams in the competition. Both elevens provided an excellent display of Soccer. Laffey (2) and Toomey scored for the Christian Brothers, while Brundell, Bunn, and Berryman notched the goals for Northern. The Third Grade team, the only other "Greens" team playing last week, secured a win over Post and Telegraph by the narrow margin of one goal to nil. On Saturday next three of the Brothers' teams will play at the Oval. It would be pleasing to see their supporters as well as ex-pupils of the school turning out in large numbers to witness the games.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

O.W. (Nelson).—Effort meritorious, but verse too flat.
G.J.E. (Wellington).—Pleased to hear from you.
Hope you are much stronger.

J.G. (Petone).—Sorry no space at present.

T.E.D.—(1) The accent on the "e." (2) *Dolores* is Spanish. Accent on "o." "Dolours" might be the English.

B.J.D.—Many thanks. Will write soon.

F.M.B. (Lyall Bay).—Your notes much appreciated.
Hope to use later.

M.O.S. (Auckland).—Very grateful for your notes.
Please keep going. Will write later.

K.McG.—Yes, they have slipped the yellow pup once more. They kept him in the kennel while trying to cajole Catholics to vote with them. One of them was overheard in a train saying: "If we once have Prohibition we can smash the Romanists with one stroke of the pen." How oleaginous they have been for weeks past. Now you will hear them again. Poor old things!

WATOURU.—(1) Ireland cost England NOTHING. England has made out of Ireland during the war at least £50,000,000. (2) Yes, if business not impertinence dictates the visit. (3) At least £300,000,000.

M.A.L.—(1) American by birth. (2) Yes, privately. (3) Apply to O'Connor, Barbadoes Street, Christchurch. Price (about) 4/-.

S.M.B. (Grey).—Thanks for note. Sinn Fein Abu!

T.H. (Auckland).—Thanks for reference to New Ireland. Will certainly look it up.

"TIR-OWEN."—We have apparently not made ourselves clear to you. We publish no controversial letters except over the signature of the writer. Even if signature and address be enclosed as a proof of *bona fides* we cannot publish letters over a *nom de plume*. The late Bishop of Dunedin suggested that practice in all controversial questions and the present editor supported his views. It is unusual and hence your not unreasonable misconception. Sorry if we seemed discourteous, but it is annoying to get anonymous letters for publication week after week in spite of our protests.

WARNING!—Verses sent in ought to express something. They ought not to look as if a train had gone over them and lopped off feet—more or less—in various lines. If you are not sure you can write verse