

all summer lightning and is never meant to blast anybody. It never does, and it only makes people skip. Hardy's is all cloudy emotion: he is most at home in storm and foul weather. Meredith's attitude is full of quip and aloof amusement: he is always enjoying himself even when his creatures burn their fingers a little. Hardy suffers in his creatures and is (suicidally perhaps) slain by their tragedy: the springs of his emotion lie in the great depths of human fate; the sources of Meredith's laughter are the incongruities of artificial civilisation. Meredith's genius was more subtle than Hardy's and, as I dare to think, more sane: but Hardy is greater; less seductive in feature, grander in stature. Like Emily Bronte he can be compared only with the Greek tragedians. He is not modern, and therefore cannot become old-fashioned."

"Meredith's style is polished to coldness, Hardy's is plain though admirably suitable."

"Finally: one is disposed, on completing one of Hardy's novels, incontinently to begin another, and to go on till one has read them all. With Meredith the best way is to read a chapter or two, and attempt no more at once: one cannot adequately assimilate a great deal of him at a time."

Gerald Hopkins

The Poet Laureate has recently published a volume of poems by his friend, Father Gerald Hopkins, S.J., who died before becoming famous. In a review in the *Month* Miss Guiney says of him: "Not since Francis Thompson have we had so disturbing a poet. The vocabulary is almost purely Saxon, against that of the 'Latinized Englishman'; and this muse is for harmony and sculptural effect rather than for symbolism and for Catholic philosophy. Let there be no doubt about the worth of Father Hopkins' literary work. It has winged daring, originality, durable texture, and the priceless excellence of fixing itself in the reader's mind." The newly revealed poet will not become popular. His untrammelled imagery, his liberties with metre, his daring word-creations will prove even greater barriers to easy reading than Thompson's. Above all he will never have a large audience of readers: he tells us himself that his verses are for the ear rather than for the eye; and only when accent, slur, pause, and syncope are given due attention can his verbal melody be realised. He holds "sprung rhythm as the most natural of things," using any number of weak or slack syllables for particular effects, so that "the feet are assumed to be equally long or strong, and their seeming equality is made up by pause or stressing." He pleads "Read me with the ears, as I always wish to be read." And melody in design is his aim all the time.

Imagery and Word-Painting

A few examples of his use of adjectives will illustrate how great an artist he is, and how he can fix an impression, even though it be with a strange phrase. When he speaks of the "wiry and white-fiery and whirlwind-swivelled snow" who cannot see a snow storm on a windy day? The "bright boroughs" and "circle-citadels" of the stars; the "heaven-gravel" flung by "hustling ropes of hail"; the "mazy sands all water-wattled"; the swimming trout's "rose moles all in a stipple"; the "burl" and "buck" of an angry wave, he strikes new notes, but strikes them as a master. For him the thrush

"Doth through the echoing timber so rinse and wring
The ear, it strikes like lightnings to hear him sing."

And as to the lark, he bids us

"hear him ascend

In crisps of curl off wild winch whirl and pour
And pelt music, till none's left to spill nor spend!"

Self-sacrifice and the giving to God of all things prized were themes dear to his priest's heart. When you have read aloud some ten times the following lines which

might be written for a girl making her vows as a nun their power and melody will come upon you:—

"Winning ways... sweet looks... going gallant, girl-grace,—

Resign them, sign them, seal them, send them; motion them with breath,

And with sighs soaring, soaring sighs deliver

Them! Beauty-in-the ghost, deliver it; early now, long before death

Give beauty back, beauty, beauty, beauty back to God, beauty's Self, and beauty's Giver!"

Nothing could well be more apart from the classic conventionality of Robert Bridges, who is the literary sponsor of the volume and whose name is a guarantee of its worth. Crawshaw, Thompson, and now a third Catholic poet, are crowned by the *cognoscenti*. But not one of them will ever be popular. For one reason because the world to-day has fallen too low to hear the beating of the wings of their Muse in her flight near the stars.

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

Mr. Mortimer P. Reddington was among the successful students at the recent examinations at the Otago University, passing in all the subjects for the first professional examination in medicine.

There was a good attendance at the ordinary weekly meeting of St. Joseph's Men's Club, held on last Monday evening, the president (Father Ardagh) presiding. An interesting programme of impromptu speaking was carried out in a spirited manner, practically every member present giving his views on one or other of the instructive subjects advanced. It was decided to commence a billiard tournament (100 up and 200 for the final), on Tuesday, June 17, for members only.

On last Sunday (Pentecost Sunday) there was Solemn High Mass, commencing at 11 o'clock, at St. Joseph's Cathedral. The Rev. B. Kaveney was celebrant, Rev. E. Andersen deacon, Rev. F. Marlow sub-deacon, and Rev. C. Ardagh master of ceremonies. The music was Mozart's Second Mass, very capably rendered by the choir, with Mr. A. Vallis at the organ and Signor Squarise conducting. In the evening the Very Rev. J. Coffey, Diocesan Administrator, officiated at Vespers, and Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the Rev. E. Andersen and Rev. F. Marlow being deacon and subdeacon respectively. There were very large congregations both morning and evening.

At all the Masses and at Vespers on Sunday last, in St. Joseph's Cathedral, the congregations were addressed, in the interests of the Maori Missions, by the Very Rev. Dean Van Dyk, Superior of the Missionary Fathers of St. Joseph, laboring among the Maoris in the diocese of Auckland. The subject of his discourse at the Solemn High Mass was the ever-increasing needs of the Maori Missions, and at Vespers he vividly described the life and experiences of the Maori Missionaries. He explained in conclusion that, although the collection proper, as the outcome of his appeal, would be taken up on the following Sunday, yet, in view of the large number of visitors to the city for the holiday week, an opportunity would be given such of these who desired to do so, to subscribe forthwith. The result was a very generous response to his appeal. Dean Van Dyk will make an appeal to the congregation of the Sacred Heart Church, North-east Valley, on Sunday next, and at Middlemarch and Hyde on Sunday, June 22.

At the Savoy Lounge on last Monday evening, Mrs. M. A. Jackson, ex-president of St. Joseph's Ladies' Club, entertained a large party of guests on the occasion of a farewell tendered to Miss Eileen Murphy, who was vice-president of the club for a number of years, prior to her departure for Wellington. A musical and elocutionary programme was contributed to by Misses M. Lemon, R. Graves, E. Schoen, K. Sullivan, N. O'Sullivan, and Miss E. Murphy, and