

phenomena seen through the eyes of a poet, the rustling of the sands on the seashore, the weird noises of the night, the dancing of butterflies in the sun. At his touch these things take on the wonder and mystery which the Celtic imagination has described everywhere in nature. That Lord Dunsany should have opened up a new region of fantasy does not constitute him an alien in the old mythological and legendary world of Ireland. His people are of the same stock as their ancestors, children of romance and beauty."

### The Sea

He loves the sea like every Irishman, and he has a predilection for old sailors that Irishmen will understand. In *The Coming of the Sea* we have his fancy at its highest flight. Imagining an attempt made by Slid and his host of waves to capture the green earth, he tells us how Slid by his waves overcame the four winds, and after sending them limping back to their masters, said: "We have met this new thing that has come upon earth and have striven against its armies but could not drive them forth; and the new thing is beautiful but is very angry and is creeping towards the gods." The gods sent "a great army of white cliffs" to defend them, but the rocks were shattered until the dowlunds were called upon to halt the army of Slid, who not being able to advance "creoned a song such as long ago troubled the stars"; and the song went on moaning, awaking pent desires till the rivers heard it and crept down to find the sea: "they came behind the white cliffs, splitting them here and there, thus making an opening for the army of the waves." Then the gods were angry and called upon their eldest-born, the Mountain Tintaggon, which was made of black marble, and Tintaggon stood firm and beat back the attacks of Slid and of the five oceans he had summoned to his aid. The sea was beaten but the fight may one day be resumed:

"Sometimes in their dreams, the war-scarred warriors of Slid still lift their heads and cry their battle-cry; then do dark clouds gather about Tintaggon's swarthy brow and he stands out menacing. . . . The gods know well that while Tintaggon stands they are safe . . . whether Slid shall one day smite Tintaggon is hidden among the secrets of the sea."

### Babbulkund

Here is a description of one of his dream-cities:

"I will arise now and see Babbulkund, city of marvel. She is of one age with the earth; the stars are her sisters. Pharos of the old time coming conquering from Araby first saw her, a solitary mountain in the desert, and cut the mountain into towers and terraces. . . . She is carven, not built; her palaces are one with her terraces; there is neither joint nor cleft. Here is the beauty of the youth of the world. She deemeth herself to be the middle of the earth, and hath four gates facing outward to the nations."

But the end of Babbulkund came. A day dawned when winged lions no longer flitted like bats about the city, when the alcove of opal wherein the King sat was gone, and the gorgeous streets were no more. The plot was carefully prepared. A traveller in the desert heard a whisper of it at night. "All that night the desert said many things softly and in a whisper, but I knew not what he said. Only the sand knew and arose and was troubled and lay down again, and the wind knew." And when all was ready a wind came out of the South, and "the sand lifted and went by in great shapes, all whispering; and there were little cries among them and the sounds of passing away." Perondaris, Babbulkund's beautiful rival, was overcome in the same way.

### "The Tents of the Arabs"

The lure of the desert called Dunsany from his youth and its voice is heard in many of his stories. In *The Tents of the Arabs* a King lingers a year in the desert and allows a camel-driver to usurp his throne

rather than declare his identity. The King loves a gypsy girl, named Eznarza, and Mr. Boyd points out that the love-passages between the two are reminiscent of Synge. There is the rhythm of poetry in the lines they speak. Eznarza says: "We shall hear the sand again whispering low to the dawn wind," and the King replies: "We shall hear the nomads stirring in their camps far off because it is dawn." In Eznarza's last words there is an echo of the wonderful prose of *Deirdre*:

"I will raise up my head of a night time against the sky, and the old, old unbought stars shall twinkle through my hair and we shall not envy any of the diademed queens of the world."

"Yeats, Synge, 'A.E.' and James Stephens see Ireland illumined by the beauty of old legends and traditions," says Mr. Boyd. "Dunsany is carried by this re-awakening of the spirit into a world beyond the 'Rim.' All have the same dream of beauty, which enables them to transfigure reality."

## DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

At St. Patrick's Basilica, South Dunedin, on Thursday next, Feast of the Apostle of Ireland, Solemn Pontifical Mass will be celebrated, commencing at nine o'clock. A panegyric of St. Patrick will be preached by Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm.

In honor of the approaching festival of the Apostle of Ireland, the members of St. Joseph's and St. Patrick's branches of the Hibernian Society are to assemble in regalia at St. Patrick's Basilica, South Dunedin, on next Sunday, and, in a body, approach the Holy Table at the nine o'clock Mass.

There was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament at St. Joseph's Cathedral from the eleven o'clock Mass on Sunday. His Lordship the Bishop officiated at Compline in the evening, and after the usual procession Pontifical Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. An appropriate sermon was preached by Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., in the presence of a large congregation.

At the conclusion of the business at last week's meeting of the members of St. Joseph's Cathedral Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, a welcome-home social was tendered to Mrs. M. A. Jackson, president over many years, who had recently returned from an extended tour of Great Britain and various Continental countries. Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., chaplain of the society, presided, and expressed the pleasure of all at the return, in renewed health, of Mrs. Jackson. He made grateful reference to the president's devoted services over a lengthy period in the interests of the poor and distressed, and trusted she would again soon undertake the exacting, though essentially charitable duties, in the discharge of which she had proved herself so adaptable. Mrs. Jackson, in a brief reply, expressed deep appreciation of the kind welcome extended, and for the prayers and good wishes she knew accompanied her during her journeyings abroad. The experience and information gained would, she hoped, be of great benefit to the society's work in this city. A pleasing musical programme was contributed.

The annual national concert in commemoration of St. Patrick's Day will be given on Thursday evening, March 17, in His Majesty's Theatre. On this occasion the concert will be given under the auspices of the Irish Social, Musical, and Literary Society, and a large and energetic committee, under the direction of Father Ardagh, have arranged a programme of an essentially national character, and perfected details generally for a successful social observance of the great festival of the Apostle of Ireland. The concert will be under the patronage of his Lordship the Bishop, and the object towards which the proceeds are to be devoted—the provision of scholarships for the pupils of our Catholic schools who win them in open competition with all schools in the Dominion but withheld by the Government from being taken out in our own

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