

Matthew Arnold place Gray in the very first rank of English poets? What have we now of Sappho but a few fragments? We have not a great deal of Catullus. Leopardi did not leave us a bulky legacy; neither did Fitzgerald, nor Mangan, nor Villon. It is quality that counts: a mass of copper is of less value than an ounce of pure gold. And Belloc's claim to be considered a poet rests on the large proportion of pure gold that is found among his verses. An admirer of Belloc's who is also a disciple tells us that the characteristics of his verse are a strict French technical tradition combined with a dreamy wistfulness that suggests the Celtic spirit; and tenderness combined with an abrupt military manner. The same wistfulness is found in his best prose: in his prose, too, one cannot help remarking the influence of the best French writers. The clear vision, the limpid style, the flexibility and strength are all French. And not rarely they are illumined by the true Celtic glimmer which is the quality that gives a charm to the best English prose and verse. In a word, Belloc is a stylist. Style is indefinable and elusive, but we recognise its presence at once if we know at all what good writing is. And anyone who has a fair acquaintance with French works cannot be ignorant that the best English is immeasurably behind the best French when there is a question of style. Even Burke, according to Arnold, could not compare with Bossuet. What novelist would we put beside Flaubert or Bourget or Coppée to-day? Remembering, then, that Belloc is half French and half Celt we arrive at the secret of his style. It is distinctive both in his prose and in his verse. Take this sonnet:

SEDAN.

I, from a window where the Meuse is wide,  
Looked Eastward out to the September night.  
The men that in the hopeless battle died  
Rose and reformed and marshalled for the fight.  
A brumal army vague and ordered large  
For mile on mile by one pale General.  
I saw them lean by companies to the charge;  
But no man living heard the bugle call.  
And fading still, and pointing to their scars,  
They rose in lessening cloud where, grey and high,  
Dawn lay along the heaven in misty bars.  
But gazing from the Eastern casement, I  
Saw the Republic splendid in the sky,  
And round her terrible head the morning stars.

### The Celtic Note

He is violent at times. He sings a rollicking, roystering song for us with a tankard in hand. He is fierce in denunciation of the shams he hates. But sadness and wistfulness and *Heimweh* for a land of hopes and dreams are his leading notes, the Celtic notes—

A lost thing could I never find,  
Nor a broken thing mend;  
And I fear I shall be all alone  
When I get towards the end.  
Who will be there to comfort me  
Or who will be my friend?

I will gather and carefully make my friends  
Of the men of the Sussex Weald,  
They watch the stars from silent folds,  
They stiffly plough the field.  
By them and the God of the South Country  
My poor soul shall be healed.

If ever I become a rich man,  
Or if ever I grow to be old,  
I will build a house with a deep thatch  
To shelter me from the cold,  
And there shall the Sussex songs be sung  
And the story of Sussex told.

I will hold my house in the high wood  
Within a walk of the sea,  
And the men that were boys when I was a boy  
Shall sit and drink with me.

### His Fierce Mood

What a warrior he is when he falls upon his foes!  
Hear this:

Only before I eat and drink,  
When I have killed them all, I think  
That I will batter their carven names,  
And slit the pictures in their frames,  
And burn for scent their cedar door,  
And melt the gold their women wore,  
And hack their horses at their knees,  
And hew to death their timber trees,  
And plough their gardens deep and through—  
For fear perhaps my little son  
Should break his hands as I have done.

His wrath is always directed against the blind guides and the money-changers who defile the temple with their trafficking. Behind it all is the Catholic heart that drives him to the fight and inspires him to pray—

Our Lord that was Our Lady's Son,  
Go bless you, People, one by one:  
My rhyme is written, my work is done.

### DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

Rev. Father Herring, S.M., is engaged this week conducting a short retreat for the students at Holy Cross College, Mosgiel.

His Lordship the Bishop left to-day (Thursday) on an episcopal visitation at Invercargill and the surrounding parishes, and will be thus engaged during the month of April. His Lordship will make his visitation at Invercargill next Sunday and on Sunday week at Riverton.

In the recent degree examinations of the New Zealand University, the following students of Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, were successful:—Francis Inlay passed the final section of the B.A. examination; John McGettigan, Thomas McMahon, James Maguire, Peter Breen, Arthur Gregory, and Robert McCormack passed the second section.

The Sisters of Mercy, South Dunedin, desire to express their gratitude to the president and members of St. Joseph's Cathedral Sodality of the Children of Mary, who generously provided the Easter breakfast for the children of Mt. St. Joseph's and St. Vincent's Orphanages, and, in addition, contributed a large quantity of sweets, each child receiving a well-filled bag. The Sisters also gratefully acknowledge an Easter gift of £1 10s from "W. D.," an unknown benefactor who frequently remembers the orphans.

### ST. JOSEPH'S CATHEDRAL.

The solemnities of Holy Week were throughout attended by very large congregations. His Lordship the Bishop presided at the Office of Tenebrae each evening. Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., being master of ceremonies. Right Rev. Mgr. Mackay and a number of the diocesan clergy and ecclesiastical students of Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, assisted. As in previous years, the singing by the students, notably of the "Lamentations," the "Benedictus," and "Miserere," was quite a feature, and shows the prominence given at the college to the devotional and artistic rendering of the Church's psalmody. His Lordship the Bishop pontificated at the High Mass on Holy Thursday (the music being beautifully rendered by the Dominican Nuns' choir) and Mass of the Presanctified on Good Friday, as well as at the incidental ceremonies of Holy Thursday. The deacons of the Passion on Good Friday were Rev. Fathers O'Reilly, Morkane, and Collins. There was Veneration of the Cross at the close of the ceremonies. The Cathedral was thronged in the afternoon for the devotion of the "Stations of the Cross." An impressive discourse on the Blessed Sacrament was given on Holy Thursday evening by Rev. Father Collins, on the Passion of Our Divine Lord on Good Friday morning by Very Rev. Father O'Donnell, and on Good Friday evening on the Seven Dolors of the

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