but she perceived novel relations between them. The situations and arguments she exhibits are sometimes so unusual as to give us the shock of oddity at first sight, but we soon become acclimatised to her truth. No writer has had a more exquisite sense of the value of words, their shades of meaning and their associative, evocative qualities. When she was satisfied she had reason to be satisfied: in her best passages no word could be improved, none could be added or subtracted without loss. For her ideal of precision carried with it a necessity of the most rigid economy. She was never vaguely impressionistic. Where brief suggestion would do the work she used it. She is standing, for example, on a low shore and looking over the marine waste: the whole scene is called up by the bare sentence "You can see the wave as far as you can see the water." Where detail had to be mentioned to give the impression required it was mentioned as sparingly, and with as small a measure of epithet, as was consonant with the communication of the picture; her scenes are as clear and as thriftily indicated as the best landscapes of Mr. Bridges. How she corrected and compressed may be certainly known from the only passage which occurs in two of her essays. Innocence and Experience contains this comparison:

"'As the Franciscans wear each other's old habits, and one friar goes about darned because of another's rending, so the poet of a certain order grows cynical for the sake of many poets' old loves. Not otherwise will the resultant verse succeed in implying so much—or rather so many in the feminine plural. The man of very sensitive individuality might hesitate at the adoption. The Franciscan is understood to have a fastidiousness and to overcome it. And yet, if choice were, one might wish rather to make use of one's fellowmen's old shoes than put their old secrets to use and dress one's art in a motley of past passions.'

"It reappears, amended, pruned, stiffened, in the article on Swinburne:

"'As one friar goes darned for another's rending, having no property in cassock and cowl, so does many a poet, not in humility, but in a paradox of pride, boast of the past of others. And yet, one might rather choose to make use of one's fellowmen's old shoes than to put their old secrets to usufruct, and dress poetry in a motley of shed passions, twice corrupt.'

"It is shorter now; there is an added touch of the concrete; an almost unnoticeable verbal repetition has gone; a touch of archaism has been removed from the rhythm of the final phrase, of which, simultaneously, the meaning has been strengthened. That, ultimately, was her object: to marry economy with music."

The *Times*:

"She might have lived by "Preludes," but with the beginning of the nineties Mrs. Meynell came out of her silence with another slender and exquisite volume. About the same time she was contributing to the *Pall Mall Gazette* under the distinguished editorship of Mr. Harry Cust. One of the features of the *Pall Mall* during that brief and glorious heyday was "The Wares of Autolycus" —a daily column written by well-known women of letters. Hers was the outstanding event of the week for many discriminating readers. Her day was Friday, and few lovers of what was finest and most distinguished in contemporary literature cared to miss the Friday *Pall Mall*. She gave of her best, and journalism can seldom have been of such quality. The best of these delicate and minutely observant essays she gathered into such volumes as "The Rhythm of Life," "The Color of Life," "The Spirit of Place," and "Ceres' Runaway." These, again, were sifted into the well-known selected essays, supplemented by her 'Hearts of Controversy.' She was reviewing at the same time and earlier in the *Saturday Review*, the *National Observer* of W. E. Henley, and other notable journals. To her and of her many of Francis Thompson's most heavenly poems were written: poems, said Coventry Patmore, of which Beatrice and Laura would have been proud. Few women could have earned such praises, but she deserved them. She had an aloof, lofty personality, and for all her subtle and beautifully balanced mind there was much of the immortal child in her.

No cumbrous paragraphs are needed to point the exquisite work of Mrs. Meynell. Only a few reminiscences and golden criticisms out of the past need fall, flower-like, about her memory. She had a long literary life lived among the peaks. Like her own "Shepherdess of Sheep" she herded her tiny flock of sonnets among the summits. She was the English girl living in Genoa into whose nursery Charles Dickens would come. She always remembered his examen in the multiplication tables and his hearty "nine times nine." From Dickens to Meredith she was known of the greater craftsmen. Chesterton symbolised her name for all that was rare in writing when he described as the poles of appreciation "the Man in the Street and Mrs. Meynell." It was Rossetti who learned her poem on renouncement by heart as "one of the three finest sonnets ever written by women." How many women have kept that poem as a talisman in putting aside some love that came too soon or too late? It was the most girlish poem written by a woman or the most womanly poem ever ever written by a girl."

Canon William Barry, D.D., in the *Tablet*:

"All manner of distinctions waited on Alice Thompson. She knew Italy from early childhood; watched her sister's fame growing as a woman of genius equal (let us say boldly) to Meissonier in the painting of war pictures; won recognition without delay by her *Preludes*, and was happily wedded. Her delightful home, situate in the world of literature, gave scope for tender feelings, affectionate study of children's ways, and friendships like that of Meredith or Coventry Patmore. And its doors were open to the wandering feet astray of Francis Thompson, a namesake but no kinsman, unless in "The Nurseries of Heaven." It is painful to imagine what would have been his fate if this company of angels had not formed a legion round about him. Their fine humanity was rewarded by much exquisite verse; and another episode of great pathos and beauty claimed its place in the anthology where English poets live deathless lives together.

"Praise from Rossetti for 'one of the three noblest sonnets ever written by women'; from Ruskin for 'that perfectly heavenly *Letter from a Girl to her own Old Age*,' introduced *Preludes* to an audience that has steadily continued growing, until now it includes all who take pleasure in original thought musically expressed. Later volumes, small but very precious, hold their fitting rank among little masterpieces. Religion inspires them, it may be said, always; but often 'as Saints who keep their counsel sealed and fast, their anguish overpast.' In such reserve we feel power. I could wish that a singer so entirely free from cloying sentiment had given us more poems directly religious, which we might compare with those of Christina Rossetti. They would have borne the test.

"Equally rare was the winnowed and sifted prose dedicated to Essays or Criticisms, in which we mark a French precision of terms, and an independence of judgment, honorable to one who dwelt apart from the crowd, not as either cynical or unkind, but because, in the language of Wordsworth, her soul was like a star, radiant with exceeding purity. Among our Catholic women writers, so many of whom add lustre to philanthropy and literature, Alice Meynell is sure of lasting renown. She will never, indeed, put off that transparent veil, never cease to be the meditative muse, 'like silence all unvexed,' and to create a 'most dear pause in a mellow lay'; but love will turn to her with reverence, and quiet joy will be the disciple's reward. It is much to inflict this attitude by simple unpretending genius on a time and a generation (alas, it is ours) hurrying breathlessly forward to it knows not what destiny. Her voice was that of a sister-soul chanting the gospel of peace, resignation, hope, and courage to her fellow-Christians. We owe to such a true saint as Alice Meynell proved herself to be during this troubled age undying gratitude and our prayers."

The last scene. Shane Leslie, in the *Universe*:

". . . on the soft morning air hung the promise of the very November blue that Mrs. Meynell had deciphered in her poetry. Not far from the grave lay Francis Thompson, who also had passed from a November to Heaven's blue, leaving only the little cry on his stone, 'Seek me in the nurseries of Heaven.' There the nurse of his muse and the inspiration of his full-grown song seeks him to-day. If she had need of flowers, she whose sonnets hang like folded wreaths on the temple of English letters, flowers there were in plenty. A circlet of bays, with the ribbon blue, yellow, and white of the Catholic suffrage, rested alone at the foot of the coffin during Mass.

"In the graveyard there were others in profusion—