

Fear well founded inspired that plead for help. France has done a great deal to make the world's peace abortive, and her grasping and vengeful tactics have embittered the whole German people ever since the day when negro troops were quartered on a white population in Catholic Rhineland. In America opinions are divided. Those who want to keep out of European turmoil say that Clemenceau is talking through terror and that he cuts no ice. Others say that he is right, and that he has serious grounds for being in terror of Germany. Thus, the *New York Tribune* says that Germany "is steadily arming and calling on Russia with the idea of recovering the territory taken from her. She is further away from ruin than at any time since the armistice; and she is more a menace to Europe than at any time since the Allies imposed peace on her. For behind the published commercial agreement with Russia there is manifestly a far-reaching secret agreement." Certainly when Germany agreed to an armistice her armies were intact. Her surrender was due to internal trouble rather than to military defeat. It was also due to the fact that reasonable terms were guaranteed her by the Allies. It is a very important fact now that the Allies broke their solemn pledges once they got hold of Germany, and that they imposed new terms which they enforced by a most inhuman blockade in which thousands of German women and children died. That treachery and that inhumanity are likely to count for much if Germany again arises against her foes, and one has but to put oneself in the place of a German whose wife and children have been starved to death by England and France in order to imagine what his sentiments towards these countries will be on the day when he finds himself powerful enough to fight them. All this menace is the result of the Versailles jobbery after the people had won the war. What the soldiers won, Messrs. Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and even small fry like Mr. Massey deliberately undid. They are the enemies of the people.

Answers to Correspondents

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—As the Editor is at present absent personal letters addressed to him at the office will not be attended to.

"KILLERY."—Please give us the approximate date of the appearance of the poem. There is (in the absence of the Editor) nobody here good-tempered enough to search back five or six years for it unless you give some guidance. Of course he will do it when he returns. He delights in such wild-goose chases. In fact, since his eyes got bad, he is said to make novenas for people who ask him to do these things.

INQUIRER.—We have never seen the maiden name of Madame Curie published. If we are able to discover it we will inform you later.

READER.—We recommend you to get *America*, *The Month* (London), *Studies*, the *Catholic World*, and also the new *Catholic Truth*, the first number of which has reached us recently. Some or all of the foregoing ought to be on the table of every Catholic library. They are almost as indispensable as the *N.Z. Tablet*.

ORIGINAL GENIUS.—Your story is suspiciously like one we found in the *American Quarterly Review*: A schoolboy doing Horace rendered *Dulce est desipere in loco*, as "It is pleasant to disappear on an engine." When the master had done with him he was convinced he was right.

D.G. (Wellington).—Letter received. You have not yet convinced us that your opinion matters more than that of the Irish Bishops. No doubt that is owing to our own stupidity. The Editor being more stupid than the rest of us would be even harder to convince that he ought to seek your advice as to the policy of the paper. Unfortunately he is absent at present and has left no address.

God never forsakes any one who does not forsake Him first.

The Flower of the Mind

Mrs. Meynell

When I came to London many years ago, absolutely friendless (says a writer in the *Review of Reviews*), the Meynells' house at Palace Court was the only one open to me, and for over twenty years it has been my privilege at "The Flat," and their beautiful country retreat of Great-ham, near Pulborough, to appreciate more and more the lofty ideals which distinguished every member of the family, united in faith and unwearied in right thinking, where, as in some household of a modern Sir Thomas More, wit and virtue flourished side by side.

The death of Mrs. Alice Meynell comes to us all with an acute sense of personal loss, and the sympathy of our readers is assured to Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, whose important contributions they have valued during the past year. A man of wide sympathy and culture, and generous heart, ever able to instil more charity into his controversies than most men put into their prayers, it will be in this sad hour a comfort to feel that the good work of his wife will now reach a wider public. The following tributes are an earnest of a fame destined to endure in the annals of English literature.

E. Hallam Moorhouse, in the *Fortnightly Review*:

"All through these years there have been those who listened for that voice of hers, who recognised its heavenly origin; she has had her audience, fitting though few. Popular, in the common sense, she never was, never would have cared to be. The clarity, the withdrawnness of her mind, made her rather apart from the world; she always seemed a little alien here, as though she belonged to 'another country,' as indeed she did. The very look of her was not like other women, her deep, dark eyes, her

'Vesper-like face, its shadows bright
With meanings of sequestered light.'

her Italian coloring, her grace of movement, her silences so alive with thought and feeling. Ruskin said that a look of wonder marks the genius, and that look was hers. Her handwriting, too, on the shining, fine notepaper she used, so delicately arched and looped, with its long s's, was markedly her own. To sit with her, even for the shortest time, though she may have said little, or only made her unflinching and kind inquiries after one's welfare, was to breathe another atmosphere. Yet there was nothing 'precious' about her, no pose of poetess; what Coventry Patmore called her "distinction" was too innate and noble for that.

"It was Patmore who advocated after Tennyson's death that the Laureateship should be conferred on a woman, and that woman Alice Meynell. In lending a copy of her poems to a friend, he said: 'The poetry seems to me to have a unique strain of lofty sweetness and pathos and delicate reticence.'

"Mrs. Meynell herself had an admiration for Coventry Patmore's work approaching reverence, so his praise must have been peculiarly grateful to her heart. In her first little book of essays, *The Rhythm of Life*, published in 1893, is a fine appreciation of Patmore's great odes, and she made a very perfect selection from his poems in that volume called *Poetry of Pathos and Delight*, which Frederick Greenwood considered 'as strong a testimony of Mrs. Meynell's taste and judgment as I have yet encountered.'

"The friendship between her and George Meredith was lasting and full of understanding on both sides, and he said many things in her praise, among them that her writing 'is limpid in its depths.' Her manner, he wrote, 'presents to me the image of one accustomed to walk in holy places and keep the eye of a fresh mind on our tangled world, happier in observing than speaking. . . . To the metrical themes attempted by her she brings emotion, sincerity, together with an exquisite play upon our finer chords quite her own, not to be heard from another. Some of her lines have the living tremor in them.'

"Rossetti, too, was among her praisers, and Ruskin. But the name that is linked closest with hers is that of Francis Thompson—odd that both should have borne the same surname, without relationship—and near to Francis Thompson she has been buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, unfit resting-place for either poet though that cannot but