

He sought advice and was told by a friend, "If you are uncertain which of two paths to take, choose the one on which the shadow of the Cross falls." Walpole's biographer, from whom I draw this anecdote, says that the Archdeacon "accepted this counsel and decided to stay on at Auckland."

If Walpole's father had not felt that the stern call of duty kept him in Parnell, he might perhaps have stayed long enough in this more graceful and civilised Wellington for his son, who was then two years old, to be a playmate of Katherine Mansfield, four years his junior. Later on their paths crossed a few times, mostly when Katherine Mansfield criticised Walpole's books. She made great fun of *Jeremy* and in 1920 wrote a review of *The Captives*. I would like to quote a part of it here for two reasons—first because of its intrinsic perceptiveness and secondly because it expresses a view of Walpole so entirely different from Professor Wall's first Walpole Memorial Lecture.

Early this year Mr. Hart-Davis's biography of Walpole was published and the occasion gave rise to much writing about Walpole by the reviewers. I think I would be safe in saying that the verdict given was nearer to Katherine Mansfield's than to Professor Wall's. In particular Walpole's writing came under fire. Walpole once wrote to James Agate whose reviewing he (quite justly) criticised. He said: "I doubt if you've ever read a *whole* book by anyone through in your life! Have you? If so, what?" But Agate had the honours of this controversy. He replied: "Have you ever in your life rewritten a sentence; if so, which?" Katherine Mansfield's criticism proceeds on a rather different level. She applauds Walpole's industry but deplors his failure to put life into his creations. Here is Katherine Mansfield in the *Athenaeum* in 1920:

"For we feel that it is determination rather than inspiration, strength of will rather than the artist's compulsion, which has produced *The Captives*. Still, while we honour the author for these qualities, is it not a lamentable fact that they can render him so little assistance at the last—can give him no hand with this whole great group of horses captured at such a cost of time and labour, and brought down to the mysterious water only that