

It is chiefly, however, the literary aspect of the matter which concerns us in these "Notes and Comments"; the spiritual and theological aspects may safely be left to those to whose province they belong. The point mainly to be insisted on is that a knowledge of the English Bible is the true key to all that is best in English literature, that it should be studied, at least, as a matter of literary training. A mere enumeration of names amounts to very little, at best, yet the great names of English literature, Milton, Bacon, Addison, Johnson, Scott, and Newman, are the names of those to whom the English Bible was familiar from the dawn of consciousness to the last hour of life. It coloured all their thoughts, dominated all their ideas, and was to them—as, indeed, it is—"the well of English undefiled." Is it too much to hope that Newman's dream may, at no distant date, be realized, and English-speaking Catholics possess a version of God's word, free indeed, from error, yet still the masterpiece of an age which was, in truth, to quote Carlyle again, "the blossoming of the previous centuries of "Catholicism"? That English-speaking Catholics may, at last, possess, as of right they should, the true key to English literature

BEATUS, O. S. B.

Seeking a Goal.

A gentle child of earth,
 A modest human soul,
 Feeling a loss, a dearth,
 Speeds, seeking a veiled goal.

The hills are cold with snow,
 Vexed by the wind and rain,
 Where she is fain to go,
 For Fate pursues amain.

Upon high cliffs austere,
 The soul shines like a star;
 Fleeing in hope and fear,
 And climbing fast and far.