

Maurice Maeterlinck

derstood to the last amid the refractory surroundings of his birthplace. Grégoire Le Roy, author of *Mon Cœur Pleure d'Autrefois*, disheartened by the general lack of comprehension, has had to capitulate to the necessities of every day and has turned electrical engineer—the André Chenier of a bloodless, but not less ruthless, guillotine.¹ As for the ardent genius of Émile Verhaeren, *he* has mastered the same chilling obstacles only after years of struggle, years of heroic obstinacy

¹ These lines had just been written when, through the influence of sundry friends and of the Rev. Father Rector of the Collège Saint-Michel, brother of M. Grégoire Le Roy, the latter seemed likely to obtain a post as academical librarian, to rescue him, if not too late, from the electric industry and restore him to poetry. But it appears from a letter written me by Grégoire Le Roy that the opponents of his candidature for this post alleged against him as a damning fault this very fact of his being a poet. Official and industrial hostility to letters has not yet, it seems, been disarmed where he is concerned.