

by which the Act of Union had been carried, and perhaps did much to confirm the Grand Old Man's sympathies for the Sister Isle. Taken all in all there can be no reasonable dissent from the Dublin *Freeman Journal's* assertion that Mr. Fitzpatrick "has rendered valuable service to Irish National literature and the Irish National cause."

11—There is a very sympathetic article in a recent number of the *Rosary* on the late Rev. James J. Moriarty. Though but an unassuming and hard-worked parish priest, Father Moriarty found time to enrich the religious side of American literature with several excellent doctrinal works. I have never been able to understand why his books have not had a more extensive reading. Father Moriarty is the American Faber. There is nothing cold or repulsive about his treatment of points of Catholic doctrine. "All for Love" and "Stumbling Blocks made Stepping Stones" read like novels, though they discuss the highest points of our creed. "Wayside Pencillings" and "The Keys of the Kingdom" are as poetic as their titles. Their gifted author throws around his subjects such a wealth of glowing imagery and such a delicate charm of style that the most abstract topic appeals to us with a definiteness and concreteness that are simply overpowering. Father Moriarty died in 1887 at the early age of fifty-three: literary efforts had been but a recreation with him, for like the poet-priest of the South, his feet were more used to the lowly steps of the Altar, than to the perilous heights that lead to Parnassus.

12—At last after years of unexplained and, to the general public, unnecessary and unreasonable delay, a poet-laureate has been named for England. It is difficult to discover with what feeling the appointment of this new official singer has been received by the English people. The general conspiracy of silence regarding the laureate may be due to his poetic mediocrity or to his religion; for Alfred Austin is both a poor poet and a Roman Catholic—neither of which is a quality to commend him with the people of "the tight little isle." Coming after Wordsworth and Tennyson, Austin is certainly a disappointment from the point of view of

poetry, though we have simply returned to the standard that existed for generations previous to Wordsworth's laureateship. It is, moreover, doubtful if Austin is not as deserving of the honor as any of his contemporaries and competitors. Taken all in all he is infinitely preferable to the indecent and scoffing versifier, Swinburne; he is not more commonplace or prosy than Sir Edwin Arnold; and he will honor the position quite as highly as William Watson's too often turgid verse could possibly have done. Coventry Patmore or Aubrey De Vere, though undoubtedly "of less desert" than Tennyson, would have worn with credit the laurel, again "greener from the brows of him that uttered nothing base." But reasons of state decreed that the crown should rest on another head.

It is a matter of real pleasure and pride to us to see one of the ancient faith officially recognized as poet laureate. Two hundred and seven years have elapsed since the only other Catholic laureate John Dryden—was similarly honored, so even length of deprivation would seem a sufficient ground for our laying claim to the title. But the fact is that Catholics were very prominent amongst those who were mentioned as possible successors to Tennyson. While Swinburne, Morris, Watson and Sir Edwin Arnold almost exhausted the Protestant list, Aubrey De Vere, Coventry Patmore, Mrs. Meynell and Alfred Austin headed the Catholic contingent, with Lionel Johnson and Francis Thompson finding considerable public favor. A glance at this array of names shows how in England even the Muses are moving Romewards. There never was a time since the days of Blessed Thomas More when English poetry was so completely at the service of Rome.

Alfred Austin, England's laureate for better or for worse, was born at Headingley, near Leeds, in 1835. He received his education at Stonyhurst and Oscott, from which latter college he took his degree at the University of London in 1853, and four years later was called to the Bar of the Inner Temple. But the law was distasteful; at the age of eighteen he had already shown the bent of his mind by the publication of the poem "Randolph"; his life was to be dedicated