

which make possible its prose, its realism and its history.

For this reason we have ever been pained to hear the poet decried as a fanatic and his poems ridiculed as useless; for he typifies that which is noblest in our own lives, that which is responsible for our most lasting achievements and our greatest happiness. We all have poetic thoughts: most of us are influenced by them in our daily lives; a few of us only can express them in a poetic way. There should, therefore, be a bond of sympathy rather than a barrier of opposition between us. They are in a certain sense our representatives before the altar of Nature and Humanity—conveying our messages to them and in turn interpreting their answers to us. Their mission is an exalted one which we should respect in others if we are unable to fulfill it in ourselves.

We are conscious that this idea of the importance of the poet's role is not a new one. It was common enough when life was less rapid but more true than it is at present. Our only excuse for proposing it anew is to react against a tendency which has already gone too far in the wrong direction. Let us therefore, each in his own peculiar way, show our appreciation of the poet and his writings; and perhaps we shall live to see the Muse of Poetry re-

stored, amidst universal rejoicing, to the pantheon wherein men are accustomed to enshrine their greatest benefactors.

*Cornelius McCarthy, O. P.*

## THE WRECK.

Hear the tempest, howling, sighing,  
Note the daylight quickly dying,  
See the beach-sand drifting, flying, crying out,

“A storm at sea!”

Hark! the thunder rolling, crashing,  
Fiery lightning leaping, flashing,  
Waves of ocean rushing, splashing, dashing wild

In maddest glee.

Fishing vessel plunging, rearing,  
Fighting bravely, ever nearing  
Spray-dashed rocks like wolves appearing,  
fearing lest

They lose their prey.

Roaring waves leap ever round her,  
Driving onward till she founder;  
Hungry waters beat her, pound her,  
hound her

In the laughing spray.

Spars and masts now trembling,  
falling,  
Greedy waters breaking, mauling,  
On the decks now heaping, sprawling,  
calling madly

To the shore.

Fated vessel wildly crashing,  
Rising, falling, rolling, splashing,  
‘Gainst the rocky teeth now smashing,  
dashing down—

To rise no more.

*Bartholomew Reilly, O. P.*