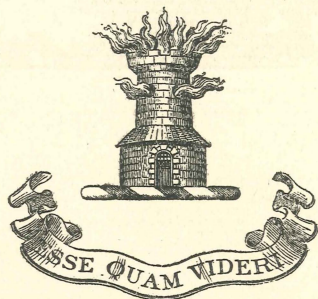


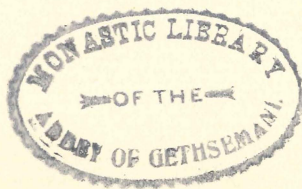
THE NOTE-BOOKS
AND PAPERS
of
GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

Edited with Notes and
a Preface
by
HUMPHRY HOUSE



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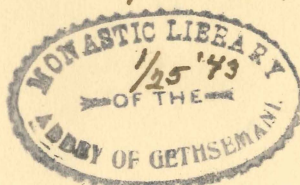


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CONTENTS

PREFACE	xi
EARLY NOTE-BOOKS	I
i. Extracts from Early Diaries (1862-6)	3
ii. On the Origin of Beauty: A Platonic Dialogue	54
iii. Poetic Diction	92
iv. 'All words mean either things or relations of things'	95
v. Parmenides	98
JOURNAL (1868-75)	103
LECTURE NOTES: RHETORIC	219
i. 'Rhythm and the other structural parts of Rhetoric—verse'	221
ii. 'Poetry and verse'	249
SERMONS, ETC.	253
i. In Festo Nativitatis—Ad Matrem Virginem—Hymnus Eucharisticus	255
ii. Opening of St. John Chrysostom's Homily on the Fall of Eutropius (Translation)	256
iii. Sermons	260
iv. 'The Principle or Foundation'	301
COMMENTS ON THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES OF ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA	307
NOTES	353
APPENDIXES	421
i. Catalogue of Manuscripts	423
ii. List of Sermons (July 1879-June 1881)	429
iii. Hopkins at School	435
iv. <i>The Convent Threshold</i> by Christina Rossetti	441
v. The Organization of the Society of Jesus	445

Elected
Silence

CONTENTS

MAPS

i. Stonyhurst district	448
ii. Isle of Man	449
iii. St. Beuno's district	450

INDEXES

i. First Lines and Titles of Poems and Fragments from the early Diaries	451
ii. Index of Names and Places	453
iii. Index of Words and Subjects	467

X *inscape.*

PARMENIDES¹

PARMENIDES—citizen and lawgiver of Elea, perhaps disciple of Xenophanes, visited Athens according to Plato when Socrates was a very young man (he was born in 468) in company with Zeno and was then 65

His great text, which he repeats with religious conviction, is that Being² is and Not-being is not—which perhaps one can say, a little over-defining his meaning, means that all things are upheld by instress and are meaningless without it. An undetermined Pantheist idealism runs through the fragments which makes it hard to translate them satisfactorily in a subjective or in a wholly outward sense. His feeling for instress, for the flush and foredrawn, and for inscape / is most striking and from this one can understand Plato's reverence for him as the great father of Realism

³ἢ μὲν [ὁδὸς διζήσιος] ὅπως ἔστι τε καὶ ὥς οὐκ ἔστι μὴ εἶναι,
πειθοῦς ἐστὶ κέλευθος, ἀληθείη γὰρ ὀπηδεῖ

(it is therefore in part a matter of dialectic)

ἢ δ', ὥς οὐκ ἔστι τε καὶ ὥς χρεῶν ἐστὶ μὴ εἶναι,
τὴν δὴ τοι φράζω παναπειθέα ἔμμεν ἀταρπὸν·
οὔτε γὰρ ἂν γνοίης τό γε μὴ εἶόν, οὐ γὰρ ἐφικτόν,
οὔτε φράσαις.

ἔστι may roughly be expressed by *things are* or *there is truth*. Grammatically it = *it is* or *there is*. But indeed I have often felt when I have been in this mood and felt the depth of an instress or how fast the inscape holds a thing that nothing is so pregnant and straightforward to the truth as simple *yes* and *is*. 'Thou couldst never either know or say/ what was not, there would be no coming at it.' There would be no bridge, no stem of stress between us and things to bear us out and carry the mind over: without stress we might not and could not say/ Blood is red/ but only/ This blood is red/ or/ The last blood I saw was red/ nor even that, for in later language not only universals would not be true but the

or the blood we worded as being red. φατίζεσθαι is to 'give it a name', to come out with something, to word or put a thought or thing.) Everything else is but a name ('τῷ πάντ' ὄνομ' ἐστίν') or disguise for it—coming to be or perishing, Yes and No ('εἶναί τε καὶ οὐκί'), change of place, change of colour

The way men judge in particular is determined for each by his own inscape, which depends on the mingling of the two elements, those in which the heat-principle predominates having the finer wits, 'οὐ μὴν ἀλλὰ καὶ ταύτην [διάνοιαν] δεῖσθαι τινος συμμετρίας' Theophrastus says (*de sens.* 3) and then he quotes

ἵως γὰρ ἕκαστος ἔχει κρᾶσιν μελέων πολυκάμπτων [οἱ ἑκάστω . . . κρᾶσις']

τὼς νόος ἀνθρώποισι παρέστηκεν τὸ γὰρ αὐτό*
ἐστὶν ὅπερ φρονέει μελέων φύσις ἀνθρώποισιν
καὶ πᾶσιν καὶ παντί· τὸ γὰρ πλεόν ἐστὶ νόημα

('According to the matching of his members / with the thousand turns they take / so for each man is the thought the man will think, for the *sense* that lives in this frame man wears is only the seeing of one selfsame thing—one thing for all men and for every man: [there are ten thousand men to think and ten thousand things for them to think of but they are but names given and taken, eye and lip service to the truth, husks and scapes of it: the truth itself, the burl,] the fulness is the thought'). For the phenomenal world (and the distinction between men or subjects and the things without them is unimportant in Parmenides: the contrast is between the one and the many) is the brink, limbus, lapping, run-and-mingle / of two principles which meet in the scape of everything—probably Being, under its modification or siding of particular oneness or Being, and Not-being, under its siding of the Many. The two may be called two degrees of siding in the scale of Being. Foreshortening and equivalency will explain all possible difference. The inscape will be the proportion of the mixture.

* αὐτό ἐστιν I have written for αὐτὸ ἔστιν, for which there seems no reason.

JOURNAL (1869)

being kept quite open; *meis* is almost a diphthong—like *mace*; *m* in *omnis* and, if I am not mistaken, final *ms* less strongly he gives the metallic nasal sound and the first syllable of *sanctus* he calls as if it were French.—Feb. 4, '70. Fr. Goldie¹ gives long *e* like short *e* merely lengthened or even opener (the broad vowel between broad *a* and our closed *a*, the substitute for *e*, *i*, or *u* followed by *r*). Fr. Morris² gives long *u* very full (*Luca*); he emphasises the semi-consonant and the vowel before it where two vowels meet—*Pio* becomes *Pi-jo* and *tuam tū-vam* (that is *pee-jo* and *too-wam*)—but in *tuum* the vowel is simply repeated. This morning I noticed Fr. Sangalli saying mass give the *ms* very slightly or bluntly.

The sunset June 20 was wine-coloured, with pencillings of purple, and next day there was rain.

June 27. The weather turned warm again two or three days ago and today is warmer still. Before that there had been cold, rain, and gloom.

Br. Sidgreaves³ has heard the high ridges of a field called *folds* and the hollow between the *drip*.

June 28. The cuckoo *has* changed his tune: the two notes can scarcely be told apart, that is their pitch is almost the same.

July 4. Up till the 2nd the weather gloomy. The 3rd was thick in the morning but cleared to a hazy sunlight and warm (Br. Gartlan⁴ and I in Wimbledon camp). Today is bright and hot.

July 8 or 9. Heard the cuckoo—very tuneless and wild sound.

In July some very hot days. August mild, damp, and autumnal, till near the end, when there was great heat. September began with frost and chill.

On the 8th after the Retreat the Juniors took their vows. Shortly after Fr. Fitzsimon⁵ left us suddenly and without a⁶ Goodbye and Fr. Gallwey⁷ took his place. Br. Shoolbred and Br. Anselm Gillet⁸ had left the noviceship from ill health.

Near the equinox a very great gale. It wrecked the fine Spanish oak at the head of the path down the meadow, broke

X *Inscap*
JOURNAL (1869)

the mulberry tree near the farm by the ground, and struck half of the cedar in St. Aloysius' walk into the rye-grass field. Long unending races of leaves came leaping and raging along the meadow. It frightened one to go among the trees.

We were gathering mulberries in that tree a little before. The hangers of smaller but barky branches, seen black against the leaves from within, look like ship-tackle. When you climbed to the top of the tree and came out the sky looked as if you could touch it and it was as if you were in a world made up of these three colours, the green of the leaves lit through by the sun, the blue of the sky, and the grey blaze of their upper sides against it.

A few days before Sept. 25 a fine sunrise seen from no. 1, the upstairs bedroom—: long skeins of meshy grey cloud a little ruddled underneath, not quite level but aslant, rising from left to right, and down on the left one more solid balk or bolt than the rest with a high-blown crest of flix or fleece above it.

About the same time a fine sunset, which, looked at also from the upstairs windows, cut out the yews all down the approach to the house in bright flat pieces like wings in a theatre (as once before I noticed at sunrise from Magdalen tower), each shaped by its own sharp-cut shadow falling on the yew-tree next behind it, since they run E. and W. Westward under the sun the heights and groves in Richmond Park looked like dusty velvet being all flushed into a piece by the thick-hoary golden light which slanted towards me over them.

Also that autumn my eye was suddenly caught by the scaping of the leaves that grow in allies and avenues: I noticed it first in an elm and then in limes. They fall from the two sides of the branch or spray in two marked planes which meet at a right angle or more. This comes from the endeavour to catch the light on either side, which falls left and right but not all round. Thus each branch is thatched with a double blade or eave of leaves which run up to a coping like the roofcrest all along its stem, and seen from some places these lie across one another all in chequers and X's.

I was at Kew Gardens somewhere about that time. I have

JOURNAL (1870)

anything more beautiful than the bluebell I have been looking at. I know the beauty of our Lord by it. It[s inscape]¹ is [mixed of] strength and grace, like an ash[tree]. The head is strongly drawn over [backwards] and arched down like a cutwater [drawing itself back from the line of the keel]. The lines of the bells strike and overlies this, rayed but not symmetrically, some lie parallel. They look steely against [the] paper, the shades lying between the bells and behind the cockled petal-ends and nursing up the precision of their distinctness, the petal-ends themselves being delicately lit. Then there is the straightness of the trumpets in the bells softened by the slight entasis and [by] the square splay of the mouth. One bell, the lowest, some way detached and carried on a longer footstalk, touched out with the tips of the petals an oval / not like the rest in a plane perpendicular to the axis of the bell but a little atilt, and so with [the] square-in-rounding turns of the petals . . . There is a little drawing of this detached bell. It looks square-cut in the original



Drought up to Corpus Xti (June 16), on evening of which day thunderstorm

Aug. 25—A Captain Newman living in the Scilly Isles told my father he had known an old lady (she is now some years dead) who could speak Cornish. Her name was Mrs. Pendraith. I believe he knew of no other



This skeleton inscape of a spray-end of ash I broke at Wimbledon that summer is worth noticing for the suggested globe: it is leaf on the left and keys on the right

Sept. 8—I took my vows²

Sept. 9—To Stonyhurst to the seminary³

Sept. 24—First saw the Northern Lights. My eye was caught by beams of light and dark very like the crown of horny rays the sun makes behind

JOURNAL (1870)

The day had been very bright and clear, distances smart, herds of towering pillow clouds, one great stack in particular over Pendle was knopped all over in fine snowy tufts and pencilled with bloom-shadow of the greatest delicacy. In the sunset all was big and there was a world of swollen cloud holding the yellow-rose light like a lamp while a few sad milky blue slips passed below it. At night violent hailstorms and hail again next day, and a solar halo. Worth noticing too perhaps the water-runs were then mulled and less beautiful than usual

Dec. 19 or thereabouts a very fine sunrise: the higher cloud was like seams of red candle-wax

¹On April 29 or thereabouts *at sunset* in the same quarter of the sky I saw, as far as I could remember it, almost the very same scape, the same colour and so on, down to a wavy wisp or rather seam above the rest—and this made by the sun shining from the West instead of the East. It was not so brilliant though

The winter was long and hard. I made many observations on freezing. For instance the crystals in mud.—Hailstones are shaped like the cut of diamonds called brilliants.—I found one morning the ground in one corner of the garden² full of small pieces of potsherd from which there rose up (and not dropped off) long icicles carried on in some way each like a forepitch of the shape of the piece of potsherd it grew on, like a tooth to its root for instance, and most of them bended over and curled like so many tusks or horns or/ best of all and what they looked likest when they first caught my eye/ the first soft root-spurs thrown out from a sprouting chestnut. This bending of the icicle seemed so far as I could see not merely a resultant, where the smaller spurs of which it was made were still straight, but to have flushed them too.—The same day and others the garden mould very crisp and meshed over with a lace-work of needles leaving (they seemed) three-cornered openings: it looked greyish and like a coat of gum on wood. Also the smaller crumbs and clods were lifted fairly up from the ground on upright ice-pillars, whether they had dropped these from themselves or drawn them from

JOURNAL (1870)

the soil: it was like a little Stonehenge—Looking down into the thick ice of our pond I found the imprisoned air-bubbles nothing at random but starting from centres and in particular one most beautifully regular white brush of them, each spur of it a curving string of beaded and diminishing bubbles—The pond, I suppose from over pressure when it was less firm, was mapped with a puzzle of very slight clefts branched with little sprigs: the pieces were odd-shaped and sized—though a square angular scaping could be just made out in the outline but the cracks ran deep down through the ice markedly in planes and always the planes of the cleft on the surface. They remained and in the end the ice broke up in just these pieces

Some events from the end of '69

In November Grisi¹ died

Dec. 8—Vatican Council opened

Dec. 17—Fasting girl² died: her parents were afterwards convicted of manslaughter

Jan. 10, '70—Victor Noir killed by Prince Pierre Bonaparte³

Feb. 23—Lucas⁴ forger of the Newton and Pascal letters sentenced to 2 yrs. imprisonment

The same month a negro first sat in Congress (for Mississippi), Virginia was readmitted to the Union, and the Duke of Richmond became Conservative leader in the House of Lords

In March Montalembert must have died [On the 15th]

April 11—Capture of the English 'Lords'⁵ by the Greek Brigands. Four of them (Herbert, Vyner, Lloyd, and the Count de Boyd) were murdered on the 23

April 25⁶—Maclise⁷ died

May 21—Sir John Simeon⁸ died

In May three successes of the American yacht *Sappho*

June 1 Dr. Grant died

Dickens must have died in June (on the 9th)

June 25—Qu. Isabella resigns in favour of her son the Prince of Asturias

July 15—War declared between France and Prussia. But

JOURNAL (1870-1)

these notes are, I find this put down for the day of the great Aurora: I have it on the 25th¹

Oct. 26—Metz surrenders with 173,000 men

Nov. 9, 10—Aurelles de Paladine's victory—Orleans retaken.
—Here Whitaker's Almanack ends. For further notes later

Mgr. Eyre and Mr. Healy of Isleworth died during the winter, Mr. Maclauren also, Br. Bœuvé on March 3 the feast of the Lance and Nails. De Morgan² died in March

The spring weather began with March about

I have been watching clouds this spring and evaporation, for instance over our Lenten chocolate. It seems as if the heat by *austus*, throes/ one after another threw films of vapour off as boiling water throws off steam under films of water, that is bubbles. One query then is whether these films contain gas or no. The film seems to be set with tiny bubbles which gives it a grey and grained look. ³By throes perhaps which represent the moments at which the evenest stress of the heat has overcome the resistance of the surface or of the whole liquid. It would be reasonable then to consider the films as the shell of gas-bubbles and the grain on them as a network of bubbles condensed by the air as the gas rises.—Candle smoke goes by just the same laws, the visible film being here of unconsumed substance, not hollow bubbles. The throes can be perceived/ like the thrills of a candle in the socket: this is precisely to *reech*, whence *reek*. They may by a breath of air be laid again and then shew like grey wisps on the surface—which shews their part-solidity. They seem to be drawn off the chocolate as you might take up a napkin between your fingers that covered something, not so much from here or there as from the whole surface at one reech, so that the film is perceived at the edges and makes in fact a collar or ring just within the walls all round the cup; it then draws together in a cowl like a candleflame but not regularly or without a break: the question is why. Perhaps in perfect stillness it would not but the air breathing it aside entangles it with itself. The film seems to rise not quite simultaneously

but to peel off as if you were tearing cloth; then giving an end forward like the corner of a handkerchief and beginning to coil it makes a long wavy hose you may sometimes look down, as a ribbon or a carpenter's shaving may be made to do. Higher running into frets and silvering in the sun with the endless coiling, the soft bound of the general motion and yet the side lurches sliding into some particular pitch it makes a baffling and charming sight.—Clouds however solid they may look far off are I think wholly made of film in the sheet or in the tuft. The bright woolpacks that pelt before a gale in a clear sky are in the tuft and you can see the wind unravelling and rending them finer than any sponge till within one easy reach overhead they are morselled to nothing and consumed—it depends of course on their size. Possibly each tuft in forepitch or in origin is quained and a crystal. Rarer and wilder packs have sometimes film in the sheet, which may be caught as it turns on the edge of the cloud like an outlying eyebrow. The one in which I saw this was in a north-east wind, solid but not crisp, white like the white of egg, and bloated-looking



What you look hard at seems to look hard at you, hence the true and the false instress of nature. One day early in March when long streamers were rising from over Kemble End one large flake loop-shaped, not a streamer but belonging to the string, moving too slowly to be seen, seemed to cap and fill the zenith with a white shire of cloud. I looked long up at it till the tall height and the beauty of the scaping—regularly curled knots springing if I remember from fine stems, like foliation in wood or stone—had strongly grown on me. It changed beautiful changes, growing more into ribs and one stretch of running into branching like coral. Unless you refresh the mind from time to time you cannot always remember or believe how deep the inscape in things is

March 14—Bright morning, pied skies, hail. In the afternoon the wind was from the N., very cold; long bows of soft grey cloud straining the whole heaven but spanning the skyline with a slow entasis which left a strip of cold porcelain

LECTURE NOTES: RHETORIC

of the Milanese ritual and so spreading; but this seems unlikely. The Latin of that date as well as the late Greek was accentual and so naturally both gave rise to rhyme e.g. *Dic nobis, Maria*¹ etc. The Icelandic verse, as above, is richly rhymed. In our times and for a very long time Teutonic as well as Romance verse is rhyming

*Holding of
syllables*

(5) *Holding* of syllables—This is the having pure or in any way broken vowel-sound, circumflexes diphthongs etc. Circumflexed or broken vowels and diphthongs make the syllable more than an ordinary syllable, between one and two, and so give it length or strength, weight, gravity. Thus the first line of the Iliad has two circumflexes and a break (the synizesis $\epsilon\omega$), all in strong places of the rhythm. In English the difference of strength between syllables is very great, as between *fit* and *fired*, *muck* and *mourned*, *whip* and *whelmed*

*All the elements
of verse
reducible to
rhyme, rhythm,
and, one may
add, music*

In general all the elements of verse may be reduced to (1) Rhyme, in a wide sense, which depends on lettering; (2) Rhythm, which depends on strength or on length of syllable; and (3) if we like to include it, music, which springs from tonic accent or pitch. These are variously combined in metre, there should therefore here follow something on the principal metres

Metres

And after that on the different kinds of poetry—epic, dramatic, lyric, elegiac etc

THE HABIT OF PERFECTION

Elected Silence, sing to me,
And beat upon my whorled ear,
Pipe me to pastures still and be
The music that I care to hear.

Shape nothing, lips; be lovely-dumb:
It is the shut, the curfew sent
From there where all surrenders come
Which only makes you eloquent.

Be shelled, eyes, with doubled dark
And find the uncreated light:
This ruck and reel which you remark
Coils, keeps and teases simple sight.
COILS

Palate, the hutch of tasty lust,
Desire not to be rinsed with wine:
The can must be so sweet, the crust
So fresh that come in fasts divine !

Nostrils, your careless breath that spend
Upon the stir and keep of pride,
What relish shall the censers send
Along the sanctuary side !

O feel-of-primrose hands, O feet
That want the yield of plushy sward,
But you shall walk the golden street,
And you unhouse and house the Lord.

And, Poverty, be thou the bride
And now the marriage feast begun,
And lily-coloured clothes provide
Your spouse not laboured-at, nor spun.

Gerard Manley Hopkins, S. J.

POETRY AND VERSE

IS all verse poetry or all poetry verse?—Depends on *Is all poetry verse?* definitions of both. Poetry is speech framed for contemplation of the mind by the way of hearing or speech framed to be heard for its own sake and interest even over and above its interest of meaning. Some matter and meaning is essential to it but only as an element necessary to support and employ the shape which is contemplated for its own sake. (Poetry is in fact speech only employed to carry the inscape of speech for the inscape's sake—and therefore the inscape must be dwelt on. Now if this can be done without repeating it *once* of the inscape will be enough for art and beauty and poetry but then at least the inscape must be understood as so standing by itself that it could be copied and repeated. If not/ repetition, *oftening*, *over-and-overing*, *aftering* of the inscape must take place in order to detach it to the mind and in this light poetry is speech which afters and oftens its inscape, speech couched in a repeating figure and verse is spoken sound having a repeating figure.) Verse is (inscape of spoken sound, not spoken words, or speech employed to carry the inscape of spoken sound—or in the usual words) speech wholly or partially repeating the same figure of sound. Now there is speech which wholly or partially repeats the same figure of grammar and this may be framed to be heard for its own sake and interest over and above its interest of meaning. Poetry then may be couched in this, and therefore all poetry is not verse but all poetry is either verse or falls under this or some still further development of what verse is, speech wholly or partially repeating some kind of figure which is over and above meaning, at least the grammatical, historical, and logical meaning

Is all verse poetry? But is all verse poetry?—Verse may be applied for use, e.g. to help the memory, and then is useful art, not *μουσική* ('Thirty days hath September' and 'Propria quae maribus' or Livy's *horrendum carmen*) and so is not poetry. Or it might be composed without meaning (as nonsense verse and choruses—'Hey nonny nonny' or 'Wille wau wau wau' etc) and then *alone* it would not be poetry but might be part of a poem. But if it has a meaning and is meant to be heard for its own sake it will be poetry if you take poetry to be a kind of composition and not the virtue or success or excellence of that kind, as eloquence is the virtue of oratory and not oratory only and beauty the virtue of inscape and not inscape only. In this way poetry may be high or low, good or bad, and doggerel will be poor or low poetry but not merely verse, for it aims at interest or amusement. But if poetry is the virtue of its own kind of composition then all verse even composed for its own interest's sake is not poetry

Kinds of Verse—

Verse wholly or partially repeats the same figure of sound — Verse then is speech wholly or partially repeating the same figure of sound. Partially as 'Jam satis terris nivis atque dirae'—that is / - ∪ - - | - ∪ ∪ - | ∪ - -, for the common measure ∪ (= $\frac{1}{2}$ -) is repeated throughout, wholly when you add 'Grandinis misit Pater et rubente'; or partially, taking the whole stanza, for it repeats the same figure for three lines but gives up in the fourth, but wholly if you take two stanzas. More clearly such an iambic as this—∪ ∪ ∪ | ∪ ∪ | - ∪ ∪ | ∪ ∪ ∪ | - ∪ | ∪ ∪—is a partial repetition only, for this is verse though you did not add another line, and this is a whole repetition—∪ ∪ | ∪ ∪ | ∪ ∪ | ∪ ∪ | ∪ ∪ | ∪ ∪

Verse distinguished from music — It is speech because we must distinguish it from music which is not verse. Music is composition which wholly or partially repeats the same figure of pitched sound (it is the aftering of pitched sound). Verse must be spoken or capable of being spoken

FOR SUNDAY JUNE 26 1881 BEING THE SUNDAY AFTER
THE OCTAVE OF CORPUS CHRISTI AND NEAREST THE
FEAST OF THE SACRED HEART¹ (which this year is
kept on Monday the 27th); AT ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S
LIVERPOOL—ON *the Sacred Heart*

OUR Lord said that a scribe learned in the kingdom of heaven would be like a householder who brought out of his store things new and old—that is not only brought some new things and some old things but things that were both new and old, things kept so long that they were old and kept so well that they were as good as new. This is what the Church does or the Holy Ghost who rules the Church: out of the store which Christ left behind him he brings from time to time as need requires some doctrine or some devotion which was indeed known to the Apostles and is old, but is unknown or little known at the time and comes upon the world as new. Such was the case with the worship of the Sacred Heart: we find it in St. Gertrude's prayers² and in St. Bernard's sermons,³ but little notice was in their days taken of it, and when the Bd. Margaret Mary⁴ said that our Lord himself had revealed it to her it struck people as a new thing and many called it a dangerous or a foolish one and spoke and wrote against it and opposed it with all their power; nevertheless good Catholics the more they knew it the more they loved it and it grew to be, what now we see it, one of the dearest devotions of the Church.

There are some perhaps among those who hear me, Protestants or others, to whom the name of the Sacred Heart has a strange sound, an unmeaning sound, or even an unpleasing and repulsive sound. For the sake of such persons I shall on this day, the Sunday nearest to the festival of the Sacred Heart, say what it is exactly that the Sacred Heart means, and to you also, my Catholic brethren, this explanation of what you know will not, I hope, be wearisome. My purpose then is to instruct and not to exhort, nor is there any need of exhortation, for Christ has only to be known in order to be loved and if the Sacred Heart is but understood devotion of itself will follow.

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