

Ripples in Spiritual Space

Hopkins and Merton

Jill Robson

Eleven weeks before he died Hopkins wrote:

*... birds build – but not I build; no, but strain
Time's eunuch, and not breed one work that wakes.*¹

In his last few months of life Hopkins was depressed, full of self-doubt, with feelings of uselessness and the futility of his life, and that he had achieved little or nothing. He was suffering from overwork, depression and chronic ill health – and very likely a totally unrecognised and undiagnosed bowel condition.² Quite enough to depress anyone. But time was to prove him wrong – he was not its eunuch, but a prodigious progenitor. Not only did his poetry bring him posthumous recognition as a great poet, but the story of his life, wound in with his poetry, was to have a huge effect, bringing many, many people to God in ways he could not have imagined. Many of these stories are unknown and untold – known only to the heart of God.

There is, however, one story told by another writer, whose life and works set off huge waves: Thomas Merton, the English/American Trappist monk who died in 1968, aged 53, leaving a vast archive of books, poetry, journals, paintings and photos and with an immense international reputation and following as a spiritual writer, mystic and social critic. Their stories intersect at a pivotal moment in Merton's life.

On a personal note I first met Hopkins through Merton. In 1948 Thomas Merton published his spiritual autobiography, *The Seven Storey Mountain*.³ The following year it was published in England, slightly abridged by Evelyn Waugh and retitled *Elected Silence*, with the first stanza of Hopkins' poem 'The Habit of Perfection' printed on the title page.⁴ In the early 1960s that book introduced me to them both: Hopkins' poems and Merton's story. It is only latterly that I have realised just how intertwined they were.

Merton's Story

Thomas Merton had an unrooted transatlantic childhood. Born in December 1915, he had six happy years with his parents in the south of France and America – his English/New Zealand artist father and his American mother. When he was six his mother died. From that time he moved between grandparents in America, his peripatetic father in France and relations in England. He went to school in America, Bermuda, France, Prep school in Ealing and then Oakham School in Rutland. His father returned to live in England in Merton's early teens. He was unwell and his illness turned out to be a brain tumour. He died slowly and painfully in the Middlesex Hospital when Tom was at Oakham, just 16 years old.

Superficially Merton was a confident, clever, cosmopolitan young man, but inwardly he was orphaned, unrooted and uncertain of who he was or where he belonged. After his father's death he did well at Oakham School. In his seventeenth year, in the Easter vacation he travelled alone to Germany to walk up the Rhine valley from Cologne to Koblenz. He started to have trouble with a painful toe and gave up on the walking tour. On returning to school he developed tooth-ache and became ill: he had an abscess under his tooth, gangrene in his toe and blood poisoning (septicaemia), which in pre-antibiotic times was serious and meant several weeks in the school sanatorium. During that time Merton records that his perceptive Headmaster

came along one day. And gave me a little blue book of poems. I looked at the name on the back. 'Gerard Manley Hopkins'. I had never heard of him. But I opened the book, and read the 'Starlight Night' and the Harvest poem and the most lavish and elaborate early poems. I noticed the man was a Catholic and a priest and, what is more, a Jesuit.

I could not make up my mind whether I liked his verse or not.

It was elaborate and tricky and in places it was lush and overdone, I thought. Yet it was original and had a lot of vitality and music and depth. In fact the later poems were all far too deep for me, and I could not make anything out of them at all.

Nevertheless, I accepted the poet, with reservations. I gave the book back to the Head, and thanked him, and never altogether forgot Hopkins, though I was not to read him again for several years.⁵

He recovered in time to take his Higher Certificate exams. He did well. He then sat the Cambridge Entrance Exams and gained an Exhibition to Clare College. After these exams he spent time travelling in Italy alone. In Rome he was moved by the mosaics in the Early Christian Churches. He

returned to Cambridge to read Modern Languages. He had a rather dissolute year in which he fathered a child.⁶ Unsurprisingly he had rather poor First Year exam results. He went to his grandparents in the U.S. for the summer. His respectable doctor, godfather and guardian, who had had to mop up Tom's paternity, suggested he would do better to stay in the U.S. and do a university course there.

So Tom enrolled at Columbia University in New York, a short train ride from his grandparents home in Long Island. He studied English, and did considerably better in his studies. He formed a number of life-long friendships and began to develop as a writer. In the autumn of his second year his grandfather suddenly died. Then less than a year later in the following summer his grandmother also died. Not surprisingly Merton had some considerable psychological difficulties, feeling himself untethered from reality. He persevered and a course in French medieval literature led him into medieval philosophy – he found it a conducive place to be. After finishing his undergraduate degree he registered for an MA in the English Department, writing a dissertation titled 'Nature and Art in William Blake'.⁷ Blake had been a favourite painter and thinker of his father's.

Converging Conversions

Merton was searching: He read very widely, in between jazz, hangovers and late night talking. He was slowly approaching the Catholic Church. He happened to hear a sermon in a local church, which he had just dropped into. It made a deep impression on him and moved him profoundly. So much so that on leaving the church he 'walked in a new world. Even the ugly buildings of Columbia were transfigured in it, and everywhere was peace. ... Sitting outside the gloomy little Childs restaurant at 111th Street, behind the dirty, boxed bushes, and eating breakfast, was like sitting in the Elysian Fields.'⁸ These moments of heightened visual perception are ones that Hopkins (and Wordsworth) would have recognised.

Merton's reading became more Catholic:

I became absorbed in the poetry which had only impressed me a little six years before. Now, too, I was deeply interested in Hopkins' life as a Jesuit. What was that life? What did the Jesuits do? What did a priest do? How did he live? I scarcely knew where to begin to find out about all such things: but they had started to exercise a mysterious attraction over me. ... So in the late August of 1938, and September of that year, my life began to be surrounded, interiorly, by Jesuits.⁹

That early autumn of 1938 was when the Nazis invaded Czechoslovakia; Neville Chamberlain had been to see Hitler in Munich returning to proclaim 'Peace in our time.' Things had relaxed a little, but it was a disturbing time. Merton was considering starting PhD studies in the English Department on Hopkins. He had borrowed Father Lahey's biography of Hopkins from the library.¹⁰ It was a wet afternoon. He went back to his room, picked up the book about Hopkins and read of his years at Balliol: 'He was thinking of becoming a Catholic. He was writing letters to Newman about becoming a Catholic.'¹¹

As an aside I have to say that Lahey gives a very measured and rather flat account of the affair, with very little commentary. He quotes just two of Hopkins' rather formal letters with Newman's measured replies. The presentation that Lance Pierson and I did with other Hopkins Society members in 2018, using some newly discovered material, made it apparent just how precipitate, headstrong and impatient Hopkins was over the speed of his reception into the Catholic church. Nevertheless Lahey's words had an effect on Merton:

All of a sudden, something began to stir within me, something began to push me, to prompt me. It was a movement that spoke like a voice.

'What are you waiting for?' it said. 'Why are you sitting here? You know what you ought to do? Why don't you do it?'

I stirred in the chair, I lit a cigarette, looked out of the window at the rain, tried to shut the voice up. 'Don't act on impulses,' I thought. 'This is not rational. Read your book.'

Hopkins was writing to Newman, at Birmingham, about his indecision.

'Why are you sitting there? It is useless to hesitate any longer. Why don't you get up and go?'

I got up and walked restlessly around the room. 'It's absurd,' I thought. 'Anyway, Father Ford would not be there at this time of day. I would only be wasting time.'

Hopkins had written to Newman, and Newman had replied to him, telling him to come and see him at Birmingham.

Suddenly, I could bear it no longer. I put down the book, and got into my raincoat, and started down the stairs. I went out into the street. I crossed over, and walked along by the grey wooden fence, towards Broadway, in the light rain.

And then everything inside me began to sing – to sing with peace, to sing with strength and to sing with conviction.¹²

He walked nine blocks to the church and rang the bell of the presbytery. The maid told him that Fr Ford was out, but expected back later. Merton

thinks he will return later - then he sees Fr Ford coming around the corner, with his head down in a rapid, thoughtful walk. Merton went to meet him:

'Father may I speak to you about something?'

'Yes,' he said, looking up, surprised. 'Yes, sure, come into the house.'

We sat in the little parlour by the door. And I said: 'Father, I want to become a Catholic.'¹³

Merton left with books under his arm to read before he started instruction. He was told that Father Moore would be his instructor – the priest he had heard preaching the sermon which touched him so deeply. On November 16th he was baptized, received into the Catholic Church, and made his First Communion. He was 23 years old. Hopkins was 22 years old when he made a similar step. In that same autumn Merton started to attend lectures on Aquinas and Duns Scotus delivered to a small group of students by a Catholic layman and philosopher, Dan Walsh, who was someone steeped in the Catholic Tradition.

St Ignatius or St Francis?

In the period after Merton's conversion, Hopkins and the Jesuits made several appearances in his life as he was growing into Catholic practise, developing a deeper and more personal faith. The English Department at Columbia rejected Hopkins' poetry as not a suitable subject for PhD study – too minor a poet and too English!

One evening in September 1938 Merton came across the Jesuit church of St Francis Xavier and, on opening an unobtrusive door, stumbled into the crypt where a Holy Hour was ending with Benediction. As he looked at the Host in the monstrance, held aloft by the priest in blessing, his vague sense of call to the priesthood suddenly crystallized. Like Hopkins, Merton knew this sense of vocation was to the religious life. So he found out more about various religious orders. He consulted Dan Walsh, who, knowing Merton well, thought the Franciscans would suit him, rather than the Jesuits, and gave him an introductory note to a friar he knew. At the same time he told him about the Trappist Abbey in Kentucky, where he had recently made a retreat, saying that it was like nowhere else he had ever been: it was a strict and silent order.¹⁴

The Franciscans accepted Merton's application to join their novitiate but, as they only had a yearly intake in August, he would have ten months to wait. He wondered about his ability to live under the discipline of a Rule. He remembered Newman's words to Hopkins: 'Do not say the Jesuit discipline is hard. It will save your soul.'¹⁵ He settled into some University

extension teaching at Columbia, and tried to live a more ordered and devout life. In January 1940 he worked his way through the *Spiritual Exercises* of St Ignatius, on his own without a director!¹⁶ As he looked ahead to the Franciscan life, he feared he would not be able to cope with the loss of his independence – and again Newman’s words to Hopkins came to him.¹⁷

As the time for his entry to the Franciscan novitiate approached, Merton began to wonder if he had been sufficiently open about his dissolute past. Full of self doubt, he felt impelled to check. He went to see the friar who had first seen him and encouraged him to apply. He told his whole story in much greater detail, including his paternity. Although he was kindly received, his story was taken very seriously. The upshot was that the next day he was asked to withdraw his application. Merton was devastated. His hopes were dashed, and his future was in pieces.

Or St Bernard?

Fortunately, he was able to find a job teaching English at St Bonaventure’s, a Franciscan college in upstate New York, (the Franciscans remained friendly towards him). There, in the country, he found a settled place within the college community and enjoyed the teaching. But America was preparing to join the war in Europe. So along with all the other male students and lay staff, he registered with the Draft Board as a non-combatant. A little later he had a medical which he failed because of the state of his teeth.

He had bought a Breviary and started saying the Daily Office, often in the open air, even in the snows of winter. After a rambunctious, peripatetic life, he was finding his still, contemplative centre. He began to think that his vocation was as a committed layman. He felt he needed a silent space to think and pray about his future. So, in the spring of 1941 he went to the Trappist Abbey of Gethsemani for a Holy Week retreat – remembering Dan Walsh’s words about the place.

When he got there, he was overwhelmed by the abbey, the monks, the silence and their life. His journal shows an unlocking of an almost Hopkinsesque lyricism and joy:

April 7, 1941, Our Lady of Gethsemani

I should tear out all the other pages of this book and all the other pages of everything else I ever wrote, and begin here.

This is the centre of America. I had wondered what was holding the country together, what has been keeping the universe from cracking in pieces and falling apart. It is this monastery if only this one. (There must be two or three others.)

April 8, 1941. Our Lady of Gethsemani

How does it happen that this abbey is an earthly paradise? It is as a result of a hierarchy of uses. For the good Trappists (and they are good, holy men) work is important – it is a mixture of penance and recreation. However hard it is, it is still a form of play. ... The results, in this case, are a perfect community, a marvellous farm, beautiful gardens, a lovely chapel, woods, the cleanest guest house in the world, wonderful bread, cheese, butter – all things make this abbey the only really excellent community of any kind, political, religious, or anything, in the whole country.

Holy Thursday. April 10, 1941. Our Lady of Gethsemani

Tulips, in the front court, opened their chalices, widened and became blowsy and bees were working, one in each flower’s cup, although it is only April. Fruit trees are in blossom. ... I walked along the wall of the guest house garden, under the branches of the fruit trees, and in the hot sun, in the midst of more beauty that I can remember since I was in Rome. I remember Rome a lot, here.

April 18, 1941. Friday. Douglaston

Leaving Gethsemani was very sad. After Benediction in the afternoon on Easter Day the monks had almost all left the church, and it was quiet and sun streamed in on the floor. I made the Stations of the Cross and wished I were going to stay there – which is impossible. I wished it was not impossible.¹⁸

He spent a few hours in Louisville between trains, both going to and returning from the abbey. He wrote of how he spent his time, visiting the Public Library:

Both times I read most of G.M. Hopkins’ poems. (Poem of his I still haven’t read carefully enough to understand: *Spelt from Sybils Leaves*. Poems I have, for the first time, read and understood. ‘The Candle Indoors’. ‘Brothers’. ‘Felix Randall’. The despair poems. Poems I read before and reread and understood more – most of them. I like better the priestly poems — ‘The Bugler’s First Communion’. I like best the despair poems.)¹⁹

Hopkins was still a close companion on Merton’s journey.

Merton returned to St. Bonaventure’s, but something had moved inside him. He wanted a more committed life. He thought about going to work with the poor in Harlem, but he kept on thinking about the Trappists. By the following November he was pulled in several directions. He knew he was being called to leave his comfortable life of teaching. He was increasingly drawn to the Trappists, but felt himself barred by his own past. Eventually he could bear it no longer. He decided to consult an

older, wise Franciscan about the situation. This wise friar said there was no impediment in canon law to him becoming a monk. Merton suddenly realized that his vocation as a writer had no meaning any more.²⁰ He suggested that Merton should go to Gethsemani at the end of term to see the abbot, and tell him his full story and ask if he could be admitted. Merton was hugely relieved and delighted. He wrote to the abbot, who answered 'come', and named a date in December.²¹

Almost immediately Merton received his call-up papers because America had entered the War and the Draft Board had lowered their medical requirements. He replied that he was going to see if the Trappists would accept him, and asked if his medical might be deferred until the matter was clear. (Monks were exempt from military service). Before the end of term he resigned his teaching post, packed up his things, gave away books and journals, closed his bank account and set off for Kentucky. He entered the Abbey of Our Lady of Gethsemani on the 10th December 1941. He was accepted as a postulant. He stayed there for the next 27 years, remaining a member of the community until his death. He had come home.

Like Hopkins, the structure and the lived devotion of the religious life liberated Merton's Muse. Much more could be said about how this liberation manifested itself in their writings and their poetry — but that is another story.²²

Coda – Time's Eunuch?

Merton's spiritual autobiography *The Seven Storey Mountain*, written in an accessible, almost colloquial style, was published in 1948. It has never been out of print. Literally millions of copies have been sold in many languages. Unnumbered blessings have resulted from it – (and his other over 50 publications) – countless lives have been touched and turned to God – in all sorts of ways. Hopkins' headstrong decision to see Newman set off seismic psychological and spiritual movements which have sent waves around the world that have not stopped yet. Hopkins did indeed, *posthumously*, 'breed' so much more than just 'one work that wakes'.

Postscript – A Little Light on an Unanswered Question?

This article was originally written for the *Hopkins Society Journal*, of which I am the editor.²³ I sent it to Stephen Dunhill, the Editor of the *Merton Journal* who was happy to accept it, as it deals equally with Merton and Hopkins and their interacting lives. He asked me specifically if I could throw any light on the question: 'Why was Merton's choice of Hopkins' works as the subject of a study for his Masters thesis turned

down by the English Department of Columbia University?' He told me that the biographies of Thomas Merton simply report the fact, but do not give any reasons for the decision. Did I have any evidence for my remark in the article above that Hopkins poetry was 'too minor a poet and too English!?' My short answer was: 'No, it was just an intuition.' In this postscript I want to see if any more light can be shed on the reasons for that refusal, for it seems such a pity, because I am sure Merton would have had some very insightful things to say about Hopkins' poetry. But his life had already been influenced by this dead English poet, through the story of his conversion.

What Merton himself said

On the 1st June 1939, in the midst of journal entries about books and works of literature he had read, and those he wanted to read, Merton wrote:

Which reminds me: The English Department won't let me write on G.M. Hopkins for my PhD. I don't know what other subject I'm going to pick. They'd never let me write on Joyce.'²⁴

It is worth remembering that Merton's MA dissertation was written on William Blake, a choice which suggests to me that being an English poet was not the problem, nor someone who wrote about religious subjects, even if Blake was not in any way an orthodox believer. Certainly Blake, in 1939, had a much more established literary reputation than Hopkins.

There may be a clue in Merton's comment that 'they'd never let me write on Joyce'. In 1938 Merton had been reading a lot of Hopkins and Joyce, as both wrote out of a Catholic milieu.²⁵ To us now there seems a great gulf fixed between Hopkins' writing in the 1860s, 70s and 80s, and Joyce's writing in the 1920s. But, in the 1930s both were new authors on the literary scene. Although Hopkins had died in 1889 his poetry was not published until 1918, and was not noticed until the modernists took it up in the 1930s after the 2nd edition of his *Poems* was published.²⁶ The time was then ripe for his extraordinary and non-poetic-standard-language to be recognized and enjoyed. Here there is indeed a parallel with Joyce. Maybe the English Department at Columbia hadn't caught up with current literary trends? Or perhaps they had no staff member qualified to supervise Merton?

Not sufficient critical work on Hopkins?

In her article 'Wild Air' on Merton and Hopkins, Mary Frances Coady speculates:

It is unclear why Hopkins was not considered a suitable subject for a PhD dissertation and why Merton did not try to make a strong case for it. My own conjecture is that Hopkins' poetry, with its eccentricity, was still largely unknown in the U.S. and there was not yet a sufficient amount of critical work on it, not to mention the fact that the poetry had been written by a Jesuit priest and the only biography of the poet had been written by another Jesuit priest.²⁷

I thought I would just check out the bibliographical facts behind these remarks – such as can be ascertained at this remove.

Hopkins' Works

In 1939 the state of publication of the works of G.M. Hopkins was:

- 1930 *Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins*, edited by Robert Bridges, Second Edition with a Critical Introduction by Charles Williams, Oxford University Press, 1930. This was 'the little blue book of poems' which his headmaster had given Merton when he was ill, aged 17, in 1932. This second edition had numerous reprintings. Hopkins had suddenly become popular.
- 1935 *The Letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins to Robert Bridges* [Letters Vol I]
The Correspondence of Gerard Manley Hopkins and Richard Watson Dixon [Letters Vol II]
- 1937 *The Note-Books and Papers of Gerard Manley Hopkins*
- 1938 *Further Letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins including correspondence with Coventry Patmore* [Letters Vol III]

Merton had read, not just *The Poems*, but also *The Note-Books*. He remarks in his journal on 19th October 1939, when he can't remember the name for a tree:

The trees, no leaves. I forget what kind of trees they would be, and that should forbid me forever to think this notebook is in the tradition of G. M. Hopkins!²⁸

So, there was a great deal of published primary sources for a research degree on Hopkins. Plus there were some critical commentaries and writings by very respectable English academics and literary critics who were neither Catholics nor Jesuits, two of whom, Charles Williams and C.C. Abbot, were also published poets. Also there were critical discussions in respectable Literary Journals, e.g. *The Times Literary Supplement* and *Criterion*.²⁹ Interest in Hopkins and his poetry was definitely expanding.

The evidence for their availability in the U.S. is that Merton was reading books from libraries: Columbia University Library, St. Veronica's Catholic Library in New York, and the public library in Louisville which would suggest that works of Hopkins were readily available in the US.

Critical Works discussing Hopkins

Fr G.F. Lahey's biography *Gerard Manley Hopkins* was published by Oxford University Press in 1930. Further critical works followed shortly after Columbia's refusal of G.M. Hopkins as PhD research subject. In 1940 Dr John Pick was working on his book *Gerard Manley Hopkins: Priest and Poet* published by Oxford University Press in 1942 right in the middle of World War II. Pick looked at the primary source material and what contemporary critics, e.g. F.R. Leavis and W.H. Gardner, had to say about Hopkins, situating his exploration within contemporary 19th century thought and Hopkins life as a priest and a poet. If it had not been for the war Merton would have loved that book and it would have been a great foil for his own researches.

In 1948 a very readable, and scholarly, critical study by W.A.M. Peters SJ, *Gerard Manley Hopkins: A Critical Essay towards the Understanding of his Poetry*, was published by Oxford University Press. This book contains a surprisingly large and full bibliography relating to Hopkins, his life and his poetry. I was astonished to discover that by 1939 there were published: 5 books about Hopkins' life and/or poetry; 19 books in which there was an essay on Hopkins; 85 articles published about him and his work; and 21 books in which his poetry was featured in wider discussions. Some of these various writings were published in the U.S, as well as other countries in Europe and elsewhere in the English speaking world.³⁰

So there certainly would have been plenty of scholarly and critical material to be examined and discussed for a PhD dissertation. Whether faculty members of the English Department were aware (or interested in) that cornucopia is something we don't know. It would be fascinating to find out whether any records of Merton's time as an undergraduate and post-graduate still exist in Columbia's archives. The question of why was this proposal turned down might then be answered definitively.

Anti Catholic, Anti Jesuit Sentiment?

Coady suggests implicitly the reason for the refusal of Hopkins as an area of study may have been anti-Catholic and anti-Jesuit prejudice. I have no idea about the state of such feeling in academic circles in 1939 in New York. It was not a hesitation about religious poets *per se*, because Merton had worked on William Blake – his poetry and his Art, both full of

religious imagery – without any problems. It was certainly the case that Hopkins himself had encountered anti-Catholic prejudice in Oxford after his conversion, but New York in 1939 was a much more cosmopolitan and tolerant city, than Oxford in 1866.

What If?

We are left with a tantalizing ‘What If’ question. Merton did not write a formal academic piece on G.M. Hopkins, as he had hoped. But it is clear there was not just a coincidence of conversions between the two writers, there was a meeting of hearts too. When Merton moved to his hermitage, despite his earlier protestations, his journals read very much like those of Hopkins, especially in how they both see, and experience, the natural world as ‘charged with the grandeur of God’.³¹ I would suggest that, for both of them, their innate sensitivity to the living environment; their religious practice of prayer and meditation; their abilities as writers and poets, had, for them both, found a time and place where the eyes of their hearts were opened to the reality of God’s amazing presence pervading the visual world, which they both recorded in their journals.³² And we are able to share a little of what they saw and felt through their writings. A treasure indeed.

Hopkins — July 22 [1873, Stonyhurst]

Thunderstorm in the evening, first booming gong-like sounds, ... as if high up and so not reechoed from the hills; the lightening very slender and nimble and as if playing very near ... Flashes lacing two clouds above or the clouds and the earth started upon the eyes in live veins of rincing and riddling liquid white light, inched and jagged as if it were the shivering of a bright riband string.³³

Merton — April 15th 1961

Thunderstorm. The first I have sat through in the hermitage. Here you can really watch a storm. White snakes of lightening suddenly stand in the sky and vanish.

The valley is clouded with rain as white as milk. All the hills vanish. The thunder cracks and beats. Rain came flooding down from the roof eaves, and the grass looks twice as green as before.

Not to be known, not to be seen.³⁴

* This article first appeared in the *Hopkins Society Journal*, No. 41, 2020

Notes

1. ‘Thou art indeed just’; Gerard Manley Hopkins, *Major Works*, (Oxford: OUP, 2002), p. 183, date 17 March 1889.
2. K.M. Flegel, ‘My Winter World: the illness of Gerard Manley Hopkins’, *The Lancet*, 349, April 5 1997, pp. 1017-1019, and letters of reply, *The Lancet*, 349, June 14 pp. 1997 1775.
3. Thomas Merton, *The Seven Storey Mountain* (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1948). The ‘Seven Storey Mountain’ refers to the Mount of Purgatory in Dante’s *Divine Comedy*.
4. Thomas Merton, *Elected Silence: The Autobiography of Thomas Merton* (London: Burns and Oates, 1949), edited from *The Seven Storey Mountain* by Evelyn Waugh. Rather surprisingly *Elected Silence* was reviewed by John Betjeman in the *Daily Herald*, 27 July 1949. He summed up: ‘This book is hideous, modern, and very good.’ For the full text of the review see *The Merton Journal*, vol. 23:2, pp. 30-31.
5. *The Seven Storey Mountain*, p. 100.
6. This was hushed up at the time and not widely known until 1980 with the publication of Monica Furlong’s biography, *Merton – A Biography*, Monica Furlong (London: Collins, 1980), pp. 59-60. In his memories the exact nature of his ‘sins’ are not revealed. Sadly mother and son were killed in an air raid during the Blitz in London. See also notes by Patrick Hart in *Run to the Mountain – The Journals of Thomas Merton, Volume 1* (London: Harper Collins, 1996), p. 370 & p. 455.
7. The text may be found in *The Literary Essays of Thomas Merton* (New York: New Directions, 1985), pp. 385-392.
8. *The Seven Storey Mountain*, p. 211.
9. *The Seven Storey Mountain*, pp. 211-212.
10. G.F. Lahey, S.J., *Gerard Manley Hopkins* (London: Oxford University Press, 1930).
11. *Elected Silence*, p.141, from *The Seven Storey Mountain*, p. 215.
12. *Elected Silence*, p.141, from *The Seven Storey Mountain*, pp. 215-6.
13. *Elected Silence*, p.141, from *The Seven Storey Mountain*, p. 216.
14. *The Seven Storey Mountain*, pp. 260-265.
15. *Run to the Mountain*, p. 60.
16. *Run to the Mountain*, p. 135.
17. *Run to the Mountain*, p. 142.
18. *Run to the Mountain*, pp. 333, 335-6, 348, 356.
19. *Run to the Mountain*, p.357. The mistakes in two of the poem’s titles are Merton’s.
20. *Run to the Mountain*, p. 458.
21. *Run to the Mountain*, p. 357.
22. see Mary Frances Coady, “‘Wild Air’: Thomas Merton and Gerard Manley Hopkins”, *Spirituality* 25.147 (Nov.-Dec. 2019), pp. 331-336.
23. *Hopkins Society Journal*, No. 41, 2021, pp. 20-27.

24. *Run to the Mountain*, p. 13, from Journal entry, June 1, 1939.
25. *Merton — A Biography*, pp. 76-77.
26. For further discussion see Jill Robson, 'A Funny Way To Treat A Friend', *Hopkins Society Journal*, No 39, 2019, pp. 1-12, for some of the backstory to the delayed posthumous publication of Hopkins' poems.
27. Coady 2019, 'Wild Air', p. 333.
28. *Run to the Mountain*, p. 61.
29. W.H. Gardner in his 'Introduction to the Fourth Edition' of *The Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins*, 4th Edition edited by WH Gardner and NH Mackenzie (Oxford: OUP, 1970), pp. xiii-xiv.
30. see the Bibliography in W.A.M. Peters S.J., *Gerard Manley Hopkins: A Critical Essay towards the Understanding of his Poetry*, 1948, reprinted by Basil Blackwell, Oxford, 1970, pp. 189-197.
31. Hopkins, 'God's Grandeur', *Major Works*, p. 128.
32. see Paul Pearson's commentary in *Beholding Paradise: The Photographs of Thomas Merton* (New York: Paulist Press, 2020).
33. *The Journals and Papers of Gerard Manley Hopkins*, ed. H. House & G. Storey (Oxford: OUP, 1966), p. 233.
34. *The Journals of Thomas Merton, vol. 4 – Turning Toward the World*, ed. Victor Kramer (New York: HarperCollins, 1996), pp. 107-8.

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