

I hold here that what is strongest, best, most enduring and absolutely essential in all great English poetry is Catholic, as indeed any life—spiritual life—there is to-day in non-Catholic Churches has its warmth because of its borrowed spiritual fire from the Catholic Altar. I need not here appeal to Catholic truths modified or believed in part by various Churches.

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We Catholics have the full warmth of God's great spiritual Sun, while theirs are the borrowed or lesser rays that light up but little corners. Hence it is that all art is ours—sculpture, architecture, painting, music. The saints, too, are ours, with whom we can commune. The Mother of God is of our household and we have ever a throne for her divine Son in our hearts and homes.