

and cried with a loud voice—"On this day is Christ risen from the tomb."

The Church Form and the Church Spirit are co-relative. Eighteen hundred years have left their lichens on the gable and their mosses in the crannied wall. Eighteen hundred years have filled the forest with the leaves of a myriad summers and the land with a multitude of graves. The mystical body of Christ crystallized in those that watch the sanctuaries and feed the altar lamps, the breath of the Blessed Virgin embodied, the Holy Father incarnated is to-day the Church triumphant and to-morrow will bind the four corners of the Earth "in the unity of faith, in the bond of peace and in righteousness of life." Beauty is truth. If the Indian would bear his idols abroad he must deck them in a fairer vesture and found them in a surer faith. "We are the sowers and the harvest is the end of the world." Good Art is good religion. Bad Art is bad religion. Truth is not a mathematical demonstration. Truth is not a metaphysical determination. Truth is not a theological deduction. Truth is that which cometh out of the heart. Truth is that which goeth into the heart. Beauty is Truth. The Church Form is the Church Spirit. The cross of Christ is in more than one sense Christ himself; and the monk who clutches the crucifix in the cold watches of the night and lifts up his voice unto the hills from whence cometh his help,—

Stabat Mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lachrymosa
Dum pendebat filius,

is in more than in another sense in the immediate presence of God.

The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts. Like strange birds they fly over the sea, and if mariners recognize them they know them not. Birds of passage if you will, but their destination is still undiscovered. Birds of passage if you will, but from whence for what the mariners see are stormy petrels and stormy petrels are homeless. The lamp of Reason burns so dimly. It is madness to look behind and misery to look forward. If the form was not so formless; if the spirit was not so spiritless it might be better. It would be better, the voices whisper, for them Elysium would be the Earth and a useless dualism lost in the righteousness of life.