

thankful for also in our Catholic Colleges. Now all literature is but a reflection of life and indeed there is nothing in all art but what is in life. For what is art but life idealized, and the basis of all idealization is truth.

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Since, then, literature is but a reflection of life we may naturally expect it to mirror also the errors and falsehoods of life. For instance, the poet builds a great poem, but based on false philosophy, as in the case, for instance, of Pope's "Essay on Man," or Tennyson's "In Memoriam," which simply reflect the philosophy of Bolingbroke and the mingling of doubt and faith and pantheism of the philosophers of the first half of the nineteenth century, under whose influence the poet Tennyson fell.

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All this, woven in the splendid and memory-clinging couplets of Pope or the divine music of Tennyson, is accepted by the non-Catholic professor and student without any protest—indeed little heed is paid to the truth or falsehood of the teaching, the mind of professor and class being surrendered to the vital beauty and power of the poem. Of course it should be here stated that much of the informing thought of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" may, without reserve, be also accepted by any Catholic.