

Here, however, was a "schoolman," a metaphysical disputer, as he had rashly deemed him, using language of burning, personal devotion, of unquestioning, humble, loving faith, to a God actually present; Hidden indeed, but only, as on the cross His Divinity was hidden by His Crucified, Dying Humanity: language such as "John, the beloved disciple" might have whispered to the Master, as he leaned on His Breast at Supper. "I believe whatever God's Son hath said": did He not say "This is My Body?" Here was one who accepted those words as literally true, with the result that he worshipped his Present God with a love, a devotion, a humility, few could hope to equal: asking only, like the Penitent Thief, to be remembered; to be cleansed from sin; to see the Master, one day, face to face. Had not a Presbyterian poet sung of this most Sacred Feast:

"Here, oh my Lord, I see Thee face to face,

"Here may I touch and handle things unseen?"

The fruit of Saint Thomas of Aquin's "mediæval creed," like that of Saint Bernard's, was fervent love to Christ. Could his own "purer faith" do more for him? Nay, had it even done as much; not for him, that might be his fault; but for any "Evangelical" whom he had met or read of? "By their fruits ye shall know them." More: "a corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit. Yet here, as he had learned, by his study of his brother's Breviary, were men of all ages and of all countries: Augustine, Ambrose, Bede and Leo; his first friend, Isidore of Seville; Thomas of Aquin, and Bernard, all speaking as with one voice, all living one life of holiness, all loyal to one Church, *because* loyal to One Lord: One Lord reigning at the Right Hand of the Father, yet content to dwell among his brethren as a "Hidden Deity," even as He dwelt in Nazareth, in Palestine, "found in fashion as a Man." They were, each and all, "good fruits" of the "corrupt tree" of Rome: they could not have been what they were under any other spiritual conditions conceivable: their faith, love, devotion, humility,