

drawn aisles of Tradition and the Fathers, all centering in the Triune sanctuary of the Trinity, with its altar, the Incarnation of the atoning victim, then the transepts, dedicated to the Blessed Sacrament and Mary, in the niches and columns the sacraments and the virtues contrasted in turn by the grinning gargoyles of vices and passions,—no flimsy show, but a solid harmony, not a Moorish mosque or a Grecian temple, but a Christian monument, luminous and prayerful, redolent of incense, throbbing with melody, a temple of Gothic spires pointing to God.

The architect, the master-builder, found his inspiration in intimate communion with Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, just as Bonaventure found his wealth of mystic lore in contemplation of the crucifix. Those inspirations Thomas recorded, and the result was a monument more enduring than brass, the "Summa Theologica."

The Summa is a poem, the epic of God, the angels and men, replete with scholastic learning. 'Tis the quintessence of his teaching, a marvellous exposition of natural and revealed truth with regard to the existence and the attributes of deity, the analyses of man's triple being.

With regard to human problems, the Summa is ever actual and on two points in particular a wonderfully shrewd anticipation of the future. I allude to its attitude on science as such, and on the social questions.

In scientific discussion, Thomas is and will be an educator. The ignorance of the meaning of many individual phenomena was a slight defect of his age, but it served to concentrate his attention on the first principles, the eternal truths which are the most important concern of mankind. God and man were the ends of his medieval knowledge. He was not a theorizer from faulty data, not scientific in the sense of those modern oracles who strive to find God at the end of their telescope, or the human soul in the field of the microscope, and when they don't find either, deny both. His was not the modern style that dispenses with system and is but a desultory conglomeration of facts, that lob-sided science which, to quote one of our modern scientists, "does little more than unweave the rainbow and leave us dead chemical