Excerpt: Copy of Lowell's work, vol. 1, pgs. 195-196
The secret of her power is typified in the mystery of the Real Presence. She is the only church that has been loyal to the heart and soul of man, that has clung to her faith in the imagination, and that would not give over her symbols and images and sacred vessels to the perilous keeping of the iconoclast Understanding. She has never lost sight of the truth, that the product human nature is composed of the sum of flesh and spirit, and has accordingly regarded both this world and the next as the constituents of that other world which we possess by faith. She knew that poor Panza, the body, has his kitchen longings and visions, as well as Guizote, the soul, his ethereal, and has wit enough to supply him with the visible, tangible raw material of imagination. She is the only poet among the churches, and while Protestantism is unrolling a pocket surveyor's plan, takes her votary to the pinnacle of her temple, and shows him meadow, unland, and tillage, cloudy heaps of forest clasped with the river's jewelled arm, hillside while with perpetual snow of flocks, and, beyond all, the interminable heave of the unknown ocean. Her empire may be traced upon the map of by the boundaries of races; the understanding is her great
foe; and it is the people whose vocabulary was in complete till
they had invented the archword Humbug that defies her. With
the leaden bullet John Bull can bring down Sentiment when she
flies her highest. And the more the pity for John Bull. One
of these days some one whose eyes are sharp enough will read in the
Times a standing advertisement, "Lost, strayed, or stolen from
the farmyard of the subscriber the valuable horse Pegasus. Probably
has on him part of a new ploughharness, as that is also missing.

A suitable reward, etc. 

J. Bull."

Protestantism reverses the poetical process I have spoken
of above, and gives not even the bread of life, but instead of
it the alcohol, or distilled intellectual result. This was very
well so long as Protestantism continued to protest; for enthusiasm
sublimated the understanding into imagination. But now that she
also has become an establishment, she begins to perceive that she
made a blunder in trusting herself to the intellect alone. She
is beginning to feel her way back again, as one notices in Puseyism;
and she other such hints. One is put upon reflection when one
sees burly Englishmen, who dine on beef and porter every day,
marching proudly through St. Peter's on Palm Sunday, with those frightfully artificial palm branches in their hands.

Romanism wisely provides for the childish in men.