

Mr. Dulles has initiative which is recognized by both great political organizations. He can not in all fairness be classed as a pseudo-Republican because he negotiated the Japanese Peace Treaty under a Democratic Administration! He is not a great orator, but he is a great man. He will in all likelihood be the best Secretary of State the United States has had since James Byrnes held that position.

True, the Republicans, like the Democrats, will make mistakes. We must forgive them the human element just as the Democrats, who were re-elected continually, were forgiven for it in the past. This man who calls himself a "Regular Republican" should become a real American. He should be more careful in appraising government officials. Doubtless he has never heard Pope's famous words, "To err is human, to forgive, divine."

In the Cathedral

Paul Stricker

KNEELING on the hard wooden prie-dieu he became slowly aware of the heavy atmosphere of quietness and solitude which inhabited the old cathedral. He could still smell the heavy, sweet odor of the incense, and the pungency of burning wax, age, and polished wood seemed to drug him. The huge colored windows suddenly caught his attention, and while he silently gazed at their beauty the late afternoon sun slotted coins of gold through them. Instantly the cathedral was lit in a blaze of color. The sunburst, reflected a hundred fold by the marble mosaic of the floor, was reflected and refracted a million more times by the gold and stone of the high altar. The colors slowly faded from a startling brilliance to a soothing and melancholy tone as the sun began to fail; finally they dimmed, leaving the church cloaked in a cape of ecclesiastical black.

The church was dark, but on the great walls were cast flickering shadows, as hundreds of little votive lamps sent their silent and endless petitions swirling upward.

As he knelt there meditating, a feeling of spiritual quiescence and satisfaction warmed in him. His eyes drifted slowly across the news of the great church, and he suddenly discerned a slight form bent in silent adoration.

Through the darkness he saw the flickering of the tiny rosary beads as they prayed their way through the small, aged hands—"the Lord is with Thee"—"Thy kingdom come." These humble prayers, he reflected, must be pleasing to Almighty God, and He would undoubtedly take this soul unto His Sacred Heart.

While he watched her, he heard the ancient organ, high in the loft of the cathedral, begin to intone the beautiful music of the Gloria from the "Missa Choralis." He closed his eyes, and in his imagination he visioned a legion of angels descending from above the high altar to join the old woman in her adoration.

As the organist completed the hymn, the vision seemed slowly to ascend and he awoke from his reverie. His eyes searched in vain for the old woman, and they turned toward the altar and then slowly upward.