

heaven — broke forth with a "Kyrie Eleeson," and I thought he would break my heart. It was a sweet, wholesome voice, unspoiled as yet by masters, who teach singers how not to sing. It was clear as the River Reuss that gushes out of Lake Lucerne. It was sweet as the sunshine that falls on the ripened orchards. It was as caressing as a woman's love. It was as pure as a calling angel.

It filled all the distant arches of the great Cathedral, ringing sonorous and distinct to the remotest corner. The organ displayed its loudest harmonies; the chorus sang strenuously, but easily above all, as an angel soars above all the lesser flocking birds, rang out this sweet, glorious voice. "Kyrie, Kyrie, Eleeson!" until I found myself choking with sobs and my face wet.

I brushed away furtively my tears and looked around me. The faithful were counting their beads and moving their lips in prayer, and rising up and kneeling down to the tinkling of the bell. I suppose they knew more of that Mass than I, but I know what "Kyrie Eleeson" means and I said one prayer there.

So I saw the Cathedral of Cologne, "the most magnificent specimen of pure Gothic architecture in the world." I do not know how long it is nor how high. I do not know its costs, its date of its builders. I read all of this in my guide book, but have forgotten it.

But I hope I caught something of the feeling the builders and makers meant me to have. I looked from the side at the monstrous outline of the roof in profile against a moonlit sky, and saw my spiritual mother, and her shadow lay on me and blessed me. I gazed at the two towers of the facade and saw my two sky-piercing brothers, and they put their arms about me, and I walked for a space with them along the milky way. I threaded the interior and sensed the shaded glory of that forest in stone, and my soul ran up along the grouped pillars and peeped into heaven. I attended Mass and heard, if not the voice of God, a voice that God made and man had not yet spoiled.

I visited the Cathedral of Cologne. Often the Cathedral of Cologne visits me. REV. FRANK CRANE, D.D.,