

much virtue. Go, then, you are free to become a priest. I can no longer refuse your desire.'

Transported with joy, the happy child hastened to tell me the good news and to present himself to the Bishop, who at once sent him to the Seminary.

"Already Marko knows how to read and write. He always calls me his mother and sends me from time to time his little news. He is now sixteen years old and shows for his vocation a persevering attraction and great mental aptitude. I commend to your prayers the perseverance of this good child, also that of his companions in the Seminary, not less generous than he."

(*Les Missions Catholiques.*)

### A Minister at Mass in Cologne Cathedral.

**I**N the morning at 9.30 o'clock I went to Mass in the Cathedral. I was early, and walked about to view the interior. Here was the forest. The pillars were as tall trees and the arches above them as their meeting branches. The light melted within softly as through thick leaves. The air was cool, as though the dim half-night dwelt here always.

I saw long rows of pillars. Books by various art critics will tell you what is the matter with them, and how to cock your eye at them in a superior way and say "Yes?" But if you are wise enough to open your heart and empty it of all this cheap, foolish knowledge, and look around you, as a baby looks at the moon, you may receive something of the spiritual meaning of the place.

The clock chimed. The organ began to grumble. A long row of priests and vested boys came in through a side door and wound toward the altar, headed by a frail old man clothed in bright robes, supported on either side by an assistant priest. The Bishop was about to celebrate Mass.

I do not recall much about this Mass, but above all is the memory of a voice. It came from the choir loft. Some boy—I never saw him, but I want to hear him sing in