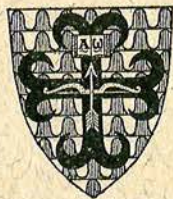


# FROM THE HOUSETOPS



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## A BISHOP AND HIS QUEEN

CATHERINE G. CLARKE

THE great Bishop lay dying. He was unaware of the numbers of his people who stood in the street, praying, awaiting word of him. He was unaware, too, of the rush of the world to his door, by way of radio, telegraph, telephone. The Bishop was speaking, softly, to someone.

"Jesus and Mary," he was saying, and the words were so low that only his old confessor, kneeling beside him, could hear. "Jesus and Mary, how good You have been to me!"

The years had fallen away from him, and his life was passing before his eyes, as sometimes happens with the dying. He was back, a young deacon at St. Mary's, and the night was the eve of Christmas. The seminarians had gone to their rooms after the Mass at midnight. He had been looking forward to this hour ever since the disturbing experience he had had in the afternoon, but now that it was here, he found himself strangely restless. He got up from his bed, and walking over to the window, he knelt down, and looked out upon the quiet, cold night.

"It isn't that way at all," he had declared hotly to some of his fellow seminarians in the argument they had had with each other in the afternoon. "The heresies did not leave Our Lady. *She* left them. How could she possibly stay with men who denied her Son in the Sacrament of His Love? Jesus and Mary are so one that if you deny Mary, you also deny Jesus.

"We are the Church Militant — please don't misunderstand me! I don't mean the Church Belligerent, but I do mean the Church Militant. If you fellows aren't militant today, in the name of God when will you be militant! You have only an imaginative realization of what is happening outside in heretical schools and churches and in an heretical society, and you are so concerned about acquiring for your own fine feelings a reputation for charitableness that you forget that charity to God and His Mother and to your people come before your own particular examen on the virtue.

"I lived out there, I am sad to have to say, in that secular world,