

In many of our papers in the last few days there have been published pictures showing workmen, under the direction of the Soviet Government, tearing down the Cross from the famous Russian Church of Christ the Saviour. This profanation is being perpetrated in Soviet Russia where men are taught to hate Christ and to fling taunts at His image upon the Cross of Calvary.

Last Friday at Salisbury, Maryland, a crowd of bestial men hanged a human being—lynched him across the street from a poster bearing the image of Jesus Christ, Who died upon the Cross to redeem men's souls and prayed from that cross for a world engulfed by sin.

The Soviets who are tearing down the crosses of Christ in Russia proclaim to the world their hatred of Christ. The men who hanged a human being—who lynched a human being across the street from the image of Jesus Christ, call themselves Christians and profess their belief in and their love of Christ. They are worse than the Soviets. They mask their crime with hypocritical words.

The men who lynched the negro Williams last Friday carried out their bestial murder not far from a spot where the American flag waves daily. They insulted that flag in the very state which gave to our country its national anthem and that is proud of its honorable history. Thus, we see, the lynchers of Salisbury are neither Christians nor Americans.

Salisbury has become today a city of pariahs and outcasts—outcasts in the minds and hearts of true citizens, especially the citizens of Maryland.

Wretched is the plight of Salisbury. It seems deadened to shame. Even the very papers of that section which should have been vigorous in their denunciation of the murder and flaming in their indignation, have turned traitors to the cause of honest and respectable journalism. No denunciations come from them. Craven-like, in keeping with the shame of Salisbury, they did not vent their scorn and contempt upon the murderers, but hypocritically and falsely, blamed the citizens of Baltimore, the newspapers of Baltimore and other agencies for the deeds of savages.

Not one bright light has shown through the blackness of Salisbury's deed. Men and women who had a duty to protect the poor wretch who was lynched; men who had taken oath to uphold the dignity of the law and the sacredness of the courts of justice proved recreant to their word. They proved false to themselves, to their plighted word, to their citizenship in Maryland and their citizenship in the United States. No wonder Maryland disowns them. Physically they belong to Maryland but in sympathy with Maryland's ideals, Maryland's high principles of honor and justice they do not belong.

Few words of condemnation of the crime have come from Salisbury. In

Baltimore and other parts of Maryland the denunciation of the mad act of the un-Christian lynchers is searing

In the streets, in the trolley cars, in restaurants, barber shops—everywhere the flames of indignation and the flames of contempt for the murderers of Salisbury leap far higher than leaped the flames from the dead body of the negro who was taken, strait-jacketed, wounded, eyes bandaged, from a hospital, which was supposed to be a sanctuary in the "Land of Sanctuary."

For twenty years Maryland had been free from the stain of lynching, but now she bows her head beneath the story of an act that overleaps the barbarity of the savages in its harshness.

Governor Ritchie has voiced his indignation. He is eager, and so are the officers of the state, eager to run down the murderers; so are the police officers of Baltimore, but there is no ready indication on the part of Salisbury that it wants such help.

The Governor and all other upright Marylanders are willing to bring the murderers to bay but they can do little under existing conditions to see that justice is meted out. It is to be feared—we must speak the truth, no matter how harsh it may be—that some of the murderers and some of the witnesses will perjure their souls and become still more pronounced auxiliaries of the murderers.

The only thing—at least the best thing we can hope for in this disgraceful chapter in Maryland's history, is that the light of decency will penetrate some day to the hearts of those responsible for the lynching and that Salisbury, feeling its shame, will make reparation by turning its eyes in contrition to Jesus dying on the Cross and to the American flag which it has trampled in the slime.

MR. WALTERS' GIFT TO BALTIMORE

The gift of his art gallery and his home and his endowment fund for the maintenance of the gallery will keep green the memory of Henry Walters in the hearts of Baltimoreans.

Mr. Walters' bequests showed that his love for the town which he called his home never deserted him. Baltimore should not forget him.

Georgetown University, Alma Mater of Mr. Walters, is remembered in his will. This noble and devout Episcopalian has done something which should serve as a sermon to many of our own rich Catholics who give little thought to Catholic educational institutions and charities. May the sermon of his will leave an impression upon such Catholics.

There is one convincing way in which we Catholics can show our gratitude to Mr. Walters—Remembrance in our prayers.

MOTHER FAUSTINA

The well-wishes of thousands of Baltimoreans have followed Mother Faustina to her new home in Union City, N. J., where she will serve as