

Clairvaux. 'The happy look on his countenance was the expression of his joyful home-going,' wrote St. Bernard, who paid tribute to the memory of his dead friend in two magnificent orations in which grief seems lost in gratitude and thanksgiving for the great things achieved for the honor of God and His Church by the Irish prelate. Forty-two years after his death, on July 6, 1190, Clement III. paid the highest of all tributes to Malachy's life and labors by placing his name on the glorious bead-roll of honor of the saints of Holy Church.

To St. Malachy have been attributed a number of prophecies concerning the Popes. These prophecies are in the form of mottoes or devices, and they have long aroused considerable interest. They were first published at Venice in 1595 by a Benedictine monk, Arnold Wion. The first motto refers to the middle of the twelfth century, and they go on up to a certain Petrus Romanus who will be the last successor of St. Peter, and the first to take his name. In times of political and of religious disturbance the 'prophecies' have aroused much attention and a certain amount of pious belief. But no authority of weight defends their authenticity or their supernatural origin. Many of them are so vague as to be applicable to almost any Pope; many are quite inexplicable to the Popes to whom they refer; but many have, beyond a doubt, a startling appositeness, and this is especially true of the later Popes in the list.

The devices bear on them the stamp of the Renaissance so vividly that critics would at once place their origin in that epoch and not four centuries earlier. St. Bernard, in his biography, has nothing to say of them. Some of them, moreover, evidently refer to the anti-Popes without distinguishing them from the lawful successors of St. Peter.

In the case of Pius IX. the motto was *Crux de cruce*: it is known to all that the great cross of his career, the loss of Papal independence, came through the Savoyards, whose arms bear a red cross. In the arms of Leo XIII. a single star shines out of the heavens: in that, and more so in the glory of his pontificate, the device *Lumen de Cælo* is justified. He was in every sense a 'light from Heaven': a Saint, a scholar, a great Pope. For Pius X. the 'prophecy' was *Ignis ardens*: a burning fire. I remember how before the event we all applied it to Cardinal Svampa, to whom it fitted so obviously. And though nobody then dreamed of Cardinal Sarco, we all see now that he was a holy Pope, in whose heart there burned the fire of divine love. Benedict XV. comes under the device *Religio depopulata*, ascending the throne of St. Peter at a time when half-a-dozen great Christian nations are at war.

According to the prophecies eight Popes are still to come before the end of the world. The last in the list is thus described: 'In the final persecution of the Holy Roman Church there will reign Peter the Roman, who will feed his flock amid many tribulations, after which the seven-hilled city will be destroyed and the dreadful Judge will judge the people. The End.'

Besides the foregoing, to St. Malachy are also attributed a number of prophecies concerning Ireland, according to which the saint foretold that his beloved native isle would undergo, at the hands of the English, oppression and persecution and calamities of all sorts during seven centuries, and that in spite of all she would preserve her faith: that at the end of a week of centuries she would be delivered from her oppressors, who in their turn would suffer dreadful chastisements, and that Catholic Ireland would be instrumental in bringing back England to the faith.

The seven centuries of persecution have now been abundantly verified. Cardinal Manning testified to the part Ireland played in restoring the faith to England. Does the present crisis mean the dawn of a brighter day for Ireland?

¶ When shopping with our advertisers, say—
'I saw your advertisement in the *Tablet*.'

THE AWAKENING OF THE FAITH IN FRANCE

PRIESTS AND NUNS AT THE FRONT.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* in affirming that 'one result of the war has been a distinct religious revival in France,' adds, 'the so-called clerical peril has disappeared from the popular imagination in face of the real peril of the German invasion.' To the facts which I have already recounted of the *volte face*, these others must be added (writes Rev. Terence King, S.J., in *America*).

An official order issued from the headquarters of the French army has acknowledged the bravery and devotion to duty of Sister Julie and her assistants, who, when the Germans shelled Gerbevillier, did not take refuge in the cellars as did the other inhabitants of the place, but went up and down the streets gathering in the wounded. When the Prussian officer ordered her to leave, she refused and answered, 'Mother Superior has put me here, and until she bids me go, I shall remain.' And stay she did with her companions, all through the bombardment. She belongs to the Congregation of St. Charles. Not only has the army praised her in its report, but the Government has sent M. Mirman, Prefect of the Meurthe-Moselle Department, to thank her and her Sisters, in the name of France, for their heroism.

If the parish priest of Niort was agreeably surprised when he was invited to bless the sabres of the hussars, what must have been the joy and wonder of the *cure* of Laigle (Orne) when at 3 o'clock one morning, he was roused from sleep by the clamorous ringing of his door-bell. He opened his bedroom window, and peered down into the garden below. 'What is it, a sick call?' he demanded. 'No,' came the astounding answer, 'perhaps Monsieur le *cure* doesn't know that I am a priest, and that I should be very much pleased if he will allow me to say Mass in the church.' 'Tiens! I'll be down in a minute.' When the door was opened, and a light lit, the astonished *cure* saw a colonel. Behind him on the road was his regiment. 'And as he gazed his wonder grew,' for immediately the colonel told him that he had heard

The Confessions of Two Hundred and Fifty of His Regiment,

and that was why he wanted to say Mass, as they all wished to receive Holy Communion. The church was quickly opened, the soldiers marched in, and the colonel-priest celebrated Mass. Along a road red with the dawn they marched shortly afterwards to a field redder with blood. The Lord Jesus Whom they saw not when they took Him at the sanctuary rail, led many through the shadowy way of death unto the City, the light whereof is the Lamb, and the joy His blessed face.

Everywhere as the soldier-clerics arrive to take their place in the ranks they are cheered, Jesuits, Dominicans, Benedictines, *abbes*, *cures*, seminarians and novices; they come literally from the four corners of the earth whither they had been banished. It is queer that the enemies of France in times of peace should be welcomed back in time of war. And droll it is to see so many monks with guns in their hands. If writers of Protestant fiction against the priests were permitted to go to the field of the Aisne, they could gather excellent material for their pens. Truth once more would be stranger than fiction. So moving is the sight that the arch-enemy of the religious, Clemenceau, exclaims: 'What a surprise it will be to the Germans to see in our army the very monks we drove from the country.'

That these churchmen are as good soldiers as they are priests is testified to by all. Abbe Luchat, a sergeant in the bicycle corps, was killed on the field of battle after having been mentioned in dispatches of the previous day for conspicuous gallantry in action. Abbe Monbru and Abbe Grenier, both of them lieutenants, were killed leading their men in a charge. The *Journal Officiel* has this to say of one of these soldier-priests:—

'Tis BONNIE DOON, see fraith and fair,
'Il mabbe soothe yer heirt gin sair.

'My brand is GOLDEN EAGLE—prefer the
PLUG, thanks—like to slice it up and pack into my