

trials come upon you and you grow disheartened and discouraged under their weight ?

In the year 1418, in Paris, a solemn public procession was held to implore the cessation of a plague that threatened the city. The cortege was headed by mothers carrying their little infants in their arms as most worthy to appease heaven and draw down God's mercy.

Not very long ago in a pilgrimage of penance we saw among the pilgrims a little Breton child wonderfully



beautiful, clad in pure white and crowned with flowers, who had been offered to the Blessed Sacrament and consecrated to the Sacred Heart in the name of 8,000 children of the army of Angels. And every time this little white-robed high priest with arms extended in the form of a cross, cried out : " Pardon, my God," the mothers simultaneously raised their children towards the altar. The pathetic beauty of the scene is indescribable and drew tears from all beholders.