

But Catherine knew how to make the voice of duty heard.

Gregory XI was a man of virtue and science, but with no firmness of character, owing to his possessing too sensitive a heart. Nevertheless, sustained by the Saint's energy, he braved all dangers, resisted the most touching supplications, even passed over the body of his aged father, who, to retain his dear son, had prostrated himself on the threshold of the palace door.

"And now, beloved Father," wrote Catherine, some days later; "I conjure you to hasten to the City of the Holy Apostles. You are the Vicar of Jesus-Christ, elected to work for His honor, for the salvation of souls, and for the reform of the Holy Church. The heavier your burden, the stronger and more courageous should be your heart, so that you may fear nothing whatever may happen."

Never did any Saint love better the honor of the Church.

One day, whilst she was praying for this afflicted Mother, Our Lord said to her: "My daughter, it is my will that thou shouldst wash with thy tears and with thy sweat, the disfigured face of my Spouse." This became the work of her life; to effect this she made every effort.

During her sojourn in Rome, where Urban VI had called her, one Sunday, whilst praying in the Basilica of the Holy Apostles, she experienced a mysterious suffering, a terrible agony, of which she felt the effects during all her after-life. Not only she saw, but she felt the Bark of the Church, the *Navicella*, lifted on to her shoulders.

Crushed by the dreadful burden, she fell fainting to the ground, and, at the same time, she understood that it was necessary for her to die as a victim for the Church of God.

Literature and the Arts have vied with each other in extolling this glorious plebeian, and the Church has chosen her as the second Patroness of the city of Rome.

The air of her native city is impregnated with the remembrance of Catherine of Siena. There she is an ever-living and ever beloved Queen. It is wonderful how the little children know where the house of the *Beata Papollana* is hidden, in the Strada de l'Oca, and, for a few pence, they proudly conduct thither the stranger. This