

Instead there was a sadness, a note of regret, in its song. For it had found a withered rose in Mary's wreath.

"And within, a grey-haired mother wept silently. And when, one by one, the others rose and went to seek repose, she still prayed on. She was saying an extra rosary for someone who had forgotten to say it for himself. And great blinding tears coursed down her aged cheeks as she besought the Desolate Mother to watch over her erring child. And then she pressed the well-worn beads to her quivering lips, and there was new hope in her broken heart, because she remembered that Mary, too, had lost her Son, and so would understand."

The priest's voice died away, but not into silence. The sound of weeping filled the room. The Lights of Home had conquered.

❖ *Ages of Faith.* ❖

Men talk of the "ages of faith" as belonging to the past. It is a mistake. In all its long history the Church has not seen such marvelous acts of faith and devotion on the part of united nations as the Eucharistic Congresses of the last few years. Each has gone beyond its predecessor in numbers and enthusiasm. Each is a more striking demonstration of the unity of Catholics of all nations in faith and worship, loyalty to the Holy See and devotion to the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar. Everything connected with the Eucharistic Congress is inspired by the supernatural. The little provincial gathering of more than thirty years ago at Lille has grown into these vast gatherings of tens of thousands of congressists and hundreds of thousands of worshipers at the closing procession. One must surely say "the finger of God is here."