



The third lesson that St. Philomena teaches us is the crown of the other two. I like to see our Saint surrounded by the imposing apparel of a sacrifice truly heroic. Behind her, beyond the seas, is the island where her father reigns supreme. Heiress of his power, sole mistress of his crown, she will be the joy of her subjects who, in turn, will try hard by their devotion and their fidelity to make her happy. At her side, is a father of whom she is the unique offspring. He bases his sweetest hope on this beloved daughter. Her qualities, virtues and nobility render her infinitely dear to him and her mother! This mother who, until that day, was her inseparable companion: these two hearts made but one. Between them flowed a common will of kind attentions and tenderness. What sorrow when a sword as pitiless as the blows are frightful, will come to separate the girl from the mother! Before her is a throne most majestic and lovely. She humbles herself. She could mount the steps of the throne. Oh, God, how the step is slippery! How the dazzle is to be feared! Her father and mother fall

at her side. To raise her up high, the illustrious Emperor descends and humbles himself. The master of the world and, with him, the entire world is at her feet. ***Philomena, choose! Speak! See the imperial purple, the crown and the palace of the Caesar's; this court, brilliant and inexhaustible in its treasures, where each day the riches of the universe will be yours. Speak! If you refuse, you need only cast a glance at the scaffold. The most notorious and cruel sufferings are prepared for you! Heaven! What an alternative!***

Philomena is above her age and her sex; her heroism comes from on high. One glance from her Divine Spouse Who put Lucifer to flight, fortifies her heart and renders her invulnerable to the false enticements. She refuses. ***In falling under the tyrant's sword, she is victorious. She receives an immortal crown and is placed upon a throne in eternity. Received into God's own palace, her reign will have no end!*** Such is the hundred-fold promise of Christian generosity. In His infinite liberality, God, after the immense interval of fifteen centuries, adds to the treasures of His generous spouse. Rome, the capital of the pagan world saw her buried without glory, and it is in Rome that she is resurrected full of the most admirable life. Today, Rome becomes the Holy City and exhumes her with respect from the holy underground where her remains repose. After placing her on the altars of the King of kings in triumph, it revives her memory, extols her virtues, propagates her cult, and salutes her with ecstasy and with the name of:

***WONDER-WORKER OF
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY!***