

## THE PROPHECY OF AN ANCIENT SAINT.

In the September issue of this journal we published under the title of "The Holy Odile: Patron Saint of Alsace and of Those Who Care for the Blind," by Miss Isabel Macdonald, S.R.N., an exceedingly interesting report of her "pilgrimage to follow a Saint," the Holy Odile, to her Convent of the Odilienberg in Alsace—an article such as the readers of this journal deeply appreciate. On September 21st there appeared in *The Tablet* an article entitled "St. Odile's Prophecy" which is so applicable to the present time that, with the kind consent of the Editor, we are privileged to reprint it.

The article quoted is by "D.W." in her "Tales at Random Column" in that publication:—

### ST. ODILE'S PROPHECY.

St. Odile, daughter of the Duke of Alsace and Patron of that district, who founded the monastery of Hohenburg, known as the Abbey of St. Odile, in the seventh century, is said to have made the following lively prophecy in a letter to her brother:—

"Listen, listen, O my brother, for I have seen the terror of the forests and the mountains. Fear has frozen the peoples, for never in any region of the universe has such perturbation been witnessed. It is the time when Germania will be called the most belligerent nation on earth. It is the time when there will spring from its womb the terrible warrior who will undertake war on the world, and whom men under arms will call 'Anti-Christ,' he who will be damned by mothers in thousands, crying like Rachel for their children, and refusing consolation because their children no longer live and because all will have been laid waste in their invaded homes.

"The conqueror will come from the banks of the Danube; he will be a remarkable chieftain among all men. The war he will undertake will be the most terrifying that humans have ever undergone—up to the summit of the mountains. His arms will be flamboyant, and the helmets of his soldiers will be topped by points throwing off lightning, as their hands will carry flaming torches. It will be impossible to list the victims of his cruelties. He will win victories on land and sea, and even in the air. Because his winged warriors will be seen, in unbelievable attacks, to rise up to the firmament, there to seize the stars to throw them on towns from one end of the universe to the other and light gigantic fires. Nations will be stunned and will exclaim: 'Whence comes his strength? How has he been able to undertake such a war?'

"The earth will rock with the shock of the combats; rivers will flow red with blood, and the marine monsters themselves will flee in terror to the bottom of the oceans, while bleak tempests will spread desolation everywhere. Future generations will be astonished that his strong and numerous enemies were able to stop the march of his victories. And the war will be very long, and the conqueror will have attained the apex of his triumphs about the middle of the sixth month of the second year of hostilities. It will be the end of the period of bloody victories. In the flush of his victories he will say: 'Accept the yoke of my domination.' But his enemies will not submit in any way, and the war will continue. And he will cry: 'Misfortune will befall them, because I am their conqueror.'

"The second part of the war will equal in length the half of the first: it will be known as the period of decline. It will be full of surprises that will cause the people of the world to quake, particularly when twenty opposing nations take part in the war. About half way through this period, the small nations submitted to the conqueror will plead: 'Give us peace, give us peace.' But there will be no peace for these people. This will not be the end of these wars, but the beginning of the end, when hand-to-hand fighting

will take place in the citadel of citadels. It is then that there will be revolts among the women of his own country, who will want to stone him. But also prodigious things will be done in the Orient.

"The third period will be of the shortest duration, and the victor will have lost confidence in his warriors. This will be called the period of invasion, because the country of the conqueror will be invaded in all parts and laid waste in just retribution for his injustices and his ungodlinesses. Around the mountain torrents of blood will flow. It will be the last battle. Nations will sing their hymns of thanksgiving in the temples of God, and will thank Him for their deliverance, because there will have appeared the warrior who will disperse the troops of the victor, whose armies will be decimated by an unknown and great illness. This malady will discourage the hearts of his soldiers, while the nations will say: 'The finger of God is there. It is just punishment.' The people will believe that his end is near, the sceptre will change hands and my people will rejoice. Because God is just—while sometimes allowing cruelty and depredations—all the spoliated people who will have believed in Him will recover what they have lost and something additional as a reward on earth. Countless regions where all was fired and made bloody will be saved in a providential manner by their heroic defenders. The region of Lutetia will itself be saved because of its blessed mountains and its pious women, although everyone will have believed it doomed. Then the people will go to the mountain and offer thanks to God. Because men will have seen such terrible abominations in this war that their generations will never want more of it."

### HEROES OF THE PRESS.

The Editor of this Journal worked actively in hospitals for ten years, since which time she has earned by half a century of active service the right to be included in the ranks of the Press; indeed, she is proud of the privilege of wielding a free pen, and quotes below the opinion of a colleague from the *New York Times* headed "Heroes of the Press":—

"The London newspapers of these terrible days are in themselves documents that deserve to be treasured. They explain how millions in London have been able to endure a month (now three months) of terror from the skies. They prove better than speeches or cabled dispatches or photographs that life in the great city goes on in spite of Hitler's efforts to strangle it. The London milkman goes his rounds; subway trains and buses keep moving in spite of all obstacles, light and power services are maintained as far as possible, and newspapers appear as usual. Thousands of homely men and women who maintain the essential services of London are helping fully as much as fighter squadrons and anti-aircraft gunners to keep the body and soul of London alive. Whatever the risks, they face them without finching.

"Like the correspondents who carry on during the raids, the linotypers and truck drivers of London are proving themselves heroes. Their finished products look as orderly as if there were no raids; the descriptions of the raids themselves are almost as objective as if they had taken place on another continent. To look at the unchanging front page of *The Times* one would hardly know that London was being bombed, apart from a pathetic death notice now and then, telling friends that some man, woman, or child had died 'due to enemy action.'

"Hitler would like among other things to destroy the free Press of England," said Mr. Bishop, Assistant Manager of *The Times*, in a wireless broadcast. "We are determined that he shall not succeed." With such a spirit " (declares the *New York Times*) "the free Press of England is now writing a chapter of courage and devotion which will take its place among the finest records of the newspaper profession."

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