

angels and of Angles. We were orphans who had lost their father. The mother Church was mourning, and her children were not lamenting. She sought for some to comfort her, yet found she none. She was weeping, and her children were glad. The Lady of Nations sate in sorrow; she was the scorn of her friends. The brethren mingled their bread with tears, but they kept silence. Had not light risen upon us from on high, we had been lost for ever. Praised be He who looked upon us in the day of our affliction! All generations shall now call us blessed. When the martyr was slain our young men saw visions, our old men dreamed dreams; and then came the miracles, and we knew that God had exalted the horn of his anointed one.

The sheep were scattered: the hirelings had fled. There had not been found a man who would stand beside the lord of Canterbury against the workers of iniquity. The second part of Christendom had gone astray after the idol Baal, the apostate, the antipope. Who can say what the end might not have been? In the blood of the martyr of Canterbury the Most High provided an expiation for the sins of the world. The darkness passed away before the splendour of the miracles. The seed of the word sprang up. Unnumbered sinners are converted daily, and beat their breasts and turn back into the fold. Our anointed Gideon had his lamp in a pitcher; the clay of the earthly body was broken, and light shone out. This is the light by which at the beginning of the schism the Western Church rejected Octavian and chose Alexander for her shepherd. If Alexander had not been our true father, the martyr who adhered to him would have been defiled by the pitch which he had touched. His miracles prove that he had not been defiled. No man could do such wonders unless God was with him.