

## THE SILENT CARDINALS

ALBAN LÉOTAUD, O.S.B.

Lone as a wayside cross set up on a hill  
 Where the Rose of the world with the inlay thorn  
 Hangs in the fire of the sunset  
 And displays its crushed petals  
 To unappreciative travellers.  
 Eminence  
 Your solitude is crowded with a million pairs of eyes  
 Your silence thunders through the world  
 Like the roar of all the falls of five Continents  
 Louder than the shouts and fanfares of all the armies  
 Of Jan Sobieski and the Hunyadi  
 And all the prayers from Stephen to Capistran  
 Who kept the Crescent out of Christendom  
 And sheathed its scimitars in scabbard lands.  
 Your song is dropped into the cup that redeems the world  
 Pours over the bowed heads of millions  
 And cleans that eternal cicatrice  
 In the torn side of fallen humanity.  
 Eminence  
 The Pale One always wins  
 For grit in the shell endured is wrapt in pearl  
 Marble must be pared to make fine features  
 Dark are the mines which yield their shining treasures  
 And violent storms give birth to double rainbows.  
 Krasic was your cradle so let Krasic be your cross.  
 There as a child you received that pat upon the cheek  
 Which brought the Rose to blossom  
 And gave you thorn and colour to resist  
 The hand that cuts God's corn in Christian Europe.  
 Eminence  
 No watered silk for you in your Legation.  
 Something redder redeemed the world  
 Something that gets into the eyes and flecks the teeth  
 And pins the liquid ribbon to your heart

All red as the Rose of the world set up on the hill  
 In the flame of the dawn and the fire of the sunset.  
 For berries are brighter in winter  
 And stars hung in sable skies  
 Pearls are purer espaliered on black velvet  
 Red wine in cut-glass and candlelight  
 And banners wave better in a stinging wind  
 Torn as the Host in the chalice and lifted up  
 Lit in the amber light of the morning sun  
 You open the hand of God held over a world in travail  
 And bring down like showers of blossom  
 The grace that renews the world  
 With a thousandfold of children faces  
 Tilted up to catch the falling petals  
 With the grit of the pearl in the heart and the flame of the fire  
 Chosen and cut and moulded and mortared together  
 Shining white stones to repair the broken battlements  
 And keep the devil out of Freedom.  
 We wave our thanks to you across the rivers and the mountains  
 And through the misty fissures of your silent frontiers.



## EDEL QUINN

DAPHNE POCHIN MOULD

**W**HAT is the use of life and health if we cannot throw them away for so great a King and Lord?' asked St Teresa of Avila, and her words could stand as a kind of headline for the life of Edel Quinn, whose cause for beatification has lately been introduced. For it was a woman fighting a losing battle against tuberculosis who blazed the Legion of Mary's trail over much of Africa. Yet you could meet Edel and not notice anything particular about her, a Dublin typist going to daily mass, spending her free time for the legion; there are thousands more like that. And this gives special interest to her beatification cause; that she was so much of the ordinary stream of Irish