ST. ROSE—THE PATRON SAINT OF AMERICA

At the time when the Pilgrims stepped out onto Plymouth Rock there flourished in the Spanish possession of Peru a beautiful city, a Catholic city, a city that had seen the life and death of a saint. The city was Lima—and the saint who lived there was St. Rose, the Flower of the New World. She was born on April 20, 1586. In baptism she received the name Isabel. One day, however, a rose of extraordinary splendor came mysteriously and touched the cheek of the infant, and her mother, seeing in it a sign from Heaven, ever after called her Rose. She grew into a singularly beautiful and attractive child. From the beginning there was a sweet serenity about her that could be attributed to no natural cause. Although as a girl she was always reflective and a lover of solitude she was at the same time so bright and cheerful that her brothers and sisters held her the favorite.

That intense love for Our Lord’s sufferings that characterizes her life seems to have been born in her. When scarcely able to walk she would steal away to gaze in contemplation upon a picture of the thorn-crowned Jesus. At three, tearless and smiling, she submitted to a painful operation on her thumb, a fact which prompted the surgeon who attended her to say years after that not in his whole career had he seen such heroism. And so it was throughout the course of her life. From childhood to death pain and suffering were always present to harass her all-too-delicate body. She bore every affliction with the same silent and happy resignation. Especially did she try to keep from others the extent of her suffering. On one occasion—she was then but a babe—when it was found that she had endured agony untold as a result of the application of a mistaken remedy to an abscess, her only reply was: “Our Lord’s crown of thorns was much worse.”

In her longing to be like her Divine Master she was not content passively and lovingly to put up with the extreme trials He