

When Father Romero had finished his sermon, I went into the pulpit to recite the act of Reparation. Meanwhile, the candles were lighted. After the Blessed Sacrament was exposed I began the prayer, but my voice was so weak that I could scarcely be heard.

Suddenly, so great a brightness filled the church, that it obscured the light of nearly 200 wax candles. All the people rose and stood looking up at the altar to see the miracle which was taking place. A little girl of six years exclaimed: "I see the little child." I commanded all to kneel and the child to be silent. Immediately they all obeyed; they looked quietly, as if in ecstasy. What, then, had happened? In the pulpit I did not recite the words I had preached: my introduction to the Act of Reparation was totally different. I heard a voice whisper to me and dictate a development of the text of Isaias: "I have spread forth my hands all the day to an unbelieving people who walk in a way that is not good after their own thoughts." (Rom. x, 21.) "All the day long have I spread my hands in a people that believeth not and contradicteth me." My voice, up to then, so feeble, became so strong that in all my life I never preached with so much force. My former hoarseness altogether disappeared. No wonder for it was as if, not I, but another spoke through my mouth. Afterwards, wishing to write down what I had said in these moments, I could not. Whilst I quoted and commented on these words of Isaias the face of a little child with fair hair was seen in the Sacred Host exposed in the monstrance. At first it seemed only as big as the Sacred Host; then appeared also the little arms, and at last the whole body. It was as if the little Child came out of the Sacred Host. Then it remained standing in front of the monstrance, having both little arms outstretched, and in a position as if willing to embrace the little children who were kneeling at the foot of the altar. The little Child was radiant with heavenly splendour, but had the impression of the wounds in His hands and feet, out of which blood dropped down. His garment was beautifully white, but interwoven with purple flowers. All the time I was speaking from the pulpit to the people (20 minutes) the apparition remained