

and a burning eloquence. He passed many long hours in adoration at the foot of the Tabernacle, and offered his life every morning in expiation for the outrages committed against Jesus in the most Holy Sacrament.

One year—it was at Easter time—his superiors sent him to help an old parish priest, whose parish lay amid the Sabine Hills, a spot particularly infected at that time with bands of robbers.

Rather late one evening the parish priest was called away to the bedside of a sick man, and Father . . . while awaiting his return, stood at his window, contemplating the starry Italian sky whose majestic silence and peacefulness his soul drank in generous draughts.

He turned his eyes towards the little church which lay a few yards off. As priest and 'apostle, his heart lovingly adored the Divine Prisoner and envied with a holy envy the tiny red lamp which stood guard in the sanctuary so close to the object of his love.

While following the rays of the lamp that came to him through the stained glass windows, he thought he saw a shadow moving about in the holy place, and drawn as if by some dire presentiment, he left the house and went directly to the church.

The door was wide open. One look at the altar sent a chill through him.

Two daring and ruffianly looking robbers were standing before the opened tabernacle preparing to seize the precious ciborium containing the Sacred Species.

What was he to do? He knew that in the tower of the church there were picks and axes. His thought, on the spur of the moment, was to seize a weapon and kill the sacrilegious robbers.

"No," said he, "the hand that consecrated the Bread of Life shall not be raised against those unhappy men!"

He approached them rapidly and noiselessly, and before the malefactors were aware of his presence, he was behind them. His lofty stature aiding him, he leaned over and snatched the ciborium from the altar.

Frightened beyond measure, the robbers tried at once to make their escape. But seeing that they had to do