

Host in the Ostensorium processionally marched to the raging waters, only a few feet away, chanting the *Miserere*, that sublime psalm in which, with his flock and in their name, he pleaded for mercy and pardon. But the sky remained leaden, the rain still fell in torrents, the swollen streams still continued their mad career of destruction.



The procession stopped as close to the flood as safety permitted and all bent low as the priest slowly blessed with the Most Holy Sacrament the prostrate crowd and the threatening cataract. O Miracle ! Instantly, the sky brightened, the heavy rain ceased, the rocks remained stationary as if retained by an invisible hand, the waters flowed less violently, and very soon complete calm and peace was restored, and the village saved.