

arrangements to celebrate Mass to-morrow morning at the hour which will suit you best, so that you may assist at it, and communicate at it if you are ready."

The next morning he told me that he had not slept at all—that he was impossible for him to get up. It was the last assault of the evil one. I returned to my room much grieved. Suddenly my little nephew of twelve years of age ran up.

"Uncle! Uncle!" he cried. "A miracle! Father is getting up." He had fully decided not to go out, when he had heard a crowd passing under his window, singing hymns. It was a pilgrimage of men arriving from Rodez, their Bishop at their head on their way to the Grotto, their rosaries in their hands. This sight electrified him.

"Go and let your uncle know that I am coming to assist at his Mass."

Twenty minutes later, we were entering the Basilica of the Rošary, when I said to him: "Have you decided to receive Holy Communion?"

"But I must go to confession," he replied. "Well! find me a priest."

He remained for forty minutes with his confessor. He came out his whole face transfigured, his eyes red.

No words can describe the feelings of my soul at the moment when with my own hand I give him Holy Communion.

On leaving the church we fell into each other's arms. It was a clasp of loving happiness.

"Thank you," said he, "my dear brother." "I have always loved you, I love you much better and more than ever to-day."

During the day, a lady seeing him for the first time, said to him: "You seem ill, Monsieur. No doubt you have come to ask your cure of our Lady of Lourdes? I promise to pray for you."

He replied, "No, Madam, I did not come to ask the Blessed Virgin for my bodily cure; but she granted to me, this morning, what was better still, the complete cure of my soul."