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The Curé had not gone a hundred yards when a little child ran after him screaming ; Father, Father, come back ! Grand-papa is dying.

He returned and found the old man in his last agony but beaming with joy as he feebly said :

“ Ah ! Father,” now I understand. It was my Angel that sent you here to-day ; it was for me you heard that, night-call, I was near death and I did not know it.



Despite my unworthiness. I always had a special devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, and as I lived in constant fear of paralysis, I prayed to my merciful Saviour every day, that I might not die without Holy Viaticum. Praised be His infinite goodness He has granted my petition.

A few moments afterwards, while the priest was still at his bed-side, in the sentiments of the greatest piety and resignation the singularly favored old man gave back his soul to His Creator.

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