

But I felt my confidence increasing; I had come with the conviction that I was to be cured. My continual prayer was: "Good Saint Anne, cure me."

Twice during that day I returned to the church. On the morrow, which was a Friday, I was also brought there in the morning. It was impossible for me to remain more than a quarter of an hour; as soon as I reached my boarding-house, I was obliged to take to my bed. Towards 4 o'clock in the afternoon, I felt bad that my sister, who had devoted herself to nursing me, went for one of the Redemptorist Fathers to hear my confession. I was unable to receive Holy Communion, owing to vomiting fits that recurred every five or ten minutes. The kind Father, after having encouraged me to suffer with resignation to the Divine Will; hoped to be able to administer to me the holy *Viaticum*, if I could only cease vomiting for twenty minutes.

The following night was excessively painful: intense pain made me occasionally faint, my eyes could not discern objects any more, my limbs were icy cold. Those around me, seeing my extreme condition, blamed in a certain measure my family for having consented to my departure.

On Saturday, the 17th, my sufferings had lost nothing of their intensity. I begged my sister to have me brought once more to the church, hoping to receive Holy Communion. The Reverend Father, who had come to confess me the day before, hesitated to fear some accident. The fits of vomiting were still quite frequent; but I insisted, and he finally consented.

It was in the chapel dedicated to the Holy Family that I received Our Lord in my heart. It seemed as if my life was departing. The heavenly Bread restored my strength; I then venerated the relic of good St. Anne. At that very moment, all my sufferings disappeared. O Miracle!... I suddenly rose to my feet and walked, alone, to the statue of my Benefactor. How could I express my gratitude? How could I thank her enough?