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When I was a student at Ratisbone, I assisted at the funeral service of one of the church dignitaries, and as was the custom in that country a great many priests offered mass in the same church, and at the same time for the repose of his soul. Seated near me was a poor coal-driver who seemed very sad and wept bitterly.

Sorry for his evident distress I asked :

"What is the matter? Why do you weep so bitterly?"

'I was thinking,' he answered brokenly, 'how this holy man has so many masses offered for him, and that, miserable sinner as I am, I won't have even one when I die.'

Greatly surprised, but longing to comfort him I whispered : "I am going to be a priest, and I promise you to say mass for you when you die. Give me your address and I will leave it with my parents in order that they may notify me when to keep my promise."

Some twenty or thirty years afterwards, I was then a Chartreuse, stationed at Molsheim, one night while wide awake I saw this same coal-driver walk across my cell, approach my bedside and remind me of my promise. I got up quickly and went and informed the Prior of the occurrence 'You were dreaming,' he answered. 'You did not see or hear anything of the kind Banish it from your mind and go back to bed.'

I obeyed but shortly afterwards, being still wide awake, the poor fellow again came and stood before me and reminded me of my promise. This time I ran to the prior and described my visitor so clearly that he no longer doubted.

As soon as the monks assembled for Matins he requested them all to offer their masses that morning for the poor coal-driver's soul.

When the Masses were finished a streak of lightning flashed across the chancel and a supernatural voice repeated : *Te Deum Laudamus*, to which the monk spontaneously and fervently responded by chanting the rest of that beautiful song of thanksgiving.

