LIFE OF ST. PETER THOMAS, OF THE ORDER OF CARMELITES:

DEVOTED SERVANT OF MARY-TITULAR PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPI.E - LEGATE OF THE CRUSADE OF 1365.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF L'ABBE A. PARRAUD.

By Miss S. X. Blakely,

CHAPTER III.

THE MISSIONARY OF QUERCY—HIS HOLINESS—HIS ELOQUENCE—MIRACULOUS
RAIN—THE SAINT'S PREFERENCE FOR POOR VILLAGERS, FARMERS
AND MOUNTAINEERS—SPIRITUAL LABORS WHICH PRODUCE WONDERFUL RESULTS.



the office of Lector was assigned to Peter, at the monastery of Cahors, but in conjunction with the instructions given in the cloister his ardent zeal impelled him to

enter, from another point, the vast vineyard of the evangelical word. He had frequent opportunities to address himself to the faithful, and a divine attraction led him to embrace each one that came in his way. After some time his superiors, perceiving the rich and abundant harvest of souls he was gaining for heaven, decided that he should give his undivided attention to the apostolate of the word. His gift in this direction became more and more evident with each succeeding day. With the exception of a commanding height-and this deficiency was one of his many points of resemblance with St. Paul-there could be recognized in him all those physical advantages

which lend their influence to oratorical efforts.

A deep and musical voice, a perfect pronunciation-"according to Perigord," an easy carriage, graceful gestures, and power of adaptation united in placing Peter Thomas very high amongst the most eloquent preachers of that day. Nature had indeed gifted him in a very eminent degree. And then his vivid imagination-a heritage from his Southern home-was quick to tell him the proper course in a doubtful issue. His nobility of soul-worthy of the cause for which the priest should give, if called upon, his very life enhanced his exterior graces, and to crown all, he led a life of that veritable sanctity which is the dearest delight of predestined souls. Behold the secret of the success which attended the labors of the fervent religious.

Heaven itself looked favorably upon him and accorded him the gift of miracles. The produce withered upon its dying stalks—the fruit dropped, worthless, from the arid trees. The year 1339 beheld Quercy desolated with a