

An ox broken by a fall as that there seemed no use in **made** thinking of any remedy for it. Being anxious to **sound** strip off the hide, and having no implement wherewith he might do so, he returned home, entrusting the care of his ox unto the Blessed Francis, and committing it confidently unto the sure protection of the Saint, that it might not be eaten of wolves before his return. Returning when it was fully day unto the ox that he had left in the woods, and bringing the butcher with him, he found it feeding, and so perfectly sound that he tried in vain to distinguish the broken leg from the other. He gave thanks unto the good shepherd, that had had such watchful care for his beast, and had granted it healing. The humble Saint knew how to succour all them that called upon him, nor disdained any mortal needs, howsoever trifling. For when a man of Amiterno had a beast of burden stolen from him, he restored it. And when a woman of Interdoco brake, by letting it fall, a new dish into many pieces, he made it whole again. And for a man at Montolmo, in the Marches, he repaired a ploughshare that had been broken in pieces.

4. In the diocese of Sabina, there was an aged woman, eighty years old, whose daughter died, leaving a babe at the breast. This poor old woman was full of need, but empty of milk, and knew no woman who could give the starving little one milk to drink, drop by drop, as its need demanded; wherefore the aged mother knew not at all where to turn. As the babe waxed weaker, and she found herself at a loss for any human help, one night she turned with her whole heart