

She heated a tile and put the Sacred Host thereon to burn it and reduce it to powder, but to her great dismay this Sacred Host suddenly changed into flesh from which the blood flowed in abundance, spreading over the live coals and extinguishing the fire. The women gazed at each other in consternation. Still the blood kept running while neither dust nor ashes thrown to stop it had any effect. With courage born of desperation Rizziarella seized a coarse towel and quickly wrapped it round this bleeding



flesh and blood stained tile and ran and hid them in a corner of the stable. The culprits then hastened to clear away all traces of their diabolical crime so visibly and wonderfully punished by God...

In the evening, when her husband returned from work, he, as usual, led his beast of burden to the stable. To his great surprise the animal would not enter, neither blows nor commands could make him ; instead he knelt at the door. When, after incredible efforts, he was pushed into the stall, he would not even touch his food. Every