

lized almost beyond his dearest expectations, even the men were drawn by his enthusiasm towards the tabernacle, their piety rivaling that of the women. To these men the curé often related the following fact : I knew a poor laborer who never passed the Church without entering, even in the early morning when hastening to his work, his hurry was never so great that he had not a few moments to devote to his God, while every evening when returning he would leave his spade and shovel outside the Church door and entering spend a long time in fervent adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. I loved to watch him and many a time unknown to him I joined my prayers to his craving a special grace and blessing on that loyal, faithful heart. One day I asked him what he said to Our Lord during those long visits. "Father," he answered, "I do not say anything. I think of Him and He thinks of me, I look at Him and He looks at me." Was it not beautiful, my dear children, concluded the curé while sobs broke his utterance.

A greater number of the fervent adorers assembled in the Church every evening and thus the day begun by the offering of the holy sacrifice was ended by the recital of the beads and night prayer in common. This reunion so simply begun soon became a public exercise at which an ever-increasing number of parishoners assisted until at length it was ranked among the regular church services, and the zealous pastor's joy was at its height when every evening he saw his dear children hastening to the church in crowds, seeking the Master's blessing and a few minutes rest at His sacred feet. Who can doubt the fulness of the blessing or the sweetness of the rest ? During the lenten season the attendance was even greater, while a sermon and benediction were added to the ordinary devotions. From this date the curé of Ars never missed this eventide service, that is to say, he never spent and evening away from his parish except when duty called him to minister to the wants of the neighbouring population.

