

our blessed poverty. Recently, when one of us went to see him, he did, of his own accord, what had not been expected from him in the last hour; for, having drawn out his Rosary, he devoutly kissed the Image of Our Lord [63] and Our Lady, which was on the medal; then making the sign of the Cross, he began to pass the beads between his fingers,—saying at the large ones, “Jesus, have pity on me;” and at the little ones, “Mary, have pity on me,” often interrupting his prayer by some act of Resignation. “Lord, you are the sole Master of our lives; dispose of mine according to your holy will. Holy Mary, keep me this night.” His prayers were answered, for he had a favorable crisis that was the beginning of his recovery.

In our visits we encountered an old man, who was so affected by what we preached that he even complained because, he said, this matter was not taken more to heart, as it deserved to be. He added that he was resolved to give up his dreams, dances, and superstitious feasts. Since then he has often come to see us, determined to become a Christian with all his family, who number as many as thirteen persons. We have always noticed tendencies to goodness in this family; trials will show what they have in their hearts.