

that time he won over to God his eldest son, whom alone he had taken with him, expressly to have an opportunity, in that solitude of a month's duration, of speaking to him more leisurely, and more to his heart. A thing happened to him then, that deserves to be mentioned here. In his soundest sleep, it seemed to him that the whole Sky was full of thunder and lightning, and that the thunderbolts threatened to fall on him from all sides. So forcibly had fear taken possession of him, that he was in despair of his life. A person — whose face was unknown, but full of majesty, mingled with love and gentleness — came down from Heaven, and drawing near him, said: "Take thy rosary, and pray to God." No sooner had he obeyed than these images disappeared, and the storm passed away. The same thing happens to him on three different occasions; he is told each time to have recourse to the same prayer, and he always experiences the same effect from it. On the following day about noon, the Sky, that was clear and serene, suddenly becomes overcast; there is nothing but thunder and lightning, and it seems as if all this storm [63] were about to burst on them. "Let us pray to God," he says to his son; "repeat thy rosary with me." They have no sooner finished than the clouds disappear; the Sky is clearer than ever, and they no longer see before their eyes any vestige of the tempest. Some hours afterward, the Sun is again obscured, and they are surrounded on all sides by thunder and lightning. "Let us say our rosary again," says the father to his son; "God wishes to constrain us to prayer." At once the Sky is again visible in its beauty. Finally, for the third time, they again see themselves assailed by the