

taken possession of his heart, that then he had begun truly to know him; and that, ever since, he faced his miseries only with joy,—remembering that indeed he would be happy in Heaven.

Especially he had conceived a very tender affection [93] toward the Blessed Virgin, and missed not a day in reciting his Rosary, even at the crisis of his disease.

Among the discourses that had been addressed to him, he had been greatly touched by the miraculous cures which occur at Nostre Dame de Laurette;<sup>5</sup> and he had been told that, in our house at Sainte Marie, we kept a very beautiful image of that Blessed Virgin. In consequence of that, he conceived a lively hope that, if he could drag himself thither, or be brought thither, he would there experience the mercies of God. He chooses his time one Summer day, and ventures to do what he had not undertaken for two years. He leaves his Village, and drags himself as best he can, now on all fours, anon with a staff; but strength soon fails him. He addresses himself to the Blessed Virgin; and, according as he continues to increase his prayers, he feels his strength come back, with an increase of constancy and courage. Finally, he arrives at our abode, having employed more than fifteen hours to accomplish three leagues of road.

Coming into our Chapel, his heart is all filled with joy. "Here," [94] thinks he, "is the house of God: it is here that he will show me mercy." But, nevertheless, he dares not ask for health. "My God," he said, "you are all-powerful; do your will, and have no regard for mine. But I believe, and doubt not that you can cure me." That was all his prayer, which he repeated without growing weary,