

treated so cruelly, he showed a most uncommon patience and gentleness. Having fallen under the shower of blows from clubs and iron rods with which they attacked us, and being unable to rise again, he was brought—as it were, half dead—upon the scaffold where we already were, in the middle of the village; but he was in so pitiful a condition that he would have inspired compassion in cruelty itself. He was all bruised with blows, and in his face one distinguished nothing but the whites of his eyes; but he was so much the more beautiful in the sight of the Angels as he was disfigured, and similar to him of whom it is said: *Vidimus eum quasi leprosum*, etc.; *non erat ei species neque decor*.

Hardly had he taken a little breath, as well as we, when they came to give him 3 blows on his shoulders with a heavy club, as they had done to us before. When they had cut off my thumb,—as I was the most conspicuous,—they turned to him and cut his right thumb at the 1st joint,—while he continually uttered, during this torment: “JESUS, MARY, JOSEPH.” During six days, in which we were exposed to all those who wished to do us some harm, he showed an admirable gentleness; he had his whole breast burned by the coals and hot cinders which the young lads threw upon our bodies at night, when we were bound flat on the earth. Nature furnished more skill to me than to him for avoiding a part of these pains.

After they had given us life,—at the very time when, a little before, they had warned us to prepare for being burned,—he fell sick, suffering great inconveniences in every respect, and especially in regard to the food, to which he was not accustomed.