

that one day I shall rise again in glory, and that this dying body must rot in the ground before it can become immortal."

When the same man heard that his only son, who remained to him as a support in his old age, had fallen into the hands of the enemies, and when he saw all the people in his [166] Cabin weeping at the news, he said: "For my part, I have no tears for him; he had followed me in the Faith; he has gone before me to that happiness which awaits us after death." At the same time, he came promptly into the Church at ten o'clock at night, to offer his only son to God, but with a resignation worthy of a truly Christian heart. "My God," he exclaimed, "what a precious gift is Faith, and how gently it allays the emotions of a heart that confides in your promises! You had given him to me before I had the happiness of acknowledging you as my God and my benefactor. Since I have had Faith, I have offered him to you a thousand times; and you, who penetrate into the depths of our hearts, have known that my offering was not a feigned one. You have taken me at my word, and have received what belonged to you even before I had offered it to you. Can I complain because you have accepted the gift that I made you? Praise be to you, my God; and if after the Child you deign to receive the Father, I offer myself to you as willingly as I offered my son. Have pity on both." Hardly [167] was his prayer ended, when another Messenger, who had been present at the fight, arrived, quite breathless, and reported that his son whom they thought dead had escaped with him, while the others had remained on the field. It was like that Angel who stayed Abraham's sword, already raised