

This good old man, recently baptized, at the news that he had of that commotion, straightway began to sing in the manner of the captives who are destined for the flames, and ran toward the Chapel, where was the brunt of the sedition, saying, for the theme of his song, "I shall go to-day into Heaven; I shall die in the company of my brothers; Jesus will have pity on me."

In fact, he was near his death, [99] but not a death so violent. He falls sick after that, and immediately sends for the Father, and begs him to prepare him for death as a good Christian—he saying that he feared only sin, or that, coming to lose his faculties, his wife and all his infidel relatives might have recourse, for his health, to the devil and to the superstitions of the country. He called them all, exhorted them to embrace the faith, and declared to them that he was renouncing all the things forbidden to the Christians; that he desired to be buried in Holy ground; that he died willingly, and in a firm hope of being forever blessed in Heaven; that they should dread the fire of Hell; that he no longer desired that one should speak to him of anything in this world,—that he wished to think only of God. And, in fact, he no longer from that time rendered any answer to his wife and his children, to several questions which they put to him,—his heart remaining undivided for the things of Heaven, and his tongue being faithful to him in this point, even to the last sigh, which he breathed after these words, which were those of his heart, [100] "Jesus, have pity on me."

A little before dying, the Father being alone near him, this good Christian asked him who was the young man, of rare beauty, who stood at his side,