

Almost his only words were: "Brothers, to-day we shall be in Paradise: believe this, hope this, that God may forever love you."

Already the foe had scaled the rampart, and throughout the village the torch had been applied, and the cabins were burning. The victors are informed that there is rich plunder, easy to get, if they will hasten to the church; that there numbers of old people, and women, and a band of children, are gathered. Thither they hurry with discordant shouts, after their manner. The Christians see the enemy approaching. Antoine bids them flee wherever escape is yet possible. That he may delay the enemy, and, like a good shepherd, aid the escape of his flock, he blocks the way of the armed men and breaks their onset; a single man against the foe, but verily filled with divine strength, he, who during all his life had been as the gentlest dove, was brave as a Lion while he met death. Truly, I might apply to him that saying of Jeremias: "He hath forsaken his covert as the Lion, for the land is laid waste because of the wrath of the dove, and because of the fierce anger of the Lord." At last he fell, mortally wounded by a musket-shot; and, pierced with arrows, he yielded to God the blessed life which he laid down for his flock, as a good Shepherd, calling upon the name of Jesus. Savagely enraged against his lifeless body, hardly one of the enemy was there who did not add a new wound to his corpse: until at length, the church having been set on fire, his naked body cast into the midst of the flames was so completely consumed that not even a bone was left: indeed, he could not have found a more glorious funeral pyre.