

to others, and consoles them all with the sweetest hope of the Saints,—having hardly other words on his lips than these: “My Brothers, [11] to-day we shall be in Heaven.”

The enemy was warned that the Christians had betaken themselves, in very great number, into the Church, and that it was the easiest and the richest prey that he could have hoped for; he hastens thither, with barbarous howls and stunning yells. At the noise of these approaches, “Flee, my Brothers,” said the Father to his new Christians, “and bear with you your faith even to the last sigh. As for me” (he added), “I must face death here, as long as I shall see here any soul to be gained for Heaven; and, dying here to save you, my life is no longer anything to me; we shall see one another again in Heaven.” At the same time, he goes out in the direction whence come the enemy, who stop in astonishment to see one man alone come to meet them, and even recoil backward, as if he bore upon his face the terrible and frightful appearance of a whole company. Finally,—having come to their senses a little, and being astonished at themselves,—they incite one another; they surround him on all sides, and cover him with arrows, until, having inflicted upon him a mortal wound from an arquebus shot,—which pierced him through and through, in the very middle of his breast,—he fell. Pronouncing [12] the name of JESUS, he blessedly yielded up his soul to God,—truly as a good Pastor, who exposes both his soul and his life for the salvation of his flock.

It was then that those Barbarians rushed upon him with as much rage as if he alone had been the object of their hatred. They strip him naked, they exercise