

# Life of St. Peter Thomas, of the Order of Carmelites :

DEVOTED SERVANT OF MARY—TITULAR PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE—LEGATE  
OF THE CRUSADE OF 1365.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF L'ABBE A. PARRAUD.

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## CHAPTER XXIX.

OBSEQUIES AND MIRACLES—HIS PEACEFUL DEATH—UNIVERSAL GRIEF—FUNERAL SERMON—NUMEROUS PRODIGES WROUGHT AT THE TOMB OF THE SAINT.



IN accordance with the request of the Patriarch, De Mezieres left the cell. But having spoken with the Notary and some attendants, he returned, and bending over his friend, said :

“Father, I have done as you directed. Everything is just as you desired.” “It is well,” came in a faint whisper from the dying Carmelite, and those were the last words he uttered.

Friar Arnould whispered sweet words of piety, but an icy coldness had taken possession of his exhausted frame, whilst his serene and untroubled agony seemed to merge into a peaceful slumber. There was not the slightest sign of death, yet no one could perceive the least evidence of life. Meanwhile the men and women who had hoped against hope, stifled their grief, and redoubled their prayers. But the summons from on high had been obeyed, Peter

Thomas had given back his soul to God, but so quietly that the most intense solicitude could not have detected the moment of final separation.

Already in a new life, the eternal Love, to whom the saint had ever been so devoted, had infused into that ardent soul unspeakable and never-ending joys. In the beatific vision his transfigured spirit had seen realized the *perfect* manifestation, the *veritable* manifestation of the pure Light which the saint had so faithfully followed. It was Tuesday, the sixth of January, towards ten o'clock at night.

The vivid realization of the event, however, soon was evident, and signs of grief were visible from all. And De Mezieres, after his first outburst of sorrow, reverentially closed the eyes of his saintly friend !

They did not dress the Patriarch in his episcopal robes, for he had requested that he should be buried in his religious habit and white mantle. Still they put the pontifical gloves upon his lifeless hands, and sandals upon his feet.