

J. M. D. G.

A FEW SWEET FLOWERS,

COLLECTED FROM THE WRITINGS OF

SAINT TERESA.

Translated from the Spanish,

BY THE

VERY REV. CANON DALTON.

LONDON :
THOMAS RICHARDSON AND SON,
26, PATERNOSTER ROW ;
9, CAPEL STREET, DUBLIN ; AND DERBY.
1862.

12:08.

fⁿ 615
Digitized by Google



TO THE

HOLY COMMUNITIES.

LIVING UNDER

ST. TERESA'S REFORM,

AT

MOUNT CARMEL AND LLANHERNE,

This Little Book

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

AS A SMALL MARK OF ESTEEM FOR THEIR VIRTUES,

AND THEIR ARDENT LOVE OF THEIR

SERAPHIC MOTHER,

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

A. M. D. C.

A FEW SWEET FLOWERS

COLLECTED FROM THE WRITINGS OF

SAINT TERESA.

SUNDAY.

NARRATIONS OF THE SAINT.

1. I lived five years in the Convent of St. Joseph, at Avila, after it was founded. It appears to me now that these were the most quiet years of my life, the tranquillity and calmness of which my soul has often wished for. About this time, some young ladies entered and took the habit; these the world had already held captive, if one might judge by their fine dress and frivolity. But our Lord soon removed them from these vanities, by drawing them to His house, and endowing them with such great perfection, that I was much surprised thereat.

2. I was much delighted in being amongst

such pure and holy souls; all their care was to serve and praise our Lord. The favours, the ardent desires, and detachment from worldly things which our Lord gave them, were very great and numerous.

3. Solitude was their joy; and they have accordingly assured me, that they were never tired of being alone, and that it was quite a torment to them whenever any one, even their own brothers, came to see them. She esteemed herself the most happy, who had the most time to remain in a little hermitage, which we had in the garden.

4. After four years (or it may be a little more), a Religious of the Order of St. Francis came to see me. His name was Alfonso Maldonado, a great servant of God, who had the same desires as myself for the good of souls. But *he* was able to accomplish them, for which I envied him extremely. As he had not long returned from India, he told me how many millions of souls were lost there, for want of instruction, and he gave a sermon on the subject, exhorting us to do penance: he then departed.

5. I became so distressed at the loss of so many souls, that I could not contain myself, and so I went to one of our hermitages, and there with many tears cried to our Lord,

beseeching Him "to give me the means whereby I might be able to gain some souls to His service, since the devil carried away so many, and that my prayers might be of some use, as I was good for nothing myself." I envied those greatly who, for the love of God, were able to spend themselves in this work, though they should suffer a thousand deaths.

6. When our General* arrived at Avila, I prevailed on him to visit St. Joseph's, and the bishop wished that the same attention should be paid to *him*, as to his own person. I gave him an account of the foundation with all truth and simplicity, because it is my desire thus to act with my superiors, come what may, since they stand in the place of God. The same I do with my confessors; for if I did not, I think there would be no security for my soul.

7. I accordingly gave him an account of the Monastery, and also of my whole life, though it has been so very wicked.† He consoled me greatly, and assured me he would not command me to remove hence. He was very pleased to see our way of living, which

* His name was John Baptist Rossi, a native of Ravenna.

† This the Saint said through her great humility. But all her Confessors believed she had never committed a mortal sin.

was an imperfect image of our Order, at its commencement: it showed how the primitive Rule was observed in all its rigour, which was not the case in any other monastery of the whole Order. As he had a great desire that this beginning should go forward, he gave me several "Letters Patent" for the erection of more monasteries, with an injunction that none of the Provincials should prevent me.

8. When our Father General was about to return to Rome, I was very much grieved. I had a great regard for him, and he in return showed me the greatest kindness; for as often as he was disengaged, he came and spoke to us on spiritual things, being one on whom our Lord had bestowed singular favours. On this account, it was a great comfort for us to hear him.

9. I was troubled, because there were no friends in the Province, that I could hear of, to commence the work.* I had neither house, nor means to purchase one. Behold, then, a poor bare-footed nun, without the support of any one—but our dear Lord! I was furnished indeed with plenty of *letters and good desires*, without any possibility of putting them into execution. But neither my courage, nor

* To erect a Monastery for men.

confidence failed me; for when I considered that our Lord having granted one thing, would certainly grant the other, then everything seemed to me possible, and so I began to work. Oh, greatness of God, how dost Thou show thy power, by giving courage to such an ant! and O my Lord! what great things wouldst Thou not do for those who love Thee, if our cowardice and fears were not in the way! because we never resolve, but when we are full of a thousand fears and human considerations. Who is more disposed to give—were there any to receive? Who more willing to accept our services at our own charge, than Thou?

10. We arrived at Medina del Campo on the eve of the Assumption of our Lady, about midnight; and, to avoid all noise, we alighted at St. Anne's Convent. But in spite of all our diligence in seeking a house, none could be found in the whole town. This gave me great trouble day and night, because, though I had appointed men to guard and watch the most Blessed Sacrament,* yet I was fearful lest they should fall asleep; and so I arose in the night myself to guard it at a window, and

* The house where the Nuns first settled in Medina del Campo, was a wretched place, in which it was not safe to leave the Blessed Sacrament.

by the clear light of the moon, I could see it from that spot very plainly. All this time a great multitude came to see us, and not only were they *not* displeased, but their devotion increased the more, to see our Lord again in a stable; and His Majesty (who is never weary of humbling Himself for our sake) appeared unwilling to remove from the place. About eight days after, a merchant seeing our necessity, and living himself in a very good house, told us we might have the upper part of it, where we could dwell as in a house of our own. He also had a very large hall, with a gilded roof; this he gave us for a church. A lady also, who lived near the house which we had purchased, (whose name was Doña Helena Quiroga)—a great servant of God, told us she would help us, in order that a chapel might immediately be prepared in which the most Blessed Sacrament could be placed. She also assured us—"she could accommodate us in such a way, that we could live in enclosure." Other persons likewise contributed alms towards our support; but this lady assisted us the most. I began to feel more peace and rest, because we now had perfect "enclosure" where we were, and we began to recite our office.

11. I believe, that as the devil knows well

there is no path which conducts us sooner to the highest perfection, it is for *this* reason he tries to raise so many disgusts and difficulties under the appearance of good. I remember a Religious once told me, that he had determined within himself, always to do whatever his superior should command him, no matter what trouble it gave him. It happened one day, that being quite spent with labour, and not able to stand on his legs, he wished to rest himself—for it was evening. Just as he had sat down, his superior came and bade him take a spade, and go and dig in the garden. The good man said nothing, though so completely exhausted that he could do nothing. He took his spade, however, and as he was going into the garden by a certain passage (which I saw myself many years after this was related to me), our Lord appeared to him with His cross on His shoulder, so faint and weary, as to make him understand, that what he then suffered was a mere nothing, in comparison with what his Saviour endured.

12. Four or five months after the Monastery of St. Joseph had been founded in Malagon, a young gentleman of quality said to me in course of the conversation, "That if I wished to found a house in Valladolid, he

would very willingly give me one ; that it had a handsome and spacious garden attached to it ; and that there was also a large vineyard inside, and I might have possession immediately." I accepted the offer, though I had resolved not to found a house there, because the spot was about a mile from the city. But yet I thought we might easily go into Valladolid afterwards, when possession had been taken ; and as he made the offer so willingly, I did not wish to refuse accepting so good a work, nor to check his devotion. About two months after, he was taken ill so suddenly, that he was deprived of the use of his speech, and was unable therefore to make his confession ; although he gave many proofs of being sorry for his sins. He died in a short time, at a great distance from the place where I was. Our Lord told me, "that his salvation had been in great danger, but that He had mercy on him, on account of the services done to His blessed Mother, by his giving that house to found a monastery of her Order ; but that he would not be delivered from purgatory, until the first mass had been said in the house, and that then he should be freed." The grievous sufferings of this soul were so continually present to me, that though I wished to found a house in Toledo,

I would not commence for the present, but hastened to found one, as well as I could, in Valladolid.

13. When the priest came to say the "first mass," and we went to communicate; as soon as I approached to receive the most Sacred Host, the same young gentleman (of whom I have spoken) appeared to me with a shining countenance, by the side of the priest, looking very glad and cheerful, and with his hands joined together. He thanked me for what I had done, in freeing him from purgatory, and then he flew straightway to heaven. As soon then as I understood his soul was safe, I was indeed exceedingly glad; because when I heard of his sudden death, I was in a manner hopeless, fearing lest his soul might be lost. But truly wonderful is it, how pleasing to our Lord any service is, which is done to honour His Mother; great, indeed, is His mercy. May *He* be praised and blessed by all men, who thus rewards with eternal life and glory our mean and miserable actions, and so makes *them* great which, in themselves, are very worthless.

14. It happened once, while I was here,* that a sister fell *dangerously ill*. After having received the Most Holy Sacrament

* In St. Joseph's Convent, at Toledo.

and Extreme Unction, she became so cheerful and happy that she seemed already in heaven; and we thought we could entreat her to recommend us to God, and to those saints to whom we had a particular devotion. Having prayed before the Blessed Sacrament, to grant the sister a happy death I entered her chamber (a short time before she expired), in order to remain with her. On my entering the room, I saw our Lord at the head of the bed, with his arms a little open, as if he were protecting her. He said to me: "Be assured, daughter, that all the nuns who shall die in these convents, I will protect in like manner; they should not, then, dread any temptation at the hour of death." By these words I was greatly comforted. A short time afterwards I went to speak to her, and she said to me: "O mother! what great things I am about to behold!" in uttering these words, she expired like an angel. I observed that several, who died afterwards, displayed a certain repose and peace, as if they had been in a rapture, or in the prayer of quiet, without showing any sign of being tempted. And thus I hope that He will grant us the like favour, through the merits of His Son, and that of His glorious Mother, whose habit we wear. Wherefore, my daugh-

fers, let us endeavour to be true Carmelite nuns; for our journey will soon be at an end.

15. Another circumstance comes to my mind, which I will now relate concerning a certain person. He was a great gambler, and had a little learning, which the devil made use of to deceive him; for he induced him to believe, that the amendment of his life at the hour of death availed nothing. So convinced was he of this, that his friends could not by any means persuade him to make his confession. All endeavours were fruitless; and yet, the poor man was extremely afflicted and sorry for the bad life he had led. "But why," he said, "should I confess, since I am already condemned?" A Dominican father who was his confessor, and a very learned man, did nothing but argue with him. But the devil taught him so many subtle answers, that the father could do nothing. Thus matters went on for some days, and his confessor knew not what to do, except to recommend him to our Lord, which he and others did. Our Saviour at last took compassion on him. As his malady became worse, his confessor returned again, with more powerful arguments to convince him. But he would not have succeeded, had not

our Lord softened his heart. As soon as the good father began to speak and advance some more reasons, the sick man sat up in his bed, as if he were not ill; and said: "Since you tell me that my confession may do me good, I desire to make it." He then called a notary in, and took a solemn oath never to gamble any more, and to amend his life; which promises he made in the presence of witnesses. He also made a very good confession, and received the Sacrament with such devotion, that I believe he was saved, as far as I can judge.

16. I remember, that in a certain place where I lived, and in which there was a Convent of our Order, I knew a woman who was a very great servant of God—according to the belief of all the people—and indeed she must have been such, for she communicated every day. She had, however, no particular confessor, but sometimes she went to one church, and sometimes to another, to "communicate." I remarked this practice, and told her I preferred to see her *obedient* to one person, rather than receive the Blessed Sacrament so often. She lived in a house by herself, doing (as it seemed to me) what she liked. But as she was good and virtuous, whatever she did was good also. I spoke to

her several times, but she paid no regard to me; and yet, though she was much better than myself, I thought I was not mistaken about her case. Brother Peter of Alcantara happened to come there, and I induced him to speak to her. But I was not satisfied with the account which he gave me of her, though I *ought* to have been; still we are such miserable creatures that we are never satisfied, except with those who think the same as we do ourselves. I believe this woman served our Lord better, and did more penance in one year than I did in many.* She became, at last, dangerously ill, and used all diligence in having Mass said every day in her house, and likewise in being communicated. But as her sickness continued for some time, the priest (a great servant of God), who had often said Mass for her, thought it improper she should receive the Blessed Sacrament every day, in her house. Accordingly, one day, after Mass, as he refused to communicate her, this made her so very cross and peevish with the priest, that he came and told me the whole affair. He was himself much scandalized. This must have been a temptation of the devil, for it happened on the day of her death. I was exceedingly

* This is an instance of the Saint's profound humility

troubled, when I heard all the circumstances, for I think she died *immediately*, and I am uncertain whether she made her peace with God. From this event I came to understand—what great evils happen to us, by doing our own will in anything, especially in so important a matter.

MONDAY.

MAXIMS OF THE SAINT.

1. How many errors happen, through our not taking advice!

2. For the love of God, I beg of her who may be the Superioress, always to obtain from the Bishop, or the Provincial this holy liberty—viz.: that beside the usual confessor, she and the other sisters may sometimes be able to confer with learned persons, and so give *them* an account of their souls, especially if their own confessors be not learned, however good they may be in other respects.

3. Endeavour, with all your strength, to free yourselves from even venial sins. Follow that which is the most perfect.

4. It is usual with Monasteries and Convents, that the good there practised soon falls

away, unless preserved with great care. And evil customs,* when once allowed to creep in, are removed with very great difficulty

5. It seems to me, that when God brings persons to understand clearly what the world is, that there is another world, and what the difference is between one and the other—that the one is eternal, and the other a mere dream; and what it is to love the Creator, and not the creature; *then* it seems that such persons love our Lord in a way, different from those who have not got so far.

6. Those whom God raises to this state are noble, *royal* souls. They cannot find pleasure in anything but in God, and in discoursing of Him.

7. Granting that we are much beloved by others, what do we gain thereby? When payment is made, it is made in *straws*. Everything is empty air and without substance, which the wind blows away.

8. In all things there is need of care and diligence, since the devil slumbers not.

9. *Greater* care is required in those who aspire to perfection, because his temptations against them are much more concealed, for he dare not act otherwise.

10. There is no better remedy for dis-

* By "evil customs" the Saint means certain abuses.

covering the hidden snares of the Evil One, than Prayer.

11. Endeavour to enjoy yourselves, with the Sisters, when the time for "Recreation" comes, though you may have no inclination for it. If you act with discretion, all becomes perfect love.

12. Any imperfection that you observe in a sister—if it be known—should always affect you much. Herein love is best discovered and exercised, in knowing how to bear the imperfection, and not being astonished at it. Recommend the sister earnestly to God, and endeavour yourself to practise with greater perfection, the virtue which is contrary to the imperfection which you notice in another.

13. O! what excellent and sincere love has that sister, who can benefit all, and give up her own profit for that of others—so as to advance them still higher in every virtue!

14. It is also a very good proof of love to endeavour to ease others of their labour, and to take it upon one's self in the different duties of the house; likewise to rejoice and praise God accordingly, for the increase of their virtues.

15. Humility and mortification should always go together; they are like two sisters who cannot be separated.

16. You must labour then, my daughters, to obtain these virtues; to leave the land of Egypt: and if you do, you will find sweet manna.

17. Learn to endure a little pain, for the love of God, without letting every one in the house know it.

18. Believe me, daughters, when once we begin to subdue these wretched bodies of ours, they do not trouble us so much afterwards.

19. Endeavour not to fear death: give yourselves up entirely to God—come what may.

20. Do you know, Sisters, that the life of a good Religious—of one who wishes to be numbered among the intimate friends of God—is a long martyrdom?



O! blessed and glorious Saint, intercede for us, that we may practise these lessons.

TUESDAY.

NARRATIONS OF THE SAINT.

1. There came into this Monastery,* to be a nun, a young lady named Doña Beatriz Oñez, whose soul made all of us astonished to see what great virtues our Lord produced in her. The Prioress and nuns affirm, that all the time she lived among them, they never perceived in her anything which could be considered as an imperfection. They did not even notice any alteration in her looks, on account of things which happened; for she always had a modest cheerfulness, which showed the inward joy and peace which her soul possessed. She was never known to have spoken a word which could be found fault with; no obstinacy was ever seen in her; nor did she excuse herself when the Prioress (to try her) blamed her for what she had *not* done, as is the custom in these houses, for the sake of mortification.

2. She never complained of anything, nor of any of the sisters, and neither by look nor by word did she ever displease any one, in whatever duty she was employed. She

* At Valladolid.

never gave occasion for even a *suspicion* of any imperfection, nor was an accusation of a fault made against her in the chapter, although the "monitors" are very exact in noticing the smallest faults. In all things, her interior and exterior recollection was most admirable. This arose from the thought of eternity being continually present within her. She always had on her lips the praises of God, and acts of the most profound gratitude; in a word, her life was one continual prayer. In matters of obedience she never committed a fault; but with joy and promptitude she performed everything that was commanded her. She had a most ardent charity for her neighbour.

3. For instance: it once happened in the city of Valladolid, that some criminals were led along to be burned for certain enormous crimes. When she understood that they were not prepared for death so well as they ought to have been, she was exceedingly afflicted. Immediately, with profound sorrow, she had recourse to our Lord, and most earnestly besought Him to grant the salvation of those souls. In order that she might obtain her requests, she begged of Him (I do not remember her words exactly) to give her, during her whole life, all the pains and afflictions she

was able to bear. That very night her first fever seized her, and until the day of her death she was always suffering. The criminals died in excellent dispositions, by which it seems that God heard her prayers.

4. The time being now come, when our Lord wished to take her out of this world, her pains began to increase; these were joined with so many other afflictions, that the sisters (in order to praise our Lord, in seeing the patience with which she endured them) —came many times to visit her. The chaplain especially had a great desire to be present at her death, for he was the confessor in the Monastery, and was a great servant of God; and being also her director, he considered her a saint. God was pleased that his desire should be accomplished; for although she had perfect possession of her senses, and had also received Extreme Unction, yet the nuns called him, in order that, if he should be wanted in the night, he might be at hand and so help her to die well. A little before nine o'clock, as the chaplain and all the sisters were standing round her—her pains left her about a quarter of an hour before she died. She then lifted up her eyes towards heaven with very great calmness, and with a certain joy and exultation on her

countenance, which appeared to be like a kind of splendour. She remained for some time in this way—like one gazing upon something which gave her exceeding pleasure, for she smiled twice. The priest and all who were present experienced such great spiritual delight, that they could say nothing more than express their conviction—they were in heaven. With this cheerfulness, and with her eyes fixed on some enrapturing object, she expired.

5. The chaplain affirms, that when her body was interred, he felt a very strong and most delicious perfume. The sacristan also states, that *not one* of all the tapers and candles which were lighted at her funeral, was wasted or diminished. When I spoke of these things with one of her confessors, belonging to the Society of Jesus, he said: “It was no strange thing, and he did not wonder at it, because he knew our Lord had frequent communications with her.” May it please His Divine Majesty, my sisters, that we may know how to take advantage of such good company as hers was, and of many others whom our Lord has sent into these houses.

6. A young gentleman of Avila, named Don Raphael, came to hear (I know not how)

that I wished to found a Monastery of Discalceate Friars; he therefore came and offered to give me a house in a little village,* consisting, I think (if I remember rightly), of about twenty houses. There lived in the place a farmer, who collected his rents for him. Though I judged at once what kind of a house it was, yet I praised our Lord, accepted the offer, and thanked the gentleman for his kindness. He told me the place was on the road to Medina del Campo, and that I must pass by it on my way to the foundation of Valladolid. I answered I would follow his direction, and I did so. I went from Avila in the month of June, with one Religious and Father Julian d'Avila, the chaplain of St. Joseph's, who always accompanied me on my journeys. We started at day-break, but as we did not know the road, we missed our way; and this part of the country not being much frequented, no one could direct us. Thus we walked all the day in great trouble; the sun, too, was very hot, and what was still worse, when we supposed we were near the place, we had to travel as far again. I shall always remember the fatigue and labour of

* It was called Durvelo. This Monastery was founded in the year 1568. St. John of the Cross and Antony of Jesus were the two first Religious. The foundation was afterwards removed to Mancera

that day. At last, we arrived at the place a little before night, and saw the house. 'But it was in such a dirty state, and so many reapers were inside that we dared not remain there during the night. A tolerable hall, a chamber and garret, and a little kitchen—behold! all the building that composed our Monastery. Having examined the place, I thought the hall could be converted into a chapel, the garret into a choir, and the chamber into a dormitory. My companion, though much better than myself, and a greater lover of mortification, could not endure the idea of founding a house there, and therefore she said to me: "My mother, no one, however, fervent he might be, could endure such a place; do then give up the design of founding a Monastery here." Father Julian, at first, was of the same opinion; but when I mentioned to him my determination, he did not oppose me. We afterwards went to the church, and spent the night there.

7. Having arrived at Medina, I immediately gave Father Antonio a description of the place, and asked him, "if he had courage to go, and remain there for some time?" I added, "that he might be assured God would soon come to his assistance." I also told him, "he might consider it certain, that

neither of our Provincials would give us permission (without which no Convent could be founded) to establish ourselves in a fine house; besides, that we could not act otherwise, and if we asked leave to dwell in this small house and village, no doubt permission would be granted, without the least difficulty." Father Antonio, to whom our Lord had given much greater courage than He had to me, made this answer: "Not only am I willing to go there, but I would dwell in the lowest and vilest place you could find." Father John of the Cross expressed the same sentiments. And now we wanted to obtain permission from the two Father Provincials, whom I have already mentioned. This was the condition imposed on us by our Father-General. As for myself, I had a firm confidence that our Lord would obtain it for me. I therefore begged Father Antonio to collect all the alms he could, so as to put the house in a proper state, and I departed for the foundation of Valladolid, together with Father John of the Cross.

8. As we were obliged to spend some days out of enclosure, till the workmen repaired the house, I had an opportunity of giving the father an account of our manner of living; and especially as regards our "Primitive Rule" respecting the mortification we prac-

tise; the nature of that charity which unites us together, and the manner in which we take our recreations. These are regulated in such a way, that they serve to make our faults known, and at the same time give us sufficient relaxation to enable us the better to support the severity of our rule. This father* was so good, that I might have learned much more from *him*, than he could from me. But this was not my intention; my only object was to make him acquainted with our manner of living. By the will of Providence, we met at Valladolid with Father Alphonso Gonzalez, who was then our Provincial, and from him I was to obtain the permission to found the Monastery. He was an old man, very good, and without malice. In asking for permission, I gave him so many reasons for granting it, and insisted so much on the account which he would have to give to God, in case he hindered so good a work, that His Divine Majesty inwardly disposed him to give permission.

9. The Lady Doña Maria Mendoza, and the Bishop of Avila, her brother, who has always favoured us, soon obtained the requisite authority from the Provincial. They

* St. John of the Cross. Will any Spanish scholar undertake to translate his works?

also gained over to our side Father Angel de Salazar, who was the former Provincial, and from whom I feared more opposition than from his successor. But just at this time a certain event happened, which required Father Salazar to seek the protection of Doña Maria Mendoza; this I believe greatly advanced our cause. But even, independent of this event, our Lord, I am sure, would have influenced the mind of the Provincial, as He did with regard to our Father-General when we had little hope of succeeding. O! my God, how many things have I seen in these Foundations, which seemed to be impossible; but how easy has it been for Thy Majesty to smoothen all difficulties! and what confusion for me—seeing all these wonders—to be no better than I am! While writing these lines I am lost in astonishment. May He be for ever blessed. Amen.

WEDNESDAY.

MAXIMS OF THE SAINT.

1. Let your interior feelings be strictly observed, especially if they relate to desires of superiority.

2. May the merits of Christ's Passion deliver us from saying, "that I am the senior in the Order; that I have laboured more than the others, or that another is better treated." If such thoughts intrude themselves, they must be smothered immediately.

3. I think the devil will seldom dare to tempt one who is truly humble, because, being very crafty, he fears a blow might be given him.

4. If you wish to be *revenged* on the devil, as soon as the temptation comes, discover it to the Superioress.

5. I often tell you, Sisters—and now I wish to leave it in writing, lest you might forget it—that not only those belonging to this house, but every one who wishes to be perfect, must by all means avoid these expressions: "I had reason—I was injured—he who treated me thus had no reason to do what he did." May God deliver us from such miserable excuses!

6. She who is unwilling to bear any cross, except that for which they who impose it have "very good reasons," had better leave the house. I cannot understand *why* they should remain in the Monastery.

7. Can you suffer so much, that you ought not to suffer *more*?

8. Either we are spouses of our Great King, or we are not. If we are, what lady is there who does not share in the disgrace and affronts which are cast upon her husband, though she may not desire them? Both share in honour and dishonour.

9. For us, then, to be desirous of sharing in the kingdom of our Lord, and yet to refuse our share in labours or affronts, is very unreasonable.

10. Let her who thinks she is esteemed the *meanest* of all the Sisters, account herself the happiest of them all. And surely she is so, if she bear it as she ought.

11. Let us imitate also the humility of the most Sacred Virgin Mary, whose habit we wear.

12. If we knew what great harm is done by beginning a "bad custom," we should prefer death, rather than be the cause of its introduction.

13. Our greatest *honour*, Sisters, ought to consist in serving God.

14. This house is a heaven—if such can be on this earth—to one whose sole delight is to please God, and who regards not her own pleasure.

15. It is indeed a proof of great humility, to see oneself condemned without any reason, and at the same time to say nothing.

16. Give me light, O Lord! and make me really desire that all persons should abhor me, since I have so often forsaken Thee, though Thou didst love me with so much fidelity.

17. What is this? What do we imagine we shall obtain by pleasing creatures? No! O my God! Thou alone art worthy of our love.

18. We must all endeavour to “preach” by our *works*, since the apostle and our own incapacity forbid us to be such in words.

19. I cannot understand how there can be humility without love, or love without humility.

20. Let the Master of the house do what He pleases; He is wise and powerful, and so He understands what is best for *you*, and best for Himself also.



May we be enabled, by thy prayers, O glorious Saint ! to practise these maxims.

THURSDAY.

NARRATIONS OF THE SAINT.

1. Father Antonio renounced his priorship with great willingness, and took the vows of the "First Rule," at Durvelo. Father John of the Cross was already there. Neither to the one nor to the other did the house appear inconvenient ; but rather they imagined, that they lived amidst great delight, and that they had abandoned the world altogether on entering that solitude. O my God ! how little do grand buildings and exterior pleasures contribute to interior joy ! In the year 1586, and on the first or second Sunday of Advent (I do not exactly remember which), the first Mass was said in this little sanctuary of Bethlehem. The following Lent, as I was passing through the place (on my way to the foundation of Toledo), I arrived in the morning, and found Father Antonio of Jesus sweeping before the door of the Church, with

a cheerful countenance, such as he always has. "What is this, my Father?" I said to him, "what has become of your dignity?"* "Ah, I consider all the time I enjoyed such an honour, as quite lost," was his reply. When I entered the Church, I was astonished to behold the fervour our Lord had introduced into this house.

2. I was not the only person who was astonished; for two friends of mine, who were merchants that accompanied me from Medina, were so affected that they could not help weeping. We saw several crosses and skulls about the place. I shall never forget one little wooden cross, which was placed near the holy-water vessel, to which was attached an image of our Lord; and though it was only a *paper one*, it inspired me with more devotion, than if it had been skilfully carved. The garret was turned into a choir, and was somewhat elevated towards the middle, in such a way, that the Fathers could recite their "Hours" there conveniently. But to enter it, they were obliged to stoop very low in order to hear Mass. On each side of the building which formed the little Church, they erected two small hermitages, where they were only able to recline or sit

* He was Prior at Medina del Campo.

down. Their heads almost touched the roof. Looking towards the altar were two little windows; and for pillows at night they used stones. For ornaments they had crosses and skulls. I understood that after "Matins" were over, instead of retiring to rest, they returned to their hermitages, and continued there in prayer till "Prime." And oftentimes it happened that when they went to recite Prime, their habits were covered with snow, and they perceived it not, so profoundly were they occupied with God.*

3. The Fathers went about preaching in the neighbourhood, where the people had no means of receiving instruction. This was one of the reasons which induced me to found a monastery there, for I knew there was no house near, where the poor people could be instructed; at which evil I was much affected. In a short time they gained such a wide reputation for sanctity, that when I heard of it I was exceedingly consoled. They went to preach six and eight miles off, barefoot (for the Fathers wore no sandals then), and walking through the snow and ice. They spent nearly all the day in preaching and

* This narration gives one some idea of the austerity and poverty which were practised by the Carmelite Fathers, who embraced St. Teresa's Reform.

hearing confessions; and when they returned late to the monastery, they took their frugal repast with such joy, that all their sufferings seemed but little to them. As for food, they always had sufficient, for the people in the neighbouring villages provided them with more than they wanted. When I saw this little monastery, which before could not be inhabited, endued with such a spirit, that wherever I turned I found something to edify me; and when I became acquainted with their manner of living, their mortification and prayer, as also the good example which they gave, I could not contain the interior joy which I experienced; for therein I thought I already saw the foundation laid for a great increase of our Order, and the honour of our Lord. The merchants who came along with me told me, that they would not for all the world have omitted going to the place. What power is there in virtue!

4. When the members of the Council were informed, that a monastery was erected,* for which they never intended to grant a license, they became very angry; and not finding the Governor at home, they went to the house of a certain Canon of the Church, and told him how much they were astonished at the bold-

* In Toledo, 1569.

ness of a silly woman who had dared, against their wish, to erect a foundation in Toledo. He answered them as if he knew nothing about the matter, and endeavoured to pacify them as well as he could, telling them, "how I had done the same thing in other places, and that I would not have acted so, without sufficient authority." I cannot remember how many days after this it was, that we received a prohibition, forbidding Mass to be said until we had produced the "authority" by which we had acted. I answered mildly, "that I would do what they required, though I was not obliged to obey them in this respect." Accordingly, I requested Don Pedro Manrique to go and explain the case, and show them my "authorization."

5, He did so, and then they were satisfied, especially as the monastery was already finished; otherwise, we should have had much trouble. For some days, however, we remained in the house with only two straw beds and a coverlet, without any other furniture whatever; even on the very day "possession" was taken, we had not so much as a *chip to broil a sprat with*, till our Lord moved some one (I know not whom) to leave in the Chapel a faggot, whereby our want was supplied. During the night we felt the cold very much,

though we covered ourselves with our mantles and the other clothing I have already spoken of. I asked for nothing, for I dislike being a burden to any one.

6. All these trials were a great benefit to ourselves, for abundant were the joy and consolation which we experienced. It seems to me, that the poverty which we endured, was a kind of sweet contemplation, though it continued but for a short time, for Alphonso Ramirez and others soon came and supplied us with more than we wanted. My sadness was then so great, that I seemed to be like one from whom some valuable jewels had been stolen, and that he was then left quite poor; just so was it with *me*. I was afflicted, and so were the others, at the loss of our poverty. When I saw them so sorrowful, I enquired what was the matter? They replied: "What have we to do, mother, for now it seems we are no longer poor?"* From this time, the desire of being very poor increased within me; and there also remained within me a certain determination to despise all temporal goods, since the want of them brings with it a joy and calmness of soul, which the world can never give.

* "Que hemos de haber, Madre, que ya no parece somos pobres?"

7. Before the house was purchased there came amongst us a nun, whose name was Ann of the Mother of God. She was about forty years old, and her whole life had been spent in the service of God. Though she was very rich, and, being single, might have enjoyed many pleasures and led an easy life; yet she preferred the poverty and obedience of a Religious life, and so she came to speak to me on the subject. I perceived that her constitution was indeed delicate; but when I saw her soul so well disposed and full of courage, she appeared to be a good subject to commence the foundation. I accordingly admitted her. God was pleased to give her much better health in the midst of her austerity and subjection to the Rule, than she had ever enjoyed in the pleasures of her secular life. Mortification and obedience were practised in this monastery to such a degree, that during the time I lived in it I observed, that often the Prioress was obliged to be careful what she said, since whatever she told the nuns (though it may have been said without any intention of exacting obedience), they *immediately* did it. I was once looking at a small pond which stood in our garden, and happened to say to a Religious who was near me: "What would you do if

I were to tell you to throw yourself into this water?" No sooner had I spoken these words, than the Sister threw herself in! So wet did she get, that she was obliged to change her habit.

8. I do not mention in these "Foundations," the great fatigues and labours we endured on the roads,* in the midst of snow, cold, and heat. Sometimes it snowed *all the day long*; at other times we missed our way, and then I was often ill with fevers and headaches, for in general (thanks be to God) I have very poor health. But I clearly saw that our Lord strengthened me; for often, when proceeding with these "Foundations," I was seized with such painful sicknesses and with so many pains, that I was quite overcome by them, and could not even remain in my cell, without keeping my bed. On those occasions I turned to my Saviour, complaining to His Majesty, and asking, "Why He wished me to do more than I was able?" But afterwards our Lord gave me strength.

9. As well as I can remember, I never neglected establishing a "Foundation," through fear of the labour; though I felt great repugnance to the journeys, especially the *long*

* What must they have been in the Saint's time, if even now they are so bad in many places!

ones. But when once I began them, they seemed to be mere trifles, considering, as I did, for whose sake they were undertaken; that God would be the more praised in every new house, and the Most Blessed Sacrament venerated. It was to me a great comfort, to behold one Church more erected, when I remember how many the Lutherans* continually destroyed. I know not how many labours ought to be endured, in order to obtain so great a benefit for Religion. Some souls, I know, forget that Jesus Christ, true God and true Man, resides in many places on our altars; but it is no less true, that His real presence amongst *us* ought to give us the greatest consolation. As for myself, I feel a lively pleasure when a new monastery is to be founded; for what words can express the joy I experience, when I hear such pure souls singing the praises of God! what obedience do they practise! what pleasure and peace do they feel in their solitude! what joy when they meet with opportunities of mortifying themselves!

10. On the vigil of All Saints we came to Salamanca, about mid-day, in the year 1570.

* The Saint frequently alludes to the havoc committed by the Lutherans, whose wickedness and hatred against the Church she feelingly deploras.

Having arrived at my lodgings, I endeavoured to find out a man of this city, named Nicholas Gutierrez, who was a great servant of God. He took a great deal of trouble about this Foundation, and entered into the arrangements with much devotion and good will. When I saw him, he told me that the house was not empty, because he could not come to any agreement with the students,* so as to induce them to leave the house. I told him how important it was that they should give up the place immediately, before it should be known that I was in the town, because I was already afraid of some disturbance. He accordingly went to the person to whom the house belonged, and urged so many reasons, that they left the same evening. We took possession immediately. The next day the first Mass was said early in the morning; I sent for some more Religious from Medina del Campo. I assure you, Sisters, that I cannot tell you without smiling the fear which seized my companion, the first night we remained in the house, for we were alone. Her name was Maria of the Holy Sacrament: she was older than myself, and a great servant of God. She could not help thinking, that some of the students might still be

* Salamanca had a celebrated University.

concealed in the place; for the house was very large, had many rooms, and was in great disorder; and certainly, as they seemed so unwilling to leave, some might easily have concealed themselves. We shut ourselves up in a room, where there was a little straw (and this was the *kind of furniture* I took care to procure whenever I began a new Foundation); and having *that*, we were sure to have a bed. To keep ourselves from the cold we borrowed two coverlets. The next day, some Religious of St. Elizabeth, who lived near us, lent us a few more for our sisters who were coming to join us; they also sent us some provisions. Indeed, during all the time we remained in that house, they were exceedingly kind and charitable to us. When my companion saw herself enclosed in this room; she seemed a little more calm and regardless of the students; still she often looked round—first on *this* side and then on *that*, and trembled from head to foot. The devil, no doubt, increased her fear, by these imaginary dangers, that so he might disturb me; for, on account of the weakness of my stomach, to which I am subject, a little thing is sufficient to trouble me. I asked her—what she was looking at, since no one could enter our chamber? She answered: “I am thinking that if I should

die here, what would you, my Mother, do by yourself?" If such a thing should happen, it would certainly be a painful case. She indeed made me reflect a little on my position, and I also began myself to be afraid: for dead bodies, though I am not terrified at the sight of them, bring on the palpitation in my heart, even when I am not alone. The sound of the bells also increased my fear (for it was the eve of All Souls). It seems, however, that the devil took this opportunity of making us waste our time on mere trifles; for when he sees that we do not fear him, he finds out other means of annoying us. Having reflected in this way, I answered my companion; "When what you say, Sister, shall happen, I will then consider what is to be done; but let me now go to sleep."*

* "Hermana, de que eso sea, pensare lo que he de hazer: ahora dexeme dormir," &c. This was a very excellent answer.

FRIDAY.

MAXIMS OF THE SAINT.

1. A very learned man told me, that a soul without the exercise of prayer, is like a body which has the palsy, because, though it has hands and feet, it cannot use them.

2. No darkness is more dark, nor anything so black and foul, as a soul in mortal sin.

3. O souls! redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ, know and pity yourselves. O Jesus! what a misery is it, to behold a soul separated from, and deprived of Thy light!

4. May God in His mercy deliver us from so great an evil; for while we live in this life, sin only deserves the name of evil, since it brings upon us eternal evil.

5. Terrible are the wiles and stratagems of the devil, in order to keep souls from knowing themselves.*

6. Let us remember, daughters, that true perfection consists in the love of God and our neighbour: the more perfectly we observe these two precepts, the greater saints we shall become.

* "Terribles son los ardides y Mañas del 'demonio, para que las almas no se conozcan."

7. Let us banish all indiscreet zeal, and let each one look to herself.

8. Our faith is so dead, that we love much more what we *see*, than what it tells us.

9. Great is the misery of those, who seek only after visible things.

10. Embrace the cross, my sisters, which your Spouse has carried on His shoulders, and remember that this should be your motto, viz. : "That she who can suffer most for His love, will be the happiest."

11. Be not discouraged, if sometimes you fall.

12. It is indeed a great misery to live in this life, wherein we must always be like to those who have enemies at the gate, and who can therefore neither eat nor sleep; but are always obliged to have their arms continually in their hands, lest the enemy make a breach on one side or the other, and so become masters of the castle. O my Lord and my God! how canst Thou wish that a life so miserable should be loved!

13. Pray, daughters, that His Majesty may ever live in me, for otherwise, what security can such a life as mine have, which has been so wicked?

14. Let us mind our own faults, and not trouble ourselves about those of other people.

15. O my Lord and my God! how wonderful is Thy greatness! yet here we live, like so many silly swains, imagining that we have attained some knowledge of Thee; and yet it is indeed a mere *nothing*, for even in ourselves there are great secrets, which we do not understand.

16. O my daughters! what great things shall we see, if we wish to look upon nothing else, but our own baseness and misery; and if we consider how unworthy we are to be the servants of so great a Lord, whose wonders exceed all comprehension. May He be eternally praised! Amen.

17. What a great delight is it to suffer in doing the will of God!

18. No "enclosure" is so strict, into which the devil cannot enter; no desert so remote, whither he cannot travel.

19. Let us always endeavour to be going forward.

20. In this kind of vision; He clearly shows her His most sacred humanity, either as He appeared when He was in the world, or as He was after His resurrection. And though this vision takes place with a quickness; which resembles that of a flash of lightning; yet this glorious image remains so fixed in the imagination that I consider it

impossible ever to blot it out, till she behold it there where she shall possess it for ever.

21. Its lustre is, as it were, a transfused light, like that of the sun, covered with a something as beautiful and bright as a diamond. His garment seems like the finest holland. Almost every time that God bestows this favour on the soul, she remains in an ecstasy—her baseness and unworthiness not being able to bear so terrible a sight. I call it “terrible,” because though it be the most beautiful and delightful that can be imagined, yet the presence of so great a Majesty causes such fear in the soul, that there is no need of her asking, nor of any one telling her *who He is*. He clearly makes Himself known to be the Lord of heaven and earth. O dearest Lord! how little do we Christians know Thee!



Seraphic Virgin! may we learn to practise the sublime lessons which thou hast taught us in these maxims!

SATURDAY.

NARRATIONS OF THE SAINT.

1. The Monastery of the glorious St. Joseph was founded in the town of Veas, on the feast of St. Matthias, in the year 1575, the commencement of which was in the following manner. There lived in this place a gentleman called Sancho Rodriguez de Sandoval, of noble descent, and very rich. His wife was a lady whose name had been Doña Catalina Godinez. Among other children whom our Lord gave them were two daughters, who were the founders of this Monastery. The elder was fourteen years old, when our Lord called her to His service. Before this time, she was very far from having abandoned the world; nay, she had so high an esteem of herself, that when her father offered any match, she considered every one to be quite below her notice.

2. Being one day in a chamber, nearest to that of her father's (who had not yet risen), she accidentally happened to read the title which was placed over a Crucifix. While she was reading it, our Lord changed her in a wonderful manner. She had been considering a short time before, whether to accept a young

man who had been proposed to her. She said within herself: "What a little thing pleases my father, who thinks it a fine match, if I marry a Mayorazgo!* I intend that the honour of my family shall commence in myself." At the same moment, she happened to cast her eyes on the Crucifix; and when she read the title, she seemed to receive a sudden light which discovered to her the truth, as if the sun should shine in a dark room, and fill it with light. Fixing her eyes on our Lord hanging on the cross and covered with blood, she saw the excess of His sufferings, and His profound humility, as contrasted with her pride.

3. After passing some time in these considerations she was carried out of herself in a rapture, wherein our Lord gave her a true knowledge of her own great misery, and a desire that all men should know it. She was then seized with so vehement a longing of suffering something for God, that she even wished to endure the torments of the martyrs. This was united with such a deep sense of humility and hatred of herself, that she seemed willing to be esteemed an abandoned character (if she could have done so without offending God). She soon, therefore, began

* One who has the right of primogeniture.

to despise herself, being filled with the desire of doing penance, which she afterwards really performed. She made vows of poverty and chastity on the spot; and was so desirous of being subject to another, that for this object, she would willingly have been delighted to be commanded to embark for the country of the Moors.

4. While she was thus offering herself to God, she heard such a terrible noise over the room where she was, that it seemed as if the whole of the roof was about to fall. The noise appearing to descend, now seemed to come from a corner of the room where she was. To this succeeded loud bellowings, which continued for a short time. Her father, who, as I have already mentioned, had not yet risen, was so terrified that he began to tremble. Throwing his night-gown over him (like one out of his mind), and taking his sword, he rushed into the chamber of his daughter, and asked her the cause of all this noise. She replied: "Father, I see nothing." Looking into the next room, and not being able to see anything himself, he told her to go to her mother, and commanded her not to allow her daughter to be alone, mentioning to her at the same time what had happened. By this account we may understand how

angry the *devil* is, when he sees a soul snatched from his power, which he considers to be his own. But, as he is such an enemy to our good, I am not astonished at his being so enraged with this young person, and that he should manifest his resentment in the way he did. She never spoke of the favours which she received from our Lord, but continued to be most ardently desirous of entering some Religious Order. For this purpose she begged the consent of her parents, but they would not give it. At the end of three years, during which she still entreated their permission (but could not obtain it), on the Feast of St. Joseph she took off her usual dress, and put on a very plain and modest one; and, thus habited, she went to the Church, in order to show people exteriorly that she had chosen our Lord for her Spouse. She adopted this expedient, hoping that her parents, seeing her in that dress, would not take it away from her. She was not disappointed, for both her parents made no opposition; though, as regards her mother, she was in reality more willing to allow her to become a Religious.

5. During these three years she hardly passed a day without giving several hours to

prayer.* She also mortified herself in every way possible, according as our Lord directed her. She often went into a yard and wet her face, and then exposed it to the sun, in order to disfigure herself, that so, no one might desire her in marriage, for she endured a great deal of annoyance on the subject. She was so unwilling to command any one (though she had the management of her parents' house), that when she told her servants to do anything, she watched till they were asleep and then kissed their feet, being annoyed that *they*, whom she considered to be her superiors in her virtue, should serve her. Being employed during the day by her parents, she spent most of the night in prayer instead of sleep; and she certainly could not have been able to do this, unless supported by a particular grace.

6. She invented all kinds of ways to mortify herself, and her disciplines were excessive, because she had no one to direct her, nor did she mention them to any one. Among other things, she wore next her skin, during one Lent, her father's coat-of-mail! Many times she began her prayers two hours before midnight, and did not perceive how the time passed, till the dawn appeared. In

* She was still living with her parents

these exercises she spent about four years. Our Lord then wished her to give Him greater proofs of her fidelity. He therefore sent her many most grievous and painful diseases, viz. : fevers, dropsy, beating of the heart, and a cancer, which was obliged to be cut. She endured all these maladies for seventeen years, during which period she was nearly always unwell. Her father died in the fifth year of her sickness; and her sister, about a year after, being in her fourteenth year, became quite another person, and wore a plain and modest habit, though before she was fond of dress. She likewise began to give herself to prayer, and their mother now encouraged all their good desires and holy exercises.

7. Being ladies of noble extraction, they employed themselves in the meritorious labour of teaching little girls to embroider and to read; and this without requiring any payment. Their only object was to teach them their prayers and the catechism. Their charity and labour produced great good, for many children came to them, in whom may be seen, at this day, the good habits which they learnt when young. However, their pious undertakings did not last long; for the devil being displeased with so good a work, persuaded the parents of the children that it

showed meanness and littleness of mind, to allow their children to be taught *gratis*! This, joined with their infirmities, made them break up the school.

Their mother died five years after the death of their father, and since Doña Catalina's* vocation was always to be a Religious, but she could not obtain the consent of her parents, now she resolved to become one immediately. But as there was no Monastery at Veas, she was thinking of entering some other place. Her friends, however, knowing that she and her sister had sufficient means to found a house in the town, assured her it would be doing our Lord a greater service to found one in Veas. To this she consented. But as the town belonged to the Order of St. James, it was necessary to obtain permission from the proper authority. But how many obstacles presented themselves! Four years were spent in troubles, difficulties and expense. But all was of no avail, until a petition had been presented to the king himself. But the difficulties were so insurmountable, that her friends assured her, "it would be folly to hope for success; and especially as she was almost always confined to her bed, on

* This was the name of the eldest sister. The name of the other was Doña Maria de Sandoval.

account of her great infirmities, she would be unable to find any Superioress who would allow her to make her profession," &c. She answered, "That if within a month our Lord should restore her to health, she would know by this sign that he approved of her design; and that she herself would then go to the court, and solicit the requisite permission."

8. At this time she had kept her bed for more than half a year; and for about eight months before she could not be removed from it, or even move herself. For eight years the fever never left her; while she suffered so violently from phthisic, dropsy, and inflammation of the liver, that even the linen which she wore next her body seemed to be burnt. Though this circumstance may seem incredible, I ascertained its truth from the physician who attended her, for I was very much astonished myself. She was in this state when, on the Vigil of St. Sebastian, which fell on a Saturday, our Lord restored her to perfect health. She was unable to conceal the miracle. She herself told me, that when she was about to recover her health, she was seized with an inward trembling so violent, that her sister thought she was on the point of death; but at the same moment she perceived a new life animated her members.

which produced such a wonderful change in her, that she hardly knew herself again. Her restoration now gave her the greatest joy, because she saw herself in a way to prosecute the affair of the Monastery. As to the cessation of her sufferings, she seemed not to rejoice much; for, from the day our Lord called her, she conceived such a horror of herself and such a desire for suffering, that she implored of God, with all the fervour of her heart, to exercise her in all kind of tribulations. Her desires were heard, for during eight years the doctors *bled* her more than *five hundred* times; she was also “cupped” very frequently, the marks of which she still has in her body: more than twenty times did the physicians, in the different incisions which they made, inject *salt* into her wounds, in order (as they said) to draw out the pain from her side. But what is still more wonderful was *the joy* she felt, when the physicians ordered any of these extreme remedies. She longed for the time when she was to undergo it; and when the moment came, so far from showing the least fear, she encouraged the physicians not to spare either the knife or the fire. She told me, “that she desired these tortures so ardently, in order to see if the desire she felt to be a

martyr was *real*." When she saw her health so suddenly restored, she begged her confessor and doctor to remove her to another place, in order that her restoration might be ascribed to a change of air. But they refused. The doctors of Veas were themselves the first to publish the miracle, because they had already pronounced her incurable.

9. She remained three days in bed, because she did not dare to get up, lest the miracle should be discovered. But her endeavours were of little avail; for as her sickness could not be concealed, so neither could her recovery. She told me that in the preceding August, being one day in prayer, she begged of our Lord, either to take away from her this vehement desire which she had of becoming a Religious and founding a Monastery, or to give her the opportunity of erecting it. She was assured that she would soon get well, and that in Lent she would be able to obtain permission. She also said, "that during all this time, though her infirmities were increasing more and more, yet she never lost the hope of obtaining this favour from our Lord. And though she received "Extreme Unction" twice, and once was so near the point of death, that the physicians said she would die before the priest came with "

Holy Oils, yet she always had a confidence, that our Lord would enable her to become a Nun before she died. At length, she presented the petition to the king,* who on being informed that the Monastery was to be of the Carmelite Order, gave the requisite permission immediately.

What His Divine Majesty wills, *must* be accomplished. The Nuns came to Veas in the year 1575. The inhabitants received them with great solemnity, and conducted them in procession to their house. The joy was universal. Even the children showed it was a work pleasing to God. The Monastery was founded on the Feast of St. Matthias, during the same Lent, and dedicated in honour of St. Joseph del Salvador. The same day the two Sisters already mentioned, received the habit and made their vows. Doña Catalina became every day stronger and stronger in her health; while her obedience, humility, and desire of being despised, clearly proved how real and sincere her wishes had been to dedicate herself to the service of our Lord. May He be praised and glorified for ever and ever! Amen.

10. Among many particular matters which this sister related to me, the following is

* Philip II.

worth recording. About twenty years ago, she retired to rest one night, with a very great desire to know which was the most perfect Religious Order in the world, that so she might become a Nun in it. She then began to dream (as she thought) that she was walking along a very narrow path, in danger of falling every moment down a dreadful precipice. She saw, however, a Discalceate Friar, who said to her: "Sister, come along with me." He took her to a Convent, where there were many Nuns whom she distinctly recognised by the light of the candles which they had in their hands. She asked then "to what Order they belonged?" All were silent; but they lifted up their veils, and showed her their smiling, cheerful faces. She assured me that she saw the *very same* countenances which she now sees these sisters have, and that the Prioress took her by the hand and said: "Daughter, I wish you to be here;" showing her at the same time the Rules and Constitutions. She was so full of joy when she awoke, that she seemed to have been in Heaven. She wrote down what she could remember of the Rule. When Brother John de la Misericordia came to this town (while I was there), she immediately recognised him as the brother who had appeared to her!

Some time passed away before she mentioned this vision, either to her Confessor or any one else; but she omitted no opportunity of procuring information about the "Religious Order" which had been shown to her. She could, however, meet with no one to enlighten her. At last there came to Veas a Father of the Society of Jesus, who was already aware of her desire to embrace a Religious Life. To him she revealed what she had seen, and told him, "that if he could find out this Order, he would fill her with joy, and that she would immediately enter it." The father, who had some knowledge of our houses, assured her "that it was the Order of our Lady of Mount Carmel;" and without entering into any details, he only mentioned what kind of life we led in the Monasteries which I was founding. After this interview, she immediately sent the letters to me—of which I have already spoken. When she received my answer, she was then so ill that her Confessor told her to think no more of the subject. "The deplorable state in which you are," (said he) "would be a sufficient motive to have you removed from a Convent, supposing you were in one; how much more, then, would a Superioress now refuse to receive you?" These words plunged her

into the greatest grief. In her affliction she had recourse to our Lord, and said to Him, "O my Lord and my God! I know by faith that Thou canst do all things. O Life of my soul! either take away from me these desires, or grant me the means of accomplishing them." She spoke these words with a lively confidence, beseeching our Blessed Lady to be her advocate, by the sorrows which she felt at the moment when she held her Son dead in her arms. She then heard in the interior of her soul, a voice which said: "Believe and hope. I am all-powerful. You will recover your health. I who could prevent so many diseases—all of which were mortal—from depriving you of life, can more easily remove them from you." These words gave her such courage and certainty, that she could not possibly doubt of their being accomplished, though she continued to be afflicted with many infirmities, till our Lord restored her to health in the manner already mentioned. This history may appear incredible to some; and certainly I might have been suspected of exaggeration, had I not been assured of the facts by the physician himself who attended the Sister, by the members of her own family, and others whom I questioned on the subject.

11. Father Hieronimo Gracian was the Provincial of all the Province of Andalucia, and therefore I could do nothing without his consent. He wished the foundation of the house at Caravaca to be deferred, and thought that a Convent established in Seville* would promote the glory of God. The undertaking seemed to him to be very easy, because some rich persons had requested a house to be founded, and they promised to give a proper dwelling for this purpose. Moreover, the Archbishop of the city (it was hoped), who loved our Order, would assist us to the best of his power; and so we agreed I should go to Seville.† We immediately began to make preparations for the journey, accompanied with the Prioress and Nuns whom I had intended for Caravaca. The heat was already beginning to be very oppressive, and hence we wished to make no delay. Father Gracian left us for Madrid—being called there by the nuncio—and we departed for Seville. My

* The capital of Andalucia.

† It seems from the Saint's own account, that "for certain reasons," she was unwilling to erect any foundations in the Province of Andalucia. She thought a "foundation" in Madrid, would be more important than in Seville. But as soon as her Superior commanded her to go to Seville, she instantly obeyed, though our Lord revealed to her, "that she would have to endure many troubles there." (See her "Life" by Yepes, lib. ii., cap. xxvii.)

good companions, Julian d'Avila and Antonio Gayton, went with us, and also a Religious of our Order. In this journey, as in others, we travelled in waggons closely covered,* so that no one could see us. When we came to an inn we hired a chamber, good or bad just as it happened, and in it we all slept. At the door one of the sisters was placed, to receive what we wanted. Those others who accompanied us did not reside with us. Though we lost no time on the road, we did not reach Seville till the Thursday before Trinity Sunday. The heat during our journey was most oppressive; for, though we halted during the hottest part of the day, yet, when the sun darted its rays on the waggon, we might easily fancy that we were in purgatory. Sometimes by meditating on hell, and again by considering that something was suffered for God's sake, the Sisters bore everything with the greatest joy and pleasure, and considered their sufferings very light. The six Nuns who came with me were such valiant souls, and so good, that I could have gone along with them to the Turks, and they would have had the courage (or rather our Lord would have given it to them) to have

* "En carros muy cubiertas." Carro is a cart or waggon with two wheels.

suffered all things for His sake; such was their only desire—the ordinary topic of their conversation. In a word, they were admirable for their spirit of prayer and mortification.

12. On the eve of Pentecost, our Lord sent the Sisters a great affliction, for I was seized with a *violent fever*, such as I never had before in my life. I believe *their* prayers was the cause why it did not end fatally. While it lasted, it was so terrible that I seemed like one frantic. They brought me water; but it was so warm by the heat of the sun, that it refreshed me very little. In the midst of this affliction, I had a most miserable lodging, viz.: a small room next to the roof, without any window; and when the door was opened, the sun filled it with heat. You must remember that, in Andalusia the sun is much more powerful than in Castile. The attendants placed me on a kind of a bed, one part of which was so high, and the other so low, that I knew not how to remain on it: it seemed to be made of sharp stones. What a thing sickness is! When we are in health, it is very easy to suffer. I thought at last that it would be better to get up and proceed on our journey and endure the heat of the sun, than remain in that small chamber. O! what do

the miserable souls in hell endure, for *they* can never change from place to place; if they could, it would be some small comfort to them. Two days before, an accident happened, which caused us some trouble and terror. Having to cross over the river Guadalquiver in a boat with our waggon, and the boat not being able to cross that part of the river where the rope was extended, it was necessary to follow the current, though the rope helped us a little. Those, however, who had hold of the rope, by some means or other let it go, and then the boat was carried down the stream without rope or oars. Some began to shout out, while myself and the other Religious commenced saying our prayers. At this moment a gentleman, perceiving our danger, hastened to assist us. But as His divine Majesty always unites mercies with afflictions, so did He here. The boat happened to be stopped by a sand-bank, where the water was low, and thus a remedy was provided: we were soon delivered from all danger. But as the night was coming on, we should not have known the road, had not the gentleman put us in the way. How many more such accidents could I relate! But this is not the place to mention them.

Something, however, much more painful

than what I have already mentioned, happened on the last day of the octave of Pentecost. We made great haste to reach Cordova early in the morning, in order to be able to hear Mass in the Church below the bridge, without being seen by any persons. But as our waggons could not pass over without the permission of the governor, we were obliged to obtain it. As, however, he had not yet risen, we were obliged to wait two hours. During this time several persons came round the waggon, to see who were inside. But as it was enclosed, their curiosity did not give us much uneasiness. When permission was at last obtained, it was found that the waggons could not pass through the gate of the bridge, so that it was necessary to saw off the wheels. In doing this, another hour was lost. At last we arrived at the Church, where Julian d'Avila was to say Mass. As it was dedicated to the Holy Ghost, we found it full of people, who were assisting at a great festival. A sermon was also delivered. When I perceived such a great crowd, I was puzzled what to do. I thought it would be better not to hear Mass, than to enter amidst such numbers of people. Father Julian thought differently; and as he was a theologian we followed his opinion. We accordingly left

our waggons without any persons seeing our faces, because we had our veils on. But the mere sight of them, together with our white mantles and sandals, were sufficient to excite great curiosity. As regards myself, the feelings which I experienced quite took away my fever.

13. On entering the Church, I met with some good man who made a way for us through the crowd. I begged of him to conduct us to some side-chapel, and he did so. He shut the door, and did not leave us till we left the Church altogether. A few days after, this very man came to Seville, and told one of our Fathers that for the kindness shown to us, he thought God had given him an estate, which he had not the least hope or expectation of. I tell you, daughters, that what I endured in this town, was one of the most painful trials I ever met with. The surprise and commotion of the people may be compared to furious, wild bulls. I longed to leave that place,* for there was no convenient spot where we could rest a little, during the heat of the day: through want of a better, we passed some time under a bridge.

Having at last arrived at Seville, we went to lodge in the house in which Father Mari-

* Cordova.

ano had lived, according to my direction. I considered that the affair of the Foundation was now settled, because (as I have already mentioned) the Archbishop was very favourable to the Discalced Carmelites, and had sometimes written to me with great kindness. But yet, though so favourably disposed, he was permitted by God to give me a great deal of trouble. He was strongly opposed to the foundation of Convents without revenue—and he had reason. Hence arose the obstacle, or rather, the success of the undertaking. If he had been told, before I set out on the journey, that it was my intention to found a Monastery without any revenue, I am confident he would *not* have given us permission. But Father Gracian and Father Mariano did not mention the matter to him, believing he would be delighted to see us, and that we should also be rendering him a service, by founding a Monastery in Seville. In all the other Monasteries which I erected, the first thing I did was to obtain the Bishop's consent, as the Council of Trent commands. But in *this* case we not only took the license for granted, but thought we did him a great service in coming to the place, as he himself acknowledged afterwards. But it was our Lord's divine will, that I should

make no Foundation without having much to suffer. Having come, then, to the house we had hired, I thought of taking possession immediately in the usual manner, so as to commence saying the Divine Office. Father Mariano, however, who was present, desired me to defer the ceremony, and as he would not give me any reasons, I thought he wished to spare my feelings. From the little he *did* say, I perceived where the difficulty was, viz., the Archbishop refusing to grant permission. The Father proposed, at the same time, that the Monastery should be founded *with a revenue*; and he mentioned certain means of being able to do so, which I do not now remember. After a short time, he told me the true state of the case, viz., "that it was the Archbishop's conviction the Monastery should be founded *with a revenue*: and that since he had been Archbishop, he had never given permission to any Religious who were obliged to live on alms." This was the same as saying, that no Monastery should be erected, and that I must abandon any intention of such a thing. But even had I the means of endowing a Convent, I could not have done so at Seville; for I had not a single farthing left of the money I took with me for the journey. We had only our habits, a few tunics,

and coverings for the head and for the waggon. A friend of Antonio Gayton lent us some money to pay those who had conducted us to Seville. Moreover, not having now any house of our own, it seemed impossible, taking all things into consideration, to make a Foundation in the city.

14. At last, after many entreaties on the part of Father Mariano, the Archbishop gave us leave to say Mass on the Feast of the Blessed Trinity. But he sent word that no bell should be rung, or hung up; happily, however, we had already put them in their place. Thus matters continued for about fifteen days, or months, I cannot remember which. I was determined, with the permission of the Father-Visitor and Father Mariano, to return to Veas with my Religious, in order to proceed with the Foundation of Caravaca. But Father Mariano would not allow me to write to the Archbishop on the subject. He preferred gaining him by degrees, and in this object he was greatly assisted by Father Gracian, who wrote several letters from Madrid. One consideration composed my mind, viz.: our having been able to say the Divine Office, and that the first Mass had not been said without the Archbishop's consent, who sent himself a

priest to say it. But I clearly saw that all this only tended to increase my trouble; for as Father Gracian induced me to undertake this Foundation, if it did not succeed, he would have been exceedingly sorry; and everything seemed to intimate a failure, though the Archbishop sent persons from time to time to visit me, and to assure me he would soon come himself to see me.

15. We had hardly been in our house a few days, before some Fathers of a monastery in Seville, who did not receive our reform, came to me, and inquired by what authority I presumed to found a "new"* monastery in the city? I showed them the letters patent which I had received from our Most Reverend Father-General. With this they were satisfied. But if they knew what difficulties the Archbishop had made, I fancy they would not have been so easily softened. Fortunately, they knew nothing of them: on the contrary, they supposed the Foundation was agreeable to him. God was pleased that the Archbishop should at length come and visit us; I took this opportunity of representing to his Grace the injury he was making us suffer by opposing the Foundation. He was convinced, and granted me everything that I desired.

* That is, a House placed under the Saint's Reform.

From that time he was always our protector, and, when an opportunity offered, he invariably showed us proofs of his kindness.

No one could imagine, that in so great and wealthy a city as Seville, I should have experienced *more* trouble and difficulty than in any other place. More than once I was actually thinking of giving up the foundation altogether. During all my life, I never knew myself to be so cowardly and frightened as I was in Seville. My usual confidence, however, in God never deserted me. But yet, I found myself so different from what I used to be in similar circumstances, that I clearly saw our Lord had withdrawn his hand from me, in order that, being left to myself, I might be convinced my courage came, not from myself, but from *Him*.*

16. At early dawn, the good Father Garcia Alvarez said the first Mass in the house, and so we were free from all fear. Afterwards the business went on well, though sometimes we had a few law-suits. We continued shut up in our rooms below, while my brother† remained

* The Saint mentions other interesting circumstances connected with this Foundation of Seville. I refer the reader to the book itself, viz., "Book of the Foundations." (London, 1853.)

† Lorenzo de Cepeda: he had returned from the Indies, where he had been for more than four-and-thirty years.

all the day with the workmen, and provided us with food, as he had done for some time before. Every one did not know there was a Monastery (because we lived in a private house), and therefore we received but few alms, except from a holy old man, who was Prior of the Carthusians, called "Delas Cuevas."* He was a great servant of God, and was born at Avila, of the family of the Pantojas. Ever since our arrival at Seville, our Lord has given him sentiments of the most sincere affection for us, and I am convinced he will so continue his kindness towards us, till the hour of his death. It is just, and proper, my Sisters, that you should pray for your benefactors, whether living or dead, and therefore I hope you will not forget to recommend to God this holy Religious, to whom we are so much indebted. We remained in this way about a month, as far as I can remember. But as my brother directed everything, we had little trouble. He soon converted a room into a chapel, and prepared everything else that was required. When all matters were now arranged, I desired that the Most Holy Sacrament should be placed, without noise, in our New Sanctuary, because I was unwilling to give the

* So called, because they lived in *grottoes*.

least cause of pain or offence to others. I mentioned my desire to Father Garcia Alvarez, and he conferred with the Prior of the Carthusians on the subject. They did not, however, agree with me. In order that the Foundation might be more known in Seville, they thought it would be better to have more solemnity on the occasion. They accordingly went to consult the Archbishop. His Grace agreed to allow the Most Blessed Sacrament to be taken from some parish with great pomp, and carried thence in procession to the Chapel of our new Convent. The Archbishop at the same time commanded all the clergy to assist, as well as the different Confraternities, and that the streets should be adorned with tapestry.

Good Garcia Alvarez adorned our cloister, where the procession was to pass. He also garnished the Chapel and altar with excellent taste. He planned, likewise, most curious devices. Amongst these was a fountain of orange-water, which pleased us much. In a word, the order of the procession, the decoration of the streets, the music and chanting of the choir, and the immense concourse of people which followed, left us nothing to desire, but filled us with the greatest joy and devotion. The Prior of the Carthusians told

me, that he never witnessed before in Seville such a solemn ceremony. He walked in the procession himself, contrary to his usual custom, and the Archbishop placed the Most Blessed Sacrament in our Chapel.

Thus you see, Daughters, how the poor Discalced Nuns were honoured by every one, though before they were so despised, that it seemed as if they could hardly obtain even a drop of water. The devil was so enraged at the solemnity which had been performed, that he desired to revenge himself in some way or other. But our Lord would not give him the opportunity. May He be blessed for ever and ever! Amen.

And now we are all in peace, both those of the reformed, and those of the relaxed rule, having no one to disturb us in the service of our Lord. Wherefore, my Brothers and Sisters, since His Majesty has heard our prayers, let us make haste to serve Him. Let the present members of the Order, ocular witnesses of what has taken place, consider on the one hand the favours which our Lord has bestowed upon us, and on the other, the troubles and afflictions from which He has delivered us. And as to those who shall come after us, and who find everything smooth and easy, I conjure them, through

love of our Lord, not to allow themselves to fall away from the path of perfection. Let not *that* be said of us, which is said of certain other Orders, "The commencement was excellent." As we are now beginning our course, let us make noble efforts always to be advancing from good to better. Never let it be said, "There is no harm in this;" or "These are extremes." The devil by these small things is soon enabled to overcome us. O my Daughters, regard as a matter of great consequence, everything which hinders you from advancing in the service of God. I beseech you, for the love of our dear Lord, to remember how soon all things pass away—what a favour God has bestowed upon us in calling us to this Order—and the terrible punishment He will inflict upon us, if we introduce any relaxation. Remember your origin—I mean the holy Prophets from whom we have descended. Lift up your eyes to heaven, and consider how many Saints are there who wore our habit. Let us then acquire, by the Divine assistance, the holy presumption of becoming *ourselves* what they were. The combat, Sisters, will not last long, while the reward is eternal. Despise the things which are temporal; and seek after those only which are eternal. that so we may love more and

• SATURDAY.

87

more our Lord and dearest Saviour, who is
to be our Everlasting Joy. Amen. Amen.

LAUS DEO.



APPENDIX

No. I.

Letter of St. Peter of Alcantara to St. Teresa.

MAY the Holy Spirit fill your mind with His gifts!

I have read the letter which Señor Gonzalo d'Aranda brought me from you. I am greatly surprised to learn, that you consult literary persons on an affair of which they have no knowledge. If there was a question on a point of law, or a case of conscience, it would be well to follow the advice of lawyers and theologians; but in matters relating to Christian perfection, we ought to consult those only who make it their special study; for no one is so well instructed, or can give such salutary counsels, as a person who makes its maxims his constant practice. It is not necessary to have recourse to others, to explain to us our obligations on the evangelical counsels, and to learn what to follow and what not—what to observe and what to disregard.

It is a kind of infidelity to act in this way; the more so, as it is beyond doubt that the counsels of God cannot but be good, especially as the observance of them does not seem difficult, except to

those who govern themselves according to human prudence, having less confidence in God than they ought. For He who hath given the counsel, will also give strength and means to accomplish the same. If every sensible man, when he gives a command, wishes to see it succeed, although we are naturally inclined to evil; how much more should God, who is naturally good and powerful, wish to make those counsels both useful and salutary to those who follow them?

If you desire to embrace the counsels of Jesus Christ, wherein the greatest perfection consists, follow it: it was not given more for men than for women. His Divine Majesty will see that you derive the same advantages therefrom, as others who have followed it. If you wish to be guided by the advice of persons who only look at the spirit of the letter, make sure of a good revenue, and try if you are better off then, than when, deprived of it, you were to follow the counsel of our Lord.

If we see the Convents of poor Sisters fall into certain disorders, it is only because they are poor against their will, and not because they obey the counsel of God.

Thus I do not approve generally of every kind of poverty, but only of that which is endured; and far more that which is desired, and which we ourselves procure, through love of Jesus Christ crucified. If I were of a different opinion, or believed the contrary with any determination of

mind, I should not feel myself assured of my faith. In this, and in all other matters, I believe Christ our Lord. I am persuaded that His counsels are infinitely good, being those of God. I also firmly believe, although they do not oblige under sin, that a person by following them is bound to be far more perfect, than if he did not follow them. I say, that oblige and bind him, because they make him more perfect, or at least, in this respect, more holy and agreeable to God.

I consider that those whom His Divine Majesty calls the "poor in spirit,"—that is, who voluntarily embrace poverty—are truly happy, as I myself have experienced; although I place more confidence in the word of God than in my own experience. May our Lord give you the light necessary to understand and put in practice this truth! Do not believe those who tell you the contrary, either through want of light, or through incredulity, or through not having tasted how sweet is the Lord to those who love Him, and for His sake trample under foot the superfluities of life. *They* are so many enemies of the cross of Christ, who do not believe in the immensity of that sovereign and incomprehensible glory, which it produces in those who bear it willingly.

Once more I beseech our Lord to enlighten you, that you may not waver in so manifest a truth, and that you may listen to the advice of those only who practise the truths of the gospel; for though other persons may save themselves by

only doing what they are obliged, still, generally speaking, their minds are not the most elevated, and their understandings are ordinarily proportioned to their works. Hence, though their advice be good, that of our Lord is always infinitely better. He alone knows what He advises; He alone gives the grace to execute it; and He alone recompenses those who place their confidence in Him, and not in any earthly and perishable object.

From Avila, the 14th day of April, 1562.

BROTHER PETER OF ALCANTARA.

(This letter was found amongst the writings of St. Teresa. It is still preserved as a precious treasure, in the first Convent founded by the Saint at Avila. See Life of St. Peter of Alcantara, published by the Oratorians, vol. ii., p. 5.)

APPENDIX No. II.

CANTICLE OF SAINT TERESA

AFTER COMMUNION.

(*Kindly translated by the REV. FATHER CASWALL
of the Birmingham Oratory.*)

VIVO SIN VIVIR EN MI.

TEXT.

I LIVE, BUT FROM MYSELF AM FAR AWAY:
AND HOPE TO REACH A LIFE SO HIGH,
THAT I'M FOR EVER DYING BECAUSE I DO NOT DIE!

GLOSS.*

L

THIS union of divinest love,
By which I live a life above,
Setting my heart at liberty,
My God to me enchains;
But then to see His Majesty
In such a base captivity!
It so my spirit pains,
That evermore I weep and sigh,
Dying because I do not die.

* By "Gloss" is to be understood a certain kind of Spanish poetry, in which every stanza is concluded by the same lines, which express, in a measure, the drift of the whole.

II.

Ah! what a length does life appear!
 How hard to bear this exile here!
 How hard from weary day to day
 To pine without relief!
 The yearning hope to break away
 From this my prison-house of clay,
 Inspires so sharp a grief,
 That evermore I weep and sigh,
 Dying because I do not die.

III.

Oh! what a bitter life is this,
 Depriv'd of God, its only bliss!
 And what though love delicious be,
 Not so is hope deferr'd.
 Ah! then, dear Lord! in charity
 This iron weight of misery
 From my poor soul ungird;
 For evermore I weep and sigh,
 Dying because I do not die.

IV.

This only gives me life and strength;
 To know that die I must at length,
 For hope ensures me bliss divine,
 Through death, and death alone.
 O Death! for thee, for thee, I pine!
 Sweet Death! of life the origin!
 Ah, wing thee hither soon;
 For evermore I weep and sigh,
 Dying because I do not die.

V.

And thou, fond Life, oh! vex me not,
 By still prolonging here my lot;
 But know that love is urging me;
 Know that the only way
 To gain thee, is—by losing thee!
 Come then, O Death! come speedily,
 And end thy long delay;
 For evermore I weep and sigh,
 Dying because I do not die.

VI.

The life above, the life on high,
 Alone is life in verity;
 Nor can we life at all enjoy,
 Till this poor life is o'er;
 Then, O sweet Death! no longer fly
 From me, who, ere my time to die,
 Am dying evermore;
 For evermore I weep and die,
 Dying because I do not die.

VII.

To Him who deigns in me to live,
 What better gift have I to give,
 O my poor earthly life! than thee?
 Too glad of thy decay;
 So but I may the sooner see
 That face of sweetest majesty,
 For which I pine away;
 While evermore I weep and sigh,
 Dying because I do not die.

VIII.

Absent from thee, my Saviour dear!
 I call not life this living here;
 But a long dying agony,
 The sharpest I have known;
 And I myself, myself to see
 In such a rack of misery,
 For very pity moan;
 And ever, ever weep and sigh,
 Dying because I do not die.

IX.

The fish that from the brook is ta'en
 Soon finds an end of all its pain;
 And agonies the worse to bear
 Are soonest spent and o'er;
 But what acutest death can e'er
 With this my painful life compare,
 In torture evermore?
 While evermore I weep and sigh,
 Dying because I do not die.

X.

When in the Sacred Host I see,
 My God! thy hidden Majesty,
 And peace begins to soothe my heart,—
 Then comes redoubled pain,
 To think, that here from Thee apart,
 I cannot see Thee as Thou art;
 But gaze and gaze in vain;
 While evermore I weep and sigh,
 Dying because I do not die.

XI.

When with the hope I comfort me,
 At least in Heav'n of seeing thee,
 The thought that I may lose thee yet,
 With anguish thrills me through,
 And by a thousand fears beset,
 My very hope inspires regret,
 And multiplies my woe;
 While evermore I weep and sigh,
 Dying because I do not die.

XII.

Ah, Lord! my light and living breath!
 Take me, oh! take me from this death,
 And burst the bars that sever me
 From my true life above;
 Think how I die thy face to see,
 And cannot live away from thee,
 O my eternal Love!
 And ever, ever weep and sigh,
 Dying because I do not die.

XIII.

I weary of this endless strife;
 I weary of this dying life;—
 This living death—this heavy chain;—
 This torment of delay,
 In which her sins my soul detain;
 Ah! when shall it be mine—ah! when
 With my last breath, to say,
 “No more I weep—no more I sigh;
 I'm dying of desire to die?”