

rage. I had not accomplished the half of this course when I fell to the earth under the weight of that hail and of those redoubled blows. I did not strive to rise again,—partly because of my weakness, partly because I was accepting that place for my sepulchre. *Quam diu multumque in me sævitum est, ille scit pro cujus amore et gloria hæc pati, et jucundum et gloriosum est; tandem crudeli misericordia commoti, volentes me vivum in suam terram deducere, a verberando cessarunt.*” These are the very words of the Father, who has described in Latin a part of his labors. “Seeing me prostrate, they rush upon me; God alone knows for how long a time and how many were the blows that were dealt on my body; but the sufferings undertaken for his love and his glory are filled with joy and honor. Seeing, then, that I had not fallen by accident, and that I did not rise again for being too near death, they entered upon a cruel compassion; their rage was not [69] yet glutted, and they wished to conduct me alive into their own country; accordingly, they embrace me, and carry me all bleeding upon that stage they have prepared. When I am restored to my senses, they make me come down, and offer me a thousand and one insults, making me the sport and object of their reviling; they begin their assaults over again, dealing upon my head and neck, and all my body, another hailstorm of blows. I would be too tedious if I should set down in writing all the rigor of my sufferings. They burned one of my fingers, and crushed another with their teeth, and those which were already torn, they squeezed and twisted with a rage of Demons; they scratched my wounds with their nails; and, when strength failed me, they applied fire to my arm and thighs. My companions