

ing with that celestial joy, I kissed the hand which had struck me; and, feeling myself fall as it were into an ecstasy, I exclaimed: *Virga tua, domine mi rex, et baculus tuus, ipsa me consolata sunt*,—‘Your rod, O my Lord and my King, and your staff have comforted me.’ That done, he conducts me back, and leaves me at the threshold of the door.

“Having returned to myself, I could not doubt that God had wrought wonders in my soul,—not only because of the connection which these things had among themselves, but especially because of the great fire of love which my Judge had kindled in the depth of my heart, the remembrance of which alone, several months later, drew from me tears of the sweetest consolation.

“The belief also that my death was delayed, was several times impressed upon me in my sleep,—it seeming to me that I was following my dearest companion, received into blessedness, and was running after him in ways and byways which deprived me from seeing him. At other times, in pursuing him, I came across [95] superb temples, into which I entered, attracted by their beauty; and, while I was offering prayers, and the sweetness of the voices which I heard in those great buildings was charming me, I would console myself in his absence; but, as soon as I left those delights, I returned to the desire of following him.” All this is taken, almost word for word, from the memoir of that good Father,—who, at the time, did not understand that those blows which were dealt on his head by his Judge denoted his return into that country, where he was to find the entrance to the Holy Sion by a blow from a hatchet, which has lodged him with his dear companion.