

am showing you." This remedy, applied in holy week, produced no other effect than to make her bear her Redeemer company in that time of suffering. I say nothing of the agonies she endured when her wounds were dressed. The Surgeon, who was a man of experience, seeing that gangrene of her legs was supervening, applied to those large openings a dressing which caused her such intense, acute, and continual pain, for the space of 3 days, that it was believed at every moment that she was going to die.

These torments seemed sweet to her in comparison with the inner agonies and abandonment that she suffered in her soul. She had often enough experienced these great crosses and feelings of desolation; but this stroke, which was the last, was the most violent of all. It is reasonable to believe that it purified her to the quick, and washed away the smallest stains from her soul. She spoke of God without ceasing, [194] and it seemed to her that she scarcely believed that he was either in Heaven or on earth. She was active, and did not know it; she loved, and was unconscious of it. God had deprived her of sight and reflection concerning the holy operations of her soul. In a word, this stroke was the consummation of her life; and she accepted it with heroic submission to his divine Majesty, in order to honor the *Consummatum est* which his well-beloved Son pronounced on the tree of the Cross. It was truly in these last days of her life that she ceased to live except by faith and crosses; and this was so little known by those to whom she did not open her heart, that one would have said she was surfeited with delight. Her talks with God were only on love, submission, and resignation to his adorable decrees.