

of God with a gentleness and tenderness capable of making the most insensible weep; and my experience convinces me that she tells the truth when she says that there is no joy except for those who are good. Hitherto, I have never been satisfied; my conscience has always been troubled with a great many causes for remorse," he continued, "and I have such a horror of my past life that I hope, with the assistance of God's grace, that no one will ever be able to make me abandon the resolution I have undertaken to lead a good life in future." To make him expiate his past offenses, God permitted that he should displease some persons who have stirred up ugly transactions of his, and have made him odious to every one. His wife is all his consolation, through what she says to him. "What matters it, if all the world be against us?" she says. "If we love God, and he loves us, it is an advantage to us to atone during our lives for the evil that we have done on earth, so that God may have mercy on us after we die."

Having heard me say that many christians, penetrated with regret for their offenses and with sorrow for having crucified Jesus Christ by their sins, practice Holy severities upon themselves, she—instead of treating herself tenderly, as some do—made for herself a girdle of thorns. This she wore for two whole days, and she would have crippled herself with it, had she not informed me of this mortification, when I compelled her to use it with more moderation. She has such tenderness for Jesus Christ suffering that she has admitted to me that she often weeps while gazing at Jesus crowned with thorns,—a picture of whom she keeps in a sort of apartment that she has made for herself. I take