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SAINT TERESA OF SPAIN



SAINT TERESA
FROM THE PAINTING AT SEVILLE

SAINT TERESA OF SPAIN

BY

HELEN HESTER COLVILL

WITH TWENTY ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE

THIS book does not pretend to be either exhaustive or original; it does not challenge comparison with the many excellent biographies of Saint Teresa de Jesus which already exist, foremost among them the late Mrs. Cunninghame Graham's *Santa Teresa, Her Life and Times*.

If apology be needed for trespassing on a field already occupied, I can only urge that my point of view is perhaps a little different both from Mrs. Cunninghame Graham's, and also from that of the religious writers who have addressed themselves to the faithful of Saint Teresa's Church. I have aimed rather at the sympathetic of every creed; chiefly perhaps at the women who, daily reaching forth unto new spiritual domains, are glad to claim solidarity with the great women who have gone before, and have gained them the land they already possess.

Teresa does not come before us as the ideal wife and mother, still less as the typical ensnarer of men, neither of which ideals is precisely what is in the mind of the advancing woman of to-day. She is one of the world's great single women; that one of the virgin saints who seems nearest to us in method and in practice. Would there were more of us like her in spirit and in aim!

I have wished to dwell not on the accidents of her age and sphere, but on the ideas which moved her; and so far as possible I have tried to give them in her own words. Alas! it is all too easy to misunderstand and so to misrepre-

sent ; but at least my endeavour has been on the whole to transcribe rather than to comment or to judge.

I cannot hope to have escaped blunders and inaccuracies ; my gratitude is ready for any one who will point them out.

The specimens of verse have mostly been translated for me by Miss M. F. Sarah Morgan, with, I think, great fidelity to the originals. Prose I have translated myself, as a rule with some freedom and considerable condensation ; but, I hope, without distortion of the sense, or entire obliteration of the style.

Lastly, I desire to thank with all my heart, Father Joseph Dominic Ostendi, Vicar-Provincial of the English Carmelites, for his kindness ; especially for the letter of introduction he gave me to the Priors and Prioresses of the Order in Spain, all of whom I would also thank for the sympathy, welcome, and assistance they consequently extended to the wandering foreigner who visited them.

Among the books I have consulted are :—

Collected Writings of Saint Teresa .	Edited by Don Vicente de la Fuente
Vida de Santa Teresa de Jesus .	P. Francisco de Ribera
Vida de Santa Teresa de Jesus .	F. Diego de Yepes
Vie de Sainte Terèse	H. Joly
Life of Teresa of Jesus	H. J. Coleridge
Santa Teresa	G. Cunninghame Graham
Vida de Santa Teresa	P. Julian de Avila
Cronicas de la Reforma de los Descalzos de N. S. del Carmen	P. F. Francisco de Santa Maria and P. F. José de Santa Teresa
El supernaturalismo de Sta. Teresa	A. Perales y Gutierrez
La prétendue hystérie de Sainte Thérèse	P. Grégoire de S. Joseph
Phénomènes hystériques	P. G. Hahn
A Reply	P. Janet

Another Reply	P. de S. Louis
Sta. Teresa y la critica racionalista	J. Maura
Les Mystiques Espagnols	P. Rousselot
Il direttorio Mistico	G. B. Scaramelli
Bibliographie Terésienne	H. de Curzon
Vida Fr. de Borja	A. Cienfuegos
Vida J. Gracian	J. Boneta y la Plana
Vida Ana de Jesus	P. F. Angel Manrique
Vida Juan de la Cruz	P. F. Geronimo de San Josef
Vida Baltasar Alvarez	L. de la Puente
Vida Luis de Leon	M. Gutierrez
Vida Ignacio de Loyola	P. de Rivadeneira
Life of Ignatius Loyola	S. Rose
Vida de la Princesa de Eboli	Gaspar Muro
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Collected works of the Sp. Mystics	
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Inquisition in Spain	H. Lea
Inquisition in the Middle Ages	„
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Souvenir du Pays de Sainte Therèse	F. X. Plasse
España sus monumentos y artes .	Castelar Madrazo
L'Espagne	N. Chapuy
Grandezas de España	P. de Medina
España artistica	P. de la Escosura
Viaje de España	Antonio Ponz
Viaggio fatto in Spagna	Andrea Navigero
L'Espagne du D. Quixote	A. Morel Fatio
L'Espagne du xvi Siècle	„
Imperial Ciudad de Toledo	F. de Pisa
Historia de la Imperial Ciudad de Toledo	P. de Rojas

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Administration de la Castille xv Siècle	Gounon Loubens
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History Spanish Literature	G. Ticknor
Spanish Literature	Fitzmaurice Kelly
Revue des Deux Mondes, 1864, 1886	
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Various early Spanish novels and plays	

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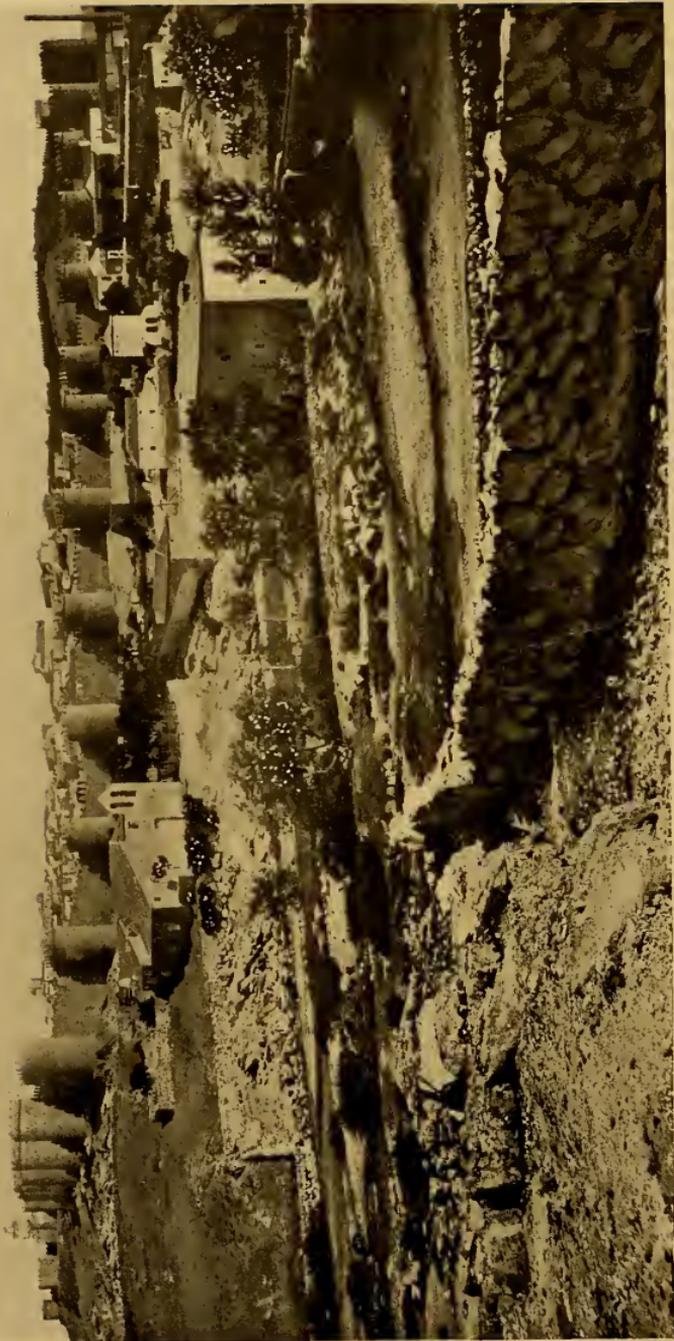
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SAINT TERESA OF SPAIN

PART I



THE WALLS OF AVILA

CHAPTER I

TERESA IN THE WORLD

AVILA—EARLY DAYS—THE PUN D'ONOR—THE VOCATION

ON a mountain shelf 4000 feet above the sea in the very heart of Spain, stands to this day a mediæval city, encircled by quite perfect battlemented granite walls 40 feet high, their ten gates and eighty-six towers all complete and in good order to withstand a mediæval siege.

The town is very quiet and austere now; sparsely inhabited, with few shops, streets silent and narrow, many old churches, no new houses. Everything is grey; the sky, the mountains, the surrounding desert, the walls of the houses,—I had almost said the faces of the people, who, a dour, self-contained, handsome folk, the men muffled in dark cloaks, the women with hair severely flattened over their ears, all with an air of slightly morose resignation, pass ceaselessly up and down under the arcades of the market-place, as if dreeing a weird.

In winter a violent and frozen wind screeches and howls through the winding streets, batters against the stern cathedral walls, and powders with an icy dust the wares exposed for sale on little open stalls along the ramparts. A harsh, cold place this Avila must always have been, with snow in sight even at midsummer. But in the sixteenth century she had by no means fallen into the torpor and the gloom which gives her to-day this aspect of severe melancholy. Then she was important and

populous, with rich and busy citizens. Many of these were Jews by race : the *Conversos* who had given up their own creed and held some of the best and most lucrative offices, though their orthodoxy was not only suspected but really questionable. Of the *Old Christians* (those who confessed no admixture of Mohammedan or Hebrew blood), some were great lords, some proud but needy *hidalgos* ; all living in court-yarded, galleried, carved houses, which have now fallen into decay, yet still bear stone coats-of-arms, crests, and supporters, above their entrance portals.

The streets were gay with the litters, the coaches, the gaily-caparisoned palfreys of the nobles ; with their sumpter mules in long procession, wearing *repostereros* (coloured horse-cloths, embroidered with the arms of their owners, and capable at Corpus Christi or other festival of being used for decoration of wall or balcony) ; with liveried servants, men-at-arms, civic functionaries in robes of State, ecclesiastics in full canonicals, soldiers home from the wars swaggering and often begging. Hawking and hunting parties passed up and down ; gay youths with squires and lackeys rode out for joust or tournament ; nobles conducted companies of their retainers to join some military expedition. Among the common people were pedlars, handicraftsmen, peasants and farmers bringing cattle or grain or wine, many of them *Moriscoes* (christianized Moors), a few veritable slaves, these latter being generally foreigners and well-treated. Yet not even in those picturesque days could Avila be described as a city of pleasure. She was always belligerent, stern, keenly alive to the serious side of existence. Among her *hidalgos* and her nobles, many were grave and thoughtful persons, who rode about severely doing their own business, and found their keenest interest in the

study and practice of a religion already in the throes of reformation at home and abroad.

Such a man was one Alonzo Sanchez de Cepeda, of the Cepedas of Tordesillas; a branch of the great family which belonged originally to Astorga of Leon;—their arms, a lion and the eight honourable crosses of St. Andrew, granted to certain valiant captains on the glorious day of Baeza. Alonzo was related to many most noble families, including the Pulgars; and he was married in his second nuptials to Beatriz de Ahumada whose descent was no less distinguished than his own. She sprang from one of the four original Davilas, who bore the illustrious golden *roelas* (balls) in their arms. Alonzo was a quiet, pious, well-to-do gentleman; and his house was high up above the river Adaja at the southern side of the town. On its site now stands the Church and the Monastery of the Discalced Carmelite Fathers; and its little garden,—or at any rate part of it—is treasured as Alonzo left it, with its low evergreen hedges, and leafy hiding-places where his children played at building hermitages and pretending to be saints.

One day, in the year 1522, a pair of children, a boy and a smaller girl, stole out from the great entrance-doorway, hand in hand. They carried a parcel of dried fruits, and they hurried along somewhat frightened by their escape, and by the dread purpose which was burning in their little hearts, symbolized to them by their oft-repeated motto, "*Para siempre, siempre, siempre,*"—"For ever, ever, ever."

They passed swiftly over the very cobblestones we tread to-day, down the steep winding street leading to the Adaja gate, the bridge, the Salamanca road, the mountains; and as they supposed, to the land of the

heathen Moors, who would behead them and send them, glorious little martyrs, to the heavenly country and to the joy which should endure for ever, ever, ever.

History says drily that beyond the bridge they encountered an uncle who brought them home to a mother distracted by their absence. Imagination can supply the details ; how the raisins were all eaten and the little feet grew sore, how the way was hard to find, and the Moors—the persecuting ones—a surprisingly long way off ; how Rodrigo grew anxious, and little round-faced Teresa cried because he was cross and she was tired and had begun to expect goblins behind every bush. Probably the sight of the familiar uncle was a relief ; probably he was kind to the little runaways, for kindness and love were characteristic of the family to which he and they belonged. At any rate, he took them safe home, and they never again tried to carry out their glorious project. Teresa never found any opportunity of getting beheaded, nevertheless, her destiny was glorious, for she lived to become a distinguished woman and a saint, her name known to all the world, and, what she valued more, inscribed on the roll of the great ones of the Holy Catholic Church.

In this tale of the running away of the future Saint Teresa of Jesus, I see much that is suggestive of herself and of her times. The prevailing religious enthusiasm was blended with the wild romance, the thirst for adventure, which found expression in the Books of Chivalry, the favourite literature of the day and especially of Teresa's mother. Already, as all through her life, this little girl cried out with Paul, " the sufferings of this present are not worthy to be compared with the hereafter glory " ; already she was an organizer who could plan enterprises and set out on them too, sometimes over hastily. She

was practical, showing no scorn of material needs (had she not her bag of raisins?), and she took her brother with her, persuaded, bribed, commanded to come, but enthroned as the lord and master of the expedition. All through her life Teresa required and demanded masculine approbation and support for her great deeds. To the last she considered her sex a drawback and always called herself contemptuously a *mujercilla* (poor little woman) refusing to stir a step till she had the countenance of her male superiors. She really believed she was acting under their guidance or orders; while every one else perceived that it was she with her genius her courage and her charm, her rare judgment and her constant beautiful sympathy, who was the moving spirit and the governor of whatever enterprise she had in hand.

Teresa was born in her father's house at Avila, in the room now a side-chapel of the church, on a March day of 1515; one of nine children. Of her many brothers and step-brothers the greater number went to the New World, had heroic careers there and made fortunes. Of her two sisters, Maria the elder, a step-sister, married Don Martin de Guzman, and Juana, younger than herself, married Juan de Ovalle, an excellent if somewhat peevish hidalgo of Alba de Tormes. In those days children took the surnames of either father or mother, very occasionally of both as is now the Spanish custom. A wife retained her maiden name, instead of taking her husband's, all of which is sufficiently confusing. Teresa and Juana called themselves Ahumada after their mother; Rodrigo on the other hand and Maria were called Cepeda. Teresa had her innocent satisfaction in her long lineage, though she repeatedly reminds herself that pride of birth, like all other pride, is vanity and a snare.

She was keenly sensible of the blessing of good parents,

pure home life, early training. Her mother, Beatriz, was beautiful, singularly simple and retiring ; her only fault that passion for romantic literature. She was an invalid, and died before Teresa was twelve. Alonzo, the widower, was austere ; so sternly self-controlled that never was he heard to swear, or even to grumble (truly a great virtue !). He was charitable ; tender with sick persons—including his wife—kind to the poor and to his servants. He refused ever to keep a slave, and when one of his brothers brought a slave to his house insisted on her being treated as a daughter. He was also a careful man of business. At the *Ayuntamiento*¹ of Avila, I have been shown a title-deed relating to a money deposit, signed by himself and by one of his sisters.

In Teresa's young life, the death of her gentle mother was the first event of importance. It gave her a sense of great forlornness ; and she threw herself before an image of Our Lady and prayed that the Mother of God would be also the mother of her little self. In her bedroom too, she had an image of Christ at the well with the woman of Samaria, and she knelt before it saying, " Lord give me this water."

The symbol of the water impressed her deeply. Water became her favourite among all natural objects ; and in her mystical writings, especially in a long and beautiful passage in her *Autobiography*, she works out the simile of the living water with great poetry and insight. It is from this so-called *Autobiography* that we learn these details of her childhood ; but the book is not a biography in the usual sense. It tells little of her outer life, and is simply a history of her soul written at a critical period by command of her spiritual director.

Having lost her mother the child was left to the care

¹ *Ayuntamiento*—Town hall.

of the stern father, not yet her confidant, and her step-sister Maria. She became very frivolous. At least, writing long afterwards when she had made the nun's ideal of perpetual virginity entirely her own, she accuses herself of great frivolity ; but careful reading of her own words and those of her friends cannot disclose worse than the natural vanity and amusements of a lively girl, who had as she modestly confesses, " rather more than the ordinary graces of nature."

Unknown to her father, but of course abetted by Rodrigo, she plunged with her mother's zest into the reading of the tales of chivalry ; and even spent hours of the day and the night " in the vain exercise of trying to write one." Comparing herself with the peerless heroines of those tremendous tales, she became anxious to look nice, was enamoured of dress, scents, jewellery, and especially of cleanliness. Not till later did she perceive how dangerous cleanliness can be to the soul ! Fortunately this pursuit of cleanliness was a temptation she never got the better of. In fact she finally classed it with the virtues, and like Ignatius Loyola required it of her disciples, and mentioned it in the rules for her convents. Truly we may claim Teresa as among the first of the moderns !

The girl made friends with a worldly relation who had been disapproved by the dead mother ; worse still, she delighted in some young men cousins, the only male visitors she was allowed to see. The young men talked of their love affairs. Teresa was greedy to listen and not averse to a little flirtation herself. For a brief three months we are in the atmosphere of Lope de Vega's Sword-and-Cloak plays, which reflect the manners of the time. We have the insistent gallants, the servant go-betweens, the notes and appointments, the sprightly, flirtatious,

yet essentially self-respecting young girls, who are so jealously, yet so inefficiently guarded by their fathers and brothers.

No child's play was flirtation in those days. The exigencies of the code of *Honour* were such that the cavalier approached his lady with his very life in his hand, and if she listened to him she jeopardized not only her reputation, but her existence and that of her nearest kindred. For no gentleman must sit down under an *agravio* (affront) but must avenge himself or die in the attempt ; and no *agravio* could be so shocking as irregular addresses to his wife, his sister, or his daughter. Everything and any one must be sacrificed to this *pun d'onor* (point of honour). An impertinence or a folly must be punished as severely as a crime ; a lady was compromised even by unwelcome attentions. Unless the admirer could instantly marry her, they must both die.

Extremes, however, meet ; and the very dangers of love-making rendered it perilously attractive. To defy the guardian was considered high spirit on the lady's part, courage and manliness on the lover's. It was taken for granted that *all* the golden lads and girls were in love, and on the watch for opportunity. A definite system of disguise was invented to help them and apparently was tolerated and connived at. The lady who went out disguised (*tapada*), if pursued by husband, father, brother, or molested by some unwelcome admirer, had the privilege of throwing herself on the protection of the first even stranger gentleman she chanced to meet ; and the *pun d'onor* required that he should assist her at the very risk of his life. Public sympathy, however, not being entirely with the lovers, very few gentlemen cared to have the office of champion thus thrust upon them.

So far the poets ; real life may not have observed the

pun d'onor in all its rigidity, but it was sufficiently recognized for the plays not to seem absurd.

In Teresa de Ahumada's quiet home, there was doubtless small opportunity for intrigue, and her innate purity and sterling good sense preserved her from dangerous adventures. When later, from the height of her sainthood, she tells of the risks she had run at fifteen, she is thinking less of the risk to her reputation than of the peril to her soul. She says she played with fire and endangered her father and her brothers; yet what tempted her was mere love of merriment and lively talk, for "all wantonness seemed to her then as now entirely detestable." In after years, dealing with scandals which had arisen with regard to certain of her nuns, she speaks of her diffidence in judging such affairs, "never herself having had experience of them." It is clear from studying her writings and those of her contemporary acquaintances, that her levity went no further than girlish gaiety, and the pranks of short-lived rashness and fun.

But the vigilant father took alarm. He found an excuse in his eldest daughter's marriage to pack the giddy Teresa (his favourite) off to school. That is to say, he sent her as boarder to the Augustinian Convent of Our Lady of Grace, and kept her there for a year and a half till she fell ill and was sent home to be nursed. The discipline had answered. She came back much sobered. She had made friends among the nuns, and was already half in love with convent life. She had begun that course of *oracion* (mental prayer) which with one short interval was to be the practice of her life; and when she left the convent she asked the nuns definitely to beseech God "that He would place her in that estate in which it would be her portion to serve Him."

By this Teresa did not mean necessarily the cloister.

Her calling was not yet clear, not yet desired. She was returning to the world, returning to her father to share his life ; a delight to him, who wanted his favourite child pious yet wanted her at his side.

Recovered from her illness, she visited her step-sister Maria de Cepeda, wife of Don Martin de Guzman at Castellanos de Cañada, and had such a pleasant stay that in her simple manner she " thanks God for their kindness, and for having always arranged that people should be fond of her."

Thence she went to Hortigosa, a village four miles from Avila, to stay with her uncle Pedro Sanchez de Cepeda. Pedro was a widower, elderly, very religious, a good talker. A few years later he became a monk. Teresa, always fond of conversation, enjoyed her discussions with him, chiefly on religious subjects, " on God and the vanity of the world." And he set her reading religious books, which she did out of courtesy " being not yet friendly to them." She found the books more interesting than she had expected ; she found also that her aversion to the cloister was disappearing.

She returned home unable to deny the impression her uncle had made upon her. For three months she was tortured by uncertainty as to her future. Her vocation was becoming evident to herself if not to others ; yet still the world was dear. Her home was happy ; she had her little sister, her father, her many brothers. She was liked, admired, probably courted. She had the memory of the merry days with the love-making cousins. She went about, visited others beside the serious uncle. We do not gather that she was musical ; but she certainly had an artist's eye for a landscape. She perhaps took country walks with her duenna (she must have had a duenna !) or amused herself in the orchard and the garden, for allusions

in her writings show all such pleasures to have been long familiar to her.

And had she not visited Maria, the happily wedded sister whose babies were beginning to come, and must it not have occurred to the bright young girl that Maria's was a pleasant destiny, and that her father could easily arrange something similar for herself ?

Teresa, in her writings, has many a good word for marriage, and many a congratulation for young niece or nephew entering upon its responsibilities. She never despised the worldly, still less the home life ; nor said to her sisters who were wives and mothers, " Stand aside—I am holier than thou." Some of her chosen advisers were men and women in the world ; and she repeatedly urges that God leads souls to Himself by different paths, and that in the way of perfection oftentimes the first shall be last, and the last first. Still the virgin life was set before her and before every one as the highest ; and Teresa was so constituted that at any cost to herself she must needs choose the highest.

She discussed with her father her project of becoming a nun ; but was dismayed by his immediate and uncompromising refusal of consent. Why did he refuse ? Knowing his open profession of religion Teresa might well wonder. Perhaps Alonzo was before his age and had dim doubts about the holiness of virginity. Perhaps he distrusted nunneries ; for though Spain had purified her convents still scandals did arise, and the writers of the new school of realistic fiction spared neither Reverend Fathers, nor holy Mother Abbesses in their gibes. More likely he had not his daughter's sublime self-denial, and was unwilling to be deprived of his child. He told her bluntly she could take the veil after his death, and would listen no further.

Thus repulsed, we do not read that Teresa took volun-

tary and extravagant vows upon herself or became an eccentric and troublesome *Beata* (a religious amateur) as was the resource of so many girls in a predicament like hers. Half measures and compromises did not attract her, nor was she ever fond of *Beatas* whom she thought conceited, and perhaps inclined to make the best of two worlds. She consulted her brother Antonio who also was inclining to the religious life. Together they decided that disobedience to their father was their only possible course, and they determined to leave their home.

Very early on the 2nd of November 1533, the brother and sister went out together, Antonio for the Dominicans of Santo Tomas, Teresa for the Carmelites of the Convent of the *Encarnacion* (Incarnation) just outside the walls. The girl's head drooped and she wept. She felt as if she were dying—this is her own account—as if every bone in her body were being torn from her: “for not yet had she that love of God which overwhelms the love for an earthly father.”

Indeed she seems to have taken the step almost blindly, led by some higher power than her own; imagining herself merely purchasing future bliss at the cost of all happiness in this life. She had no conception that the religious life has its own joys. Happiness, she supposed reserved for the kingdom of heaven and she had not yet realized that the kingdom of heaven can begin in this world. But, she says, “God gave her courage against herself, and she had no thought of turning back.”

They descended by the steep path from the walls, the beautiful thirteenth-century Church of San Vicente visible on their right, and below it the romanesque San Andres. They passed along a country lane bordered by a few cottages which are inhabited to this day. The autumn rains had swollen the little stream at the foot of the hill and the mud was almost impassable; but such difficulties

were unnoticed in the sixteenth century even by pedestrians. They reached the convent building, with its stern high walls, buttresses, and towers, all of fine proportions and architectural merit. They knocked at the great wooden door. It opened. Teresa entered and it closed behind her. Antonio went on alone ; till a great door had closed also on him at Santo Tomas.

When Teresa found herself within the convent walls she felt a great content which was no passing exaltation but remained with her through life ; “ God having changed the dryness of her soul into wondrous tenderness and joy, and the quiet of a holy peace.”

CHAPTER II

THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY IN SPAIN

HISTORY—LITERATURE—ART

TERESA was born in 1515 two years before the nailing of Luther's theses to the door of the church at Wittenberg, which may be considered the public commencement of the Reformation.

The first of the Medici Popes, Leo x, who shone more as the patron of art than as a saint or a spiritual lord, was in the chair of Saint Peter; Michael Angelo had lately completed the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, and Raphael was still at work on the Stanze.

Francis I reigned in France, Henry VIII in England, Maximilian was Emperor. Of the renowned "Catholic Kings" of Spain, Ferdinand was still ruler of Aragon, but Isabella had died in 1504, and the demented Juana, their daughter, was Queen of Castille, the country being distracted by the question who should perform her public duties in her place.

Ferdinand's second marriage produced no heir, so on his death in 1516 it was not Spain's fate to be again split into two kingdoms. Juana la Loca, became queen of the whole country and remained so till her death in 1555; but her son, Charles, was associated with her in the sovereignty and was the virtual ruler. Charles was too much of a foreigner to be ever very popular in Spain; the poor queen was remembered with affection and occasional efforts were made to bring her forward, but she

left no mark upon history. Few stories are more pathetic than this of the mad woman whose only importance was that she had illustrious parents, and a greater son whom she scarcely knew.

In 1517, Charles, a backward boy of dull exterior and little initiative, came to Spain, was coldly received, and made a series of mistakes, which ended in the abortive social wars of the Germanias in Valencia, and the Comunidades in Castille. General irritation was increased when in 1519 Charles was elected to the imposing position of Emperor, and left Spain to take up his new duties.

He returned in 1522, and at once showed himself greatly changed. No longer a tool in the hands of others he had become conscious of his responsibilities and of his own genius for supporting them. He was already what he remained through life, self-reliant, laborious, upright and dependable; a man of judgment and foresight, of patience and high courage, able to form great conceptions and large plans, on the whole fortunate in carrying them out.

His task was not the bringing of liberty to Spain; it was rather the consolidation of what his predecessors had achieved. Spain's constitution was already formed. The unification of her kingdoms was accomplished. She was now reaching out to lands beyond her seas, both in Europe and in the vast unknown shores of the New World. Charles's long absences were not entirely good for the nation's internal prosperity; but his continual journeying and his immense wars made for the fuller life of the world. They furthered the growth and the spread of ideas, and brought his people into contact with other nations. It was the time of Spain's glory and she learned to be proud of her Emperor-King who had given it to her.

1522 saw the conquest of Mexico; that of Peru was

ten years later. Great riches flowed into Spain and Portugal, not alas! to be used in the wisest way nor to prove a permanent blessing. 1522 was memorable also for the advance of the Turks as far as Rhodes. Terror spread through Europe, and laid another labour on the indefatigable Emperor. In the year of the conquest of Peru the power of the Turks was checked, though it was not really broken till the battle of Lepanto forty years later.

In 1521 the splendid Leo was succeeded by Adrian of Utrecht who had been the Emperor's tutor. He was a failure as Pope. In Renaissance times, a Pope who called the Greek statues idols and was quite deficient in historic or literary culture could not satisfy the brilliant Latins nor hold in check the violence of the revolting north. He called the throne his Chair of Misery, and died a disappointed man, who had disappointed also his venerating pupil. His successor, Clement VII, another Medici, lacked discernment and brought in catastrophe. He chose the losing side in the great struggle between Charles and Francis. The battle of Pavia made Charles supreme in Italy; another year saw Rome sacked; and the Pope, who had conspired against his sincerest friend, was taken prisoner. Charles might have abolished the whole temporal power of the Papacy; and he wished to force the Pope to the summoning of a General Council for consultation as to Church reform. But the Spanish clergy petitioned for the Pope's release, and Charles was too good a Catholic to remain at enmity with his spiritual chief. Peace was restored; the conqueror kissed the foot of his captive, and received from him the crowns of iron and of gold. But the war shook the power of the Vatican in Spain; while in Germany it favoured the cause of Protestantism. The Diet of Augsburg in 1530, the

League of Schmalkalden, the peace of Nuremberg, and the secession of England, were all steps in the triumph of the Reformation and the final destruction of Christian unity. Clement died in 1534, and was followed by a series of reforming Popes ; who, largely under Spanish influence, carried out the Counter Reformation, putting an end to the great moral and ecclesiastical scandals which had made Catholicism a byword.

In 1555 (the same year that Juana la Loca died), the Emperor, worn out by his ceaseless labours in the service of the ancient Church and of modern Europe, perhaps threatened with that melancholy which had overwhelmed his mother, solemnly resigned his crowns and devoted the rest of his life to retirement in a Spanish monastery. It is significant that he chose Spain for his retreat, he who to the Spaniards had always seemed a foreigner. Perhaps he wished to be near his son ; perhaps he reflected on the pleasures of a southern climate. More probably he felt that religion as he understood it, now his chief enthusiasm, flourished best in Spain ; it seemed indigenous there and had been fostered by centuries of holy wars. There piety was not considered strange, philosophy was represented by a school of Christian mystics, the very government was as near a theocracy as is possible among modern men. There, thought Charles, religion is not a business of politics, of intrigue, and worldliness, but is of the very essence of life ; and he who wishes to make his peace with God, can do so most naturally and most easily in Spain.

The new king, Philip II, was born in 1527, the year of the sack of Rome. Educated in Spain, he had the Spanish dignity and reserve, also the Spanish contempt for bodily suffering which produces the so-called Spanish cruelty ; above all he had the Spanish devotion, not to the Papacy

with which he had constant dispute, but to religion and the Church.

With Englishmen, Philip is an unpopular figure, for his character was essentially un-English. But he was a good deal of an idealist; and much may be forgiven to a Stoic who marches unfalteringly on, his eyes fixed on the end. In his own country and in his family he was understood, and he was loved. Lope's plays and those of the later dramatists, all with their strong appeal to loyalty, and devotion to the person of the king, date from the reign of Philip II.

Less warlike than his father, unwilling to lead his troops in person, Philip was served by generals among the greatest of the day. The victories of St. Quentin and of Gravelines, the rout of the Turks at Lepanto, were the glories of a reign which Englishmen are apt to connect chiefly with the defeat of the Armada and the rise of the Dutch Republic.

But it was not military glory—the dismemberment of France, the invasion of England, or the acquisition of new territories—that was really the dominant interest of Philip II. Domestic and especially religious affairs were his preoccupation. As centralization was his plan and he had great power of mastering detail, his finger was felt all through the country in every concern. He was a despot and he established despotism; but he did not himself abuse it, except in a few instances—such as the persecution of Antonio Perez, of which we do not know the full inner history. He interested himself deeply in every ecclesiastical question, and was jealous of interference from the Vatican. He regarded heresy as a crime, and resolved to stamp it out of his dominions. In Spain he succeeded, whether for evil or for good. To him it seemed unquestionably for good.

The sixteenth century was a troubled time all over Europe, when the oldest and most revered institutions were in every country tried in the balance, and if found wanting were contemptuously thrust aside. The bursting of old fetters, the invasion of new ideas, the realization of strength on the part of those who had been kept down, brought fear to the men in high places that they would lose what they held and be pushed from their seats. They fought hard to retain their positions and were not scrupulous how they did it. The sovereigns of the day were able ; the wave of intellect which had passed over the countries had not left them untouched. Never was a time when there were fewer conspicuous idiots. But speaking generally, they could not be described as personally high-minded or conscientious, living and ruling in the spirit of the words of Christ.

Charles and Philip do not show so badly among them. At least they had a strong sense of duty that we do not always find among their contemporaries. They made mistakes as all men must. In Spain, the land of free institutions, they introduced a despotism which under their feebler, lighter-minded successors involved the country in ruin. Their religious zeal was extravagant, and ended in obscurantism which left Spain behind in the race for that progress which requires experiment in thought no less than in action. But success is not always to the well-meaning ; and at least Spain retained her individuality, her most interesting and impressive personal character. At the opening of the seventeenth century she was still in the van of the nations in character and in prestige.

Great literature belongs to a great people in great times. It is a manifestation of the same bursting energy which makes some men warriors and some men saints.

Saint Teresa was born before the printing-press was established in Spain. Books were beginning to be accessible and the art of reading became more general. The education of ladies had never been wholly neglected, and girls of lofty position were taught Latin as a matter of course. We hear of Juana la Loca conversing with the Flemish nobles in that language. There were even ladies who lectured on Latin and Greek ; one being the daughter of Antonio de Nebrija, who published a Latin dictionary in 1492. There was much intercourse between Spain and Italy where the New Learning was making daily progress. Learned men visited the Peninsula and incited Spanish scholars to the study of Greek. In 1514, the year before Teresa was born, the Greek text of the New Testament was printed for the first time in Spain at Alcalá de Henares.

The Italian poets were also known in Spain, Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch, all finding translators. After a time Italian metres were imitated, first by Boscán,—tutor to the great Duke of Alva—then by Garcilaso whom both Cervantes and Lope considered the greatest poet of Castille. We may, however, be allowed to think that the less artificial lyrics of Fray Luis de Leon, and of Saint John of the Cross (both of whom will come into our chapter on the Mystics) were quite as good as anything produced by Garcilaso.

Writers of prose, moral and didactic, have always been numerous in Spain, and fortunately are often witty. Such was Villalobos, the physician—a *Converso*—who wrote an amusing treatise called *Las tres Grandes* (the Three Great Ones), namely, Loquacity, Pertinacity, and Laughter. Perhaps he was not far out in thinking that they rule the world.

The wordy and wandering chroniclers were gradually improving their style and evolving historians. Antonio de Guevara was Charles v's official chronicler ; he also

wrote a book called *The Dial of Princes*, which reached England in a translation and is said to have had great influence on English prose. Another chronicler, Luis de Avila, wrote in such complimentary style that Charles v, who had a fine share of caustic wit, declared—

“ In war I have less luck than Alexander, but I have more in my historian.”

A somewhat pretentious writer, Ocampo, Canon of Zamora, started his Universal History on too large a scale, and beginning with the Deluge, died before he had got to the Roman Emperors. Other chroniclers wrote of the conquests in America, and Hernan Cortes himself in his reports shows great literary facility. He died in 1554.

In popular literature the Books of Chivalry, with Amadis of Gaul at their head, carried all before them. We know all about them from Don Quixote, who so to speak finished them off. Teresa has told us how her mother and she herself were entranced by them. I have always been intending to read at least the Amadis, and try to get back into the frame of mind which thought it perfection of a book. Other times, other tastes! How astounded would Beatriz de Ahumada have been that any one in such literature should forbode dreariness!

Late in the sixteenth century a fashion came up for religious romances in the style of the Books of Chivalry. One was called “ The Knight of the Bright Star,” another “ The Conqueror of Heaven.” Christ appears as the Knight of the Lion, John the Baptist the Knight of the Desert, the devil the Knight of the Serpent, and so on.

An age ready to credit almost any marvels found no difficulty in believing the strange tales in the Books of Chivalry. One chronicler assures us that when Philip came to England to marry Mary Tudor, he solemnly

swore that should King Arthur return to claim the English throne, he, Philip, would peaceably yield up his rights. But gradually, to oust the Books of Chivalry, another style of fiction was coming in; a style which appeals to us more, for it has developed into that of the modern novel and the modern play. It began with *La Celestina*, a story in dramatic form published anonymously in 1499. This is not a tale of adventure but a study of character; and its personages are not knights and heroes but the ordinary inhabitants of a contemporary city, with their manners, their talk, their habit, as they lived. With the publication of *Lazarillo de Tormes*, before 1554, another step was taken towards modern fiction. This was the first of the Picaresque novels which speedily became immensely popular. Their form is commonly autobiographical and they describe the adventures more or less sordid of some lad who has no scruples and less wealth than wit. Cervantes attempted this style himself and with great success in his celebrated *Rinconete y Cortadillo*, written nearly a century after *Lazarillo*.

From this Picaresque literature we learn a great deal about the manners and thoughts of ordinary folk. As the series goes on one change is very noticeable: whereas in the earlier stories the priest, the monk, the nun, are synonyms for hypocrisy and vice, in the later the Church is spoken of with respect, and the priest and the nun if they come in at all, come in as "good" characters. This is what we should expect, remembering the purification of the Church in the course of the sixteenth century.

The profane drama was at this period disentangling itself from the Miracle Plays and *Autos* (allegorical dialogues composed for performance at the festival of Corpus Christi)—for long the only pieces acted.

Lope de Rueda, a gold-beater of Seville, was the first

genuine playwright. He not only wrote plays—vigorous, natural, popular, not classical—but he also got together a troop of actors and had his pieces performed in the principal cities, on a rude platform set up in some public place, with blankets for scenery, and for costume four sheepskins, four wigs, one beard, and a shepherd's staff.

Thus the theatre was recognized among the regular popular amusements of the sixteenth century ; but Teresa makes no allusion to it. The love of acting, however, common to children and probably engrained in the character of those Spaniards whose drama of the succeeding century is the second in importance of modern Europe, breaks out even in a convent. In one of the saint's letters, we find a description of how the little Isabel,—a child in training to be a nun—invented and, with the help of her dolls, most cleverly performed a little Christmas piece ; with the Blessed Virgin, and the Holy Child, and the shepherds and the manger and the oxen ; for the pious delight, and the “ great recreation ” of all the sisters and no less of the great Mother Teresa herself.

In Spain of the sixteenth century the greater number of the beautiful buildings which we admire to-day were already standing. It has been said that she has no architecture of her own, she built always in the style of some other country ; if so she showed excellent judgment in her imitations.

There is one magnificent Roman monument upon which Saint Teresa's eyes must often have rested, the Aqueduct at Segovia. At Segovia also, and at Avila, are some of the oldest churches, their date before the twelfth century. Deserted now and falling into most picturesque ruin, they accommodated large congregations not so many centuries ago, when Avila and Segovia were important places, and

religious zeal ran high. Some of the Moorish buildings are older still. The little church of *El Cristo de la Luz* at Toledo was a mosque built in A.D. 922 and christianized on the taking of the city by Alfonso VI in 1085. We cannot say whether Teresa took any interest in Moorish buildings; most likely not. She makes no mention of them; but at least we know she was detained at the entry to the Moorish bridge at Cordova; and she must often have seen the beautiful Giralda tower at Seville.

The cathedrals were all built or were building in her lifetime. Burgos, Toledo, Avila are early; Seville belongs to the fifteenth century; Salamanca and Segovia—much like each other and very beautiful with their lovely golden stone and exquisite symmetry—are of Teresa's century. One characteristic of Spanish buildings is the smallness of the windows. Outside there are great stretches of blank wall, not unimposing; within, mystery and gloom, in which the richness of tapestry and velvet, old gilding and coloured figures, gains an added charm. The Cathedral of Avila, doubtless familiar to Teresa in her early days, suggests a fortress, and is cold and severe like the rest of the town. Toledo Cathedral, richest of all in mediæval furniture and decoration, once the wealthiest of all the wealthy churches of the Peninsula, has an atmosphere of romance in its every aisle and chapel, a suggestion of history made visible that must impress the most careless.

But the architects of these cathedrals are forgotten, some indeed unknown, vaguely set down as foreigners. The Renaissance brought a few noteworthy names, especially that of Herrera, who designed Philip's sublime Escorial.

Spanish Sculptors have on the whole done better than Spanish Painters. The latter have a few greater names, but the general level of sculpture was the higher. Even before 1200 beautiful stone or even ivory figures of the

Madonna, some of them quite small, were taking their place over the altars. Portrait monuments began early, and with the Renaissance attained a pitch of high excellence. Some of these monuments are large and very elaborate, with details of most exquisitely delicate carving. Such is the monument to Cardinal Tavera at Toledo, that of the Infante Juan, at Santo Tomas in Avila; and, less pretentious, the monuments in the Carmelite Church at Alba de Tormes to Teresa's sister Juana and Juan de Ovalle her husband.

Very Spanish are the coloured wooden figures, often very fine, specimens of which may be seen in every church. At Valladolid there is a fine collection of these figures in the museum; amongst them a beautiful representation of Teresa herself. The goldsmith had his triumphs no less than the sculptor, exhibited principally in the magnificent *custodias*, for the reception of the Blessed Sacrament, which are the pride of many of the cathedrals. The best of them belong to the sixteenth century; for instance that of Toledo which is adorned with a myriad silver gilt figures, and encloses a monstrance made of the first gold which Columbus brought from the New World.

Ferdinand and Isabella, Charles and Philip, were all patrons of art; and, Charles especially, interested in painting. He encouraged native talent and sent the painters to Italy to study; bought many Italian pictures and induced the great foreigners to visit Spain. No collection is so rich as that of the Prado in works by Titian and Tintoretto. The greatest names in Spanish painting, Zurbaran, Ribera, Murillo, Velasquez, belong to the next century. But religious painting, used for practical decoration of *retablos*¹ or side-chapels, was quietly and little

¹ *Retablo*, large reredos decorated with painting or sculpture, or both, erected above the high altar.

noticed attaining a high level. The type for the figure of Jesus evolved by successive painters has touched the hearts of thousands in its aspect of dignified suffering and undaunted fortitude; reminiscent of that verse, "No man taketh my life from me—I lay it down of myself."

And the sixteenth century had excellent portrait-painters: Antonio Moro who painted Philip's second wife Mary Tudor; and Sanchez Coello who made charming pictures of his little daughters; and Pantoja de la Cruz, whose is the touching and interesting picture of Philip himself in his old age, which now hangs in the Escorial Library.

The extraordinary Greek artist Theotocopuli, better known as simply El Greco, was living and painting at Toledo while Teresa was there. He was not content with the human body as God made it, and liked to elongate and twist his figures till they seem flames rather than men; but his faces are always impressive and beautiful with the beauty of soul, the rapture of vision, the triumph of spirit over the "muddy vesture of decay." I wish Teresa could have sat to him instead of to the untrained friar who painted her portrait in Seville when she was over sixty. Obviously he did his careful best, but was unable to represent her as anything but stiff, and plain, and, alas! almost commonplace.

El Greco would have given us a glimpse of her soul; even if the beauties of her girlhood, the curly black hair, the bright full dark eyes and finely arched brows, the flashing teeth and red and smiling lips, had vanished with the revolving years.



PHILIP II, AGED 70

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY PANTOJA DE LA CRUZ AT THE ESCORIAL

CHAPTER III

THE SPANISH CHURCH IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

THE IDEALS—CHURCH REFORMS—THE INQUISITION—PROTESTANTISM

NO one can read the history of Spain, without feeling that it is pre-eminently a religious history. From the time she became Christian, her clergy were the most prominent part of the nation, and her kings ruled literally by their permission. Persecution of misbelievers began early of course; persecution was the habit in all countries, for the men of those days attached more importance to uniformity of belief than we do to its liberty.

An unhesitating, unconfused, unquestioning, *axiomatic* faith in Heaven and Hell, in a personal God and an inspired Church, was in the opinion of the heads of Catholicism the right sort of faith for the laity to hold. For the ordinary man is a poor logician, and if he has got his faith by reasoning, he will always have a lurking suspicion that he may have reasoned badly. If on the other hand he believes himself inspired personally by the Holy Spirit, he will have moments of depression in which he will fear he has been deluded. But if he holds his faith as an axiom, has been born into it, has known no other, has grown with it till it has become a part of himself,—like his sense of honour, for instance,—then indeed he has got it tight, then he is not likely to let himself be talked out of it, or permanently to cast it away. The efforts, including the persecutions, of the early Church were aimed at the establish-

ment and the preservation of this axiomatic faith among the common people.

In Spain, the Church's task had been more difficult than elsewhere, because the misbelievers—Mohammedans, and great numbers of Jews—were there actually established in the land, and with certain inalienable rights bestowed on them by lax or terrified early kings. The Spanish Catholic could not live without knowledge of unbelievers and contact with them. And the fact that toleration of the infidel came quite natural to the common people, was alarming to the Church ; she had to put forth all her strength and employ every artifice if she were to hold her own, if she were not to see, first indifference, then apostasy, become the habit of the land.

The Church triumphed. By persuasions and by threatenings, she so worked upon the soul of the people that Spain became a nation of crusaders, and centuries before the establishment of the Inquisition, her holy wars against the infidels had taught her to connect the idea of religion with the idea of force. By degrees the religious sentiment became identified with the national sentiment. Without the bond of union provided by religion Spain could never have attained to political unity, individualism being a strong instinct in the Spaniard, and the different provinces being quite separate and always jealous of each other.

As the years went on, the religious feeling grew ever stronger and stronger. It was irritable, violent, armed, prone to excess ; typified by the town of Santa Fé built in the very face of the Moorish capital. It overflowed the whole country. It drove the infidel further and further away. It forcibly converted him, or as far as possible it suppressed him. After a while, if the kings neglected the care of the Church the people insisted upon

it. Sometimes the populace exceeded their very priests in fervour. A bishop was declared apostate because he said that wilfully to excite the fury of the Moslems, was the work not of a martyr but of a fool.

The Inquisition, first established in 1232 and reorganized by Ferdinand and Isabella, is said to have changed the Spanish character ; but unless sympathetic to the national sentiment it could never have attained such power nor have lasted so long. It was not an agency for fighting heathenism, but for rooting out heresy and hypocrisy. Its jurisdiction was only over baptized persons ; originally over the *Conversos*—converted Jews—and *Moriscoes*—converted Moors—who having been baptized by force or for reasons of self-interest, were very apt secretly to relapse into their former religion. They were accused not only of relapsing, but of proselytizing. The *Conversos* were especially hated. Occasionally some fact became public which encouraged a belief that they were capable of any atrocity. Andres Gonzalez, parish priest of Talavera in 1486, confessed that for fourteen years he had secretly held the Jewish faith. At Temblaque, a Jew confessed that he had stolen a child at Toledo, killed it, and used its heart in some hideous incantation. The crimes of the *Moriscoes*, if milder, were no less blasphemous. They rubbed the baptismal oil off their children ; they revered Friday and profaned the Christian Sunday ; they “ washed even in December ” ; they captured little boys and sent them to Barbary to be made Mohammedans. Naturally the people were furious and panic-struck.

The Jews, however, were rich and heavily taxed ; they were skilled as artificers and as physicians, while the Moors were admirable farmers, builders, scribes. Both contributed largely to the material prosperity of the kingdom, as of course every one knew. Was Spain to consider

material prosperity when faith was in peril ? As a country her mind was set not on an earthly but on a heavenly crown ; and she was ready to cut off her right hand, so that, maimed, she might enter into the kingdom of God.

When Ferdinand hesitated about the expulsion of the Jews, because some Rothschild of the day had offered a great gift to the revenue, Torquemada (himself of Jewish blood) forced his way into the royal presence, flung his crucifix on the ground and cried—

“ Judas sold his Master for thirty pieces of silver ; will you sell Him for thirty thousand ? ”

Torquemada, Alva, Philip, have been blamed for intolerance and cruelty, as if they were exceptional monsters. But no, their temper was the temper of their countrymen ; and it is always rash to indite a whole nation. Rather let us bear in mind how a state of mind came about so unlike anything with which we are now acquainted, and consider what were the ideals of a country that lost the world to attain them.

For certainly, she did attain them. She kept religion alive in her own land, and she constituted herself the champion of the Catholic Church, throwing her whole force into the effort, first, to check the advance of the followers of the False Prophet ; then, to stem the flood of Protestantism which was threatening to overspread Europe. Her methods were rude and bloody as in those days all methods were apt to be, and in the North, among the Teutonic peoples she failed. But she sent the Moors back to Africa and the Turks to the East ; she rooted out heresy from her own country, giving the Latin peoples confidence to support their old faith, and she kept the Pope firm on the Chair of Saint Peter, a temporal lord no less than a spiritual power.

And to her credit it must always be remembered that

she effected this confirmation of the Pope's authority largely by her reiterated and stimulating demands for reform in the Church itself. It was Spain which insisted on the Fifth Lateran Council and on the Council of Trent. It was Spanish theologians who were most prominent at the meetings of the Council and most resolute in the discussion less of dogma and routine, than of Church government and Church principles. It was the Spanish king who resisted the Pope himself in many matters which tended to the darkening of his spiritual light.

When Teresa de Jesus lay dying, she thanked God that she had lived and died a child of Holy Church ; and in this she showed herself a true daughter and representative of her country. The position of Spain in the sixteenth century was that she was the champion of the Church ; because, most passionately, she believed that the Church was the earthly manifestation of God.

During the Middle Ages worship had become everywhere almost entirely ceremonial. There were processions, pilgrimages, indulgences, superstitions, miracles even ; but little spirituality. Erasmus said a new Judaism had arisen ; and a French bishop declared the Church a stronghold of vice, a city of refuge for the wicked. Time after time the Spanish Cortes presented long rolls of petitions against the Church ; complaints of its oppressions, its neglect of public burdens and responsibilities ; its idleness and corruption.

But early in the fifteenth century improvement began. Saints arose,—the best known among them Saint Vincent Ferrer—who lived in self-denial and went about preaching and doing works of charity.

At the universities, theology had been almost forgotten. Now it was restored to its place ; and with renewed interest in the subject some strange doctrines were pro-

pounded and promptly suppressed. Most of these early errors, as reported to us, seem puerile enough. One scholar got into very hot water for suggesting that Jesus Christ was crucified on the 3rd of April. Pedro de Osma was punished for declaring publicly that the word *ecclesiastical* was not synonymous with the word *divine*. A Cistercian monk was condemned for preaching that men should do good works out of love to God, not for the hope of eternal life. Later a beautiful sonnet often ascribed to Saint Teresa, follows somewhat the same line of thought, and shows that the sixteenth century had attained to nobler views than its predecessor—

No me mueve, mi Dios, para
quererte,
El cielo que me tienes pro-
metido,
Ni me mueve el infierno tan
temido
Para dejar por eso de ofen-
derte.
Tu me mueves, mi Dios ;
muéveme el verte
Clavado en esa cruz y escar-
necido ;
Muéveme ver tu cuerpo tan
herido ;
Muévenme las angustias de tu
muerto ;
Muéveme, en fin, tu amor de
tal manera
Que, aunque no hubiera cielo,
no te amára,
Y aunque no hubiera infierno,
te temiera.
No me tienes que dar porque
te quiera,
Porque, si cuanto espero no
esperára,
Lo mismo que te quiero te
quisiera.

'Tis not the Heaven Thou hast
promised me
Which moves me, O my God,
to love Thy name,
Nor is it hell, that dread abode
of flame,
Which moves me to forsake
what grieveth Thee.
Thou movest me, my God,
when I do see
Thee nailed upon that cross
and put to shame,
It moves me to behold Thy
bruised frame
Thy cruel death and bitter
agony ;
Thy love 'tis in a word which
moves me so
That I should love Thee were
no Heaven above,
And fear Thee even were no
hell below.
Nought needst Thou give me
which my love should move,
For hoped I not for that I hope
for now
I still should love Thee as I
now Thee love.

The first great Spanish reformer was the celebrated Cardinal Cisneros (Ximenes) who, as Archbishop of Toledo, Primate of Spain, and Queen Isabella's right hand, lived the austere life of the simplest monk. He founded the University of Alcalá and instituted cathedral prebends to be given only to theological scholars. In Toledo he reformed the Chapter and restored the simple Mozarabic¹ worship. He reformed his own Order, the Franciscans, treating them with great severity and confiscating their wealth which he handed over to hospitals and other charities. Some of the monks he exiled, some he disrobed. Complaints of his harshness reached the General of the Order, and even the Pope (Alexander VI), but Cisneros refused attention to any remonstrances.

"Every one is ready to complain of the punishments," says the historian, "but they forget the crimes which required them," and "*Lo que no corrige la madre, lo castiga la madrastra* (What the mother does not correct will be punished by the stepmother)."

The Discalced Franciscans were reformed also by Saint Peter of Alcántara, whose wonderful career of self-mortification and asceticism is described by Teresa as almost superhuman. The Cistercians had already reformed themselves; "long before the Protestants were thought of," says the historian. The Augustinians included the great names of Luis of Leon, and Tomas de Villanueva, Bishop of Valencia, who died the same year as Teresa, and was called in alliterative Spanish, *Modelo de prelados, y padre de los pobres* (the model of prelates and father of the poor).

By degrees, a feeling rose in the Church against its own riches. The bishops, some of the abbots, not to

¹ The Mozarabes were the Christians before and during the Moorish occupation.

mention the abbesses, had long been great secular princes wielding immense power, and thoroughly versed in worldly affairs. But now the asceticism and penury of saints, the rule of Poverty binding the religious of many Orders, made loud protest against covetousness; just as the importance of the vow of Chastity was protest against the 'scandalous immorality not only of persons in the world but too often of churchmen themselves.

Amongst other abuses, the papal claim to control Church patronage was long resented in Spain. Once, a regularly appointed Archbishop of Seville sent from Rome, was absolutely refused by the diocese and a vicar-general set up to act in his place. Charles v followed his grandparents in perpetual representations to the Holy See on this matter of patronage, and finally saw it established that Spanish bishoprics should be held only by Spaniards chosen by the king. Philip was particularly careful in the selection of bishops. He knew the character and ability of all prominent ecclesiastics, and gave the great offices to learned and excellent men of pure life and simple manners who won universal esteem.

Pluralities and the holding of State offices by bishops had necessitated absenteeism and neglect of episcopal duties, a state of affairs satirized several times by Cervantes. Many of the prelates wished to alter it, especially the great Cardinal Tavera who built the hospital at Toledo. He had been President of the Royal Council for many years, presiding at the meetings of the Cortes, going on embassies, etc. When made Primate and Archbishop of Toledo, he begged to be relieved of his secular office, but it was some time before the emperor could make up his mind to spare him.

Another abuse was the exemption of the clergy from the authority of the secular courts. The spiritual courts

were proverbially lenient; and vagabonds and criminals used to enrol themselves in the lower ranks of the clergy to escape justice. We learn from Cervantes that the lower clergy were despised; but his *cura del pueblo* (village priest) who is not described as in any way exceptional, was a good man, well-bred, with some learning and much good sense, consulted and obeyed by everybody.

Another sort of ecclesiastic was Vicente Espinel, author of the novel, *Marcos de Obregon*. He belonged to a distinguished family at Ronda, and was destined for Orders and the family living. He studied at Salamanca, giving music lessons to support himself; but in 1572 the university was closed in consequence of riots upon the persecution of Fray Luis de Leon by the Inquisition. Espinel became a soldier, was engaged in many discreditable adventures, managed to get ordained at thirty-four, and went to Ronda to take up the family living. But the people of Ronda refused to have him till he had written them a fine letter expressing contrition for his evil life. After a time he again got mixed up in scandals, and the citizens complained to the king—

“This chaplain is unbearable. Rebukes or chastisements cannot change evils rooted in the man’s very nature, and confirmed by the tyranny of habit.”

The story illustrates what we shall several times observe in the history of Saint Teresa, the intense interest taken by ordinary citizens in religious affairs.

Philip was accused of being less favourable to the old religious Orders than to new ones. Among the latter the Hospitularios de San Juan de Dios deserve honourable mention. Their founder, a wild soldier born in 1495, was struck by a sermon of Juan de Avila, the Apostle of Andalucia. After some extravagance of penance the

convert devoted himself to works of charity. Near Gibraltar he saw a vision of the Child Jesus carrying a *granada* (pomegranate) with a cross on it, and saying, "Juan de Dios, Granada shall be thy cross." So he bought a house at Granada, and fitted it up as a hospital, carrying the sick folk to it himself (as he is represented in the fine statue of him outside the National Library at Madrid), and devoting himself to the cure of their souls no less than of their bodies. Alms flowed in, helpers joined him. The archbishop took him under his protection, bidding him however discard the rags he had thought meritorious and wear a proper habit—

"For decency makes virtue yet more lovable," said the sensible prelate.

Another philanthropist was Obregon, the founder of the congregation called by his name which ministered to the poor in the general hospital of Madrid. The story of his conversion relates that once in a Madrid street he struck a beggar who had splashed his fine clothes with mud. The beggar's meekness so impressed Obregon that he went home ashamed, and resolved to change his life.

Fray Juan del Niño Jesus, afterwards one of Teresa's friars, served the sick in the hospital at Alcalá, which had given shelter both to Columbus and to Ignatius Loyola. There is hardly a hospital in Spain which has not some tradition of the sixteenth century. Pedro Claver devoted himself in America to the service of the natives and became their slave. José Calasanz, a Spanish priest living in Rome, opened a ragged school in Trastevere which was the beginning of the Society of Las Escuelas Pias. Another society, which numbered among its distinguished names those of Gracian, of Saint Vincent de Paul, and of Cervantes (once a captive himself), was devoted to the help and redemption of those taken prisoner by the Moorish pirates



FRANCISCVS BORIA III. GENERALIS PRÆPOSITVS
Societatis IESV, quam ab anno 1565 Iulij 2, ad vsq; 1572
Octobris 2. feliciter rexit: Obijt Romæ, ætatis suæ 62.
Hieronymus Wierx fecit et excudit. Cum Gratia et Privilegio. Pirrmans.

SAINT FRANCIS BORGIA

from Africa, whose sudden appearing, landing, and harrying of the country for miles around, was the constant terror of the eastern and southern Spanish coast.

But of societies new and old none equalled in importance that founded by Saint Ignatius. The story of the early Jesuits is too well known to need recapitulation. It is enough that in holiness and in influence they have never been surpassed; and though from the first they have had enemies, it is probable that the maintenance of the Holy See, the moral and spiritual improvement in all ranks and in all places has been largely a result of their wonderful devotion, and of the splendid organization devised by a man of genius, if we are not to call him a man inspired.

Ignatius himself, Laynez and Salmeron, who were the Pope's representatives at the Council of Trent, Xavier and Borja were all Spaniards. Most nearly connected with our subject was the last, Saint Francis Borgia (Borja), the third General of the Society. For it was he who encouraged Saint Teresa in the days when her raptures and visions were a stumbling-block. He was that brilliant soldier and courtier known in the world as the Duke of Gandia. It is said that he cherished a chivalrous and hopeless passion for the beautiful and beloved Isabel of Portugal, wife of Charles v, who died young and was never replaced in the emperor's affections. It fell to the lot of Francis, then Marquis de Lombay, to identify officially the dead empress; and the shock of seeing so terrible a sight—for she had lain many days dead—and remembering that this was the woman who had been so beautiful, made a crisis in his life. Henceforth, he said, "Never more, never more would he serve princes who could die," *Nunca mas, nunca mas servir á señor que se me puede morir!*

Nine years later when he was Duke of Gandia and

Viceroy of Cataluña, he left all his riches, his titles, his offices, and joined Ignatius, calling himself Father Francis the Sinner. He was with Charles v just before his death in 1558; and it was on his way to that solemn visit to San Yuste that he came to Avila and made acquaintance with the nun of the Encarnacion Convent, Teresa de Ahumada.

The Inquisition was in full activity during Teresa's lifetime. The heretic, said the Church, is a venomous animal which must be exterminated before he vomits the poison of his impiety and spreads his contagion. That much was agreed. Heresy was pronounced a crime; against the law of the land, like murder or theft. The question was, how to find the heretic. Nominally it was the bishop's duty. When the Holy Office was instituted to assist him in this difficult and dangerous business, he was not sorry to be superseded. The Inquisition worked on the system—a terrible one—of encouraging informers; practically making everybody its agent, and binding all—under risk of temporal and spiritual punishment—in a league to maintain the purity of the faith.

Yearly the Inquisition officers made visitations to the principal towns, and summoned all heretics to come forward and confess, all who knew of heretics to come forward and denounce. The visitation was conducted with solemn ceremonial. There were great processions, the Inquisition officers on horseback, the clergy marching with the Cross draped in black and surrounded by flaming torches. Great crowds assembled. The proclamation and the curse were read aloud. All cried Amen. The clergy chanted the Miserere, the bells tolled. The torches were extinguished in Holy Water to the solemn words—

“As the lights die in the water, so shall the souls of heretics die in hell.”

As a rule the people were terrorized and came forward as required. When accusation was made, the accused was not allowed to know the name of his accuser; and this provision of course afforded great opportunity to a man's enemies. The secrecy, the absolute isolation of the prisoner, and the delays before sentence was pronounced, were the most galling features of the system; while the wholesale confiscations of property were unjust, a temptation to covetous officials and the ruin of the country's credit.

Nor did the results of condemnation end with the life of the heretic. It entailed frightful disabilities on his descendants for several generations. The statutes with regard to *limpieza*—cleanness of blood from Jewish or Mohammedan taint, or from descent from any one condemned by the Inquisition—are most extraordinary in their intolerance. A man who could not prove his *limpieza* was debarred from holding any public office or from entering the priesthood; he might not (after 1488) be a notary, a physician or even an apothecary. He was excluded from most of the religious Orders, might not take a degree in the principal universities (that of Alcalá was an honourable exception) nor of course hold any position in the Holy Office itself. Part of the routine of the Inquisition was examining into pedigrees; and when the fatal *mancha* (blot) was revealed—brought into the family perhaps by some obscure and long forgotten ancestress—the unfortunate bearer of the stained name was relegated to the pariah class, and must infect any one he might marry and all his descendants. At the close of Philip's reign protests were made, and it was forbidden that investigation should go back more than a hundred years. But as a system of caste it was long before the importance of *limpieza* died

out, and traces of it existed in Majorca even in the nineteenth century.

At first the acts of the Inquisition had been subject to revision by Rome. But the venality of the Papal Curia was no secret, and people used to buy pardons quite easily, sometimes even in advance. Isabella, Charles, and Philip, being determined on genuine reform, would not submit to this, and forced the Pope to recognize the independence of the Holy Office. Philip made it his right hand ; but was careful it should not be raised against himself. In 1574 he refused to permit the founding of a new military Order, "Santa Maria of the White Sword," under the direct command of the Inquisitor-General.

No respecter of persons was the Holy Office. It took proceedings against the highest dignitaries. A notable instance was the case of Carranza, the Archbishop of Toledo and Primate of all Spain. He had been in England with Philip and zealous against the Protestants there ; nevertheless was supposed to have caught the infection of heretical opinions. He was denounced, arrested, and spirited away to an Inquisition prison at Valladolid where he nearly died from lack of ventilation in his cell. He was detained for nine years ; then the Pope lost patience and insisted on his being sent for trial to Rome. But in Rome he languished in confinement for nine years more ; and when at last, mildly censured by Gregory XIII, he was set at liberty, he died in a month. Quiroga the Inquisitor-General succeeded him as Primate Archbishop ; he had Carranza's portrait placed with those of his predecessors and erected a tomb to his memory, which shows laudable anxiety to accept his justification and do him honour.

Saint Teresa and almost all the Spanish Mystics were attacked by the Inquisition. They were acquitted, but

the mere taking up of their cases proves the vigilance of the officers.

In the sixteenth century the treatment of criminals was not good anywhere. The Inquisition prisons were in many respects better managed and less cruel than the civil prisons. Torture was not used only in Spain, nor only by the Holy Office. When the prisoners were ill, endeavours were made to assist them. For example, the statistics about the birth of Ana de Torres's baby, show that the safety and comfort of herself and her child were matters of very considerable solicitude to her gaolers.

It is commonly said that Protestantism stopped at the Alps and the Pyrenees. Nevertheless it had penetrated into both Spain and Italy. In the latter country one of its principal champions was a Spaniard, Juan de Valdes.

Luther died in 1546. "How wrong I was not to have killed him!" sighed the weary emperor, recognizing his importance; though at the Diet of Worms, twenty-five years earlier, he had said with contempt—

"This is not the man to make a heretic of me!"

The Council of Trent began its sittings in 1545. At the Council the Spanish element largely predominated. Half the Spanish bishops attended with their chaplains. Many of the Italian prelates were Spaniards and so were five out of the seven theologians who represented the Pope. But Vargas, one of the Spanish delegates, wrote a pamphlet complaining of the Council, and saying that in the crowd of divines only twenty knew what they were saying. Vargas himself was afterwards accused of heresy.

It was a time when men had taken courage to think and to express their opinions; and all whose motto was *Reform* were allowed a hearing. Luther's was not the only heresy which started into life. Study of the Council's

discussion on Justification shows that the orthodox and the unorthodox formulas, though widely different in principles and in tendencies, seem in words very much alike. It is easy to understand that many persons stumbled into heresy without intending it, and that many seemed to be heretics who were not.

Valladolid and Seville were the centres of Spanish Protestantism. The number of its adherents was never large, but they were almost all persons of education and of position.

Prominent at Valladolid was Augustin Cazalla, one of the emperor's favourite chaplains. He held secret meetings at his house (alluded to by Saint Teresa, writing a few years later), introduced the new doctrines in sermons, and obtained a considerable following including a number of monks and nuns. The growing sect was denounced to the Inquisition, and Cazalla with many others were thrown into prison. An *auto de fe* was celebrated on 21st May 1559. One person was burned alive; fourteen, including Cazalla, his mother and brothers and sisters were strangled, and their bodies afterwards burned. A large number were reconciled, and condemned to confiscation and to public recantation. Another *auto* followed in October in the presence of Philip, when thirteen Lutherans—all persons of position—were executed and one Morisco. One of the victims, Carlos de Sesse, apparently by permission, preached as long as he could speak, and so inflamed the courage of Juan Sanchez (Cazalla's secretary) that he abandoned his intention of recantation and flung himself voluntarily into the flames. The greater number were not, however, burned alive, and many were reconciled. Two years later there was a third *auto*. This time there were only two Lutherans, the rest being Moriscoes, Conversos, and "Blasphemers." After this, we hear of no more Protestantism in Valladolid.

At Seville the movement began earlier and ended later and its centre was in the very Cathedral Chapter. It commenced with the preaching of one Rodrigo de Valer, an Old Christian, who had been converted from an evil life by reading the Bible. "This," says the historian, "naturally inclined him to Protestantism."

However, being considered crazy the Inquisition treated him leniently. He was condemned to wear a *san benito*¹ and to remain in a monastery where he died in 1550. His preaching had caught the attention of Doctors Egidio and Constantino, the latter another of Charles's chaplains, and of the Canon Juan Gil. Gil made public recantation and was condemned to one year's imprisonment. The Chief Inquisitor, Fernando de Valdes, was at this time Archbishop of Seville; nevertheless the Chapter defended Gil, paid him his salary while in prison, and set up a monument to him after his death in 1556.

It was discovered that a considerable sect had grown up, that heretical books were coming in from Holland, and that communication was kept up with some of the members who had escaped to England and there published Articles of their Faith.

The Inquisition started into activity; many leading citizens were apprehended, and made short work of in an *auto de fe*, September 1559, in the Plaza San Francisco, now the peaceful site of milkshops and foreign hotels. Forty or fifty were burned, five of them alive; one lady died under torture. Egidio and Constantino, already dead, were burned in effigy; and the house of Doña Isabel de Baena, where the sect used to hold their meetings was razed to the ground. After which we read of no more Protestantism in Seville.

¹ *San benito*—A yellow gown marked with a St. Andrew's Cross, the livery of those found guilty by the Inquisition. The unconcealable stigma was sometimes a great hindrance to the wearer in earning his living.

The Spanish *autos* were few but effective. It was the opinion of the day that similarly prompt and drastic measures would have stamped out the infection of heresy in the northern countries also. This opinion was unquestionably a mistake. Protestantism grew strong in the north because more in accord with the genius of the people. But to say that the English conscience was revolted by the burnings and the Spanish conscience was not, is little to the point. The natural temper was different in the two peoples. In these matters it is dangerous for one nation to cast a stone at another. The tender-hearted Englishman to-day is shocked by cruelty to draught-animals which seems quite natural to a Neapolitan; yet in England we still hang murderers, and in Italy capital punishment is considered a barbarism.

And we should certainly hesitate before throwing stones at our forefathers. The writings of their day show how altogether different was their point of view. They lived under more difficult conditions than ours, and if they had not been rather hard-hearted might not have survived at all. If they were behind us in sanitation, cleanliness, and dislike of the red colour of blood, perhaps they were our superiors in patience, self-abnegation, and fortitude. Like every one else they could only do what seemed best to them at the time; if their measures turned out ill—well! it is easy to be wise after the event.

Whether or no Spain's belief in the Church was a delusion, and her championship a folly—which pushed her into a backwater, all her ideals in the past, none in the future—is a further question upon which we need not enter now. The men of the sixteenth century thought they were doing God service; nor can we think that He, who alone can reconcile opposites, did not accept the service alike of those who opposed and of those who

defended an institution acknowledged by them all in the beginning to have been founded on everlasting principles.

For my own part, I can tolerate the intolerance and understand the burnings better than I can forgive the deliberate choice of obscurantism and scientific ignorance which is still recommended in certain pulpits, and which a few centuries ago seemed to the holiest people the only way to preserve spirituality and truth. We shall find it even in Saint Teresa. By *learned* she means only the theologically and ecclesiastically learned. Especially she detested too much profane learning in *mujercillas* (little women). In this respect, she was not at all "modern."

Well! had she lived in the twentieth century instead of the sixteenth no doubt she would have been very different from what she was. But would she have been *Saint Teresa*? I hope so; for of all its distinguished women, perhaps those whom the world could spare among the least are its saints.

CHAPTER IV

TERESA AT THE CONVENT OF THE INCARNATION

THE ORDER OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL—SICKNESS— DECLENSION

TWO years before the birth of Teresa de Ahumada, the Convent of the Encarnacion (Incarnation) had been founded by Doña Elvira, Duchess of Medina Coeli. The building was spacious and dignified in aspect ; comfortable too, and in every respect suited to its purpose. There was a large garden ¹ (*huerta*) and an excellent water supply. Teresa tells us how pleasant her own cell was—divided into two parts, the outer, her bedroom and writing-room, sunny and very quiet ; the inner, an oratory with her pictures and images.

The Encarnacion was the most important religious house at Avila ; but Teresa had chosen it for two reasons which would not have appealed to her later : first, her friend Juana de Suarez was there ; secondly, she fancied the Carmelite rule less severe than that of the Augustinians of Our Lady of Grace.

It was told of the Encarnacion that a year or two after its foundation a *zahuri* ² had come to the house, and with the eyes of a prophet had asked permission to search it. "For," said he, "I have learned in a vision that you have a great treasure here which is called Teresa."

Teresa de Ahumada used to laugh over this legend

¹ *Huerta*—fruit and vegetable garden.

² *Zahuri*—person with second sight.



THE CONVENT OF LA ENCARNACION AT AVILA

with another nun named Teresa, and they would wonder which of the two was to prove the treasure.

The origin of the Order of Our Lady of Carmel is lost in "the hoar backward and abysm of time." Tradition refers it to Elijah the Tishbite, and the hundred men of the Lord's prophets whom he hid in a cave of Mount Carmel. The community thus founded held together, so it is said, and flourished till the days of John the Baptist, the second Elias, and of the Virgin Mary, who took the hermits under her special protection. As the years and the centuries rolled on, the Order emerged from the twilight of tradition into the morning of history. Antonio of Egypt and Antonio Hilarion are more than legendary personages, "in those fortunate times when the deserts of Palestine were peopled with as many monks as the heavens are with stars." The hermits were scattered by the early Moslems; but a few hid themselves and when the storm was past returned to Mount Carmel and again increased their numbers. In 1161 Saint Albert, Patriarch of Jerusalem, gave them a rule, "such in its spirit and its wisdom as was sufficient to lift up an edifice fallen almost to the ground." Then came the time of general laxity and deadness, "for there is naught so fixed that time doth not change it, nor so perfect that our wickedness doth not infect it, nor so profitable that our bad disposition doth not extract from it evil"; and so the rule of Saint Albert was modified and changed by Popes Innocent IV and Eugenius IV to suit the capacities of a community which was no longer fervent. The Order had fallen on evil days and sank lower and lower, participating in the general irreligion. "But the Lord who never left His Church without witnesses to the truth, did not fail to raise up some few saints even in an institution so old and wearied as was now waxen the Order of Our Lady of Mount

Carmel ; old of a truth and worn out like Sarah ; yet like her to have good fruit and to see the birth of a child of promise." The child of promise proved to be the scarce noted daughter of Alonzo de Cepeda ; who had come weeping and half dismayed to the Convent of the Encarnacion of Avila in the year 1533 ; and who lived there in quiet uneventful preparation till in 1562 she began the outside work with which her name is associated.

Even so did her Master spend thirty quiet years of preparation, before He entered upon that great travail which changed the face of the world. Teresa, who in all things wished to follow Him, must have strengthened her patience remembering that He also had waited long before the call came to Him to begin His work.

Teresa was eighteen when she entered on the religious life. In this Convent of the Mitigated Carmelite rule there was still opportunity for much self-mortification and her young enthusiasm took full advantage of it. She fasted, she wept and bewailed her sins ; she spent long hours in solitude, she undertook the most menial duties of the house, and swept the floors by choice at the very hours she had been used to devote to dress and amusement. She folded the veils of the nuns who sang better than she did in the choir, calling them angels who praised the Lord. She nursed a nun who was suffering from a repellant disease ; and, marvelling at the poor thing's patience, prayed that God would send to herself like profitable affliction ; " but first," she adds in her humorous way, " that He would give me strength to endure it ! "

It is recorded that every one liked the girl, she was so cheerful and energetic, so modest and unselfish. Writing, however, of this period from her standpoint of many years later, she blames herself for an overweening desire for praise, and for too great anxiety in small matters.

She made her Profession in 1534 or 1535,—the date is uncertain,—“with great joy and peace of soul”; nor had she any longer the counterbalancing distress of her father’s annoyance, for he had now withdrawn all opposition and was able even to rejoice in his daughter’s vocation.

But her prayer for the suffering which was to teach her patience was answered more literally than she had anticipated. She had scarcely taken the vows when she fell very ill. Her complaint was not the same as that suffered by the nun she had nursed, “but,” she says meekly, “I do not think it was less grievous.” What this complaint was is perhaps a little clearer to us than it was to herself, and to her friends or physicians. From an earthly point of view it is plain that her mortifications and penance, her unwonted exaltation of spirit and almost painful concentration of mind, had induced what we should now call a serious nervous breakdown. Some of her symptoms are admitted, even by persons convinced of her inspiration, to point to hysteria—what is known as *La grande hystérie*; hysteria being a vague and comprehensive term under which the modern physician classes many strange and avowedly ill-understood phenomena, often if not always symptoms of disease.

A great Russian writer has made the interesting remark that by *health* we mean no more than that a human being is in perfect harmony with his environment; therefore a superior being, harmonized to a superior sphere would inevitably seem diseased in this lower one. Be this as it may, Teresa all through her life, especially perhaps in this early part of her spiritual career, paid for the raptures of her soul by great suffering and weakness of body. In 1535, long before her visions and ecstasies had begun, she was suffering from frequent faints, sickness, feebleness of heart, often attended by severe pain; nervous

complaints no doubt, but none the less real for that. Is not, however, the nervous temperament the temperament of genius ?

Under the Mitigated Carmelite rule practised at the Encarnacion, the nuns were allowed frequent absences, and as much intercourse as they chose with friends and relations. Accordingly Alonzo de Cepeda took his daughter away from her convent to get her medical advice. She was put under a lady doctor of great repute who practised at Becedas, a few leagues from Avila. What were the qualifications and what the treatment of this lady practitioner does not appear. At any rate there was no attempt at "mind-cure," but something violent and so laborious that Teresa found it much more trying than the discipline of the convent. She persevered for three months, growing daily worse ; then returned to her father's house at Avila, a perfect wreck. Now the men doctors were called in. They had the acuteness to perceive that the malady was "ethical" ; but pronounced it incurable, which was perhaps fortunate, as in those days the remedies were always apt to be worse than the disease. Teresa was not troubled with operations or drugs ; but she took to her bed and was given over to death.

On the Day of the Assumption, she fell into convulsions, and after that into a catalepsy or trance which lasted four days. She lay speechless and motionless, the beat of her heart, the drawing of her breath, imperceptible. All this is said now to be highly characteristic of *La grande hystérie* ; but the doctors in attendance did not understand ; they declared she was dead and preparations were made for her funeral. Only Alonzo her father maintained she was still alive. He watched her for a day and a night, then unable to keep his eyes open longer went to rest leaving his son Lorenzo in charge of the supposed corpse. Lorenzo

was afterwards a great man ; but he was not at all a good nurse. He fell sound asleep, dropped his candle and set the patient's bed in a blaze. Not even this catastrophe wakened Teresa. It was now quite certain she was dead. Wax was laid on her eyes. Her grave was dug at the Encarnacion. Nuns came for her body. The prioress and the rest of the sisters waited to receive the funeral.

Teresa, however, had revived. To the awe of her family, she sat up, she ate and drank, she spoke. She told them she had been in heaven and had seen the joys of the blessed ; in hell also, where a place was prepared for herself ; but she was to escape it and to live many years, and save the souls of her dear father and of her friend Juana Suarez and many others ; and to found convents, and at last to die a holy death, and be buried with honour, her body wrapped in a cloak of golden brocade. All of which in due time came to pass.

Ribera, her biographer, was told all this by very trustworthy persons, among them Bañes her confessor, and Juana her sister, wife of Juan de Ovalle, who said they had learned it from herself. But Teresa in her Autobiography, though she describes her illness, makes no mention of these visions ; and in her later years she thought little of them, and said they were all " phrenetic nonsense " and was grieved that her wise and holy father should have heard of them. It was never Teresa's habit to chatter about her visions or revelations to outsiders. She has left minute descriptions of many of them ; written however solely for her spiritual directors at their command and in hope of their explanations. She does tell of a vision of hell and of the niche prepared there for herself ; but ascribes it to a time much later in her career. As for the honour and glory, the gold brocade and so forth—that

was not the kind of thing to which she ever attached any importance !

Time went on and the invalid grew little better. At Easter she wished to return to her convent, so they carried her thither in a sheet, for she was still paralysed and seemed more dead than alive. For eight months she lay helpless, then slowly began to get about again ; but for three years her state continued most precarious and she was quite unable for the fasts and other exercises which belonged to convent life.

At last she made the discovery of a spiritual cure. A spiritual cure can be effected in many ways ; perhaps indeed the spiritual is the *only* cure, though it is sometimes disguised in doctors' drugs, or in the passes of the magnetizer ; shall we say in the waters of Lourdes ? in the prayers of Bethshan ?

Teresa found her cure in a devotion to Saint Joseph whose intercession she requested. Saint Joseph must, she thought, hold a peculiar position with her Lord, who at one time was subject to him on earth. It was strange that among the saints he seemed to have suffered neglect ! Teresa celebrated his Feast with great solemnity (" not unmixed," she tells us, " with vanity"), and adopted him openly for her patron. " Having experience of the great blessings he can obtain from God," she wished to persuade all to be his devotees. For many years on his Day, she asked him to bring about some definite thing and always she saw it accomplished. If her petition was awry, he so directed it that it should work out more truly for her good. " How indeed can any one think on the Queen of Angels during the long years she spent with the Child Jesus in the home at Nazareth, and not feel Saint Joseph associated with them both—their protector, their counsellor, their defence, worthy of all honour from their lovers ? "

All of which shows the simplicity of her faith ; and a strong imaginative power which made the things she believed in seem to her absolutely real and objective. At any rate she got well ; and Saint Joseph—or her ideal of him—was a power in her life from henceforth. All the convents she founded except five were dedicated to him and many of her spiritual children elected to take his name.

But not Teresa herself ; no ! When the time came for dropping her worldly surname and adopting a religious one, she called herself Teresa of Jesus. Saint Joseph was her saint ; but there was no idol-making in her devotion to him. He was for her a stepping-stone to help her to One greater than he.

During these years of illness, Teresa's experiences had not been solely of suffering. Before consulting the wise woman of Becedas, she had paid another visit to the uncle at Hortigosa whose influence had sent her to the cloister. This time he led her a little further along the path of mysticism. He gave her a book called the *Tercer Abecedario* (the third Alphabet), written by a Franciscan named Osuna. Studying it, she became convinced of a lack of spirituality in her own religion. As yet she had been aiming at pious observance ; what she needed was a state of the soul. For from a right state of the soul pious observance will spring as good fruit springs from a good tree. To *be* rather than to *do* became now Teresa's aim ; in a word she turned deliberately to the contemplative, as distinguished from the active life.

The contemplative life is best perhaps described in the words of Saint Paul :—" With open face " (*i.e.* directly) " beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image from glory to glory, as by the spirit of the Lord." From Osuna's book Teresa learned that

the way to behold directly the glory of the Lord, and thus to be changed into His image, was by Prayer (*oracion*, prayer in its widest sense—not mere asking); Mental Prayer, the Prayer of Recollection (*recogimiento*), a “gathering up” of the spirit into a single purpose, a single consciousness, a pure, unmixed, undistracted contemplation of the divine, a deliberate and definite attempt to enter into direct communion with God.

Teresa—like most of us—had had no idea how to enter upon this Prayer of Recollection; but the book instructed her, and she gave herself up to it, gradually advancing from the Prayer of Recollection to other definite stages of mysticism; whither indeed the ordinary person cannot follow her, though these stages are well understood, and easily and consistently classified by mystics of every creed. Teresa became later a great exponent of them, but at this time (1535) she was a beginner; when she found herself sometimes—not frequently—lifted into those mystic states which afterwards she knew as “Ecstasy” and “Union,” she did not, she says, understand what had happened to her, nor the great value she should have set upon these favours.

Among the relics of the Convent of San Josef in Avila, this precious copy of Osuna’s *Abecedario* is reverentially preserved. I have held it in my hand, have turned the yellowed pages, and have seen the underlinings and the pencil notes put there by the saintly woman, who had found the little treatise her guide to the Pathway of Perfection.

It was Teresa’s achievement to learn that neither the active nor the contemplative life is complete by itself; faint perception of this truth came to her thus early in her spiritual life while she was still groping to find her way. Instinctively she perceived that habits of solitude and of

meditation and of prayer must not destroy all interest in fellow-souls. At Becedas she became acquainted with a secular priest ; a man not young ; intelligent, learned, like herself fond of books and fond of conversation. She made him her confessor and great sympathy, even affection, sprang up between them. The young nun's natural purity, her zeal in the service of God which she evidently expected him to share, filled this man with compunction, and presently he confessed to her that for seven years he had been living in mortal sin, indeed that his life with a mistress was an open scandal, in consequence of which he was reprobated and shunned by all. Such conduct on the part of a priest was common enough in pre-Reformation days ; probably in no country but Spain would much notice have been taken of it. Teresa was shocked, and greatly distressed. She inquired into the matter further ; woman-like, she decided that the man was less guilty than his paramour who had bewitched him ;—not, she says, that she believed in literal enchantments, but saw through the woman's tactics easily enough. However she confiscated a so-called charm given by the mistress to her lover, and thus helped the man to get free from his chains. He reformed, and led a chastened life till his death a year or two later. What became of the woman ? History or Teresa does not say. She was a woman of no importance, even to a saint.

The long absence from her convent, and after her return the relaxations naturally granted to one in her state of health, seem for a time to have diverted Teresa from the exclusively spiritual life which was her essential desire. The Encarnacion nuns mixed freely with the world, and Teresa with her lively disposition and gift for conversation, had many friends. According to her own account, society was her snare ; she wasted her time, distracted her thoughts,

neglected her duties. The Mental Prayer, which she had practised with so much enthusiasm, became, she says, tedious to her ; presently she gave it up, persuading herself that in her present frame of mind it was irreverence. Possibly those about her noticed little change in her behaviour ; but she herself was very conscious of failure.

It was an experience not without value to her soul, which helped to prepare her for her future work and brought her within sympathy of the weaker ones. Of all the saints, Teresa appears least of an abstraction ; she was no being of ice and snow, living far away from us on a mountain top eternally bathed in the rare pure air of heaven. She was very human, of like passions with ourselves ; at this time a high-spirited girl, fond of chatter and amusement, to whom prayer at times seemed tedious and her chosen cloister a dull cold place !

The period of declension did not last long ; she deplored it deeply though she was too clear-sighted not to recognize that, in her own language, it was over-ruled for good. For one thing it taught her the impossibility of serving two masters ; she recognized that a woman vowed to the religious life can best keep her vow, and attain that object for which convents are founded, by absolute separation from the world. Not that under the relaxed rule of the Encarnacion, it was impossible to be a saint ; her own subsequent career showed that. But she felt she could have done better under a different system, and that many a feeble though aspiring soul, struggling against worldliness unaided and almost alone, must have despaired and been defeated. When she established her own convents she enforced the rule of Enclosure, not with any idea of persecuting the nuns, but simply that they might be in the most favourable circumstances for single-eyed devotion and pursuit of their ideal.

Teresa was not herself one of the weak ones. Her conscience pricked her sharply. She hesitated to confess to her father Alonzo that she had given up her Mental Prayer, for, under her influence, he also had been practising this holy exercise. When he questioned her she said her health would not allow her the necessary exaltation of soul, the long hours of bodily discomfort. Alonzo, a man, she says, who never lied, and was accustomed to truth from herself, accepted the excuse without demur; and now she had the additional burden on her conscience of knowing she had deceived him.

She received several warnings, apparently supernatural, but refused to take alarm. The story of the toad which came towards her in the convent gardens where she was merrymaking with a worldly friend, seems childish to us; and indeed her own common sense refused to be terrified by the harmless creature, which since the days of the Cabbala had been regarded as "a sponge for the absorption of every evil." But the vision which appeared to her a little later was not puerile. One day talking and laughing with her accustomed heedless gaiety she was suddenly startled into silence. For she saw the appearance of the Lord Christ standing by her side, grave and stern. She saw Him, she says, not indeed with the eyes of her body, for never did she see vision with the eyes of the body, but always with the eyes of the soul; many of us who have never dignified such perceptions with the name of visions will understand precisely what she meant. She was startled, for the impression was most vivid. But it faded; and presently she told herself it was all fancy; and she turned to her amusing companion and laughed on.

I have myself sat in that parlour of the Encarnacion Convent, unchanged since Teresa's day, save that now the nuns do not themselves enter it but talk to their visitors

from behind two large wooden grilles. It is a spacious, pleasant room, with white walls, rafted ceilings, and wide windows through which the sun streams in, making even Avila bright. In fancy I see it full of the cavaliers and ladies of the city in their rich clothing, the men with their swords, the ladies in velvet and lace, children at their feet dressed exactly like their elders ; all of them the " worldly holy " who take a deep interest in church and religious affairs and have come nominally, perhaps sincerely, to talk of holy things, yet quickly have relapsed into gossip, and merry argument and *carcajadas* (bursts of laughter). Among them I see the nuns in their brown habits, the black veils thrown back, some who have been out visiting their homes still wearing their white cloaks. And of the nuns, the favourite is Teresa, the daughter of grave Alonzo de Cepeda who is the most constant of the visitors ; Teresa with her bright dark eyes, and cheeks, naturally round and fresh-coloured, now somewhat drawn by long ill-health ; Teresa, whose wit is the delight of all, who is so interesting in her talk, so persuasive, and so courteous with the courtesy not merely of the well-bred woman, but of a warm heart at once sensitive and kind. Young and old, men and women they gather round her ; and some of them tell her with a sigh and a shrug that it is a thousand pities she has left the world in which she would have shone so bright. And the words make her ashamed and recall her for a moment to herself ; but there is a subtle flattery in them that she cannot wholly resist ; and after a minute she is sparkling more gaily than before, and the pleasure and the excitement of the moment have no connection with the life of the Cross, and the renunciation which she has accepted as her portion.

But soon Teresa reached the turning-point. Her father fell ill and she left her convent to nurse him. He died,

and in the grief of her bereavement—for he had been very dear to her—her “heart again became soft for the reception of the good seed which the heavenly sower was not backward to restore to her.” She turned to Alonzo’s confessor, Fray Vicente Varron, a Dominican, and told him of her backsliding and remorse. He gave her advice. She must resume her prayer ; she must come more regularly and more frequently to the Holy Communion. The penitent obeyed ; and gradually felt the benefit of his counsel.

Though Teresa makes the remarkable statement that for *twenty years* she continued in a state of tepidness, with love of the world still in her heart, not yet initiated into the deeper mysteries of communion with God,—it is plain that she had really made her decision for the rest of her life, and that the years which followed—slowly, monotonously, marked by few outward events—were really years of growth in which her soul made slow but unfaltering progress in spirituality. She had her dull seasons—what she calls dryness. She still associated with her worldly friends ; she suffered from a divided mind, and often no doubt from great depression. She was not immune from the faults of humanity. To the end of her days she blames herself with what seems exaggerated severity, for idleness, vanity, self-indulgence, lack of charity to her neighbours, lack of love for God. But after this one season of slackness, we may safely say that she never again left her path, though she may have stumbled or even fallen on the way. She made mistakes ; sometimes was misled by her affections, or her inclinations, sometimes was infected by the tortuous intriguing ways of the time. But to those who knew her well, the men and women of her own day, who shared her faults and fell short of her virtues, to them she seemed genuinely and increasingly holy, a burning and a shining light, shining more and more unto the perfect day.

Like so many saints—not all of one church—Teresa points to a special psychological moment which proved a crisis in her inner history. One day in 1555—twenty years after she had first studied the *Abecedario*—on her way to the Oratory her eye fell upon an image of the wounded Christ (one of those coloured wooden figures which are so characteristic of Spain) carried there for use at some festival. Suddenly scales seemed to fall from her eyes. As never before she realized the sufferings her Saviour had endured for her. Pierced to the heart she cast herself on her knees, weeping in an agony of gratitude and compunction, praying that God would give her strength never more—never more to offend Him.

It was an impression that did not pass away. It ended the period of lukewarmness and was the beginning of a new life, of burning fervour and devotion. She was transfigured. She had entered into the joy of her Lord, into the mystic kingdom of heaven which is the vestibule of the Paradise of God.¹

¹ I have followed generally the chronology of D. Vicente de la Fuente. It has been accused of being imaginary, but appears to be based upon minute and laborious study of Teresa's own remarks in her different writings, compared with the sequence of events in the biographies of some of her friends,—Baltasar Alvarez for example. It is true that Teresa says she is often herself very uncertain about dates, and she does not attempt to keep at all closely to chronological order.

CHAPTER V

THE SUPERNATURAL

DOUBTS AND DISTRESS—EXPERIENCES—CRITICISM

THE year 1555 therefore is the beginning of Saint Teresa's *Vita Nuova*. The long years of preparation are ended, the time of fruition has come. Had she died that year at the age of forty, we should never have heard of her. The great experiences of her soul, the great actions of her life, all came afterwards—when she was a middle-aged, an elderly, an old woman. It is impossible to believe that the two, the inner experience and the outward activity, were not connected; that her career was not a living witness to the truth she had long ago dimly apprehended, that the tree must be changed if it is to produce a changed fruit, that the true study and aim of a saint is to *be* rather than to *do*.

By this time (1555) it is undeniable that Teresa had arrived at a spiritual state of great sanctity. She burned with love to God, with desire to know and to perform His will. Her mind was concentrated on this. She saw everything else in relation to this. God had become intensely real to her, more real than the people about her. She felt her whole soul in its minutest part open to Him. She felt Him very near her. It seemed as though the veil were growing ever thinner which prevented her from actually beholding Him; like Stephen, who filled with the Holy Ghost, looked steadfastly into heaven and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God.

Day and night she pondered on these things. What—where—was this heaven in which God was? The answer came to her, as it has come to other mystics: “The kingdom of heaven is within.”

At this time Teresa was still in poor health and even rejoiced at it, thinking it an offering to God less liable to be tainted with pride than voluntary pain. Her weakness was increased by much fasting, penance and general asceticism. She no longer thought herself unable for these exercises: they were now her delight, not only as discipline but as a way of sharing in the sufferings of Christ. She says her health improved under this self-torment. So perhaps it did, as health does improve when we cease to attach immense importance to it. But she was left in that hypersensitive spiritual state, which has been, I think, necessary for all ecstasies, whether their experiences are to be considered objective or not. That Saint Paul kept his body under may not have been the cause but it was certainly the condition of his being caught up to the third heaven; and Christianity, before it had assimilated certain minor excellences of paganism which came back with the Renaissance, made no question at all that the soul was superior to the body and must be nourished at the latter's expense.

Teresa then, weak with illness, worn with privation, her heart on fire with love to God, her mind concentrated on Him, began to find her acts of prayer (*oracion*) bringing her with added frequency into what she considered a supernatural state; in which, though fully conscious, she suffered some strange suspension of her ordinary faculties; and received, as she believed, direct revelations from God;—the sense of His presence becoming, as she says, so strong that in nowise could she doubt of it, nor that she was altogether engulfed in Him.

Most real was this experience to her; but with all her

gift for language she was never able adequately to explain it, except indeed to those persons who have gone through it themselves. She analyzes minutely, and distinguishes between the different stages of prayer. Beginning with deliberate and systematic Meditation, it passes involuntarily and by degrees into the condition of Ecstasy and Rapture ; the earliest stage of which, called the Prayer of Quiet, is accompanied by great peace and joy, and is not very uncommon among the religious of all sects who expect and welcome it. But Teresa passed beyond this Prayer of Quiet, through other definite stages to the deeper and stranger rapture called the Prayer of Union. She became alarmed ; and from her holy joy sank into hesitation and anguish, probably the most acute suffering of her whole life.

For the distressing question which had vaguely crossed her mind on an earlier and fleeting occasion, now presented itself seriously, first to herself and then to others :—Were these seemingly supernatural experiences really the gift of God ? or were they the result of her own overheated imagination ? or, worse still, were they not most likely the work of the devil ?

At that time in Spain, there was great fear of religious imposture. A Franciscan nun of Cordova, Madalena de la Cruz, after posing as a prophetess and miracle-worker for more than twenty years, had spontaneously confessed herself a deceiver ; and had caused great scandal, for kings and even popes had consulted her and asked her blessing. A Lisbon nun also was proved a fraud after she had imposed upon even the wise Fray Luis of Granada. Sober persons, then as now, were much afraid of confusing the natural and the supernatural. They also believed in the personality and the power of Satan with a fervour unknown to us twentieth-century sceptics. There was instinctive dread of apparent wonders, and the ordinary confessor

greatly preferred that his penitents should walk in the ordinary paths of reason and routine.

Teresa in her alarm, laid her case before various persons whom she had been accustomed to regard as her spiritual guides. One was Don Francisco de Salcedo, a layman, known as *El caballero Santo* (the Holy Gentleman), who had great repute for sanctity and wisdom, and was it seems the religious director of many persons. Don Francisco felt this case beyond him, and put Teresa in communication with Maestro Gaspar Daza, a professed theologian. After a time she consulted also the Jesuit Fathers who had lately opened a college in Avila. Foremost among these was the celebrated Baltasar Alvarez, who was considered a great authority on Prayer, though his own practices were afterwards called in question by the Inquisition.

One and all, these physicians for the soul decided against Teresa's inspiration. She was not a deliberate impostor, that much they admitted; but she must be either mad, or fallen into the power of the devil.

The judgment was painful; so were the remedies prescribed for her recovery. It was also painful that her counsellors discussed her case with other people; very soon it was noised through all Avila—which as we know took extraordinary interest in religious affairs—that there was a possessed nun at the Encarnacion. People became afraid to meet her; even Maestro Daza refused to receive her confession. She bore the contumely meekly; indeed it was nothing to the agonies of doubt she was suffering in her soul. For now it was not only a question of gentle ecstasy or of more violent rapture; not only a sense of God's nearness to her soul, a mystical communion in which He taught her, she knew not how. Now she had begun to have frequent visions of the Lord Himself; she had begun to hear His voice. Not with her bodily ears or eyes;



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never ; on this point she is emphatic ; but with “ the ears of her soul,” she heard Him speak ; in bodily form she saw Him with the “ eyes of her soul.” This was called by the learned Imaginary Vision, and was said to be very easily counterfeited by Satan. Nothing could have seemed more suspicious to the fathers-in-God who were sitting in judgment upon her.

But on Teresa herself, the impression made by the voices and the visions grew daily stronger ; and she *could* not believe that her directors were right in their opinion. Horrible as it was to fear she might be mistaking darkness for light, it were much more horrible, much more like the sin against the Holy Ghost, to mistake light for darkness, to insult and despise the very God Himself who was showing her such surpassing favour. Maestro Daza bade her when she saw the vision of Christ perform the act of exorcism proper if it were the devil. She obeyed ; but it nearly broke her heart.

In minor degree Don Francisco worried her by constant comparisons with an exemplary hermit nun named Marta Diaz.

“ You,” he said, “ are far less holy than Marta ; why should God give *you* what He reserves for the greatest saints ? It is impossible that the marvels are of God, when Marta has nothing of the sort ! ”

Ah yes ! it was what Teresa felt herself ; she was only a *mujercilla*, a poor little woman, a sinner ; it were presumption to imagine for a moment that the thing was true. But when next the vision of Jesus flashed before the eye of her soul, her doubts disappeared and she knew—she *knew* it was the Lord !

However as time went on the anguish passed.

She became fully convinced in her own mind that she was really in the hands of God ; and beside

this conviction the opinion of men was of secondary importance.

By degrees her friends also changed their opinion. Baltasar Alvarez, the Jesuit, who had been prescribing in the approved fashion for hysteria, consoled her by saying that at any rate the visions could not be sin. One day he had a vision himself, and after that talked much less glibly about delusions. And presently Teresa had a new experience; what is known as an Intellectual Vision, in which nothing is seen even with the eye of the soul; though the sense of God's presence is more intense, more lasting, more efficacious than in any case of Imaginary Vision. Intellectual Vision is said by theologians to be the least open to satanic counterfeit; and when Teresa, who did not know of these distinctions, described the new experience, her confessor began to think he and his fellows had been wrong.

Then Father Francis the Sinner—the great Saint Francis Borgia, high in office under Laynez, the second General of the Jesuits—came to Avila to visit the new college of the Company. Teresa's case was laid before him. He had several long interviews with her; and to her joy he understood, he sympathized, he approved. Francis was the first person who had not bidden her resist the supernatural influence. When he pronounced, reverentially and without hesitation, his belief that the wonders were divine, she was, she says, "greatly comforted, and so was her friend the Caballero Santo," who probably had condemned her against his inclination. Then came another saint, Peter of Alcántara, who was the most celebrated ascetic of his age. Teresa was introduced to him by her lay friend, Doña Guiomar de Ulloa; and he also after prolonged and careful study of the phenomena pronounced in her favour. His principal reason was the increasing beauty of the suffering woman's life; her humility and obedience, her charity, truthfulness,

and other virtues, seemed to him clear proof that she was under divine guidance. The document in which Saint Peter expressed his opinion has survived, and is an interesting example of the approved manner of "trying the spirits."

At last all doubt, all suspicion died away. Teresa's visions and ecstasies, at first a stumbling-block, became, after the custom of miracles, accepted as proof of her sanctity.

The minute and circumstantial account of her visions and ecstasies which Teresa wrote for her spiritual directors was not intended for the world. It was a great annoyance to her when the "Book of her Life" fell into the hands of the Princess of Eboli, who betrayed the confidence reposed in her and showed this most intimate document to unsuitable people. The writings have come down to us; and though we may be little more suitable than the princess, we can read them now, word for word as Teresa wrote.

No more curious description of strange experiences has ever been penned, for not Swedenborg or Blake wrote with her literary vividness, her simplicity, her air of, so to speak, matter of fact. Some things she records took place a few years before she wrote; others were contemporary. The visions, the locutions, the ecstasies, continued at intervals gradually rarer till quite late in her life, though she had become so used to them that they hardly agitated her, and she only alludes to them indirectly. Teresa believed the manifestations objective and supernatural, and she wrote in perfect good faith; yet there is a curious scepticism in her too and she was never blind to the possibility of delusion. She never acted on or spoke of the supernatural message till it had been confirmed by the independent judgment of her directors. The physical symptoms of the ecstasies, especially when they took place in public, were a real distress to her, and

she used to pray that if it were His will the Lord would lead her by another path. She was also sceptical with regard to visions on the part of her nuns, and would prescribe for the subjects of them food, rest, society, occupation, just as this common-sense treatment had been prescribed for herself by Baltasar Alvarez.

But when the phenomena persisted, as in her own case they did persist, and when they did the soul not harm but good, what could she think but that they were genuine? Let us describe a few of her more important experiences; types of the rest. First let me remark that to call her, as some have done, a "love-sick nun," or to suppose that the visions were amatory is quite a mistake. Sometimes though rarely, in her mystical writings and her descriptions she uses erotic language. She speaks of "divine betrothal," "divine marriage" (a time-honoured figure for the condition of a nun) and so forth; but is careful to explain that such language is purely symbolic, and only a little less inadequate than other figures. Alike those who have praised her and those who have condemned, have too often forgotten the distinction, of which she was fully aware, between the metaphorical and the real.

Her first ecstasy was in 1556. She heard a Voice saying to her—

"I would have thy conversation not with men but with angels."

It was not the first time she had heard the Voice; but the great disturbance of mind and body was something new. She was consoled but terrified. The terror passed away, and the consolation remained. This locution was the cause of her entirely breaking off the worldly friendships, which she had found her snare.

These voices she says, were not discerned by the bodily ears; yet they sounded to her soul clearer than ever

was voice heard by the outward ears. Ineluctably heard they were ; for the ears of the soul cannot be stopped like the ears of the body. Nor can they be supposed something imagined ; for though an imagination might be mistaken for the Other Voice, yet the Other Voice when it comes is altogether different, and brings with it a majesty that is its own credential, a compelling power which leaves the soul holier and stronger.

In the early days of her persecution when all seemed distrustful, her own confidence grew, for she heard the Voice, saying,

“ Fear not, daughter, it is I, and I will not desert thee. Be not afraid.”

She gives a minute description of that Intellectual Vision which gained her some credit with her superiors.

“ The day of the glorious Saint Peter, being at prayer, I saw or rather felt, for I saw nothing, whether with the eyes of the body or yet with the eyes of the soul ;—but it appeared to me that Christ was by my side, and I knew it was He who used to speak with me. I was quite ignorant there could be this sort of vision and at first feared and could only weep ; but when He spoke one word to reassure me, I became as I was wont quite tranquil and full of joy. It seemed to me that Jesus Christ stepped always at my side ; and as it was not an Imaginary Vision I could not tell in what form ; but I felt most clearly that He was always there at my right side, and was witness of all I was doing ; and whenever my soul was at leisure, I perceived His presence. When my confessor asked me how I knew it was Christ, I could only say I was unable to tell how it was, but that I could not but feel it, and that it was a most clear thing to me.”

She herself set great value on the Imaginary Vision.

“ Once, on Saint Paul’s day, being at Mass, there was

represented to me the whole of the most sacred Son of Man as He was raised from the dead, with great beauty and majesty. Truly, if there were in heaven nothing more to delight the eyes than the great beauty of the glorified bodies, I say it would be great glory ; and especially to see the glorified humanity of Jesus Christ our Lord. If here where He shows Himself in such measure as our wretchedness can endure, He is such as I saw,—what must He be there where one can enjoy to the full ! ”

And she adds with her usual emphasis : “ This vision, never did I see it, nor any vision, with the eyes of my body, but only with the eyes of my soul ” ; and again with that touch of humour which never deserts her, “ though such Imaginary Vision be much nobler and more perfect than a vision with the corporeal eyes, yet I could not help wishing that I were seeing it with my corporeal eyes, that my confessor might not tell me it was all a sickly fancy ! ”

She nearly always saw the Lord in this form—with His glorified body ; but sometimes to strengthen her if she was in tribulation, He showed her His wounds ; and sometimes—but seldom—He appeared as He was at Gethsemane, or on the Cross and with the crown of thorns ; but always with the *carne glorificada* (the glorified flesh). And once, though wounded as by the thorns yet He wore them not, but a shining crown of great splendour. And one day at the Communion before she had received the Bread, she saw the Holy Dove floating over it, and heard the sound of the hovering wings.

Once, “ long after these great favours had been given her,” she had a vision of hell ;¹ and she understood that the Lord wished her to see the place which the devils had ready for her, and which she merited for her sins. The

¹ Clearly, then, not at the time of her four days' trance in 1537.

vision lasted but a brief space, yet were she to live for untold years it would be impossible for her to forget it. She found herself there without knowing how. The entry was narrow and long, like the opening of a vaulted oven, very low and dark and strait. The floor was as a pestilential marsh, with noxious reptiles infesting it. At the end was a niche in a wall which opened of itself; and therein she saw herself laid in great narrowness. And all that she saw in that place was as it were delightful in comparison with the torture which she felt within; the fire in her soul, the famine, the suffocation, the soul rending itself asunder, the spiritual burning, not to be described or imagined. That time she saw no more of hell, but only this her own place in it. But later she had another vision of things most terrible, and of the devils, and of the punishments of vice. And it was a great favour of the Lord to show her these things, that she might know from what she had been delivered, and might lose all fear of the tribulations and the contradictions of this life; for to be even burned alive at the stake, what is it when one thinks of that fire of the soul there?

It is an interesting question whether Teresa had ever read the *Divina Commedia*, which in a translation was well known in Spain. Much of her thought, sometimes her very language, is similar. But no; I do not think she had read it. Her idea of the Inferno is too unlike the Florentine's.

Then we have the curious glorifying of her cross; a parallel reference being related of Saint Catharine of Siena. "One day holding the cross of my rosary in my hand, the Lord took it from me, and when it was returned it had four large stones much more exquisite than diamonds, beyond all comparison with aught of earth. And He said

to me that ever afterwards I should see it thus. And so it has happened. For I no longer see the wood of which it is made, but only those four stones. Yet no one else sees it thus, but only I," she adds naïvely, aware I think that this description is not to be received quite literally.

Nor must we pass over that one of her visions which becoming known to the world was counted the most marvellous, and earned for her the name of Teresa of the Transverberated Heart. Let us have it in her own words. "Advancing towards my left side, I saw an angel in corporeal form, which was rare with me; for though often I have had perceptions of angels it has been without seeing them. He was small of stature, beautiful exceedingly, his countenance a burning flame. He must have been one of the highest angels, who as we know burn continually—one of the cherubim" (Teresa's editors, better instructed in angels, have altered this to seraphim). "In his hand was a spear of gold, at its point a little flame. It seemed to me that with this he thrust through my heart, not once but many times, and it pierced to my very innermost. It left me all on fire with great love to God. So great was the pain that I cried aloud; but great was the sweetness even of this pain, so that I would not lose it. It is no corporeal pain, but spiritual, though even the body participates in it. It is a rare token from God to my soul; so sweet that I pray Him of His love to bestow the like on whomsoever thinks I deceive in telling of it. During the days this pain lasted, I went as if stupefied, wishing neither to see nor to speak; but as it were embraced in my suffering—which for me was a greater glory than any there could be in all the world."

"No corporeal pain, but spiritual," she says; not perhaps having a much more definite idea than some of us moderns as to what is exactly meant by *spiritual*.

What I do *not* think she meant was that this angel was a solid being, extended in space, bearing a solid spear of real gold, which she might have taken in her hand, which was capable of piercing her material heart and wounding it so as to cause a corporeal pain ;—or rather, one would suppose, to cause her death. For whether or no the heart is the seat of the affections and of one's love to God, it is certainly that one of the physical organs most essential to physical life.

Teresa died at Alba de Tormes and her poor body suffered at the hands of her friends many mutilations which now we should consider dishonouring to the majesty of death. Her heart was torn from her side, and is preserved in the Carmelite Church of Alba in a glass reliquary, as the most precious, the most revered of all the relics. I have seen it ; and I can vouch for the fact that there is—not a scar, but a deep clean cut through it which looks as if made with a knife, which does *not* look to me (who am no expert and may very easily be wrong) as if it had been made while that heart was beating in the breast of a living woman. This cut, not mentioned by Ribera, or Yepes, or the chronicler, has been identified with the spiritual wound which she believed she had received from a spiritual being. I think—I feel certain—it is a misconception.¹ One of Teresa's artless hymns refers to this transverberation :—

En las internas entrañas
Sentí un golpe repentino :
El blason era divino
Porque obró grandes hazanas.

Within my inmost vitals I
Bysuddenstroke didfeelmesmit ;
The blazon was divine, for it
Performéd deeds most great
and high.

¹ The really strange thing about this poor heart is that thorns have grown up around it which are continually increasing and growing. There are now fifteen ; in appearance something like miniature wreaths of bramble. A description and picture can be found in Monsieur Hye Hoys' interesting *L'Espagne Thérésienne ou Pélerinage d'un Flamand*.

Con el golpe fui herida,	The stroke did wound me ;
Y aunque la herida es mortal,	yet although
Y es un dolor sin igual,	The wound was sore e'en
Es muerte que causa vida.	causing death,
	And though it's pain no equal
	hath,
	A death 'tis which doth life
	bestow.
Si mata ¿ cómo da vida ?	But if it slay how gives it life ?
Y si vida ¿ cómo muere ?	If it be life, how shall I die ?
¿ Cómo sana, cuando hiera,	How cures it ? so that all
Y se ve con él unida ?	descry
	It healeth, though so sharp a
	knife ?
Tiene tan divinas mañas	Art so divine doth it inform
Que en tan acerbo trance	That in such strait and cruel
Sale triunfando del lance	plight
Obrando grandes hazañas.	It comes triumphant from the
	fight
	And deeds most wondrous doth
	perform.

More sublime than any of these occasions was that time when in Intellectual Vision, Teresa became conscious of the presence of the Three Persons of the Holy Trinity. The idea of the Trinity had been a difficulty to her ; now words were revealed to her soul, which told her she erred in imagining spiritual things with the representation of material things. Nay ! she must understand they were very different ; and yet that the soul was capable of receiving of them much. Then she thought of herself under the similitude of a sponge which drinks and incorporates the water ; and it seemed as if her whole soul were enlarging even to receive that Divinity ; and that it was absorbing, and holding in itself, the three Persons of the Holy Trinity. But the Voice came again and said—

“ Think not thou shalt hold Me enclosed in thee ; seek rather that thou shalt be enclosed in Me.”

And then it seemed as if she saw that the Three Persons were in communion with all creation ; not failing to any-

thing ; not failing to be with even her. And a few days later, remembering the majesty of this vision and thinking that perhaps all active work should be abandoned and she should spend her whole time in worship, she again heard that rebuking Voice ; and it said,

“ Whilst thou art in the world, thy part is not to seek for enjoyment of Me ; but to seek that thou mayst do My will.”

This I think is high-water mark in Teresa's Mystical Theology, regarded by herself as her entrance into that state, superior to all semi-physical ecstasies and raptures, which she calls the mystical Marriage of the Soul, the nearest approach to the Beatific Vision possible in this life. It is impossible to read her description without feeling the immense advance she has made in spirituality. It is not only that she has perceived “ the chief end of man—to glorify God and to enjoy Him for ever ”—but in a flash of insight she touches on the deepest truths of philosophy ; and with greater precision than was often attained by her directors. The materialism, the anthropomorphism of her earlier conceptions is transcended. It is a moment of clear vision into truth ; a moment's understanding of the vastness and sublimity of the realities with which we are all in touch, but which we can never comprehend.

Something in the simplicity of the words and the greatness of the thought in those rebukes which she heard in the heaven-sent Voice, has always reminded me—I scarce know why—of the closing words of that great scene in the German poet's profoundest work—

FAUST.—Der du die weite Welt umschweifst,
Geschäftiger Geist, wie nah fühl ich mich dir!

ERDGEIST.—Du gleichst dem Geist den du begreifst ;
Nicht mir! *(verschwindet)*

Some of the stories told of Teresa are no doubt myths grown up through the more or less unconscious exaggerations of those repeating descriptions of misunderstood or inexplicable incidents. Are we to believe the story told by a nun, not considered an untrustworthy person, that passing the parlour where the holy Mother Teresa was conversing with the no less holy Saint John of the Cross, she saw them both in ecstasy, supported in the air at some distance from the ground ?

These "levitations" are not peculiar to Teresa. In the *Acta Sanctorum* similar and more extraordinary phenomena are attributed to forty saints or beatified persons, and are said to have been attested by crowds of their contemporaries. In Teresa's time, the excellent and hard-working Bishop of Valencia was believed to be suspended for twelve hours, his family, his clergy, and a multitude of lay persons going to witness the miracle. Peter of Alcántara is said to have been wafted in the presence of witnesses even across the Tagus. The same is related of Saint Isidore the Ploughman, a legend introduced by Lope de Vega in his charming play about that homely saint.

With such a mass of testimony confronting us are we to remain entirely sceptical? The attempted explanations are sometimes as difficult to accept as the miracles. It is suggested that the whole witnessing crowd must have suddenly fallen into the hypnotic trance; or that some trick or accident of holding the breath can affect the specific gravity of the body; others maintain that the floating in the air differs in degree but not in kind from mere ordinary jumping. Many of us have experienced the phenomenon ourselves in that most delightful Flying Dream of which I have never seen a satisfactory explanation. One might be tempted to think that the saints in

their abnormal condition of nerves and stomach, sometimes mistook their dreams for reality—a mistake often made by children. But that would not account for the crowds who admired the suspended bishop, or saw Peter of Alcántara shooting across the Tagus.

Teresa attributes few if any miracles to herself, though she does, somewhat vaguely, describe the levitations. But many wonders were told of her (especially at the time of her Beatification years after her death). A dying nun in Salamanca saw Teresa, who was at Segovia, standing by her bed. The nuns at Segovia had observed that the Mother was missing just at that time, and afterwards they questioned her. Teresa was very reserved; but at last she said, "*Yes, I was there.*" The words are ambiguous. It is not certain what she meant; but modern researches into telepathy, phantasms, and kindred phenomena, will not allow us to dismiss this story as entirely devoid of foundation. The child she raised from the dead was probably only stunned; the various prophecies attributed to her may have been only shrewd guesses, or she more probably had some gift of clairvoyance or foreknowledge, not common enough to be easily explained, but also not sufficiently unusual to be properly called miraculous.

We study these subjects now and have not as yet made much of them. In the sixteenth century a few persons, like Baltasar Alvarez and Teresa herself, were beginning to suspect the occurrences might be connected with ill-health and other physical causes; but to the generality the only possible explanation was that they were caused by direct intervention of a greater power, divine or satanic as the case might be.

Teresa's ecstasies and raptures, visions and voices—what were they really? How are we to regard them?

Were they all hallucination? delusion? the absurdities of hysteria?—(whatever that strange mental disaggregation which usurps the name of hysteria may be).

In the first place, they must have been what are called “psychic hallucinations”; they did not deceive her five bodily senses, or make her think that exterior material objects or earthly voices were appearing in space or time as she did herself. Psychic hallucinations not wholly dissimilar have no doubt been observed by alienists in their patients. The difficulty is not that the hallucinations of these sufferers are generally of a trivial, or gross, or meaningless character, while those of the high-minded Teresa were almost always exalted and beneficent. The difficulty is that Dr. Charcot’s subjects are admittedly more or less insane, and exhibit a constant tendency to mental deterioration. But Teresa was remarkably sane; and though her visions and locutions continued, almost, if not altogether, to the end of her life, her mental powers never weakened. Her very latest letters, written a week or two before her death, may be a trifle querulous, but are as excellent in style, as weighty in matter, as practical and humorous as those of thirty years earlier. The same has been observed of other saints or seers who have had similar experiences. Socrates belonged to the same class; perhaps Numa Pompilius. Nearer ourselves we have Blake, of whom his latest biographer says—

“Like Teresa he was drunk with intellectual vision. That drunkenness illuminated him during his whole life yet without incapacitating him for any needful attention to things by the way. He lived in poverty because he did not need riches, but he died without leaving a debt. He was a steady not a fitful worker, and his wife said of him she never saw his hands still unless he was reading or asleep.”

I confess, however, to finding a greater gap between Blake and ordinary sane people, than I do between them and Teresa.

There will doubtless always be persons who believe that the visions of the seers are objective; authentic perceptions of actual beings not of this world. The obvious difficulty here is that the seers do not all see the same beings, and each one sees what, in a sense, he expects. It was the Virgin Mary who appeared to little Catholic Bernadette at Lourdes; not Buddha or Mahomet. True, the difficulty is not insuperable; for why should Buddha have appeared to one not his votary? and would she have recognized him if he had?

I think the real cause of our incredulity is something rather more abstract. Most of us have lost our faith, not in the continued existence of dead saints or of the exalted personages of Teresa's vision, but in their existence *in any state at all resembling our own*, such as is implied by their appearing objectively in a form recognizable by our senses, or by our minds which have formed their experience on the evidence of the senses. That the Blessed Virgin looked to Bernadette like a lovely girl of eighteen wearing a blue robe, may have made her real to the simple child; to the student these details make her seem *unreal*. What has the Mother of God to do with blue raiment or adolescence or earthly beauty? Seated in the Rose of the Blessed she is beyond all that! The phantasm *could* not have been she! And the voice of Jesus, the Lord's voice as Teresa believed, commanding, consoling, rebuking—the things it said were not *strange* enough! They were precisely what a gifted clever woman like Teresa was thinking, or might have been thinking, at the moment she heard the voice.

With great diffidence, aware of my own incompetence

in any sense to decide, I suggest that Teresa's visions and voices were subjective, and that her trances and ecstasies were akin to the hypnotic sleep;—though she was perfectly sane, of good judgment, mature years, and a fervent lover of the truth. I think she was deluded in supposing she looked into hell and saw actual devils; deluded too in believing her cross adorned with jewels, or that an angel pierced her with a flaming dart, or that Christ stood before her wearing His crown of thorns. I think she had a vivid, forcible way of representing things to her imagination, accompanied by strong visualizing power. In a word, her thoughts became visible to her and audible.

Which of us in dreams, has not asked questions and heard replies, both questions and replies being (I suppose) made by ourselves? Many of us know what it is to begin dreaming before we have lost self-consciousness in sleep; I believe half the ghost stories can be accounted for by this short, sudden, unperceived, uncontinued, lapse into dream. Teresa's visions were too purposeful, too obviously connected with her meditation to be mere ordinary dreams. But I have found that under the stress of great emotion or thought, the visionary figures if they come, *do* connect themselves with it, and do take their colour from it.

It has been said that full consciousness is like a room lighted by many jets of gas; full sleep like the same room with all the gas jets turned out; the hypnotic sleep—and its kindred conditions of trance—is like the room when only one gas jet is alight, and that one is flaring much higher than usual. The one gas jet is the Imagination in its most exalted and imposing condition, so exalted, so imposing, that it seems a new faculty altogether. I do not think Teresa's experiences were supernatural; nor that her ecstasies and visions had the importance

which she herself, and still more emphatically, her disciples ascribed to them. I think she mistook when she believed angel or devil was definitely there because she saw him with the eyes of her soul. She mistook in believing God spoke to her directly, in a manner other than He speaks to any of His servants who do His will. But my aim is altogether less to tell what *I* think, than to show what Teresa thought, and what came of her thought; for it is not always the fact which matters, but the thing which is thought of the fact.

These raptures and ecstasies, these visions and voices, were the husk enclosing the kernel of spiritual truth, which her dramatic nature might not otherwise have received. To her, husk and kernel were all one;—good gifts from God, marvellous favours. She blesses Him for them, she feels her soul bettered by His grace; quietness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost possess her, and burning desire to perform some great work for God, to become of service to Him;—no labour too great! no martyrdom, no death too hard! She longed, she says, to cry aloud, and to tell all God's children not to be content with small services; not to miss the great things He would do for those who gave themselves up entirely for His use.

Vuestra soy, para Vos nací,	Thine am I, I was born for Thee,
Qué mandais hacer de mí?	What wouldst Thou, Master, make of me?
Vuestra soy, pues me criastis,	Thine am I, I was made by Thee,
Vuestra, pues me redimistis,	Thine am I, Thou redeemedst me,
Vuestra, pues que me sufristis,	Thine, since Thou sufferedst for me,
Vuestra, pues que me llamasteis,	Thine since Thou calledst me to Thee,

Vuestra, pues me conservasteis,

Vuestra, pues no me perdí,
¿Que quereis, Señor, de mí ?

Veis aqui mi corazon,

Yo le pongo en vuestra palma

Mi cuerpo, mi vida y alma,
Mis entrañas y aficion ;

Dulce Esposo y redemcion

Pues por vuestra me ofrecí

¿Que mandeis hacer de mí ?

Dadme muerte, dadme vida,
Dad salud ó enfermedad
Honra ó deshonra me dad,
Dadme guerra ó paz cumplida,

Flaqueza ó fuerza á mi vida,

Que á todo diré que sí.

¿Que quereis hacer de mí ?

Solo Vos en mi vivid

¿Qué mandais hacer de mí ?

Thine am I, Thou preservest
me,

Thine since I am not lost wholly,
What wouldst Thou, Master,
have of me ?

Behold Thou seest here my
heart

Within Thy hand I lay it
whole ;

My body, and my life, my soul,
Of my affections th' inmost
part.

Sweet Spouse, who my Re-
deemer art,

Since I would give myself to
Thee,

What wilt Thou, Master, have
of me ?

Give me death or give me life,
Give health or give infirmity
Give honour or give obloquy
Give peace profound or daily
strife,

Weakness or strength add to
my life ;

Yea Lord, my answer still
shall be,

What wilt Thou, Master, have
of me ?

'Tis Thou alone dost live in me
What wilt Thou I should do
for Thee ?

CHAPTER VI

FOUNDATION OF THE FIRST CONVENT OF DISCALCED CARMELITES

THE INCEPTION—INTERLUDE AT TOLEDO—THE ACCOMPLISHMENT

WE have now reached the time when, after long preparation, Teresa entered upon her work; upon the harvest of the good seed so long growing in her soul.

“I was always wondering,” she says, “what I could do for God; and I bethought me that the first thing was wholly to follow the call which His Majesty had given me to religion, keeping my rule with all the perfection possible. But this was very difficult: for though there were many servants of God in our house, yet the relaxation of the rule, and the frequent absences permitted or even suggested to us on account of our poverty, occasioned great distraction of spirit.”

It was soon clear to her that the work for God lying at her hand was to bring the daughters of Mount Carmel a little nearer to the kingdom of heaven. But how? She waited silently for guidance; the idea all the time persisting in her mind, growing, expanding, taking shape, till it flamed within her as a very fire of desire.

One evening, 16th July 1560, a little company was gathered in Teresa's cell. Her old friend Juana de Suarez was there, her two cousins Inez and Ana de Tapia; her gay young niece,¹ Maria de Ocampo, at this time a girl

¹ Really the daughter of her first cousin.

of sixteen, a lay boarder at the Encarnacion. Half jesting they talked of the crowd of people in the convent, and of the general worldliness; of the continual going and coming of strangers to the parlour and the garden; of the visits and appointments, the profane pictures and books and music; very likely of a few small scandals risen among the hundred and eighty nuns, many of them quite young and allowed far more liberty in the convent than they would have had in their homes.

“ I’ll tell you what it is,” cried Maria de Ocampo, “ we must all run away and start a new house where we can live like real hermits ! ”

The others took up the idea; they set to work building castles in the air, planning the size, the arrangement, the cost of a new convent.

“ I’ll give a thousand ducats towards it ! ” cried Maria, who was an heiress.

Teresa said little, but she listened. She was thinking that in a little house such as the girls were picturing, with a small number of chosen nuns, it would be possible—it would be easy—to observe the rule of the early Carmelites, the rule of the good Saint Albert. And she remembered with a little shiver of diffidence that this very year she had bound herself with a solemn vow never to refuse a call from God; always to do the thing which was “ most perfect.”

A few days later she was sitting with her friend, Doña Guiomar de Ulloa at whose house she had met the Franciscan reformer, Fray Pedro de Alcântara.

“ Do hear what those girls have suggested ! ” said Teresa; “ they want us to imitate the Discalced Franciscan nuns in Madrid; to come away from the Encarnacion, and make a new little convent for ourselves where we can follow the Primitive Rule of our Order.”

Doña Guiomar applauded. The girls must have been inspired! Why shouldn't it be done? Was Teresa really thinking of doing it? Why not? If she was thinking of it—well Doña Guiomar was ready to provide the necessary funds. Within herself Teresa reflected that a promise from the rich widow was more to be depended on than young Maria de Ocampo's offer of the thousand ducats.

At first, I dare say, no one was in earnest but Teresa herself. She thought of her scheme continually and with beating heart. One day after the Communion, she was gladdened by the voice of her Lord, bidding her go forward. The convent, so the voice said, "would be founded; and named after San Josef; and San Josef would guard one of its doors and Our Lady of Carmel would guard the other. And Christ would go up and down in it. And God would be greatly served in that house, and would make it a star of great splendour. But first Teresa must discuss the matter with her confessor; and she would find him certainly not a hindrance but a help.

Accordingly she laid the matter before Baltasar Alvarez. Certainly he did not refuse his consent; nevertheless contrived to pour a good deal of cold water. In the end he sent the enthusiast to her own Provincial, Fray Angel de Salazar, for counsel. We shall hear a good deal more of Fray Angel, the Provincial of the Carmelites; he was an excellent and amiable personage, slightly timorous as events proved; a friend of Doña Guiomar's and a friend of Teresa's, as indeed he continued through life. He did not at first make any objection to the suggested convent, nor to its proposed observance of the rule of Saint Albert.

The two saints, Peter of Alcántara the Franciscan, and Luis Beltran the Dominican, were also consulted.

Both expressed approval in letters which are still extant. Saint Luis concluded his letter with the words—

“ I believe assuredly that before fifty years have passed, your Order will be one of the most illustrious in the Church of God, to whose protection I commit you.”

Teresa was greatly encouraged, but now her troubles began. That pious busybody, the town of Avila, got wind of the matter, and at once intervened with “ *los dichos, las risas, el decir que era disbarate* ” (gossip, laughter and contempt), which Teresa had half expected. Doña Guiomar being more accessible than the nun, had to bear the full brunt of this storm. On Christmas Day she was actually refused absolution unless she would consent to withdraw from Teresa’s support. An unlooked-for patron presently came forward ; Fray Pedro Ibañez, a Dominican of learning and great repute, who wrote to the two ladies a hearty letter saying that at first he had disapproved their idea, but on reflection entirely commended it. They must on no account give it up ; and he would himself undertake to answer any objectors ! But this great man’s change of opinion was counterbalanced by that of Angel de Salazar ; he sent a message to Teresa through Baltasar Alvarez, her confessor, ordering her to do nothing more whatever, at any rate for the present. To this message Alvarez added on his own account that Teresa must now recognize that her visions and revelations with regard to the convent, and presumably all her other supernatural experiences, were no more than *disbarates de mujer* (woman’s nonsense).

Teresa, distressed but obedient, settled down at the Encarnacion and had to endure some gibes from her fellow-nuns. She was setting up to be better than other people, was she ? That was sheer pride and rebellion ! If she didn’t take care she would find herself in the prison

cell instead of in the new place of Perfection she was imagining would suit her !

It was at this time that Fray Pedro Ibañez bade her write her Autobiography, that precious *Vida* which tells her whole inner history, and proved so convincing to the Dominican that ever afterwards he regarded the writer not as a disciple but as a counsellor and friend.

Six months passed. Then a new Rector came to San Gil, the Jesuit College at Avila, Gaspar de Salazar, (no relation that I know of to the Carmelite Provincial) and the matter of the new convent was laid before him by Teresa herself, and by Alvarez, whose great severity perhaps indicated that he was not very firm in his opinion, and had been trying to convince himself rather than his victim. At any rate, influenced by Padre Gaspar, he suddenly withdrew all opposition ; and what was more, he gained over Angel de Salazar, the Provincial, as well.

Again Teresa began to move in the matter. She wrote to the Pope Pius IV asking for permission to found her convent. And she wrote to her brother-in-law, Juan de Ovalle, husband of her younger sister Juana de Ahumada with whom she was on terms of the tenderest affection. Would Juan be so very kind as to come over from Alba de Tormes, and buy a house in Avila, ostensibly for himself, which at the right moment he could hand over for the new convent ?

Juan de Ovalle came at once, his wife and children followed ; the house was bought in August 1561. Teresa left the Encarnacion on the excuse of visiting her sister ; really that she might superintend the repair and alteration of the house.

Various pleasant stories are told of this time. Teresa had to contend with lack of funds and various other difficulties ; moreover, architecture was not an art

she had studied. One night a newly built wall fell down and caused general consternation. Doña Guiomar feared an omen of failure; Juan de Ovalle said the workmen were idiots; Teresa declared that the *Demonio* had intervened. But she was not to be daunted even by the *Demonio*, and tranquilly she bade the workmen build the wall up again.

Soon afterwards she had a vision of the Blessed Virgin and San José coming down to take up the guardianship of the house. Saint Clare also appeared to her and promised assistance—a promise afterwards redeemed by her nuns of the Convent of Santa Maria de Jesus.

One of the Ovalle children was killed (or apparently killed) by the fall of some stones from the roof. Doña Guiomar broke into lamentation, but Teresa said—

“Hush! not one word to his mother!”

And she wrapped the child in her veil and prayed over him; so that presently he revived; and sat up, and threw his arms round his aunt's neck, thanking her for his cure. Of course this was set down as a miracle; but Teresa herself never admitted that the boy had been actually dead.

A month later, another baby was born to Juana. He only lived three weeks. Teresa held the little sufferer in her arms, and at the moment of his death, her face glowed with heavenly light, and she saw the angels come down to carry the innocent soul to heaven.

The rebuilding progressed slowly. Presently Avila found out what was going on and opposition broke out anew. One day at church the preacher preached *at* Teresa in the most pointed and violent way. She listened meekly; but the reproaches were too much for Juana, who fled from the church in dismay, and begged her sister for Heaven's sake to go back to her convent.

At this moment came an opportune invitation for

Teresa which her Superiors ordered her to accept. It was from a great lady of Toledo, Doña Luisa de la Cerda, sister of the Duke of Medina Coeli, and widow of Don Arias Pardo de Saavedra, the lord of Malagon and nephew of the late great Cardinal Tavera. Don Arias was only a few weeks dead, and his widow was in such grief that fears were entertained for her reason. By this time Teresa's reputation for sanctity had gone abroad and many were the persons who sent for her when some accident in their lives had directed their thoughts to things spiritual. Doña Luisa was on friendly terms with Fray Angel de Salazar the Carmelite Provincial; and when she asked for Teresa he found it "impossible to refuse a lady of such importance." The nun was ordered to go; and she performed the short rough journey from Avila to Toledo, escorted by Juan de Ovalle her brother-in-law.

Toledo is so old a city that all sorts of wild stories are told of her beginning. One legend ascribes her foundation to Tubal, the grandson of Noah; another to Nebuchadnezzar; a third, and the favourite, to Hercules. It was very soon after the death of Christ that Santiago the son of Zebedee came to Spain; which event says the chronicler, "is so established as truth in the hearts of all Spaniards that there is no need to set down any proofs thereof." Of course he visited Toledo where he converted many and was (we still quote the chronicler) the first Archbishop and even the first Primate of all Spain. "Then, very content, he went back to Jerusalem and Herod slew him."

The early history of Toledo is largely the history of her Church. She boasted many saints, one of the most important Santa Leocadia, a Carmelite nun, in whose honour churches were built and hymns were written and sung. And among the men saints were San Elpidio, and

San Julian, and San Ildefonso. Church councils were held at Toledo ; and at the great Council of Arles in France the Archbishop of Toledo presided. After all this came the Goths, a people descended from Magog the son of Japhet. Of them the Visigoths—who arrived in the fifth century—were the fiercest and the most powerful, so that by no means could they be got to go away again. They sat down at Toledo making it their capital ; and they governed well, although many of them belonged to that most detestable heresy of the Arians. And because they ruled over many provinces, their capital was named Imperial Toledo. The most glorious of the Gothic kings was Wamba, who built the walls and many other notable constructions. But already in his time the Saracens were infesting the coasts of Spain ; and though he assembled a fleet and defeated them, yet in the time of his near descendants Spain found she had no more strength to keep those infidels out. Rodrigo, who feared nor God nor man, was the last of the Gothic kings ; and before he was slain in battle he had been shown his doom in a tower belonging to that great unexplored Cave of Hercules, the entrance of which is now forgot, but which lieth beneath the town of Toledo.

And after Rodrigo, the Moors were in Spain for seven hundred doleful years, and at Toledo for three hundred and sixty. But she was no longer the capital of Spain for the conquerors loved more the south and their dear towns of Granada and Seville and Cordoba. Yet the people of Toledo were not wholly miserable ; for the Moors were just men and gentle, and let the Christians worship as they list, and have their bishops and the Sacraments. But the city was often involved in the Moorish quarrels, and sometimes its masters were cruel to the conquered inhabitants ; as that time when the Governor invited four hundred of them to a feast, and as they entered one by



TOLEDO AND THE TAGUS

one had them beheaded and their bodies thrown out into a ditch ready dug to receive them.

At last came the day of reconquest by Alfonso VI and the Cid Campeador, 12th May 1085. And now Toledo came to her own again, and was made the capital of Castille. And Alfonso gave himself the title of Emperor of the Empire of Toledo. And Toledo the city bore no arms, nor device, nor pendon, nor seal, but only that of the King (which was no little pre-eminence); and when the cities of the kingdom should assemble in Cortes, the King himself was to speak and to vote only in the name of Toledo. And Alfonso and his sons who followed him, made good laws and would have all the many races of people, Mozarabes, and Moors, and Jews, and foreigners, to live at peace together and in liberty, each with their own tribunals. Wherefore the rhyme saith

Toledo la realeza	Toledo the royal,
Alcázar de Emperadores,	Of Emperors, seat ;
Donde grandes y menores	Where all great and small
Todos viven en franqueza.	In Liberty meet.

How much Teresa de Ahumada knew of the history of Toledo, I cannot say. She took great interest in fortress cities and used them often to furnish illustrations and similes. We can picture her arriving under the escort of her brother-in-law; most likely riding a donkey and perched on the *hamuga*, that stiff slippery sideways saddle used by women. They came in by the northern road—a mere track—through the suburb of Covachuelas, this being the only side of Toledo not defended by the Tagus. They passed the lately built Hospital of Saint John the Baptist erected by the great Cardinal Tavera. Then bearing to the right they entered the city by the gate of the new Visagra, built some ten years; and, still moving west, passed the old Visagra (a Moorish gate of the ninth century),

and to the remains of the walls of Wamba. They saw many winding lanes, church towers, buildings of varying antiquity; but not the Cathedral, or the Alcazar, or the market-place of the Zocodover, all these being out of sight on the left. Presently they saw the Gate of the Cambron built by Alfonso VI, now ruinous and with talk already beginning of its restoration. High up before them towering over the Tagus and the Bridge of Saint Martin, was the beautiful Church of San Juan de los Reyes, built by Ferdinand and Isabella. Before reaching it they turned up a dark lane, and passed through a high door studded with iron bosses, into a spacious courtyard, surrounded (I believe) by carved galleries; the lower gallery supported on marble columns and forming a pleasant arcade below, furnished with at least two finely carved marble *aljibes*—round cisterns for holding drinking water. In one corner a wide staircase led to the upper floors. Servants in livery, men-at-arms, priests, ladies-in-waiting, provision-vendors, bustled in and out; the travellers were received by a pompous Major-domo, wearing a heavy chain as badge of his office.

Many such grand houses were there in Toledo. This one belonged to the great lady, Doña Luisa de la Cerda. And now it is the convent of the Discalced Carmelite nuns—Teresa's nuns—who moved thither in the year 1608 during the priorate of Beatriz de Jesus, Teresa's niece, daughter of our friends Juana de Ahumada and Juan de Ovalle. In this house I have visited the nuns and seen their relics. At least it is believed to be Doña Luisa's very house. Like the old chronicler I will say that the belief is so firmly established that I see no reason for adducing proofs thereof.

Teresa's visit to the widow of Don Arias Pardo lasted six months and was not without importance. ¶ The establishment was like a miniature court, unlike anything

Teresa had visited before. She gives an amusing description of the irksome etiquette both she and the bereaved lady herself were obliged to observe. The very eating and drinking were arranged to suit the titles and not the appetites. The amount of conversation proper for a servant was regulated entirely by his position. "Truth to tell, this business of being a great lady is mere subjection—slavery to a thousand things which really don't allow the poor rich folk to live! Two months in that house were enough to put one for ever out of love with the desire of being a *señora*. Though the palace was certainly agreeable in its situation; within sight of the mountains and the river, of the skies and the rocks; in a town the admiration of all Castille; and Doña Luisa, one of the greatest in the kingdom, was herself the humblest and gentlest person in the whole world!"

The widow accepted Teresa's ministrations and profited by them. The household also, knowing they had a saint among them (this is not Teresa's own account), watched her, followed her example, and improved daily in every respect. As for herself—the Lord favoured her with many graces during her stay. The visions and locutions were comforting and frequent. More than once to her dismay she was publicly rapt in an ecstasy.

She made friends too. The Jesuit Fathers were friendly, and two Dominicans; she had the happiness of knowing that to one of them her conversation was of profit, as was his to her. Peter of Alcántara visited Teresa at Toledo. Doña Luisa became a lifelong friend and patroness. Even more important was her companion, an orphan girl named Maria de Salazar,¹ who a little

¹ Salazar. I have not traced if she was related to Fray Angel or to Padre Gaspar of the same name. Surnames appear over and over again in the society of the time; but relationships were sometimes very remote.

later become a Carmelite, and as Maria de San José was the distinguished Prioress of Seville, and the best beloved of all Teresa's daughters.

At the time, however, none of those people seemed more interesting than a lady who travelled expressly from Andalucia to visit Teresa, and stayed for a fortnight with her in Doña Luisa's hospitable house. This was Maria de Jesus, also a Carmelite, though she had not yet taken the perpetual vows, who had been fired by the same desire as Teresa,—the desire to found a convent for the observance of the Primitive Rule. She had sold all her possessions and travelled barefoot to Rome; "not," says the chronicler, "moved by curiosity or vanity to which her sex is commonly addicted, but solely to obtain the necessary permission for the Foundation which she contemplated." She had heard through Gaspar de Salazar of Teresa's project for a new convent at Avila, and she felt that they ought to consult together, and do their work in sympathy, not in rivalry. Probably at this time Maria seemed the more imposing of the two nuns; and at any rate on one subject—that of the endowment of the new convent—she changed Teresa's opinion, which had not at first been favourable to the enforcement of the rule of strict poverty.

Years afterwards we hear of this Maria de Jesus again. By that time Teresa's success had far exceeded her own, and it is touching to read that instead of exhibiting a too natural envy, she sent for the woman who had surpassed her, and meekly accepted her as a monitress and a pattern.

It was at Toledo that Teresa wrote her Life in obedience to Ibañez, a task which she probably considered trivial in comparison with the founding of her convent. Yet her writings were perhaps her greatest achievement. In them she "builded better than she knew"; and while her

convents were—practically—for the few, her books contain messages for all, and will live so long as the love of God and the yearning for perfection are alive in that Holy Catholic Church, which we believe is so much larger and wider than even large-hearted Teresa knew.

Time went on and Teresa wanted to get back to Avila. The nuns of the Encarnacion were threatening to elect her Prioress, a prospect most distasteful to her, for her heart was no longer in her old convent. However it presently became clear that she was to be allowed the independence for which she yearned.

She took leave of Doña Luisa and went back to Avila ; straight to the house which Juan de Ovalle had bought for her and in which he was lying ill. Juana, his wife, was away at Alba ; of course it was quite natural that Teresa should go and nurse him. I cannot but suspect that good Juan de Ovalle made the most of this complaint—apparently influenza. Ribera's account is delightfully naïve.

“ The Lord kept Juan ill till all the business was concluded. Then he said to his sister-in-law, ‘ Lady, I need now be in suffering no longer : ’ and lo ! the Lord healed him at once ! ”

Doña Guiomar was not in Avila ; but Teresa had now a friend in the Bishop, Don Alvaro de Mendoza, whose sympathies had been enlisted by Peter of Alcântara. The Brief from the Pope authorizing the new foundation had arrived. It was addressed to Doña Guiomar and her mother, Doña Aldonza de Guzman, and amongst other provisions commanded that the new convent should be under the direct authority, not of the Carmelites but of the Bishop of Avila. Don Alvaro, when he first heard this, was inclined to refuse the charge. But Peter of Alcântara, old and infirm, was at this time staying with

Don Francisco, the Caballero Santo ; the old man mounted a donkey and rode off to Tiemblo where Don Alvaro was staying. He pleaded Teresa's cause with so much eloquence that the Bishop was won over. Soon after he consented to make Teresa's acquaintance. Like every one else, he no sooner saw her than he fell completely under her spell. For ever after the two were the closest friends ; and Don Alvaro left express instructions in his will that he was to be buried near Teresa in the church of the Convent of San José in Avila. There of a truth the good Bishop lies to this day ; but Teresa is not near him. She sleeps at Alba de Tormes ; and I greatly fear it would not have been her choice. This intercession with the Bishop of Avila was Peter of Alcántara's last work. He died soon afterwards and Teresa never saw him again except in a vision.

All was now ready for the opening of the convent. The house was finished. It was small, but there was a nice little church with a spiked grill behind which the nuns were to be present at Mass ; there was a small *zaguan* or entrance vestibule, the whole " made in poverty like the manger at Bethlehem." It stands—the nuns are there still—to the south-east of Avila beyond the great market-place now decorated with Saint Teresa's statue, and beyond the subdued splendour of the Romanesque church of San Pedro. Still the nuns talk to you through the small, closely barred *reja* (screen) which Teresa planned. The house is, they say, fairly comfortable, but rambling—all up and down steps—several small poorhouses having been thrown into one. They have a good *huerta* (orchard and kitchen garden) which till lately was not overlooked so that they could walk in it unveiled. Among their relics, I saw Teresa's wooden pillow ; the *hamuga* upon which she sat her donkey ; and a paper pattern she made



SAINT PETER OF ALCÁNTARA



for the simple *toca* (wimple) which her nuns have worn ever since.

On the day of Saint Bartholomew, 24th August 1562 (the same year that the Turks took Cyprus, and destroyed the last Eastern Carmelite convent which had always adhered to the Primitive Rule), Maestro Gaspar Daza, acting under commission of the Bishop, placed the Blessed Sacrament in the little Church of the Convent of San Josef, and habits were given to four novices. "And so," says Teresa, "with all authority and power our monastery of our glorious father San Josef was made; I was there in it by licence of the Church. It was to me as if I were walking in glory to think I had carried out the Lord's command, and that His Majesty had taken me, who am so poor and mean, for His instrument in so great a work. So happy was I, that I felt as if I were lifted up out of my very self."

The four novices were Antonia del Espiritu Santo (of the Holy Ghost) introduced by Peter of Alcántara; Maria de la Cruz (of the Cross) from Doña Guiomar's house; Ursula de los Santos (of the Saints) introduced by Gaspar Daza, a "girl who had been very *galana* (gay) but afterwards was most devoted, and in long sickness a pattern to all"; the fourth was Maria de San José, not Doña Luisa's companion, but the sister of Padre Julian de Avila, the new convent's chaplain. All these nuns turned out admirably, and with the exception of Ursula who died young, were much used by Teresa in her subsequent work.

Two nuns from the Encarnacion, Inez and Ana de Tapia, Teresa's cousins, were present at the opening ceremony. They soon joined the new community, as did the young Maria de Ocampo, afterwards of importance as Maria Bautista, the prioress at Valladolid. Teresa herself now dropped her family name, and adopted that by which she is known to the whole world, Teresa de Jesus.

CHAPTER VII

THE CONVENT OF SAN JOSEF IN AVILA

THE PRINCIPLES OF TERESA'S CONVENTS—THE RULE—
THE STORM—THE CALM

IN the opening of her treatise, "The Pathway of Perfection," Teresa de Jesus explains very clearly what were her motives in the foundation of this her first convent.

Her soul had been stirred by accounts of the many heretics, especially in France ;—those terrible Protestants, whom she could only regard as enemies of the Church and therefore as enemies of God. Earnestly she desired to contribute something to the defeat of the evil. It was not for a weak woman to go out and fight the Lord's battles like the Jesuits, for instance. Her anxiety was, "seeing the Lord had so many enemies, so few friends, that these His friends should be as good as possible." "I determined," she says, "that I would myself follow the evangelical counsel with all the perfection possible and induce the little ones of this house to do the same. That so, all of us, diligent in prayer for the active defenders of the Church, should help them in their holy work."

"Oh sisters of mine in Christ!" so she cries in parenthesis, "my heart breaks to see so many souls lost! Aid me in this work! This is your business, this should be your desire; for this your petitions and your tears! Take no thought for the things of time! Grudge not suffering for Him who suffered for you! The world is on

fire ; men are again crucifying the Lord, and would throw His Church down even to the ground. Let us give up all, if it be only to see one more soul in heaven ! ”

Again in the third chapter of the same book—

“ I say then as to the end for which God has assembled us in this house, that seeing evils so great that human strength is not able to put them down (though some have fancied they can be put down by force and fire of arms) it has seemed good to me to do what soldiers do in time of war, when the enemy has overrun the land and their Lord is well nigh lost. They build a fortress from whence they can sometimes make sallies against the foe. And in the fortress must be only some few chosen persons, such as can effect more by themselves than could many if cowardly. In this way victory is often achieved ; or if not victory, at least there is no entire defeat. Why do I insist upon this ? Because, my sisters, I would have you understand what it is we must ask of God. We must ask that in this our little fortress, there may never be one traitor ; but that God may hold us all in His hand, and that He may give great success to the captains of the fortress and of His city. And by captains of the city, I mean the theologians and those who go forth to preach. For I tell you in this war our confidence must be on the ecclesiastical arm, and not on the swords of the laity. And the ecclesiastical arm depends greatly on the religious Orders ; for in them should be found those chosen souls who are strongest in perfection.”

From passages like these, we can understand what was the greatness of view which made Saint Teresa, as it had made Saint Ignatius Loyola, a power in all countries down to our own time. Teresa’s opinion of the Protestants and their doctrines may, or may not, have been prejudiced, ignorant, and false. Where she was right was in thinking

that spiritual war must be waged by spiritual means. Not worldly soldiers, not stakes and imprisonments are needed; but the armour of God: the breastplate of Righteousness, the shield of Faith, the sword of the Spirit, the feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace.

The sixteenth century was no gentle age, but this obscure woman in a country town was gentle. In Spain, pity was a plant trying to grow on an unfriendly soil; but Teresa was pitiful. Ah! those poor souls, perishing eternally for their ignorance and sin! The remedy she proposes is not punishment for them, but preaching of the truth; and suffering for herself, and for those chosen sisters who would voluntarily associate themselves with her. They must not care only for their own release from Purgatory! What matter is even Purgatory, if they can save souls, and benefit many, and honour God? Pains which have an end? Ah sisters! heed them not! Did not *He* suffer to save you? Would you fare better than He? Join yourselves with Him in His suffering, and you will be joined with Him in the redemption of the world!

A convent had therefore in Teresa's eyes two reasons for existence. First, it is a place so arranged, so ruled, so disciplined, that the individual can there live in the closest possible association (what she calls Union) with the God she loves. Secondly, it is a place for spiritual soldiers who with spiritual arms shall fight in the wars of God.

To attain these two ends, it was Teresa's opinion that concentration of purpose was essential. The world must be shut out. Worldly interests, worldly affections, though legitimate in themselves, are, for a nun, idols usurping the place of God. Enclosure is eminently desirable.

Teresa makes no fetish of enclosure. Even under the relaxed rule practised at the Encarnacion—where visitors of both sexes were allowed and the nuns could go whither

they pleased—she had found many saints as she freely admits. Moreover the captains of the spiritual army may, indeed *must* mix with the world. “Think, my daughters, is it a little thing for these men to deal with the world, to transact business in the world, to conform to the conversation of the world, and all the time to be in their souls, strangers to the world, enemies of the world, living in the world like men in exile—in fact to be not men but angels?” It would seem that Teresa thought this really the highest state; in her later years she attained to it herself. But she did not consider it fit for beginners. Enclosure was for them easier and safer. It was not an end in itself. It was means to an end. It was a kindly provision of God who knows the weakness of human nature. He prepares cells for His devoted ones. He will not call them forth unless they have strength for it, and unless their coming forth will be for His glory and not for a reproach and a harm.

The constitution of Teresa’s convents, beginning with this San Josef in Avila, was all in this spirit. So was the advice she gave her nuns whether by word or pen. “Whatsoever you do, it must be done for the love and for the glory of God. Your whole business, my daughters, your whole profession is this: to make your will conformed to the will of God; for it is very certain that in this consists the greatest perfection which can be attained in the spiritual path. In this consists all our good.”¹

Even so spoke Piccarda dei Donati in that heaven of the moon which in a sense corresponds to this second mansion of the kingdom of heaven, in writing of which Teresa uses the above words. The language of the two masterpieces is here almost identical.

“*In la sua voluntade è nostra pace,*” says Piccarda.

¹ *Las Moradas*, ch. iii.

But in Dante's Empyrean as in Teresa's Innermost,—both conceived of as the seat of God in the Kingdom of Heaven—the same thought as Piccarda's is expressed a little differently. The word *will* (which has always a touch of *effort* in its sound), is dropped. We are told by Dante and by Teresa too,—in figurative language for mysticism can use no other,—that a great Light reigns in that abode of God, which makes the Creator visible to His creature, who only in *beholding* Him has peace.

“*Che solo in lui vedere ha la sua pace.*”

That, that indeed is the true, the ultimate end! and the means of this supreme vision are what Teresa sought to establish when she drew up the rule of San Josef, no less than when she wrote her book of the Way of Perfection, her book of the Many Mansions.

The Primitive Rule of the Carmelites—that given them by Saint Albert, Patriarch of Jerusalem—was in its rigours and mortifications one of the most severe in the Church. Teresa, re-establishing it for her nuns, made a few additions and insignificant alterations, choosing what she considered the best points from the Rules of other Orders. For instance, she adopted the Franciscan scheme of meals; and certain gentle laws with regard to novices. Of course she included the usual vows of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience. The Offices were to be said regularly. Definite hours of Silence were appointed, when each sister must be secluded in her cell, occupied in meditation and prayer. Useful employments were prescribed for other times,—simple handiwork, profitable reading, and so forth. At first there were no lay sisters, and all the domestic work was done by the nuns. After a time Teresa decided that it was distracting and

took up too much of the time of the choir nuns, so she, introduced lay sisters and even sometimes a servant.

Fasts must be frequent and long ; the food at all times scanty ; no meat must be eaten except in illness. Dinner might consist of an egg, and a bowl of vegetables simply dressed, or of “ *migas* ” (bread fried with garlic) and a little cheese. Fish was allowable, but hard to get. In a letter Teresa speaks of “ one sardine ” apparently for the party. As a matter of fact, the sisters sometimes sustained themselves on wild berries or leaves found in their garden, and the doctor once expressed astonishment that they were not all poisoned.

No money was allowed except in common and no private possessions. The prioress must take away anything of which a sister was beginning to be fond. (Alas ! poor sister !) The dress was prescribed : a habit of *jerga*, coarse serge or frieze of its natural colour, narrow and reaching to the feet ; the scapular of the same frieze, four inches shorter than the habit ; the cloak white, the veil of the professed nuns black ; the whole to be made severely and of as little stuff as possible. The under tunic was allowed of *estameña*, a finer cloth or serge ; and the feet were not strictly bare, but shod with *alpargatas*, the rough loose skin sandals worn by the peasantry. The beds were to be furnished only with straw pallets, the sheets made of *estameña*, the blankets of *jerga*. When necessary, wraps of coarse cloth were permissible, but on no account of sheepskin. Neither in the dress nor the bed furniture must there be anything coloured ; not so much as a sash ; and the hair must be cut short so that no time need be squandered in dressing it.

Enclosure was to be as strict as possible. The visits of relatives must be discouraged, openly worldly persons not admitted to the parlour. But the novices might have

more visitors than the professed, so that they might be able to say freely if they were happy in their life ; and if they were not happy they might go away whenever they liked. Nothing was so important as the choice of fit persons to be novices. Teresa was determined that her convents should not be mere places for the bestowal of superfluous young women ; she would only accept persons with a true vocation ; spiritually minded, of good understanding and good health ; over seventeen years of age and on no account " melancholy," or foolishly scrupulous. Self-discipline, public or private, was not to be encouraged beyond what was ordered, but might be permitted ; never, however, against the wish of the nun herself.

Once a week they were to assemble in Chapter and exercise themselves in humility by confessing their faults, and in all charity pointing out the faults of their sisters. Faults were divided into four classes : *light*, such as unpunctuality, untidiness, eating or drinking without permission, inciting a sister to laughter in the choir, etc. ; *medium*, such as irreverence, unkindness, or impertinence ; *grave*, such as lying, or disobedience ; and *very grave*, such as general insubordination, violence, or the attempt to get into unpermitted communication with outside persons.

Teresa was particularly anxious that the nuns should have freedom in choosing their confessors, and not be confined to appointed persons, possibly unsympathetic or unhelpful.

Her first intention had been that San Josef should have an endowment producing a settled income, so that the nuns should live without anxiety. Many of the evils of the Encarnacion had arisen from insufficient means, making long absences of the sisters seem desirable economy. But Maria de Jesus, at Toledo, pointed out that such fixed income had been prohibited by Saint Albert, and Teresa

soon believed that, like Saint Francis of Assisi, she was herself in love with Lady Poverty. She lived of course before the era of Charity Organization societies; begging had never struck any one as a crime. Teresa was not singular in thinking that to live on the irregular charity of one's neighbours is to live by faith in God. At the present day many charitable institutions are supported—though less obviously so—in the same way.

Most of Teresa's counsellors were for practical reasons against this extreme exercise of faith. But Peter of Alcántara encouraged her, and once she had recognized poverty as a thing of perfection and had heard her Lord's voice commanding her to accept it, she was quietly determined that it should be the condition of her convent.

Nevertheless Teresa's strong vein of common sense was slightly at war with her generous enthusiasm, and finally led to a change in her procedure. Some of her later convents had assured means, and she eventually accepted an income from Don Francisco de Salcedo even for San Josef of Avila.

Ribera says naïvely that it was a most fortunate thing that the Lord first bade her found in poverty—thus establishing a principle—and afterwards, when funds were getting low, bade her alter the arrangement.

Now that the extravagances of mendicancy no longer seem to us the perfection of saints, it is bringing no contempt on Teresa to suspect that her love of poverty was not entirely the suggestion of her own genius, and that her insistence upon it was of the nature of war against a supposed besetting sin. In this suspicion I may be altogether wrong; but Teresa would not be the first who has taken a decided part and acted vehemently, in order to stifle tiresome doubts as to the entire wisdom of an accepted course.

But this founding without income was partly responsible for the storm which arose in Avila, where Teresa was not universally popular and where ecclesiastical affairs were incessantly discussed. She had herself fallen into dependency, partly physical, the inevitable reaction after the first joyous excitement. She lay awake all night, sick with thinking that she had been presumptuous, foolish, harmful; wrong especially in letting San Josef be put under the Bishop instead of under the heads of her Order. In the morning came the first blow from outside. She received a command from the prioress of the Encarnacion bidding her return to her rightful convent at once. She obeyed, leaving her four novices at San Josef "like sheep without a shepherd"; expecting herself to be sent to the punishment cell.

But the Encarnacion prioress allowed Teresa to give explanation of her conduct, and hearing it, found her wrath evaporating. Much perplexed she sent to Angel de Salazar, the Provincial, begging him to come at once. He came. As he entered, a crowd of angry nuns rushed to meet him, vociferating against this one sister who was setting herself up above them all, and so accusing them by implication of impiety and wrong. The Provincial pushed them aside; he bade Teresa stand up before her accusers and speak for herself. She did so. Very quietly she told the whole story of the new convent; with the perfect gentleness and perfect decision, those charming manners, that good sense, that air of inspiration, which all through her career won hearts and disarmed opponents. She told of her licence from the Pope; of her many consultations with men learned in discipline and devotion. If she had taken the final step without the momentary knowledge of her superiors—had they not already told her she might make the convent? If they had said it

was wrong or not to the glory of God, she would have given it up, with peace, even with relief. But now—oh the joy of beholding the Blessed Sacrament in her church ! of knowing there was one more temple of the Lord in Avila and dedicated to her glorious father San José ; of seeing the four orphan girls—poor but greatly servants of God—encloistered there away from temptation and risk.

When Teresa ended, there was silence. No one had a word to say : not even the noisy section who had thought her posing as righteous overmuch. As for Fray Angel, he was quite satisfied. Yes, she was right, he had given her leave. And now he was going to take her part with the townsfolk who had burst into a fury. And he was going to send her back to San Josef as quickly as possible. But just for the moment she was safer at the Encarnacion, and must be content to stay there for a week or two. Teresa fretted, but obeyed ; and she sent a message to the Bishop begging him to look after the four poor little novices at San Josef.

The commotion in the city soon showed itself terrible ; nor is it very easy to-day to understand the cause of the widespread indignation. The excuse that Avila had already too many institutions to be supported by alms hardly seems sufficient, the new convent being on so small a scale and patronized by rich people like the Bishop and Doña Guiomar.

Evidently Teresa had blundered in not taking the civil authorities into her confidence. She was more careful in subsequent foundations to comply with recognized formalities. But the rage of the private citizens is puzzling. Probably they thought her a busybody, being busybodies themselves. Perhaps they thought she was founding a sect, sectarians being always unpopular at first. She was setting herself up to use her private judgment ; had

not the horrible German heresies begun in that very way? Luther, the arch enemy, had been a religious, who had taken upon himself to think, and to break off from his Order, and to profess himself better than his superiors. Added to his dread of insubordination and unorthodoxy was the very human fear for the pockets of the residents, the same fear which makes us nowadays object to a rise in the rates, no matter for what laudable object.

Whatever the cause, the *corregidor* (the king's representative) the *regidores* (counsellors) the heads of the religious Orders, the lawyers and theologians, protested, discussed, harangued, as if the city were in mortal danger. Avila decided that the thing was monstrous; the Blessed Sacrament must be forcibly removed and the convent house razed to the ground.

Happily an important Dominican, Fray Domingo Bañez, professor of theology at the University of Salamanca, happened to visit Avila just then. He intervened in the dispute; and proved to the secular authorities that they were overstepping their province and that the matter must be left to the Bishop. There was no more suggestion of violence, but the city continued in an uproar.

“The *demonio*,” says Teresa, “went up and down in all parts, increasing with mighty force the tempest he had raised.”

The town now began a lawsuit and sent distinguished persons to Madrid to defend its cause. Voluntary helpers came forward for Teresa and appealed to the Royal Council. The tide was, however, beginning to turn. Compromise was suggested—Teresa was informed that opposition would cease if she could arrange for the convent's endowment. She was tempted; but Peter of Alcántara appeared to her in a vision and bade her listen to no such terms.

The lawsuit dragged on dully for some time and was then dropped without any decision being arrived at. The Convent of San Josef was tolerated. Presently it was admired. Soon it was enthusiastically supported by the very persons who had most opposed it.

When there was no longer danger of her being torn in pieces, Salazar allowed Teresa to return to her four poor novices. She was also allowed to take with her four nuns from the Encarnacion, including the two Tapias. One of these she wished to make prioress ; but the Bishop ordered the foundress to assume that office herself.

Before re-entering the little convent Teresa knelt to pray in its church. There she had a vision of Jesus bending over her and placing a crown upon her head.

The storm was over, and all went well for four years which Teresa calls the happiest of her life, devoted entirely to the perfecting of her soul and the souls of her spiritual daughters.

Postulants came to her ; Maria de Ocampo, who took the name of Maria Bautista (Baptist) ; and presently another near relation, Maria de Avila. How picturesque is the account of this latter young lady's arrival !

“ She came in all the smartness of her vesture, shining with silk and with all the adornments and jewellery which one could desire, and accompanied by all the knighthood of the city. For she was related to all the great ones there, and they were all in wonderment, she being alone in the house of her father, and his heiress, and but a short while before so uplifted in spirit that she had thought no marriage proposed for her could be fine enough. But the Lord had laid His strong hand upon her ; and after days of fighting against Him, and of affliction and tears, she had submitted ; and now she became a nun, calling herself

Maria de San Jeronimo. And with her wealth she founded a chaplaincy and gave great gifts to the cathedral."

Maria de Ocampo's money paid the rent of the convent house, and built certain little hermitages in the garden, much prized and often alluded to by Teresa. She refused, however, to accept as much money from this girl's father as he was willing to give.

Teresa and the nuns from the Encarnacion had now given up the comparatively comfortable habit made of *estameña*, and put on the rough *jerga* as chosen for the Discalced sisters. The prioress's cell was the least comfortable of any. She was diligent in observance of every rule; energetic in sweeping and cooking and performing all the menial household duties. She insisted upon cleanliness; which doubtless had its share in the exemption of the nuns in all her convents from what in Castilian is euphoniously termed "misery." This exemption was, however, an answer to prayer. The nuns in their frieze had found themselves attacked. So they formed a procession to the church, carrying the cross and singing a hymn Teresa had written for the occasion.

Chorus—Pues nos dais vestido
nuevo,
¡ Rey celestial!
Librad de la mala gente

Este sayal.

Hijas, pues tomais la cruz,
Tened valor,
Y á Jesus, que es vuestra luz,

Pedid favor :
Él os será defensor

En trance tal.

Chorus—Since, Heavenly King,
Thou givst us vesture new,
Hear us to-day!
Save from the evil people,
Lord,
This serge, we pray.

Daughters, since ye the cross
have ta'en, be ye
Valiant of heart ;
And pray to Jesus that in
mercy He
Will take your part,
And your defender and your
shield will be
In this sore fray.

Chorus—Librad de la mala gente,
Este sayal.

Pues vinisteis á morir

No desmayeis,
Y de la gente incivil

No temereis,
Remedio en Dios hallaréis

En tanto mal.

Chorus—Librad de la mala gente
Este sayal.
Pues nos dais vestido nuevo

¡ Rey celestial !
Librad de la mala gente,

Este sayal.

Chorus—Save from the evil people, Lord
This serge, we pray.

Since e'en to die ye all prepared be,

Be not dismayed ;
Nor of this people rude, unmannerly,

Be ye afraid.
In ill so grievous God will grant relief

He is your stay.

Chorus—Save from the evil people, Lord,
This serge we pray.

Since, Heavenly King, Thou givst us vesture new
Hear us to-day !

Save from the evil people,
Lord,

This serge we pray.

As a result, they were miraculously and for ever delivered from the plague.

At the weekly Chapter for mutual improvement, Teresa would accuse herself with deep contrition of faults which no one else detected in her ; and she supplicated the nuns to admonish her whenever they perceived any imperfection. She says she lived at San José in Paradise ; and that her nuns were angels, far holier and better than herself. It was admitted by all that they attained to a very high degree of so-called Perfection. No one understood better than their prioress the difference between attentive ceremonial, and worship in spirit and in truth ; between the claims of morality and benevolence, and the sacredness of walking with God.

If we think some of the stories of the nun's obedience are a little childish, we must remember that discipline has accomplished great things in the world, and that the step

between discipline and tyranny is, like the one step between the sublime and the ridiculous, fatally easy to overpass.

As for the supply of food, it sometimes ran short. The nuns did not go out to beg; the Lord sent what was necessary. If they were hungry, it was His will. He never left them actually to starve.

At first their well was a trial, the water being scanty and bad. Teresa sent for experts to improve it. The experts laughed. Nothing could be done with that well! It would be throwing money away to touch it. The convent must buy water from elsewhere. Teresa reported to the sisters, and the lively Maria Bautista cried out—

“ But the Lord is bound to give us water! It will be cheaper for Him to provide it on our own premises! Set the men to work!”

The improvement was effected and soon the convent had such excellent water that Don Alvaro, the Bishop, used to bring his friends to taste it, and the well was called, the Fountain of Maria Bautista.

“ I don't instance this as a miracle,” says Teresa, “ for there are other explanations of what occurred. I tell it as an example of the faith of these sisters.”

After eight years the well ran dry and the town sank them a new one.

The nearest neighbour was an old gentleman whose whole soul was wrapped up in his garden. He required water for his flowers, and had ingeniously managed to divert part of the public supply for irrigation. Teresa wanted to buy some of his ground to enlarge her *huerta*. How was he to be persuaded to sell? At this moment his embezzlement of the water was found out and stopped. His flowers drooped. He gave them up, and sold the ground to the convent. Obviously another miracle!

“ No, no ! ” cries Teresa, “ but the Lord, who holds all times in His hand, remembered us.”

So the happy years rolled on and the nuns passed their days in Prayer and Recollection, and kept strictly to their cloister, disregarding the allurements of the world. Teresa pondered upon all that must be done for the saving of souls and often thought the nuns were being trained by God for some great purpose. She was “ as one who holds a great and secret treasure and longs to bring it forth for the enjoyment of others.”

Till the moment for new activity came she occupied herself in adding to the “ Book of her Life ; and in writing the “ Pathway of Perfection ” (*Camino de Perfeccion*), both labours having been commanded by her superiors.

CHAPTER VIII

SPREAD OF SAINT TERESA'S REFORM

VISIT OF THE GENERAL—TRAVELLING IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY
—FOUNDATIONS AT MEDINA, MALAGON, AND VALLADOLID—
FIRST HOUSE FOR FRIARS

IN the fifth year after the foundation of San Josef in Avila, Teresa's zeal for the salvation of souls was newly enkindled by a sermon she heard from Fray Alonzo Maldonado, a Franciscan missionary lately returned from America. She prayed that missionary work might be given to her also; and she heard her Lord's voice answering her—

“Wait a little, daughter, and thou shalt see great things.”

Six months passed and nothing happened. Then the whole Carmelite Order in Spain was stirred by the announcement that their General, Fra Giovanni Batista Rossi (known in Spain as Juan Bautista Rubeo) was, at the king's request, coming to visit them. Never before had a Carmelite General come to Spain; the impending visitation was testimony to the increased sense of responsibility in the Catholic Church.

Travelling in those days, whether by sea or land, was no light matter. We have one or two nearly contemporary accounts of journeys which give us some idea of the difficulties, and even the perils, travellers had to face. For example: Navigero the Venetian ambassador in 1523 sailed on the 6th of April from Genoa for Barcelona. He was blown by contrary winds first to Hyères in France,

then to Corsica, where he was in great danger from Moorish pirates. By the 21st he had got to Palamos in Catalonia, and here his patience evaporated and he finished his journey by road, reaching his destination in May. Another ambassador, some fifty years later, travelling from Hendaye to Madrid—a twenty days' journey—was furnished with most elaborate directions, as to the arrangements on the Spanish side. First, at Irun, the travellers would be searched by Inquisition officials to see if they were importing forbidden books. Then they must waste several days finding mules and muleteers. The muleteers must on no account be prepaid, or they would gamble away their money, and being unable to pay for forage would let the mules break down on the way. At Pampluna the travellers would be searched by custom's officers to see if they were smuggling cloth, but might get off pretty well by judicious bribery. At inns *en route* they would pay one *real* for a bed, another for candle and breakfast, another for dinner. They had the right to insist upon clean sheets to the beds, and whatever was over from dinner they might keep. In Madrid the innkeeper would expect monthly payment. The travellers must provide their own victuals and oversee the cooking lest they should be robbed. The host ought to supply water and salt, and clean sheets and tablecloths. And the laundress ought to be a woman of repute, or she would steal the shirts ; and so on.

Reading even these notes, and remembering the great size of countries like France and Spain, one is surprised that travelling was so frequent as apparently it was. Floods, landslips, brigands, ignorant guides, rascally donkey-boys, all had to be reckoned with ; and lesser persons were very glad to join more important parties for protection's sake. However economical the traveller might be, twenty days on the road could be no cheap

undertaking. Yet Teresa's friends and she herself seem to have been continually on the move; one wonders where all the time, the money, the bodily strength, managed to come from.

Fray Juan Bautista Rubeo, the Carmelite General, was no doubt in all respects well provided. He arrived in 1566, was a considerable time in Spain, made a good impression, and introduced several salutary measures.

The day came when his tour brought him to Avila. Teresa was in some trepidation. Suppose he disapproved of San Josef's independence? Suppose he sent herself back to the Encarnacion?

She took the wise course of inviting his visit. When he had come, she told him the detailed history of her convent. Her explanations, her vivid personality, had the usual effect. The General was not only satisfied, he was delighted. He became at once Teresa's protector and her friend.

"Overjoyed," she says, "to find a portrait, imperfect indeed, yet still a portrait, of what our Order had been in its early days, he bade me go forward from this beginning. He understood how vehement was my desire to work for God, and without my asking it of him, he gave me patents for the founding of other monasteries¹ like this one of San Josef."

Teresa now began to guess what were the great things which God would allow her to do for Him.

The patents given to her by the General were her title-deeds for her subsequent performance.

"We, Fray Juan Bautista Rubeo of Ravenna, Prior and Master General and servant of all the priors and nuns of the Order of the most glorious ever-virgin Mary of Mount Carmel . . . concede and give free faculty to the

¹ The words "monasteries" and "convents" were applied to institutions for both sexes.

reverend Mother Teresa de Jesus—. . . pure in spirit and endowed with gifts of burning charity, our daughter and submissive subject—to take or receive houses and churches with grounds attaching in any part of Castille in the name of our Order ; that she may make monasteries of Carmelite nuns who shall live in every way according to the first Rule, and be directly under the authority of the General, unhindered by any provincial, vicar, or prior of this province . . .” and so forth at some length.

The permission it will be observed was only for Castille as Teresa quite understood ; and the convents were to be regularly under the Carmelite Order. For the present San Josef of Avila was an exception to this latter clause. The Bishop, who valued the convent and the prioress greatly, was not willing to resign his jurisdiction. Teresa herself, however, and the nuns who had followed her from the Encarnacion, formally put themselves back under the Carmelites. The Bishop consented to this, while retaining his hold upon the convent. It was certainly a confusing arrangement and was altered a few years later. Teresa was now very happy, and at once began to make plans for a second convent at Medina del Campo.

She had, however, a new desire which would certainly give her no peace till it was accomplished. The first suggestion had come from Don Alvaro de Mendoza, the Bishop ; now he and Teresa were agreed that the great thing wanted was a reformed monastery for men.

Eagerly Teresa spoke of this to Rubeo. He listened favourably enough, but found in the Order so little welcome of the idea that he hesitated to consent. Eventually, just as he was leaving Spain, he did give cautious permission for the foundation of two houses for friars, on condition that they should engage in preaching and other

missionary duties, and that the present Provincial, Fray Alonzo Gonzalez, and his predecessor, Fray Angel de Salazar, should raise no objection.

Teresa rejoiced at the concession, though as yet she had not heard of any friars, or would-be friars, anxious for admission to such a monastery.

Medina del Campo is a forgotten old town known to travellers chiefly as the junction station for Avila, Salamanca, Zamora, Valladolid, Segovia, and the Escorial. It stands in the midst of wheat-fields yielding that pure white flour which furnishes Spain with such excellent bread. The approach is through forests of transparent green umbrella-pines, many bending over the banks of swift-flowing mountain streams. Just outside the town is a huge, deserted, and ruined castle, an interesting specimen of the mediæval fortress so often in Teresa's thoughts. Here the great Queen Isabella died; here Juana la Loca held her brief court; here Cæsar Borgia was once imprisoned. In the quiet streets of Medina are now few passengers, except market-women and old men huddled in blankets leading leisurely donkeys through the arcaded, wind-searched alleys. There is a wide square surrounded by gaunt old houses; all with their first floor resting on wooden pillars, thus giving a covered walk below. There are many heavy brick churches, whitewashed within, yet picturesque with old gilding on *retablos* and altars, and coloured figures half seen in the gloom of deep-set side chapels. Doubtless all were in their glory in Teresa's day.

She did not know the town well herself; but her friend and director, Baltasar Alvarez, was Rector of the Jesuit College there; and she had another acquaintance in the Prior of the Carmelite Monastery of Saint Ana, Fray Antonio de Heredia. She sent her chaplain, Padre Julian

de Avila, to visit these two men and interest them in her undertaking. She asked Fray Antonio to find her a house for the new convent, and Baltasar Alvarez to negotiate with the Bishop for her licence. Antonio de Heredia was an enthusiastic person; he bought a house at once in the Calle de Santiago. It is to be presumed he bought it cheap, for it was really a site rather than a house; nothing was standing but a porch and a few bowing walls. Julian de Avila shook his head when he saw the house, and prudently rented another for temporary habitation. Then he returned to Avila to fetch Teresa and the sisters she was taking for the new foundation. These included Maria Bautista, and the two Tapias, Inez de Jesus and Ana de la Encarnacion.

A displeased crowd assembled to see the nuns start, for the good folk of Avila were nearly as angry with Teresa for going away as they had been with her for coming. The Bishop himself was annoyed, and had gone to Olmedo in a huff. The nuns travelled in a cart which must have been hideously uncomfortable. A little furniture was piled upon mules. Padre Julian walked with the muleteers.

Don Alvaro, the Bishop, penitent for his ill-humour, sent a message bidding the party visit him on the way at Olmedo. He relented further upon seeing their horrible vehicle and lent them his own coach, which doubtless was modest enough. (Private carriages were at this time new in Spain and the cause of such extravagance in fashionable society that Philip issued an edict restraining their use. The poets and story-tellers had their laughs at the craze.

Que le dijo à su marido,

“ Con lo que la casa cuesta

De alquiler echemos coche.”

“ Quoth she unto her spouse,
“ Behold

The rent of this our house all
told

Makes us a coach to go with-
out !”

Y volviendola á decir	He turning quickly answered, " Pray
Pues " ¿ Donde hemos de vivir	Without a house by night or day
Y estar el dia y la noche ? "	What should we do ? Where could we go ? "
Dijo, " Si el coche tuviera	She said, "'Tis plain, thou simple wight !
Sin casa vivir podria ;	Had we a coach no house we'd need ;
En el coche todo el dia	All day we in the coach would speed
Y de noche en la cochera."	And in the coach-house pass the night."

Teresa would not loiter even with the Bishop, for she had resolved to open the new convent in two days' time on the Feast of the Assumption. It rained, and the roads were shocking, but they pushed on to Arévalo where they went to an inn for the night.

Here Teresa found a letter waiting for her with the unwelcome news that she must not take her Sisters to the temporary house hired by Padre Julian,¹ as the monks of the neighbouring Augustinian monastery objected to the close proximity of nuns.

This was a great upset, but Teresa's courage always rose under difficulties. If the devil were beginning to make a pother it showed he was afraid of her ! She said nothing to the nuns but bade them settle down for the night. The Dominican, Fray Domingo Bañez, the same who had helped in the troubles at Avila, was in the village, and Teresa sent for him to give advice. He offered to go and expostulate with the Augustinians, but Teresa feared this would cause delay, and talk, and opposition in the town. She was still undecided when next morning the eager Antonio de Heredia arrived, enthusiastic about the

¹ Padre Julian's account of the difficulties about the houses is not quite the same as Teresa's.

tumble-down house he had bought in the Calle Santiago. He begged Teresa to take her party straight thither ; eager herself, she decided to do so, but prudently sent two nuns, straight out of the Encarnacion and still dressed in *estameña* instead of *jerga*, to stay with friends for a fortnight.

The rest of the party went on, Domingo Bañez and Julian de Avila shaking their heads together over the rashness. Presently the travellers fell in with the house's former owner, the lady who had sold it to Antonio. She said her caretaker was still in residence, but gave Teresa a letter dismissing him and bidding him leave behind certain curtains and a blue damask bed which presumably he had been using.

At midnight on the eve of the Assumption the party arrived at Medina, left the mules and the Bishop's carriage at Fray Antonio's monastery, and walked to the Calle Santiago, escorted by the good prior and two of his monks carrying lanterns. On the way they met bulls coming for next day's bullfight ; " but by God's mercy none of the nuns were attacked." A crowd was running after the bulls, and the party was jeered at and questioned, but eventually got to the house all safe, and with great difficulty waked up the caretaker. Teresa says she saw the ruinous condition of the walls, but not nearly so clearly as she saw it by daylight ; and it was evident that the Lord had seen fit to blind Fray Antonio's eyes that he might not perceive what a very unfit place was this for the reception of the Blessed Sacrament. The roof gaped ; the whole place was choked with rubbish, the walls were innocent of plaster. The nuns had brought nothing usable as decoration but three *reposteros* (horse blankets), quite insufficient to hide the cracks and the holes in the small *portal* (entrance court) which was to serve as the church. However, they found the caretaker's curtains,

got them out and thanked God ; then remembered they had no nails and searched all over the walls for rusty old ones. Some hammered, some scrubbed the floor. When dawn came, everything was ready, the wall lined all round with hangings, the altar prepared with candle, book, and bell. The nuns assembled behind a door, using the chinks as a grating through which they could see and hear. Mass was celebrated and the Blessed Sacrament reserved in its place.

This meant that on the appointed day, 15th August 1567, the foundation was made ; there was another church in Medina, and there was another convent dedicated to the glorious San Josef. Great was the amazement of the town. Yesterday a ruin, a caretaker, and one blue bed ; to-day a nunnery, a chapel, a few nuns at their prayers, their leader, a woman of fifty-two, in poor health, but full of energy and the gifts of the Holy Spirit. Wonderment spread, and crowds assembled to stare at the convent.

Now came the usual reaction. Teresa looked at the broken walls ; she saw her cloistered nuns exposed to the public gaze ; she saw that the Blessed Sacrament was positively " in the street." She remembered the dangers of the times, and imagined Lutherans prowling through the city intent upon stealing and desecrating all that she held most sacred. Truly it had been a foolish enterprise, and she was a weak, presumptuous woman who had no right to count on the favours of God !

However, she kept her depression to herself and begged a priest sent to her by Baltasar Alvarez, at any cost to find her a lodging to accommodate the party while she got the convent house repaired. Medina was a lively populous town, well provided, full of people and bustle. But there was no furnished house to be hired anywhere. The nuns lived on in the ruin ; and at night Teresa herself guarded the Blessed Sacrament from the imaginary Lutherans.

Her fears gradually subsided, for the populace proved quite gentle and reverent ; “ indeed their devotion seemed stirred by seeing their Lord in that wretched place, more wretched than the manger at Bethlehem.” After eight days, a rich citizen offered half his house to the nuns, and they moved thither and lived in comfort and seclusion till their convent was made habitable.

In Santiago,¹ hard by the new nunnery, dwelt Doña Elena de Quiroga, niece of the Archbishop elect of Toledo, “ a great servant of God ” ; she undertook the repairs of Teresa's house, and built a proper chapel. She also watched over the general needs of the nuns and sent them food. The repairs were concluded in two months ; then Teresa took her nuns back, and sent for the two from the Encarnacion whom she had left behind. Soon several postulants came forward, one of them the daughter of Doña Elena de Quiroga who was renamed Geronima de la Encarnacion. Doña Elena herself took the veil a few years later when all her children were grown up ; and as Elena de Jesus became an important nun and prioress of Teresa's foundation at Toledo.

Doña Elena left her palace at Medina to the convent ; and in it the nuns live to-day. There I have visited them. The street is very quiet and solemn. The Convent of the Augustinian nuns faces the Convent of the Carmelites and both are neighboured by the wide *patio* of some great lady's palace. The portress lives now in what was the original convent, bought by Fray Antonio ; her granddaughter, a pretty girl named Paula, took me past several barred windows and closed doors to the great entrance leading into a square covered court, adorned with rough frescoes, and an inscription giving the date and a few

¹ *Santiago*—in Spain the streets are generally called merely by their names, the word *Calle* (street) being omitted.

particulars of the foundation. Over the *torno*¹ is Teresa's beautiful advice to her nuns—

“ Let your desire be to see God, your fear that you may lose Him ; your grief that you do not enjoy Him, your joy in all which may lift you to Him. Thus you shall live in great peace.”

The nuns told me their number is nineteen and the convent house is very large and beautiful with *patios* (courts) and fine lofty cells ;—a real palace. The present parlour, in which I sat talking to the sisters behind the spiked grating, is that very vestibule where at dawn the first Mass was said amid the ruins. And above the present grating is the little window through which for eight nights Teresa watched the Blessed Sacrament. The church is spacious, with grilles larger than usual for the upper and the lower choirs, and the customary pictures and images. Through a *torno* in the sacristy the relics were passed for my devotion. Paula, who had not seen them before, was chiefly moved by those which to me seemed rather distressing, a fact suggestive of interesting thoughts on the differences between points of view. I liked best two letters framed and glazed, some church embroidery worked by Teresa's fingers ; her well-thumbed breviary, and the convent account-books in which her signature comes over and over again.

To return to the early days,—San Josef at Medina proved a highly successful convent. Money flowed in, the house was healthy and fairly comfortable. Some of the best nuns were trained there. But for a long time Teresa had no vision of her Lord, and she sighed. At last He appeared to her and she heard Him say, “ Daughter, what sign

¹ *Torno*—the revolving hatch through which everything must pass to come in or out of the convent. Behind it and invisible sits the portress nun.

wouldst thou have, other than the miracle of this foundation?"

Fray Antonio de Heredia, prior of the Calced Carmelites of Santa Ana, had shown himself a personage somewhat hasty, but very energetic, of strong will and great faith. All this was very attractive to Teresa. Now she told him of her project for founding a monastery of the Primitive Rule for men; and showed her licence from Rubeo, the Carmelite General. Antonio entered into the idea with his usual zeal; and declared he would himself be the first candidate for admission, the first Discalced Carmelite friar. Teresa thought he was jesting. But no; he was perfectly serious. He said he had long been desiring a stricter rule, and to get it had thought of joining the Carthusians. Teresa still had doubts. Fray Antonio was delicate; would he ever submit to the austerities she wished her friars to practise? She refused to accept his candidature unless he would consent to a year's probation in which he should remain at his office in Santa Ana, practising himself, however, the Primitive Rule.

Antonio agreed, and got through the year in strict obedience, though he was opposed and slandered by his brother friars.

Teresa was much pleased at having got one probationer; soon she had found another. This was no less a person than the celebrated mystic, perhaps the purest and greatest of all the mystics who ever lived, Saint John of the Cross. At this time, bearing his family name, Juan de Yepes, he was a theological student at Salamanca university; and like Antonio, was intending to join the Carthusians. He heard of Teresa's proposed monastery, and at once presented himself to her as a postulant. Teresa, struck with his promise, accepted him joyfully. Juan de Yepes was however so modest, so young, so small, that speaking of

him and Antonio, the smiling Teresa said she was getting on famously ; she had acquired *a friar and a half* !

At Medina she made another friend very unlike the little student or the enthusiastic prior of Santa Ana. This was a brilliant young noble, Don Bernardino de Mendoza, brother of Don Alvaro the Bishop of Avila, and of Doña Maria de Mendoza, who was one of Teresa's patronesses. Don Bernardino made no profession of religion ; becoming, however, acquainted with the great Carmelite mother, he took a liking for her and interested himself in her work. He had a little house at Rio d'Olmos near Valladolid which had been lent to his sister, Doña Maria ; now he offered it to Teresa in case she wished to found a convent at Valladolid. The house did not seem particularly suitable, but Teresa was not the woman to refuse a good offer. Don Bernardino presented her with the formal deed of gift soon afterwards when she and Doña Maria were travelling under his protection from Medina to Alcalá de Henares.

This young man, Don Bernardino, died about a year later in circumstances which prevented his receiving extreme unction. He had lived a wild life, and Teresa entertained fears for his soul. But later when the convent had been founded in the house of his gift, she was comforted by a vision which assured her of his salvation.

Valladolid, however, had to wait for its convent while Teresa fulfilled some other engagements.

First came the call from her earlier acquaintance, Maria de Jesus, who had founded the reformed Carmelite convent at Alcalá. A saintly woman herself, she had erred in over severity. The convent was in a state of confusion, insubordination was rife among the nuns, the spiritual evils were aggravated by financial difficulties. Maria implored Teresa to come to her assistance. When the great mother



THE PRINCESS DOÑA JUANA DE AUSTRIA
FROM THE PORTRAIT BY ANTONIO MORO IN THE PRADO GALLERY

arrived she was received by the nuns on their knees, all agreeing to accept her authority, while Maria de Jesus herself handed over the convent keys. Teresa soon set matters straight in this establishment which was afterwards affiliated with the houses of her own founding. Maria lived till 1580, the year of the Universal Catarrh (influenza, I suppose). She died of the complaint after personally nursing her nuns through it.

On the way to Alcalá Teresa had paid her first visit to Madrid, invited thither by Doña Leonor de Mascareñas, to discuss an abortive project for founding a convent in the capital. This was a darling wish of Teresa's, but it was not accomplished till twenty years after her death, by her disciple and follower, Ana de Jesus.

Doña Leonor de Mascareñas was a woman of importance at the court, having been governess to Philip II in his childhood. She did not apparently make too good an impression on her visitor. Teresa thought herself invited out of curiosity, and was much tried by being exhibited to Madrid society as a lion. Natural politeness made her courteous to the smart women who crowded upon her, but she would not consent to be drawn out for their amusement. When they asked her intrusive questions she diverted the conversation to the excellence of the Madrid roads. The smart ladies went away saying the nun seemed a good creature, but had not much of the saint about her!

Teresa fled to the Convent of the Discalced Franciscan nuns, Las Descalzas Reales, whose prioress was the sister of Saint Francis Borja. This convent had been founded by the Infanta, Doña Juana de Austria, the king's widowed sister who was mother of the Portuguese King Sebastian. She had more than once been Regent of Spain during the absence of her father and brother, and

was both capable and popular. But her heart was in the religious life, and she was almost conventual in her dress and manners, talking veiled with the State officials, though she allowed them to see her face for one moment that they might identify her as the princess. Doña Juana herself made Teresa's acquaintance and spoke of her thus :—
“ Blessed be God, who has allowed us to see a saint whom we all can imitate. She speaks, sleeps, and eats as we do ; talks without ceremony or affectation of spirit. It is very plain she is taught of God ; she is so sincere, so unpretentious ; she lives among us as Jesus would have done.”

Remembering the spirituality of Teresa's inner life, this account is particularly interesting ; it suggests that horror of a *pose* which she shared with most really great people.

From Alcalá Teresa went on to Toledo to stay with her old friend Doña Luisa de la Cerda. Curious it must have seemed to her to be again in that house which had been her shelter in her time of storm and stress. Now she was the successful foundress, the accredited saint. Indeed, Doña Luisa had sent for her to arrange the foundation of a third convent, on her estate at Malagon.

Malagon was too small and too frivolous a place for any hope that a convent could succeed there if founded in strict poverty. Doña Luisa proposed to endow it with a fixed income. Teresa was distressed by the necessity for an income, and was consequently averse from the foundation. Domingo Bañez, however, advised her to give way. The Council of Trent, he told her, had approved of the endowment of convents, and this being so she must not refuse the opportunity of serving the Lord. Teresa accepted this opinion ; perhaps agreed with it. But she remembered anxiously the history of many convents which had succumbed to the temptations of wealth, their

nuns squandering themselves in superfluities; just as nuns in extreme poverty must inevitably squander themselves in the cares of providing daily bread.

Before accepting Doña Luisa's proposals Teresa made two stipulations which she hoped would reduce the temptations of either extreme. She insisted that the fixed income should be a sufficient one, so that no begging at all should be required, every one being slow to help a charity already endowed. And she required that in the convent the obligation of Poverty should be strictly observed, notwithstanding the income. No nun must possess anything of her own; the furniture and the fare must be limited to the merest necessity.

Under this compromise, the Convent of San José at Malagon was opened in 1568 with five nuns from Avila. They had stayed a week in Doña Luisa's palace in the town; then on Palm Sunday they walked in procession to their convent, wearing their white capes, their faces veiled, all in the sight of a great crowd which was very solemn and devout.

One of the first novices was Maria de Salazar, Doña Luisa's young companion, who had been so much impressed at the time of Teresa's first visit to Toledo. She soon won the confidence of the saint, and afterwards was well known as Maria de San José, the prioress at Seville.

The house at Malagon proved uncomfortably noisy, and after a few years Doña Luisa provided a better one pleasantly situated in an olive yard, where the nuns were very happy for many years.

Teresa liked her houses to be in pleasant places within sight of fields and sky. Running water she loved; nevertheless the house given her by young Don Bernardino de Mendoza for a convent at Valladolid proved a little too

near the river, and though highly picturesque was so damp and unhealthy that the nuns were not able to live there long. This convent—Teresa's fourth,—its name *Convento de Nuestra Señora de la Concepcion*—was opened in August 1568.

Teresa was aware of the insanitary condition of Don Bernardino's house, but bodily health was not in her opinion of transcendent importance. The great thing, she thought, was to get a convent founded: if its house proved unendurable, the Lord would certainly at the right time provide for His servants. Her faith was justified. We hear of removals, but only of one convent's being abandoned, and that as shall presently be told, not for reasons of health. In the case of this Convent of Our Lady of the Conception, a new house was soon provided by Don Bernardino's sister, Doña Maria. The nuns are in it still. It is in the northern part of the large and busy—but not to-day especially interesting—town of Valladolid, near the bridge over the river Pisuerga. The building is long and low, with a high pitched roof and dormer windows. The parlour with its *reja* (grill) and *picos* (spikes) is as Teresa arranged it. Among the convent treasures are the MS. of the "Camino de Perfeccion,"¹—in excellent condition—her portrait (one of the three which claim to be the original, painted from life by Fray Juan de la Miseria) and various small personal objects, which help their beholder to realize her as a breathing homely woman—to all of us a sister who died not so very many years ago.

Valladolid was the capital of Spain till Philip II moved the court to Madrid. The town suffered greatly in the Peninsular War and many of the oldest buildings were

¹ Teresa made two copies of this work herself. The older of the two is at the Escorial.



SAINT TERESA

AFTER THE PAINTING AT VALLADOLID

destroyed. The university and several palaces and colleges are instructive specimens of the plateresque style, which have not however the beauty of those at Seville and Salamanca. I have already referred to the splendid collection of coloured wooden figures—including a fine statue of Teresa—in the Colegio de Santa Cruz. The great square, now all shops and loungers, was the scene of the *autos de fe* which made short work of heresy in Castille. I doubt they commended themselves to Teresa; but she was too loyal a daughter of the Church to say a direct word against them; and no doubt they helped to confirm her in her characteristic horror of Protestantism.

The Convent of the Concepcion was one of the most successful. Maria Bautista (de Ocampo) Teresa's niece was long prioress there. The romantic story of Casilda de Padilla (in religion Casilda de la Concepcion) also belongs to the convent. She was a child of rank and wealth, betrothed, some say actually married, at ten or eleven to an uncle, kind enough apparently and regarded by her with considerable though perhaps childish affection. Even before talk of her marriage she had wished to be a nun; and, to the annoyance of her relations, she became at eleven years old absolutely determined to carry out her wish, several times escaping from her governess, grandmother, mother, or bridegroom himself, to the Carmelite convent whence she was removed by force or by government command, only to make her escape again on the earliest opportunity. The nuns sheltered her, and of course admired her vocation, but she was not allowed to take the habit till she was actually twelve years old, after which the husband had to reconcile himself to her loss. During her noviciate the husband used to come and argue with her at the grille, telling her she could

serve God quite well as his wife, and might spend her days giving alms to the poor. Casilda would cry and say she was very sorry for him, but her call to religion was too strong to be resisted; and she hoped *he* would give the alms to the poor for them both. Her relations made themselves very disagreeable about Casilda's large fortune, and in 1581 they got her away from the Carmelites to be abbess of an imposing Franciscan convent at Burgos.

The next foundation was of the greatest possible interest to Teresa; that of the first reformed Carmelite monastery for men. Her "friar and a half" had long been waiting for this happy moment, Antonio de Heredia at Santa Ana of Medina performing the exercises of his year's probation, Juan de Yepes often with Teresa, who was instructing him in the rule she wished the future friars to observe. In June 1568, while Teresa was at Avila for a few days on her way to Valladolid, she was offered a house for her friars by Don Rafael de Avila Mojica, a gentleman whom she knew very slightly. The house was at Duruelo, a village near Avila, and had been occupied by Don Rafael's steward who "collected the bread due as rent."

Teresa set off at once to inspect the house, accompanied by one nun and her faithful chaplain, Julian de Avila. They started at sunrise, were soon broiled by the heat, lost their way, and met few and untrustworthy persons to direct them. The whole day they wandered hither and thither, and when they thought they had almost arrived found they had still many miles to go.

"Never," says Teresa, "shall I forget the fatigues and the blunders of that wearisome day!"

At last at evening dusk they arrived. The aspect of the house was disconcerting. It was in the occupation

of rough harvest folk and horribly dirty. Impossible to stay there for the night! Small too; a mere cottage. Just an entrance court, a tiny kitchen and one room over which was a *desvan* (an attic open to the roof)! Teresa saw at once that the entrance court must be the chapel; the *desvan* under the roof, the choir; the room below, the dormitory; the kitchen, the refectory. But the companion nun ("much holier than I," says Teresa, "and a great friend of penance") cried—

"Of a truth, mother, there is no soul holy enough to endure it! Come away!"

Padre Julian agreed with the nun, but held his peace. They passed the night in the nearest church, so tired they could not keep their eyes open. Next day they went on to Medina and Teresa summoned her two friars.

"The house is horrible," she said, "but if you have courage to go to it, God will remedy it somehow. To make a start is everything."

Antonio and Juan said they'd go if it were to a pig sty; and thought it might be easier to get the required consent of the Provincial if the beginning were modest. Antonio now undertook to beg money for the purchase of necessaries; Teresa went to her work at Valladolid, keeping Juan with her; and asked Don Alvaro de Mendoza, the Bishop, and Doña Maria, his sister, to help in getting licence for the monastery from the present Provincial and from his predecessor, as stipulated by Rubeo the General. The licence was easily obtained: Antonio resigned his position as prior of Santa Ana, adopted the name of Antonio de Jesus and "went to his cottage with the greatest happiness in the world." Juan de Yepes, now called Juan de la Cruz, had already arrived. They threw away their shoes, refusing even *alpargatas*, and habited themselves in *jerga*. Soon they were joined by two novices. Fray Antonio

said his begging had been most successful ; but he had not acquired so much as beds to sleep in. Only with clocks was he well provided, having got five that the Hours might be punctually observed ; “ which,” says Teresa, “ made me laugh very much.” They slept on hay, using stones for pillows, and decorated their church with skulls and paper crosses. They had to stoop to get through the doors, and in winter the snow drifted into the *desvan*, but they heeded no such trifles.

After a few months Teresa came unexpectedly to visit them, and found Antonio sweeping the floor.

“ Why, father ! ” she cried, “ what do I see ? What has become of your dignity ? ”

“ I curse the day I had any ! ” answered Antonio.

Tramping the mountains barefoot, the friars went about preaching. They made friends among rich and poor, and soon saw fruit of their labours.

In the neighbourhood lived Don Luis de Toledo, Lord of the Five Hamlets (*las cinco villas*). He had built a church at Mancera to enshrine a beautiful Flemish picture of the Blessed Virgin which had come into his possession. This picture was his pride and joy. He took Antonio de Jesus to see it ; and Antonio’s devotion was so enkindled that Don Luis persuaded him to move the friars to Mancera, where he would build them a house, and the Church of the Blessed Virgin should be theirs.

There seemed only one objection to this proposal ; the site was unprovided with any water supply. But one day Antonio, standing in the church cloister with his friars, a twig in his hand, made the sign of the Cross with it ; “ or really,” says Teresa, “ I cannot be sure if it were even a cross ; but at any rate he made some movement with the twig, and then he said, Dig just here.” They dug, and lo ! a plentiful fount of water gushed

comencata Fin
 da gion de la fufet del canne
 de medicina del campo

Asi yo tal vez de los medos y por donde se como con
 tratar de esta fundacion y de los de mis

cinco años des pues de la fundacion de la fufet de
 a vi la estude en el q' al q' avra e trido me pare
 sera los mos des en fados de un vida cuyo fufet
 quietud echa a a to meos unchoy veces my al m
 este tie po e trero al gmas don q' ello fufet fofor
 de poca edad a q' e el mundo al q' parecia tenya
 ya ya fufet fufet mnestros de fu gata y en fofidid
 fa can do los el feno e bi e a p' fufet de me ta de a q' lo
 va y de de la tra a p' fufet fa do ta do los de ta ta p' e
 fe gion e ra a ta con fufet on my a llegado al mune
 ro de trece q' el q' e ta de de te un q' do ya no y
 fufet mofa de la nte yo me esta va de ley ta de e tral
 mofa fufet y h' n p' e a do de p' to era fufet de do
 de fufet de y a ta ba a m' e tro fufet fufet ag no e bi a
 va a l' l' to me e fufet fufet p' e do y q' u' do nos fufet a
 q' fufet a to yo e de veces era mayor fufet q' e g' i' o a la ba
 a m' e tro fufet de de ta ta de virtudes e am bi a de
 e e p' e g' i' a l' de e a y de q' tenya de to do mo de fufet
 te yo q' e ta va a l' l' y on mayor nunca me a o e de e a

forth, excellent for drinking, copious for washing, and it never ran dry.

Teresa, not having heard of "dowsing" has no explanation for this event; she says cautiously: "The manner in which the Lord showed them this water was held to be a miracle."

The friars were many years at Mancera, living in the greatest rigour and devotion. Their numbers grew, among them being a son of the Lord of the Five Hamlets. Eventually the then Bishop of Avila, Don Lorenzo de Olayud, brought the monastery to Avila and endowed it liberally; so that Teresa's first house for women, and her first house for men were both established in her native city.

SUPPLEMENT TO CHAPTER VIII

The first page of the manuscript of the "Book of the Foundations" runs thus:—

"Jesus María.

Comienza la Fundacion

de San Josef del Carmen de Medina del Campo.

CAPÍTULO I

De los medios por donde se comenzó á tratar de esta fundacion y de las demás.

Cinco años despues de la fundacion de San Josef de Avila estuve en él, que, á lo que ahora entiendo, me parece serán los mas descansados de mi vida, cuyo sosiego y quietud echa harto menos muchas veces mi alma. En este tiempo entraron algunas doncellas religiosas de poca edad, á *quien el mundo, á lo que parecia, tenia y a para sí, segun* las muestras de su gala y curiosidad, sacándolas el Señor bien apresuradamente de aquellas vanidades, las trajo á su casa, dotándolas de tanta perfeccion, que

era harta confusion mia, Ilgando al número de trece, que es el que estaba determinado, para no pasar mas adelante. Yo me estaba deleitando entre almas tan santas y limpias, á donde solo era su cuidado de servir y alabar á nuestro Señor. Su Majestad nos enviaba allí lo necesario sin pedirlo, y cuando nos faltaba, que fué harto pocas veces, era mayor su regocijo; alababa á nuestro Señor de ver tantas virtudes encumbradas, en especial el descuido que tenian de todo lo demás sino de servirle.

Yo que estaba allí por mayor, nunca me acuerdo ocu

CHAPTER IX

MORE FOUNDATIONS

MANNER OF THE JOURNEYS—TOLEDO—PRINCESS OF EBOLI—MARIANO DE SAN BENITO—PASTRANA—SALAMANCA—TERESA DE LAIZ

A GREAT contrast was the life of enterprize to which Teresa was now committed, with the long preceding years of quiet and monotony. She did not entirely like it ; less because it was really uncongenial to her nature, than because it upset the idea she had formed of a nun's place and duty. Sometimes she questioned if she were doing well ; but her moods of doubt did not last long. Her General and through him her Lord, had said to her " Found." What could she do but obey ? And had not the Lord Himself bidden her, " Seek not enjoyment but to do My will ? " And another time, reflecting on Saint Paul's words as to the seclusion of women, the Lord had said, " Take heed that you follow not one part of Scripture by itself ; but look also upon others." Nor did her soul suffer in result of her obedience and faith. The spirituality of her inner life was no less exalted, perhaps more healthy, than in the days when she had studied it exclusively. She still heard the voice of her Lord, she still felt His presence. Undisturbed by the turmoil of outward activity, she lived internally in that state of quiet and habitual Union with God, which was her ideal and her aim.

True to her belief that reformed convents were essential to the spread of God's kingdom, she no sooner

saw opportunity of founding one than she set out to do it. For the new convent, she chose with the utmost care some five or six nuns whom she already knew, from one of her existing houses, others from the Encarnacion whence she had especial licence to withdraw two at a time. No nun went to a new convent except by her own consent ; and Teresa thanked those willing to help her with loving and humble words. Before setting out they all prayed fervently, each in her privacy ; then, together they received the Holy Communion.

They travelled, sometimes on donkeys, as a rule, in closed carriages, or more strictly speaking in covered carts. I have had experience of this sort of vehicle at Alba de Tormes ; it seemed rough to me, but Teresa chose it that her nuns might travel as *mujeres principales* (ladies of position) and be treated on the roads and at the inns with respect. The nuns wore their veils down ; they carried a bell and kept their Hours as at home. At the times of silence, it was enjoined also on all the clerics, friars, seculars, servants, who accompanied the party, and Teresa gave prizes to those who observed the silence best. " When again allowed to speak," says Teresa, " it was pretty to see the delight of the serving lads."

Each day a different nun was appointed to give all orders and assume the general direction. In this way Teresa learned which of them had the gift of government and was suited for posts of responsibility. Arrived at an inn, they took a large room, where all the nuns could be shut in together, one of them being the portress. The rest of the party was lodged elsewhere. If the inn was so meagre that the nuns could not have a private room, *reposteros* were hung up to act as a screen. Teresa was the last to go to bed, and in the morning she wakened

the Sisters herself. There was always a chaplain in the party, generally Padre Julian, and they had Mass daily. They carried Holy Water, an image of the Child Jesus, and a peculiar staff, which, with Teresa's rosary, is now among the relics of the Carmelite Fathers at Avila.

At recreation time, Teresa entertained her companions with her delightful talk, drawing illustrations from the events of the way in *platicas de Dios* (holy conversation); and the donkey boys and servants, used to swearing and gambling, would draw near that they might listen. So the journey proved no distraction to the pursuit of perfection. In going or in staying, in business or in quiet, in work as in leisure, they followed after holiness, and remembered their profession.

After Duruelo, Teresa's next enterprize was the foundation for women at Toledo; and in this she had great difficulties to surmount. One Martin Ramirez, a rich merchant, a widower and childless, had died, leaving money for the foundation. The bequest was not in legal form; its execution was left to his brother, Alonzo Alvarez. At first all seemed smooth—Alonzo wrote to Teresa begging her to come to Toledo as quickly as possible. She arrived with two nuns, staying of course with Doña Luisa de la Cerda.

Presently Alonzo fell completely under the influence of a doubtless self-interested son-in-law, Diego Ortiz, who wanted to impose a number of conditions not in Teresa's opinion at all expedient to be accepted. The negotiations with Alonzo Alvarez Ramirez were broken off. But Teresa's tenacious mind had laid hold of the idea of this Toledo convent, and though she had lost the money she had no notion of abandoning the project.

At this time the Archbishop of Toledo was that unfortunate Carranza who languished for eighteen years in

the Inquisition prisons. The business of his diocese was transacted by an Administrator, Don Gomez Giron, and a Council. These officials were rigid and self-important : they regarded the foundation of a new convent with violent displeasure. For two months the Administrator refused Teresa an interview ; then he permitted her to come and see him. Lo ! the usual thing happened ; Don Gomez was completely charmed by her. (Teresa says she rated him roundly.) He consented to whatever she asked, and before they separated himself drew up and signed a licence for the proposed convent. Teresa went out from the interview so much elated that she walked straight to a shop and spent all her money in necessary furniture for the nunnery ; that is to say, she purchased two altar pictures, two straw mattresses, and one blanket.

In addition to having spent her money and lost her patron, Teresa had the further difficulty of being still without a house. After searching for three months she had seen nothing in the least suitable. She stood looking at her blanket and mattresses, and thinking what a rash woman she was, when a letter was received by her from a Franciscan friar of her acquaintance begging her to make use of the letter's bearer, a poor and slightly imbecile youth named Andrada.

" Find me a house," said Teresa to this lad, astonishing her more prosaic nuns.

Away went Andrada full of excitement ; next morning he re-appeared carrying a big door-key. Handing it to the reverend mother he said calmly—

" I've taken the house, and come to help you move in."

Teresa's breath was taken away. She went to look at the house and found it quite near, and, what was of more importance, habitable, at least for a commencement. At eleven that evening, 3rd May 1569, the nuns took

possession. They worked all night and at sunrise crossed the court to the room that was to be their chapel—terrifying their neighbours who knew nothing of the house being let—and the first Mass was said.

Afterwards there were difficulties with the owner who had not been aware she was letting for a convent. Teresa admits she had been in too great a hurry to perceive the faults of the house ; “ but the Lord puts one in that kind of stupor when He wants a thing done.” There were difficulties too with the Diocesan Council, who said the Administrator was “ infatuated about the little woman,” and had overstepped his province in giving her the licence. Money was terribly short and for several days they had no furniture but the two mattresses, no bread, and not enough fire to fry their one sardine. Why Doña Luisa did not assist them was a mystery. Teresa could only suppose God withheld her hand, that His servants might be tested by the poverty they professed to admire.

It was Alonzo Alvarez Ramirez himself who came to the rescue. He forgot his displeasure and heaped such plenty on the convent that Teresa thought God was now putting His servants to the test of riches. Presently Alonzo handed over his brother’s legacy, Teresa having conciliated him with the promise of a family tomb by the high altar of the convent church. Objection had been made to this arrangement on the grounds that Ramirez was not a *caballero* (gentleman) ; but the Lord spoke to Teresa, telling her that lineage was a thing of no account ; and she would err greatly if she let herself be ruled by the conventions of the world.

The legacy enabled the convent to purchase within a year an excellent house—one of the best in Toledo ; and the Church of the glorious San Josef became a great favourite with the whole town. But, unhappily, of the

nuns Teresa had brought to this convent only one persevered; the others returned to the Mitigated Rule. After this, she refused to accept candidates from other Orders or from the Calced Carmelites, unless under very exceptional circumstances.

She soon had admirable novices from Toledo itself. One of these, Ana de la Madre de Dios, forty years of age, had been very wealthy, very delicate, very luxurious; "now she lived in penury and asperity, and the Lord accepting her penitence and devotion, gave her excellent health." She wanted to hand over her whole fortune to the convent, but Teresa hesitated long before accepting it.

Yepes, the biographer, tells several stories of this convent.

A young lady, zealous in all religious observance, asked to be admitted as a postulant. Teresa alone had doubts as to her vocation. All was arranged for her admission when she remarked—

"I've got a Bible which I'll bring with me."

Alas! Teresa had the defects of her qualities! To her, unauthorized Bible-reading savoured of presumption.

"A Bible, child? Nay then, I beseech you take yourself off! We have no place for you and your Bible. We are only a company of ignorant women fit just to spin, and to do what we're told."

The girl was not allowed to come. She was inquisitive, she was opinionated, she was unstable. Her subsequent career justified Teresa's reading of her character. For she joined certain other spiritually adventurous *beatas*, fell into folly, was seized by the Inquisition, and eventually perished in an *auto de fe*. Poor, thinking-for-herself young girl! born in the wrong century and the wrong land!

Two other stories suggest slight unpopularity in Teresa's early days at Toledo.

Before the foundation was effected, she was one day at Mass in the Jesuit Church, muffled in her white cape. A woman at her side dropped her *chapin* (patten or clog, made partly of leather) and accused the busybody nun of kneeling upon it. To emphasize her remarks, she snapped off its fellow and with it struck the Carmelite a great blow on the head.

“God bless her!” said Teresa meekly to her companions, “she has almost beheaded me.”

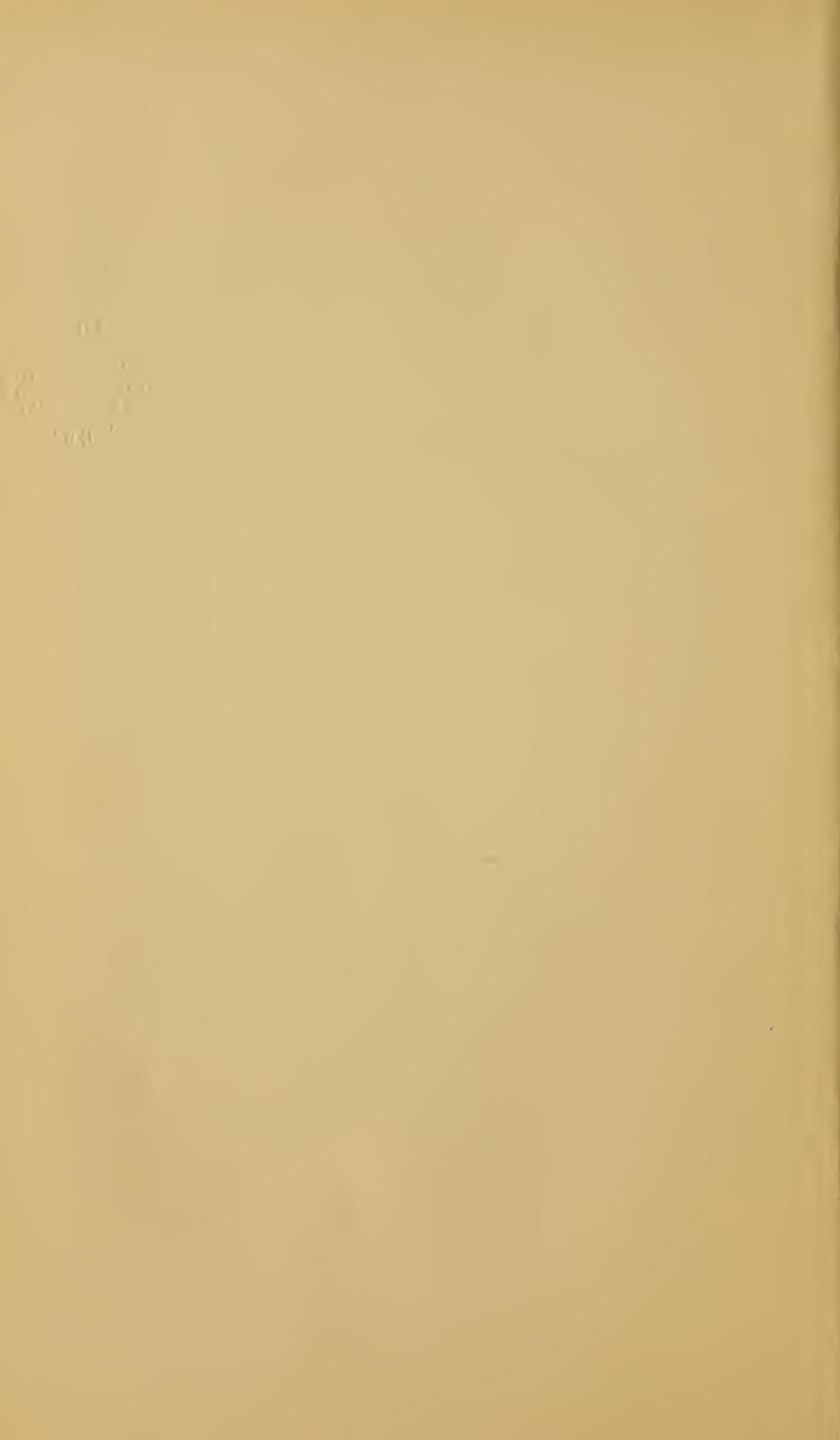
After the convent was opened, a neighbour opposed and slandered the nuns. One day he walked with his brother on the Alcántara bridge—that wildly situated, splendid bridge, which spans the Tagus with a single arch—and lo! there came towards him a horse, riderless, with no saddle nor bridle, and struck the slanderer to the ground and trampled on him,—“so that he died, or ever he could say ‘God help me’; or know what horse it was, or whose, or whence, it came, or whither it went. And verily it is well to believe God sent that unbridled horse to punish him who had set no bridle on his tongue; and to show those who persecute the successors of Elias and Eliseus that there be horses to destroy them, in place of the dogs and the bears who avenged the insults done to those prophets!”

Teresa was allowed no rest at Toledo. On the eve of Pentecost, one short fortnight after the foundation, she sat at supper with her nuns (all of them too happy almost to eat), when there came a loud knocking at the convent door already closed for the night. Unwillingly admission of the *torno* was given to a squire of Doña Ana, the Princess of Eboli, who delivered his message in hot haste. The Mother Teresa de Jesus was to start at once for Pastrana, and to found a convent there under the patronage of the princess.

Doña Ana de Mendoza de la Cerda, was one of the greatest ladies in Spain. Related to Don Alvaro, the Bishop of Avila, and to Doña Luisa de la Cerda, and to the Dukes of Medina Coeli, she was the only child and heiress of her father, Don Diego de Mendoza de la Cerda, Count of Melita. At twelve years old she was married to a husband whom she did not again see till she was nineteen. He was Ruy Gomez de Silva, a Portuguese nobleman, who as a child had been brought to Spain in the train of the Empress Isabel of Portugal. Ruy was attached to the household of Prince Philip; the boys grew up together, and never gave up their intimacy or lost their mutual confidence and affection. When Philip came to the throne he showered offices and dignities on his friend, making him Counsellor of State, Contador Mayor of Castille, a grandee of Spain, Prince of Eboli, and Duke of Estremera and Pastrana. Philip also interested himself in Ruy's marriage; a bride from the great Velada family was first proposed, but finally the little Mendoza heiress carried off the prize. The couple did not live together till 1559; they had ten children, and probably the marriage was happy for no one has found anything to say about it. The young Queen Isabel of Valois was on intimate terms with Doña Ana, her constant companion at all fêtes and hawking parties, dances, and unceremonious occasions, as is stated at length in a private journal of the queen's, written for her mother, Catharine de Medici. But after the death of Ruy Gomez—who had great influence over his wife, and is accused of having concealed her thousand faults—the princess's character seemed to change. She became violent and intriguing, neglectful of her children and somewhat light in her conduct. She was intimately connected with the Antonio-Perez affair, and was deprived of her liberty for twelve years, though



THE PRINCESS OF EBOLI



allowed for most of the time to pass her captivity in her own castle at Pastrana. There is ground for suspecting that she was the mistress of Perez ; but the scandal which connected her name with the king's seems on examination to have been a not even plausible invention. She died, still a prisoner, in 1592. Her picture shows her a fairly pretty woman with one disfigured eye, and her career is best explained by supposing she had been spoiled in her childhood, and allowed to grow up undisciplined and tyrannical.

Teresa answered the squire who brought the princess's message, or rather command, that she would go to Doña Ana in a little while. The gentleman exclaimed in horror that would not do at all ! the princess was waiting at Pastrana, and if the foundress did not set forth to-morrow, would take dire offence. Teresa sent the man to get some supper, and said she would write a letter to his lady.

The nuns crowded round their Mother, imploring her not to leave them. Teresa answered reassuringly ; then knelt before the Blessed Sacrament, praying for wisdom to write her letter in such a way as not to annoy the princess.

As she knelt it flashed across her mind how desirable it would be to gain the favour of the excellent Ruy Gomez, and through him of the king, for the reformed monasteries ; and presently the Voice said to her—

“ Go ; and take with you your Rule and Constitutions.”

Teresa's energetic mind now fastened on the idea of doing what the princess asked. She rose and sent for her confessor, for she never acted on her own impulses or even on the supernatural command, without first seeking the direction of the Church. When her confessor—ignorant of the Voice, and fully informed of the difficulties—had also bidden her go, she hesitated no longer. It was the Lord's will.

She went, leaving Toledo on Whit Monday, accompanied as usual by two or three nuns; and as she went, she wondered why the Voice had bidden her take with her the Rule and the Constitutions. The reason was soon manifest.

The way was through Madrid, and the travellers paused for a night at the palace of Doña Leonor de Mascareñas, with whom, presumably, Teresa had become more friendly.

Doña Leonor received the party with warm welcome. A most fortunate accident, she said, had brought them; for staying at a neighbouring inn, on his way to Rome on a matter connected with his spiritual career, was a certain hermit from El Tardon, his name Ambrosio Mariano de San Benito. He had with him a young member of the same community of El Tardon, Juan de la Miseria, remarkable for two reasons only: first, that he was altogether and entirely devoted to the older man, Mariano; and secondly, that he seemed to have a very pretty gift for portrait painting. The two had been expressing a wish to see Teresa and consult her as to their plans.

Teresa said she was quite willing to meet them; and she remembered that before she set out, the Voice had said to her—

“There is more in this journey than the founding of one more convent for women.”

This Ambrosio Mariano de San Benito became one of the principal champions of Saint Teresa's reform. In the picturesque group of her early friars it was he who had the greatest talent, if not the strongest character. That he was also unfortunately an Irreconcilable, more distinguished for zeal than for tact, for uprightness than for charity, shows that he was, in Teresa's vivid phrase, “A man, not an angel.”

His life was one long romance. An Italian, born at

Bitonto in the kingdom of Naples, he was an engineer of practical genius, but also doctor of theology and doctor of law, learned in rhetoric, mathematics, and Latin, a fellow-student of the future Gregory XIII, and one of the orthodox champions at the Council of Trent. He was invited to Germany to take part in a theological discussion, and there gained the notice of the Queen of Poland, who appointed him governor of her household. Tiring of that, he became a soldier, and by his genius contributed much to the victory of St. Quentin. All this time he was a sincerely religious man, already inclined to extremes. He bound himself with a vow of chastity, and later became a Knight of Malta.

“To wean him from the world,” says the chronicler, “the Lord suffered him to be accused of murdering a great person”; he languished in prison for two years, was then brought to trial and acquitted, his accusers being clapped into prison in his stead, and kept till he begged their release.

Mariano now became tutor to the child prince of Sulmona, and went with him to Spain, where Philip II recognized the man who had been so useful at St. Quentin, and set him to the great engineering task of making the Guadalquivir navigable between Seville and Cordova. Mariano was, however, already thinking of leaving the world, and had put himself through Ignatius Loyola's Spiritual Exercises. At Seville he met Fray Mateo from El Tardon, a desert place in the vicinity, where a community of hermits lived, each in complete solitude, assembling only for Mass. Mariano was so much struck by Fray Mateo that he went to visit him at El Tardon. As he dismounted before the hermit's oratory, he broke the gilded sword which he had borne with great honour for twenty years; and this accident he took as “a sign from heaven that he should leave

the earthly for the heavenly militia." At once, therefore, he resolved to join the Solitaries. His shadow, the faithful Juan de la Miseria—a simple creature, "much tormented by devils, but of exemplary life, and endowed with the gift of prophecy"—was with him; together they stayed at El Tardon from 1562 to 1570, practicing great austerities, working with their hands, and listening to the simple preaching of Fray Mateo.

After a time the pair were sent to Seville to arrange about the restoration of a valuable jewel which had been stolen from the queen, and given by the thief to Fray Mateo in the confessional. Mariano and Juan having begun to tell the story to the authorities in Seville—the *Asistente*¹ being absent—were at once accused of the theft themselves, and locked up in the gaol for the night. In the gaol was "a disconsolate sad man," a criminal under sentence of immediate execution. Mariano preached to, converted, and comforted the poor wretch, "having doubtless been sent by the Lord to the prison unto this end." For next morning the *Asistente* returned, and at once released the two hermits with profuse apologies, and the offer of many ducats in recompense for their detention, which offer Mariano refused to accept. The hermits stayed some time in Seville, keeping their Rule, and working as weavers. Mariano was becoming famous, and many persons went to him for spiritual direction, including one Nicolas Doria, a Genoese, of whom more anon. But simple Fray Juan found the turmoil of "that Babylon" too much for him, and he actually deserted his friend and ran away to a monastery at Jaen. Mariano at once went after him and brought him back, and the two never separated again.

The king now summoned Mariano to Aranjuez, near

¹ *Asistente*—title of the Governor of Seville.

Toledo, to carry out some irrigation works. The hermit was glad, as he wanted to get Philip's recognition of the hermits of El Tardon, and his intercession with the Pope for their continued independence. The Pope, in accordance with the decrees of the Council of Trent, had commanded all hermits and solitaries to attach themselves to one of the regular Orders; and Mariano was proposing to visit Rome, and supplicate the Holy Father for indulgence on this point for himself and his friends.

At Aranjuez, however, he fell in with Ruy Gomez, the Prince of Eboli, who strongly advised him to obey the Pope's order, and promised that once he and his hermits had a recognized position, he would give them a monastery on his estate at Pastrana. It was at this moment that Mariano met Teresa de Jesus, at Madrid, in the house of Doña Leonor de Mascareñas.

She quickly interested him in the Discalced Carmelites, their aims and their life. Penitence, poverty, prayer—this was exactly what the enthusiast desired; what he had supposed impossible except under Fray Mateo at El Tardon. Especially did the obligation of poverty appeal to him.

“The world,” he said, “is lost through covetousness, and this vice has been the ruin of all the religious Orders.”

Now Teresa knew why the Voice had bidden her take with her the Table of the Primitive Rule! She gave it to the hermit to study. He carried it off to his inn, Fray Juan held the candle and Mariano read it aloud, translating from the Latin.

“Brother Juan!” he exclaimed, “we have found what we seek! This is the Order you and I must join!”

Next day Mariano visited Teresa again; quite alarmed to find he had lost all interest in the journey to Rome, and the independence of the hermits; specially alarmed

that the sudden change in his opinions had been affected by a woman.

“ Absurd ! ” cried Teresa ; “ it is the Lord who changes hearts ! ”

Mariano told her he had made up his mind to join the Carmelites of the Reform as it was practised at Duruelo. And the monastery promised by Ruy Gomez should be a monastery for those who wore the *jerga* and went barefoot, scourging themselves, and fasting, and preaching for the saving of souls.

Teresa praised God, and at once wrote to the Bishop of Avila asking him to procure the necessary licences from the two Provincials for the foundation of this second house for Discalced Carmelite friars. Meanwhile she continued her journey to Pastrana to carry out the foundation for the nuns.

On arrival, Teresa was enthusiastically received by Ruy Gomez and Doña Ana de Mendoza, his wife. Three months passed, however, before the convent was founded, great difficulties arising out of the waywardness and caprice of the princess patroness. Doña Ana considered it *her* convent, and wanted many things done of which Teresa could not approve. Several times the thing was nearly given up. Ruy Gomez at last intervened, and persuaded his wife to allow the Carmelite Mother a free hand. Then Doña Ana withdrew her pretensions, and soon all was ready. Teresa sent for nuns from Medina, the first Mass was said, postulants came forward. All seemed satisfactory.

More easily started was the monastery for the friars, the Provincials sending the licence without demur, and Ruy Gomez being easy to deal with. Mariano summoned his brother hermits from El Tardon (most of whom came) ; Antonio de Jesus arrived from Mancera to teach the Rule ;

the Prince of Eboli gave the *jerga*, and Teresa made the frocks and capes. Fray Baltazar de Jesus, a distinguished preacher who was joining the new friars, said the first Mass, and reserved the Blessed Sacrament.

This monastery of Pastrana stood on a lofty platform at the meeting of three valleys in the proximity of savage and barren mountains. The site's highest point was already occupied by the ancient hermitage of Saint Peter ; a little lower down was the *Palomar*, a cottage surmounted by a dove-cot. This the new monks made their dwelling, the hermitage being their church. They had to go far down the hill to fetch water, but Mariano's knowledge of hydraulics, added to 400 ducats from Ruy Gomez, soon remedied this. The Palomar was enlarged ; even then " the cells were narrow as graves." A vaulted passage adorned with crosses and images led to the church. Later a Brother saw in a vision that the vaulting was about to give way. He hastily rescued its furniture, and the fulfilment of the vision took place.

This monastery became celebrated in the Order, many of its chiefs being trained there. The discipline was of the strictest, the austerities practised by the friars becoming a byword. Teresa repeatedly urged moderation. The first prior was Baltazar de Jesus, the preacher ; he did not get on with the novices, and Antonio de Jesus sent Juan de la Cruz to assist him.

Juan did not, however, stay long ; for now the Discalced Carmelites had another enterprize in hand : the founding of a College at the University of Alcalá to train priests for their branch of the Carmelite Order. The founding of this College was the first public event in their history, and drew all Spain's attention. The students, with Juan de la Cruz as their Rector, kept the Primitiv,

Rule, and astonished the whole University by their asceticism and zeal.

The Pastrana nuns got on pretty well till the year 1574, when Ruy Gomez, the Prince of Eboli, died. This event was a disaster for the convent, and led in the end to its uncomfortable notoriety as Teresa's one failure.

For the princess, in a passion of grief at the death of her husband, hastily resolved herself to take the veil. Baltazar de Jesus and Mariano had been with the prince at his death; now Doña Ana insisted on their giving her the habit and driving her to the convent in a cart, her grief, she said, being too great to admit the use of a carriage.

"The Princess a nun?" cried Isabel de Santo Domingo, the prioress; "then we are all lost!"

So indeed it proved. The novice spent a few days in desperate fervour (combined with ostentation, for she made the nuns approach her on their knees); then began to find the life very trying, and sent for her friends to amuse her. She ordered a special door to be knocked in the wall for their admission, the privacy of the nuns was destroyed, the convent turned upside down, and disobedience commanded on those points about which she had already tried to quarrel with Teresa. In vain the prioress objected. Doña Ana said the convent belonged to her, and she intended to do what she chose.

Teresa wrote, and various ecclesiastics went to remonstrate. The king interfered; and told the lady she ought to be looking after her ten children instead of worrying the nuns. The only result was that she wrote an insolent letter to His Majesty. Philip now set the Royal Council at her; and finally in great dudgeon she was forced to resume her worldly dress and to return to her palace. She

revenged herself by persecuting the nuns, withdrawing all alms from the convent which she had undertaken to support.

At last Teresa bade the prioress dissolve the community and bring the nuns to her at Segovia. Isabel de Santo Domingo sent for the Corregidor, asking him to make an inventory of the furniture, put in a caretaker, and arrange for the nuns' journey. At dead of night they escaped, having walked to a place outside the town where the Corregidor had vehicles waiting for them. They drove away into the darkness. It was Holy Week, the season inclement, the rivers in flood; the road led through the wildest and most mountainous district. However, they arrived safe, and were welcomed by their beloved Mother and the nuns of Segovia, who had been praying for them. When the Princess of Eboli found that the birds had flown, she wrote furiously to Teresa demanding her furniture. Teresa referred her to the Corregidor, and never had communication with the lady again.

She had learned to distrust Doña Ana, whether in the character of patroness or of friend. For she had already done Teresa, whom she professed to admire, another singular disservice. The precious *Vida*, the so-called Autobiography, intended only for Teresa's confessor, had fallen into the hands of the princess. She promised that no one but her husband and herself should see it; nevertheless left it lying about at the mercy of her waiting women and pages; and spoke of it herself with ridicule. Finally it was denounced to the Inquisition, probably at her instigation; and though that formidable body eventually approved it, Teresa could not but await the judgment with the greatest anxiety.

In this same year, 1570, Teresa had her memorable vision of the martyrdom of the forty Jesuit missionaries

on the high seas, which she described minutely to Baltasar Alvarez ; a remarkable instance of what would now be called clairvoyance.

It was altogether a full and interesting year in her history and that of her Order. The same day that the College was opened at Alcalá, Teresa founded another convent for women at Salamanca, the beautiful town of the sister-University.

No one who has seen Salamanca will ever forget it. It remains in the memory as a golden, a fairy city ; for all the splendid towers and domes, and carved façades, and sculptured and moulded doors and windows, are built of that rich cream-coloured sandstone which in the afternoon light shines like gold. The New Cathedral, in use since 1560, is one of the most exquisite in Spain, with its combined majesty and lightness, its lovely glass, its long vistas of what seems coloured air. The plateresque work of the University, its quadrangles and arcades and wide sculptured stair, are justly admired. Of old world memories made visible, what is more touching than the classroom of the poet-philosopher Fray Luis de Leon, left just as he used it ? or, in the Cathedral, the *Cristo de las Batallas*—the conquering crucifix of Rodrigo Diaz, the Cid Campeador ?

At this foundation, the difficulties to be overcome were strangely few. Teresa obtained the licence without difficulty from the Bishop—another Mendoza, son of the Duke of Infantado, one of Philip's admirably chosen prelates—; even a house was found at once ; the only problem being how to evict a party of university students who were living in it.

Teresa gives an amusing account of her first experiences under this roof.

It was the night of All Saints ; the house was large

rambling, littered, and dirty. The students had only just left. There was no furniture, no light but from the moon. Teresa and one elderly companion nun were left alone. The companion, Maria del Sacramento, became a prey to panic. Her first fear was that some of the students were hiding in the attics, and intended to jump out on the nuns at dead of night. While Teresa was busy raking up all the straws she could find to make some sort of a bed, upon which she disposed the two white capes for blankets, Maria roamed from room to room looking for the boys in every corner. At last Teresa persuaded her to barricade the door of the room and come to bed. Now a worse fear assailed the poor lady. Ghosts! Was it not All Saints' night? Her hair stood on end: she caught her companion's hand while her eyes stared fearfully into space. Teresa found herself catching the infection of panic.

"What is it? What are you looking at? What do you see? Is there any one in the room?"

Maria was ashamed to suggest ghosts. She racked her brains for an answer.

"Reverend Mother, I am thinking whatever would you do all alone here if I were to happen to die?"

Teresa shuddered. She had a quick and vivid imagination, and this picture of herself in the eerie house alone with a corpse was horrible. At this moment a bell tolled, and her heart came into her mouth.

Then she perceived that the *demonio*, finding she wasn't afraid of him, was trying to make her afraid of something else. She pulled herself together and replied—

"Sister, when the accident you speak of takes place, I will consider what to do. At present, let us sleep."

And sleep they did right soundly; and in the morning the ghosts were laid.

That house was not a great success. It was unhealthy;

and because there was no proper place for it, the nuns were denied the consolation of the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. Teresa, engaged in important duties at Avila, was not able to return for three years. Then she came, and moved the convent to a better residence, where it flourished for many years. This second journey to Salamanca took place late in August 1573. Teresa was in a hurry, for Michaelmas Day drew on when houses change hands, and the present convent-house was already let. Escorted as usual by Padre Julian, Teresa and her companions travelled on donkeys by Peñaranda—the route the coach takes now. All night they journeyed; and the mule carrying the money for the purchase of the new house strayed in the darkness. The loss was not discovered till the morning, when a general wail went up; but before Teresa was in despair—if she ever was in despair—a little boy found the animal peacefully grazing on the hillside, his burden safe on his back.

Next night the money-mule was guarded more successfully, but the beloved Mother Teresa herself got lost, which was a disaster far worse than the last. The party had got separated in the dark; Padre Julian went to bring up the stragglers; while he was gone Teresa wandered from the place she had been told to wait in, lost her way, and was not recovered for more than an hour.

It is rather pleasant to know that, great woman as she was, she had some feminine weaknesses—a bad bump of locality, and a touch of impatience when asked to wait!

Michaelmas Eve came; the new house, though taken, was not ready. The nuns had to vacate the old one. Downpours of rain descended in the night, flooding the church which was still unroofed. In the waterspout it was impossible to transport the furniture. And the whole

town had been invited to the opening ceremony on the morrow.

“ I tell you, daughters,” writes Teresa in her Book of the Foundations, “ I was very wicked that day ! I did not know what to do, and I said to the Lord quite crossly, ‘ Either give me not these labours, or else help me in my necessities ! ’ ”

But a citizen, Nicolas Gutierrez, who had been a friend all through, said quite calmly that it was all right, as the Lord would provide. And true enough at the important moment the sun shone out, and a great congregation assembled, and there was solemn music and a procession, and the Blessed Sacrament was put in its place. And the sun shone also in Teresa’s heart, for she saw how much wiser that good man had been with his simple faith than she with all her anxiety.

The convent is to-day in a different part of the town. The house is spacious and comfortable, with a large *huerta* and, I thought, more light and air than I had observed in other convents. The motto in the entrance-hall pleased me.

Hablaras con sumision

Let thy words be with submission

Entrando en la porteria,
Que no admite voceria
La casa de religion.

Thou who enterest this spot,
For this house here of religion
Loud-voiced talk admitteth not.

I visited also the original house, which had been inhabited by the students. It is in the heart of the town, and is now a convent of the *Siervas de San José*, nuns of the Active Life devoted especially to teaching the children of the poor. Here I was admitted without the formalities of the *torno* and the *reja*. I saw the whole house, which I thoroughly enjoyed, as in the Carmelite convents I was not allowed to see more than the entrance-court with its *torno*, the *locutorio* or parlour, with its grille, and the church. In

the green and pleasant court with its open gallery and wide staircase, in the chapel, once Teresa's cell, in the simple refectory and the rambling, irregular, small rooms still the cells of nuns, I was able to picture the great Mother and her spiritual children as they lived their hidden life within those walls more than three centuries ago. Especially I conjured up before my eyes that scene when at even time the nuns assembled to sing a hymn; and one of them, Isabel de Jesus, sang the solo verse so sweetly and with such devotion and such joy, that Teresa, watching her and listening as she sang—

Veante mis ojos,
Dolce Jesus bueno,
Veante mis ojos
Muerame yo luego.

Could mine eyes but see Thee,
Jesus, sweet and kind,
Could mine eyes but see Thee,
Death I straight would find!

fell into an ecstasy; and for several days so felt the gladness of it that truly she "walked with inward glory crowned." And I remembered, too, that it was at the death-bed of one of the nuns in this house, that Teresa saw that beautiful vision of the Lord with His hands outstretched in protection, and heard His voice telling her He would thus be the support and the Saviour of all who should die in that His house.

The foundation of one more convent is included in this part of Teresa's life, that of Alba de Tormes. To it belongs the pathetic interest that in it eleven years later Saint Teresa died.

In the early part of 1571 she had received a message through her brother-in-law, Juan de Ovalle, from Señor Francisco Velasquez the Duke of Alba's *Contador* (Administrator), saying that his wife wished to establish a convent for Discalced Carmelites at Alba.

This lady, Teresa de Laiz, of noble birth and the "clean blood," had been brought [up in great retirement by

parents poor though proud. Her early piety was remarkable, and she had thought of the virgin life; but falling in love with Francisco Velasquez, she consented to marry him. The marriage was entirely happy, except that there were no children, and Teresa de Laiz wept like Hannah of old, and prayed that the Lord would remove this cross.

One night she had a remarkable dream, in which she seemed to be in the open court of some house she did not know; and in the court was a well, and round it a green sward covered with fair white flowers. And by the well stood Saint Andrew, and he pointed to the flowers and said—

“Other children are these than those thou hast desired.”

When she awoke she understood that the white flowers were the white souls of saintly nuns, and that she was to found a convent and be the mother of spiritual children.

Soon afterwards Teresa de Laiz moved with her husband from Tordillos to Alba, and in the house he had taken for her recognized the *patio* and the well of her dream. Then she understood that this house was to be the convent.

For some time she hesitated as to the Order to which her nuns should belong; but at last her confessor, a Franciscan, told her of the Carmelite, Teresa de Jesus, and her houses of cloistered nuns who lived very literally in communion with God.

So Francisco Velasquez sought his neighbour, Juan de Ovalle, and begged him to invite that great saint his sister-in-law, that the scheme of the new convent should be discussed with her. No time was lost. Teresa came; travelling from Salamanca over the gentle hills and wooded coverts—which two and a half centuries later were to be the scene of a memorable battle—to the picturesquely situated town of Alba. It lies in a semi-circle along the wind-swept ridge of a low cliff guarded by the wide river Tormes and a Roman bridge of six and

twenty arches. The now ruined castle of the Dukes of Alba dominates the town. In the sixteenth century it was in its magnificence ; Teresa alludes to a visit she once paid there to the Duchess of Alba and all the fine things she saw. She knew the duchess well ; but never happened to meet the duke, who was away at his wars. It is recorded that he was a student of her writings, however, and had expressed a great wish to make her acquaintance.

Nowadays Alba is chiefly interesting as a place of pilgrimage, for it contains Teresa's tomb. The stern walls of the Carmelite Convent attract the quick notice of the stranger ; the convent bell rings solemnly at all hours. The farmers and grain merchants, the little shopkeepers in the arcaded square, the grave-faced handsome girls who carry the amphora on their heads, as is not very usual in Spain, all talk of " Our Saint " as if she was still among them, a moving presence, an unseen blessing. It may be fancy, but the very nuns seemed to me more like the women I read of in Teresa's pages than the nuns of the other houses.

In the Convent Church where the great Mother has her own resting-place are the beautiful marble monuments of Francisco Velasquez and Teresa de Laiz his wife. Near them are the monuments of Juan de Ovalle and Juana de Ahumada, and the little child who had died at Avila and in Teresa's sight been carried to heaven by the messengers of God.

The Carmelite Friars now live in Juan de Ovalle's house ; whither Teresa came in January 1571, to arrange with Teresa de Laiz for the foundation of the Convent of Our Lady of the Annunciation. It was opened on the 25th, a sufficient income being guaranteed by Francisco Velasquez and his wife, who themselves moved into another house.

CHAPTER X

COMING OF THE APOSTOLICAL VISITORS

BACK AT THE ENCARNACION—SEGOVIA—CATALINA DE GODINEZ

ABOUT the year 1570, Pius v appointed Apostolical Visitors to go to Spain and inspect the Religious Orders. Two Dominicans were chosen for the Carmelites; Padre Francisco de Vargas to go to Andalusia; Padre Pedro Fernandez to Castille.

Fernandez arrived prejudiced against Teresa de Jesus, and determined to visit San José in Avila as early as possible. One interview with the saint was enough to change his opinion of her. He came away saying she was a *mujer grande* (a great woman), who had performed seemingly impossible tasks and had demonstrated that nuns could live according to evangelical perfection. He resolved to make use of her in the changes he wished to introduce among the Carmelites.

Shortly before the Dominican's visit, Teresa had fallen into a dispute with Angel de Salazar (again Provincial) about the dowry of one of the Medina nuns. Salazar was annoyed. He angrily commanded Teresa to leave the convent at once and to take with her the prioress, Inez de Jesus. In the post of authority he placed a nun who proved quite unsuitable, and who presently deserted her office to return to the Mitigated Rule. The convent was naturally agitated, and Salazar much chagrined. The first command laid upon Teresa by

Fernandez, the Apostolical Visitor, was to go at once to Medina and herself take up the vacant office. Her quick success in restoring calm to the excited convent, determined Fernandez to entrust to her a yet more difficult and even important task.

This was to reorganize and reform her own old convent of the Mitigated Rule, the Encarnacion of Avila, which had been going steadily downhill both spiritually and financially since Teresa and many of the best nuns had left. With the consent of the heads of the Order, Fernandez decided to send Teresa de Jesus there for three years as prioress.

It was a high-handed measure interfering with the right of the convent to elect its own prioress. Teresa for many reasons was greatly distressed when she heard of it, and very unwilling to take up the office thus thrust upon her.

Her mood was changed by one of the most beautiful of the revelations she received, as she believed, from Heaven. Here is her own account:—

“ I was one day praying to God for one of my far absent brothers, and I said to the Lord—I think perhaps only in thought—‘ Why is he allowed to be in a place where his soul stands so imperilled ? Lord, if I saw one of *Thy* brothers in like danger what would I not do to save him ? ’

“ And the Lord answered me, ‘ Oh daughter, daughter ! They of the Encarnacion are My sisters, and you wish not to go unto the help of them ! ’ ”

After this Teresa demurred no longer. She accepted the post, recognizing that it was God’s will for her. But before leaving San José she made a solemn and formal renunciation for herself of the Mitigated Rule, the atmosphere of which she was again to breathe at the Encarnacion.

Within the convent there was loud-voiced dismay. The unwelcome prioress would assuredly lock the door of the parlour, would upset all the liberties which were the delight and the pride of the nuns! It was resolved to oppose her entrance.

Of course the worldly holy townsfolk of Avila took up the matter. The Encarnacion nuns were popular; their friends banded together, men no less than women, promising assistance in the coming fight. Fernandez ordered the Provincial himself to instal Teresa in her position.

The day came. Salazar, who had got over his fit of temper at Medina, accompanied the new prioress to the Encarnacion, assembled a Chapter in the Lower Choir, and read out the Patents which appointed Teresa de Jesus ruler of the convent. It is easy to imagine the scene: the long narrow room at right angles with the church; Father Angel doing his duty but not at his ease; Teresa by his side with meek downcast eyes, quiet resolution in her manner, valour in her heart; the angry nuns ready to rebel, but some of them already wavering at sight of her. Outside the convent waited a party of *caballeros* seeking opportunity to join in the fray.

The Provincial ended his reading; then the tumult broke forth. The nuns shouted, many with vituperation and abuse, that they refused submission. Nevertheless, Salazar and his chaplain forced a way through the furious crowd, and dragged Teresa into the convent. Then Catalina de Castro, one of the small minority friendly to the new prioress, sang very loud, *Te Deum laudamus*. A few joined their voices to hers, snatching up a cross and forming themselves into a bodyguard round Teresa. The rebels redoubled their cries. The noise was overwhelming, and the poor Provincial, alone in the crowd of excited women, turned pale with horror and indignation.

Arrived at the Upper Choir, Teresa knelt a few moments in prayer, then rose to plead for the rebels. Observing that several had fainted, she went to their assistance, touching them with a relic of the True Cross which she had with her. Insensibly the storm abated.

The Provincial now took his leave, feeling that Teresa's tact and charm could do more than his authority.

She lost no time in convening her first Chapter. The nuns attended unwillingly, fearing reprisals. As Yepes picturesquely puts it, they filed into the Lower Choir where the Chapters were held, expecting to find the prioress with sword unsheathed, ready to begin slashing off arms and legs, and beheading time-honoured abuses.

Teresa was not in the prioress's stall. She sat on a little stool below it. In the stall she had placed the figure of the Blessed Virgin, the true head of the convent, whose deputy and servant the prioress must be; and in Our Lady's hand were the convent keys. The nuns took their places with throbbing hearts. Already the victory was half achieved. Then Teresa rose and spoke:—

“Ladies, my mothers and my sisters; Our Lord has made it matter of obedience for me to come to this house and fill this office, which was neither my expectation nor my desert. The appointment has been a great sorrow to me, not only because it has laid on me a task which I shall not know how to perform, but because your right of election has been taken from you, and you have been given a prioress against your will and wish; a prioress who will do well if she learn the virtues of the lowliest one among you. I come only to serve and to make you happy in so far as I can, and in this I trust the Lord will give me His help. Ladies, whatever is in my power I am willing to do for you, even to the shedding of my blood and the gift of my life. I am a daughter of this house; I am the sister of you all.

I know the conditions and the needs of at any rate the greater number of you, and you have no need to fear one so much one of yourselves. Though I have been living and governing among the Discalced, I know well how those who are not discalced should be governed. My desire is that we should each in our manner serve the Lord with quietness; and that the little laid upon us by our Rules and Constitutions we should do for the love of that Lord to whom we owe so much. Our weakness is great; but that which we cannot attain by deeds, at least let us attain to it in desire; for the Lord is long-suffering, and little by little He will make our works to equal our goodwill."

The nuns were silent. All opposition ceased. Teresa was accepted. Her will became law. She said nothing of punishment for the rebels. If she began her reforms at once it was with the utmost gentleness. She set the temporal affairs on a better footing, her talent in organization including a pronounced gift for economics. She was anxious in her care of the sick; the sad found her always sympathetic and accessible. Soon the most vehement among her foes were firmest among her friends. She made no change as to the reception of visitors; till one day of their own accord the nuns brought her the key of the *locutorio*, and requested her to do with it whatever she wished. Then indeed she put a stop to all the unseemly frivolity and worldly merry-making, and the nuns acknowledged that she was right.

But that party of *caballeros* outside, who had effected nothing in the quarrel, now thought they had a genuine grievance; and deputed one of their number to remonstrate with the prioress and overwhelm her with insolence. Three times this champion was refused admission; then Teresa came herself and spoke to him with such a com-

bination of severity and of gentleness, that he retired abashed, and neither he nor his fellows ventured to intrude upon the nuns again.

Teresa installed as Directors two of the Discalced Fathers: Juan de la Cruz and German de San Matias. They assisted her in the work of reformation, and their united efforts met with such success that after six months the observance and the devotion at the Encarnacion was little behind that of San José. Teresa herself was so much beloved that three years later at the next election the nuns voted unanimously for her continuance as prioress. Changes of circumstance, however, prevented the heads of the Order from accepting the vote.

At the time Yepes wrote (1559), the Encarnacion Convent was still excellent in every way, though indeed many nuns had left it and followed Teresa to a stricter Rule.

At the present time the difference between this convent and those of the Discalced Carmelites seems chiefly technical. As a visitor I was received with the same formalities as at San José, and to my disappointment was not allowed to penetrate beyond the parlour. The cell Teresa used as prioress is not shown. There are framed notices in the parlour of some of her visions, and of how in this room she had conversed with Saint Peter of Alcántara and Saint Francis Borgia. Of the relics, the one I found most touching was a rough picture of the crucified Christ drawn by Saint John of the Cross as he had seen his Lord in a vision.

One more extract is quoted both by Yepes and Ribera from Teresa's own account of her three years as prioress at the Encarnacion.

“ On the eve of Saint Sebastian in the first year of my holding this office, just as the *Salve* was beginning, I saw the Mother of God descend to the chair of the prioress

where I had placed her image. She was surrounded by a multitude of angels, and she took her seat there. Truly this time it was not the image I saw in that seat, but Our Lady herself ! And on the divisions of the stalls and on the desks were many angels ; yet they had no corporal form for I saw them in intellectual vision. Thus it was all through the *Salve*. Then she spake to me : ‘ You did well in placing me here. I will be present at the praises you give my Son, and I will present them to Him.’ And after this in my prayer, my soul was lifted to the Most Holy Trinity ; and it seemed to me that the Person of the Father drew me to Him and said—

“ ‘ I gave thee My Son, and My Holy Spirit, and this your Virgin Lady ; what canst thou give to Me ? ’ ”

Some of us will recall Frances Ridley Havergal’s hymn founded no doubt on these words :—

“ Thy life was given for me,
 Thy blood, O Lord, was shed
 That I might ransomed be,
 And quickened from the dead :
 Thy life was given for me,
 What have I given for Thee ? ”

Extremes meet ; and the present writer had in her youth the privilege of intimate acquaintance with a lady who was herself a mystic of much experience and divine illumination. Consciously or unconsciously she had borrowed much from Saint Teresa and her school ; but she was herself what is called an “ Evangelical,” a Puritan of a rigid and narrow type. Under how many and how different guises does the Divine Truth reveal itself to men ! Though in this world we are sharply divided into separate Churches and sects, and even religions, and cannot see that any faith except our own can be the right one, yet I do believe that Truth is one ; and that each religion, each Church,

each sect, sees that Truth (in a glass, darkly), sees the same eternal Truth, which is the one true God.

I believe, too, in the Communion of Saints ; saints of many ages and, it would seem, of most opposing faiths ; and when, as we all hope, we shall attain to the Kingdom of Heaven, we shall see fulfilment of the dear Lord's words, that many, many shall come from the east and from the west (unrecognized here, and perhaps cast out) and shall sit down with Abraham in the presence of the angels of God.

Teresa had been two years at the Encarnacion before she left it for a day. Then she obtained leave to go to Salamanca and move the convent there into the new house.

While at Salamanca she received an invitation to found at Segovia, and the supernatural Voice bade her undertake this labour also. She expected difficulty with Fernandez, the Apostolical Visitor ; but he consented at once ; nor was there any opposition from the Bishop of Segovia, Don Diego Covarrubias, who was afterwards President of the Royal Council and a staunch friend to the Reformed Carmelites.

The Bishop, however, omitted to put his acceptance of a new convent in writing ; at which the wary Julian de Avila shook his head.

The invitation had come from Doña Ana de Jimena, a wealthy widow, first cousin of that Isabel de Jesus, who had sung so sweetly *Veante mis ojos, Dulce Jesus bueno*. All seemed satisfactory, and Teresa was soon on her way to Segovia, which, as the crow flies, is no great distance from Avila or Salamanca, but on the far side of almost inaccessible mountains.

It is difficult for us nowadays to reconstruct the appearance of a mediæval city ; for either it has completely altered its aspect, like Madrid, for instance ; or else life

has gone out of it, and its ruined buildings and silent streets give a false impression of a day that was all bustle and affairs. It is the latter fate which Segovia, once the centre of the wool trade, has not escaped. A city of churches, too many of them now are decayed or in process of desecrating transformation. The streets are moss-grown and voiceless. A few donkeys, led by peasants in the picturesque knee-breeches, convey the scanty merchandize. A few old women, gossiping together for hours, sell asses' milk, bread, fruit, and such like, under the arches of the tremendous Roman aqueduct which bisects the town. But from first to last Segovia must have had pre-eminence of beauty. Her situation is superb, in the midst of encircling mountains, snow-capped till San Juan (midsummer); herself stretched out along the top of a leafy hill, islanded in the tawny *vega*, a town enclosed by antique walls, dominated by cathedral towers; at her extreme end, the Alcázar, a fortress overhanging a precipice, whence Isabella rode forth to be crowned Queen of Castille.

Segovia has been likened to a ship ploughing the waves; the Alcázar her prow, the gently undulating fields and pastures her swelling sea. Like Salamanca, she is built of warm rich sandstone; her roofs are red; she has many trees and flowers. After the gloom of Toledo, the intolerable grey of Avila, Segovia, with her walls, her river, her irregular heaped-up houses, her soaring towers clear-cut against the evening sky, seems wrought of gold, like the New Jerusalem in the fancy of some monkish illuminator of old breviary or missal.

Saint Teresa opened her convent on Saint Joseph's day 1574, in a temporary house. Padre Julian said the first Mass, and placed the Blessed Sacrament. Teresa was content.

Next day a Cathedral canon, nephew of Covarrubias

the Bishop, was surprised to see a new cross over the doorway of a supposed empty house. Learning that the Discalced Carmelites and the Mother Teresa de Jesus were there, he was pleased, and asked permission to say Mass in their chapel. The service was in progress, when a great commotion arose outside; the door was flung rudely open, and in marched another Cathedral dignitary in a very different temper. This was the Provisor, deputy for the Bishop who was absent on a visitation of his diocese.

Alas! Don Diego de Covarrubias had left no instructions about the new convent! The Provisor was offended because the nuns had arrived without consulting him.

His entry was violent and threatening, but he found no one to receive the vials of his wrath, except the canon who was saying Mass, and gentle Juan de la Cruz, who came forward as Teresa's spokesman. The Provisor threatened Fray Juan with prison; he sent the Bishop's nephew about his business; he stationed an *alguacil* (policeman) at the door to keep out any more officious canons, and despatched a priest in hot haste to consume the Host and undo the whole work of the foundation.

"Jesus!" exclaims Teresa, "what a business it is contending with such persons!"

With the help of the Jesuits the Provisor was eventually placated. He gave the nuns leave to remain; but refused them the Blessed Sacrament till they had a house of their own. One was found, not without difficulty; then began lawsuits, objections from the Franciscans and other communities, objections from the Cathedral Chapter and the civil authorities. In the middle of the confusion arrived the nuns from Pastrana to be housed; and Teresa's time of office at the Encarnacion was all but



DOOR OF THE CONVENT OF SAN JOSEF AT SEGOVIA

up, and she would have to cross the mountains to Avila to deliver up the keys of her office.

However, the Bishop, Don Diego, unexpectedly returned from his visitation, and was a help with his patronage and advice. Everything got settled in time, and before Teresa left she saw the nuns safe in their own house, where indeed the community is to this day.

It stands in the Calle San Andres beyond the Cathedral ; a large stern house with flat walls of the golden sandstone pierced by few small windows, all barred ; and one, that of the Coro Alto (Upper Choir), furnished also with the formidable spikes to which I had got used at the grilles of the *locutorios*. One side of the building faces a narrow lane, the other the main street. Over the principal doorway is a tiled gable, its colour a pleasant green, protecting a coloured figure of San José leading the child Jesus ; on the wall by its side are the remains of a coloured fresco.

At three o'clock the door stood open ; I entered, and found myself in a small unadorned entrance court with stone pavement and mounting-block, doubtless used by Teresa herself when she ascended her donkey for that troublesome mountain journey to Avila. On these occasions of visit, a considerable amount of parley and persuasion is generally necessary before the portress nun at the *torno* will give the key of the parlour to the stranger. At Segovia, however, I was admitted quicker than usual, and I was soon in the *locutorio*, a narrow room with one tiny window high up in the great depth of the mediæval wall. The nuns were most kind, and had many interesting things to show and to tell me of their life within those solemn walls.

At the end of her three years' priorate, notwithstanding the wish of the nuns for her re-election, Teresa was allowed

to leave the Encarnacion and return to her beloved San José of Avila.

Before long, however, she was called to found a convent at Veas, an enterprize which was the opening of a new chapter in her life, which took her into Andalusia, involved her in the violent conflict in progress there between the Calced and Discalced branches of the Carmelite Order in Spain; and in compensation gave her the dearest friend she ever made in her life, whose sympathy and affection were the joy of her declining years.

Two years earlier when Teresa was at Salamanca busy about the move into the new house, she had received a letter, inviting her to Veas, from a lady she did not know, Doña Catalina de Godinez.

Catalina's story was a remarkable one. She was the elder daughter of Don Sancho Rodriguez de Sandoval, a *caballero* of noble lineage and considerable wealth. At the age of fourteen, when the question of her betrothal was under consideration, Catalina experienced that strange and sudden spiritual change which is called "conversion." She had been high-spirited, self-willed, proud, fastidious; in one moment, struck by sudden realization of the humiliation and sufferings of Christ, she lost all interest in worldly honour, in human love, in pleasing herself. From henceforth her only desire was to suffer for and to glorify Christ. So great was her enthusiasm that it infected her younger sister Maria, who for long years, indeed till Catalina was dead, seemed little more than the reflection of her sister. The two girls resolved to be nuns; but their vocation was opposed by their parents, and they remained at home as *Beatas*, wearing a peculiar dress, occupying themselves in works of charity, and practising secret mortification. At one time they opened a school, teaching the children of their

neighbours to work and read, until—how Spanish!—the parents realized their children were being taught for nothing, and “esteemed it a meanness to accept the boon.” Contemptuous perhaps of the excuse, Teresa says it was the devil who intervened to stop the good work. Indeed, the *demonio* had persecuted Catalina all along. On the very night of her conversion, noises so strange and so loud had been heard in her room, that her father had rushed in, sword in hand, thinking some one was murdering her. “The devil knew,” says Teresa, “that Catalina was to be a great power for good; because never does our Lord show such great grace but that many persons beside the recipient are benefited.”

Catalina suffered from a variety of ill-understood diseases and for years was bedridden. After the death of her parents, when the moment came in which she was free to arrange her own life, she became mysteriously cured; to her friends and to herself this seemed miraculous, nor are such miracles unknown to-day though we explain them a little differently.

Twenty years earlier, Catalina had dreamed a strange and prophetic dream. She had fallen asleep wondering what religious Order she ought to join; and she dreamed that, straying along a stony path overhanging a precipice, she was met by a friar (afterwards identified as Juan de la Miseria) wearing a white mantle; he led her to a house, where were many nuns of radiant aspect, carrying torches; and their prioress showed her their Rule and called Catalina her daughter.

When she awoke the girl wrote down all she could remember of the Rule, and wondered night and day of what Order it could be. Long years afterwards a Jesuit father told her it must be that of Teresa de Jesus, the Discalced Carmelite. At once Catalina wrote

to Teresa, imploring her to visit Veas and found a convent.

Teresa hesitated. Veas was a long way off, and she feared Fernandez would not approve the project. When consulted, he did not exactly refuse consent ; but said that as all Veas belonged to the Knights of Santiago, their leave must be obtained for a convent, and he did not think they would give it.

Catalina rose from her bed and went in person to Madrid to plead her cause with the Council of Orders.¹ Failing with the Council, she appealed to the king. When Philip learned that the suggested convent was to be of Teresa's founding, he at once smoothed all difficulties ; and Catalina went home in triumph with her licence. Fernandez could not refuse his consent, and Teresa no longer hesitated.

In March 1574, accompanied as usual by Padre Julian and by Antonio Gaitan—a layman who in Teresa's later journeys undertook the office of " courier "—accompanied also by carefully selected nuns for the new convent, Teresa set forth on the long and difficult journey to the unknown Sierra Morena, a journey of more than fifty leagues.

For the first time in her experience, the journey was a triumphal progress. People came out from the villages to welcome the now well-known Mother-in-God ; and knelt to receive her benediction. Once when the travellers had lost their way, San José himself was seen pointing it out. The very mules were inspired, and trod the precipices with *tanta ligereza que afirmaban los carreteros con juramentos que parecia que volaban* (with so much lightness that their drivers affirmed with oaths that they seemed to fly).

¹ A body established by Ferdinand and Isabella to control the management of the Military Orders.

When the party arrived at Veas—lo! the town had come out to receive them. Bands of children sang hymns; “a great company on horseback performed all feats of courtesy and joy, and escorted the nuns to the church, in which was gathered a multitude of the greater and of the lesser folk.” And the clergy, wearing their surplices and carrying a cross, made a procession; and thus “they brought the holy women to the house of those two sisters who had waited for so many years, and who now prayed them to take it for their monastery, and to receive themselves unto their number, and henceforth to call them by the names of Catalina and Maria de Jesus.”

PART II

CHAPTER I

THE SPANISH MYSTICS

MYSTICISM IN GENERAL, THE APOSTLE OF ANDALUCIA AND OTHERS,
LUIS OF GRANADA, LUIS OF LEON, JOHN OF THE CROSS,
DECLINE OF MYSTICISM

MYSTICISM has appeared again and again in ages and in lands widely separated, among men unlike in character, in material progress, and in religious observance. It has flourished at Thebes and Eleusis ; in India ; in Germany, Spain, France, even in England.

Arising from a profound sense of the spiritual world to which the soul of man substantially belongs, and with which the soul is therefore capable of entering into immediate relationship, mysticism is a fusion of religion and metaphysics, the contradictions of which are not perceived by those untrained in dialectics. It is hardly philosophic, at any rate in Spain. Philosophy requires freedom of thought : and freedom of thought had not flourished in Spain even before the coming of that Juggernaut Car, the Inquisition. True philosophy accepts no boundary ; but " This far shalt thou go and no further " was said to every Spanish student, not only by the Church, but also by his own inclination.

The conclusions, even the premises, of the mystic may be upset by the logician and the scientist ; nevertheless his fundamental tenets have appealed so strongly to the highest minds, that we must believe him right when he says, " Truth can be found by other and

by better ways than by faultless reasoning and process of induction."

The mystic stands an unfaltering witness to the presence around and among us of unseen influences, of higher powers, of eternities and infinities which include ourselves and shape our souls. His error is not that in his *First Principles* he acknowledges a mystery and its potency, then builds up a system of thought ignoring it. Rather he makes himself so familiar with the mystery that he robs it of its mysteriousness; and finding the kingdom of heaven within, he forgets that it is also high so that he may not attain unto it.

Before discussing Saint Teresa's devotional writings, let us take a glance at some of the other Spanish mystics, her contemporaries.

The school—though it was not without precursors,—may be said to begin with

ALEJO VANEGAS

who was born at Toledo in 1500. He was learned; a moralist rather than a mystic except in his beautiful treatise on *The Agony of the Passage of Death*. Here we have the true religious and metaphysical blend.

The life of faith, he says, is all of miracle; for the Christian is maintained by supernatural gifts, by means of which he lives the life of grace, and of these gifts the greatest is faith itself. Faith believes that God created all things; man is the sum of all creation; therefore Christ when he took human nature upon Him said, "Behold I draw *all things unto Myself*."

This personal union of the Divine Word with human nature is the first of the mystical unions; and from participation in this no child of Adam is excluded. But

there is a closer union ; called the Union of Grace, by which every Christian in his baptism becomes a member of Christ his Head. And every Christian should have his life conformable to that of his Head, must take up his cross, bearing and even seeking affliction, participating on Christ's sufferings here, so as hereafter to participate in His crown—namely in perfect and indissoluble Union with God.

This expresses the foundation motive of the life of self-abnegation and even of voluntary torture, inculcated by all the Spanish mystics.

Next in importance to Venegas is

PEDRO MALON DE CHAIDE

an Augustinian born in 1530. He wrote a treatise on the conversion of Mary Magdalen, the concluding parts of which describe the mystic joys of that holy soul, repentant of great sin, brought into grace and friendship with "the most clement Father and Lord ; enjoying that peace which passes all understanding, and can only be spoken of by those who have experience of it."

The book was written for a nun, Beatriz de Cerdan. Not published till long after the author's death, it is now regarded as one of the classics of the noble Castillian language. The first part—the Magdalen's life as a sinner—is of great interest as a picture of the life Malon de Chaide saw around him. He apologizes for writing to a woman, (saying there really have been a considerable number of distinguished women), also for writing in Spanish ; but hopes, he says, to see Spain rise to the highest place among the nations, her language above other languages, her women above other women. Both must first amend themselves in many ways. The women

must not read loose poems or Books of Chivalry (very bad for *doncellas*); nor dress in rainbow colours, nor cover themselves with jewels to kneel before Jesus in his crown of thorns. They must pay their debts, be honest in their confessions, and not goad men into seductions, murders, and other crimes committed in the names of Honour and of Love. They need not concern themselves about the errors of the Protestants, nor make excuses for their faults by subtleties as to predestination. True, Saint Paul says the potter has power over the pot; but man is not senseless like a pot. He must hearken to the voice of God; and to do this he must be of God; and to be of God means to love and actively to obey Him.

This last phrase is characteristic of the Spanish mystics as distinguished from the Quietists who followed them. The former are impatient of mere passiveness; even when insisting most strongly that grace is the gift of God, they postulate a certain activity in the soul, which must rise up vigorously to receive the gift and to co-operate with the Divine Giver.

DIEGO DE ESTELLA

born in 1524, was a famed preacher and one of Philip II's theologians. He had a strong bias to asceticism. "Sweet," he says, "is the divine consolation; but it is not for all. It is for those who despise the vanities of the world. All would fain enjoy the sweet conversation of the Lord; but few are they ready to relinquish their earthly interests. Nay then! give them all up!—the pleasure of the eye, the pride of life; fortune, fame, friends; the desire to be learned, or a prelate of the Church; the satisfaction in beauty, lineage, lands, or wealth! Then when you have lost all, you will see how all creation invites to the love

of God—who is the sum and the eternity of all good. And by love shall we be lifted even up to God, as to our centre where alone the soul can rest and be at peace.

JUAN DE AVILA

born in 1500 at Almodóvar, was so great and compelling a preacher that he was called the Apostle of Andalusia. It is related of him that having been asked by a young preacher to give advice about sermons, he said—

“ In order to preach well, the thing needful is greatly to love God.”

Unfortunately none of Juan de Avila's sermons have survived. His written works were not published in complete form till the eighteenth century. One of them had been put on the Index in 1559 (the year of the great *auto de fe* at Valladolid) and he was attacked by the Inquisition ; acquitted, however, and himself called upon to judge in cases of suspected heresy, and to expose delusions like those of Madalena de la Cruz. Teresa's Book of her Life was sent to him for judgment, and his approval was a great relief and satisfaction to her. Juan de Avila's principal treatise, on the text *Audi filia et vide* was written for a young lady, Doña Sancha de Carrillo, who had renounced the world just when appointed maid-of-honour to the Queen. It is diffuse ; but eloquent with mastered emotion and force of conviction.

The world, he says, must be given up not from intrinsic horror of it, but by the overwhelming power of a greater love. Love is superior to Faith, because Love pertains to the will, Faith to the understanding ; and the will is a nobler faculty than the understanding. To seek after knowledge beyond knowledge of God and of the soul is to go astray like Eve. Knowledge of the soul will

lead to contempt of self ; and to those truly conscious of their own nothingness God will show their real greatness, which is that they exist not in themselves but in Him. Then a great light will come into their souls, and from this onwards they shall live in the presence of God within ; for truly He is most present, and the souls shall live and move and have their being in union with Him. As means to this great end, meditation and prayer are necessary. But prayer is not to be understood in any narrow sense ; it is a constant and familiar communion with God for which words are no necessity.

All this is expressed by Juan de Avila in language of great picturesqueness and force, with apt and even magnificent phrases and illustrations. He did not belong to any monastic Order. A life of experience and intercourse with men gave him great knowledge of human nature, and preserved him from exaggeration and extravagance.

We come now to the three men who with Teresa herself are the greatest of the Spanish mystics.

LUIS DE GRANADA

was born in 1504, and at the age of fifteen joined the Order of Preachers. His sermons have perished ; but his admirable written treatises have been widely read both in Spain and in other countries. His *Guide for Sinners* was not entirely satisfactory to the Inquisition, and was prohibited till the country had purged itself of Protestantism. Luis de Granada, was not, it seems, sufficiently alarmed by heresy.

“ The cause of the disorder,” he said, “ is not that Faith is lacking, but that men do not understand its mysteries.” Consequently he wrote to supply Faith if

not with an intellectual basis, at least with intellectual support. The great mystics are unanimous in their fear of that bastard mysticism which degenerates into presumption and absurdity. Luis de Granada had felt the influence of Peter of Alcántara and the ascetics, but he was no special pleader for the cloister. Rather he deprecated the tendency among saints to hide in monasteries and fetter their souls with rules. The crowd of obscure ecstasies, the *beatas revelanderas*, the vulgar *alumbados* (or *illuminati*), too often quacks if not impostors, filled him with alarm.

“ Few,” he said, “ are capable of comprehending the sublimities of religion, of meditating, or even of finding for themselves food for contemplation, for mental prayer, for the inner life.” His *Guia de pecadores* (*Guide for Sinners*) contains practical advice not only for monks and nuns, but for godly persons in the world. He trusted to enlightenment rather than persecution for the rescue of the Church from her enemies.

The *Guia* begins with an attempt to show why the creature should love and serve his Creator, directing its appeal quite as much to reason as to faith. The chapter on Prayer goes deeper into the mysteries of religion. Prayer is more than to speak with God upon the knees. It is to spring towards Him ; to walk in His presence. Every good thought, every lifting of the heart, every holy affection is Prayer. Prayer is the habitual, scarce conscious cry of the holy soul, the spontaneous activity of love.

For the formal acts of prayer and contemplation he gives minute and practical advice ; how to distribute the time, how to overcome natural weariness, how to cultivate patience and humility. The soul will be judged not by what it *feels* about God, but by its attitude ; and the right

attitude cannot be achieved except by prayer and mortification. And of these two, prayer (in its widest sense) is of the greater moment, for mortification is impossible except by prayer.

LUIS DE LEON

born in 1527 took the Augustinian habit in 1543 at Salamanca, where later he was Professor of Theology. His statue is now in the quiet little Plazuela de la Universidad facing the beautiful plateresque façade of the *Escuelas Menores* (Lesser schools). He was one of the great lyric poets of Spain, and Salamanca will never forget him, even if his subject matter no longer makes the general appeal which it made in the days when every distinguished man was pre-supposed not only religious, but very strictly orthodox.

Luther, the arch-heretic, had belonged to the Augustinians, and perhaps their Order was more jealously watched than any other. Independent in judgment, candid in speech, Luis de Leon, like his namesake of Granada, accused ignorance of being the parent of error. The Scripture itself, he said, is not safe in the hands of the ignorant, and must be taken from them; but how much better had they been more instructed and so worthy to keep it! That pious wish seemed in itself suspicious to the Dominicans, the sponsors for the Inquisition; but Luis had more to say. He spoke of errors in the Vulgate, presumably brought in by its translators: he conceived of progress even in theology; he declared that much of the Sacred Book was figurative, and by no means to be received as absolute fact. For instance, the Song of Solomon is a pastoral poem in which Jesus Christ and His Church are figured as a shepherd and a shepherdess. The language is typical; nothing is gained by denying

the literary character of the words and the machinery. The underlying spiritual meaning is distinct from the literary form and is not damaged by it.

This bold criticism seemed to the Dominicans Hebraism if not Protestantism. Luis was suspected of Jewish descent, of traducing confession ; of speaking with levity of the Mass. Naturally he was denounced to the Holy Office. He was imprisoned for years ; finally, however, acquitted. Then he returned to Salamanca and his chair ; he resumed his lectures at the point where he had left off, with the words—
“ As we were saying——”

Later he published a treatise on the Book of Job, which seems the spiritual result of his long trial. He discusses the meaning of Job's persecution. It was not punishment ; it was the divine method of his perfecting. Patience does not consist in insensibility to suffering, nor even in silence under it ; but in acceptance of the will of God. Luis points out that Job and his friends all say the same thing, but with different intention and different conclusions. Thus in other controversies there may be unity even in the noise of dispute. Job had to protest against the narrowness of the orthodox ; he saw that agreement in words does not, and should not hinder differences in their interpretation. The friends were not wrong in their interpretation, but in their refusal to admit any other interpretations.

Besides this very remarkable plea for tolerance, Luis de Leon wrote against the dangers of the contemporary fanatical mysticism which dulls energy and the sense of responsibility. Women, he considered especially open to this danger. After which severity, it is pleasant to read his whole-hearted appreciation of the Mother Teresa de Jesus, which he wrote in 1588 as preface to the Salamanca edition of Teresa's writings.

Luis de Leon was interested in women ; and wrote a delightful tract called *La Perfecta Casada* (*the Perfect woman married*). He opens by insisting that professions must not be mixed up : if the nun must not take on herself the cares of a wife, neither must the married woman forget the conduct of her house and turn nun. God forbid she should live without prayer, but while the nun's whole business is prayer, the wife should pray that she may do her business. And her business is to breed her children, to govern her household, and to obey her husband (in reason). How many women, by serving their whims, and not looking after the accounts, have arrived at perpetual quarrel with their husbands and at argument and disobedience from their children ! Women are not suited to high speculation ; but, if there is aught beneath the moon which deserves to be esteemed and prized, it is a good woman ; in comparison whereof the sun doth not shine, and the stars are dark. Nor is there jewel of worth or of praise, that a man vaunts himself of, in comparison with a good woman, should fortune have given him such for his companion.

There is not much mysticism in this essay ; but Luis de Leon wrote also a deep and beautiful work called *The Names of Christ* ; where his main point is to establish Christ's humanity, minimized, he thought, by the pseudo mystics. Man, he said, has his being in God, and cannot choose but resemble Him. All are contained in God ; and that man is most like God, who has most in him of the spirit of all the others. Thus all men mingle and unite, while each retains his individuality. All exist in the idea of all ; when we have thus received them and made them our own, we reproduce them in the language of our lips. A *name* should, therefore, represent a person or thing as we possess it in our spirits. Perfect names fit what they



SAINT JOHN OF THE CROSS

stand for. But as no name can be infinite, the names of God can each only belong to a part of Him; and we name God even as He is within our souls.

There is Platonism here; but in Luis de Leon there was also the Neoplatonism of the Alexandrians and not a few Jewish and Arabic ideas, all fused together and blended into Christian orthodoxy by the genius of a poet.

For all his writings in verse or in prose are pervaded by genuine poetry; instinct with love of nature, called forth by contemplation of the eternal harmony and beauty, which he sees reflected in the mirror of earthly things, but which have their true seat behind the veil in the presence of the Everlasting Lord.

JUAN DE LA CRUZ

We now come to Saint John of the Cross, the young friar who with Antonio de Jesus started the first of Teresa's reformed monasteries for men. He was born in 1542, the son of Gonzalo de Yepes who had made a love match, been cast off by his family, and consequently obliged to work with his hands for the support of his wife and children. Of the latter, Juan was the youngest, marked out for religion from his earliest years, with experience of visions and revelations. Several times in the course of his life he was nearly drowned, and on each occasion he attributed his escape to the visible intervention of the Blessed Virgin.

He studied theology at Salamanca, and was considered a scholar. His writings show him familiar with philosophy; but he studied profane letters, only in so far as they helped his understanding of sacred lore, his absorption in things invisible and eternal. All through his life he seemed a spirit rather than a man. Though he had his share in

the organization, and government of his Order (that of the Discalced Carmelites), his mission was rather to be a guide and a support to individual souls ; to be himself a burning and a shining light, drawing men to holiness by force of his blameless example.

Like Luis of Leon, he suffered false accusation and imprisonment, but issued triumphantly from his persecution, his enemies becoming his admirers and friends. He was Rector of the College at Alcalá, and he founded monasteries of the reform in Andalucia and in Castille ; but his delight was to escape to some desert cell and there devote himself to spiritual exercises and undistracted contemplation. In such a cell, in the wilderness of Ubeda he died before he was fifty. He was canonized in the eighteenth century like the great Mother whom he followed and, in the opinion of some, surpassed.

Juan de la Cruz is the ideal contemplative. Again and again, in the turbulence of the Order which followed Teresa's death, he protested that Contemplation was the object and the end of the Discalced Carmelites, and that it was being forgotten in spiritual activity or aimless asceticism. The chronicler relates that on one of these occasions, the Fathers and Priors of the Order listened with reverence and enthusiasm, feeling that something very high, very great, very holy, was being proposed to them ; yet they voted against the saint, feeling (perhaps not altogether wrongly) that his suggestions were a counsel of perfection which for men without his genius, without his inspiration, could lead only to failure.

The best known of his writings is the *Subida al Monte Carmelo* (*Ascent of Mount Carmel*) ; a mystical allegory in which his favourite image of the Dark Night makes its first appearance. His letters to various correspondents, his poems and commentaries on them have also been

studied by many seekers after the deep things of religion.

The message of Saint John of the Cross is that the perfection of holiness consists in the possession of God by the mystical union of love. Teresa and the others say the same; but with less emphasis; perhaps with less spirituality.

That duly prepared soul, he says, which would build an altar for the sacrifice of undefiled love, will be taught of God in such a way that all her operations will become divine. Her earthly faculties are suspended; for understanding, memory, imagination, cannot disperse the darkness of the spiritual night. God has no form nor figure; corporal images, material objects of the five senses, have nothing to do with Him. Mountains of gold, palaces of diamonds, can evoke no idea superior to diamonds or gold. He who represents God to himself under a sensible appearance, has not known Him. This obscure Carmelite friar, had a clearer view than many theologians of the meaning and the exigencies of that much abused word Spiritual. He speaks of the "abominable custom" of dressing the images; of the foolish preference for one rosary over another; of pilgrimages in crowds to shrines or feasts, which amuse the pilgrim rather than please God. All such business he calls idolatry. The exterior and the visible has no place except to lead to the invisible and the interior. Once the impression has been made—efface the symbol and remain in God, needing no more creature, memorial, affection.

All of which can hardly have been comprehensible to Spaniards of the sixteenth century.

The will, Juan goes on, must be detached from natural desires. Joy, hope, grief—over them all pass the sponge. Created things are crumbs fallen from God's table—The

dog licks them up ; but is always famished, for crumbs excite but cannot appease the appetite.

The preparation for Union is painful ; for the soul is still in Dark Night, and the entrance of divine wisdom dazzles. But words cannot paint the succeeding joy of coming into touch with the Infinite. The Infinite ! ah ! it seems too much—as if it must belong to the future, not to this present life of weakness and obscurity. And yet to some——

But is it objected that God must be present in all souls ? Most true, or they would not exist. But in most men He is present as a stranger ; in the souls of His friends He is at home.

Juan de la Cruz did not write for beginners ; he wrote for the 'perfect.' Perhaps he sometimes forgot that distinctly personal experience can never be a law for him who has not had it. Teresa herself said of this most ardent of her sons, whom she revered and trusted above all others, " He refines, he spiritualizes too much." Perhaps she held him back from exaggerations that might have led to the errors of quietism and perfectionism. Yet that convent legend of which we can hardly now determine the literal truth, has much significance. At Avila, in the Convent of the Encarnacion at the time when Teresa was prioress, and Juan de la Cruz was the spiritual director, these two saints conversing together on the mysteries of experience and faith, were seen, both of them, lifted from the earth in a holy trance, their souls rapt to heaven. What sublimity of friendship is suggested by this common ecstasy, what communion of saints, what realities of sympathy and joy !

If Teresa with her " sanctified common sense " reminded the enthusiast that by God's will, they each still walked the earth, Juan de la Cruz may well have kept her, and

through her, her disciples, from an unconscious and too easy anthropomorphism. He is the most logical, the most metaphysical, the most independent of all the mystics. "No reality," he said, "can be God." By removing God from the real to the ideal (with a clearness of perception that seems a foreshadowing of Hegel) he gives the conception of the Supreme Being a sureness of foundation, that may be assailed, but can assuredly never be destroyed.

Thus studying the way to God, Juan passed quiet days in an atmosphere of sublime faith and love ; serene amid the noise of faction and dispute ; untroubled even by the spread of heresy. God, he said, is in all men at the centre of the soul ; and to a few He reveals Himself, leading them even in this life into the everlasting kingdom.

When a school of thought has reached its highest point its decline begins by a falling into extremes ; either it loses fervour and grows weak, or it exaggerates and so repels. If we consider Saint Teresa and Saint John, the greatest figures of the Carmelite reform, we see decline beginning with their immediate followers. Exaggeration was the work of Doria ; Gracian, who at first seemed merely practical, belonged to the weakeners. Juan de la Cruz had no successors, Gracian and Doria had many.

Mysticism became a system, confused itself with asceticism, and got lost among relics and formulas.

But the Spanish mystics, constructive where the Inquisition was destructive, had played their part. They had aided in the suppression of heresy by presenting a pure, attractive, and poetic form of religion within the Church.

CHAPTER II

TERESA'S MYSTICAL THEOLOGY

THE DEVOTIONAL BOOKS—THE WAY OF PERFECTION—THE INTERIOR CASTLE

IN discussing Teresa's mysticism, we shall not find anything she says extraordinarily different from the doctrine of the other members of her school. Her fundamental ideas are the same as theirs:—that 'perfection' is the result of love, and consists in Union with God. Her excellence is in the admirable eclecticism, the proportion and balance of her ideas; also in her masterly way of expressing them. In all she says there is a personal and emotional touch which goes straight to the heart of her reader. While she lived her influence over persons of every class was very great; it is felt also in her writings, with which, being dead, she yet speaketh, persuasively and powerfully as of old.

Space will forbid analysis of all her devotional books. The earlier ones—the *Vida* and the *Relaciones*—were each written as an apologia to elicit explanation or advice from her confessors. Probably she would herself wish to be judged by the two fully mature treatises, produced as the fruit of her own experience for the help and guidance of her spiritual children:—The *Way of Perfection*; and *The Mansions*, better known in England by its original title, *The Interior Castle*.

The *Camino de Perfeccion* was written in 1562 for the nuns of her dear San Josef of Avila; that is, it was

not addressed to persons in the world, but to cloistered women devoted to the Contemplative life. It is largely a book of practical directions, often very humorous and shrewd. Two copies exist in Teresa's own handwriting; the older one is at the Escorial in the Camarin de la Reliquias; the other in the Convent of La Concepcion at Valladolid. Both of these valuable manuscripts I have been permitted to see and to handle. There are slight differences between them; that of Valladolid has greater literary polish, that of the Escorial, the greater vigour and spontaneity. There exist further four copies, made no doubt by the nuns in different convents and signed by Teresa herself. The first printed edition appeared four months after the author's death; and in 1588 Fray Luis de Leon prepared and published the Salamanca edition, in all respects superior to the previous one.

The book begins with an explanation of why (with the permission of Bañez her confessor) she decided to write it. She fancied that in certain small matters she might hit the mark better than learned men, who are themselves so strong in soul that they cannot know the difficulties of weak little women, difficulties specially invented for them by the devil, and often alas! yielded to by herself. All she is going to say has been taught her by experience, or imparted to her directly by God.

This is followed by the explanation I have already given¹ of her motives in the foundation of the Convent of San Josef: namely that she and her daughters might share in Christ's work for the salvation of perishing souls.

But if the nuns are not to seem presumptuous, they must themselves be of great perfection both in word and in deed. Well then; what is Perfection? and how is it

¹ See page 99.

to be attained? These questions are what she wishes to answer in this little book.

Three things are very necessary to this end of Perfection. First, Love; secondly, Renunciation; thirdly, Humility, the most important of the three.

The practical directions which follow as to these three virtues are most entertaining reading.

In the matter of Love among themselves the nuns are to love all, and not to waste their souls in great friendships and idol making with regard to some one or two of their companions. Of course no one can help feeling more inclination to some persons than to others; but what nuns must do is to keep a watch over their inclinations. Favouritism is the way of the world: it is obnoxious in sisters who are all one in Jesus Christ, in a prioress it is positively pestilential! There is another danger must be alluded to. Some nuns get too fond of their confessors. That kind of love ought to be entirely spiritual; but imperceptibly a touch of passion¹ enters into it and is the occasion of great scruple and unhappiness in her who experiences it. Now, says Teresa, should you ever be in this case, don't make too much of it. Your confessor is probably a person you admire and esteem very highly; and the danger I speak of is quite natural; for whom should we love if not those who bring good to our souls? It can't be called a sin; and to carry it to the very man himself in confession is to make matters worse. If you like, tell your prioress that your soul is not well with that confessor, and get her to change him for you; or else confess and discuss the matter with some skilled director who is extraneous, and do what he bids you. Great evils arise from an unwillingness to ask advice in difficulties; all people are not wise enough to counsel

¹ *Sensualidad.*

themselves, or even to know what is the matter with them! And at all times seek skilled men, learned, and very spiritual, for your confessors. The prioress is not to confine her nuns to one confessor, nor even to insist that he must belong to the Order. I wish my daughters to have full liberty in this matter. I know by experience how one suffers at the hands of directors who are unsympathetic, ignorant, or stupid.

Here Teresa pulls herself up for her inveterate habit of wandering from the point; and gets back to that "Love which it is well to have." This little chapter is so beautiful, and withal so humorous, that I am tempted to quote it entire.

"I spoke of love which is wholly spiritual; but I doubt I knew what I was saying. In any case I needn't say much about it, for I fear those are very few who feel it. If one of you has attained to it, let her praise God. It must be a state of great perfection, and possibly may redound to some profit for us all. So much for that. The other love is the one we have most to do with. I said it was partly sensual; but indeed I do not know precisely what sensual means, nor what spiritual means, nor how I am to speak of such matters. It's like some one listening to talk far off; he knows there are things being said, but cannot quite understand them; so I sometimes do not quite understand what I am saying; and then, if I say well, it is the Lord's doing; at other times I daresay I shall talk nonsense, for it is not really natural to me ever to hit the nail on its head! But this much I do know: when God has brought a person to clear knowledge of what the world is, and what the other world; and the difference between them, the one being eternal and the other a dream; and what is the love of the Creator and what the love of the creature; and

what the meaning of Creator and what of creature ; and many other things which the Lord will teach, with truth and clearness, to them whom He teaches, then I say they will love very differently from those who have not learned all that."

This is followed by details as to life in a community ; the need for concord, the importance of dealing with strife the moment it begins, etc. Small jealousies, small disagreements pertain much to women ; and Teresa does not wish her nuns to seem feeble women, but strong brave men ; and if they will only act up to their best, the Lord will make them so "manly" (*varoniles*) that the very men themselves will wonder and admire !

This brings her to her second head, Renunciation. It must be real, interior renunciation, much easier to write about than to practise. Alas ! it includes renunciation of the natural love for one's kindred : as said the Lord, "He that hateth not father or mother cannot be My disciple." Liberty of spirit, interior peace demand this sacrifice. To be much grieved if some one is ill, much elated if some one has come into a fortune, is too dangerous ! Let the sister keep away from the person who is a snare. Intercourse, even with good intentions, is perilous for herself and won't bring much profit to the other.

Renouncing one's friends, however, is very little use, unless one renounces oneself ! That means *Humility*, the third essential virtue, twin sister truly of Renunciation.

"O sovereign virtues ! lords of all creation, emperors of life, deliverers from all the gins and snares of the devil ! so much loved by our Teacher, that never did He move one step without both ! He who has them can go forth and fight all the world and its occasions. But, of course, he who has these virtues is the very last person to be aware of it himself !"

After this outburst, Teresa enters upon a lively tirade against love of the body. Some persons are always worrying how to please their bodies! some continually studying their health. Good Lord! the warfare these two pre-occupations give to poor nuns! It really seems as if some of them come to their convent merely to look after their bodies! Make up your minds, my daughters, that you are here at San Josef to die for Christ, not to make yourselves comfortable for Him. But the devil will persuade you that you are thinking a great deal of your Rule; and you take such precautions in order to keep your Rule, that you go to your graves without having kept it for a single month, for a single week! For my part, I believe the Lord wishes us to be ill; at least I know He has given me His greatest gifts when I've been ill. Why not bear this mortification of illness? Isn't there sometimes among you a perfect frenzy of mortification without rhyme or reason, which lasts for two whole days? after which the devil says it has done you harm, and you won't endure any more penances, even those commanded by the Order. Why, you won't submit even to Silence (and really that can't do you any harm), and you leave off going to the choir to-day because your head aches, and to-morrow because it has ached, and three days more for fear it might ache. As if a headache was going to kill you!

I set down these little things because I know that once the devil begins threatening us with damage to our health, we shall never do anything at all. May God give us light and discern the right course in all things! Amen.

But I must add a few words on the habit of complaining. If you are really enduring great suffering, the suffering will do the complaining for you; and of course it's silly not to mention grave ills which can find a remedy. But

these little evils and weaknesses natural to women, don't be always mentioning them (unless to God), or you'll never have done; and in a small community the complainer is a great bore to the rest. It's a peculiarity of the body that the more you pamper it, the more it will demand! Bethink you there are many poor creatures with no one to grumble to; and are there not married women who put up with great annoyances and sufferings without a word, for fear of being tedious to their husbands? And the saints and the holy hermits whom you wish to imitate, didn't they bear grief and solitude, and cold and hunger? Do you suppose they were made of iron? Ah! can you not bear a little for God without proclaiming it to everybody? By degrees as you vanquish your wretched little body, it will become less troublesome; and believe me, that even in little things like this, it is only she who has gained the victory that can understand the gain; which to my thinking is so great that for the sake of such relief I would bear anything! All these so-called *little* virtues are occasions for continual mortification really more pleasing to God than great self-inflicted tortures. In all things try to follow Christ a little—a *little!* Yes, for never shall you follow Him wholly, never get rid of all your faults! We walk about full of faults; the best man will fall seven times a day. It is a lie ever to say 'I have no sin.' Besides there are the sins of omission to be reckoned with! Ah dear Lord! See how blind are the eyes of Thy servant! with how little I remain content!

Making a merry excuse, Teresa again pulls herself up for wandering from the point—(but the nuns mustn't imitate her in making excuses! Not to make excuses is a custom of great perfection and edification and merit; a real virtue; she has inculcated it many a time; but

alas ! 'tis a grace God has never given to herself, who on every occasion sees some reason why this time it were scandalous not to make an excuse ! Pray God, amend her before her death !). To continue however—

And here Teresa employs her famous illustration from the game of chess which some thought really *too* frivolous. She is not she says really into her game yet. She has been only at the gambit, placing her men for the play, and especially establishing her all-important queen ; which is that never-to-be-forgotten virtue, Humility.

After this she enters upon the more serious part of her subject and adopts a graver tone. She wishes to write about Contemplation ; and her readers must remember that she knows their difficulties, for she herself had engaged in Mental Prayer for twenty years before she understood anything about it. All souls are not able for Contemplation, which is no matter of ease or idleness. On the contrary, the initial difficulty and labour, the self-control necessary for the abstraction and concentration of mind called Recollection, are every great and often the occasion of bitter distress. For many years Teresa herself had not been able even to meditate without the help of some devotional book. It seemed all waiting time—nothing gained—no recompense. Watch on, my sisters, and pray ; for you never know at what moment your Captain will call you !

But if (in that sense) He shall never call you, never give you any supernatural gifts, visions, revelations, never bring you into direct relation with Himself (that heaven on earth which we all desire, but must not demand nor expect), then in true humility be content with your lower place, with the Active life if He calls you to it. Martha was a true saint though she did not achieve Contemplation. What more could one wish than like her

to have Christ often in one's house, and to serve Him and to sit at His very table? Had Martha been rapt like Mary, who would have given the Lord to eat? Those of the Active life are the soldiers who fight in the battles; those of the Contemplative, are the standard bearers, who carry aloft the banner of humanity, across which lies the Cross. And remember if the standard bearer drops the standard the battle has to be lost!

Teresa tries to define Perfect Contemplation; and as usual words fail to make clear to the uninitiated, experiences not really belonging to the intellect. She falls back on similes; suggestive but inadequate.

There is Water for instance; water of which it is said that he who drinketh it shall never thirst; water which cools and also cleanses. How can a saint but long to drown himself in this living water? Yet here a caution is necessary. Discretion, moderation, must be employed even in the reception of spiritual gifts. The devil drives some people to extremes; and they injure their health, or go quite mad, or forget humility and charity, thus losing all power of doing God's will.

Everybody will not have the same experiences; from the great river flow many streams, some great, some small. Let none think he shall perish of thirst while he walks along the Way. If never in this world he shall reach the main stream (direct communion with God), yet in the world to come he shall drink of it and with great abundance.

But the way—the true way—is the way of Prayer. First, Vocal Prayer; common prescribed prayer whether recited aloud or not: the Paternoster, the Ave Maria, and so forth, never to be neglected. Then Mental Prayer. The distinction is not between words and no words, for indeed all prayer should be mental. The

Creed, the Ave Maria must not be recited mechanically with no thought of God's presence. But Mental Prayer is deeper. The whole soul must engage in it, laying down all its independence, making itself consciously, a mere tool for the divine hand to move.

After a short explanation of Recollection, Teresa goes on to analyse the Paternoster, which is the pattern prayer ; applying its clauses to the recognized definite stages of Contemplation, the order of which she discusses more systematically in the *Vida* and in the *Moradas*.

“Thy kingdom come” : that refers to the Prayer of Quiet with which the supernatural gifts begin. The righteous Simeon knew this prayer when he said “ Mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.” But it is not the bodily sense which achieves this peace. With his bodily eyes, Simeon saw no more than *el glorioso niño pobrecito* (the poor little glorious child) ; but in his soul he knew he was at peace in the presence of the everlasting Son of the Celestial Father.

It is not yet the Prayer of Union,—which is the culmination— ; but the soul has come within sight of it, and with such content that it seems as if there were no more to be desired ; it is a condition of great blessedness which sometimes lasts a long time, and in which the will is caught up and drawn into the will of God.

It seems almost an irreverence to quote further from these chapters which deal with the deeper mysteries ; chapters intended for the reading only of cloistered nuns. Many will be content to explain by the easy words : ‘ She imagined it all ’ ; and of course intimate experiences of the soul are authoritative only for the subject of them. At least I can find nothing ignoble in Teresa's beliefs or aspirations. She is singularly free from the detestable fault of bringing God down to the level of man. In all these mystic

states, which may or may not have been literally what she supposed them to be, she believes that her soul is being lifted up to God. She is so heartily convinced of the greatness, and the awfulness, and the mystery of the Deity (whose face none may see and live) that one feels she had really got hold of a truth, a greater truth than is attained by those who make a god of the human intellect, and can believe in nothing above or beyond it.

The concluding chapters of the *Camino*, still with the Lord's Prayer for text, contain devotional directions more or less practical. "Give us this day our daily bread," refers to the Holy Communion. "Forgive us our trespasses" leads to a discussion of sins and temptations: foremost among which latter are scruples.

See, sisters, if you have these two things, the *fear* and the *love* of God, you may walk in quietness along the way, not fancying at every step that you see the ditch into which you must fall. Otherwise you will never arrive.

Yet is there uncertainty and much tribulation and weariness in life. Wherefore the Lord, pitying us, lets us pray "Deliver us from evil"; that is deliver us from *life*. And our Lord Himself prayed that same prayer, for He said, 'With desire have I desired this last night of earthly life'; which shows His weariness. And truly we do not live in such suffering as did the good Jesus, whose whole life was one cross—our ingratitude ever before Him, and the many offences against His Father, and the many souls how they lose themselves! But at last He sat down on the right hand of God in everlasting rest; and so shall we also rest with Him. And because at the last the prayer says, Amen, I understand that we may expect and pray for that great consummation.

But in this world we shall not be relieved of the many temptations and imperfections, and even sins. Do not

think it ; for it says " He that thinketh he is without sin, deceiveth himself."

Ah Lord ! deliver me from that evil also ; and raise me where is all good—there where the Sun of Righteousness never sets ! I know not how I live an hour here ! I ought not to live an hour in content ! My daughters, it is absurd (*burla*) not to supplicate God to deliver us from evil ! It belongs to Perfection to make this petition ! The will of God would draw us to things eternal, things great and lofty, things certain, while here all is uncertain and mean. What does it cost to ask great things of Him who is powerful ? Would you not feel shame to ask an emperor for a farthing ?

But to keep us right, let us leave the *giving* to His will ; for we have given our wills to Him ; hallowed be His name in the heaven and on the earth ; and in me may His will be done, Amen.

In all Teresa's writings there is no more characteristic passage, at once ecstatic and homely, full of saintly resignation and divine discontent, than these concluding words of the *Pathway of Perfection*.

The folio manuscript of *Las Moradas* is among the treasures at the Convent of San José in Seville. An exact copy was made in 1754 for the Biblioteca Real of Madrid, and another in 1760 for the archives of the Carmelites. Both these copies are now in the National Library. The first printed copy was edited by Fray Luis de Leon. *Las Moradas* was written by command of Teresa's superiors at the time when her *Vida* had been impounded by the Inquisition, and it was thought that the treatise on Prayer contained in it would be lost. The new book goes over much of the same ground both in the *Vida* and the *Camino*, more systematically than in the latter, with riper experience and

fuller knowledge than in the former. The last of Teresa's works *Las Moradas* is also the greatest, in her own opinion as well as in that of the most competent critics. "The smith who made it," says the writer, "now knew more of his business." This smith was a woman of sixty-two, broken by penance, overwhelmed by chronic illness, half paralysed, with a broken arm, exiled and confined at the time she wrote (1571) in a convent of great poverty, after ten years of incessant journeying ending in persecution and disappointments. It gives an idea of her inner life at the time when she seemed most absorbed in outward affairs.

The title of the book *Las Moradas* refers no doubt to the verse, "In My Father's house are many mansions." By the Father's house Teresa here understands the soul, that seat of the kingdom of heaven which is within. The original title, *El Castillo Interior* (*The Interior Castle*) makes the idea clear.

"A castle it is, all made of diamond, in which are many rooms, as in heaven there are many mansions. For what, my sisters, is a good man's soul but a little paradise, in which God says He taketh His delight? Let us not be ashamed to consider this castle; for since God made it in His own image we must understand that it has great dignity and beauty."

Keeping to her simile Teresa describes the body as the setting or surrounding of the castle; a place of mist and marsh and noxious reptiles. Many persons never penetrate to the interior castle at all, for they know not the door of entry. That door is Prayer, vocal and mental both.

The many mansions (by which Teresa means states or conditions of the soul) are not to be thought of as one above the other; rather as enfolding one another, above and below at once, and on every side; like the successive coats of a nut. To arrive at the kernel, you must strip

off enfolding husk after husk. And the things of the soul are to be thought of broadly, with plenitude and width and greatness ; for the capacity of the soul is much more than we think. And every part of the castle is open to the sun, one part not obscuring another as might be fancied from the figure of the enclosing circles.

The first mansion is the chamber of Humility, in which one must be content to stay so long as God wills, and which afterwards must be often revisited. It includes obedience, and kindness to one's fellows.

In the second mansion there is more labour, but also more hope of reaching to the very centre. For now the ears of the soul are open, and the voice of the Lord is heard ; in books, for instance, in sermons, in the speech of good people, also in trouble or sickness. The devil makes great resistance at this stage ; the poisonous serpents which infest the marshes surrounding the castle, are allowed to creep in, and even sometimes to bite ; all of which redounds to experience and to profit both of the soul herself and of others. He who would prove the antidote, must first taste the poison. We are not therefore to be surprised if sometimes we fall ; even from a fall God can and does bring good.

Nor must we pray for spiritual favours. Does not God know what is best for us ? Does He require our counsel ? Not on favours, not on any sort of self-interest must our castle be founded, for that is building on the sand. The will of God is the rock for our foundation ; and carrying the cross is our daily business. And the key to this mansion, as to the others, is *oracion* (prayer) ; and looking within is good, but much better is looking at Christ who said, ' He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father.'

In the third mansion begins assurance of salvation. But this does not mean absolute security, for no such thing is

for this life. In this life we must never forget we have enemies at the gate ; we must not eat or sleep but with arms in our hands. " Never, my sisters," cries Teresa, think that because you belong to this Order, and have the Virgin for your mother, and live in enclosure and penance, or even in constant prayer and converse with God, never think you are secure ! Remember the sin of David, the fall of Solomon. Believe me, it is not the garb of religion that will keep you safe, but the exercise of virtue. Your fear and love of God must not be a mere work of imagination, but must be proved by works. Not that God has any need for our works which are of no worth except for the determination of the will ! "

The rest of this chapter on the third mansion is rather obscure ; the contention being, however, that now the soul has caught sight of the deeper mysteries and feels that she will eventually attain to them.

In the fourth mansion the things supernatural begin. Teresa alludes to what she wrote on this subject in the *Vida* but says, thank God, she has had a little more light on the matter since. In this fourth mansion (which in a former writing she called the Prayer of Quiet) we get nearer to the seat of the King ; and things so beautiful, so delicate, are to be seen and known there that they cannot be told or understood by him who knows them not : these are *gustos* (enjoyments) very different from the *contentos* (satisfaction) of the earlier mansions. *Contentos* are not so very different from earthly pleasures, such as we feel in seeing a friend, or succeeding in some enterprize. In a word, they are the product of the understanding. But the *gustos* are not to be had by much thinking, but by much loving. And the signs of love are a great determination to please God in all things, and to pray for the honour of His Son, and for the augmentation of the Catholic Church.

This is followed by some sensible remarks about morbid scruples.

My sisters ! she says, do not think that all is lost if your thoughts sometimes wander to other things. There is a whole world within the soul, and it is no more possible to stop the working of imagination than to stop the velocity of the earth. I tell you the soul can be at peace in the innermost mansion with the Lord, while all the time the imagination is in the *arrabal* (outskirts, suburb) of the castle, fighting with the fierce serpents, and doing well by that labour ! Wandering thoughts are part of our inheritance from Adam which we can't do without ; like the daily bother of eating and drinking !

To point these remarks, Teresa gives one of her delightfully homely illustrations. She suffers, she says, from continual headaches and noises in her head, which almost prevent her from doing her writing ; yet all the while her soul is at peace. Yet the pains are in the top part of her head, which they tell her is the seat of the soul. How can it be ? She can't explain ; but it *is* so ; she has pain and noises in the top part of her head, and yet her real soul is in perfect peace.

Presently she returns to her favourite figure of *Water* ; the element she loves best ; which she has observed more closely than anything else (though indeed in everything God has made, be it even a little ant, there must be great and profitable secrets—more than we can ever understand !) Well, imagine two fountains of water, filling two basins. The one stream comes busily by aqueducts and artifices ; the other springs up without noise and flows of itself, without material aids, in a great and fragrant stream. The first represents the *contentos*, which come of diligence and make commotion ; the second has its birthplace in God, and fills and overflows the soul, and produces suavity,

and peace, and calm, and strength, in the innermost of our very selves, and is the very gift of God. This is what we call *gustos*—the Prayer of Quiet. A word of caution is, however, necessary. Beware, my sisters, of false conditions and counterfeits, in which physical symptoms and inertia are the chief signs. These may ruin the health without any corresponding deepening of the soul's life. Persons who, when they try to pray, sink into a state of stupidity, should consult their superiors and be ordered a course of bodily strengthening. If this doesn't cure them, it is probable that God intends them for the active offices of the convent, and does not wish them to be over solitary. For God is not served by weakness of head, but by fire of heart and strength of soul.

I am half afraid to continue this brief and most inadequate abstract of Teresa's greatest work; but her conception of the mysteries of communion with God is fundamental, and to omit all detail of it would be to distort both her doctrine and her biography. We may not share or even understand her raptures; at least let us try to learn what she thought about them.

O sisters! she cries, how can I describe the richness and the treasures and the joys of the fifth mansion! No illustrations will be of use, for the things of earth are very base in comparison with that glory. Those who get to the door of this mansion are many; yet few of us so dispose ourselves that the Lord may discover to us its secrets. It is the free gift of the Lord; but it depends upon ourselves whether we receive it! Now this matter of Union is not a thing *dreamed* like the Prayer of Quiet. I say, *dreamed*, for in the Prayer of Quiet the soul is as it were hushed *half* asleep, which is the condition of dream. But in this other, the soul is *altogether* asleep to the things of the world, and to the things of self; to some it seems

as if life itself is suspended. There is no imagination, nor memory, nor understanding left to impede the boon. Nor can the devil enter to do harm ; for His Majesty is so joined and united with the *essence of the soul* that the devil dare not approach. Oh ! the greatness of the boon ! to be safe from that cursed one's assault, to be where God can work without disturbance even from ourselves ! The time of this condition is always short ; God has placed the soul in a state of intellectual foolishness (*boberia*) that He may in that short space imprint upon her the divine wisdom. He so impresses Himself that the soul can have no doubt He has been present with her. Years may pass before it be so again ; yet will she never forget or doubt it. It is not a vision. It is a certainty that God alone can give.

Let us make a comparison with the silkworm. The life of religious exercises is like the mulberry leaves by which the worm grows. The ball of silk in which it lies dormant or dead, is Christ. "Our life is hid with Christ in God,"—it may be only for half an hour. But there issues forth from the ball of silk a white butterfly. Oh, wonder of God ! which can make an ugly worm into a white butterfly ! The butterfly remembers no more the travail of the worm, which was little by little to spin its cocoon of silk ; now it has wings and need no longer crawl.

Teresa often refers again to this parable of the silkworm. She feels, however, that it is not adequate to what she wishes to express, and she tries again.

For more exact understanding of this Prayer of Union, let us have another comparison : that of marriage. It may seem a rude comparison ; but there is none more apt ; and, indeed, there is nothing without its spiritual side, and this particular corporeal comparison will carry us far. For it is all a matter of love with love, and its opera-

tions are most pure and most delicate, and sweeter than can be told ; though of course the *gustos* (joys) which the Lord gives to His chosen bride have no likeness whatsoever to the pleasures of an earthly spouse.

Teresa goes on to call this fifth mansion, the spiritual betrothal—the seventh mansion being the consummation of the spiritual marriage with the heavenly bridegroom.

Before reaching the consummation, however, the soul must pass through the sixth mansion, where she is wounded, and in her suffering seeks a solitude.

This chapter is largely autobiographical ; Teresa looks back upon the sorrows she endured at the time when it was not believed that she was led by God. She speaks of friends who stand aloof and tell the “ poor one ” that she is possessed, or deceives her confessors, that she should act like such an one, or will be lost like such another. And there are some who praise ; and praise for many reasons is itself a torture. (How that one sentence reveals Teresa’s sensitiveness and delicacy !) There are also great infirmities of body.

I know a person, she says, meaning of course herself, who from the time the Lord began to visit her with these favours, forty years ago, can truly say she has never passed a day without pain. To be sure, it was little in comparison with her deserts, and she would always choose the path of suffering if only to imitate her Lord. And what was infirmity of body in comparison with the grief that her spiritual directors did not believe in the poor soul and sought to rob her of her faith itself ? The only remedy in such case is to wait for the Lord’s mercy ; and He with a single word can give such consolation that amid the clouds the soul feels in a blaze of sunlight—like one victorious in a bloody fray.

Do you ask in what way the mercy comes? Sometimes suddenly; like a comet. His Majesty touches her, and all passes like a lightning flash. She has been wounded, but most sweetly—never would she seek to be healed of that wound. Her only fear is of ingratitude; and she resolves on greater diligence and a bettering of her whole life. Or there will be ecstasies and visions, both imaginary and intellectual.

Here Teresa interrupts herself to answer the question—interesting, because the very question we are inclined to ask to-day—“What is the good of all this to the soul? What do these experiences prove?” Her answer is of course subjective and not very straight.

O daughters! if I could describe to you the resultant good! It is so great I *could* not exaggerate! I cannot describe it; yet there it is at the bottom of my heart and never will it be forgotten though there be no definite image and my mind is incapable of understanding it. A fixed sense remains of God's greatness; firm enough to convert the faithless—even as Jacob was converted by the sight of the ladder; even as Moses could not tell the things he saw in the burning bush! Look you, (this is one of her homely illustrations), once I visited by command a great personage—the Duchess of Alva—in her house. I saw so much, I was so impressed by many things that I could carry very little away. Really now I quite forget all those fine rooms and the things contained there, just as if I had never seen them! Yet I learned much from them; and the learning and the sense of their greatness remains. Thus it is when the Soul is brought into that heaven of the Empyræan which we have in the innermost: then we are put into an ecstasy and our soul is made one with God and He shows us secret and glorious and very profitable things. But afterwards—what can one say?

For the human and the natural does not suffice for the supernatural which God has shown.

Teresa goes on to define the different ecstasies, much as they are set down in the text-books of mystical theology; indeed the later ones quote largely from her analysis. What is called the Flight of the Spirit is so swift a motion of the soul as to be terrifying. The soul is torn forth, and (as she has read) sometimes the body also; and sent one knows not whither; and at the first moment of the flight one feels no certainty that the thing is of God. But resistance is no more possible than it is to the straw which is raised by the amber. You remember the fountain of water and the gentle fulness with which God fills the little basin of our souls? But now with a great impetus He raises so great a wave that the little ship of our souls is lifted up on high; and as in a ship no pilot nor crew is so skilful as to control her when the waves rise in fury, much less can a soul be unmoved when the force of the Lord's power carries it away.

In this passage there is allusion to the wonders of aerial transits reported of Peter of Alcántara and others. Teresa expresses herself with reserve; nor in this latest of her writings have I found as distinct allusion to her own less sensational levitations as she makes in the *Vida*. I am inclined to think she had become doubtful of the objective reality of levitation in her own case, though probably she believed in the general possibility of such miracles for great saints—a class in which she never ranged herself. She was still under the thralldom of the words “up” and “down” speaking of the soul and even of the body as being lifted *up* to God. The later and more reasonable explanation of these phenomena by those who accept them, is that the body of a saint partakes in some measure and for brief periods of the characteristics of the glorified

body which is not subject to all the laws of nature ; the body in which Christ appeared at the Transfiguration and after the Resurrection, the body which all believers expect to have in the future state. Teresa seems to have some idea of this explanation when she says, still speaking of these raptures, " I think it may be that the spirit goes forth from the body as the rays go forth from the sun."

" Truly," she cries, " I know not what I write ! All I know is that as the bullet goes from the arquebus when the fire touches it, so in one instant, without noise, yet so evidently that it cannot be fancy, the spirit is torn forth. And when it returns to itself, it is with great gain. For the soul has been in a region very different from that in which we live ; and has seen another light, not like the light of this world ; and in one moment has learned more a thousand times than ever could be learned by the power of the imagination or by the labour of thought."

The emphatic caution which follows this outburst is very characteristic of Teresa, who in her loftiest moods keeps a firm hold on reality and practical sense.

" On no account let the soul which has received these favours imagine that she may fly away altogether from things corporeal, or forego the usual spiritual exercises or despise her companions. Did not our Lord take upon Himself humanity ? and did not He and His apostles labour and work ? If any one tells me that she spends her whole time in prayer and ecstasy, I suspect her very much, and doubt it can be as she says, or if so that it is of God. I counsel her with all her might to rouse herself from such stupefaction, and get something to do, so as to be delivered from this great peril to the understanding. I wish you, my sisters, to meditate much upon this that I say, so you shall not lose yourselves in a fancied spirituality which is very different from real spirituality."

At last she comes to the seventh mansion, the innermost, the consummation. Perhaps some of her daughters thought it disappointing and tame after the raptures described in the preceding pages.

For now, says Teresa, the soul is no longer deprived of its senses in ecstasy. Now the scales fall from the eyes and blessedness is understood and known. In this mansion the vision is intellectual; the soul receives representation of the Truth. It is shown the Trinity; as in *a cloud of immense clearness*. It is in communion with all the Three Persons; even as the Lord promised They would come down and dwell with that soul which loves God and keeps His commandments. But the outward life goes on; while always in the soul is a steady light, felt even in the midst of all business, of all trials: it is as though the soul were in some fashion divided within itself; and its essence remains fixed in the seventh mansion which is the seat of God. Now indeed the *mari-positica* (little butterfly)¹ has found repose! It is no longer she who lives, but Christ who lives in her. Outwardly she performs all the duties and necessities of her life on earth; but she has no care for anything except as it is to the honour of God. She has great desire for suffering, yet no longer with disquiet; for she is absorbed in the will of God, and if He does not will suffering for her, she accepts ease with patience, and if He wills persecution, it cannot rob her of her joy. Nor does she so much wish to die for Jesus; rather she would live many years doing and suffering in His service. There is no more dryness, nor interior disturbance; the very devil fears to enter. The ecstasies, the raptures, the flight of the soul, are over; or come seldom and with no terror as before. Weakness has been taken away; the Lord has poured into the

¹ Continuing the metaphor of the silkworm.

soul strength and fortitude and wisdom. Quietly, noiselessly, the work of grace goes on. It is like the building of Solomon, in which was heard no noise of hammer, nor of any tool. Almost uninterruptedly the days pass on in quietness and peace.

Only, you must take care not to get away from Christ, or forget that even now it is possible to lose it all. What do you think is the object of all this inspiration of which I have told you? That you should be lulled to sleep? Not so; but that you should fight much more vigorously and use all your powers spiritual and bodily to God's glory. Did not all God's saints, our father Elias, and the Magdalen, and St. Francis, and St. Dominic, and others, do great penitences and work hard to the very end? Believe me, Martha and Mary are both required to entertain the Lord Jesus. If Mary was praised for her contemplation we know that already she had washed the Lord's feet; and suffered great mortification in doing so, going alone through the streets and entering a house she did not know, and going about among bad people, and being insulted by the Pharisee.

I tell you, 'tis a trick of the *demonio*, that filling us with great desires and high aspirations, so that we refuse the work lying at our hand! Declining to serve the Lord in things possible, we are quite content because we have desired the impossible; and because we want to profit the whole world, we neglect to serve the sisters with whom we live.

Following on this homely advice, are Teresa's concluding words.

"My sisters, let us not build towers without foundations. The Lord looks less upon the greatness of the work than upon the love with which it is done; and in so far as we do what we can, His Majesty will see to it, that

each day we do more. And remembering that life is so short, let us offer to the Lord from the interior and from the exterior, what sacrifice we can; that His Majesty may join it to that sacrifice which He made upon the Cross, and present it to His Father. I tell you, it will have just the value which our will deserves, even though the thing done may be small.

“Pray God, sisters, we may all see each other there where for ever we shall praise Him; and that He may give *me* grace to perform at least some of the things I have urged upon you; for the merits of His Son who liveth and reigneth for evermore. I tell you it is altogether to my confusion to have written such things; wherefore I pray you by the same Lord, forget not in your prayers, this poor and miserable Teresa. Amen.”

I fear I have after all, brought out more clearly these simple and practical parentheses, than the explanations of that mystic communion which is her principal theme. It is enough if I have indicated the supreme importance which she attached to the hidden life of the soul; and have explained in some measure what it was made the close of her life with all its tumult and its cares, a path of glory; what was the secret source of the attraction and the efficiency of her whole character and personality.

CHAPTER III

ANDALUCIA

BEGINNING OF THE WAR—GRACIAN—THE JOURNEY

WE now enter upon the second part of Teresa's work and see her involved in the war between the Calced and the Discalced branches of the Carmelite Order, which ended a few years later in their formal separation. The conflict, disastrous at first, was caused largely by the fanaticism of the early Discalced fathers, who had not the tact, courtesy and grave good sense of their mother, Teresa de Jesus.

The first monasteries at Duruelo and Pastrana had quickly become notorious for the extraordinary asceticism of the inmates, their excesses of mortification and penance. True, the condition of the friars was not quite so far removed from everyday existence as it seems to us. We have raised material things and the care of our bodies to an importance never dreamed of in simpler ages. We grumble if a bell strikes work or a chimney smokes; inevitably we should learn a good deal of asceticism if transported to the sixteenth century! Then, luxury was not unknown, but *comfort* was very far from having arrived. The badness of the roads made the transport of provisions so difficult that most people were dependent on the state of the harvest and condition of the farm animals in their immediate neighbourhood; all water had to be fetched. An advanced city like Seville still flung all its household refuse on the street pavements,

and neglected to sweep even its principal streets oftener than thrice a year. The hermits of Pastrana and Duruelo had to invent aggravations of the general scarcity and discomfort. They lived on bread and water, or mixed ashes with their beans ; they did not speak ; they refused even to look at each other ; they scourged themselves and went to their work bleeding from open sores. They walked barefoot over the mountains, teaching in the neighbouring hamlets or in the palaces of the great. Their fame spread ; they became objects of reverence far and wide. When Fernandez, the Apostolical Visitor, came to Pastrana, he arrived on foot, and fasted, and flagellated with the brethren ; “ for ” said he, “ one who visits saints must come in humility.”

Fernandez stayed some time. He gave leave for a third monastery, at Altomira, and for the college at Alcalá, both of which were quickly founded, the reformers being joined by many deserters from the Calced Carmelites, (also called the Observants, and frequently by Teresa, the *padres del paño* : the *fathers of the cloth* as distinguished from the *fathers of the frieze*).

Meanwhile, the colleague of Fernandez, Vargas, also a Dominican, was visiting in Andalucia. He found great laxity in the monasteries of his district and became anxious to introduce the reform. He invited Baltazar de Jesus to come from Pastrana and found a monastery at Granada. Baltazar declined. Soon afterwards, two Discalced friars went to Granada ostensibly on business ; Vargas took them prisoner, said they were now under his jurisdiction and must remain in Andalucia. They were willing enough, and he sent them to the Observant monastery of San Juan del Puerto near Huelva, to teach the reform. Two of the Observants were turned out to make room for the Castellians, a proceeding not very

likely to conciliate the Calced party, already throughout the country jealous of the deserters from their Rule who were posing as saints.

The Carmelite reform received presently a powerful auxiliary in Fray Diego de Leon, titular bishop of Cumbria ("an island," says the chronicler, "once situated in Scotland") who induced the whole colony of hermits at La Peñuela to join it. Soon afterwards a monastery was founded at Granada. The kidnapping of friars had become a regular system, connived at by the two Apostolical Visitors, Fernandez and Vargas, but unrecognized by the Carmelite superiors. In this manner Baltazar de Jesus was caught for Andalusia; and soon after his arrival Vargas asked for two more "friars of importance" to be sent to him for work at Seville. The selected friars, who got permission from the Provincial on the usual excuse of private business, were Mariano de San Benito, the fiery Genoese, and Jeronimo de la Madre de Dios, the celebrated and ill-starred Gracian, whom Teresa loved as a son and considered beyond question the best man among her friars.

At this time Gracian was barely twenty-eight years of age and had been but a short time in the Order. He was of noble birth, his father and brother high in office under Charles v and Philip. Jeronimo had been educated by the Jesuits. After a brilliant University career he had intended to join the Society; but falling under the influence of the Discalced Carmelites he threw in his lot with them and became a novice at Pastrana. Gracian's great abilities, his charming disposition, his training by the Jesuits, who do not wish their sons to get out of touch with the world, marked him as a man of a different stamp from his brother friars. It is a question if they ever liked or trusted him; certainly they were jealous of his rapid promotion; for

with his qualities it was impossible to keep him in a subordinate position.

Mariano and Gracian arrived at Granada in September 1573, to find that Vargas had been given office by the Dominicans, and was anxious to lay down his commission as Apostolical Visitor to the Carmelites. The moment he saw Gracian he decided to appoint him his successor. The young man had no mind to this unexpected dignity, and when Angel de Salazar, the Provincial, angrily summoned both him and Mariano to return to Pastrana he wished to obey. Vargas made the usual excuse; the pair were now his subjects and he ordered them to stay where they were. Vargas appointed Gracian his Vicar in the office of Apostolical Visitor, and provided him with two Patents, to be shown only in case of necessity, one of which gave him absolute authority over the Discalced, the other over the Calced Carmelites of Andalucia. Then he bade him get to work introducing the reform at Seville.

Gracian's first action was to restore the monastery of San Juan del Puerto to the Observants from whom it had been taken. The reformed friars who had been there he took with him to Seville, and lodged them in the Observant monastery till he could find them a house. The Observants were not pleased, and relations between the two parties became increasingly strained.

But Don Cristóbal de Rojas y Sandoval, the Archbishop of Seville, welcomed Gracian and his friars with open arms, and soon established them in the Hermitage of Nuestra Señora de los Remedios at Triana; the monastery being formally but secretly opened early in 1574. The Observants were greatly annoyed, the more so that this shrine of Our Lady of Refuge was one of importance and great popular devotion.

Suspicion arose that Gracian was acting for Vargas;

and loud voices were already saying that Vargas was exceeding his commission. The Observants appealed to the king. Philip investigated the matter, took advice from the Archbishop, and decided in favour of the reformers. The Observants appealed to the Pope. He consulted Rossi (Rubeo), the Carmelite General, and presently revoked the commissions given to Fernandez and Vargas. The revocation, however, was not to come into force, or to be made public for another year ; meanwhile the Papal Nuncio, Hormaneto, declared for the reform, confirmed the commission of Vargas and that of Gracian, his Vicar and substitute. The position, complicated by the perennial rivalry between the Spanish King and the Pope, was very perplexing when the Pope and his representative, the Nuncio, were at variance. The Nuncio, actually on the spot and supported by Philip, had the advantage.

But the attitude of the General made the reformers anxious ; they remembered too that the office of Nuncio is temporary. It was thought advisable that Gracian should go to Madrid and speak himself with the king, with Covarrubias, the President of the Royal Council, and with Quiroga, the Grand Inquisitor, already spoken of as the next Primate.

At this time Teresa was at Veas in the Sierra Morena. From the quiet of her Castillian convents she had watched the signs of approaching storm. She had not yet openly declared herself on the side of the Andalusian reformers. The friars were not governed by herself nor had she always approved their fanaticism. Her own commission was only for Castille ; she had kept the General informed of every step she had taken and had drawn up the Constitution of her convents with his approbation. There was nothing in her houses of which he could disapprove and it does not

appear he was ever unfriendly to them. She had not gone to Veas with any intention of changing her attitude to her superiors. Nevertheless she was watching the storm. She heard growls of distant thunder ; there had been more than one flash of vivid lightning. Before leaving Segovia, she had a vision of Saint Albert, who prophesied to her the approaching division of the Order ; evidence, it seems to me, that her mind was already considering the future of the reform.

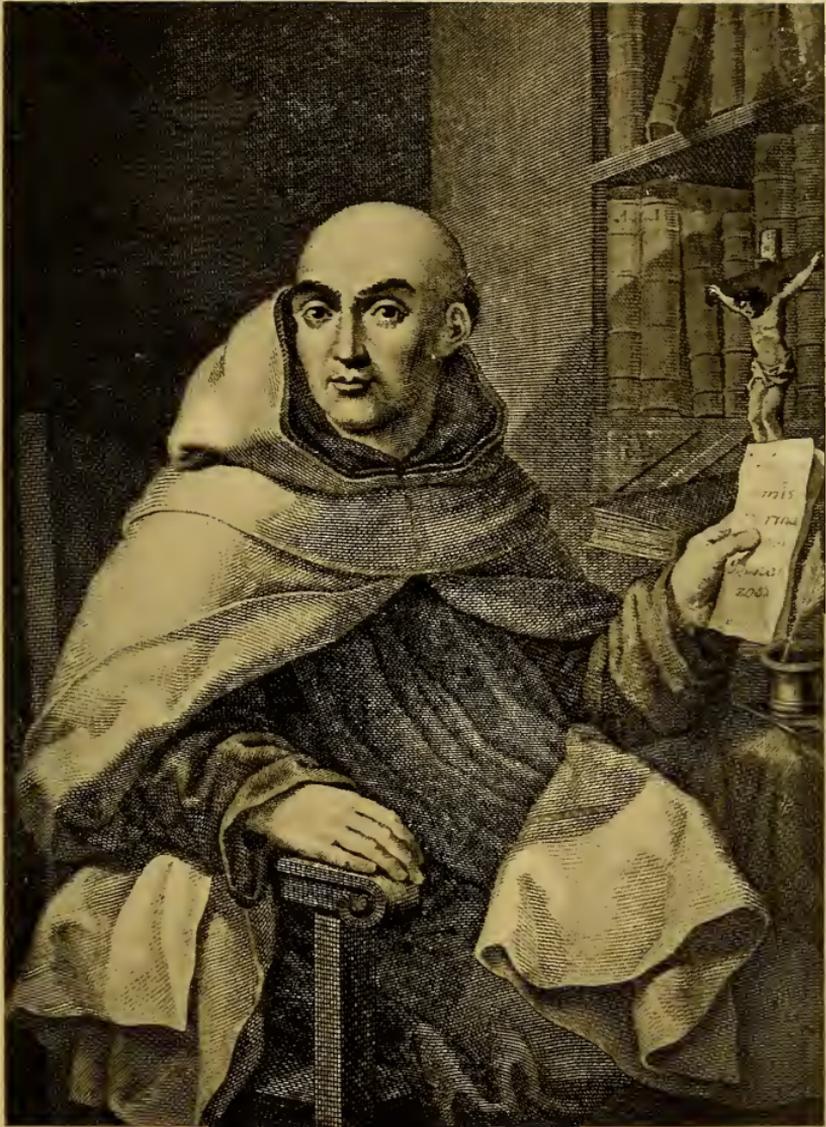
Teresa had gone to Veas believing it to be in Castille, though Maria Bautista had warned her it was across the border. Topography was a difficult science in those days, and Teresa answered her niece, that there were two places named Veas, and she was going to the one in Castille. It was not till after the convent had been founded that she discovered Maria Bautista had been right. Teresa was distressed. She proposed to return at once to her rightful province and to occupy herself about the desired convent at Madrid.

Just then she received a visit from the young Vicar Apostolic, Fray Jeronimo Gracian, who was on his way to the capital for his interview with the king.

Probably Gracian had been thinking what a help the great Mother would be at Seville ; at any rate he wished to make her acquaintance, and receive her advice. In the first moment of their meeting they began a friendship which lasted without interruption to the end of Teresa's life, and remained with Gracian as a most cherished and venerated memory.

Teresa has left on record the delightful impression the young man made upon her. She wrote to the prioress at Medina :—

“ The Father has been here twenty days. They have been the best days of my life ! To my eyes he is perfect.



PADRE FRAY JERÓNIMO GRACIAN DE LA MADRE DE DIOS

I have never seen such perfection conjoined with such gentleness. What we must all do, is to pray God to give him to us for our superior. Then at last I shall have some rest in the management of these houses. I would not for anything have missed seeing him and conversing with him. Julian de Avila has lost his heart to him. So has everybody. He preaches most excellently. He has been here waiting for Mariano, who I am glad to say delays his coming."

Thus she wrote to her cousin and intimate friend, never guessing that her enthusiasm would be read by strangers tempted to smile at the admiration of a woman of sixty for an attractive young divine. In the Book of the Foundations she writes more dryly—

"He is a man of much learning and intelligence and modesty; remarkable during his whole life for great virtues; it seems that Our Lady has chosen him out for the reform of our Order. When I saw him, I thought that even those who praised had not really known him; and it seemed to me that the Lord showed me the good that would come to us through him."

Teresa found in Gracian a spiritual sympathy that she had found in no other of her directors. At once she was willing to submit herself to him, recognizing apparently that in some definite way he was wiser and better than herself. She made a special vow to obey him, as if his voice were the voice of God. That seems extravagant; but her grief had often been that her directors, young and old alike, had not seemed to speak to her with the voice of God. At last she had found one essentially superior, and obedience to him was a work of love.

There can be no doubt that Gracian was a man of very exceptional capacity; that a woman like Teresa thought so must be strong evidence to the fact. Again and again

she says there is no one so competent for the first place ; for the task of organization, conciliation, unifying, ruling. She said this after the first delirium of her delight had passed away ; and her clear eye, by no means blind to his faults, had pierced the mists which age and sex had unconsciously created. But to the last there is a peculiar tenderness in her manner towards him. He is like a son to her ; a solace to her starved heart, a spiritual heir who would carry on her work and make it perfect. Gracian had many enemies and in the end they overwhelmed him. But in Teresa he had a staunch and trusting friend who constantly defended and praised him alike to friends and foes, who strengthened his hands, and helped him constantly with advice and at times also with reproof. Now that passion and controversy are over, it seems plain that he was worthy of her confidence ; though after the first few months it is plain also that her influence over him was vastly greater than his influence over her. At first, however, he beguiled her into a step that to us looks a little questionable, a little too much like the fashionable sixteenth century sharp practice and intrigue. Gracian told her that in his character as Deputy Apostolical Visitor, recognized by the Nuncio, his authority was superior to that of the General who had forbidden her to found convents outside Castille ; also that being at Veas of Andalucia she was already in the province of Vargas and owed obedience to him. As Vargas's vicar, Gracian ordered Teresa to Seville, there to found a convent, as was desired by the Archbishop and by many others.

And Teresa obeyed. She had heard her Lord's voice bidding her go to Madrid ; but she obeyed Gracian. He was surprised himself, and asked her, Why ?

" Because," she answered him, " I may be deceived as to a revelation, but I can never be wrong in Obedience."

Perhaps she was right. I do not feel sure. In the years of trouble and anxiety which followed, some have thought she was punished. But such an idea never seems to have crossed her own mind. She was led by the Lord ; how could she have made a false step ?

In decision of character lay one of Teresa's claims to greatness. Not in any of her writings, not in her familiar letters, will you find that, " Why did I do this ? " " If I had but done that ! " " If only I might live that year over again ! " which is the wail of the fretful and the weak.

Gracian went on to Madrid, where he accomplished his business satisfactorily. His authority was confirmed, and even increased by jurisdiction given him also over the Discalced in Castille.

Teresa and six nuns, Julian de Avila, Antonio Gaitan, and one Discalced friar, set out for Seville, just before Pentecost (*Pascua del Espiritu Santo*). It was summer, and they travelled in their stifling covered carts. " I tell you, my daughters," writes Teresa, in the Book of the Foundations, " the heat was such that it seemed as if the whole sun was streaming into our vehicles, and entering them was like stepping into Purgatory. Still the sisters went along with great cheerfulness, thinking they were bearing something for God, and reflecting that hell would be even hotter."

Teresa herself fell into a fever, and became delirious, so they had to pause at an inn.

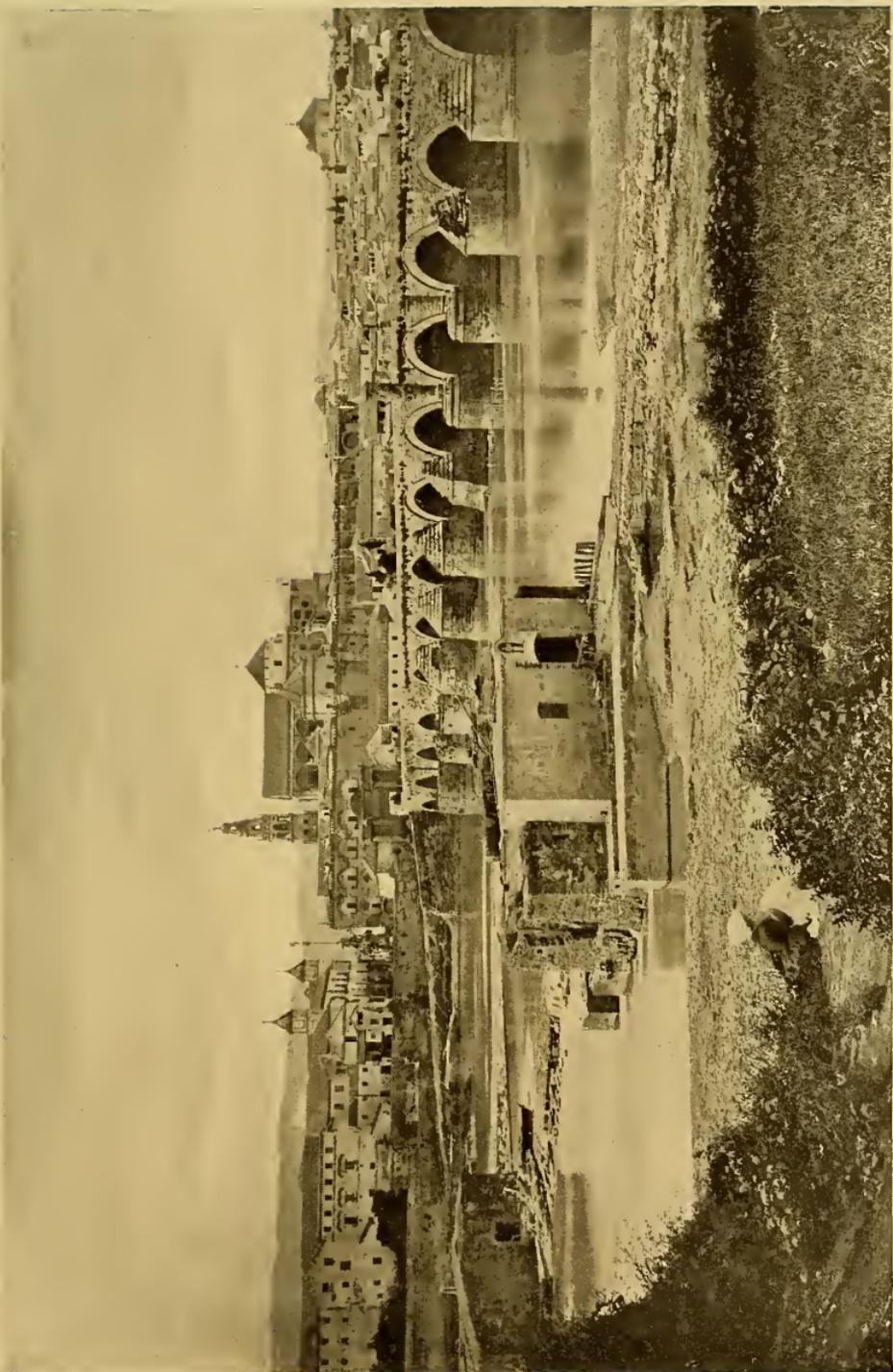
" We were given only a garret in the roof which had no window, and when we opened the door in streamed the sun, not like the sun of Castille, but much more importunate. They put me in a bed ; but I really wished they had thrown me on the floor ; for what stuffing there was in that bed seemed of sharp stones, and some parts were so high and some so low that I did not know how to dispose myself on it. At last I thought I had better get up and go

out ; for the sun in the fields could be nothing to the sun in that room, and to pass from one suffering, even to another, is some relief. (Ah ! those poor folk in hell who can make no change ! ”)

A little later, crossing the Guadalquivir by a ferry, the ladies were all nearly drowned. The boat was getting washed downstream, the priest, the friar, and Antonio Gaitan pulled manfully at the rope. It broke, all the men fell down, and away went the boat with the seven nuns and one boatman. On the shore stood the boatman's little son in an agony about his father, and Teresa was more affected by the weeping child and the toiling agonizing boatman than by the actual danger. Happily the boat stuck on a sand-bank and the nuns were able to get out unhurt. Minor disasters are described by Padre Julian. How the heat was such that all the food went bad on the second day of the journey ; how at the inns water was so scarce that a cupful cost more than a stoup of wine ; how Gregory the friar was laughed at by brawlers who presently fell a-fighting—a sorry spectacle for the nuns, sitting there in their carts outside because this particular *venta* was too dirty for them to enter it.

At last, at early morn of Whitsun Eve, they arrived at Cordova, hurrying much to get through the town and hear Mass at a church on the other side of the river before folk were about. But when they tried to cross the bridge they heard they must have a permit from the *corregidor*. Padre Julian trudged off to get it, and, poor soul ! was not back for two hours. By this time people were up, and he found a crowd round the carts trying to see the nuns. He waved the *corregidor*'s permit, the gates were thrown open ; and behold ! the carts were too wide to pass through, so a carpenter had to be fetched to saw bits off them.

When after a long time they got to the church, they found it quite full of people keeping high festival and



MOORISH BRIDGE AT CORDOVA

listening to a sermon. The Mother wanted to go on with the journey; but Padre Julian was determined to have Mass, and "as he was a theologian," says Teresa, "we had to obey."

The nuns walked into the church, their veils covering their faces; conspicuous, however, with their white capes and their *alpargatas*. The excitement of the people was as great as if they saw bulls coming in for a bull fight. The nuns were hustled; and so great was Teresa's agitation that it quite cured her of her fever. A man helped the party into a side chapel and Julian began his Mass without waiting for leave from the priest of the church. This personage presently appeared, much scandalized and offended. He obtruded himself on the ceremony, and the moment it was over burst into noisy reproof. The man who had helped them into the chapel now protected them as they left the church ("a kindness for which God rewarded him a few days later, when he unexpectedly came into a fortune"). They escaped from the crowd and took refuge in some empty pig-styes under the bridge, where they rested till the town was quieter and they could resume their journey. The holy Mother put life into them all with her wise and witty talk, sometimes moving them to laughter, sometimes improvising rhymes, sometimes saying words of great pith and moment. None of them ever forgot that morning in Cordova.

But their church was not that great former mosque with its thousand aisles in which they could surely have found a secluded corner. Nuns do not go sight-seeing, and there is nothing in Teresa's description to make us suppose she took the faintest interest in that giant monument of a fallen race.

She did not like Andalucia at all; its climate, its people, manners, or customs. The whole year she was there she counted the days till she might return to her dear Castille; to her grey and wind-swept home—walled Avila.

CHAPTER IV

THE FOUNDATION AT SEVILLE

SEVILLE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY—RETURN OF LORENZO DE
CEPEDA—PERSECUTIONS AND SLANDERS—THE PORTRAITS

AT this time Seville was at the height of her glory, the busiest, the richest, the most fashionable town in Spain. The old saw of the *Conquistadores* was quoted in many senses :—*A quien Dios quiso bien, en Sevilla le dió á comer*” (Whom God loved, to him He granted to eat in Seville).

Seville had been conquered and largely rebuilt by the Moors, whose houses are still in use. Pleasant and beautiful houses they are (as I write I am sitting in one), seldom more than two storeys high, with rambling passages and large rooms. Some of these are shaded for summer, some sun-warmed and raised above the ground for winter ; all are built round one or more open-air courts rich with greenery, musical with plashing fountains. Through gates of open ironwork, the cool refreshment of these “*patios*” can be partly seen from the street. Otherwise the exterior of the houses is to this day very plain. In early times it was almost prison-like, and the chroniclers mention as a great advance, that in the fifteenth century men began to attend to the front as well as to the back of their habitations, whitewashing them, and piercing them with windows. The network-lanes among these houses are still so narrow that one cart cannot pass another, and the foot passenger is imperilled by the panniers of

every donkey. Winding, monotonous in aspect, ill-paved and often miry, the lanes are shady even at noon ; and how beautiful they are at sunset time ! the light just catching the tops of the houses, which shine with pink and gold and translucent white, though the footway below is already in deep shadow, the chaffering, gossiping crowd doing its marketing by streaming torchlight.

Seville was taken by the King San Fernando in 1248. His uncorrupted body lies in the Cathedral, and is exhibited once a year, soldiers saluting the dead hero with their colours as they march past. The Moors were given a month in which to vacate ; then the Spaniards found themselves in a large and pleasant town, with well-built walls, fifteen gates, a navigable river and every convenience for commerce and daily life. The years and the centuries rolled on ; the town flourished ; by the sixteenth century it had become imposing.

“ Many nobles of high renown settled in Seville : in the streets were an infinite number of ladies, no less modest than charming, and most chaste duennas. Nowhere were there so many coaches, carriages, litters, nor such fine horsemanship. The religious of all sorts abounded, no less than captains, admirals, generals. People moved in from the country on almost each day of the year, and many arrived also by water.”

The stately Cathedral had gradually risen to perfection on the site of the principal mosque—demolished with the exception of its beautiful tower, whose muezzin had been replaced by baptized bells and the figure of Santa Fe. Another legacy from the Moors was the excellent supply of fresh water brought in aqueducts from Carmona. The churches, the monasteries, the great houses all had their fountains ; and at least five public fountains brought water within reach of all. There

were two great bathing establishments, open by day for women, for men by night. "With hot water and cold, and with a cleansing unguent, the ladies did clean their bodies continually without any one feeling surprise ; indeed they went to the baths quite openly ; for it had been the custom in Seville from times immemorial."

Ah ! those ladies of Seville ! Their fame went to all parts of the kingdom. They were so clean, so fresh, so fond of exquisite scents ! They despised wool and went clad in silk with much embroidery and lace, and fringes and gimps, all of rainbow hues, brilliant and beautiful. Their skirts were very full, they walked very upright with small slow steps ; and they had a pretty fashion of covering the face with the silken shawls and looking forth with only one bright eye. And they trod the streets (with the chaste duennas) and showed themselves off ; they sat also at the new windows in the outside walls, and talked through iron bars to their lovers : as is still the custom. And the good old-fashioned folk said they neglected their household duties, lived for dress, and had neither manners nor modesty left.

A wonder to all strangers was the richness of the shops in Seville, especially the Alcayceria where they sold gold and precious stones, and enamels, and brocades, and all other richesses ; and there were silversmiths and sculptors and chasers and carvers, each trade having its own Alcalde who locked up all the treasure every night. And there was the Alhóndiga where all provision for bread was stored, where were the ovens and the grinding stones ; and the Alhóndiga had its own jurisdiction with its prison and instruments of torture, likewise its own chapel with altar and *retablo*. And at the meat market of San Isidro were forty-eight tables for weighing the meat, and a spacious *patio* with marble pillars, and it also had its

chapel, and a loud bell for the summoning of all the butchers to hear Mass.

Seville provided oil for the whole kingdom and for the Indies ; the immense quantities which passed through the custom-house is set forth by the figures of the Alcabala (tax). The white soap of Seville was famous and went to all parts of the world ; all made in two houses, and a monopoly of the Dukes of Alcalá. But the salt mines had been a gift to the city by Doña Guiomar Manuel who greatly loved the poor ; and the salt was dispensed to the people three times a week. And on the *grados*, the famed platform steps of the Cathedral was always great buying and selling of wares many and diverse ; where likewise did thieves abound, and rogues both male and female (as may be read in the tale of Rinconete by one Miguel de Cervantes). Slaves too were bought and sold at Seville and in the rich houses were many of them and of great worth to their owners, (as Master Lope de Vega hath set forth in his plays). And gunpowder was made in the suburb of Triana ; but after an explosion which slew two hundred persons and more, it was commanded that the manufactory be removed beyond the houses. And nowhere was more care paid to the breeding and training of generous horses ; and a fair for all beasts one may ride was held thrice a week in the Plaza de Santa Catalina.

The cause of all this wealth and stir in the town of Seville in the sixteenth century was that this was the port for the Indies of the West. No one could go to or from America without enregistering himself there, and passing his goods through the Casa de Contratacion, which stood by the Arenal harbour. It had its president, treasurer, officers, gaoler, and prison ; a chief pilot also, two cosmographers, examiners of ships, lecturers on

astrology and other sciences pertaining to navigation. It was a sight to see the treasures and wonders which were brought from the Indies, and particularly the carts drawn by oxen for the transport of the gold. And missionaries in great numbers did come and go whose business was the carrying of the Catholic religion beyond the seas. And of foreigners was always great plenty in Seville, Italians, Frenchmen, Flemings, trying to get hold of some of the wealth and thus console themselves for not having been the discoverers of the New World.

The city was governed by a *Cabildo* (Chapter) consisting of the *Asistente* or king's officer, and twenty-four *regidores* (counsellors). Both the Civil and the Ecclesiastical Chapters were famed for their munificence. "They had their hands open to spend the treasure upon rich and poor, arts and letters; so that wealth flowed everywhere like the waves of a river."

The rich citizens, however, including the religious houses, were accused of oppressing the poor; and the evils inevitable in a time of rapidly made wealth, were rife. The judges were open to bribes, and the lesser functionaries followed suit. Teresa in one of her letters complains bitterly of the sharp practice she met with in the business relating to the purchase of a house.

At the close of the sixteenth century most of the great buildings were much as we see them now. Many of the streets bore their present names and had their present aspect. Where is now the Triana bridge was a bridge of boats, and the larger vessels did not ascend beyond it. Crowds of little boats gay with the splash of oars and the thrumming of guitars under coloured awnings, contrasted with the ponderous galleons which brought the treasure to the bustle of the Arenal.

When Philip visited the city in 1570, he passed—following the steps of San Fernando—along the Calle de las Armas, the street in which Teresa spent nearly the whole of her year in Seville; the Sierpes, the Plaza San Francisco with its palm trees, the Calle Genova to the *grados* of the Cathedral—all familiar to us still, though Las Armas has changed its name.

Most of the churches were as they are, many of the monasteries and convents. All the early writers mention the Cartuja (now a pottery factory) founded in 1400 and dedicated to Nuestra Señora de las Cuevas. Here in Teresa's time was an excellent prior, from Avila like herself, for long her only friend in Seville. The monastery was so delightfully situated and so pleasant in every way that the religious lived "in an anteroom of Paradise." In this retreat was a monk who for trying to run away was confined in the monastery prison. While there an express from the king made him a Bishop. He left the prison for his see, enjoyed his honours and his wealth for a short time, then returned to Las Cuevas, and died a humble monk. In Andalucia in the sixteenth century there was romance even in the monasteries. Jeronimo Gracian de la Madre de Dios had abundant experience of it.

Arrived at Seville after that wonderful journey, Teresa and her nuns descended at the little house in Las Armas which Mariano had rented for them. He had provided no furniture beyond beds and plates, which articles being only lent were on the morrow carried off by their owner. Mariano also supplied them with bread, and there were a few herbs in their garden; luckily, as no one came to visit them, and the only lady who thought of sending alms dispatched them by a *beata* who left them at the wrong house. The nuns were near starving, till Padre Pantoja, the prior of

Las Cuevas, found them out, and took them under his patronage.

Teresa had come to Seville expecting welcome from the Archbishop, who had shown himself a warm friend of the Discalced friars. But she learned on arriving that there had been no clear understanding with His Grace about the convent, and now he declared himself absolutely opposed to the Foundation unless with the guarantee of a fixed and substantial income. Teresa was thunderstruck. She had never imagined need for an income in a rich place like Seville; at the present moment she had no money nor prospect of any. However, with her usual gaiety she declared it was a mercy the Archbishop had not heard of their poverty till they had come, or he would certainly have forbidden their coming at all. Now he would have to put up with them!

After a week or two he did allow them to have their first Mass, so that they considered their convent founded. They called it San José del Carmen, and began to say their Offices. But the permission had been extremely grudging. The Blessed Sacrament was not to be reserved, and the convent must on no account ring a bell.

Presently the *Padres del Paño* (the Observants) demanded to know by whose authority this busybody, Teresa de Jesus, had come to Seville, and obtruded another convent on the unwilling city. With some trepidation, Teresa showed her patents from Rubeo, the General. The Padres went away apparently satisfied; but probably they were only disguising their enmity, for they knew of the Archbishop's displeasure and must have observed that the patents referred only to Castille.

Fortunately after awhile Don Cristóbal, the Archbishop, an excellent prelate, efficient and beloved both in his present diocese and in his former one of Cordova,

took into his head to go and see the new convent. The result was a foregone conclusion. Teresa was used to managing Bishops, and from what she had heard of Don Cristóbal, knew that at bottom he and she must be in sympathy. She was right. The Archbishop was struck at once by her simple goodness and her splendid ability. He left the house her protector and devoted friend. He told her to do whatever she liked. And she was to look for a permanent house; as soon as she had one with a proper church, the convent should have the Blessed Sacrament. Now all seemed plain sailing and the Padres del Paño were powerless. The only trouble was penury. But at last some novices—long conspicuous by their absence—did present themselves, amongst others a widow who brought 2700 ducats in money and jewels, so there was no longer fear of starvation.

The house, however, was hard to find. As a matter of fact, the nuns did not get into it for a year, when they were inducted by the Archbishop himself with all the pomp and publicity of a great procession. The streets were decorated, there was a great crowd of spectators; the Cathedral Chapter all marched in their robes, attended by the little *seises*,¹ the acolytes, and servers, the confraternities and penitents carrying candles and banners, as may be seen in any great procession at this day. And when Teresa, the foundress, the great woman whom some people were already considering a saint, knelt to the Archbishop and asked his blessing, lo! he who had frowned now fell on his knees before *her* and bade her on the contrary to bless *him*!

But of course the devil was indignant and made a great attempt to upset the grandeur and the solemnity. He caused some gunpowder to explode and nearly set the new house

¹ The six (now ten) youngest choir-boys.

on fire, for great flames were rushing up the wall and terrifying the crowd. No one was hurt ; and oh, wonderful ! the damasks of the decorations were not even scorched !

“ For which,” says Teresa, “ the nuns praised the Lord, having no money wherewithal to buy new ones.”

“ And so,” exclaims the old chronicler, “ the city at last recognized its felicity in having this treasure within its walls ! ”

“ And,” adds Teresa, “ here were the poor Descalzas honoured by all, even in Seville ! ”

In the course of this year, Teresa had experienced a great personal pleasure. It tested her shrewdly in the counsel of perfection, which says, “ Give up your family and your kin.”

Seville was the port in which arrived all those who had made their fortunes in the New World, and now wished to die at home. Among these came Lorenzo and Pedro de Cepeda, Teresa's brothers, who thirty years before had wandered off to the El Dorado of dreams come true.

Lorenzo had prospered ; he had been a great man in South America, treasurer of the province of Quito in Peru. His wife had died, but he had children to educate, and he was rich. Six years ago he had written to say he was coming, and Teresa had answered him that Toledo had a pleasant climate, but at dear Avila there was more Christianity, and the Jesuit College would be a good school for his boys.

Evidently a journey from Peru took a long while to arrange. It was not till 1576 that the travellers arrived, Lorenzo and his four children,—the youngest a girl of eight, named after her aunt,—and Pedro the brother ; but not Jeronimo who died at Panama on the journey, nor two others, Augustin and Fernando who had stayed on in Peru.

These men must have seemed almost strangers to Teresa after the long years and the life so unlike her own; still making no attempt to disguise her joy, she took up the old sisterly affection without embarrassment. Pedro proved rather a tiresome person; but Lorenzo—oh! Lorenzo was everything one could wish! Lorenzo, who in the world had played his part well and upheld the honour of Spain, and who now had come home intent on serving God and saving the souls of his children. Probably he was surprised to find what a great and important woman his sister had become. Very soon he put himself under her spiritual direction, and we have many letters she wrote him of advice and criticism.

The letters were later of course; for the present Lorenzo showed his confidence in his sister by at once placing his little girl, Teresita, in her care.

“She seems the very elf of the house!” writes the delighted aunt to one of her distant prioresses; “the sisters are all enchanted by her. She is the sweetest little angel; and at recreation time she tells us stories of the Indians and the sea.”

A pretty picture; the careworn hungry nuns who lived more in heaven than on earth, clustered round the little travelled child,—bright and gay, and a little self-confident, like all Spanish children,—listening to tales of a world that to them must have seemed verily a city of mirage.

It was suggested that Teresita should be made a nun at once. But no, the Council of Trent had forbidden such precocity. She must wait till she was twelve. Teresita did wait; but she never went out into the world again; and at San Josef of Avila was a professed nun before her aunt's death. One wonders how much she remembered of Peru. She grew up a gentle quiet creature, sweet and gracious, not so clever as some of her cousins. Perhaps

when she was attaining womanhood in that silent, strenuous, often painful life of the cloister, where she never achieved ecstasies and the wild joys of touching things mysterious, awe-inspiring, supernatural, perhaps she sometimes looked back to a dim past—to a ship—a broad, rolling sea—a strange sunlit land, with birds, trees, flowers, all so unlike grey Avila—where gold was a common thing, and there were strange men with dark skins and plaintive eyes;—where her father was a kind of king and she a baby princess in a fairy palace. And perhaps she sighed; and wondered why she had been shut up at eight years old; and never allowed to step out into the sunshine and carve her own fortunes.

I fear I am reading myself into Teresita! But truly there is one disadvantage in great people like her aunt. Without meaning it, without knowing it, acting with the best intentions and indeed doing well, they crush the weaker ones! They take away their wills, and press them into lives which to them cannot be joy, because they lack the inspiration, the genius, the courage, which made the same lives unfaltering happiness to the greater souled ones, their predecessors and superiors.

Lorenzo at once identified his interests with Teresa's. She was house-hunting; he threw himself enthusiastically into the business. Helped by Garci Alvarez, a priest who had befriended the nuns since their arrival, he found an admirable house in the street called Pajeria, and lent the money for its purchase. There were many difficulties with inmates, owners, and neighbours; and there was a long price to pay. But Lorenzo was rich and was used to overcoming obstacles. True, in the course of the negotiation he had to flee into Sanctuary, having been threatened with imprisonment; for there was a blunder in the deed of sale, and though it was to the advantage of the vendor,

the purchaser was answerable to the law. However, by handing out more money he escaped punishment ; then himself engaged workmen for the repairs, paid them out of his capacious purse, and supported the nuns for a whole month between the time of their taking possession and the day of the Archbishop's procession and formal opening. This was in June 1576. Two days later, having made Maria de San José prioress, Teresa left Seville for her return to Castille, travelling for once in some comfort with her brother and his family.

The year had not passed without worse troubles than scarcity of food and delay in finding a house.

The dispute in the Carmelite Order was still going on, bitterness on each side daily increasing. The Observant party were the richer and the more powerful. They were able to send envoys to Rome ; to state, it would seem to overstate, their case. Gregory XIII and Rossi, the Carmelite general, were drawn to their side. The General Chapter held at Piacenza, in May 1575 before Teresa had arrived in Seville, passed decrees openly aimed at the reformers. The latter were described as refractory persons, who had founded or accepted monasteries against the will of their superiors, and had stepped out of Castille into Andalusia. Censures and punishments were commanded ; immediate return of the refractory to their proper houses ; most alarming of all, Fray Jeronimo Tostado, a Portuguese well known as implacable, was appointed Vicar-General with plenary powers over the whole Order in Spain, and directions to crush the Reform by guile if possible, by force if necessary. The expedient suggested was the scattering of Discalced friars in Observant houses, and the appointment of Observant priors in all monasteries of the reform. Teresa was made the object of a special decree. She was to found no more convents anywhere, to leave Veas

at once; to select some one convent in Castille, go to it, *and stay there.*

Angel de Salazar, worthy man, when he received this Order could not bring himself to inform Teresa of it at once. He knew it would pain her; as it did, though she writes of it with studied moderation.

“Perhaps,” she says, “the Lord wished me to have some rest. I long to end my life in quiet, and once I prayed the General to relieve me of this work of founding convents. But I am distressed that our Father General should be displeased with me, truly, I think without cause, unless upon false report by impassioned persons. And this order that I must remain in one house, which they mean to be a sort of prison, has been framed, as Fray Angel very well knows, entirely to give me grief.”

Teresa wrote to Rossi explaining how it was she had gone to Andalucia, but he had now committed himself to the party of her enemies and her letter had little effect.

In Spain, however, the King's favour and that of Hormaneto the Nuncio were giving the reformers temporary success. Gracian, head of the Discalced in Castille and of the whole Order in Andalucia, had begun his visitations. He was conciliatory by nature; and Teresa his monitress strongly advised moderation. Had the more vehement friars had the authority they would probably have brought catastrophe in a week. As it was, Mariano and old Antonio de Jesus declared the time for open war had arrived, and pushed their young superior into more violent action than his own judgment approved.

The day came for Gracian's first visit to the Observants of the large monastery at Seville. Supported by Antonio and Baltazar de Jesus, he read his patents to the assembled friars. They demanded copies of the patents in case they wished to appeal against them. The copies were refused.

Only one friar acknowledged Gracian's authority, Fray Juan Evangelista, who was at once made prior of the monastery, the rebellious prior being deposed. A great storm burst forth, and report reached Teresa that Gracian was murdered. Mariano, however, appealed to the Asistente and to the Archbishop, who arrived in person to quell the tumult. The Observants saw that resistance was for the moment hopeless; all through Andalusia they submitted at least ostensibly; and reforms, not entirely unsuccessful, were introduced. But ambassadors were sent to Rome to appeal against the Nuncio and this upstart Vicar Apostolic.

It was all very distressing to Teresa, who wrote again to Rossi, stating her views and defending Gracian.

"He did not wish for this post, nor did his brother, the King's secretary, approve it for him. I am not surprised that the Order is weary of so many visits and changes. I should have liked all done with less rancour. But I do pray your lordship to let bygones be bygones; and write favourably to Gracian, your son, even if in some points he has been misguided. There is no one else with the ability for this task; and your lordship is happy in having such a son; and should be glad also to acknowledge the reform as your work also. I think perhaps that you, being so far away, do not see how things stand so clearly as I; and though women be poor counsellors yet there are times when they hit the truth."

And she adds that in obedience to the Decree of Reclusion, she is leaving Seville the moment the weather will permit; nor is she sorry, for "she does not get on at all well with the people of Andalusia." Wily Teresa! Gracian, her immediate superior (whom she had vowed to obey), had refused to let her go north till the winter was over, saying it could not be the General's intention to give her cold.

And everybody knows that at Avila the winter is not over till after St. John's Day, which in other places is Midsummer!

Before St. John's Day, another trouble befell Teresa and her nuns, which was even more distressing than the warfare in the Order.

Among the novices received at the new convent (not yet moved from the street called Las Armas) was a *beata* who had come with such glowing testimonials from excellent and important people, that Teresa said smilingly, she quite expected the new sister to be a worker of miracles. She turned out a flighty and melancholy creature, altogether unsuited to convent life. She rebelled against the customary discipline, and made complaints to her confessor who was a stranger to the house; (Teresa, we remember, allowed her nuns complete freedom in the choice of their confessors). After a few months she left the convent or was sent away; then she and the confessor allowed her complaints to become public property. Maria de San José, in her statement, says the accusations were puerile; the nuns received the Communion unveiled; they confessed to each other; they were flogged and so forth.

"Would to God," says Teresa, writing to Maria Bautista, "would to God she had accused us of nothing worse than flogging!"

For it got about that there was heresy in the convent, the heresy of the *Alumbrados* who claimed sinlessness, and allowed themselves much moral laxity. The virtue not only of the younger nuns but of Teresa herself was impugned. Teresa was now sixty-one and of known sanctity; scandals about her cannot have obtained much credit. But she was cut to the heart that her daughters should be accused of flagrant sins, when her whole aim had been the purifying and ennobling not only of convent life, but

of convent souls. She thought little sins great in those aspiring to perfection ; great sins she knew nothing about, they were not even to be named among saints. And now, here were her enemies, and the people she had come to save, accusing her and her daughters of sins against common chastity !

One day Gracian—we have the account in the vivid words of the old chronicler—coming to visit the convent, found the whole street full of horses and mules and serving-men, belonging as he recognized at once to the officers of the Inquisition. And among them stood that *clerigo* who with the *beata*, his penitent, had spread the false reports, and now had laid them before the Holy Office. The *clerigo* was pale, partly with joy, partly with fear ; and a great multitude had assembled expecting every moment to see the Mother and all the nuns carried off to prison. Gracian, much agitated, forced an entrance and got speech with Teresa.

Alas ! the Inquisition, approved by all, was yet dreaded by all ; and this was the second time Teresa had been attacked ; for had not the Book of her Life been sent up for narrowly avoided condemnation ? Gracian was greatly alarmed. Not so Teresa, the *gran mujer*, the woman of courage and of faith. She was cheerful ; she was even merry. She know her innocence and the innocence of her children. She positively *liked* persecutions and troubles !

“ The Lord,” she said, “ would justify His servants.”

However the officers searched and examined, and questioned and cross-questioned. They found nothing even suspicious. They left the house, loud in its praise. The nuns ? Why, they were angels ! Teresa ? Never was woman like her ! They were shocked at their own intrusion. And they caught the pale priest who had sent for them, and scolded and rated him, till he expected

to be sent to the stake himself as a liar, a blasphemer, and a heretic.

After this the slanders ceased, at least for the present, and the virtue and the holiness of the Mother and her spiritual daughters became by this very trial better known and esteemed.

But Teresa had to confess that since the foundation of San José in Avila she never had suffered as she suffered in Seville; and that not only by the mischiefs of men, but because the Lord Himself seemed to be hidden. She was passing through a time of spiritual depression. Her mind was distracted by anxieties, perhaps also by the irrelevance of outside interests. She prayed, she used the means of grace, but she walked in darkness, and there was no "open vision." She was discouraged; she feared her work was done and she was growing old.

No doubt this despondency was partly physical; she recovered her buoyancy when she was back in the sharp breezes of Castille. But Yepes gives another explanation—

"She was to learn that power is of the Lord; and that her usual fortitude was not her own, but was the inspiration of God."

Gracian, intimately acquainted with Mariano, could not escape knowing also Juan de la Miseria. And Juan, though a simple person, had his one talent. He was fond of painting, and—for an amateur—he painted well. In Seville, Gracian ordered him to paint a portrait of the great Mother Teresa de Jesus. Juan was flattered and delighted. Teresa with difficulty was persuaded to sit. The portrait was painted.

And at this day three portraits exist, all remarkably like each other, each of which professes to be the original portrait of Teresa, painted for Gracian by Juan de la Miseria.



SAINT TERESA
FROM THE PAINTING AT AVILA

One—the best of them—is in the convent of San José at Seville. We know the portrait was painted at Seville and there is no record of its ever having been taken away. But the question is, could Juan de la Miseria have painted so well? Not indeed that it can be called a *very* good portrait in any respect; but it has a certain professional air that does not somehow suggest simple, self-taught Brother John, who I feel sure made a horrible daub.

The second portrait is at Avila, now in the Ayuntamiento, but before the sequestration in the possession of the friars. No one knows how the friars got hold of it, and I strongly suspect that some one has touched up the background of the picture and added the Dove and the legend. But Monsieur Hye-Hoys, the Belgian artist whose opinion carries weight and who published in 1884 his interesting book called “L’Espagne Thérésienne,” believes this Avila picture to be the original; and I confess its very badness, its square stolidity, and total lack of expression, are very much what one would look for in the work of Brother John of Misery.

The third portrait is at Valladolid in the convent, and is neither so good nor so bad as its rivals at Seville and Avila. Moreover it is said to have on the canvas a second and scarce visible signature of the name Juan de la Miseria, less suspicious in appearance than the obvious signature, which appears also (I believe) on the other pictures. But this time the objection comes from Teresa herself. At the time she was painted she was sixty-one; in the Valladolid picture she looks forty-five. Ribera says she did not look her age, and perhaps she did not, in reality. But in her portrait she did look her age or rather more (a falsification very apt to occur when amateurs paint portraits); for the remark she made upon it herself was this—

“ Dios se lo pague, Fray Juan, que despues de lo mucho que me has hecho sufrir, me ha sacado muy fea y vieja.”

“ God forgive you, Brother John, that after all you have made me go through ” (presumably in sitting) “ you have after all brought me out very old and ugly.”

CHAPTER V

WEATHERING THE STORM

DIVISION OF THE CARMELITE ORDER—SECLUSION AT TOLEDO—
FOUNDATION AT VILLANUEVA—DOÑA CATALINA DE CARDONA

TERESA left Seville 4th June 1576, a good long time after she had received the order to return to Castille.

First the weather detained her, then her health; we may be allowed to think her sufficiently rebellious not to leave Seville till her work there was done. At last, however, she reached Malagon; then paid a short visit to Avila; finally settled down obediently at Toledo. From this out she had Ana de San Bartolomé, at this time a lay-sister, as her constant companion and secretary, to qualify herself for which latter post the dauntless Ana learned to write, as well as to read.

The history of the next four years is chiefly the history of the continued struggle of the reform; its best commentary is in Teresa's letters to the friars who were in the thick of the fight, or to certain of the nuns anxious to learn what was going on. It is all old history now, and we may be excused from going into it too minutely. To Teresa and her followers and friends, it was a time of heart-eating anxiety and apprehension. When the end came and the Discalced were given their independence, and their province separate from the Observants, Teresa was able to cry, "Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace"; a prayer answered for her two years later at Alba de Tormes.

Let us take a brief survey of the war.

In May 1576 Angel de Salazar, the Spanish Provincial of the not yet divided Order, convened a Chapter at San Pablo de la Moraleja. The majority of those summoned were Observants, but some of the more prominent of the Discalced were invited also. Two of these on their way visited Hormaneto, the Nuncio ; he advised them to consent to no changes, certainly to none which would impair the authority of Gracian. The reformers arrived at the scene of the Conference to find business already in progress, and certain resolutions much to their detriment already passed. The Calced and the Discalced were to be mixed together in the monasteries ; the reformers were to put on shoes and generally to give up their distinctive garb, etc. etc. In the name of the reformers the Prior of Mancera declared they would obey the commands of no one but Gracian the Apostolical Commissioner, of Hormaneto the Nuncio, and of Philip the King. This caused a tumult in the assembly, and the reformers came away, shaking the dust from their feet, and sent a report of the proceedings to the Nuncio.

In August an Opposition Chapter was convened by Gracian at Almodóvar. Amongst those present were Antonio de Jesus, Juan de la Cruz, and Nicolas Doria de Jesus Maria ; the latter conspicuous though not yet professed, and later Gracian's rival and enemy. Gracian made a speech to the assembled friars, speaking of the contradictions they suffered, not from foes but from friends and fathers, not from sinners but from righteous and well-intentioned men ; he alluded to the mission of Tostado as a measure of scarce disguised hostility, in opposition to which the reformers had the right to organize themselves.

This pronouncement was approved, Juan de la Cruz being the only dissentient ; and the Fathers proceeded

to elect officers call Definitors, and to rule that in the event of any mischance happening to Gracian, Antonio de Jesus should succeed to his office.

Meantime the decrees of the Observant Chapter at San Pablo had been quashed by the king, and Gracian was ordered in future to address himself to Covarrubias, the President of the Royal Council, and to Quiroga the Inquisitor General. Tostado had arrived, and at once began war on Gracian. The king intervened in his favour, Tostado was defeated and took himself off to Portugal, his native country, in disgust.

Elated by this unlooked-for triumph, the reformers appointed envoys to go to Rome and plead their cause with the Pope, Gregory XIII. Teresa thought this an excellent move, and constantly urged dispatch. Alas! dispatch is not congenial to Spaniards; the envoys loitered till too late to effect anything, and one of them was ensnared by the enemy, abandoned the cause he represented, and came home to join the Mitigation.

June 1577 saw the death of Hormaneto. This was a great blow for the reformers; his successor Segá, an Italian bishop, related to the Pope, learned and influential, arrived in August, strongly prejudiced in favour of the Observants. Gracian now tried to resign his office; but Covarrubias and Quiroga objected, telling him he had no more spirit than a fly, and the king refused to accept his abdication.

Gracian's friends were the more vehement in his support that his enemies had again been spreading infamous scandals about the young superior and the nuns of San José in Seville. Indeed the acting Provincial went so far as to depose Maria de San José from her office as prioress. Teresa herself wrote to Philip as to this matter; the charges were gone into publicly, and in less than a month

were completely disproved, the principal witnesses against Gracian solemnly retracting their statements before the Civil Magistrates and in presence of the Blessed Sacrament. Maria de San José was presently reinstated.

Now died Diego de Covarrubias, Bishop of Segovia and President of the Royal Council. He admired Teresa immensely and had always been friendly to the reform, so his death was another blow. Tostado took heart, returned to Madrid, and began a lawsuit against Gracian. In December, the Courts gave judgment against the Portuguese; he was again huffed and despairing, and again retired to his native country. Of all the captains in this religious war, the terrible Tostado seems from first to last to have been the least efficient.

Sega, the new Nuncio, now began to move. He sent for Gracian, and required him to show his faculties given him by Hormaneto, and to publish a report of his visitations. Quiroga, Inquisitor General, and now Archbishop of Toledo and Primate of all Spain, supported Gracian in his refusal to comply. In July 1578 Sega sent out a brief formally deposing him. Gracian's supporters now declared that as Sega had not shown his faculties from the Pope, he had no authority to send out the brief.

Sega thought Teresa was at the bottom of Gracian's rebellion, and pronounced her a restless and troublesome woman (*femina inquieta y andariega*), contumacious, unwilling to be taught, and disobedient to the apostolic injunction that women were not to usurp authority over the men. The Book of her Life was again denounced to the Inquisition, calumnies were revived about her and her daughters at Seville; finally it was proposed that she should be deported to the West Indies as there was no escaping her in Spain.

But it is always darkest just before dawn, and in



DIEGO DE COVARRUBIAS, BISHOP OF SEGOVIA

FROM A PORTRAIT BY EL GRECO

1579 the first streaks of light were appearing in the sky.

Sega received a visit from the Prior of Mancera, Fray Juan de Jesus Roca ; and after some discussion had to admit that his horror of the reform was founded on prejudice and ignorance. But before he could make his change of view public two very irritating events postponed his complete conversion.

First, the Royal Council proclaimed all his edicts null and void, and reinstated Gracian in his office. Secondly, the reformers (in spite of strong remonstrance from Teresa) assembled themselves a second time at Almodóvar, announced their secession from the province, elected Antonio de Jesus as their own Provincial, and imprisoned Juan de Jesus Roca, one of themselves who ventured to remonstrate.

Sega's response to this presumption was to imprison the leaders of the revolution. Gracian he put in the Observant monastery at Madrid, Antonio with the Franciscans, Mariano with the Dominicans. In October, a brief was issued subjecting the Discalced everywhere to the Calced.

It was on hearing of this—the misfortune which of all others she had dreaded—that Teresa's courage for once gave way and she burst into tears. That was terrible ! To see Teresa weep, Teresa whose buoyancy, whose hopefulness, whose unfailing sense of humour, had been the life of her party ! She was frightened herself, for it was not like her to break down. But Ana de San Bartolomé, good simple soul, said it was clear the Mother wanted something to eat, and dragged her off to the refectory. And there they both, Teresa and her loving disciple, saw the Lord Jesus standing at the board, and breaking the bread for His servants.

Teresa's courage returned. She received despairing letters from Mariano and from Gracian who had submitted himself, resigned his office, and delivered up his patents; but she was as "one who sees land from the masthead." She commanded prayers and fasts; letters also to be written to persons of importance. She herself sat down and wrote again to the king. Perhaps she guessed that the worst was over; that though the enemy had apparently triumphed, it was not for long. The public, that sixteenth-century Spanish public so keenly interested in religious disputes, was on the side of the reformers. Friends were starting up everywhere, many of them influential; such as the Conde de Tendilla, a Mendoza, and Captain of the City of Granada, who came forward openly and with insistence. And Monsignor Segá, for all his apparent hostility, was now secretly making intercession for his rebels with the Pope.

Early in 1579 Segá agreed to the appointment of a Commission to confer with him for the settlement of the whole question. "Men of weight and learning" were appointed to sit on this Commission. They included Luis de Manrique, the king's chaplain, and two Dominicans, one of them that Pedro Fernandez who had been Apostolical Visitor in Castille. And till they should have concluded their sittings and arrived at some decision, a Vicar-General was appointed with plenary powers to rule over the Discalced. This office was given to our old friend Angel de Salazar, who though puzzle-headed, and hesitating in action, had never at heart wavered in his friendliness to Teresa and to the reform.

He began at once visiting the reformed houses in Castille, and pouring oil into the wounds. His acts and his words were all conciliatory; and he allowed Teresa to emerge from her retreat at Toledo and continue her work.

In July 1579 Segá laid a paper before the king containing the recommendations of the Commission :

First, that the reform should be maintained.

Secondly, that the Calced and the Discalced should not be required to live in the same houses.

Thirdly, that the Discalced should choose their own superiors.

Lastly, Philip was asked to request that the Discalced should be made into a distinct province.

A few months more, and all these recommendations were given effect. The long weary war was ended ; the settlement was made which had long seemed to Teresa to contain the only possibility for peace. Letters from the Pope, dated 22nd June 1580, were dispatched to the Nuncio bidding the division of the Carmelites. Those who observed the Primitive Rule were entirely and for ever separated from those who observed the Mitigated Rule of Eugenius IV. Both sections were to be under the direct government of the General of the whole Order. The Discalced were to enjoy all the same privileges as the Calced. And the religious were not to pass from one province to the other except by leave of the Holy See.

The Pope's decision was made public in Spain in March 1581 at a Chapter of the whole Order held at Alcalá under the presidency of the King's Commissioner, Fray Juan de la Cueva, prior of the monastery of San Genesio at Talavera. Angel de Salazar was informed that his duties as Vicar over the Discalced had terminated.

Teresa wrote voluminously to Gracian, to Doria, to Mariano, giving her advice as to the Rules and Constitution of the new Province ; but neither she nor any of the nuns accepted the invitation they received to the Chapter.

The Commissioner addressed the Assembly in an harangue *muy docta y grave* (very learned and weighty)

proving by the authority of Holy Scripture and many philosophers, that division between brethren for the sake of peace, was order, not strife; and the accomplished Mariano made an answering harangue in Latin. Four *Definitors* (consultants, assistants to the Provincial) were chosen, Antonio de Jesus, Nicolas Doria, Juan de la Cruz, and Gabriel de la Asuncion. Mariano was appointed Secretary. Then came the election of the Provincial.

The Commissioner made a curious ironical speech, proposing Gracian for this office. Gracian was patronized by the king and by the Mother Teresa de Jesus. He was influential in high places, of great learning, of unquestioned ability. He had experience of government, and had shown gentleness and consummate tact. And again, he was the favourite of the king. True he was young, and from his noviciate had ruled, not obeyed. He had never had time to be grounded in mortification, and submission, and retirement. He was more inclined to showy action than to silence and prayer. He loved applause, and had been known to slight both Rule and Constitution to gain it. He had taken thought rather for other men's souls than for his own. Still—he stood in favour with the king and with the great Mother Teresa de Jesus.

Perhaps the Assembly resented the tone of this address. At any rate, they elected Gracian as their Provincial;—not, however, by an overwhelming majority and with great secret annoyance on the part of the supporters of Doria, who was Gracian's only serious rival.

Teresa, when she heard the decision, was overjoyed. She never wavered in the opinion that Gracian was by far the best man for the onerous post. She was not, however, blind to the young director's faults, the most prominent of which, as time afterwards proved, was a certain moral laziness. More than once Teresa expressed the wish that

Gracian and Doria could be rolled into one, and she advised Gracian to make use of him as an adviser and a lieutenant. When the Definitors and the Provincial had been chosen, the Alcalá Chapter proceeded to draw up the Constitution, as it was to be enforced and stereotyped both for men and women. The model was Teresa's Constitution as she had arranged it for her nuns. Gracian consulted her about every change; and she suggested several modifications, almost all in the direction of gentleness and freedom. Years which bring the philosophic mind had taught her that excessive severity often defeats itself, and easily degenerates into tyranny, which is good neither for the victim nor for the tyrant.

Teresa's recommendations referred chiefly to her daughters; she was too modest to wish to legislate for men. One practical exhortation, however, which she did address to her sons will claim the undivided sympathy of a later age.

"Let the priors," she wrote, "give the brothers a sufficiency of food; and let it be specially mentioned, and most strictly observed, that *cleanliness* is among the first of our duties."

Teresa's last year in this world—she died in 1582—was happy in the honour paid to Gracian and in the evidence of what in her opinion was his good government. How much she foresaw of the troubles coming upon her children it is impossible to say. Probably little. Hers was a hopeful disposition; her solution of the difficulties had been accepted. While she lived all went well—outwardly, at any rate. She must have thought that her sons and daughters had a pleasant path before them, sunlit and fresh with the dews of heaven. It was her happy fate to die before active jealousies, loud-voiced contentions, had made many persons doubtful whether after all the

Descalzos had the ability for self-government. Open war broke out between Gracian and that stern, tyrannical, ambitious Nicolas Doria, and in that war Gracian was beaten. Doria replaced him as Provincial and pursued him with relentless persistence. Gracian was turned out of the Order of Discalced Carmelites, and after some years of strange adventures and distressful wanderings—for no Order was willing to receive a dismissed friar—he ended his days as a much esteemed, trusted, and beloved Observant Carmelite, though his private life and his heart were ever after the manner of Teresa's reform as he had learned it from herself.

It is often said that disputes and divisions, however deplorable, are at any rate a sign of life. The Discalced Carmelites were certainly a more vigorous body than their brethren of the Mitigation. At the present time the Discalced are much the more numerous and influential.¹ But the tendency of both parties has been to prune off their excesses, and probably the difference between them now is chiefly formal.

Teresa's life during the four years after her leaving Seville till the time of the division of the Order, is best reconstructed from her letters. She was an indefatigable correspondent; fifty-five letters have survived dated 1576, forty-three of the year 1578. The Book of the Foundations was concluded in 1576, bringing its history of events down to the foundations at Seville and Caravaca. It is the most popular of Teresa's writings, and is very entertaining to read, with its tales of amusing adventures, its graphic descriptions of the life of the day. Pleasant too

¹ At the present moment there are of the Discalced Carmelite Order, one Cardinal, three Archbishops, and five or six Bishops. The nuns are more numerous than the fathers; both have houses in all parts of the world, beginning with Mount Carmel. The Carmelites were formerly known in England as the White Friars.

is the writer's unfeigned love of nature; her delight in flowers and hills and running water, in sunshine and pleasant shade, in soft breezes and gentle rain. She does not write for effect; word-painting was not her study. She speaks of nature quite incidentally, because almost unconsciously she loved it, and it had become part and parcel of the contents of her mind. Another characteristic is her love for her fellowmen. She has a good word for every one, finds excuses for sinners, and does her best to see the point of view even of her enemies. "To understand is to forgive"; and there is scarce higher exercise for a gifted imagination than to see and point out the soul of goodness even in things evil.

Of course Teresa interrupts her narrative with many digressions; from these we learn not only what she was doing but what she was thinking, what were the main-springs of her action during her most energetic period. If any one is tempted to think that these years of storm and stress had a little dulled the fire in Teresa's soul, a little shaken her interest in the mystic communion with God which was her aim and her joy, let him note the digressions in the *Book of the Foundations*, and remember also that it was in her old age she wrote *Las Moradas*—her vision of the kingdom of heaven which is not in space, which is hardly in time, but which means the seat of the presence of God.

A literary labour of a totally different kind, perhaps I should say a literary pastime, was her criticism of the *Vejamen*. This was a doctrinal competition suggested by Don Alvaro de Mendoza, the Bishop of Avila, the competitors being Teresa's brother, Lorenzo de Cepeda, Francisco Salcedo the *caballero santo*, Julian de Avila the chaplain, and Juan de la Cruz, Teresa herself being appointed the judge. Each competitor was to write an essay on the words she had heard from the Lord—

“ *Buscate en mi* ” (Seek thyself in Me).

Literary contests were the fashion. Something of the sort was included in the examination for the degree of Doctor of Theology at the University of Alcalá ; and a century later in Lope’s time, poetical jousts were important events. It was apparently a rule of the game that the judgment should be witty, and Teresa’s sarcasms are merry enough. She finds fault with all the essays. Salcedo’s is truism ; Juan de la Cruz is long-winded ; Lorenzo, presumptuous. In fact they are all up in the clouds, and for the most part prove too much. With these light censures, however, she mingles profound remarks.

“ It would cost us dear if we could not seek God until we were dead to the world. The Magdalen and the woman of Samaria were not dead to the world, yet they found Him. And as for becoming one with God—when He gives that favour, He will not bid yon soul to seek Him, for He is already found.”

Teresa’s confinement at Toledo was not very rigid. We hear of her at Malagon and several times at Avila. After Angel de Salazar was put in authority, she visited Segovia, Valladolid, and Salamanca.

About the time of Hormaneto’s death, Don Alvaro, the Bishop of Avila, was translated to the See of Palencia : Teresa became anxious when she remembered the anomalous position of San José of Avila ; and after consultation with Don Alvaro she determined to place it formally under the Carmelite Order. This was arranged, and henceforth all the convents were on the same footing, subject to the same jurisdiction as their foundress herself.

At the Encarnacion the time had again come for the election of a new prioress. The nuns decided almost unanimously that they would like Teresa back in this capacity. When he heard this, Tostado burst into sudden

activity. He sent Valdemoro, the Provincial, himself to hold the election, and bade him threaten with excommunication any nun who should venture to vote for Teresa de Jesus. The nuns, however, refused to be terrorized; one by one they cast their votes as they had intended. One by one their voting papers were burned, and they were interdicted from attendance at Mass. Next day, Valdemoro commanded a second election. The rebellious majority said they had made their choice and refused to cast their votes again. Valdemoro declared Ana de Toledo, the nominee of the minority, elected; the majority refused to acknowledge her, and they were all formally excommunicated.

Teresa, much distressed, did her best to get Ana de Toledo accepted. She also made efforts to get the decree of excommunication reversed, and wrote to the king about it. Philip grimly ordered Tostado to look to the matter. Grimly Tostado obeyed; that is to say, he let six weeks go by, then sent a delegate to give the rebels absolution. Simultaneously the two Discalced confessors of the convent, Juan de la Cruz and German de San Matias, were kidnaped, stripped of their habits, flogged and thrown into secret prisons. For nine months Juan de la Cruz was not heard of. Teresa wrote again to the king, begging him to exercise his authority and compel the inoffensive friar's release. Not even Philip was able to discover where he was. Every one feared he was dead. In the end, however, he appeared among his brethren, pale, emaciated, more than ever a spirit rather than a man. He had contrived escape after long months in a dungeon at Toledo, where he was treated with great cruelty, not allowed even a change of clothes, beaten with so much violence that his shoulder was permanently injured; and this, as Gracian had said, not by unrighteous men and open foes, but by

the Calced fathers and brethren of the very Order to which he belonged.

On Christmas Eve 1577, Teresa met with an accident. She fell and broke her arm. Surgery was rough in those days and she suffered tortures. A lady surgeon or *curandera* was sent for, but she did not come till the bone had joined itself in the wrong place. It says much for the lady practitioner that she had courage to break it again and set it properly. Teresa bore the operation with great fortitude and would allow none of the nuns to be with her for it. Two years later this poor arm met with another injury, and she totally lost the use of it.

About this time Teresa had the great distress of a disagreement with the Jesuits which almost amounted to a quarrel. All through her career, the fathers of the Society had been her staunch friends and supporters, and she had been accustomed to turn to them for advice in all her difficulties. Now her old friend, Gaspar de Salazar—the same who had been early influential in obtaining support for San José of Avila—formed the wish to leave his own Order and join the Discalced Carmelites. His superiors were greatly displeased, and they openly accused Teresa of trying to decoy him away. Teresa was offended ; at her suggestion Gaspar remained with the Society, but a good deal of bitterness lingered on both sides. At Salamanca also the Jesuits had become unfriendly. They were insistent with the prioress there, and with Teresa herself, for the readmission of a certain novice who had been dismissed from the convent as unsuitable. The novice had a large dowry and influential friends ; but Teresa would not receive her back, and the Jesuits who had taken the matter up hotly were annoyed, and, as Teresa thought, unreasonable. She wrote many letters to Gracian on the subject showing how keenly she felt

this unfriendly attitude of her old and valued friends, the followers of Saint Ignatius and Saint Francis Borgia.

Taken by themselves, certain remarks Teresa made in her correspondence with Maria de San José, the prioress at the Seville convent, which was in great financial straits, might suggest that she attached great importance to novices with dowries. In reality and in practice, the dowry was with her the last consideration. Often she received nuns who had no money at all, if satisfied as to their spiritual state and as to their suitability to life in a small and austere community. She refused this rich young lady pressed on her by the Jesuits; she refused a postulant with an unpleasant squint; but there is no record of her refusing any one merely because she was poor.

Amongst other relics of Teresa's four years of enforced quiet, is a precious document in her own handwriting which was shown me by the nuns of San José in Toledo. In the printed collection of her works it is given as *Relacion x*.

"Being in San José of Avila," she writes, "in the hermitage we called Nazareth, on the eve of Pascua of the Holy Spirit (Pentecost), I was thinking of the great kindness the Lord had shown me on that same day twenty years earlier, when great impetus and fervour of spirit came upon me, and held me suspended in the air above the earth.¹ In this moment of great recollection I heard from our Lord that which I will now relate: that I was to tell those Discalced Fathers four things, which they must keep and hold fast, by means of which this religion (Order) would go forward and increase; but of which neglect would show that they were falling away from the steadfastness of its beginning.

¹ *Me hizo suspender.* See *Libro de su Vida*, xx.

“ First, that all superiors should enforce one rule.

“ Secondly, that though there might be many houses, yet in each should be but few friars.

“ Thirdly, that they should have scant intercourse with persons of the world, save for the good of their souls.

“ Fourthly, that they should teach by deeds rather than by words.

“ This was revealed to me in the year 1579, and because it is of great moment, I here sign it with my name, Teresa de Jesus.”

Towards the close of Teresa's stay at Seville, the foundation, long proposed, of the Convent of San José at Caravaca was accomplished, not however by the great mother in person. After this there was no new foundation till that of Villanueva de la Jara, in La Mancha, during the period (1580) when Angel de Salazar was exercising his brief authority. This convent had been asked for almost at once upon Teresa's return from Andalucia, by nine ladies who had already established themselves irregularly in a hermitage where they “ lived with great perfection and sanctity, a law unto themselves.” A sermon, however, from one of the Discalced Fathers determined them to join the Reformed Carmelites. Teresa hesitated, questioning whether middle-aged women, who had never submitted themselves to authority and rules, would be able to endure her discipline. A talk with Gabriel de la Asuncion, who belonged to the Discalced Fathers of Nuestra Señora del Socorro, neighbours to the suggested convent, dispelled her doubts; and the Lord Himself in words which impressed her deeply bade her go on and fear not, as the new house should be one greatly to His glory.

Accompanied by a few nuns, by Fray Gabriel and old Antonio de Jesus, she set out from Malagon in February, ill herself at starting, but rapidly recovering “ as she

trod the path of obedience." The journey was a triumphal progress. News that the great mother was passing by spread from village to village, and everywhere kneeling crowds asked for her blessing. Teresa does not herself tell of this notoriety, but she describes the arrival at Nuestra Señora del Socorro, where all the friars came out to receive their returning prior, and "in that green field the white cloaks and bare feet seemed like shining and fragrant flowers."

This monastery was in a place of great solitude, and the church was subterranean, "as it were in a cave like that of our father Elias." Its foundress was Doña Catalina de Cardona, a lady of the Court, who had been entrusted with the education of the ill-starred Don Carlos, and of the far more promising Don Juan de Austria, natural son of Charles v. After the boys had got beyond her care, Doña Catalina fled from the court, disguised in the habit of a Carmelite friar, and established herself in solitude in this cave (afterwards the church) near Villanueva, where she practised the greatest austerities and was long supposed to be a man expiating some shocking crime—a horror to her superstitious neighbours. At last her sex and her position were betrayed by a letter to her from Don Juan which had fallen into inquisitive hands. Now she was declared a saint,—and so pestered with attentions that she thought of leaving her cave for some spot still more secret. However, she died in her first hiding-place; not before she had made one more appearance at Court to obtain licence for founding a monastery of Discalced Carmelites on the site of her hermitage.

Teresa discusses this enthusiast at length, and says that in an age when none remember the fervours of the hermits of the desert, it was no wonder men thought her mad; but she herself (Teresa) was covered with confusion

when she thought of all Doña Catalina had gone through for the Lord ; a lady like herself, even more delicately nurtured and always holy. And once in an intellectual vision, she perceived this saint beside her with her glorified and angel-attended body ; and Catalina said to her—

“ Sister, accept no weariness, but go forward in the service of God.”

When the party arrived at Villanueva, they were received by a procession such as that of the day of Corpus Christi. The civil officers were there, and all the clergy, and a band of singing children carrying torches and banners. The Blessed Sacrament was placed at once, and the new convent was named of Santa Ana : and the nine *beatas* whose independence had made Teresa anxious, bowed themselves to the rule and the discipline ; and the house became one of the greatest sanctity.

It was also of the greatest poverty, and Yepes tells of many miracles which preserved the holy sisters from starvation, even through the years of dearth. In the year of the Universal Catarrh their scanty store of flour did not waste ; and their one saucepan fallen into decrepitude mysteriously repaired itself, and the pear-tree had a stupendous crop so that not only could the nuns feed for weeks upon the fruit, stewed or conserved, but they were able likewise to sell it at a time when they were too ill to do their accustomed needlecraft, and when their neighbours were too ill and too poor to have any desire to buy embroidery or lace.

And another miracle was that which befell the mother herself in the early days of the convent, when she was superintending the necessary alterations of the house. A workman by inadvertence dropped upon her the great cover of the well, and threw her to the ground. Great and

woeful was his consternation ; but, praise the Lord ! Teresa laughed, and sprang to her feet, unhurt.

Two months she stayed at Villanueva, then she returned to San José of Toledo.

And there on Palm Sunday 1580 she was broken by a paralytic stroke ; and for many days she lay upon what was believed her death-bed.

CHAPTER VII

THE LAST YEARS

MORE FOUNDATIONS—ANA DE JESUS—TERESA'S LAST FOUNDATION
—DECLINE

I ALMOST wish she had died, for the last two years of her life seem to me sad. Is any one ever quite the same after a paralytic stroke ?

Her intellect was not affected ; intrepid as she was, she did much work after her illness ; her recovery seemed almost complete. Still, one has the impression that from this out she was doing more than she was able for ; was doing it with more wear and tear than was bearable even by her.

In the autumn she fell ill again, this time of the catarrh, which reduced her to the extremity of weakness, affecting especially her heart. Before she had half recovered, she was dragged forth to the foundation at Palencia, where her old friend Don Alvaro de Mendoza was Bishop, and very anxious to have Discalced Carmelites in his diocese. Teresa was most unwilling to undertake this foundation.

“ I know not,” she says, “ if it were pain and weakness, or if it were the devil, but the truth is I was frightened ; so much so that I complained to the Lord ; and distressed was I to think how much a poor soul shares in the infirmity of the body. Everything seemed to me impossible ; and of the people who came to cheer me many only helped me to be afraid, telling me that I had grown old, and such like.”

However, to Palencia she went ; that pleasant old

town, tree-surrounded in the midst of a desert, which goes back to Roman times and was the seat of the first Castillian university ; a town little known to the tourist, with one long arcaded street, and a few winding lanes, with some spacious churches and a delicately beautiful Gothic cathedral, all testifying that the city was once busier and more populous than we see it to-day. The foundation was made with no particular difficulty except the usual one in finding a house. The nuns are not now in the original house, but the move to the present one was made, so the prioress told me, within twenty years of the foundation, no nun having died in the first house. This convent received the name of the Casa del Consuelo (the House of Consolation), because it was at Palencia that Teresa received the news of the ending of the war in the Order, and the appointment of her beloved Gracian as the first Provincial of the Discalced Carmelites.

After this foundation at Palencia came an invitation to found at that somewhat inaccessible place, Soria, by request of the Bishop of Osma (Doctor Velasquez) and of Doña Beatriz de Viemonte y Navarre, who was of royal descent. This lady provided a house, a church and a sufficient income ; and this foundation also was effected without difficulty.

At Soria, one of Teresa's biographers, Francisco de Ribera, the Jesuit, saw her for the last time ; and at Osma, on her return journey to Avila, Diego de Yepes, her other biographer, passing through from Zamora to La Rioja, delayed a few days that he also might speak with her—for the last time.

She had left Soria just before the Feast of the Exaltation of the Cross, and she gave the nuns some verses she had composed for the occasion. Ever since in that convent at Soria, on the anniversary (14th September) at the hour

of the midday recreation, the nuns carry the crucifix in procession through the cloisters and sing Teresa's hymn—

En la cruz está la vida
Y el consuelo,
Y ella sola es camino
Para el cielo.

In the Cross is life,
Consolation, strength ;
'Tis the only path
Leads to heaven at length.

After bidding Fray Diego de Yepes goodbye and leaving Osma, Teresa had a singularly trying journey to Segovia. The August sun was hot ; the roads were dreadful, and the guide—a young priest of high theological attainments—lost the way. Several times the crazy vehicle was nearly upset ; finally the nuns had to get out and help to lift it over the rocks. Teresa was much struck by the good humour of the young theologian who had misled them.

“ I praised the Lord,” she says ; “ thinking how great must be the virtue which could bear up against such annoyance.”

From Segovia, the indefatigable mother hurried to Avila, infinitely distressed to learn that the dearest of all her convents, the first San José, had fallen into financial difficulties, and worse still into something approaching spiritual relaxation. The chaplain, Padre Julian, had become over lenient. He even allowed the nuns to eat meat. This was against the Rule ; and was also an unfortunate extravagance at a time when alms had almost ceased because the convent had received a trifling and still unpaid legacy. Presumably there were other irregularities besides the meat eating, for Teresa deposed the prioress, and took up the reins of government herself. The deterioration shows how hard it is to keep up a life of constant renunciation which in moments of fervour seems easy enough. All too soon the fire of enthusiasm goes out ; nor is it given to every one to understand the meaning of mortification. Teresa as she grew older attributed less



V. MATER ANNA A IE SV,
S. TERESÆ SOCIA, et in propagatione sui ordinis
Serenua Coadiutrix, Bruxellensis canonici Priorisa.

THE VENERABLE ANA DE JESUS

virtue to it ; her stern common sense showed her that unless cheerfully acquiesced in, it must degenerate into superstition and formalism, the letter without the spirit, the sign without the thing signified.

While at Avila, Teresa was one day astounded by the arrival of Fray Diego de la Trinidad, Vicar Provincial of Andalucia and Fray Juan de la Cruz, prior of the monastery at Granada, with litters and sumpter mules, intended for the transportation of Teresa herself on a second visit to Andalucia. A convent, they said, was urgently required at Granada, for the glory of God and the reformation of the customs of that city. Not even the energy of the two important friars could overcome Teresa's disinclination to Andalucia. She refused absolutely to go to Granada, saying that she was already in treaty about a foundation at Burgos of the north. However, she consented to send in her place Ana de Jesus, one of the most distinguished of her nuns, who had just ended her term as prioress at Veas.

Ana de Jesus was at this time thirty-five years of age and had been ten years in the Order. She was of noble birth, daughter of Don Diego de Lobera of Plasencia, and had passed a remarkable girlhood. Till seven years of age she was deaf and dumb ; but after her cure learned with marvellous rapidity, and soon gave evidence of great intelligence and strength of character. She had, too, considerable beauty, with fair hair and very pretty hands which she could not but regard with some complacency. Brought up by an ambitious grandmother, Ana had many suitors ; but at ten years old she had made a vow of chastity, at fourteen she left her grandmother, taking refuge in the house of a more seriously-minded uncle, where she cut off her beautiful hair and put on the garb of a *beata*. Under a Jesuit director she attained to considerable sanctity ; devoting her life to good works and to adoration of the

Blessed Sacrament. She became quite a personage at Plasencia where she lived with the uncle, was called *la Reyna de las mujeres* (the queen of women) and used her influence with the Bishop to put a stop to bull-fights. When she decided to join the Discalced Carmelites Teresa wrote that she would receive her not as a subject but as a companion who would be her coadjutor in the work of spreading the reform. After Teresa's death, Ana de Jesus took a more important position than even Maria de San José, with whom she worked in opposing the changes introduced by Doria in the Order as soon as he had rid himself of Gracian. She made the foundation at Madrid and afterwards introduced the Carmelite reform in France and Belgium.

Teresa was not as fond of her as she was of Maria de San José, but she thought highly of her abilities, and out of all her nuns in the many convents chose her for the important and difficult task at Granada.

Accompanied by three nuns from Avila and six from Veas, Ana had a good journey to Andalucia, and outside Granada was met by Juan de la Cruz, the bearer of friendly messages from the Archbishop. But when the nuns reached the city there was no Archbishop to receive them. He had taken to his bed, prostrate with nervous shock. For his palace had been struck by lightning, his valuable library destroyed, and his mules all slain in their stable.

The convent was duly founded, but had a somewhat chequered history. Ribera says it was only moderately successful, and Teresa found a good deal of fault with Ana, her deputy, whose mistakes were perhaps due to inexperience.

“The time of Teresa's death drew on,” says the chronicler, “but the Lord kept her at work till the last.” We

have arrived at her final labour, by no means the least arduous ; the foundation at Burgos.

Six years earlier the Jesuits had suggested a reformed convent in this northern city, the climate of which Charles v declared to be ten months of *invierno* (winter) and two of *inferno* (hell). Nothing could be done in the matter then, but in 1580 Teresa approached the new Archbishop, Don Cristóbal Vela, through their mutual friend, Don Alvaro, Bishop of Palencia, and received his sanction for the foundation. Don Cristóbal, himself a native of Avila, knew Teresa well by reputation ; he welcomed the proposal of the convent, saying he had often wished for one in his previous diocese. Delay was, however, caused by Teresa's illness, and then by her business at Palencia, Soria, and Avila.

At last she reminded the Archbishop of his promise, and said she was now ready to undertake the foundation. Don Cristóbal replied with unmistakable change of tone. Oh yes ! he was willing to have the new convent ; but Teresa must remember all the difficulties she had met with in other places, and must not think of founding without distinct permission from the civil authorities.

Teresa was dismayed by the chill of this reply ; but Don Alvaro of Palencia was so sure it was all right that she wrote to Doña Catalina de Tolosa, a wealthy widow with daughters already in the Order, and asked her to find a house suitable for the convent's temporary use.

Doña Catalina offered her own palace for the beginning, and went in person to obtain the required licence from the city authorities.

By this time it was December 1581, and Teresa was scared by the accounts she received of the climate of Burgos. She thought of sending a deputy to open the convent ; but the Lord said to her : "*No hagas casos*

de los frios que yo soy el verdadero calor" (Take no thought for the cold, since I am the true warmth). And she resolved to set out at once.

On 2nd January the party sallied forth from Avila; Teresa and Ana de San Bartolomé her companion, several nuns, a couple of chaplains, and to Teresa's joy the Provincial, Gracian himself. He had chanced to visit her in Avila, and hearing the whole story of the proposed foundation did not feel at all satisfied by the attitude of Don Cristóbal the Archbishop.

"It was God's providence sent him," says Teresa in her merry way, "for he proved most useful in pulling out our carts when they got stuck in the mud."

She confesses it was madness to attempt the journey at such a time. Snow began at the first stage, obliterating the roads, at the best of times bad enough. Teresa fell ill of a sore throat, so painful that she could not laugh at the adventures of the road, "though truly, once they be ended, such things are amusing to relate." They paused a few days at Valladolid and again at Palencia, where they were embarrassed by venerating crowds. The nuns of the convent met the travellers singing *Te Deum laudamus*, and had all their cloister decorated as if the Mother were already canonized. They knelt, imploring her to stay on with them, for the rain was such that the roads had become running rivers, and Gracian suggested that the journey should be prosecuted in boats.

Teresa was not to be daunted though her nuns were frightened. "When they got to the *pontones* (so the ferries are called at Burgos) and saw nothing but a world of waters and of sky, and knew that the least deviation of the rudder would plunge them in the flood, they made their confessions and sobbed the *Credo*."

"Eh, my daughters!" said Teresa, "what better can

you wish than to be martyred for the love of the Lord ? See now, I will go first, and if I am drowned, then I will suffer you to go back." But inwardly she sighed and said—

"Oh Lord ! when wilt Thou cease to strew our path with obstacles ?"

And the Lord spake to her, and answered—

"Murmur not ; for thus is it that I treat My *friends*."

At which Teresa (humorous even in her prayers) sighed again, and said—

"Ah, dear Lord ! and that is why Thou hast so few !"

They got safely across the river, but presently Teresa saw the cart containing the four nuns overturned, and the terrified women in imminent danger of falling down the precipice. They were saved, however, by the manifestly miraculous strength of the young driver.

At last, 26th January, they entered the grand old city of Burgos, known to every traveller by its magnificent (to my taste over ornate) cathedral. They entered by the Gate of Santa Maria, with its rows of quaint figures erected by Charles v. They went straight to the Church of the Augustinians to bow before the far-famed Santo Crucifijo ;¹ and then lumbered along through the sleet, over the cobblestones and the pools of slush, to the palace of Doña Catalina de Toloso, who received them hospitably, and, sensible woman, gave them a large fire before which to dry their clothes.

But poor Teresa was prostrate with fever and sore throat. Next day when friends and deputations came to congratulate her on her arrival, she was in bed, and had to talk to them through a corridor window. For days she could not hear Mass or attend to business. Gracian, however, went to the Archbishop and asked permission for immediate foundation.

¹ The celebrated figure called the "Holy Christ of Burgos."

But no ; Don Cristóbal was displeased and cold. Like the Archbishop of Seville before him, he said he could not permit the convent without guarantee of a sufficient income and a permanent house. As to the house they were in for the moment, that of Doña Catalina, they must not celebrate Mass there, or they would give out that the convent was founded. And Teresa ought, he added severely, to have communicated with him before venturing to bring the nuns.

Three weeks passed, and fortunately the nuns were very comfortable in Doña Catalina's palace. Gracian also was well lodged, staying with an old university friend, the Canon Doctor Manso. Teresa lost her sore throat, and—accustomed to success with prelates—went herself to see Don Cristóbal, the Archbishop. For once her powers of persuasion failed ; he remained obdurate. And Gracian, the beloved, had to go away, as he had undertaken to preach Lenten sermons at Valladolid. He almost thought the proposed convent must be given up ; but Teresa heard the Lord's voice saying—

“ Now, Teresa, *ten fuerte* ” (be brave) ; and she resolved to persevere. Dr. Manso got rooms for her and her companions at the Hospital de la Concepcion, where was a chapel with the Blessed Sacrament reserved and daily Mass. The nuns all moved thither—Doña Catalina still giving them their food. They did not leave for many weeks, and were much oppressed by the groans of the hospital patients, the evil smells, the rats, and other noxious vermin (*sabandijas asquerosas*).

After long search a suitable house was found, and offered to Teresa cheap, as its owner liked the idea of a convent. “ It was quite a Paradise,” says Teresa, “ with a lovely view, and a garden, and fresh air, and excellent water, and everything we could want.”

When it was bought, even the Archbishop sent Teresa

his congratulations. He did not, however, send the licence, and after waiting for several weeks further, Teresa, out of all patience, begged Don Alvaro of Palencia to use his influence in her behalf. Don Alvaro sat down at once and wrote his Archbishop a very angry letter. Happily he showed it to Teresa, who begged him at once to put it in the fire. Had not Don Cristóbal already said that even as Christ had made friends of two enemies, so Teresa had made enemies of two friends ?

Don Alvaro rewrote his letter in milder strain, and sent it to the prelate ; Dr. Manso pleaded also. The Archbishop gave in, and handed the licence to the worthy canon. He carried it himself to Teresa. His way of announcing the good news was that without a word he set to work vigorously ringing the convent bell.

It was now 19th April 1582 ; and this was the fifteenth convent which Teresa had founded in person. After Easter, Gracian returned ; but very shortly was summoned to an interview with his father, who was going on state business to Italy, and before starting wished to settle some affairs with his son. Gracian had to go. Perhaps in her heart Teresa guessed that never again in the flesh was she to see this beloved disciple, who had brought so much affection and happiness to her declining years.

The new convent was named San José de Santa Ana, and among the earliest novices were Doña Catalina and two of her daughters. The house prospered, and was appreciated.

On Ascension Day, great floods threatened the whole of this quarter of the town. The neighbours fled ; but Teresa, having carried the Blessed Sacrament to the top of the house, refused to let the nuns leave. The lower floors were inundated, and for some days they had no food. At last a stranger—possibly an angel, they thought,—dived down to open a door, and so let the waters escape. Eight cart-

loads of gravel had washed in—so says Ana de San Bartolomé—but no one was any the worse, and the Archbishop, now entirely friendly, said Teresa's prayers and fortitude had rescued the city.

Her last great labour successfully accomplished, Teresa came away from Burgos in July, leaving as prioress Tomasina Bautista, whom she had brought from Alba. Probably she and all of them knew they should see each other's face no more. Her wish was to return to Avila, her native place ; to be laid to sleep in that first of her convents, which had been her dearest. It was not to be.

Few things are more pathetic than to see one used to command, losing through the weakness of age the power to enforce authority. Teresa's last writings—letters, and four additional chapters of the Book of the Foundations—show her to have been in full possession of her intellect. There is no confusion, no loss of memory, or of zeal. Her writing is still graphic and easy, the principles she lays down are sound ; her advice is good. And yet—it is quite evident that her expressions do not carry their former weight. She finds more fault ; scolds even ; has become vaguely “ trying ” to those who love her best. It is the fate of many an old man or old woman ; and if he still live on, the time will come when his opinion is superseded, and even if he is still allowed to talk, nobody minds what he says. I am glad Teresa died as she came up to her threescore years and ten ; for I see signs that this last sad stage might have been reached even by her.

She who had been used to twisting prelates round her little finger had not succeeded with that dilatory Archbishop of Burgos. His unwillingness survived a personal interview, and when at last he gave way it was at the instance of Teresa's friends.

The convents were getting a little out of hand, perhaps

merely because even the best things "hold in perfection but a little moment." A few years earlier when Teresa's word had been law, she had governed them by letter without difficulty. Now there was trouble at Salamanca, and we find complaints of the prioress, Ana de la Encarnacion; and the prioress at Avila had been deposed; and there was something, it is not very clear what, wrong at Alba. Doña Teresa de Laiz, the foundress, was taking too much upon herself. She wanted Tomasina Bautista back, and Teresa will not allow Tomasina to leave Burgos, and none of the nuns at Alba will consent to be prioress, and those who have left ask to return. In the earlier days did Teresa consult them whether they wished to go or to stay? I think so; but I feel sure she did not allow them to volunteer their preference.

There had been a coolness with Antonio de Jesus; probably his own fault. He does not seem to have been gifted with a very pleasant disposition, and probably he knew Teresa's opinion that he was not to be thought of for Provincial. The incipient quarrel was made up; and one hardly knows whether to be glad or sorry that for the last few months this old man was Teresa's *prelado* (superior),—he being for the time Gracian's Vice-Provincial in Castille—; that he was with her when she died, and that her last confession was made to him.

She even complained a little (by no means so much nor so gravely as his enemies afterwards made out) of her beloved Gracian. She told him in her very last letter to him that he did not consult enough with men of importance; and was careless or indolent in small things: accusations perfectly true. Probably it was impossible for him to come to her at the last. She, however, reproaches him as to that with some bitterness; and there was nothing new in her complaints that his letters were increasingly few and far between.

Teresa's severest reproofs are addressed to that Ana de Jesus who had gone to found at Granada. She wrote a letter of remonstrance, directed not to the prioress herself, but to the community of San José in Granada. Ana is to blame for her whole conduct of the affair ; for buying too dear a house, for taking too many nuns from Veas, for sending some, but not the right ones, away.

" With regard to Discalced nuns," says Teresa, " I am in the place of the Father Provincial, and I order you to send back those nuns from Veas."

Especially Ana has done wrong in letting her nuns become too much attached to her.

" It is altogether alien to the spirit of my Discalced Sisters to have any attachment to creatures, even to their prioress. Never shall I forget the letter written to me from Veas when your Reverence left her office there ! Not even an unreformed nun should have written it ! You are in Granada to establish a new kingdom ; and you and those under you ought to behave like men of fortitude, not like silly little women."

It would not be fair to say this letter was too severe. But I detect in it a slight shrillness, an insistence on her own authority, which suggests a fear that Ana de Jesus was forgetting it.

In June 1580 Teresa's brother Lorenzo de Cepeda had died, and a violent family dispute was in progress about his will. It was thought he had left too much money to Teresa's convents, and his son Francisco's mother-in-law—though what right she had to interfere I cannot say—was very insistent about trying to get the will altered. Maria Bautista, Teresa's clever and capable niece, who was no longer young, yet was many years younger than Teresa, joined the discontents ; and there was an assembly of the family in Valladolid to meet Teresa and try to persuade

her that the will was null and void. Teresa would have consented to a compromise, but this reversal of Lorenzo's arrangements was too much! She could not agree to that! And the family sent a lawyer to argue with her—the great woman who a year or two ago had commanded them all—and he had the impudence to tell her she was not the saint she seemed, and that many secular persons would behave more Christianly than did she. Teresa replied quite meekly; but she must have writhed.

And Maria Bautista lost her temper, and she also was rude; and when Teresa was leaving the convent told her and Ana de San Bartolomé—who probably put in her oar too much—that they had better go away, and not come back any more. The story is told by Ana de San Bartolomé; let us hope she exaggerated.

And on 16th September, when the wearied old woman and her anxious attendant arrived at Medina del Campo, something in the convent arrangements was not what the foundress liked; and she uttered reproof too soon, reproof perhaps excessive—it is so easy to be excessive when one is very tired! And this prioress also was offended, and showed it. Teresa was agitated; she could not eat, she could not sleep, and she left early the next morning without having broken her fast.

Truly the glory was departed! It seems almost incredible that these women, who owed her so much, should not have had patience with her now she was aged and ill. I say her spirit must have writhed, not so much at the unkindness, as at her own weakness which exposed her to it; even as Saint Peter must have writhed, when in his old age another came to gird him and to carry him whither he would not.

Well! it was Teresa's last trouble; and probably in her meekness she did not think it the worst she had lived through, nor forget that her motto was "To suffer or to die."

CHAPTER VII

TERESA'S LETTERS

THE LETTER AT SEGOVIA—FAMILY LETTERS—LETTERS TO MARIA DE SAN JOSÉ—TO GRACIAN—MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS

BEFORE taking leave of Teresa, let us give at least a glance at her letters, of which about four hundred have survived. They are contemporaneous with the most interesting period of her life, and the last was written only seventeen days before her death. The manuscripts are preserved in public libraries, in private collections, in the convents of her Order. Some have been written by an amanuensis ; many entirely by herself.

One such I found framed and glazed in the Convent of San José at Segovia, and the nuns were kind enough to let me get it photographed. The photograph came out with only moderate distinctness. It shows the bold characteristic writing and the signature clearly enough. It is legible ; but not, I confess, easy to read ; and I append a copy transcribed from Don V. de la Fuente's published edition of Teresa's letters, this one appearing as number 214.

Letter to Padre Fray Ambrosio Mariano de San Benito written from Avila in November 1578 :—

“ Jesus sea con vuestra reverencia. ¡ Oh cómo quisiera alargarme en esta ! porque me ha dado gran contento su carta, y sangréme ayer y mándanme sangrar hoy, y no he podido escribir ; no pensé se fuera tan presto, y estáme

dando priesa. Hame dado la vida la sangría á la cabeza. Buena estaré presto, placiendo á Dios. De lo que me holgado mucho es, de que se venga con los frailes, ya que ha de estar ahí ; mas mire, mi padre, que le contarán las palabras. Por amor de Dios que ande con gran aviso, y no sea claro : lo que dicen del Tostado, creo yo muy bien ; que si es cuerdo, no verná, hasta tener el sí de quien dice : por eso le queria él alcanzar por mano de vuestra reverencia. No he visto tan donosa cosa, que ya recibí las cartas, que vuestra reverencia dice me habia enviado, y ayer esa de nuestro padre. En lo que toca á el padre fray Baltasar, cierto que se lo he escrito, y an mas de una vez. Como vuestra reverencia esté con los frailes, está muy bien ahí. Siempre vaya come va, dando contento á el nuncio, que en fin es nuestro perlado, y á todos parece bien la obediencia. No hay mas lugar. De vuestra reverencia

TERESA DE JESUS”

Written, copied, or printed, Teresa's letters are harder to read than her books. She deals in abbreviations ; more puzzling still, in colloquialisms ; in her later years—the time of the persecution—she expresses herself in enigmas, the key to which has belonged neither to the enemy nor to the modern reader ; and she has fancy names for almost all the persons she mentions. Thus the Discalced nuns are Butterflies (*mariposas*), and the friars, Eagles ; the Observants are Birds of Night, or Grasshoppers ; the Inquisitors, Angels ; and the Secular Clergy, Cats ; Hormaneto, the Nuncio who was old, is Methuselah ; and Covarrubias, the stately President of the Council, is Melchisidek. Gracian is Paul, or more frequently Elisha. Juan de la Cruz is Little Seneca ; herself she calls Angela or Lorencia ; and, most strange of all, the Lord Jesus Christ she speaks of as José.

The letters all begin with the cipher of Jesus, J.H.S.,

the H being made into a cross. A few letters headed "Jesus, Maria, José," are for this reason considered spurious.¹ She signed herself on formal occasions, "Teresa de Jesus, Carmelita"; more frequently Teresa de Jesus, or simply Teresa J. She sealed her letters sometimes with a seal having the cipher of Jesus in the form adopted by the Jesuits,² J. H. S.; sometimes with a seal engraved with a skull and crossbones. The former was shown me in the convent at Toledo, and the nuns gave me an impression taken from it.

The letters were dispatched by the regular postman, or by private messengers whom she thought quicker and more trustworthy. Some of these messengers she speaks of as honest good fellows, to be commended if not rewarded by the recipient.

The only persons who made a practice of preserving and collecting Teresa's letters were Maria de San José and Gracian; but Gracian's collection was unfortunately dispersed after his death. The letters may be roughly classified as—

- 1st. Family letters;
 - 2nd. Letters to friars or nuns of her Order;
 - 3rd. Miscellaneous letters.
- I can give but the scantiest specimens of each.

I have already expressed a doubt whether Teresa attained to that detachment from family interests and affections which she recommended to her nuns. In saying this I should not, I think, offend her, for repeatedly she interrupts her admonitions to say meekly—

"In all matters do as I say, not as I do."

At any rate she had much natural affection left for

¹ The style of these letters strikes one at once as unlike Teresa's.

² See below, p. 288.

her brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces ; she saw them frequently, and concerned herself much in their affairs. Her affection for the children naturally took the form of wanting to make monks and nuns of them, From her point of view that was all right ; she thought the religious life the highest and the best. At least two of her nieces followed her to the Discalced Carmelites ; but Lorenzo's son, after she had induced him to try the life, had the courage to extricate himself, to take a wife and the somewhat formidable mother-in-law already mentioned. The wife Teresa was able to bear—she never reprobates matrimony—but the mother-in-law was too much, and there was disputing and enmity. I don't think that family disturbance at the close of Teresa's honoured life is the pleasantest part of her biography, and I feel sorry she had not in this instance left her relations to take care of themselves, as she said was the wisest way for nuns.

The first of her letters which has survived for us is to Lorenzo, while he was still at Lima in Peru. It is dated from Avila ; 31st December 1561. It is about some money he has sent home to his sisters. Her own share, says Teresa, is too great ; yet it comes in conveniently, for the new convent of poverty, San José de Avila, the foundation of which, helped by Doña Guiomar, is coming in sight. She tells of her acquaintance with Peter of Alcántara and with the Jesuits, whom she calls Theatines ; further, discusses her step-sister Maria de Cepeda, who has recently lost her husband, and is now threatened with a lawsuit by Juan de Ovalle, her brother-in-law. Juan de Ovalle has a good disposition, but on this occasion it is better not to trust to it ; and if Lorenzo thinks of sending him a present let it be with the stipulation that the suit against poor Maria shall be dropped. Finally, with messages

Letter
I in
Fuente's
Collection

to her other brothers in Peru, and kissing the hands of her good Lorenzo many thousand times, she signs herself his very certain servant—

DOÑA TERESA DE AHUMADA

This signature with title and family name was customary among the high-born nuns of the Encarnacion.

Letter
18

We have to wait nine years for the next letter to Lorenzo, which gives interesting information about her convents both for men and women, and tells of her present residence at Toledo, which has a milder climate than Avila. It would be a good place for the delicate brother Señor Jeronimo de Cepeda to settle in when he comes home from Peru; Avila would probably be more suitable for Lorenzo himself.

She then tells of some transactions in which Juan de Ovalle is helping her, and says that in her zeal for the support of these houses of God, she has become a great bargainer. The letter concludes with some words, supplementary no doubt to a previous letter of condolence on the death of Lorenzo's wife—

“I want you to understand the goodness of the Lord in giving her such a death. I wish I could comfort you in your grief. See, it is for those who do not remember there is an eternal life to grieve so much for those who have gone to it, and have passed on from this misery¹ here.”

Letter
79

There is a long and eventful interval before the next letter to her brother, which is from Toledo in July 1576. Lorenzo has now returned to Spain, and been with her in Seville; he has put himself under her direction not only spiritually, but as regards his worldly affairs, and has just established himself and his boys at La Serna, a property two or three miles outside Avila. From this on, the letters are full of amusing details which give us

¹ *Miseria*, the sense is rather *destitution* than *discomfort*.

glimpses of domestic life whether in a convent or in the home of a well-to-do country gentleman.

“What a long fortnight it has been without tidings! But now I have heard you are well; and I don't think your establishment at all too big. How I laughed about that housekeeper of Don Francisco de Salcedo's, who has been bothering you with her attentions! I am amused that already in July you are feeling the cold. Juan de Ovalle, always tiresome with his little jealousies, has been making a pother about Peralvarez Cambron (a first cousin), but I have written to smooth him down. My sister Juana must have a good deal of worry with this man; yet he is really a good fellow, and certainly anxious to be on good terms with you.”

Teresa had helped in the packing when Lorenzo was leaving Seville; and this and several of the letters refer to some jewels, including Teresita's Agnus Dei which cannot be found. They must be in the *arquilla* (small case), the key of which is broken. Lorenzo must get a locksmith to open it; but let him be most careful and very secret; for the box also contains the precious manuscript of the Book of the Foundations.

Various household directions follow. Teresa sends quinces for Lorenzo's cook to make into the ever-popular *carne de membrillo* (quince cheese) to eat at dessert. He had better not buy a mule, but a good workaday cob, for himself; as for the boys, let them go on foot and attend to their lessons. And it's well not to over-burthen oneself with servants, especially when starting a new house. But the first matter to be attended to is to settle about a school for the boys; on this and on all other matters Don Francisco de Salcedo, the *caballero santo*, is competent to advise; and so is Maestro Daza.

Another letter a few months later deals also with these interesting trivialities.

“When I write to Francisco (Lorenzo’s eldest son) don’t please read my letters. He has got a melancholy fit on him, and he makes a confidante of me. I’ve heard that one of the rooms in your house is likely to fall in. Please examine it very carefully. Send me the case with my MSS, and pack them very well. Send also my seal for I can’t bear using this death’s head. I want to seal with the name of Him who I would were in my heart, as He was in the heart of San Ignacio.¹ As to your regrets for having bought La Serna,” continues Teresa, the monitress, “they are the work of the devil, because you didn’t thank God for having given it to you! Make up your mind that it’s all for the best. Do you suppose that in working your property you won’t be disciplined with duties and trials? Or that to have nothing to do is the way to pray well? Time well employed—as yours will be in looking after your children’s inheritance—is no hindrance to prayer. Jacob, and Abraham, and San Joaquin did not fail to be saints because they attended to their flocks. And observe that when we want to flee from trial and work, everything tires us. You mustn’t give up because you get fatigued by what is a recreation to others. We’ve got to serve God as He likes, not as we like.”

“How could you go and make a vow without first consulting me?” she continues, gravely. “That’s a pretty sort of obedience! I approve your resolution, but vows are dangerous, and may turn venial into mortal sins. True, *I* made a vow, but it was a qualified one. I should not have dared to make that vow of yours, for I know that not even the apostles could entirely avoid

¹ See above, p. 284.

little sins. God will accept your goodwill, but you had better get that vow commuted as quickly as possible."

Teresa evidently thought her brother spiritually excited and over-strained; her advice to him is generally on the common-sense side. "When you are kept awake at night by these holy agitations, you had better lie down and try to get to sleep. Your head needs sleep whether you feel it or not. Otherwise you may arrive at not being able to pray at all. But if you persist in sitting up do take care not to get chilled, which is very bad for the liver. I don't at all approve of your wishing to sit up praying all night. You mustn't do it, no matter how fervent you feel. Don't be so afraid of sleep. God gives us blessings in our sleep. If you had heard Fray Pedro de Alcántara discourse on this subject you wouldn't be so afraid.

"I wish you had sent me the hymn you wrote! For the hymns we sing have generally neither rhyme nor reason (*piés ni cabeza*).

"I remember a *villancico*¹ I wrote once with great enthusiasm:—

¡ Oh hermosura, que ecedeis	Oh Beauty, which makst poor and vain
A todas las hermosuras !	All other beauties, whatsoe'er !
Sin herir, dolor haceis :	Thou without wounding givest pain,
Y sin dolor, deshaceis	And without pain the heart dost wean
El amor de las criaturas.	From things created, howe'er fair.

I can't remember it all. What nonsense for a foundress to write such things! God forgive me for wasting my time! In the days when I wrote those verses, Doña Guiomar and I were like one person. Remember me to her."

¹ Song with refrain, composed for some church festival.

Letter
138 Another letter begins about a present of sweetmeats and sardines which Lorenzo has sent her, but is chiefly on spiritual matters. She has been having her raptures again (1577) and alas! in public, at Matins, when she could neither resist nor conceal the impetus. She has been going about like a drunken person; though her soul lies in great peace. Yet she prays the Lord it may not occur in public again. It is distressing, and she cannot see there is greater sanctity in it. Nevertheless, the experience has been a great comfort; for she had been suffering from dryness. Lorenzo himself has been having experience of supernatural gifts in prayer. But he must be careful and not try to force such things. It is best to get something to do; for unless the rapture is overmastering, one cannot be sure it is of God and not self-induced. She sends him a hair shirt; but he must promise to use it in moderation. It is good to feel one is suffering for God—it stirs up one's love. Let him tell her how he gets on with it. She calls it *niñería* (childishness); and her natural merriment effervescing, she adds—

“ I can't help laughing to think that you send me sardines, sweets, and money, and I send you a hair shirt ! ”

Letter
141 A little later, she recommends him to consult Padre Julian de Avila, the chaplain, who is really good; and Lorenzo may take the opportunity of doing the good man some small kindnesses, for he is very poor and ascetic; a little conversation will be good for the two of them, as life is not intended to be *all* prayer.

Letter
142 She tells him of her affair with the Inquisition. It is going well. The chief Inquisitor Quiroga has read the Book of her Life, and praised it to Doña Luisa, and asked why Teresa hasn't founded a monastery in Madrid? And this Quiroga is going to be Archbishop of Toledo, which is very good, as he is a great friend to the Discalced.

We pass on to a letter of 1580, long and highly characteristic, about that brother Pedro de Ahumada who was the family trial. Letter
281.

He had come home from America without any money and it would seem with a very bad temper. Lorenzo had given him a home at La Serna, but Pedro quickly grew dissatisfied, and said he would go to Seville. On the way he visited Teresa at Toledo. She writes at once to Lorenzo:—

“God allows this poor man to trouble us that He may see how far our charity will stretch. Alas! mine comes very short! I can hardly regard this tiresome person as a brother or even as a neighbour, though I can't help pitying him. My natural inclination is to plead for him no more, so disgusted I am with his discontent when in his good brother's house. I implore you, do not permit him to come thither again for all his begging or even for his necessity. It is not La Serna which has upset his health; for he began his grumbling before ever he went there. He has engaged a muleteer to take him to Seville, why no one knows; and really the heat of the journey is enough to kill him, when he's already weak in the head; and it's only another excuse for wasting money. I have persuaded him to wait at least till an answer comes to this letter.”

Teresa goes on to remind Lorenzo that the law of perfection will not suffer him to let the poor wretch starve by withdrawing his alms. True, Pedro's only claim on Lorenzo is that he is his brother; but then Joseph owed even less to his brothers, whom he helped. The Lord has shown great goodness to Lorenzo, and will wish him to do great things in return; and truly this matter of Pedro is a great thing. Suppose Pedro were to die on this journey to Seville? it would mean endless weeping for

his brother ! And if a good deal is done for Christ's sake, the doer will never be the poorer for it. Lorenzo has been in the habit of giving Pedro 200 *reales* for his clothing as well as board and lodging in his house, and no doubt other things too, more than he knew. Well, let Lorenzo now give him 400 *reales* ; and then Pedro can go and live with his sister Juana, or with his cousin Diego de Guzman. And let the money be paid direct to whomever undertakes to board him ; on no account to Pedro himself, for she foresees he will never be long anywhere. Any plan would be preferable to having Pedro back in his brother's family ; and if Lorenzo agrees to this plan, let him feel he is giving the money at least partly to his sister Teresa, as if *she* were in necessity, she who at any rate would never wish to cause him annoyance. For a long time she has felt that Pedro must somehow be got away—such anxiety and such grief it has been to her to see Lorenzo saddled with such an incubus.

It would be hard to imagine a more delicate letter than this which puts the character of the three persons concerned distinctly before us. Lorenzo apparently agreed to pay the suggested pension, and Pedro was boarded out at least temporarily with the cousin.

Letter
305

But it was in December of the same year that Teresa wrote to the younger Lorenzo, her brother's second son who was doing well in Peru, to announce his father's death—with all the comforts of religion, leaving his sons under great obligation to God for having blessed them with so good a father. (In this letter she announces also the engagement of Don Francisco, young Lorenzo's elder brother, to Doña Orofrisia de Mendoza y Castilla ; pretty, discreet, not yet fifteen, with a string of dukes and marquises for her cousins, and a managing mother, as the family had good cause to know a little later.)

Teresa's correspondence with her sister Juana de Ahumada, if not quite so interesting as that with Lorenzo, yet tells us many details of her life and interests. She discusses her health, the severe dosings and bleedings which were the drastic prescriptions of the day; repeats family news; gives account of her struggles with house owners and lawyers and disappointed relatives of wealthy nuns.

From Seville in 1575 she thus quaintly announces the coming of Lorenzo and his party. "May the Holy Spirit be with you my friend, and allow you to enjoy your brothers, who, glory be to the Lord, are already at San Lucar. They have written here to the Canon Cueva y Castilla, that he may send the news to Señor Juan de Ovalle and to me whom they suppose in Avila. How pleased they will be to find me in Seville! But the joys of this life are always blended with grief; so I must tell you that on their way, at Nombre de Dios, our brother the good Jeronimo de Cepeda died like a saint; but Pedro de Ahumada, and Lorencio are both come; and Lorencio's three boys and the little Teresa; and in three days they will be here! Please tell the Señora Doña Mayor of the coming of Señor Pedro de Ahumada, for I think he was very much her servant." Here there seems allusion to some romance or disappointment in poor Pedro's life, which may have been connected with his subsequent peevishness. Letter
62

In 1578 Teresa writes of the return of the younger Lorenzo to Peru, and of some plot made by the boys themselves that he should be accompanied by his cousin Gonzalo, Juana's son. In these letters to her sister, Teresa is always most formal. She speaks of Juana's daughter, her own favourite niece, almost invariably as the "Señora Doña Beatriz," and of the sixteen year old boy as "Don Gonzalo." Letter
203

Letter
318

In 1581 she writes from Palencia consoling Juana for her trials, connected no doubt with good Juan de

Letter
346

Ovalle's tiresome temper. A little later she begs her sister and Beatriz to get permission from him—who, by the way, does not seem himself to have borne the title Don—to come and see her at Segovia. This was the time when Beatriz, a lively clever girl who in after years took an important position among the Carmelites, had got into trouble; an accident only too easy for the artificially secluded young Spanish ladies. It is not to be imagined she had done anything wrong; it was disastrous for a correct young lady if a stranger so much as spoke to her. But tongues were wagging at Alba, and Beatriz herself was proud, defiant, very possibly in love. Her parents wished to treat the matter with the contempt it probably deserved. But Teresa, who was not entirely free from the religious person's vague terror of the world, was most anxious to get the girl away from home, away from gossip, away probably from some undesirable attraction. Teresa, enamoured of her own life, was a little too eager to put her nephew Francisco and this Beatriz into the religious habit. The young man refused the suggested career; so for the present did Beatriz. But after Teresa's death her influence became stronger with her niece. The girl took the desired step, and there is no reason to suppose she ever regretted it.

Whether Juana and Beatriz paid the proposed visit to Segovia—employment was to be found for Pedro in escorting them—I do not know. In November Teresa is writing direct to Juan de Ovalle about his daughter.

Letter
357

“To ignore this matter is not wise. The devil is not asleep, and if you don't take care, the remedy will come too late. She can't be in her parent's house for ever; the position is really alarming and is killing me with anxiety.

For the love of the Lord do be careful, and get the child away."

A few days later she writes again, saying she is going to Burgos. "I am thinking that if Doña Beatriz thinks of becoming a nun, it would be a good plan to take her with me, and afterwards as I hope to Madrid. She can't help liking the convents, and she will be a foundress before she is professed! But if she really doesn't care for the life, she can go home again. God knows I only desire her happiness; and you also and my sister want to see her happy."

Letter
362

A fragment of a letter to Beatriz herself is of uncertain date. "Your troubles, dear, are very different from mine. I have been comforted to hear you are settled in your uncle's house at Avila, and I am grateful to him and your aunt for their kindness to you. It's a great mercy of God that you are delivered from that terrible woman" (probably the scandal-monger).

Letter
375

The affair blew over; and Beatriz de Jesus, when she was a renowned and saintly prioress at Toledo and elsewhere, doubtless looked back upon it with half contemptuous marvel at her own emotions.

Teresa's letters—though many and many are lost—fill a portly volume. Let us take a few extracts from her correspondence with the two dearest of her spiritual children, Maria de San José, and the young man, Gracian.

The first preserved to us of those to the Prioress at Seville is from Malagon, describing her journey thither in 1576 after she had been ordered out of Andalucia.

"For love's sake," she says, "write to me whenever you can that I may always know all about you. Commend me to all the sisters, especially to (sister) San Gabriel who was so silly at my going away. Tell me if our father (Gracian) has arrived yet. I charge you never to allow

Letter
75

any one to take meals in your house, unless it be he, for necessity's sake. There is a difference between the Superior and others, and his health is of importance. And really it's very little we can do for him. But it's well all should know this rule, for your alms are small and you are not rich enough to feed others as well as yourselves. I don't want you to have any anxieties ; but greatly to serve the Lord." Teresa alludes several times to these undesirable hospitalities and writes to Gracian also about them. The enemies and the scandal-mongers were inclined to make capital out of them.

Another letter clears up—jestingly—a little personal misunderstanding.

Letter
77

" Yours has just come, and I was so much pleased that I was quite moved, and ready to forgive you all you have done or shall do. The worst complaint I had against you was that you didn't seem to care for my company ; and I see now it wasn't your fault. As I said to the mother prioress of Malagon, the Lord intends me to have troubles ; and as your society would have been a refreshment to me, He took it away ! Seriously, I am very fond of you ; and as I know your good will, it's childish to go over anything else, and your letter has put it all right."

In September she writes with even more affection.

Letter
89

" Your letters are such a delight to me that I'm always longing for them ! I don't know why I have such great love for your house and all that is in it, unless it be that there I passed through such sore tribulation. Yes, we have had a great deal of trouble ; but as God has delivered us from that Tostado, we must have faith that He will bring it all right."

In this letter are some remarks about the postal arrangements, never very efficient in Spain. " I must tell you that the chief post-officer here is a cousin of one of our nuns in

Segovia. He came to see me and says he'll do marvels for us—his name is Figueredo. We concerted that all letters from you should be directed to him, and in that case I shall receive them within eight days. Think what a wonder that will be ! The question is, ought we to address him as Magnifico ? or what ? ”

She goes on to discuss the finances of the Seville convent.

“ Don't forget to tell me about the Alcabala (tax on all sales). I see very well you are short of money. Consult our father about it and tell him how much you run short. I am surprised that the mother of Beatriz (de la Madre de Dios) has no more than 1500 ducats ; but she is one who if she brought nothing would still be great gain to us. I am glad to hear you have sold the garden produce, and those stockings. God helps those who help themselves.”

Again she writes about the tax on the sale of the house, which apparently had not been paid by the vendor, and in default had been demanded of the nuns.

“ As to a lawsuit, compromise would be much better ; ^{Letter 90} don't forget that : our father wrote to me that an expert of the court had told him we hadn't a good case ; and even if we had, a lawsuit is a terrible thing. Don't forget this.”

In October she writes about the missing jewels.

“ You know I sent one trunk direct by a carrier, and ^{Letter 95} whether this had anything to do with it or not I don't know, but Teresita's Agnus Dei and the two emerald rings have not turned up, and I can't remember where I put them, or even if they were brought to me at all. Do try and remember whether we had them in the house when we came in ; and ask Gabriela if she remembers where they were put, and pray to God they may be found.”

A little later she writes that to her great relief the ^{Letter 98} jewels have been discovered. Thank God, as she has been anxious enough about them !

One letter begins with the quaint remark :—" May the Grace of the Holy Spirit be with your Reverence, my daughter, whose indisposition grieves me much. *I don't know what's the matter with me that I can't care so much about the complaints of the prioresses here !*"

In this letter Teresa mentions Lorenzo's purchase of La Serna and the price he had paid for it, 14,000 ducats. She also speaks of Gracian's little sister Isabelita, who is being brought up in the convent at Toledo, and who afterwards took the habit and the name Isabel de Jesus Maria.

" She is a marvel ; prettier even than Teresita, and wonderfully clever—a real delight to me."

The prioress at Malagon, who was always complaining of her health, was clearly not a favourite. Teresa tells of the curious system of mortification which she had introduced.

Letter
111

" She would give one of the sisters a blow bidding her pass it on to the next, and she to the next, and so on. This must be an invention of the *demonio*, putting the souls in strong temptation to offend God. On no account do you consent to such extravagances as I saw among the nuns at Malagon ; for nuns are not slaves, nor should there be mortification except with clear idea of profit. I tell you, daughter, one has to look very sharply after these little prioresses. I have begun to discover things they do to their nuns, which to me are very distressing."

Letter
112

Maria de San José was something of a blue-stocking, and Teresa teases her a little about it. " Your letter to Father Mariano was all right except for the Latin you dragged in. May God deliver all my daughters from presumption about Latin. Simplicity—that's the thing for saints."

She describes some extraordinarily rough frieze they

have got for new habits, and exclaims in her laughing way—

“ Now I'm a real nun ! Pray God I may persevere ! ”

Many letters refer to the finances, to the debt owing to Lorenzo by the convent, to the accurate accounts kept by the sub-prioress “ who would make entry even of the water drops ” ; of course much to the disputes in the Order ; much also to health and the best remedies in sickness, showing that Teresa was not above the womanly foible for doctoring. Many expressions of affection come in.

“ I should be delighted to see you, especially at this moment. I think we were very great friends. There are few with whom I care to discuss these high spiritual matters, so I am greatly pleased when you write that you have understood me.” Letter
133

In June she speaks very kindly about a slave who had been serving the convent at Seville, and who having now been enfranchised, had no place to go, and wanted to belong to the sisterhood. Letter
155

“ As for that poor little slave, on no account refuse to receive her. In the early days of our houses, there are many things to be done outside the usual routine ; and it's not a case of expecting her to attain perfection, but only to serve well. A lay-sister is not required to seek perfection, and she need never be even professed if she proves unsuitable. Her sister I like less ; still, receive her too and God will make it turn out as He will. Don't expect too much of either ; the essentials are all we need consider, and we owe that poor girl a great deal. The two of them are now in a sad position ; as for ourselves we must put up with annoyances.”

It is interesting to know that the nuns kept a slave, and that freedom was apparently not an unmixed boon.

The girls were almost certainly foreigners—probably coloured. There were more persons of this class in Seville than in any other town.

Letter
166

A most interesting letter, too long to quote, is that of October 1577 in which Teresa gives an account of the election at the Encarnacion, when fifty-five of the nuns voted for her to be prioress and consequently were excommunicated and deprived of their confessors, Fray German and Fray Juan de la Cruz. Teresa describes the behaviour of the Provincial who had come to hold the election. At every vote cast for her he raged and swore, he thumped his fist on the voting papers, tore, and burned them. Other letters give the subsequent history of the affair, which was the occasion of Teresa's correspondence with the king.

Letter
187

A letter of 1578 gives reasons for refusing certain highly recommended postulants. One she says is too young. "At thirteen many changes of mind are probable." She goes on to object to the nuns writing down their spiritual experiences.

"It damages the soul's liberty. Besides they are tempted to fancy a good deal of it;"—wise hints for all writers of diaries. She makes another hit at Maria de San José's pedantry. "That's very fine what you say about Elisha. But I'm not so learned as you, and I don't know what the Assyrians are." This sentence has become a proverb in Spain. *Como no soy ya tan letrera como ella, no sé qué son los asirios.*

Letter
196

The letter of June 1578, gives some amusing details. "Yours was so long delayed on the road that I'm quite cross. All you sent has come safe, including the water. It is excellent; but now we don't need more of it. I like the jugs you chose; enough of them also. Now that I'm better I must do without luxuries. Pray don't imagine I intend to eat all that jam. I really don't care

for it so much myself, but the love of giving is what I shall never overcome. You have explained the stove so well that I don't think there can be any mistake. It is already being constructed ; and the nuns here are astounded by your cleverness, and thank you very, very much."

(This economical cooking stove was invented by Maria de San José ; and in April Teresa had written to Gracian for special permission that her brother Lorenzo should go into the Convent at Seville to inspect and report upon it ; " as it promised to be a treasure for monks and nuns.")

It was in 1578 that Segá, the Nuncio, deposed the prioress of Seville whom he considered at the least a fomenter of strife. Next year when the troubles were drawing to a close, Angel de Salazar, now Vicar-General, wished to reinstate her. Maria was proud, and not inclined to accept reappointment. Teresa writes—

" My daughter, have done with this pursuit of a stupid perfection as I suppose you call this modesty. Here we are, all wishing for your appointment and expecting it ; and you with this childishness ! For really it's nothing else. It is not only your Reverence's concern, it's the concern of the whole Order, and greatly for the service of God, and for the honour of the convent and the honour of our father Gracian. Even if your Reverence had no gifts for the office, nothing else could at present be suitable ; moreover, as says the proverb, *A falta de hombres buenos*, etc.¹ Seriously, if God does favour us in this, your Reverence must submit, and obey without a word. You see I am fast getting angry ! It is enough if we know the appointment is not of your own seeking ; and truly it is unnecessary to explain that such office is a heavy ✠ "

Letter
242

This letter is followed in Fuente's edition by a pretty

¹ The proverb, *A falta de buenos mi marido alcalde* ;—As there are no good men, let my husband be mayor.

little fragment, written apparently about this date (summer 1579).

Letter
243 " I am filled, daughter, with shame and confusion to read what great things those gentlemen have said of us, and it lays us under a great obligation to be what they have painted us, that we may not make them into liars."

A month later Teresa writes congratulating Maria de San José on her resumption of office.

Letter
246 " Much as I loved you before, I now love you so much I am quite frightened! I'd give anything to see and embrace my dear daughter. This appointment was needed to finish the quieting of souls. You yourself must have patience. As the Lord has given you such desire to serve Him, be joyful that you are placed in so trying a post. Were we to choose our own form of suffering for the Lord, it wouldn't be following our Master, who at the time of His grief ended His cry with the words, " Not My will but Thine be done."

Early in 1580 Teresa had occasion to write one or two letters of caution, almost of reproof, to this beloved Maria de San José. Nicolas Doria, who disliked the prioress of Seville, seems to have been reporting her faults; and we have already suspected that Teresa, not exempt from the infirmities of age and weakness, became at the last a little captious. It is probable of course that her complaints were justified; that reaction was already damaging her work. No enthusiast finds in his disciples the same *endurance* of fire as burns in his own breast. Moreover, the greater minds among the disciples, as they develop, get a little different from the mind of the master, and are unable to be mere copies of him. And the master—grown old—is not able to approve or even to understand the variation.

Teresa's reproofs to her best beloved and most trusted, to Maria Bautista, Maria de San José, Ana de Jesus,

women in their prime, singularly capable and saintly, who, after her death, were most faithful to her institutions and her spirit, are certainly severe. They are expressed in language so clear, so courteous, so vigorous, that one can detect in them little evidence of age, still less of failing. We can only hope that she had not fully understood what the prioresses had done, nor their reasons for doing it. We have few or none of their answers, which may or may not have stilled the anxieties of the aged saint.

Teresa writes thus to Maria de San José—

“Your letter has come, so good and humble that it merits a long reply. I am so grateful for all you did in the times of our necessity, that you have no need to remind me of it. You have had great trials; I wish I had not to add to them. Your Reverence must forgive me, for I am quite intolerable with those I love, wishing them never to make one mistake. I am more disturbed by the faults in this house (Malagon),—to the mother prioress of which I wrote terrible letters (without I confess gaining much by them), than I am by the faults in yours. For here the mischief goes on longer. On the other hand, outside scandal is more damaging to your house, and I know not if it can be got over. Really, I think not; even though things may improve within. Here I am chiefly vexed with Beatriz de Jesus¹ who never told me a word of what was going on. I suppose she thought that friendship! I tell you it is not. True friendship would never hide ills which are capable of remedy. Remember this. For the love of God, let your Reverence never do anything which if known would provoke scandal. Have done with these good intentions which cost so dear! May it never be mentioned to anybody, not even to our Discalced

Letter
269

¹ Not Beatriz de Jesus, Teresa's niece, who was not yet a Carmelite, but the daughter of a cousin, and at this time sub-prioress at Malagon.

fathers, that you allowed that Jesuit father to have a meal in the convent. It's the kind of thing which if known would make a noise ; at any rate among them."

Teresa goes on to mention various things which have displeased her of which we are not now able to estimate the importance. She herself is conscious that the complaints appear trivial. "Oh my God! the silly things which go forth in this letter! But they have to do with the one great end! May the Lord give us light; for without it there is no possibility of virtue, nor is there cleverness except for evil."

Maria seems to have replied meekly, for the next letter is milder, though the complaints continue.

Letter
272

"I don't know why, but in spite of the annoyance your Reverence causes me, I can't help being very fond of you, and the convent being the one which has suffered the greatest tribulation is the one I love best. The more I love you the less I can bear the smallest fault. I see that is foolish, and that by erring one arrives at experience; but if the scar is deep the fur never grows over it, so you must walk warily."

Before 1582, however, the complaining has ceased, and Teresa is writing to her favourite daughter with the old ease.

Letter
393

The last letter is dated 14th July from Burgos. It tells that the young niece, Teresita, has ended her year's noviciate, and is about to make her profession. "Pray for her, all of you!" says the dying aunt—"She is so young and so pretty!"

She sends greeting to many of the nuns by name, and ends, "I should like to write to them all if I could, but my health does not improve. I am not worse than usual; but my head is tired, and I daren't work too hard at these letters, as I have other not-to-be-neglected things to do.

May God be praised, and give His grace always to your Reverence. Amen."

The voluminous correspondence with Gracian does its best to be business-like, sometimes almost dry; to have fewer of the little humorous and characteristic touches which bring the writer and her friends so vividly before us. Still Teresa is not able to prevent her solicitude and tenderness making themselves felt for one so dearly loved. She will not allow herself to be sentimental; but just occasionally cannot refrain from a directly affectionate word.

The letters refer chiefly to the long wars with the Carmelites of the Mitigation, and afterwards to the constitution and the arrangement of the new Province of the Discalced. Teresa considered Gracian the only man among her friars fit to govern. In his gentleness—which to the more fiery spirits seemed weakness, she saw that power of conciliation which could alone bring order out of chaos. True she valued Nicolas Doria also, and more than once expressed the wish that the two men could be rolled into one. But at any rate in the beginning all her hopes centred on Jeronimo de la Madre de Dios.

The first letter to him, written in 1575 from Seville, Gracian being away on a visitation, is chiefly interesting in its picture of the child Teresita just arrived from South America, and already anxious to be a nun. "I think it must please God that this little soul is not to be brought up for the world," says the loving aunt. Letter
63

In the next letter she combats an idea Gracian has taken up as to the advantage in moving the nuns from one convent to another.

"I think I understand women better than does your Paternity," she says. "Believe me, it is not advisable to take any, whether prioress or subject, from her convent, Letter
66

unless for a new foundation. Often I have wished the foundations concluded, so that each nun might be fixed in her own place. Even if it's a question of health—it is better one or two should die, rather than all should receive harm.”

At the end of this letter is some amusing condolence and advice. “I am much distressed by those falls, and think you ought to be tied on to your saddle. What sort of a donkey can you have had? And why must your Paternity go ten leagues in one day? On that pack-saddle (*albarda*) it's enough to kill you. I hope you have put on more clothes as the weather is getting cold. Pray God you have not already suffered. In your care for the profit of souls, consider what harm your bad health would cause to many! For the love of God, look after it!”

An entertaining letter describes her journey from Seville to Malagon when she travelled in luxury with her brother's party, the child Teresita amusing them all with her prattle.

Letter 74 “Oh, my father! what an adventure befell me! reposing on the straw of a threshing floor, near a tavern which we dared not enter, a great salamander or lizard ran up my arm under my tunic! My brother caught it and dragged it forth, and hit Antonio Ruiz with it.”

At the end of this letter, she urges on Gracian as she had urged on Maria de San José, the inadvisability of the nuns entertaining any one at meals in the convent, unless himself, on occasions of necessity. For one thing, they are too poor to afford such hospitality. Besides, things go on as they begin, and that were a beginning which might come to harm or lead to scandal—so it's very important; and will his Paternity kindly counsel them in this matter. They are all quite young; and it's much the best they should have nothing to say to the friars. It's all on a footing of holiness now; but she foresees how it may

end if this freedom is not checked at once. "Forgive me, my Father!" she ends earnestly.

This was certainly a broad hint to Gracian; it is to be feared that strong in his own rectitude he did not take it, and his too frequent presence at the convent table was one cause of the reproaches levelled at him and at Maria de San José.

Letter 82 from Toledo with the account of how she changed her confessor is a good example of Teresa's use of pseudonyms; it tells also how she believed herself inspired by Christ, yet would not act directly on inspiration lest she be deceived, but must first take counsel with a *letrado*, in this instance Gaspar de Salazar, the Jesuit; how she found the new confessor, Doctor Velasquez (afterwards Bishop of Osma near Soria), more helpful to her soul than any one she had met since Pablo (Gracian himself).

In connection with the accusations brought in later years against Gracian by Doria and others, it is well to remember the high opinion of his spiritual gifts and influence entertained by the wise, holy, and experienced Teresa.

A characteristic letter written to this man when he was in the thick of the persecution may be given almost entire.

"I have been reading the history of Moses, and the plagues which came upon that king and all the kingdom, yet never struck Moses himself. And I wondered and rejoiced to see how when the Lord wills it not, nothing can have the power to harm; and I liked to think of that saint in those conflicts by the command of God. And now I rejoice to see my Eliseo (Gracian) in the same. I offered him again to God. And I remembered all the mercies given to me; and how Josef (Jesus Christ) has spoken to me; and that there is much more to be gone through, even a thousand dangers, for the glory and the honour of God. In these and in such trials our life shall pass."

Presently we have an interesting account of a visit from Gracian's mother, Doña Juana de Antisco.

Letter
87

"She has been here (Toledo) three days. I have seen few if any like her. Her parts are of the best which God has made; her simplicity, her sincerity which puts me to shame, make her excel even her son. We knew each other in a moment as if we had been friends all our lives. She stayed comfortably at an inn close by kept by a widow with women servants, and we cooked her meals here,—by your leave something better than convent fare. Your Paternity's suggestion that I should raise my veil for her amused me. You don't know me. Why, I would have opened my very heart to her! Till the last day her daughter was with her. I thought her very pretty and was sorry to see her go to join those young ladies at the College.¹ I wished I might give her our habit, along with that little angel, Isabelita, her sister, than whom no one could be plumper or prettier. Periquito hardly knew the child. Oh, what a pretty boy Tomas is! They came here too. When Doña Juana saw the happiness and the bearing of every one here she determined to try and send her daughter the Señora Doña Maria to (us at) Valladolid, and regretted that she had arranged otherwise for the Señora Doña Adriana. She seems pleased with everything, and I don't think she's a flatterer. Yesterday she wrote me a charming letter with a thousand words of love; and to-day I wrote to her telling her the news of your Paternity. I should like to have sent hers to you, but I am sorry I tore it up with a number of others. These last few days, the number I have received is countless."

The half-jesting, half-pathetic remark which follows

¹ The *Colegio de Doncellas Nobles*, founded by Cardinal Siliceo—still at Toledo.

is one of the few direct expressions of affection which Teresa allows herself for Gracian.

“Considering which of the two loves your Paternity best, I bethought me that the Señora Doña Juana has a husband and other sons to love, while the poor Lorencia (herself) has nothing in the world but that father. May God guard him! Amen.”

The rest of this letter is taken up with advice about the approaching Chapter and the embassy to Rome.

“Work all you possibly can for a separate Province, as this war is intolerable. It is shocking to have to displease our superiors.”

A letter dated 19th November 1576, is interesting, suggesting what line Teresa would have taken in the turmoil after her death when Doria tried to introduce that “fury of regulations” which was opposed by Gracian, by Maria de San José, and Ana de Jesus.

“Now I see how tiresome are the rules which Padre ^{Letter} Juan de Jesus (Roca) has already made, and which seem ¹⁰⁷ to me to undo for no reason the constitutions of your Paternity. This is precisely what I fear for my nuns, that severe superiors will come and oppress and burden them. It's extraordinary that a visitation always ends in rules! No recreation the day they communicate! The next thing will be no recreation at all. If the priests don't observe this themselves, why should these poor girls? Merely to read these rules wearied me—what would it be to observe them? Believe me, our Rule is severe enough and we have no room for oppressive persons.”

The next letter is one of delicate expostulation.

“Time will cure your Paternity of a little of your ^{Letter} simplicity, which I admit to be saintly. But the devil ¹⁰⁸ won't allow us all to be saints, and those weak and malicious like me would like to put a stop to temptations.

Nor are all superiors like my father, that so much gentleness should be permitted to them. God has given this treasure to you to keep, and I am more afraid of men stealing it than of devils. . . . Since I have had daughters, I have felt how necessary it is for me to walk circumspectly lest I should put temptation in their way. For what they see me, a woman of age and experience of mankind, say and do, they might think permissible for them. Am I a bore? But don't be bored by listening to these things; for your Paternity and I are charged with a great charge, and have to give account to God and to the world; and you will pardon me because I speak only in love."

Occasionally the fundamental spirituality shows more clearly. "Is it not wonderful that Pablo (Gracian) in the midst of his many occupations can have such refreshment with Josef (Jesus Christ)? In the interior matters of the spirit the most certain, the most acceptable are those which leave the best results. I do not say the greatest desires; by results I mean desires confirmed by works; desires for the honour of God, showing themselves by continual looking out for that honour, and using the memory and the understanding in seeking to please Him. Ah, that is true prayer! I would have none other! If it should come with great temptations and drynesses, and tribulations, and these things left me more humble, that I should think good prayer; for the more there is pleasing to God the more it is prayer."

The next letter deals with the false accusations.

Letter
128

"As for that girl, or rather woman, I don't consider it so much melancholy as possession by the devil which makes her speak these lies. You must observe great caution. On no account go to her house. . . . You had better not appear in the matter at all, but leave others to win

that poor soul. . . . It seems to me that her letter is matter for the Inquisition ; if there is reason to denounce her, let it be done. For if afterwards the matter gets to the public, and it is said that you knew it, and kept it secret, you will be greatly blamed."

With regard to the misguided second Chapter at Almodóvar, which proved so exasperating to Sega, Teresa writes—

" I do not wish your Paternity to do anything of which any one could say it was wrong ; for this, even if it turned out well would distress me more than all the things which might go against us without our fault."

Letter
188

She gives her opinion strongly against the proposed usurpations. The Province can be made only by the General or the Pope ; an election among themselves could have no value, and it would be more difficult for the Pope to confirm it, than to give the licence as a gift. An action of this sort would give colour to the accusation that they were disobedient to their superiors. She advises appeal to the king for assistance, and the despatch of ambassadors to Rome.

" But what nonsense to write all this to your Paternity ! Yet you will bear it from me. I tell you I feel quite undone that I haven't the liberty to be able to do the things I say ought to be done ! "

This seems for once a little impatience with her sex. To be only a *mujercilla*, when she felt capable of guiding and governing all these hot-headed stupid friars !

This letter was sent by Lorenzo on the occasion when he went to Seville to inspect Maria de San José's cooking-stove. Evidently Teresa had not entire confidence in her brother as a postman, for two days later she wrote again by another messenger repeating her advice.

After a month, she writes describing the operation on her arm performed by the lady surgeon.

Letter
192

“ They tell me I am cured ; but as yet, on account of the pain, I am not able to see if this be so or not.” And she adds, “ It seems to me that sometimes the body gets tired ; when one sickness follows on top of another, there comes a sort of cowardice in the soul, though the will remains good.”

At last we have a merry letter in which, the conclusion of the troubles being in sight, Teresa rejoices at the appointment of Angel de Salazar as Vicar-General.

Letter
232

“ I pray God he may enjoy his office but a little time. I don't mean that I wish his death, for he is really the best of them all, and will be very good to us. But, of course, no one can be better than the Señor Nuncio for persons studying perfection, as with his worrying he has made us all lay up a great deal of merit ! ”

Soon afterwards she writes her commendation of Doria.

Letter
245

“ Father Nicolas was with me in Avila for three or four days. I am glad to think your Paternity has now some one with whom he can consult about the affairs of the Order, as I have been distressed to see you so solitary. Certainly Father Nicolas seems shrewd and of good counsel and a servant of God, though he hasn't that grace and conciliatory charm which God has given to Pablo. It is rare to find all qualities in one ; but certainly he's substantial, and very humble and penitent, and fixed in the truth, and with a power of gaining people's wills. And he knows the worth of Pablo and is determined to follow him well. It will be to our advantage to have them of one mind, and to me a great relief. Wherefore, my father, don't let your Paternity be stiff with him.”

The next letter contains another gentle reproof to Pablo.

“ I want to tell you of a temptation which came to me yesterday, and still lasts with regard to Eliseo (Gracian); namely, that it seems to me sometimes when he is not careful he does not speak quite the whole truth about everything. I see it's only in unimportant matters; but I should like him to take great care about this. For charity's sake, I beseech your Paternity very much. I don't think there can be entire perfection where there is this snare. See how I intrude! as if you had no other anxieties! I pray your Paternity to commend me very much to God, for truly I have great need of it.”

Letter
245

Letter 266 is about the reception of a little girl in the convent of Alba. “ About the same age as my Isabelita ” (Gracian's little sister). Teresa says she would like to have one—not more—of these little angels in each of the convents, as they give great edification as well as amusement.

Letter
266

Teresa is as anxious about Gracian's health as about Lorenzo's, and writes in grandmotherly style—

“ I tell you, my father, you ought to sleep more. For the love of God, stop your planning which you say you indulge in at night, however necessary it may be. The *demonio* sometimes makes things seem of great importance, because when there is great fervour of spirit he can't get in at the front entrance and so must attack the back one. Great are the blessings which the Lord gives in sleep, and I don't wonder the devil tries to put you off it.”

Again—“ I'm afraid that the little mule is not the right one for your Paternity. It would be better to buy a good one. I'm only afraid you'll buy something which may throw my father; and the present beast being small, falls are less dangerous. Nor do I approve of your riding a baggage donkey. Think over what is best, and don't be so timid, for that is what makes me so anxious.”

Letter
299

(It was afterwards made a reproach against Gracian that he travelled on a good mount while Doria went on a screw. It seems to have been by Teresa's advice, the difficulty being to find *any* animal upon which he could keep his seat.)

In this letter Teresa takes Gracian's advice about her troublesome brother Pedro, who by an unfortunate accident in Lorenzo's will had been made guardian of the younger children.

Then we have letters about the election of the new Provincial. Teresa hopes it will be Gracian and would like him to have Doria for his assistant.

Letter
320

“ It is most important, especially for the start, that you should work together. On all matters his is a good opinion, and after all your Reverence has suffered from others, he will be glad to have one who will not make him suffer.”

Yet Gracian suffered much from Doria. Was Teresa trying to forestall this, knowing in her heart how likely they would be to quarrel? Or for once did her perspicacity fail her, so that she really thought these two men so radically different could pull together?

Several letters follow, mentioning points Teresa wished specially brought before the Council of Alcalá. They relate chiefly to the nuns, and are aimed at securing them spiritual liberty. These letters show that the changes introduced later by Doria, the tendency of which was to diminish the authority of the prioresses, and to subject the nuns to interference from the masculine heads of the Order, was quite contrary to Teresa's ideal. Doria was not able to adduce any words of Teresa's spoken or written during her life as his inspiration; he had to rely on exhortations received, apparently from her, in visions after her death, chiefly by Catalina de Jesus.

After a joyful letter congratulating Gracian on his

appointment to the office of Provincial, the remaining correspondence with him deals almost exclusively with details and is hardly of the same interest as its earlier part.

He was much with her in the last few months of her life, though—doubtless to her disappointment—he was far away when she died. Her last letter to him was written on the 1st of September 1582 from Valladolid, at the time when she was being worried if not insulted by her family, and even by Maria Bautista. The letter is not in good spirits; many things are frightening and oppressing her, and she feels Gracian's absence and cannot bear his being in that almost foreign land of Andalucia. And Fray Nicolas (Doria), and Fray Juan de las Cuevas too, have been teasing her with complaints of Gracian; and Fray Antonio is touchy; and the prioress at Salamanca seems quite off her head, and is intent upon buying a house much too big and too expensive, about which Teresa has already remonstrated. However, the scolding she wrote to the nuns of Alba has done some good; and she intends to go there. But, if God will, she hopes to reach Avila by the end of the month, as she doesn't want to drag the child (Teresita) hither and thither any longer.

“ Oh, my father! how cast down I have felt these days! But now I have learned that your Reverence is well, I am better. Pray God I improve further. Commend me to the mother prioress and to all the sisters. I am glad they are in health; and I pray them much not to worry your Reverence but to be very kind to you. Give my greetings to Father Fray Juan de la Cruz. Maria de San Bartolomé greets your Reverence. May the Lord be your Guard, and deliver you from all dangers, that is my supplication. Amen.—Your Reverence's servant and subject,

TERESA DE JESUS ”

Letter
400

Letter
400

There are many other interesting letters of Saint Teresa's but space will not permit us to go into them. She wrote several times to Philip II and impressed him deeply. She wrote to bishops and royal councillors, and theologians, and great ladies; to simple people who were in perplexity or sorrow, to intending nuns, to their parents or guardians, to lawyers and landlords who made difficulties or wanted her money. It is rare for her to betray any interest in public affairs; but she makes an occasional cut at the Lutherans, and in a letter to Maria Bautista is an allusion to Don John of Austria¹—

Letter
103

“Commend much to God Don Juan de Austria who has gone to Flanders (to be Governor) disguised as a gentleman's servant.”

Otherwise, the din of battle, the coming and going of ships, the marriages, deaths, and succession of kings and princes, the triumphs of art, made no stir within her cloister walls.

I find no mention of the sea—very likely she had never seen it, which to us island folk seems unnatural and sad. She never, so far as we know, petted an animal or caged a bird. She does not seem to have loved the poor merely as poor. But she delighted in flowers and hills, the distant line of the mountains, the sound of water. She loved children. There is no question at all about that. Casilda, Teresita, Isabelita, live in her pages. Nay, there is great tenderness in a few remarks about a little page-boy; and again about the son of the boatman who nearly drowned her in the Guadalquivir. As for the nuns, she knew them each individually, and seems never to have treated them as a crowd. No doubt it was one of the secrets of her influence. She understood everybody

¹ See also Letter 247 to the Archbishop of Eborá about the war in Portugal.

because she loved everybody, not as an abstraction, not as a type, but as a character and a person.

Let us end with one of her tender letters of consolation. It was written late in 1576 to her nephew Diego de Guzman y Cepeda, whose wife lay on her death-bed.

“The grace of the Holy Spirit be with you, and give you that comfort which you need in so great a loss as it must seem to us. But the Lord whose doing it is, and who loves us more than we love ourselves, will make us in time to understand that this is the very best that can happen to her and to all those who love her. Letter
130”

“You are not to think your life will be long, for all is short which has so swift an end ; let your solitude be to you a memory and an incentive ; put it all in the hands of God who will do all that is best. A great consolation it is to see a death which brings with it so great a certainty of everlasting life. And believe, that if now the Lord shall take her away, it is that, standing in the presence of God, she may do greater things for you and for her children. May His Majesty hear us, for I commend you earnestly to Him ; and may He give you conformity with all which He shall do, and light that you may understand how short are the afflictions and the troubles of this life.”

CHAPTER VIII

THE END

TERESA'S LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH

HER work completed at Burgos, Teresa wished to return to Avila. But Antonio de Jesus, her superior for the time being, ordered her to Alba de Tormes at the instance of the duchess, who was in trouble and wanted her. Teresa, old, infirm, worn-out—dying—had to go.

Antonio came to escort her, and the duchess sent a carriage, but neither of them remembered a basket of lunch. At Peñarranda Teresa was faint with hunger, and the weeping Ana de San Bartolomé could procure nothing for love or money but a couple of dried figs, and at the next village, worse still, nothing but onions.

“Don't cry,” said the dying woman, “the figs are very nice, and many of the Lord's poor ones have nothing better. It is His will.”

When they arrived at Alba, there was no going to the duchess. Teresa was far too ill, and Antonio took her to the convent.

“Oh, my God, daughters!” she exclaimed, as they put her to bed, for here at least they were kind, “how tired I feel! For twenty years I have not been so tired, nor have gone to bed so early as I must this day. Thank God that it is among you I have fallen sick.”

But the indomitable spirit was not yet crushed, and

next morning she was up early, attending Mass, and then inspecting the convent.

For a week she kept about ; but on 29th September, Saint Michael's Day, had to confess herself beaten and to take to her bed.

The doctors shook their heads. She herself knew she had reached her journey's end. When Antonio would have prayed for her restoration, she said, No, her life was of no more need.

They moved her to an upper room for the fresh air and the view. But it was cold, and they brought her down again. They did all they could for her, and the doctors tried their nostrums ; but nothing made any difference. Her time had come.

The duchess came to see her, and when Teresa apologized for the sickening smell of the medicines, said in surprise that she was conscious of nothing but a rare sweet scent ; truly the Olor Sanctorum which was as a glory to the dying body.

The nuns surrounded her with every care and she spoke to them of God, and of holiness and faith ; and she gave them her blessing. She received the Viaticum and Extreme Unction.

“ Oh, my Lord ! ” she said, “ my Lord, and my Bridegroom, the longed-for hour has come, the hour in which I shall see Thee ! Lord, now is the time to arise and go !—the good time which I welcome, which is Thy will ; the hour when I must leave my exile, and my soul shall enjoy the fulfilment of all her desire ! ”

And again she said—

“ I thank thee, Lord, that I die a child of Holy Church.”

For fourteen hours she lay unconscious ; and as she drew her last breath, Catalina de la Concepcion, who was by her side, saw the room astir with a great multitude in

shining robes, come down to welcome her to heaven; and was aware, too, of the presence of the Lord. And Ana de Jesus, the blundering and blamed yet devoted prioress far away at Granada, herself lying ill and believed to be dying, looked up, and saw Teresa the great Mother standing by her side, her countenance bright with the glory of that city which needs not the sun, and of the Lamb who is the light thereof.

In that vision seen by Ana de Jesus I find more beauty than in the biographers' detailed accounts of Teresa's last contritions and self-abasement. I fancy that as she went down into the Valley of the Great Shadow, she was troubled by the recollection of her sharpness to one who perhaps was doing her best, to one who proved the greatest of her daughters. And she longed to be with her for a moment to breathe with her the air of mutual forgiveness and of love. The wish was granted.

CHAPTER IX

AFTERWARDS

HER BURIAL—BEATIFICATION—AND CANONIZATION

TERESA died 4th October 1582. After her death many strange things happened, which made men think she was one of the saints. I doubt she herself would have acknowledged them. These matters belong to legendary lore, and for some of us have no great interest. Truly she was a saint ; but her best claim to that high estate is not in posthumous miracles, but in her long and well-spent life, in the accepted sacrifice of her work for God.

Extremes meet, and Teresa's children and her friends, in their zeal to do her honour, seem to us moderns to have treated her poor body with strange irreverence. She was buried hastily in the convent at Alba, where she had died. Nine months later, in Gracian's presence, her body was exhumed, and found to be uncorrupted. He cut off her hand, and she was restored to her tomb. Two years passed ; then, by command of the Chapter of the Order, at the instance of Gracian (no longer Provincial), who had promised to see her and Don Alvaro, the Bishop of Palencia, both buried at San José of Avila, her body was again exhumed, and secretly taken to her native town. The fact was soon discovered ; the Provincial, Nicolas Doria, Gracian's enemy, procured an Order from Rome to have the corpse restored to Alba ; there it was exhibited in the Convent Church, Ribera being one of those who

saw it. All of which is related at great length, and with many strange and, to my thinking, slightly repulsive details, by the biographers, and can be read in their histories by the curious.

In 1598, the body was again moved from the hole in the church wall where it had been interred, and was given a more imposing sepulchre beside the high altar. It was again exhumed in 1603, again in 1616, and again in 1750. In 1760 the tomb was rebuilt with more magnificence: the poor body was again exhibited; finally, robed in splendours and laid in a silver coffin, it was placed in the chapel above the altar which had been built for its reception. And to-day, slowly, a big and costly basilica is building in quiet little Alba; and I understand that the mortal remains of the great Mother—the lover of simplicity and poverty,—are eventually to be laid there. *R.I.P.*

In 1614, following the suggestion made in 1595 by Philip II, Teresa was beatified by Paul V; the news of this mark of respect was carried to Spain, and to the Carmelites, by another Doria, Admiral of the Genoese fleet. The honour to the beloved Mother, was celebrated with general rejoicing, with feasts, jousts, bull fights, processions, and bonfires. At Alba and at Salamanca she was chosen patron saint, and Salamanca made her a Doctor of the University.¹ In 1617 the Cortes voted her Patroness of all Spain; but the vote was not confirmed, many persons objecting to the supersession of Santiago.

Five years later, Teresa was publicly canonized at Rome, together with her countrymen, Isidor the ploughman, and Ignatius Loyola and Francis Xavier, the Jesuits.

Finally, in 1732, Benedict XIII instituted the Feast of

¹ She was also pronounced a Doctor of the Church, by the Tribunal of the Rota. Hence she is called "the Seraphic Doctor."

the Transverberation of her Heart : a perpetual memento that it is the " Lord God who maketh saints and crowneth them ; that the works at which men marvel, Lord, are Thy gifts, the truth, no matter whence it comes, is Thine." ¹

There is no saint more popular in Spain. In almost every church is a figure or a picture of her ; and her name is frequent on the lips of the people.

¹ Ribera.

CHAPTER X

TERESA'S LIFE, CHARACTER, WRITINGS, AND WORK

A COUNSEL of perfection ! The expression has come to be used in an ironic sense, and Teresa would not, I think, fail to understand why.

She never believed Perfection could be attained in this world : she speaks of it throughout as a matter of degrees, which of course is contrary to the meaning of the word. As she grew older, as she knew more of facts, and looked deeper into truth, she gave up in practice if not in theory many things which at first she had supposed essential, such as the absolute poverty of the convents. And I am sure she remembered, doubtless with painful pondering, when she was shutting up some bright young girl, for life, in one house, to one set of companions, to one round of unchanging duties and aspirations—I am sure she remembered that she had never herself really lived that life ; which to her imagination seemed so safe, so sanctified, so beautiful.

For during the long years at the Encarnacion she had been free to do what she liked, go whither she pleased, speak with whom she would ; and she had used her liberty as much, perhaps more than her companions. After the foundation of San José in Avila, yes, she tried the enclosed life, and loved it ; for five years ; she, a woman of fifty who had had her day. There are many

women of fifty glad enough to sit down and be quiet, praising the Lord! After five years, she was out in the world again; in a new and holy capacity it is true, but still out in life; mixing with men, ruling, planning, hearing what was going on, discussing affairs, noting men's characters;—all very interesting, even exciting, to a clever woman, especially to a woman who is admired, consulted, powerful. I am not blaming her in the very least; from her own point of view she could have done nothing else; from another point of view, all this made her *human*; more sympathetic, greater, truer, than she could have been without it. All I say is, the enclosed life was one she had not lived; the true *miseria* of which she had never personally felt.

Conscious or unconscious of her limitations in this respect, Teresa, that wise woman, yet spoke on; preaching her Counsel of Perfection. And a Counsel of Perfection is not to be dismissed as a Counsel of Folly.

To aim at the highest is to shoot at least high; and, for my part, I believe that so slow, so dull, so feeble are we of the mediocrity, that it is only the people of extremes who goad us into moving on at all. What Teresa bade her disciples, may have been beyond possibility even for her; yet her disciples will attain to much. And her readers, her mere admirers, will be incited to at least something; if only to a transient glow of enthusiasm lending them a momentary understanding of, a momentary kinship with the saints.

Teresa was not a learned woman, though probably she knew more than she admitted to Maria de San José. Her mental parts were excellent. She had a fine memory; also a fine power of assimilation. For example, before she was sixteen she had pored over the books of chivalry, and to the last their machinery comes natural to her.

Beginning the *Moradas*, she seems to see a knight setting forth in search of some mystic treasure, arriving at an enchanted castle, surrounded by dragons and concealed enemies.

Imagination, she says, she had little. This is unbelievable, if the word "imagination" is to be used in its ordinary sense. That penetrative imagination, which goes straight to the heart of a matter, was hers most remarkably; hers, too, that synthetic if not creative faculty, which in a part can discern a whole, which can put two ideas together to form a third, which causes a perpetual and spontaneous bubbling up in the mind of new images, new thoughts, new plans. No one ungifted with imagination could have spoken against it as she has. She calls it a vagabond, a burning mirage, the sister of memory and melancholy, a moth of the night, harmless, but importunate and wearying. Ungrateful Teresa! whether we admit her divine inspiration or not, it is clear that without rich dower of imagination she could never have written *Las Moradas*.

Was Teresa poetical? Her hymns do not prove it. They are poor, as she knew well enough. But often in her prose writings there is a hint of poetry. Open a page at random, and you will find some such passage as this—which is more than mere word-painting—

"Now, speaking of this water which falls from heaven to fill and to feed that garden—see we not the rest it must bring to the gardener, and how, if it should never fail, there would be no winter there, but evermore the hour of spring, and always the flowers and the fruits, and the perpetual delight——"

Teresa's reasoning powers, though untrained, were naturally good. She had a clear head. She seldom falls into the contradictions and absurdities which have

vitiated the work of many mystics. Often she perceives a logical difficulty which she knows she cannot solve ; then she states it frankly without confusion or quibbling. " This cannot be comprehended," she says, " it is matter for faith, not for the understanding."

Deep philosophy is beyond her. She has no theories of monism or dualism ; of origins or ultimates ; of the absolute or the conditioned ; of substance, relation, limit. Like Ignatius Loyola, however, she has an intuitive perception that time and space can be transcended. Her kingdom of heaven is a state, not a place ; it belongs to eternity, not to time. Personality is not a difficulty to her, nor the attributing to God of parts and passions. Her common sense tells her that the greater must include the less ; nor can she imagine a God poorer by the smallest attribute than one of His creatures. Her conceptions are frankly anthropomorphic ; but as she advanced in knowledge and spirituality she perceived that this anthropomorphism must be mere manner of perception. Behind the phenomena she predicated noumena ; in Intellectual Vision she believed that she came into touch with the Thing in Itself.

Memory, imagination, logic, Teresa had in addition remarkable concentration of mind, and that persistence of the idea without which nothing great was ever accomplished. Of course with her common sense, her clear head, and her ready sympathy, she was a good organizer. She understood figures and business generally ; was determined not to cheat, was unwilling to be cheated.

In the course of the foundations one is tempted to think that her judgment was sometimes led astray by impetuosity ; but it belonged to her plan not to be deterred by difficulties which very probably she foresaw. She walked straight on in her determined path, preferring

to surmount an obstacle rather than to await its removal.

Energy, resolution, rectitude, and charity in its widest sense, were the foundations of her character, and impressed every one who came in contact with her. Conspicuous also was the excellence of her judgment, her unfailing sense of humour, her depth of feeling. Which of these qualities was the secret of her personal influence? or did it lie in them all combined, in the sum total of the whole woman? or in some indescribable and inexplicable personal magnetism?

It is not easy to mention her faults, beyond a certain very human impatience, and a jealousy of being interfered with. Little faults are seldom noticeable after four centuries; perhaps the people about her saw a few. Yet no—they were the very ones who declared she had none!

Persons who did not like her work said she was troublesome, intriguing, imperious. Perhaps she was; a general is apt to be imperious, nor is it easy to avoid troubling the unwilling, the half-hearted, the sleeping, and the slow. The Pope, Sega, and even Rossi were inclined to call her disobedient; and sometimes the proofs she adduces of her obedience seem ingenious rather than convincing. But in her day no one can have been scandalized by that. It was an age of ingenuity; nay, of intrigue and double-dealing. In the end, the very men who had complained said what a splendid woman she was, and how well she had done her work. In the last year or two there are signs of a little self-assertion, proneness to take offence, meddling. Don't let us dwell upon that; she had had a stroke, she was doing too much, she was old.

It has been objected that she was over enthusiastic about her men friends. That seems a foolish criticism. Very likely the men were more interesting than the women,

and met her on more equal terms. She takes them all very coolly and critically, except Gracian, to whom she certainly adopted a maternal tone at once. She saw his faults as clearly as she saw those of Antonio de Jesus and Mariano, and never hesitated about pointing them out. She was confident that they all saw faults also in her.

If asked what quality I personally find disagreeable in her, it is a certain exaggerated humility. Her harping on her general despicableness is a little tedious. But I believe she really meant what she said. She was comparing herself with her ideal; and like the rest of us was conscious of imperfections which she never got the better of. Humility is not at present a fashionable virtue; and expression of self-contempt does not sound to us genuine, or if genuine we think it mean-spirited. That was not Teresa's view—nor David's.

With the exception of Cervantes no Spanish author is so widely known as Teresa de Jesus. Her writings have been translated into every European language, including Latin, and are read not only by religious persons or those of her own Church. Enduring popularity implies literary merit, for time is a great destroyer of houses without foundations. It implies also that an author has that *esprit de tout le monde* which has been set down as a mark of genius. Teresa's subject does not at first suggest popularity. That she achieved it, shows there must be a great deal of latent mysticism in the world ready to respond when it is addressed in the right voice. Few mystical writers have obtained a response except from the few; they are dry, recondite, enigmatic; too philosophical for the common folk, not philosophical enough for the philosopher. They seem to live and move in a world of their own, and what little they can tell of it, fails to attract.

With Teresa, all this is changed. She writes in simple, everyday language, spontaneously, candidly, with no straining after effect, very little deliberate art, constant delightful effervescing humour. She is entirely in earnest. Her subject is of importance to her ; her aim is to be clear. She uses the idioms and colloquialisms of her class ; she makes long digressions, then pulls herself up and apologizes as if she were talking to you. The personality of no author is so vivid to the reader. In addition she gives incidentally, by accident, as it were, a picture of the life of her country and her day in so far as she touched it. She exhibits the ideas, manners, domestic life, customs of society, religious practices. She tells the story of many interesting persons ; and by her sense of character and her dramatic touch makes us intimately acquainted with others to whom she devotes but a few lines. Above all she writes with a glow that inflames the reader ; her conviction impresses him, her rapture carries him away. Even the most sceptical catches in her pages a glimpse of that third heaven which he knows alas ! he shall never enter.

Teresa was in no respect a person of hesitation and scruple. She had the self-confidence of genius. What she wrote, she wrote ; without alterations, corrections, revisions. Her style is amateurish ; ignorant of rules, by no means free from defects, not only of composition, but of grammar and spelling. Clearness is her aim. She will go over the same point, trying one image or analogy after another so as to make her idea comprehensible. She does not always succeed ; there are many passages in which we feel her thought has been clearer than the words in which she has expressed it. Like most amateurs, she is diffuse ; has not acquired that most difficult knowledge—what to leave out. Impatient of reading over (she tells

Lorenzo life is not long enough for that) she falls into repetitions, sometimes into anti-climax. But the science of correcting does not come by nature, and it is perhaps fortunate Teresa did not attempt it. The second version she made of the *Camino de Perfeccion* is not the better of the two. Some persons thought she wrote *too* simply and colloquially. Gracian (truly foes are often of the household) actually set to work to improve her sentences, chastening and as he thought dignifying them. Luis de Leon—himself a master—removed the emendations, restored the colloquialisms and the blunders; with them the simplicity and the strength which made the writings so much greater than Teresa knew.

She had her share in moulding the noble Castillian language to literary use; proud work for a woman! She was among those who steadily turned the Castillian style aside from the not remote temptation to artificiality and bombast. She helped to set it towards realism and as much conciseness as the naturally redundant character of the language would allow. Grandiloquence was never her fault. Her similes, generally apt and delightful no less than frequent, are most of them quite homely, appealing to the everyday experiences of ordinary people.

In her fondness for concrete images, Teresa is no doubt sometimes betrayed by the words she uses. The mystics, Teresa among them, have erred by pressing analogies too far, by mistaking the metaphorical for the literal. Often, however, they have been falsely accused of this error; the confusion has been in the mind of the critic who blames the visionary for materializing the spiritual, while really his fault, if fault there be, has lain in spiritualizing the material.

“When Christ said He was the door,” sneers the critic,

“do you suppose He meant He was the material door of the room? He spoke metaphorically.”

“No,” replies the mystic, “He spoke literally. He said nothing about the wooden door of a room. He said He was a means of entrance; which *is the literal meaning of the word door.*”

This mode of interpretation has its risks; Teresa was generally successful in avoiding them.

Teresa was a wonderful woman, and she did a wonderful work. She broke through the fetters of her sex and won the admiration of great men. In any list of distinguished women she must find a place.

But it is difficult to dispute the fact that women, even the greatest of them, fail in invention. With all her gifts Teresa could not rise above restoration of a religious Order to its original purity, a work parallel to restorations accomplished by others, already perhaps a little out of date. She was surpassed by Ignatius Loyola, whose masculine genius perceived that the old Orders had already done their best work; and that, if headway was to be made against Protestantism, it must be by the foundation of something new. The work of Saint Ignatius expanded, became formidable, and is so to this day. Teresa's influence has been chiefly on individuals.

Yet she had her share of constructive power. Her Constitutions may not have been perfect; for some reason they did not suit even her immediate successors and were quickly altered. But her principles are unassailable. Enshrined in writings of exceptional beauty, they arrest the reader and bid him stop and think. If he is a mystic and a visionary he will ask himself if he ought not to get some work. If—as is more probable—he is a worker and a positivist, he will question if after all there be

not a world behind the veil, neglect of which is his folly and his sin.

More probable ; for in our day the Active life impinges on the life inner and spiritual ; too many of us, we confuse contemplation with idleness ; too many of us, we think the kingdom of heaven is in philanthropy and acts of parliament. Teresa has a message even for us who do not belong to her Church or share her faith. Even to us she comes with her hours of Silence, her ideal of seclusion and peace, her prayer of Quiet, her ecstasy of Love. The kingdom of heaven, she tells us, is not found by observation, not by running to and fro, and increase of knowledge. It comes by " a wise passiveness " ; by strengthening of the spirit ; by what she called and believed, Union with God.

Her primary message, however, was to her own time, the ideals and temptations of which were different from those of our twentieth century. Then it was an axiom with thinking minds that the Contemplative life was the highest. No one has stated this more clearly than Dante by his figure of Leah and Rachel in the earthly Paradise. Leah is occupied with good works—all concerned with matters temporal and fading ; Rachel sits gazing into the eyes of the Lord, and thus transforms herself into the heavenly likeness. Like Dante, Teresa never from first to last falters in the conviction that Rachel is she who has chosen the good part ; that the contemplative ideal is the right one, that Jesus referred to it when He said, " *I am the Way, the Truth, the Life.*"

The difficulty was, How should this ideal of perfect Contemplation be achieved ? In the abstract the course was clear ;—first, Purification ; secondly, Illumination ; thirdly, Union. Practically Teresa followed the usual, the orthodox method ; virginity, the cloister, sacraments, holy offices and ceremonial, penance and self-abnegation,

trances and visions. She never consciously departed from the routine or ceased to commend it to others.

But as her life—her spiritual life—went on, it became increasingly clear to her that these things—obviously means to an end—may, if regarded as over important, prove no help but a hindrance; may become idols obscuring the Lord; may instead of leading into the kingdom of heaven, close its door, leaving the soul outside in the blackness of darkness.

Made wise by her own experience, she even hesitated to prescribe too much of these spiritual exercises for beginners. We have seen what comparatively light burdens she laid on her novices, how humorously she restrained the ardours of her brother, how often she disapproved the extravagances of the friars. At the end of her life it is clear—not that she had lost faith in the right use of the means of grace, but that she perceived them somehow mistaken unless they resulted in developing and increasing communion with God.

And it is also clear that from the time when she—(to use her own language)—entered into the Seventh Mansion, she recognised that the ideal of perfect Contemplation includes a certain amount of definite Activity. It is not a mere negative state; it is not a condition merely of devout enjoyment. That *may* be the condition in heaven; on earth there is work to be done; and to be used by God must be the wish and the reward of all who would attain to the perfect state. The description of the Seventh Mansion is, that there the soul sits in permanent, uninterrupted Contemplation, yet the “person acts, converses, attends to exterior work in God’s service, never losing the sweet sense of His presence, nor that quiet which is enjoyed intimately in Him.”

Thus to the Contemplative, Teresa speaks of Activity; and to the Active she extols Contemplation. She had

proved the sanctity of both, and so has sympathy and a message for us all.

More than the other saints it would seem that Teresa strikes the modern note. It is not so much that she is in advance of her age, as that she is gifted with so strong a sense of reality, that she does not lose herself in dreams, but concentrates her attention on those qualities and things which are permanent and universal; eternal verities, ours no less than hers, which she had discerned under much superincumbent,—sometimes grotesque, now perhaps obsolete,—mental furniture.

In great matters she holds fast by essentials; in smaller, her homely wisdom, her strong sense of humour, keep her always with her foot on solid earth, even when her head is above the clouds. Shams, absurdities, pretensions, fall to nothing in her presence; and one secret of her power was that—always with a smile—she could present her cause in simple language, shorn of cant, unvarnished and unveneered.

Had she lived now and in England—but that is an idle speculation! She was not I say in advance of her time. She was only a woman of wide sympathies and of mother-wit, with a keen sense of values and of truth.

But I don't think that is what she would have had me say of her. She would wish me to say no more than this: she was a woman who loved God; and her love was accepted and she heard His voice.

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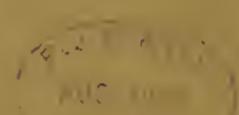
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