

my sorrow and the shame and despair that nearly brought me to lay sacrilegious hands on the life which God has lent me. Suffice it that a year or so later I took the vows in the convent of Saint Veridiana, of which I am now, however unworthy, the Superior.

May the blood of Christ and my many tears wash out the sins I have, even unwittingly, committed ; and those which for my miserable sake have been committed by other poor sinning mortals !

Written at Pisa, in the year of Salvation, 1697.

LETTER XLIX

From Lady Venetia to the Archæologist

Bruton Street, W.

New Year's Day, 1910

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,

I don't mind telling you that, in the secret of my chamber, I have been crying like