

only with a skin of some wild beast; but nearly always with sentiments of devotion so tender and so powerful, that he says he has no words with which to make us understand them. "Often," he says, "I speak, and I know not what I say. Some one speaks to me in the depth [36] of my soul; I hear what is said to me, and yet I cannot say it again; then I feel, as it were, a fire in my heart, which I take pleasure in feeling there, and which I dare not quench. It seems to me that I am quite near to God, and that he is nearer to me; and then I believe that there is a God, because I feel him. The more I love him, the more I wish to love him, and methinks I do not love him. I fear to cease prayer, like a famished man who should fear lest one might take from him what he is eating; but, the more I continue, the more it seems to me that I am only beginning."

To all that we have nothing to say, unless, *Beatus quem tu erudieris, Domine, et de lege tua docueris eum*; for this good man, within the eight years since he has embraced the faith, makes us recognize in his exemplary life, even more filled with holiness than are his words, that God alone is his instructor.