

through the low wooden door into the convent garden. And seated there on one of the benches with my eyes twinkling, because of the full sudden glare of light, I used to weave some sweet sad tale of love around the sombre figure of a proud and handsome monk.

Apart from these hours of so sweet, restful and contemplative a nature, every day was given up to work. I did all in my power to acquaint myself most thoroughly with a knowledge of the English language, and made such good progress that I began to compose my verses in English. It is true that these poems will most probably never secure me the gratitude of the English people, but nevertheless they pleased me much and my friend too expressed his satisfaction with them. He also sometimes asked me not what I was going to do after I had passed my examination, whether I was intending to stay in England or to go somewhere else.

But to these questions I never wrote an answer, and when I had to do so at last, a similar cowardice got hold of me to that which possessed St. Peter when he denied his Master.