

rived at the Pyrenees, where she established herself in a wild recess, which she names in her letters "the solitude of the rocks." It was a little space of a pentagonal shape, shut in by five rocks, which formed a kind of cross, and rendered the little spot of ground which they enclosed not quite inaccessible, but altogether invisible from without. From the foot of the highest of these rocks there gushed a spring of excellent water, and its summit was a kind of observatory, from whence she could espy any intruders who might venture to approach her abode. There were three grottoes at the base of the rocks, one of which was a deep and winding cavern; this she made her cell, and the two others her oratories. This solitude was at least half a league from any road, and surrounded by a thick forest, or rather by a brake, so tangled that, to get through it, the traveller must force his way among thistles and briers, by a path which seemed impracticable to any but wild beasts. Our solitary, however, met with none of these, except a bear, who was more afraid than she, and ran away. She found in her retreat shrubs which bore a fruit much like damsons; and the rocks were covered with medlar-trees, the fruit of which was excellent. The cold was not intense even in the heart of winter, while the heat of summer was tempered by the shade of the rocks, and of the woods which surrounded it. All these details are given in the letters of the solitary herself to her director, Father de Bray.

In this retirement she began to lead a life angelic rather than human; looking upon this earth as the blessed do from the heights of heaven, and consecrating every pulsation of her heart to God. For some time she used to go twice a week to the village to ask alms; but by degrees she weaned herself from the use of bread, and at last lived entirely on the vegetables and wild fruits which grew in the neighbourhood of her abode.

Her spiritual necessities were more difficult to supply. Not wishing to risk being recognised, she was