

So completely had she destroyed the sense of taste, by an uninterrupted application to render food disagreeable, that she could partake of the best and the worst, without either pleasure or disgust; her *couch* was of *straw* and her pillows of *wood*. In her frequent voyages the *cables*, or *ropes*, were the bed on which she reposed, and this painful repose was short and regularly interrupted two hours every night to offer her pure and holy meditations to God. He could not but hearken to the whisper of the victim of His love. The severity of the most rigorous season she never alleviated by approaching a fire. To all this may be added different kinds of austerities not easily described. One of her usual acts of mortification can scarcely be dwelt on, so shocking it appears to our sensual minds. A cap stuck with pins she wore night and day. This dreadful instrument of penance having been luckily perceived, she was begged to remove it, but she answered, in a most cheerful mood, that it produced no more pain than a *downy pillow*.