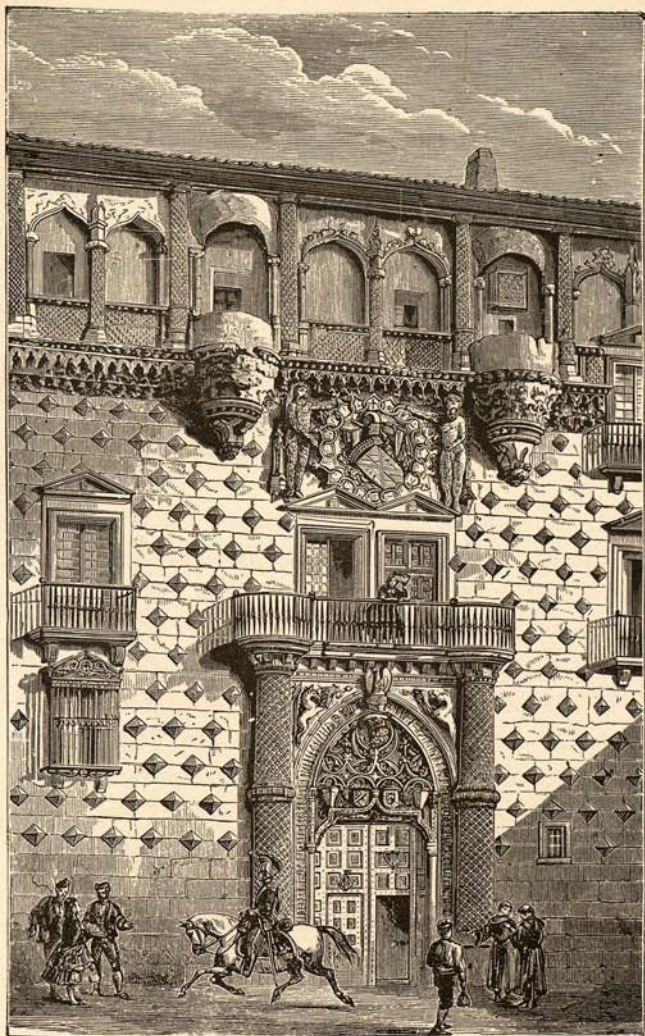


nice clean rooms and the best food they had had since leaving Madrid. After changing their crumpled and dusty clothes, (for one of the many miseries of diligence travelling is the dust,) they started off for the cathedrals, for there are *two*, one above the other. The one below is simple, massive, and what we call Norman in character; the one above is the most florid and elaborate Gothic. The carving of the portal and of the whole façade of the west front is the most gorgeous and beautiful thing which it is possible to conceive. One's breath is fairly taken away by the number and variety of the figures. Inside, its principal features are the height of the arches and the beautiful open pierced work of the galleries which run round the cathedral. The rest has a new, white, cold look, which did not please eyes accustomed to the solemn sober aisles of Seville. In the sacristy are some curious pictures and relics; among others, 'El Crucifijo de las Batallas,' a small Byzantine bronze crucifix which the Cid always carried before him in battle, and some very interesting letters of St. Theresa's.

Nearly opposite the cathedral is the far-famed University, of which the magnificent façade is alone worth a journey to Salamanca to see. It is in the richest period of Ferdinand and Isa-

bella, whose badges are worked into the arabesque lace-like scrolls, together with the inscription in Greek: 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.' Equally elaborate is the carving of the façade of San Esteban, in a 'plaza' a little below the cathedral. The beautiful creamy color of the stone adds immensely to the effect of all this work. But the French destroyed and desecrated every religious building in Salamanca: only ruined cloisters, bare refectories, and mutilated doorways remain to testify to past beauties.

From the cathedral our travellers went up the steep hill to the Irish College, having a letter from the English minister at Madrid to the principal; but he was ill and unable to see them. His students, however, received them with hearty expressions of welcome, and offered to be their cicerones during their stay in Salamanca. It was so curious to hear a very decided Irish brogue in the 'patio' of a Spanish convent. But their numbers are few; and the University itself has dwindled down to 400 or 500 students instead of the 17,000 talked of in the sixteenth century. Cardinal Ximenes was once tutor in a college here; and Cervantes lived for a long time in a house still pointed out as his in the Calle de los Moros. The palaces in Salamanca



Palace, Guadalajara.

are very beautiful, especially the Casa de las Conchas, so called from the pecten shells projecting out of each stone; the Casa de las Salinas, with its overhanging roof and gallery and richly ornamented windows; and the Palacio del Conde de Monterey, with its turrets and an upper gallery of arcaded windows, which look like the rich lace fringe of the solid building below. After lionizing the whole morning, one of the party went to call on the bishop, a man universally esteemed and beloved in Salamanca, who received his visitor with fatherly kindness, and at once volunteered to walk with her and show her the different conventual establishments, which she had obtained Papal permission to see. The lady soon found, however, that walking with the bishop, though a great honor, was a matter of some difficulty. No sooner did his broad green-tasselled hat and emerald cross appear at the corner of any street, than every human being, old and young, rich and poor, gentle and simple, rushed out of their houses, or across the road, to kneel and kiss his hand and receive his apostolical benediction, their faces all the while beaming with a pleasure which it did one's heart good to see. He first took her to the great Jesuit college, opposite the Casa de las Conchas, which contains up

wards of 800 students. It is a magnificent building, with a cloistered gallery running round the roof, from whence the view over the whole country is beautiful. The church is a fine specimen of churriqueresque work, with some pretty side chapels, and several valuable pictures and relics. From thence they went to the convent and church of the Augustinians. The latter contains some very fine pictures by Ribera—that great artist so little known out of Spain—especially a ‘Conception’ over the high altar. This church is exceedingly rich in marbles and monuments, and in the Florentine ‘pietra dura’ pulpit, St. Vincent Ferrer preached. Traversing the public gardens, now full of flowers, from every corner of which the little children ran forward to obtain the smile and loving word of the good bishop, they came to the discalced Carmelite convent, which is a little outside the town, and where great joy at his visit was shown by the nuns. This house, like all the rest, was founded by the saint in great poverty and difficulties. In her ‘Life’ there is an amusing description of her arrival on the Vigil of All Saints, 1570, and finding the house full of students, who were with difficulty ejected; the alarm of one of the nuns lest any stray ones should be concealed in the garrets; and their

sleeping on straw, having found no sort of furniture or beds. Even later, when a chapel had been built and dedicated to St. Joseph, St. Theresa found that the rain came in on every side, and threatened to put a stop to the consecration: but the storm passed away at the prayers of the saint. She wrote at that time, 'In none of the convents which our Lord allowed us to found have the nuns undergone greater hardships than in this one.' But their faith and patience triumphed over all. 'Ann of the Incarnation' was the first prioress of this house, and 'Anne of Jesus,' first mistress of novices. These two ladies were cousins of St. Theresa, and among the first to adopt her reform. Their portraits are in the parlor of this convent, and 'Anne of Jesus' has the sweetest and most saint-like face that can be imagined. The rest of the house, in its arrangements, discipline, and hermitages, is the same as all the others, and the nuns have equally preserved her letters, and those of St. John of the Cross, and of several of the religious of the first foundation.

The English visitor confided to the bishop her great wish to visit Alva, the cloister above all to one interested in the life of St. Theresa, as there she died, and there the body of the saint rests. But Alva is twelve miles

from Salamanca, and neither carriage nor horses could be procured for the expedition. The bishop directly solved the difficulty by offering her his episcopal coach and mules, which, after some hesitation and reluctance, she ventured at last to accept. The next morning, therefore, after early mass at the beautiful Jesuit church, the two ladies started in solemn state for Alva, the only sad thing being the disappointment which their presence created in the villages, where the people, when they saw the episcopal equipage, rushed out of their houses to get the bishop's blessing, and saw instead nothing but two stupid women! The vicar-general kindly accompanied them, the bishop being detained in Salamanca by the procession on St. Mark's day. They passed by Arapiles, the scene of Wellington's great battle, (called of Salamanca,) in which he utterly defeated Marmont, and by which Madrid and Andalusia were saved. Nothing but two low hills, one flat, the other conical, marks the spot immortalized by this great victory. Alva is on the Tormes, and is approached through a fine natural ilex wood, and over a picturesque Roman bridge. Above the town towers the palace fortress of the dukes of Alva, now in ruins. But the episcopal mules, whose slow and stately pace

had been the despair of our travellers ever since they left Salamanca, went straight to the Carmelite convent, which was evidently their usual destination. Here the curé, a kind and benevolent old man, met them, and, together with the vicar-general, desired to speak with the superior. This lady, evidently wearied with the number of pilgrims to the shrine of the saint, demurred greatly at the notion of admitting the strangers, and it required all the eloquence of the two priests, backed by the authority of the bishop and nunzio, and above all by the Papal rescript, to obtain permission to enter the 'clausura.'

About two months after the foundation of Salamanca, St. Theresa was invited by Francis Velasquez, treasurer to the Duke of Alva, and Teresa de Layz his wife, to found a house at Alva. These two people had long been praying in vain for children, when one night, in a dream, they saw a house, in the courtyard of which was a well and a corridor, and near it a green meadow full of beautiful flowers. By the well stood a saint-like man, who, pointing to the flowers, seemed to say to them, 'These are far holier children than those for whom you are longing.' A short time afterwards they removed to Alva, and when they came to take possession

of the house which had been prepared for them, their astonishment was great at recognizing the very place they had seen in their dream. There was the court, the well, the corridor, everything, except the saint! Perceiving the hand of God in this matter, both Velasquez and his wife determined to convert the house into a convent, and asked St. Theresa to accept the foundation. In accordance with their wish, St. Theresa opened the house on the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, under the title of the 'Incarnation.'

The visitors were taken first into her original cell, and thence to the room in which she died: the stones on which she sat, the bed on which she was laid, all remain untouched. It was on the 3d of October, 1653, that, feeling her strength almost entirely spent, she took leave of her religious, and asked to receive the Holy Viaticum. When it came, though previously unable to move, she sprang up, and the love of her full heart burst forth in the words: 'O Lord! the hour is come which I have looked for these long, long years. It is time, my Lord, that I should depart hence. Let Thy most holy will be done. The end of my weary exile is come at last, and my soul rejoices in Thee, whom it has desired so ardently and so long.' She repeated over and over again, 'After all, O Lord!

I am a *child of the Church*,' a thought which seemed to fill her with unspeakable joy. Then she said the Miserere, especially the verse, 'Cor contritum et humiliatum Deus non despiciet,' which she continued repeating as long as she had the power of speech. She was asked where she would wish to be buried. She answered quickly, 'Ought I to have a will of my own?' and then added with touching humility, 'Will they not give me a little corner of earth here?' Mother Ann of St. Bartholomew never left her during the last days of her life, and the saint died with her head resting on her arm. A picture representing her death hangs in this room, as also one of the vision in which our Lord and His angels appeared at the moment of her death at the foot of her bed to escort the pure spirit up to heaven. There is also a picture of her body as it appeared after death, in her religious habit, over which had been thrown a cloth of gold, exactly as she had seen in a dream forty-eight years before! The face had recovered the youth and beauty of girlhood, and the complexion had become white as alabaster. The body was placed in a very deep grave, by desire of the foundress, who feared that it might one day be removed. Nine months after it was taken up, and found as perfect and beautiful as the day of the

burial. It was then conveyed to St. Joseph's convent at Avila, where, having been judicially examined, it was, by order of Pope Sixtus V., brought back to Alva, where it rests now over the high altar in a magnificent silver shrine. To this sanctuary our visitors were now led, through the choir, which contains likewise her heart in a crystal case, and a multitude of relics, pictures, and crucifixes, including the heads of St. Felix and St. Justus, brought from Rome, a quantity of the saint's letters and of Padre Garcia's, and a picture of St. John of the Cross, with the question of our Lord and his answer inscribed on the base :

John, what recompense dost thou ask for thy labor ?

No other than to suffer and be condemned for Thy love, O Lord !

There are twenty-five religious in this house, which is one of the most interesting that can be seen in Spain. In the church are the bodys of Velasquez and his wife, the founders of the house, and of John de Ovalla and Doña Juana de Alhumada, the saint's favorite sister, whose monuments, with their child at their feet, are placed in a side transept. After spending the whole morning in this holy house, the two ladies went on to the curé's, who had kindly prepared

an excellent dinner for them, and received them in his little presbytery with the frank and gentle courtesy which is so characteristic of the Spaniards: only his hospitality was almost overwhelming; his guests found it impossible to eat and drink all the good things which his generous heart had collected together in their honor! The evening saw them once more at Salamanca, in the palace of the kind bishop to whom they owed their deeply interesting Alva visit. He took leave of them with fatherly tenderness, and at parting gave one of the ladies a large and very admirable photograph of himself, which she had much desired, but scarcely dared ask for.

The peasants at Salamanca adhere to their old national costume—the men with enormous hats, the women, in addition to the bright yellow petticoats, with a kind of scarf or striped blanket, red, white, and black, which they throw over their shoulders, or, if wet and cold, over the head: this scarf seemed universal in the district. The men had scarlet burnous, with heavy tasselled fringes thrown picturesquely over one shoulder, as at **Valencia**.



CHAPTER XII.

ZAMORA AND VALLADOLID.

AT seven the next morning our travellers bade adieu to Salamanca, and went on by diligence to Zamora. The road is flat and uninteresting till you come to Corrales, where, to the left, in a sheltered valley, is Valparaiso, the once fine convent in which St. Ferdinand, that best of Spanish kings, was born. From the hermitage, called El Cristo de Morales, Zamora appears with its battlemented walls, fine cathedral, and picturesque old bridge with circular towers, which spans the Douro. The water of this river is said to be as nutritious as chicken-broth, 'Agua de Duero, caldo de pollos;' so runs the proverb. The peasants here use those dreadful carts (as in Portugal) with solid wheels—mere circles of wood without spokes or axles which make the most abominable creaking noise that can be imagined; but their drivers never seem to find it out.

Our travellers were taken to a little 'posada' in the principal square, opposite a kind of Hôtel de Ville, with a beautiful Venetian façade, exquisite windows, and carved portals. The mistress of the house showed them into a room out of which was the universal box-bedstead recess; but they found it evidently occupied. Its owner, the colonel of the detachment of troops quartered there, came in a few minutes afterwards, and the ladies apologized for their unintentional intrusion, but were assured that he was delighted to place his apartment at their service, and in fact that there was no other. Presently a meal of some sort was announced to them, and our travellers no longer wondered at the colonel's choice of quarters. The uninviting dish of 'garbanzos' was brought up by a girl whose beauty will ever remain as an ideal in their minds. A perfectly oval face, the most tender, lustrous eyes, a beautiful mouth, hair rolled above the delicately formed ear, behind which was stuck a bright pomegranate blossom—she would have made her fortune in six months as a model to a painter! and her shy, retiring, modest manner added to the wonderful charm of her appearance. At Cadiz, at Seville, and still more in the outlying villages, beauty of this type

had been met with by our party, but never in such perfection.

The train for Medina del Campo not starting for four or five hours, they resolved to employ their time in exploring the curiosities of the town, and first went to the cathedral, which has a curious tower, fine Saxon arches and cloisters. The inside has been modernized, but contains some beautiful wood-carving in the choir and on the bishop's throne, and some very fine monuments. But the glory of Zamora is the Templar Church of Sta. Magdalena. The deeply-recessed entrance, with its remarkable circular arches enriched with Norman and Moorish patterns, the rose-windows, and the high altar, with its round arch and billet mouldings, are really unique in their beauty. The 'Alameda,' or public walk, begins opposite this church, the space in the centre being filled with roses, at that time in full blossom. From thence there is a picturesque view of the old walls and of the prison of the Cid, with the open cloister and gallery of the bishop's palace, and the rich and cultivated valley below. The hour for the departure of the train having now arrived, our travellers went down the hill to the station, their bags being carried for them by the beautiful girl who had so charmed them before, and who, re-

fusing all remuneration, shyly kissed the elder lady's hand and vanished. Here was enacted one of those scenes from real life which are often so much more touching than the most exciting romance. A young bride was starting with her husband, and grouped round the railway carriage were all her friends and old servants, to wish her good-by. One of the latter was her nurse, and the despair of the poor woman was piteous to see. Dressed in her beautiful peasant's holiday costume, with strings of pearls on her white bodice, but her face swollen and disfigured by weeping, she clung to her young mistress with a tenacity which was both painful and touching. The tie between masters and servants in Spain is very close and very sacred. No one dreams of *ordering* their man or maid to do anything; whatever is wanted must be asked for with a deference and courtesy which they consider their due, and which is invariably accorded. The servants consider themselves entirely as part of the family into which they enter, and identify their interests, their sorrows, and their joys with those of their employers.

Our travellers arrived at Medina del Campo too late to stop and visit the Carmelite convent there; but were obliged to push on to Valladolid, which they reached at eleven o'clock at

night, very tired, but charmed with their expedition.

Valladolid, once the capital of Spain, the birthplace of Philip II., and which witnessed likewise the death of Columbus, has been entirely ruined by the French, who sacked or destroyed everything in it which was most interesting either in religion or art. It is now being rebuilt in a stiff, commonplace way, and boulevards planted, as in a third-rate French town. There is a great museum of pictures, to which some of the party went, and reported them, with very few exceptions, as execrable. The cathedral was built by Herrera, the architect of the Escorial, but was never finished. It is cold and uninteresting to the last degree, the only beautiful thing remaining in it being the silver custodia.

The church of the Dominicans, called San Pablo, was once a marvel of beauty and art; but nothing now remains save the exquisite façade. The fiat went forth from the Emperor Bonaparte: 'Sa Majesté a ordonné la suppression du couvent des Dominicains, dans lequel un Français a été tué.' 'His majesty has ordered the suppression of the Dominican convent, in which a Frenchman was killed.' The same fate awaited the neighboring college of San Gregorio, containing the wonderful 'retablo' of

Juan de Juni: the beautiful double cloisters alone remain. One of the most interesting things in Valladolid, rarely visited by travellers, is the house of the two famous sculptors Juni and Hernandez, at the corner of the Calle de San Luis. Juni was an Italian, of the school of Michael Angelo, and equally daring and grand in his conceptions. Hernandez, who succeeded him both in his fame and in his studio, was the Murillo of Castilian sculpture. Like Angelico da Fiesole, he never began any work without prayer, and his whole creations breathe that same spirit of love and holiness which made an Englishman exclaim, on leaving Overbeck's studio one day in Rome: 'I feel as if I had been all the time in church.'

His private life was that of a brother of charity, and his name was a household word for all that was 'lovely and of good report.' Yet few care to go and see the little room which witnessed for twenty-three years that hidden life of piety and genius. The people in the house at present seemed utterly ignorant of the whole matter; the window of his studio is blocked up; and his works are every day disappearing through the bad taste and indifference of his degenerate countrymen. Another interesting private house in Valladolid is the 'Casa del Sol,' now a bar-



rack, once the residence of Gondomar, ambassador of Philip IV. to our James I., whose library was one of the most valuable in Spain. It contained a very curious collection of English literature of the time of Shakspeare. The whole was sold to Charles IV.; but as his Majesty did not pay, some 1,600 volumes were kept back and left to the tender mercies of the carpenter or bricklayer who had charge of the house; and so these priceless treasures were finally sold for waste-paper and disappeared. Those seen by our travellers in the Queen's Library at Madrid formed only a small portion of his secret correspondence during his embassy in England. There are ten volumes there, and some others in the hands of the great antiquary, Señor Gayangos; but as yet no authentic translation or account of their contents has reached this country, which is very much to be regretted.

The next visit of our travellers was to the bishop, whose palace contains a handsome staircase, cloistered 'patio,' and beautiful garden. He showed his guests, among other things, a very fine Murillo of the Crucifixion, and a beautiful 'retablo' by Pinturicchio, which he is having restored for his private chapel. His secretary volunteered to accompany one of the ladies to the Carmelite convent, while the rest continued

Valladolid.

their wanderings over the town. Entering into the parlor, while the superior was examining the permission to enter her 'clausura,' the lady's eyes fell on this quatrain over the door :

Hermano, una de dos :
Ó no entrar, ó hablar de Dios.
Que en la casa de Teresa
Esta ciencia se profesa. *

The original convent given by Bernardin of Mendoza, brother of the Bishop of Avila, was in an unhealthy situation near a river; so that St. Theresa removed her nuns to the house where they now are, and which was purchased for them by his sister. It bears the title of 'Our Lady of Mount Carmel.' Mary of Ocampo (in religion called Maria de S. Juan Bautista) was the first prioress here, and trained her sisters to such perfection that St. Theresa spoke of the house as 'the most admirable of all her foundations.' It became the home of a perfect galaxy of saints, ladies of the highest rank and fortune devoting their lives to God in spite of all human difficulties and oppositions. The secret of their perfection is disclosed in the reply of one of them to a person who was marvelling at her

* Brother, choose between these two: Either enter not, or speak of God. This is the science professed in Theresa's house.

undisturbed tranquillity in the midst of severe trials and sufferings: 'The value of whatever we do and bear, however small it may be, for the love of God, is inestimable. We should not so much as turn our eyes, except to please Him.' This sanctity and singleness of purpose have descended like a precious heritage to the sisters now in the house. It was impossible not to be struck with the expression of their countenances. They have the usual mementos of the saint: her letters, her clothes, her hair shirt, etc., and the MS. of her 'Camin de Perfeccion.' In the garden are hermitages, as at Avila: over the door of one is the inscription: 'At Carmel and at the Judgment Day, God only and I.' Philip II. decorated one of these little oratories, and placed in it an altar of 'azulejo' work. They have also some very interesting pictures, portraits, crucifixes, and relics.

The great trade of Valladolid is in silversmith's work. With the discovery of the New World a vast quantity of silver and gold poured into Spain; and this was wrought into beautiful forms and patterns by Antonio and Juan d'Arphe, Germans by origin and birth, but who settled at Valladolid, and executed almost all the beautiful cinquecento work which our travellers had seen in the different ecclesiastical

treasuries of Spain. Juan became Master of the Mint at Segovia, and published his designs for church plate, which have been generally adopted. Now great artists and a taste for art seem to be equally extinct. But there is still a large manufacture of crosses, reliquaries, and the like in Valladolid, which are much sought after in other parts of Spain, like the silver buttons of Cordova and Granada.

It must be confessed, however, that Valladolid was a disappointment to our travellers; partly, perhaps, because they had been spoiled by the gorgeous beauty and antiquity of the south, but also because the hand of the spoiler has really left nothing but shells of buildings to testify to the bygone glories of the ancient capital.

Without much regret, therefore, our travellers went on the next day to Burgos, where many things were yet unvisited by them. They arrived late at night, and the next morning found one of the party very early in the streets, enquiring the way to the 'Iglesia Mayor.' She was directed to a church a long way off in the heart of the town, which turned out to be the very beautiful old Benedictine Church of San Juan, instead of the cathedral of which she was in search. It was, however, well worth a visit and contains some very fine tombs of the Toi

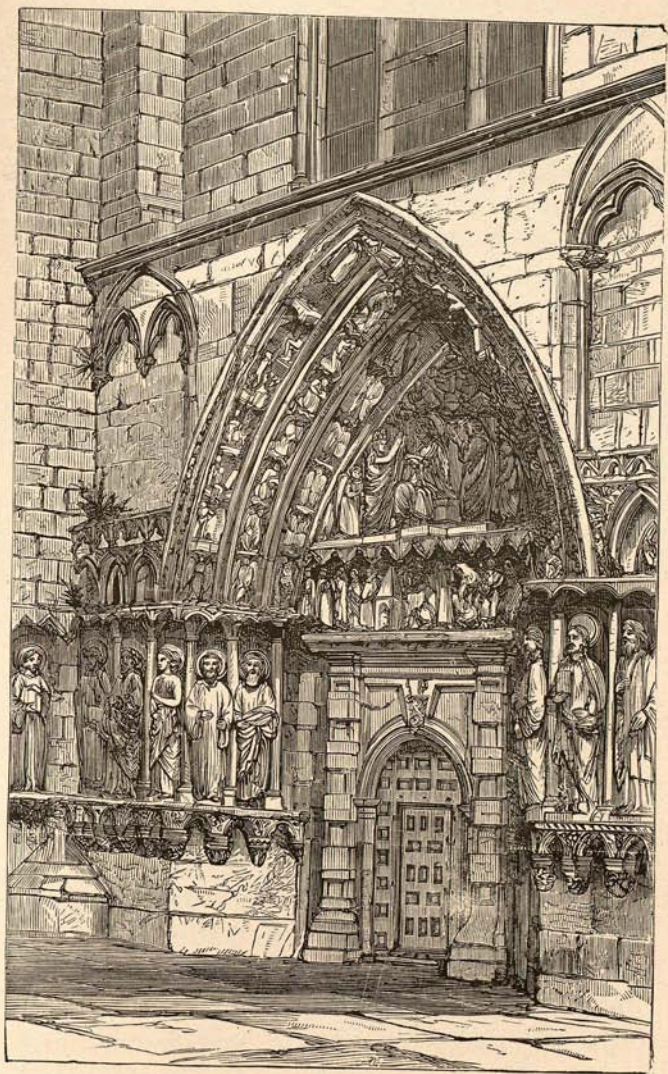
quemada family. Service over, the lady wished to retrace her steps, but then suddenly recollected that they had come to a new hotel the night before, of which she knew neither the name nor the address. The different turns she had taken in going to the church had completely bewildered her small notions of geography, and she could not ask her way, being in the absurd position of not knowing what place to ask for! In despair at last, after having wandered half over the town, she addressed herself to a peasant woman sitting in a corner of one of the streets, whose son was holding in his arms one of those black and white lambs which always bring to one's mind Murillo's picture of St. John the Baptist. With the most ready and gentle courtesy, the woman left her basket with a neighbor, and undertook to guide the stranger to the two or three principal hotels in the place till they should find the right one—and this was only a fresh proof, if one had been needed, of the universal kindness which characterizes the people.

Later in the day, our travellers returned to the glorious cathedral, for which even their Toledo and Seville experiences had not spoilt them; and then went up the steps to the Church of San Nicolas, which is on a steep ledge above,

and contains the most wonderfully carved 'retable' of every event in the life of the saint. It was the finest and most delicate work of the sort which they had seen in Spain. There were also some interesting alabaster monuments in a side chapel. From thence, ascending still higher, they came to San Esteban, the oldest church in Burgos, but which had been terribly knocked about during the siege. A beautiful doorway and rose-window, an internal gallery and pulpit, and a fine old picture of the Last Supper in the sacristy, are all that remain of its ancient splendor. The priest, seeing strangers in the church, good-naturedly came forward and invited them to come into the cloisters, from whence the view over Burgos is very beautiful.

Descending the hill, they went to see several of the old houses in Burgos: among others La Casa del Cordon, the house of the constable, so called from the rope over the portal, and the Casa de Miranda, with its beautiful fluted pillars and 'patio.' But one thing was still unvisited, and that was the Carmelite convent, the last of St. Theresa's foundations, and one accomplished in spite of contradictions and difficulties of all kinds. It was on the 26th of January, and therefore in the depth of winter, with deep snow on the ground, and the floods

out in every direction, that the saint, though already in failing health and strength, undertook this work. She and her eight nuns were nearly drowned in passing what is called 'The Bridges,' near Burgos, the water having covered all the tracks, so that the wagons were perpetually sinking in the mire. In order to comfort her companions, St. Theresa showed no fear, but cheerfully exclaimed: 'Courage, my sisters! What greater happiness can you wish than, if need be, here to become martyrs for the love of our Lord? Suffering, through obedience, is a great and beautiful thing.' They arrived safely at the house of a devout widow lady, Catharine de Tolosa, who had purchased a building for their convent, and had already given up two of her daughters to be nuns under the saint's direction. Before their arrival they had obtained the consent both of the city and of the archbishop; but, to their dismay, found that the primate had changed his mind, and was now very much opposed to the new foundation, positively refusing permission for mass to be said in the house where they were. After weeks of vexatious delays, on the Vigil of St. Joseph the archbishop granted the license. But now a fresh peril awaited them. The river rose and raged with such violence against the convent



Apostles' Door of Cathedral, Burgos.

that it threatened its total destruction. It flooded the lower stories, so that they were obliged to remove everything up to the garrets; and they nearly died of hunger, no one being able to approach the house, and their stores being all buried beneath the waters. St. Theresa was very ill at the time, and said to Ann of St. Bartholomew: 'My child, I am fainting: see if you can find me a mouthful of bread.' One of the novices waded waist-deep into the water, and got her a loaf. At last two men swam to the house, and, diving under the water, broke open the doors to let it out of the rooms. The quantity of stones and rubbish left behind filled eight carts.

Such were the obstacles thrown in the way of this Burgos foundation; but our saint's courage did not fail her, and the house remains to this day a monument of her loving faith in our Lord's promises. Speaking of the privations they had endured, she could still exclaim: O my God! how little do fine buildings and exterior delights contribute to interior joy!

The nuns received their unexpected visitor with immense kindness, and showed her everything in their house, inviting her to dine with them, and making a special 'tortilla' (omelette) in her honor. They have some of the saint's

letters, written in 1582, only one month before her death, and showed the stranger both these and the saint's cell, cha' dress, and writing materials, all of which have been preserved by them with the most filial veneration. Afterwards they took her into the choir, and sang while she played the harmonium for them, and a beautiful Benediction service concluded this her last visit to the Carmelite convents of Spain. If it be objected by some of our readers that too much stress has been laid upon the life of St. Theresa in a simple book of travels, the writer must give as the reason not only that one of the objects of her Spanish tour was an inspection of these convents, but that without understanding something of the history and inner life of one who has had so great an influence over the minds of her countrymen, it is almost impossible rightly to enter into the spirit of the people. She is a type of a character peculiar to Spain, and which could scarcely have existed in any other country; but its wonderful combination of spirituality and common sense makes her example the more invaluable to the age in which we live.

And now the sad day had come when our travellers' holiday was over, and they were compelled to leave Spain. Sorrowfully, for the last

time, they drove under the massive old gate-way of Burgos, with its turrets and statues, which has witnessed so many changes; and over the rapid river Arlanzon, which skirts its walls. A couple of days' travel found them once more at the clean little inn of Bayonne, striving to reconcile themselves to the uniform French houses, French tongue, French climate, and French toilette, contrasting so painfully with their experiences of the last four months. They rested there a day, revisiting the cathedral, which, poor though it looked to their Spanish eyes, has been very prettily restored in the last few years: and then went for a short time to see the French Sisters of Charity at the great hospital established by Mother Dévos. Some of her old sister-companions are still laboring there, and they saw her room, her bed, her place in the chapel, and the good Sœur Madeleine mentioned in her life, who had worked with her so indefatigably for ten years, and will labor on till God calls her to share the rest of her much-loved superior. Taking a little carriage in the afternoon, they drove over to Biarritz, that bright little watering-place, with its picturesque rocks jutting out into the sea, which roars under its tiny caverns, its nice smooth sands, and its white image of the 'Star of the Sea' standing on the extreme

point of the little pier. Though it was not a regular show-day, the presentation of their cards obtained admission for our travellers to the emperor's palace, which is like an ordinary private gentleman's house, very simple and very comfortable. The empress's bed-room, fitted up with gay linen chintz, contains but two little pictures, one of the Blessed Virgin, the other of St. Vincent de Paul, which hangs over her bed. The gardens slope down to the sea, and she has just built in the grounds a beautiful little chapel, thoroughly Spanish in its decorations, with Moorish colored roof and 'azulejo' walls, and the choir or tiny apse beautifully painted, the subject being the Blessed Virgin, surrounded by angels, with a background of 'white lilies and vermilion roses.' This was our travellers' last reminiscence of Spain—a country which they left with the greatest regret, and with the earnest hope of revisiting it before the so-called march of civilization has utterly destroyed all that is beautiful, simple, and characteristic of this noble people.



