MARY WARD IN HER OWN WRITINGS

by Sr. Patricia Harriss, C.J.

Mary Ward was born in 1585 near Ripon, eldest child of a recusant family. She spent her whole life until the age of 21 in the intimate circle of Yorkshire Catholics, with her parents, her Wright grandparents at Ploughland in Holderness, Mrs. Arthington, née Ingleby, at Harewell Hall in Nidderdale, and finally with the Babthorpes of Babthorpe and Osgodby. Convinced of her religious vocation, but of course unable to pursue it openly in England, she spent some time as a Poor Clare in Saint-Omer in the Spanish Netherlands, first in a Flemish community, then in the English house that she helped to found. She was happy there, but was shown by God that he was calling her to 'some other thing'.[1] Exactly what it was to be was not yet clear, so she returned to England, spent some time in London working for the Catholic cause, and discovering that there was much for women to do—then returned to Saint-Omer with a small group of friends, other young women in their 20s, to start a school, chiefly for English Catholic girls, and through prayer and penance to find out more clearly what God was asking. Not surprisingly, given her early religious formation in English Catholic households, served by Jesuit missionaries, and her desire to work for her own country, the guidance that came was 'Take the same of the Society'.[2] She spent the rest of her life trying to establish a congregation for women which would live by the Constitutions of St. Ignatius, be governed by a woman general superior, under the Pope, not under diocesan bishops or a male religious order, and would be unenclosed, free to be sent 'among the Turks or any other infidels, even to those who live in the region called the Indies, or among any heretics whatsoever, or schismatics, or any of the faithful'.[3] There were always members working in the underground Church in England, and in Mary Ward's own lifetime there were ten schools, in Flanders and Northern France, Italy, Germany and Austria-Hungary. But her long struggle for approbation met with failure—Rome after the Council of Trent, which had insisted on enclosure for all religious women, was not yet ready for Jesuitesses. In 1631 Urban VIII banned her Institute by a Bull of Suppression,[4] imprisoning Mary Ward herself for a time in the Poor Clare convent on the Anger in Munich. She spent the rest of her life doing all she could to continue her work, but when she died in Heworth, outside York, in 1645 and was buried in Osbaldwick churchyard, only a handful of followers remained together, some with her in England, 23 in Rome, a few in Munich, all officially laywomen. It

https://doi.org/10.1017/S0034193200012772 Published online by Cambridge University Press

is owing to these women that Mary Ward's Institute has survived to this day.

She was not a writer; given the amount of travelling that she did, all over Europe, and nearly all on foot, the work involved in her foundations and in her fruitless attempts to win official Church recognition, that is no wonder! And not all that she wrote has survived. What we still have is contained, along with other original texts relating to her work, in four volumes published in Munich in 2007.[5] There are fragments of autobiography, written at various times between 1617 and 1627, and in various places; three speeches made to her community in Saint-Omer in 1616; some retreat-notes from Saint-Omer and Liège, written between 1615–1620; letters, from the time of her arrival in Rome in 1621, and later, mostly to her sisters, but also some in Italian to Cardinals and other official persons. Everything is written for a practical purpose, sometimes texts are left unfinished because she was called away and never managed to get back, and she is not setting out to give a picture of herself; what we can gather about her as a person is incidental, read between the lines.

What stands out most clearly in the autobiographical fragments,[6] written on the instructions of Fr. Roger Lee, her confessor in Saint-Omer, and concerned with what today we might call her 'spiritual journey', is her clarity about herself and her motives. She remembers how as a five-year-old living with her grandmother she had asked when poultry was to be sent to Catholic prisoners, and offered her own pet chickens—and sees clearly that she had only done it to 'gain esteem'.[7] She returns later to the question of 'esteem': she says of herself at the age of about fifteen 'I was so desirous to be esteemed, and loved by all, that I sought this of everyone, good or bad'.[8] From a modern point of view, it seems not unlikely that a child often moved from place to place, and seldom living with her parents and immediate family, should feel like that. She insists so much on her love for her father, and his love for her, that it sounds as if she is trying to reassure herself. She is honest about herself—clear that her refusal of several proposals of marriage was for no religious reasons but simply because she 'could not affect'[9] the young men in question. She says of her dedication of various rooms in the house to particular saints, and attempts to practise their virtues, that 'I failed most in the dining-room where the virtue was abstinence: for my appetite was good, and my digestion very bad: so as I usually confessed eating too much; and not with so little cause as some may think for though the quantity were not much, yet too much for me; and very many times of that which pleased my taste, though I knew before it would make me sick...'.[10] The general theme of the texts is her early spiritual progress and the beginning of her religious vocation; they were not written consecutively, the last-written, from Vienna in 1627, being about the fire at Mulwith when she was ten. The English texts stop abruptly in the midst of an account of her arrival in Saint-Omer in 1606.

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The longest text, AB6, is in Italian.[11] It picks up some points covered earlier, in a more summary and less spontaneous way, but adds an important example of her good sense. While she lived in the Babthorpe household, where she realised that she had a religious vocation, she was eager in practising various devotions, trying to follow every good inspiration, till 'what at first was easy and pleasing became on a sudden difficult and wearisome'. But could she neglect these good inspirations without sin? Finally she reasoned 'These things are not of obligation but of devotion.... Therefore I will do these things with love and freedom, or leave them alone'. But the main point is what happens in Saint-Omer. The English Jesuits insisted that it was God's will for her to be a Poor Clare, not in the enclosure but among the sisters whose duty was to beg for the needs of the community. As the story goes on it becomes clear that she was being used to fulfil other people's needs, and that those who had urged her came to see that they had advised her wrongly—but the point of interest for us is her own reactions and way of dealing with the situation. The words 'Will of God' were decisive for her. She felt extreme repugnance in herself, 'but reasoning within myself that the Rules being the same and the place offered me only more abject and contemptible, this disinclination and repugnance could only come from pride'. She has other and more attractive offers, but prays earnestly 'that the divine will might be done whatever it should be, without regard to my content and consolation, present or future', tells her confessor and the superior of the monastery exactly what she is feeling and how difficult she finds it to follow that vocation, then, as they still urge her, enters and does her best. When they continue to insist, she receives the habit 'willingly, but with such an aversion and grief that death, by any kind of torment that I could imagine to myself, appeared most sweet to me, if so I could escape from that, which nevertheless, I now believe to have been a thing which God willed, and in a fitting way, at least with a view to what was to follow'. Clarity about the difference between feelings and will, and the centrality of God's will, is to be one of her most typical qualities. It is interesting, too, that she is already at that stage familiar with St. Ignatius's principle of 'representation'—that, if something is ordered about which one has other views, one should state them clearly, then leave the decision to the superior.

In the retreat notes it can be seen how this clarity about her motivations—or, to use Ignatius's term, her ability in 'discernment of spirits'—has developed. A key-text here comes from her retreat-notes in Liège in April 1619.[12] The situation is that a Belgian lay-sister called Praxedes is claiming to have revelations from God about the form the Institute should take, and seems to be winning support in the community. She describes the conflict between her emotions—'loathness to leave this company before it were confirmed' in case other people should turn it into something else, and her intellectual knowledge that God can use

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anyone he chooses to do 'what he would have done' (a favourite phrase with her). She analyses the conflict clearly: She 'humbles herself with some difficulty'; confesses that God can use anyone he chooses, but believes that fact only by faith—her feelings are not moved; looks back over what she has done, and sees that it has only been through God—'this good had no being, nor place in me, but by the only working of his grace; which though in me yet a different thing from this me, without which I would needs that this good could not stand'. But her will is still not moved by intellectual reasoning—'I would still be of importance and a needful person.' She offers herself to God, stubbornness and all—and it is purely by his grace that the sense of his greatness moves her, and she is able to surrender herself totally to his will. 'Neither life nor death my God, but thy holy will be ever done in me...'. Later in the same retreat, in her meditation on the call of the apostles,[13] she turns to the question of how to be entirely at God's disposal, by being free from attachment to earthly things.

In the first of those texts we have a hint of the deeper level of her prayer—'before this greatness, the power of all his creatures together—resisting him—melted away, and in a moment, lost its being'. From October of the same year comes evidence of a more intimate, even mystical, experience[14]—'He was very near me, and within me, which I never perceived him to be before. I was moved to ask him with great confidence and humility, what I came to know, to wit, what he was. I said 'My God, what art thou?' I saw him immediately and very clearly go into my heart, and by little, and little hide himself in it (and there I perceive him to be still in the same manner, my meditation being ended almost an hour since)...'. This was during a retreat, in a specific time of prayer—there were also times when God conveyed something to her unexpectedly, when she was busy with other things. She tells of two such experiences in AB6.[15] In the first, on St. Athanasius' Day, when she had been living happily for four or five months in the English Poor Clare convent, she was sitting with the other sisters doing some handwork 'when there happened to me a thing of such nature that I knew not, and never did know, how to explain. It appeared wholly divine, and came with such force that it annihilated and reduced me to nothing; my strength was extinguished, and there was no other operation in me but that which God fulfilled in me; the sight—intellectually—of what was done, and what was to be done in me, I willing, or not willing, of this only was I conscious. The suffering was great because far beyond my powers, and the consolation was greater to see that God willed to make use of me in what pleased him more. Here it was shown me that I was not to be of the Order of St. Clare; some other thing I was to do, what, or of what nature I did not see, nor could I guess, only that it was to be a good thing, and what God willed'. It is worth noting that this was not a vision—the sight was 'intellectual'; it came without preparation or warning, and it was not

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entirely a pleasant experience: she uses the words 'annihilate', 'reduced', 'suffering'. And it is not clear exactly what the 'other thing' is to be. The experience was to be tested for seven months, in which she became increasingly convinced that she must give up the way of life in which she was happy; then she returned to London. It was there that the second and even stronger experience came one morning after her prayer, which she describes as 'cold'. She was combing her hair when 'I was abstracted out of my whole being, and it was shown to me with clearness and inexpressible certainty that I was not to be of the Order of St. Teresa' (her confessor had suggested that she should become a Carmelite) 'but that some other thing was determined for me, without all comparison more to the glory of God.... I did not see what the assured good thing would be, but the glory of God which was to come through it, showed itself inexplicably and so abundantly as to fill my soul in such a way that I remained for a good space without feeling or hearing anything but the sound 'Glory, glory, glory'. The experience seemed to have lasted only a moment, but she discovered that it had lasted for two hours. This seems to be more definitely a mystical experience—but again, an experience pointing to action, in which she is left to use her own initiative and prayer to find the way forward. It is at this point that she gathers a group of companions, returns to Saint-Omer, and begins the first school. The third extraordinary experience happens about two years later, when she is recovering from an illness, but the fullest account of it is in a letter to Albergati, Nuncio in Cologne,[16] written in 1621: 'About this time in the year 1611 I fell sick in great extremity, being somewhat recovered ... alone, in some extraordinary repose of mind, I heard distinctly, not by sound of voice, but intellectually understood, these words, 'Take the same of the Society', so understood, as that we were to take the same both in matter and manner, that only excepted which God by diversity of sex hath prohibited. These few words gave so great measure of light in that particular Institute, comfort and strength, and changed so the whole soul, as that impossible for me to doubt but that they came from him whose words are works'. In a letter concerning Sister Praxedes,[17] April 1619, she says: 'She may likewise know what I had from God touching this .... Take the same of the Society. Father General will never permit it. Go to him. These are the words whose worth cannot be valued; nor the good they contain, too dearly bought: these gave sight where there was none; made know me {*sic*} what God would have done; gave strength to suffer what since hath happened: assurance of what is wished for in time to come: and if ever I be worthy to do anything more about the Institute, hither I must come to draw'. Exceptional spiritual experiences are for Mary Ward bound up with her call from God, another way of being in touch with his will.

The letter to Albergati, with its mention of 'what God by diversity of sex hath prohibited'—here, evidently, the priesthood for women—shows that

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Mary Ward was a woman of her time, not a feminist in the twentieth-century sense. But she was thoroughly aroused by the remark of a Jesuit in Saint-Omer that her companions might deserve praise 'whilst they are in their fervour, but fervour will decay, and when all is done they are but women'. Three spirited speeches made to her sisters in Saint-Omer in December 1617[18] and evidently recorded from notes made by one or more of them, contain her response. She asks what they think he meant by 'but women', and what fervour is. 'Fervour is a will to do well; that is a preventing grace of God, and a gift given gratis by God which we could not merit'. If they lose their fervour it is not because they are women, but because they are imperfect women, 'and love not verity but seek after lies'. Women may have this verity, which is God's truth, not man's truth, every bit as much as men—but she gives a shrewd analysis of how fervour may be lost, by depending too much on particular spiritual guides, and by relying too much on feelings. People think they have lost their fervour when they no longer find prayer consoling—'but this is a lie since they may have fervour in aridity, fervour not being placed in feelings; but in a will to do well which women may have as well as men. There is no such difference between men and women that women may not do great matters, as we have seen by example of many Saints who have done great things: and I hope in God it will be seen that women in time to come will do much'. She concedes that wives are to be subject to their husbands, men are head of the Church, women are not to administer sacraments, nor to preach in public churches, 'but in all other things wherein are we so inferior to other creatures.... I would to God that all men would understand this verity that women if they will may be perfect, and if they would not make us believe we can do nothing, and we are but women, we might do great matters'. She recalls how she had made no answer to a priest who said he would not for 10,000 worlds be a woman because he thought a woman could not apprehend God—'but only smiled although I could have answered him by the experience I have of the contrary. I could have been sorry for his want of judgement, I mean not want of judgement, nor to condemn his judgement, for he is a man of very good judgement; his want is in experience'.

Part of her purpose must have been to encourage her sisters; she was certainly a good leader and a beloved friend. Their feelings for her can be seen clearly in some of the very few letters we have from her companions, from the time of her imprisonment in 1631. Barbara Babthorpe had been in Pressburg, today's Bratislava, and had heard nothing of the events in Munich until by chance some Protestant noblemen spoke about it. Finding that the reports were true, she hastened to Munich 'where I found her alive, which was enough for me'.[19] Elizabeth Cotton, Mary's secretary,[20] writes about the same time to Elizabeth Keyes, who was in charge of the Roman house, 'Our Mother's life is dearer to us

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than a thousand worlds, and prison will destroy her; the evening before she was arrested she was more dead than alive with extreme catarrh and other illnesses'. And, later, 'She is only 46, but considering all her work, sufferings and illnesses she could be as much again. But without doubt God could give her 40 more years, a blessing to be wished for above all others, except the grace of God and eternal life'.[21]

Mary Ward's qualities as a leader emerge strongly at the time of her imprisonment. She was strictly isolated, not allowed correspondence—but she and her companions, English Catholics of persecution times, knew all about lemon juice letters. Her own community was allowed to provide food for her, and it could be wrapped in paper ... so a system is set up. She says a little at the beginning about the conditions in which she and Anne Turner, her nurse-companion, are being kept: 'Our habitation is the place of the despaired of the sick; we did as it seems displace one that is every moment a-dying; she hath been sick these three years, and hath spit up all her lungs, where sometimes we fry and sometimes we freeze, and there do all that we have to do. 2 little windows close walled up, our door chained and double locked'[22]—but uses the letters chiefly as a means of directing what is going on outside. There are instructions about contacts[23]—better for Mary Poyntz to write to the Electress Elizabeth, and not try to visit her till she knows that a visit would be acceptable; 'It were good Mother Keyes were writ unto to use as manye friends for means to the Pope and Congregations as she could, perchance the Pope his confessor...';[24] later there are suggestions about what to write; practicalities about the post, and how to avoid spies—evidently they have intercepted one post: 'What you now to do {*sic*} is that with all speed you write them again just as they were, only to the strangers you may put Duplicatum, and send them to Augusta directed to Katherine Kochin her sister, with earnest desire that she give them the first post that goes for Rome.... Write by the ordinary way also, but what they can gather nothing by, but to leave that way were to seem to suspect them'.[25] Elizabeth Cotton is not to give up her seal—'say you find it not, and be sure you are at all times ready for a search'[26]—for it could be misused. She is at peace over the question of being sent to Rome—'if so it happen, will be perchance for the best for us; but for the adverse part I see not what it can profit them, for if they intend to have my life they can kill me with less noise, for in these parts they know we have no friends. But here or there if God would have me die I would not live, it is but to pay the rent a little before the day, and to live and suffer for God, or die and go to him are both singular graces and such as I merit not...'.[27] She is concerned about the health of her companions: 'I will have neither of you pray after 10 nor before 6. 7 hours abed, and that Mother Rectrice sing Gillian or such a like every day while I am here'.[28] There is a fragment[29] instructing that if she herself should be restrained or absent, Barbara Babthorpe is to be put in charge of all those outside

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Italy, and if the leaders in Munich, Mary Poyntz and Elizabeth Cotton, should be imprisoned, Barbara is to be in charge everywhere, and to work for their release; another[30] saying that she wants the community to stay in Munich, but if the town will not have them, they should go to Cologne or Treves. The final letter from the Anger[31] is to ask Elizabeth Cotton to deal tactfully with the Electress to see if she will send a litter to convey Mary Ward herself back to the Paradeiserhaus when she is released.

Back in Rome in March 1632, not as a free woman, but still under the control of the Inquisition, she set about doing all that she could to enable her Institute to survive in some way. There is a series of letters to Mary Poyntz in Munich between December 1632 and October 1633, when Mary Poyntz was on the way to Rome herself, protected by code-names (for example Mary Ward is Margery or Margaret, and Fillice, Mary Poyntz is Ned, Urban VIII the Scouf). In them we see that she has various plans. There are covert instructions for negotiating with Elector Maximilian and his wife to secure possession of the Munich house—'fain, fain would Fillice have Ned's house still possessed... Margaret would also have her name used and service in humble and greatest measure presented, which being in the beginning of the visit the abovesaid may follow at large with what else Ned pleaseth'.[32] Later she is still concerned about Munich: 'Fillice... would not have [Ned] change his lodging till towards the spring... she is loth he should lose his right so as his brothers should not succeed'. She wants her companions to go on working in Munich, then, but seems to have other plans for Mary Poynz herself. In the same letter Fillice is 'over ears in confidence that all touching her Ned will do well, and for the best. She would have him most perfect in the Duch (German) and Italian letter...'.[33] The following month, February 1633[34] she turns to the situation in England—'Turkish affairs' in the code. 'Fillice... will see the utmost what and whether or no ought will be done in Turkish affairs, and is resolved not to lose time to her so precious, the service of Pan[35] is dear to her, and his nature is so truly good, as to serve who he sees busy in his service, and he is passing powerful, and will do Fillice a good turn in due time...'. She then turns to Mary Poynz herself. Fillice 'would not have Ned trouble himself with the mother tongue of Benigno his Mother.[36] That young woman speaks well the Turkish, but these two where himself and his mother now resides, is what she would have him practised in'. So Mary Poynz is not to bother about French, but to concentrate on German and Italian. Mary Ward is evidently thinking about a possible mission in England for Mary Poynz, with high-level contacts—but also keeping other options open. In the event, the next few letters speak, again in code, of buying a house in Rome, with the Scouf's (the Pope's) permission: by the end of the year this has happened, and Mary Poynz is on her way to it. But that is not the last we hear of the English royal

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family: at the very end of Mary Ward's life, when she returns to England in 1639, she goes with letters of introduction to Henrietta Maria from Cardinal Francesco Barberini, the Pope's nephew and the Cardinal responsible for the concerns of Catholics in England;[37] one of the last documents in the collection is a letter from the Queen to Barberini,[38] speaking of Mary Ward's intention of returning to Rome, but saying that she is too ill at the moment: 'That is why it is thought necessary to postpone her journey for a time, to recover health and strength, but also because of her possible usefulness to many people here'. That was in June 1640, and the Civil War began not long afterwards—we can only wonder what the Queen and Barberini had in mind. Mary Ward herself,[39] in 1638/40, wrote to Rome asking her companions there to speak well, 'so as the same may come to the ear of great ones', of Count Rossetti, the new papal envoy to the English court, and to be especially kind to a Scot, Robert Pendric: 'he is Father Philip the Queen her confessor his right hand, and one the Queen confides much in'. She was planning 'common schools' in London; she asks for various items of equipment, and suggests members who might be sent for the work. To the last, she was planning for the future, and very much aware of the usefulness of influential people, who figure frequently in her story.

But probably we come closest to Mary Ward in her letters to her companions. The letter to Frances Brooksby, October 1627,[40] is typical, in its mixture of praise and encouragement, spiritual advice, concern for individual members, and evident personal knowledge of them.

> 'Reverend my dear Mother,
> My ill health and several business makes me forbear to show you how your proceedings comfort me, particularly your pains in advancing the place where you are, and care of those under your charge, but beyond all this, and above what I can tell you, do I love and esteem you, for the joy you express at the good going forward of other colleges, and the entrance of divers amongst ours of several nations; happy are those, my Mother, who savour these things aright, a grace not given to all. I would have you love God much, and remember to thank him often for all benefits, as well secret as known, and beg of his goodness increase of zeal, and still more ability to do his goodness greater service, who deserves far otherwise of ours than poor we have afforded... I will also commend to your special care that Mother Anne Rushton and your two Catherines learn, or rather become perfect in, casting accounts, writing an excellent German hand and that you would make them like yourself in working, But for works Mother Rushton is not apt, the two Germans I hope are...'

She can be firm, even with those close and dear to her—to Barbara Babthorpe, whom she was later to name as her successor, she wrote once[41] 'From your last letters I understand that there were certain girls asking to be received into our Society who were rejected, at the urging of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus because they had no dowry. I am very much displeased. Not even to paupers is entrance to our Society to be completely ruled out. And do not let the authority of the Society of

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Jesus move you in this matter. You made your vows to me, not to the Fathers'. But more typical is a later letter[42] to the same Barbara, in February 1627, urging her to travel as quickly as possible from Liège to Munich where members were needed urgently for the new foundation, and reacting to her suggestions for possible members, or the letter to Winefrid Bedingfeld,[43] praising the Munich children's Latin: 'These are indeed chiefly to congratulate the unexpected progress of your Latin schools. You cannot easily believe the content I took in the themes of those two towardly girls'.

Who then was Mary Ward? She was a great Yorkshirewoman: a woman of great conviction and sense of mission, constantly on the move, always looking forward; a woman of truth and integrity, who combined in a remarkable way loyalty to the Church and fidelity to God's personal call to her; a woman of courage to face seemingly impossible odds, and to start again, when she was old by the standards of that time, to pick up the fragments of her life's work and start again. This courage was rooted in her most fundamental belief: that God will do what God would have done—that 'We ought to work and suffer for God; and for the rest, let Him make use of us according to His good pleasure...'.[44]

NOTES

Most of the references, quoted as 'Doc.' are to *Mary Ward und ihre Gründung. Die Quellentexte bis 1645*, herausgegeben von Sr. Ursula Dirmeier CJ Corpus Catholicorum 45–48, Aschendorff Verlag, Münster Westfalen 2007.

[1] AB6, in Italian: 'altro dovevo fare... che era cosa buona'.
[2] Doc.245.
[3] Doc.323, Institutum: 'ad Turcas, sive ad quoscumque alios Infideles, etiam in partibus quas Indias vocant, sive ad quoscumque haereticos, schismaticos sive etiam ad quosvis fideles...'.
[4] Doc.1125; The Papal Bull Pastoralis Romani Pontificis. Available in English translation in *Mary Ward Under the Shadow of the Inquisition*, M. Immolata Wetter, Way Books, Campion Hall, Oxford.
[5] *MaryWard und ihre Gründung*... see introductory note above.
[6] Doc. Band I, Section I, Die autobiographischen Fragmente (AB) pp. 9–50.
[7] AB1.
[8] AB3.
[9] AB3.
[10] AB3.
[11] Available in English translation in *Mary Ward (1585–1645) A Briefe Relation... with Autobiographical Fragments and a Selection of Letters*, edited by Christina Kenworthy-Browne CJ, published for the Catholic Record Society by the Boydell Press, 2008. For Italian originals, cf. note vi.
[12] Doc.196D.
[13] Doc.198F.
[14] Doc.213G.
[15] Cf. notes vi and xi.
[16] Doc.245.
[17] Doc.197.
[18] Doc.166.
[19] 'sono venuta fin à Monaco, ove la trovò viva (che mi basta). Doc.1236 Barbara Babthorpe to Elizabeth Keyes. This letter, like others exchanged between Mary Ward's English

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companions at this time, is in Italian—probably because they knew it was likely that post would be intercepted, and wanted their enemies at least to know what they had really said!

[20] 'la vita della nostra Madre ci è più cara che mille mundi, e la priggionia l'ammazzara; la sera dinanzi che fu presa era più morte che viva con estremità di catarro et altri accidenti' Doc.1145, Elizabeth Cotton to Elizabeth Keyes.

[21] 'li suoi anni non sono che 46, mà mirando li suoi travagli, patimenti, e malatie, si possono stimare altri tanti, e non dubito certo che Dio non sia per darli ancora altri 40 anni di vita, bene desiderato sopra ogni altro fuor che la gratia di Dio e la vita eterna', Doc.1226, Elizabeth Cotton to Elizabeth Keys.

[22] Doc.1144.

[23] Doc.1150.

[24] Doc.1154.

[25] Doc.1155.

[26] Doc.1156.

[27] Doc.1154.

[28] Doc.1158.

[29] Doc.1173E.

[30] Doc.1198C.

[31] Doc.1207.

[32] Doc.1376.

[33] Doc.1384.

[34] Doc.1388.

[35] Charles I.

[36] Henrietta Maria, mother of the future Charles II.

[37] Doc.1499.

[38] Doc.1523 'Cest pourquoy lon trouve necessaire quelle differe son voyage pour quelque temps pour recouvrer ses forces et santé, et aussi pour l'utilité quelle peut apporter a plusieures personnes icy'.

[39] Doc.1518.

[40] Doc.708.

[41] Doc.535; 'Ex tuis ultimis litteris intellexi, esse puellas quasdam, quae in Societatem nostrum recipe postulabant, sed eas Patribus Societatis Jesu urgentibus reiectas fuisse, quia dotem, quam secum illae afferent, habebant nullam. Id mihi vehementer displicuit. Non enim pauperibus aditus ad Societatem Nostram omnino est praecludendum. Neque te moveat hac in re Patrum Societatis Jesu authoritas... Nam non Patribus hisce, sed mihi vota vovisti.

[42] Doc.637.

[43] Doc.690.

[44] *The Mind and Maxims of Mary Ward*, Burns Oates & Washbourne Ltd., 1959, p. 45.

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