

Who is able to tell all the hardships that I have since endured? For I have been taken by pirates, cast into prison by the Saracens, been accused, cursed, reviled, and left this long time past like some good-for-nothing vagabond, to go about in my shirt, without the habit of my holy order. O, what hunger and thirst, what cold and heat, yea burning rather, what curses, what diseases, what poverty and persecutions, what detraction from false Christians, what severities of climate, and what an infinite number of other hardships have I not endured since those holy martyrs won their crowns! Where shall I find tears sufficient to bewail my desolate position! But these things and more, even unto death, I am ready to bear gladly for the sake of the beloved Jesus; and may He in the end reunite me in blessedness to my blessed comrades.

In addition to all that I have mentioned, and to the extremity of poverty, I suffer continually from bodily ailments. Tortured by pains, sometimes in the head, sometimes in the chest, in the stomach, or in all my limbs in turn, here am I left in my solitude with no human aid. For there is a horrid schism among the people in reference to me. One day they are well disposed; another day quite the reverse, because of those who mislead them. I have, however, been happy enough to baptise more than a hundred and thirty of either sex, and there would be a glorious harvest if the holy friars would come; but they must be ready to bear all things with patience, and martyrdom with gladness. To you then I turn dear brethren, beseeching you with tears to grant this consolation to a hapless pilgrim bereft of his holy comrades. Let the holy friars come then, let them come with souls established in patience, that the harvest of baptised souls may be kept from the evil one, and after it has been threshed, in the Lord's own time may be treasured in His garner!

But I must say a word as to the voyage to Ethiopia, which