

**COMPENDIUM OF
THE ART OF
ALWAYS REJOICING**

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Compendium of the Art of Always Rejoicing by F. Alfonsus De Sarasa

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OF THE
ART OF ALWAYS REJOICING.

BY
F. ALPHONSUS DE SARASA, S.J.

TRANSLATED BY A LADY.

WITH A PREFACE BY THE REV. T. MEYRICK, S.J.

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PREFACE.

THE following treatise is a compendium of the admirable work of F. Alphonsus de Sarasa, of the Society of Jesus. It was so much esteemed in Germany that the great Leibnitz, according to the testimony of Koeler, considered it to be a perfect model of composition and sound morality. Weigel, who translated it from the Latin into German, styles it 'an incomparable and golden book.'

Alphonsus de Sarasa was born of Spanish parentage in Flanders, A.D. 1618. He entered the Society of Jesus at the early age of fifteen. After his noviceship and usual course of studies, he taught humanities for seven years, was a ripe scholar, profound philosopher, and great preacher, listened to with marked attention at Brussels, Ghent, and Anvers. But his chief title to renown is his work on the *Art of always Rejoicing*.

The effort of composing so noble a production, requiring such a compass of thought and imagination, together with his labours in teaching and preaching, and his fervent piety, consumed his feeble frame, and he died of a pleurisy and decline at the age of forty-eight.

The greater work in fifteen treatises, and the com-

pendium drawn up by himself and published with it, were printed by Meursius, at Anvers, in 1664. A new edition by Fischer, professor of the University of Jena, appeared in 1741, and was printed by Weigand at Leipsic, with notes by Fischer and Erard Weigel. The book is now very rare indeed, and deserves reproduction in any form.

The compendium made by F. Sarasa was translated in 1842 into Italian by the accomplished F. Antonio Bresciani, S.J., author of the *Jew of Verona*. From the Italian, as it is not easy to procure the Latin copy, this brief treatise has been well and faithfully rendered by a lady.

May the consolation which it is calculated to give reach thousands of hearts, and give them the sweet peace which it proclaims!

THOMAS MEYRICK.

Feast of the Epiphany, A.D. 1872.

THE
ART OF ALWAYS REJOICING.

THE object of this, my little treatise, is to explain to you the art by which you may attain to the full possession of the joy that the Apostle commends so highly. In order to conduct you to this happy lot, it is not my intention to display fully before your eyes the whole magnificent series of the inscrutable designs and the unfathomable abyss of Divine Providence on which every human event depends, but I shall only endeavour to impress upon your mind the most sublime idea of the infinite wisdom and the supreme goodness with which God rules the world in order to persuade you to conform your will to His. This is the source of all joy. From this fountain springs that peace which overflows our heart and which keeps it quiet, tranquil, and at rest, amidst the storms

and turmoil of human events. I shall, indeed, have done much if, after having found where to commence in the midst of such a labyrinth of intricate matter, I am able to find the clue and to explain to you briefly and distinctly the *Art of Rejoicing*, and to put it before you in such a manner that you may see it plainly and clearly as in a glass. And what is more, having cleared away all confusion, I shall show you that this art rests upon one sole powerful argument, which is the basis of the whole stupendous fabric.

I. *That peace is to be sought within us, and not without us.*

And now, my reader, permit me to depart somewhat from the ordinary custom, and to reason with myself instead of with you. Let me occupy myself for a short time with my own affairs, and consider attentively my own thoughts.

There is a small secret apartment in my house where I am in the habit of collecting together my thoughts, and of holding converse with them. I hear outside everything in confusion and disturbance; the tumult, the tramp, and noisy cries of the people put me in fear,

and I dread lest when I go out of doors I may be involved in the general disturbance of the world, and be dragged into the vortex of its torrent. I therefore take refuge in myself alone, and seating myself at my fireside I quietly call up my thoughts, which for a while have been still and dormant, like bees sleeping in their hive, and having arranged them in good order, I address them thus: 'As there is no peace, my friends, to be found amid the tumult and incessant agitation of human affairs, let us see if it can be found at home and in converse with you; for you know that true enjoyment is found only in tranquillity and internal peace, as Seneca says: "*Gaudium cuique domi suæ nasci*"—"Every man's joy begins at home." In this way, kind reader, I shall draw out for you gradually the workings of my thoughts, while you will follow me; and if I succeed in finding peace in the midst of so many earthly troubles and disorders, you will have the clue which will enable you to extricate yourself from the labyrinth of human vicissitudes, and to gain that most profound peace of the soul which all wish for, and to which so few attain. And then you will, indeed, be happy!