

would not be the love you owe me! Let us ask for each other grace, and more grace, to make the better, and if possible, the best use of the cross—and *never to fail*.

You seemed, in your dear letter, to ask in what psalm the words occur: "*Domine ter scisti*." It is in the 39th Psalm, said in Matins, *Feria Tertia*, when the feria is said. So in the Roman Breviary, and no doubt in yours. It is, first of all, the words attributable to our Lord, having taken on Him all the sins of the world. All the Psalms are wonderful—but this one is markedly grand. Try and find time soon to read it by itself.

PAPA.

NEW YORK, July 23, 1886.

MY DAUGHTER, SISTER, BELOVED,—My heart all week has been in your Carmel. Dear little community. Now but fourteen in the choir, and two of the white veil. Better fourteen than more, except our Lord Himself calls others "*to the Order of His Mother!*" Better less than fourteen, than more—if not *distinctly, determinately* called by our Lord. There is no need so instant as more to pray and to do penance.

"*Bella premunt hostilia!*

"*Da robur, fer auxilium!*

But they need to be *special*, clearly Divine vocations. The harvest is ripe and heavy. Pray, ask of your truest friends, in heaven and on earth, to send laborers into His harvest field.

Very weak and feeble folk can work in the active fields of preaching, teaching, and writing, and God can give the increase. The thing so little regarded, but the greatest before heaven, is to have those that pray and offer sacrifices.

I love and esteem your late Mother Sub-Prioress more since her death than even in her life. It seems to me that her spirit, or her guardian angel, has been at times hovering over me. Her vocation was a blessing to your Carmel. Deprived of her audible voice and her bodily presence, be sure she cares for you and prays for you—dear daughters of Carmel—*better* than when you could talk to her face to face. But I must stop this, for it would have no end.

My own health is reasonably good. I sent some copies of my poor notice of Mother Ignatius to Carmel.

God bless my Gertrude, and my sweet Teresa of Jesus, to whom I had liked to have written. And then, devotion, not necessary for me to express, to Mother Beatrix and to all.

POOR PAPA.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS WRITTEN TO ONE OF HIS DAUGHTERS.

*From a letter written Dec. 26 and 27, 1881:*

"And, my dear *St. John*—(I was so glad when his great name was called on you in religion)—*you* have a *special octave* of your own, after his feast, for there is commemoration of his octave in the office of each day. Well, are you going to ask him to carry you up on his "*eagle*" wings? To soar into high places? To perch on topmost crags of the rocks, and change dreams for a true contemplation of that *Body*, taken by His own almighty power from the blood of the heart of Mary: of that most beautiful possible *Soul*, that He created to make united with His *Body*, *Perfect Man*.

But the "*eagle*" wings of *St. John* must carry you down also into the lowest places, to hunt for prey. *St. John's* prey, you know, was the rescue of poor souls from the devils. My sweet *Mary St. John*, it is past midnight. You and I will meet at mass and communion on this beautiful feast. Oh! for that *other meeting!* When the *work* is over."

A FATHER THAT WOULD BE YOUR BROTHER.

*From a letter written Sept., 1885:*

"Courage then, my sweetest daughter! If the suffering in store shall be longer, the reward will be a thousandfold the greater. You have had two beautiful feasts of *Mary* this month already. On last Sunday, feast of the Holy Name of *Mary*, I offered my communion especially for you. And next Sunday we shall commemorate the Seven Sorrows of *Mary*. There is inexpressible solace in deep meditation on each of these sorrows. In each one of them, as revealed to several holy souls, our Mother can cry: 'Consider and see, all ye that pass by, if there be any sorrow like to *my sorrow*.'"

MOST DEAR *ST. JOHN*,—I saw off on the steamer, on Saturday, Mothers *Walburga* and *Antonia*. These were the first I ever saw at *Sharon*. They had very nice and good staterooms.

The Holy Ghost was good to you to give you *counsel* as your gift. It has been one of my continual prayers for you that you may, through the help of our Mother Immaculate, lead souls to union with our Lord, and knit them to His sacred heart. Our Lord has been very good to you, in drawing you to Him, *in suffering*. *There is no other way!* But thorny as the road has been for you, look to what the saints have suffered! You will not be discouraged, but it will awaken faith and kindly courage. "Their strength was not of iron, nor their flesh brass," but how they suffered with joy, for the great recompense, but above all, to be more like their crucified love.

THE END.