

NEW YORK, June 25th, 1886.

MY MOST SWEET DAUGHTER,—Our Lord is again pressing you to His sacred heart. He must love you very much. He loves all of us very much, but only as we respond can that love do its work. When it is not made use of, He withdraws—not his love, but these manifestations of it. But there are graces He gives without our asking. The highest of these are *sufferings*. There is no other way of being united to the Crucified. And it is better, *more perfect*, to accept sufferings at His hands than to inflict them on ourselves, even with the approval of our spiritual guides. See how I, a worldling, talk of things I know, and do not do. O, my daughter, if I had but the generosity to suffer, as you do, and the courage, our Lord would surely lead me by the way of great sufferings and I would have the grace to bear them patiently. Then, my sweet one, I would write to you *rejoicing in your sufferings*. But I grovel, a coward, on the earth.

So, you drew "Fear of the Lord," and I drew, as dear Mother Prioress—the *real* drawing—for me—"Wisdom;" of which "foolish one" I have so much need. But all these seven gifts are linked, like beads on a chain, and yours, Fear of the Lord, touches the first, that, as naming the family of seven, is called simply "Wisdom." But as no one of the seven can exist without all the others—"they are seven in one house," as St. Gregory the Great so beautifully explains. And I think it is the fourteenth chapter of Proverbs that begins: "Wisdom hath built herself a house. She hath hewed out her *seven pillars*,"—all of wisdom. This house, first of all, means our Blessed Lady, the "seat of Wisdom," but it means also—for the meanings of scripture are many fold—that the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost are wisdom, under seven forms. The last verse of that chapter of Proverbs, I think it is, says: "The fear of the Lord is wisdom." I am writing at a hotel and cannot be sure of the chapter, but I am sure of the words, be the place there or elsewhere; while it is said once in the Psalms, and I think once elsewhere: "The *beginning* of wisdom is fear of the Lord;" it is written many times in the inspired book

that: "Fear of the Lord is the *Principium Sapientiae*—the very foundation of wisdom.

Besides, as doctors of the Church have taught, the fear of the Lord that is the beginning of wisdom, may refer to that *servile* fear—that is afraid of punishment; but that fear of the Lord which is a gift of the Holy Ghost is a filial fear—not thinking of the punishment—but horror of doing anything to offend so infinitely loving a Father, who has so loved us as to become, even in our flesh, our brother, that has sucked the breasts of our mother, our mistress, Mary, and has given us such a mother.

Sweet daughter and sister, press to your heart the cross your spouse sends you. It is a *jewelled* cross, and each pain it gives, lovingly embraced, will give you delight to hold then to the heart of that same body you now suffer in, but that then will be glorified. And that delight will never grow wearisome, and millions of millions of years cannot begin the measure of the duration, the eternity of your reward.

Sweet Sister Teresa, I treat you as I treat our Lord. I *think* very much, very often of you, but I do not work for you—not even by writing a letter in time, though you say my letters give you pleasure.

POOR PAPA.

NEW YORK, May 21st, 1885.

MY MOST SWEET AND DEAR SISTER,—This is a note *sharp on business!* You know you are "no longer an infant!" Your sisters, each, on coming of legal age, wrote a note such as I send you

Dear sister! How I think every day—and often in the day—of the loving round heart of my Carmelite daughter, trimming the lamp for me, and putting me in the heart of our Lady of Carmel. Was it you or our other dear sister that told me how Mother Ignatius delighted in the Psalm: *Qui habitat in adjutorio Altissimi?*

Who is the *Adjutorium Altissimi?* Who, is help of the Most High? Who then, is the *Help of Christians?* Oh, you chosen souls—chosen by our Lord's free grace and purpose, to "*the Order of His Mother,*" not to *visit* her, but to *inhabit*—to have your home in her! Of such a one it is said, not