

NEW YORK, Feb. 18, 1886.

read, no doubt, that your Seraphic Mother, St. Teresa, after whom you have the happiness to be named, was shown in hell—the terrible place prepared for her—had she not followed the wonderful vocation to which she was called.

One that has been called, as you have been, as Gertrude has been, and as our saintly Sister St. John has been; she, like St. John the Baptist, in the desert, but doing and suffering God's will, *could not*, being thus called, save her soul, if disobedient to the call. *Ingratitude* to Our Lord is a most heinous sin in chosen souls. You, my most sweet Sister, have a grateful and loving heart. That is why Our Lord called you to the Order of His Mother. But, *wake up* every day, *gratitude* and love, to the Lord, and to His Mother, whose child you are. Every day, and all day long. For all that you can do in gratitude and love, though very acceptable to Jesus and Mary, is very cold compared to the love Jesus and Mary have for you. When I pray for you every day, and more than once, if I ask relief for you from sickness, I always tell Our Lord and His Mother that I know they love you better than I do. And you know that I love you as much as I ought to. *More*, except I always think of you as with Jesus and Mary. But Our Lord says to pray: and so, if He can find it best for you, I pray for your health, that, after all, is a fleeting and uncertain good. But, since you asked me in your novitiate, I always pray that you may be "*a humble and obedient religieuse*, and then a smile always comes on my lips; for to become *these* means to become a Saint—*Humility and obedience!*

Sweet daughter, I do not ask you to pray for me. I know you will, *so long as you live!* And I, poor sinner, will need all prayers.

PAPA.

*My most sweet little daughter:*

I would love to write to you oftener. I *ought* to write to you oftener, because you ask it. It is not that I am too busy. It is partly that I am too lazy, and partly that I am *too proud*. You will in your Carmelite humility not understand the "*too proud*." This it is: When I think of my daughters, walking in the way that trains Saints, and consider myself, the self-indulgent man, *smoking tobacco for incense to my reading of good books!* restoring my weariness by a glass of wine, in my comfortable slippers and chair, my conscience (no not my conscience, but *reason, mixed with pride*, says: Stop! leave those virgins that God gave you, as daughters, and then was so gracious as to ask you for, and has taken as His spouses, leave them to Him that has chosen and taken them. What hast *thou* to do with these who carry *their* crosses, following Him, who bears the Awful Cross, the Most Blessed Cross!

Dear, it is right to think of it sometimes, even for St. Teresa's daughters, who, by vocation should be the most generous of daughters of God's Mother—I mean "*the reward*." The inspired psalms that you recite in your Divine Office, put the words in the mouths of the Saints: "I have followed the way of Thy commandments because of the reward." "*Propter mercedem!*" But it is better, and I do not think I am wrong in saying out what I know, it is *more like* my daughters, to abandon themselves with a heart altogether detached to that Lord whom they have desired; whom they have loved; whom they have sought; whom they have found; and in whom they will to rest forever. O, how beautiful is that in the solemnity of veiling: "*Amo Christum,*" and what follows it. I did not