

write some little to you. I was in such a torpor of mind and body last week that I did not, as I wished, write to her before the retreat.

While making my hurried translations of the Ceremonials of Profession and Veiling, I have felt so sorry that I did not have the thought to make these before your Profession. But they are of thrilling beauty and good meditations, for a nun all her life long, after her Profession and Veiling.

And the one master-thought I have had while engaged in this most pleasant work of translating, is the boundless gratitude and thanksgiving that should overwhelm us for the wonderful graces that our Lord, through the intercession of His Mother, has poured on our poor little broken family.

*Non fecit taliter omni nationi.*—"He has not done the like to any other." What a motive for perpetual gratitude, and for humility! His Mother, in whose order you are a little child, has set us the example, *quia respexit humilitatem ancillæ tuæ.* And her "humility is the truth." For all our adorable Lady had, or has, she received—a free gift from God. Before Lucifer and the Angels were created, God, in the councils of His Eternity, brought forth the purpose of creating the *Virgin Mother, Ante Luciferum genui te.* And, so, it is equally true of each one that God calls. When it was said to you at your veiling, as will be said to our Gertrude, *Veni Sponsa Christi*, "Come Spouse of Christ," receive the crown that the Lord hath prepared for thee for eternity—it means also, from eternity, for eternity had no beginning, as it will have no end.

So it is a crown that God prepared before the Angels were made, and that some bright and glorious Angel might have worn forever, had pride not led it to follow Lucifer. God, foreknowing

this fall of that angel, marked *thee* my daughter from eternity, to wear it to eternity. But He has studded it, by His Incarnation, with priceless jewels never promised to that angel; and, then, *annulo suo subarrhavit te*—"He hath put His own ring on thee, as His spouse." In that wonderful psalm you say every day in Vespers, *Dixit Dominus Domino meo*, you read the words *implebit ruinas*, "He will fill the waste places."

These are no imaginations of mine. I am not capable of such things. I only repeat a little of the interpretations of Saints and Doctors of the Church, and, oh! how little.

But see what motives for gratitude, for humanity, and for that child-like fear of offending such goodness and such love. You read in the third Nocturn of Canonized Virgins: *Elegit eam Deus, et prælegit eam!* "God has chosen her, and especially preferred her!" Others are not thus *chosen*, or *preferred*, though, they too, if faithful, will have a great reward. *Twice*, in your short religious life, you have seen a good young woman desiring, but *not called!* What reason for gratitude to Our Lord and His Mother on your part. Not to *your* merits is the vocation owing, but to God's *free grace!* The Apostle says: "Hath not the potter power over the clay? Out of which He forms one vessel to be placed in a position of honor and glory; and another to occupy an unconsidered, or even a most humble place?" But the same Apostle urges: "Be not high-minded, (that is proud) but fear!" And, again he says: "Let no one take *thy* crown!" For Our Lord will surely "fill the waste places"—*implebit ruinas.* And, you know it is most certain Catholic Doctrine that *perseverance to the end* is a distinct grace, and should be prayed for, as such, every day. You have