

EMILIE LINDER TO OVERBECK.

MUNICH, February 12th, 1839.

What you told me about the spiritual life of Rome made my soul rejoice; I never have doubted that such people lived in Rome, even without knowing the particulars. But you must own that these people remain unknown to strangers and travelers. The sensual and profane one meets in Rome, the centre of Christianity, makes itself keenly felt, and of much consequence. And many a thing, that grieved me when there, I heard not from strangers, but from the natives themselves. However, experience teaches us that the most perfect and the worst are found side by side, as the old adage says: "Next door to the Church of God the devil builds his chapel." Should I return to Rome I would like to become acquainted with the holier and deeper side, and that through you; it would be more important for me than all the galleries and art treasures, and would serve more to my salvation. May God's holy will be done!

P. S.—I come to ask you another favor, my dear friend, and you will surely grant it. Some days ago I heard that the brother-in-law of a very dear friend of mine (one of those virgins who left everything to devote herself to the sick and suffering) had died. Words of consolation are not of much use, but I am sure it would be a great relief and consolation to my friend if she knew that some masses were said for him in Rome. (His name was Hans von Bostel; he was a very earnest Catholic.) Would you do this for me? I enclose you some money. I wish too you would have some masses said for the dear old Koch. I could not show him during his lifetime that I was his friend, so I would like to remember him in his death.

OVERBECK TO FRAULEIN LINDER.

Rome, June 26th, 1839.

I have to refer to your two last letters only with a few words about the masses for the souls in Purgatory. I did as you desired, and that with great joy. It is impossible that the good you did to these poor souls should not come back to you through the grace of God. I was so glad to hear that the painter Alhorn had entered the fold of Christ's children. You write

that he and his wife entered *my church*, because you have not yet learned that the Catholic Church, as such, is no one's church, but, in bringing the sheep one by one back to the fold, the promise is fulfilled that there will be one fold and one shepherd. May this knowledge soon be given to you, and may you participate in all the graces that this good shepherd gives. Most fervently I pray for this to our Divine Lord.

OVERBECK TO FRAULEIN LINDER.

ROME, Dec. 3rd, 1839.

I cannot tell you with what joy and pleasure I read in your letter that Professor Klee has become your teacher and guide. Why should you ignore in that a divine guidance? Or is your decision still uncertain after having been thoroughly instructed? We build upon the power of truth, which you cannot resist, and trust your honest good-will not to oppose it. If your instruction does not convince you, you are in no way bound to accept a teaching which you have not found true.

(The famous theologian Henry Klee died in July 1840, while her former instructor, Mohler, had died two years before.)

The continual exhortation of the painter in Rome had done some good. Shortly after Clemens Brentano died, Fraulein Linder followed his advice, and asked for instruction by a theologian who had been recommended to her by Cardinal Diepenbrock. This was the director of the priest's seminary at Munich, Dr. Fr. A. Dirmberger, whose acquaintance she had made at Regensburg. He was a thoroughly learned man, and later became Bishop of Eichstadt.

EMILIE LINDER TO OVERBECK.

REGENSBURG, Dec. 1st, 1842.

This time I bring joyous news. I know the interest you have taken in me, and I know that I can bring joy to your heart when I tell you I have become a member of the Catholic Church. God be praised! You told me so often to be instructed; you so often reminded me of the necessity thereof, but the time had not arrived. In the beginning of this year I met a priest who just came to Munich. He was a worthy man, and I had great confidence in him. Our conversations became more earnest, and his visits more frequent. Everything