

LETTERS WRITTEN BY
THE SERVANT OF GOD, MOTHER MARY POTTER
TO MOTHER MARY PHILIP (Edith Coleridge)

Transcriber's Note (Transcriber - M.M Hilda Potter - Prepared for the postulator of Mary Potter's Cause)

The following letters were written by the Servant of God to Mother Mary Philip (Edith Coleridge) one of the first six members of the Little Company of Mary. She was a trained nurse and had been a penitent of Monsignor Bagshawe's when he was attached to London Oratory, and he sent her to join the new Institute. She later became Assistant to the Servant of God and after the latter's holy death in 1913 Mother M. Philip became the second Superior General of the Little Company of Mary. She was generous and warmhearted and sincerely attached to the Servant of God but, as may be seen by the following letters had certain difficulties of character often caused pain and anxiety to the Servant of God.

No.1

Convent of the Maternal Heart of Mary

May 24th 1879

A very happy Feast to my dear Child, Sister Mary Philip, now under the shadow of the Hoy Rood instead of the Maternal Heart be a cross-post and if I wrote tomorrow you might have left early.

Mr Sheen came himself for Sr Mary Joseph. I had to would go to top of omnibus and not notice her, very polite, wants me to go and see his wife, will send a cab for me, so somebody ... happy. You are no doubt both breathing freely away from the cross-wretch of a Mother who nevertheless loves you both with a speak Cecilia and His betrothed Mary Philip.

(N.B. Much of the above letter has been lost)

May 24th 1879

To the little soul Our dear Lord saw on Calvary and whom He loved there, whom He grieved over, shedding great drops of Blood to save, because He saw the devil exulting over that soul as his own and Jesus was sorry and would not have it so and turned to His Mother and spoke to her saying, "That little soul shall be thy child and My child, and thy enemy and mine shall be robbed of his prey. And a sweet smile stole over the white man Face of Jesus as He saw the poor weak soul grown by grace from His Mother's prayers, by His Own Precious Blood into a great grand soul whom He could draw close to His wounded side and pressing close to His heart, print in time what would be cemented in eternity - the kiss of everlasting unchanging peace upon that happy little soul, the Bride of Jesus.

So let it be, dear Lord so let it be prays a foolish little mother of earth for a child she has named Mary Philip.

Be good children, both of you, and kiss one another for me and pray for me.

No. 2

Convent of the Maternal Heart of Mary
June 2nd. Feast of the Sacred Heart of JESUS

Dear Child of Jesus' Heart, of Mary's Heart and likewise child by Jesus' own making of my poor little heart,

Now, Our dear Lord having as good as said to me - Mary guard this child of Mine for Me, help her to become My Spouse - I must do my best, must I not? however painful to myself or to you. In answer to your question then, I myself should always do what my Confessor only even advised; at the same time you are not bound when he says he advises, - only when he orders or commands. At the same time you miss a great good by not following his advice as you would that of Our Lord Himself.

Do a little for Him, He will do a great deal for you. He will make you His very own, and by and by you would not be ashamed to meet His Eye, for it would (look) lovingly smilingly upon you, but to those who selfishly would not overcome themselves He will greet with a look of scorn and indignation, very very hard to bear, so hard that they would sooner the mountains fall upon them crushing them, than see it. It is the same Jesus Whose Eyes flash fire upon the miserable condemned soul, Whose Beautiful Face will beam with delight upon the soul that bravely did penance in this world and overcame itself.

Your loving S.M. Angela

No. 3

My dear Child,

Is it any reason because you have taken one step wrong today that you should take two ? I pray Our dear Lord to punish me for letting you have your own way this morning, and likewise to punish me for my poor child's sin in giving such bad example to those to whom she is supposed to set a good example. Jesus' words are very strong about those who scandalize His little ones. How can you ask for mercy and be so hard and unmerciful to others.

I do not understand your work, so therefore you can stay away, if you think it necessary. Do try to be mother's help. May God bless you prays
Your loving mother Sr. Mary Angela

Please say, My Jesus Mercy 5 times in honour of the 5 Wounds.

No. 4

Convent of the Maternal Heart of Mary

My own poor but dearly loved Child,

It does grieve me to see you suffer. I did not know I could be so weak, but I do so want to take your penances myself. Would to God, I could and that it would do you as much good if I did. But do resolve generously to allow yourself to be put into the crucible of fire that you may come out pure gold. You know how the metal is dropped into the fire, how then all the dross and alloy comes away and the pure gold remains.

What Fr. Herbert tells you is what I also wrote to you some time ago, reminding you how every Christian even is bound to contradict and mortify themselves or, as the Catechism says, that "unless their passions are curbed and corrected by self-denial they will certainly carry them to hell".

God know how I love you. I wish, and yet I can hardly wish you to know the mingled pain and pleasure it is. It almost seems I can hear Our Blessed Lord telling me to take care of you for Him. You know you were in His Heart from all eternity. You were in His Divine Mind before He actually created you, and we should have to be God to understand God's Love. When we do anything for love of Him, however, He lets us sometimes feel it in some little degree. Do not fear penances, you will find your life far happier for them, when you once begin to practise them.

Benediction will begin; must finish. Pray much for your loving,

Sr. Mary Angela

No. 5

Convent of the Maternal Heart of Mary
Hyson Green, October 14th, 1879

Dear Sr. Mary Philip,

Glad to receive your Postcard though wish you had given address of your home. This must wait till I receive another I was very cold last night. Sr. Mary Agnes fetched me out of Church last night before all the people. I was staying for Night Prayers and she came and stood behind me like a Policeman with determination Night Prayers. She answered with one of her peculiar shakes of the head, "you come downstairs with me." So I followed like a lamb.

Don't forget you are Our Lady's Child. Don't forget how one is expected to behave who has given up Act like one who has given her body and soul "a living sacrifice, holy, pleasing to God." God bless my Child and Our Lady plead for her and Holy Saints intercede. Holy Angels watch and guard and keep my child from

(N.B. Much of the above letter has been lost)

No. 6

Convent of the Maternal Heart of Mary
Hyson Green, October 17th, 1879

My poor dear Child,

Our dear Lord is good to you. He is trying one way upon another to draw you to Himself. Pray to keep in the same brave frame of mind as now. The reason why so many good desires and thoughts which God's Holy Spirit gives to us, wither away is because we do not anything practical to make the blossoms come to fruit. Do something practical when you feel a good desire, answer someone who speaks impatiently to you, gently; repress strongly the first feelings which rise within you to feel annoyed, to be angry, to think unkindly, and do daily some little acts of mortification, say twice a day - go without something or part of something you would like.

Bear up bravely under your cross. If you have to bear more - be firm, courageous, gentle "Blessed

are those who suffer persecution for justice sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." What a multitude of sins you may cover by being now patient.

I have not been in the Refectory, only down to tea. Fairly well, but a cold.

Your loving mother, Sr. Mary Angela

Have been writing what you wanted, could you copy if I send it to you?

No. 7

Convent of the Maternal Heart of Mary
Hyson Green, October 23rd, 1879

My poor Child,

Your letter grieves me much. God in His Justice gave you a chance more than others to make up any injury you had received in the past. You have been six months at home. I have tried to look to you, you have been my daily anxiety and I am ready to suffer anything in which I may have failed. It has not been want of will to do you all the good I could.

Regarding your being in the world or devoting your life to God in religion I cannot say. You know I have always said the matter of your vocation did not rest with me. I can only say, act under advice of other and be open with those who have to decide what affects not only your life in time, but your life in eternity. I can only say what has mostly influenced my mind concerning you is this, that whenever you think of going back to the world you are so miserable. You have not the appearance of she who is influenced by God's Spirit but you appear rather as one who is influenced by the evil spirit.

In your best moments you seem so anxious "to live a life of love to God and man". Pray for direction that you may not take a wrong step, a perhaps irreparable one. Do tell God you want to love Him more and more and please Him and get rid of yourself. He is so good, so infinitely loveable, so beautiful, so to be desired and it is so easy to please Him, if we really wish. Oh, it is a fearful risk we run - and think so little of it - that we may be for ever separated from Himself and all that is so loveable. Never lay in His Arms, never rest in the arms of anyone we love. Let us make up our minds not to lose Him for all the world, but unfortunately many who would not lose him for all the world will lose for themselves.

I am sorry I have not said more about the Sisters. Sr. M. Agnes and M.M. Francis out nursing, Sr. M. Magdalen been ill till today, Sr. M. Elizabeth at Mrs Dobson's, Sr. M. Gertrude at Mrs Carey's, Sr. Cecilia home to rest for her case next week, going to bed today, tired out.

God bless my own. Pray for your loving mother,

Sr. M. Angela

I do not think I need answer about the rules. You know they are not ? and do not refer to those nursing. I have not made alterations yet, am waiting for your return to do so. You know I was getting better when you left. I am quite so well now, had to go to bed yesterday, my neck is very bad.

No. 8

Convent of the Maternal Heart

April 19th, 1880

My dear Child, my wayward one, my wilful one,

What shall I write you, a good sermon or lecture upon behaving with propriety, so that you won't ask me to write to you again, or shall I say what Our Lady was saying to the little lamb she was leading along the narrow bridge in the picture I gave you long ago.

There were dangers and temptations all around. If the little one looked up, it might have grown dizzy, if it turned to the right hand or left it might have been engulfed in the torrent beneath, but fortunately it is docile. One step, two steps, three steps, we shall soon get to the other side. Our Patrons are watching anxiously, Angels are watching anxiously, but not so anxiously as Jesus and Mary. We must not be cowards, we must not be faint-hearted, we must take courage and help one another to the other side and then we shall have a long rest. Oh such a rest! Such a calm, such peace. such joy. No more fears, no more temptations, but locked in one another's arms for all eternity, one long embrace, one endless life of love. But, don't let us take too many wrong steps or we might take a step too far, fall into the torrent beneath and never reach the other side to be for ever with those we love.

Pray for your loving mother,

Sr. Mary Angela

No. 9

Convent of the Maternal Heart of Mary

May 1st, 1880

My own dear Child,

Enclose your Rosary for you and send you a line to say God bless you both. It must be a pleasant sight to Him to see you blue veils, moving about the earth, little shadows of the dear blue-veiled Mother, who once walked the earth so simply, so sweetly that the Eyes of God followed her every step, with such burning love, such great delight.

There is an expression you know about being "a chip of the old block." You ought to be like little bits of Our Lady on earth. You do not know what a respect I have for your blue veils and the reluctance I should have to give it to any one in the future until very very well prepared. If it depends on me I know it will be long before anyone gets one. Do try an esteem it more and more and say you will not dishonour your colours and that your life shall be pleasing to God, because you will ever carry about with you, what so pleases God "a contrite humble heart".

I have been very good today, you will think. Have not been to prayers or dinner or tea. Sr. M. Elizabeth thought I had better rest. She has gone in your place to Mrs O'llanlon, you were sent for. Pray for poor Willie, I do not know if you can read his letter. Kiss my child Cecilia for her and your loving mother,

Sr. Mary Angela

Kind remembrance to all. Don't trouble if you meet with disappointments - Our Lady's Month.

No. 10

Convent of the Maternal Heart of Mary
May 2nd, 1880

My dear Child,

I see from the Postcard received this morning you have had, as I expected, a disappointment. Never mind if you don't get a penny. Make merit of it. Be patient and you will do more good by that than bringing home a pocketful, though I daresay Our Lady will not let you come home empty-handed, after she has given you a cross. You are making a Pilgrimage to Holy rood, so all is right, if you do your soul good.

Sr. M. Catherine was with me all night, have given her a good rest, the bell is ringing for Mass and she is but just getting up. Sr. M. Magdalen home, very quiet. I have had no private talk with her yet. She came last night to ask if she might have some more blankets Sr. M. Elizabeth, it appeared, had taken them off and left but one. Sr. M. Aloysius came home yesterday afternoon, with half a crown. She said she was glad Sr. M. Agnes had not gone, such a dirty place.

Benediction every evening but Wednesday. May God bless you now and for ever and keep

you wholly for Himself and after you have laboured for Him here and done all the good you could, take you to Himself to live for ever with Him and those you have loved on earth.

Your loving mother,

Sr. Mary Angela

No. 11

Convent of the Maternal Heart of Mary
May 3rd, 1880

My poor children,

I am grieved you are walking about like this. I would rather you should come home straight, than knocking yourselves up. It does not matter in the least, some good will come out of it. I have no time to get a map and look over it, so do not know what places you will pass on your way back. Will you be near St. Bernard's? If so there is that rich priest "Mr Charles Dunn, Mouth St. Bernards". He lives near the Monastery, giving away generously.

Miss Webster, Whitwich, a farm near, said how pleased they would be to see you. But recollect I shall be displeased if you are making yourself ill, walking too much. Must not lose post, so excuse hurried note.

God bless you ever and love you as His chosen ones, His unselfish loving children, living but for His Glory and good of others.

Your loving mother,

Sr. Mary Angela

Please bring back enclosed. Kiss one another for me.

LAST EFFORTS

(a fragment belonging to Letter 8)

The Divine Shepherdess revives us with the sight of the happy Pasture Lands. I fear nothing Mary is with me.

Thou hesitatest, my poor little lamb, thy strength appears to fail thee, but see there is a but a bridge to pass. Night falling perhaps makes thee fear. The sight of the rapid torrent image of life which flies,

makes thee afraid of slipping.

Yet one step, two steps and thou shalt see shining the eternal morning, and I will conduct thee to the delicious pasturage of a new world where the verdure of the flowers will never fade.

THE SOUL

O Mary, help me in the last moments so difficult to nature, when there is but one step, two steps more to take and if my lips cannot utter the name of God to make an act of love, speak for me.

Under the eyes of Mary, I will affront all danger. Her arms are round me, Who can separate us ...

No. 12

Convent of the Maternal Heart of Mary
August 16th, 1880

My dear Child,

Not having had a letter from our mother for so long, I write to you first. Reached home alright. My Angel Guardian whispered me to get out at the Cathedral and I ran in just in time for the Benediction. Such a pretty sight, all the aisle lined with white veiled girls carrying banners etc.

We are in a sad state of confusion, I am glad you are away, as if you were here, you would be overdoing yourself, trying to get straight. I do not like to say anything, because I am sure they are both tired and little Sr. Gertrude not much good. Sr. M. Michael would be very useful for a week of two, lifting, carrying things about etc. We never were in such confusion the early days, but then we had not so much furniture to be in our way.

I made Sr. M. Gertrude to give up her ring this morning to M.M.F. It is a beautiful ring with Gertrude in it. One of the girls gave it to her, she tells me.

Now, a word to my Philip to beg her continue persevering in her glorious struggle. Do persevere. I feel a different being since you have been so much better. I wonder if I offered to Our Lord to suffer for any sins you committed, I do not know, but it surely comes when you do wrong. Do let us all be united as now. If we keep so, we shall have good children and we must have mother's hearts to bear with their faults and help them all we can by word, dead and example.

Ask Fr. Nolan to give you a blessing every day extra in the place of mine. I shall get the benefit of it then. My Child does a good many things for her Mother. I often think your Guardian Angel puts them into your mind, because he is grateful to me. You got me the relic of the True Cross.

Kiss the children for their and your loving mother,

Sr. Mary Angela

No. 13

Convent of the Maternal Heart of Mary
May (?)

Wonders will never cease my neglected child will say to herself when she receives a note from her mother. Please be prudent, do not overtire yourself if you can help it. Keep a good heart, whatever crosses come. Half the merit is being cheerful with them. Suffering is the one gift we can give to God, therefore we ought not to give it begrudgingly.

Pray ever for me, kiss one another for your loving mother,

Sr. Mary Angela

Kind love and remembrances to old friends.

No. 14

Convent of the Maternal Heart of Mary

My dear Child,

Your letter has grieved me and made me so anxious that I thought I would send to you today besides wanting to send you some money. How can you doubt your Mother so. When M.M. Agnes came and said there was not room in the cart I was sorry, for I had not seen her to speak many things I wanted to say, besides the cart being so rickety I thought you would be nervous all the way. Do be brave and persevere. Do battle with yourself, my own dear child, Trust in God, He will help you, indeed He will and draw good out of seeming evils. Come home to me Monday, God bless you all, Your loving mother,

Sr. Mary Angela

The B. pleased all was right at Quorn. Give my love to M.M. Agnes and Sr. M. Angela. I hope the poor child Gertrude will be good. Try to keep her so. God will reward all we do for others. Please do not mention about the money. I asked leave to give it to you.

No. 16

Convent of the Maternal Heart of Mary
April 28th, 1881

My dear Child,

No apology to your mother is needed for giving all you have away. I am only too glad to see your generous spirit. I could not love you so much, if you were better in other ways, but were not generous. "Nothing more Godlike than to give", I have heard it said. I enclose a ,. and would send more if I had it. I would send to M. Elizabeth for her money but I felt so uncertain whether you would come home or No, as you did not say, and we are so shorthanded. But stay with the child, if you can any way help and telegraph to me tomorrow if you want more money. If you are going to remain over Sunday I should think you would and I shall have more then.

Fanny's case has not come off yet. She came home yesterday saying, everything was going wrong, the mother thought the baby was dead and so on, but Sr. M. Aloysius went over and only laughed at her, and as the affair has not come off yet, I have let her out to beg. Sr. Aloysius will go if necessary. I have written to Sr. Juliana to return, perhaps she wold do better at Melton, she likes school teaching, but we will talk it over.

I am glad you went to Holy Communion. Do keep a good child and fight it out bravely with - well, we will not name him. Let Father Philip be proud of his child, and give your Great Mother in Heaven and your little mother on earth - Joy. What misfortune do you think has happened to me? If you were home now, I should not be able to scold you for I have lost my voice. I shall have it back again soon, I daresay. We have been almost as quiet as a tomb to day, being Friday no recreation.

God bless you, my own dear Child, and make you a Saint, make you what your mother so prays and hopes on and on you will be, - a dear good mother to our children. Make a visit to our Lady for your loving mother,

Mary.

If you are going to remain, keep Montfort if you like. Sr. Aloysius says she can manage very well Montfort's work. Tell M. Catherine to kiss and love your for me. They have their letters because of you. I thought I must write them if I wrote to you again.

No. 17

Convent of the Maternal Heart of Mary
May 25th, 1881

My very dear and much loved Child, that Our Blessed Lord has given me, the child that a dear sweet Mother in Heaven choose to be her own and gave to a poor little weak mother on earth to take care of for her, and who feels this is so, but likewise feels how unworthily she performs her charge, as she should and would wish to.

That you know. I need not tell my Philip what her mother wishes for her, what her mother wants to do for her. May the dear holy Saint whose name she bears intercede for child and mother too and enable that mother to carry her child in triumph to his feet in Heaven. May that grand soul whose Feast is now being kept in Heaven as well as on earth, use all his power and bring from the Throne of God, gifts and graces to help his child in her struggle through the thorns and briars and all the difficulties in her journey to Jesus, Mary, Joseph and her dear old Father Philip.

Bless us, dear Saint Philip, Bless Our Lady's Little Company and bless especially the child that bears your name, and may she give thee great honour and lead others to love God as thou thyself did, with simple merry ways.

May our dear Mother Mary bless my child. If the Mother in Heaven does what the little mother on earth asks for her child, she will indeed be full of joy, grace and happiness. Pray much for your loving mother,

Mary.

No. 18

Convent of the Little Company of Mary

My poor child,

You have, as you knew you would, grieved me by your letter. I would come to you, but so poorly, with constant diarrhoea, could not go to Benediction all day yesterday. Come at once. Come home to your mother. We have our room and, please God, shall have many happy hours in it. They want you home here, as well as I. you are loved, though you think it not, loved with a great love by your mother. You know it well, though you allow yourself to doubt her so. You should not do it, my Child, you should not.

I thought I told you in my letter that the principal reason I sent Sr. M. Gertrude in such a hurry was that you might have money for Saturday evening's expenses. Regarding your vows we will have a talk about your indeed heavy troubles concerning them. You know I will make them as light as possible, my dear child. I do feel for you. I will help you at any cost to myself. Do not judge poor M. M. Agnes, she is in a difficult position. You are her senior sisters and will of course, here at the Mother House or elsewhere take precedence.

Excuse this hurried note, I can scarcely write. God bless you ever. Kiss the children for me. Be the good old Philip you really are when true to yourself. Dear Jesus, help my poor weak child. Mother Mary, protect and throw your mantle round the poor child who is your child and with thy help ever shall be.

Your loving mother,
Sr. Mary Angela

No. 19

Convent of the Maternal Heart of Mary
June 1st, 1881

My spoilt but perhaps dearly loved Child wants a letter from her Mother. She thinks her mother does not give her advice enough, and yet she puts in many more little bits of advice than perhaps her child notice.

I have so much I could say and yet it could be put into a small compass and it is this. Philip's occupation is to see all that her mother wishes done, to see that it is done. I write up things, but the great matter is to see them carried out. It ought to be an Office in the Convent, and I suppose it is the office of Vicarress we read about. It think when things go wrong in the convent it is often that directions I have given have not been carried out. I have not the power always to see what I say to be done is done, and yet I feel that nothing should be overlooked.

Now, I am not saying you do not do this, but I want to impress it upon you still more strongly. I do not think you want to be anything more than Mother's help, but it needs patience, and my Philip is not overstocked with patience. "Patience hath a perfect work. Patience of the Heart of Jesus make me patient."

Now, I think I hear a voice I know very well saying, Patience, I think I have too much patience. Oh no, that is a great mistake and you really don't think it. Patience is something so beautiful, so Godlike. Think of God's Patience. Think of Our Lady's Patience, and resolve to be Mary-like in patience, and don't be over eager about what you are doing, do not be anxious to say what is in your mind, no matter whether it is recreation time or office. Just imagine whilst we are supposed to be joining the Angels praising, loving, thanking God, and a Sister comes upon some business to me. You almost made me laugh, it was so characteristic of yourself, when you turned to me in the midst of a psalm to ask me what she wanted.

What more shall I say? Shall I say you are better? Thank God, there is a change on the right road which is a great comfort to me and does me good to see, body and soul. God grant an increase and

recollect what someone said, that we grow more perfect almost as imperceptibly to ourselves and others as a child grows up and gets bigger, so though you may not perceive yourself growing into that which god wishes you to be, yet still it is so.

Now, I want you to make three Visits every day. One to pray for the Bishop and Fr. Barron, one for mother and sister, one for yourself. Now I have mitigated the Stations so try and fulfil this little wish of mother's and pray for her who prays day and night for you and whose soul seems knit to yours. God bless my child prays her loving mother, Mary.

Sr. M. Raphael better, cold looser, though am keeping her in my room. Sr. M. Michael here, sent for her to take Agatha's place. They wanted one more experienced. Forgive this scribble. Pray for me, if you get to Monastery tomorrow. Trust you will enjoy it. Catherine no money at Melton, sent her 10/-. Perhaps she will be able to pay back when Clare comes. Don't forget the three short visits. May our dear Mother in Heaven protect her poor suffering child on earth, prays the mother who feels every pain her child feels.

Your loving mother Mary.

No. 20

Convent of the Maternal Heart of Mary
August 1st, 1881

My own dear Child,

Thank you for your letter. To be sure, do always say what you think, but I think you all make a mistake about Angela being the hand. I was simply an intermediate state, until someone was appointed. M. Cecilia has not to my knowledge been formally removed yet. I know of no one to send at present but Sr. M. Michael, and I do not think she would use the energy of Angela in keeping out of debt. We had better bring it forward in Council; I cautioned Angela not to say she was head or that M. Cecilia was not returning, in fact I told Angela, Cecilia might return.

What a lovely day you have had, hope you got the music. Hope all went off well, and my children good. Have had the Novitiate scrubbed, thought if the house is thoroughly cleaned the beginning of this week, we can spend the end of it quietly in needle-work. Am sorry to say Fr. Barron asked for a recreation today or more should have been done.

God bless you all. Tell M. Elizabeth, I should like to have seen her a bit more before she went. You do not mention if Angela and Augustine are begging as I said they were, so know not what arrangement to make about the sister to go begging with Sr. M. Montfort, can send Sr. M. Juliana.

Aug. 2nd/81. The Bank holiday put us out of our reckoning. I wrote and sent to the General Post

yesterday as Walker's was shut up and they brought my letter back as it had no stamp and the General Post was shut up; however, to business. I cannot make out if Angela and Augustine are at Quorndon or if they went begging, as I ordered to Sheepshead. Rutlandshire, except Oakham is for Sr. de Montfort to bag in. M. Catherine has only begged in Oakham for their own bread, and nothing else.

If Augustine is at Quorn she can go to beg with Sr. M. Montfort, if not please telegraph early and I will send Sr. M. Juliana to Quorn, or any town Sr. Montfort mentions as best, nearest to commence with, tomorrow Wednesday if I receive telegram.

There is a very sad evil creeping into the Community by those who would seemingly not commit an act of disobedience to save their lives, and yet I can never feel sure when I have asked a thing to be done that it will be done, and this pains me much, wastes a deal of time and hinders much good being done.

God bless you all and forgive me complaining of my children for I know they are very dear to Him. May He make them all their loving mother wishes.

No. 21

Convent of the Maternal Heart

August 18th, 1881

My dear Child,

Many thanks for your letter. Am sorry you are so bothered and Fr. Nolan too. Write to me directly you are out of money.

I have much to tell you but no time today. Poor Bishop, he was here today. He did look grieved. He appointed me Novice-Mistress and then altered it before he left again. I am afraid I shall have just as much trouble with appeals etc as though I had the work to do of Novice-Mistress, if I am here. I wish M.M. F. could have gone on alone. I have not written a single begging letter yet. Will send however a message to some good Saint in Heaven instead for you. Hope you are praying for us. Kiss one another for me.

God love all my children ever, always prays their loving mother,

Sr. Mary Angela

No. 22

Convent of the Maternal Heart of Mary
August 19th, 1881

My dear Child,

Thank you very much for your kind loving letter, I understood your feeling well, for you are part of myself. I went to send poor Sr. M. Evangelist to Quorndon this morning, but she was ill in bed with a very bad cold. She is quite willing to do what is right. The Bishop thought she would have to have the postulant's cap again, if she had been publicly seen or had her habit off long. I thought she might go by an early train some morning and put it on at Quorndon. Poor thing, the best get tempted.

I will send one of the other three novices to replace Sr. M. Michael. Sr. Magdalen will take Mrs Oldfield's case. She is going on all right regarding the one matter, only complains she cannot get milk out. Mrs Hardly very pleased. Sr. M. Gertrude was at a death last night. I thought could she take S. M. Michael's cases until we get straight here and have the Novitiate.

God bless you all again and again and every moment of the day that He may hinder the evil one having any part in His children. Love to all, please ask blessing from good Fr. Nolan.

Your loving mother in our loving Mother's heart,

Sr. Mary Angela

Mother M. Francis sends love, is grateful for the Novena, was going to write but so busy, sends 10/- a little gift from the Maternal Heart. She is still beating against the tide.

No. 23

Midland Railway Carriage

My dear dear Child,

I shed some bitter tears after you left the Station. I do not know why you do not trust your Mother. I do feel I must keep my word sometimes with you. If I had told you I was leaving you as the penance I said I would some day put on you, you would have cried and teased me to let it alone this time and so on, whereas I know I ought to keep my word, and should always if you let me. What I mean is this - when you are quiet, make you feel something. Why I do not is because when I try to, like the other night, it makes you cross. Do try and offer it up this time, God will indeed reward you.

You know how in the past changes or attempts at changing, you saw I was wiser. Now, I do not mean that any one would notice you going about with me; it is but natural, in some respects, that

you should. Be a good child and we will have a joyful outing together yet. I could not bear to see you so sad.

My poor child, do think all you feel Our dear Lord has felt before you. Would you wish to wring any one's heart, as yours is wrong? Why then not give our dear Lord what he wants, M. Philip's large heart for Himself alone. It is a pain to me to pain (you), but it is better, do believe it is better, do believe it is done for the best, it is done to do what is right. I must keep my word and be firm, only too glad when I shall not have to say what you know I have said to you.

God bless you a thousand times, my poor sorrowful child, and may the Mother above all mothers and dearest of all, comfort you and make you lean your head on her dear Breast, in spirit now and really hereafter, comforting and soothing that poor worn spirit of yours, calming it with the sense of rest and love, unchanging never ending love. Will write soon again, was afraid if I waited to get to Quorn might lose post. Say a little prayer for your loving mother Mary.

Richardson agreed to give ,20.0.0; ,.5. now the rest when the books are out. The cheque will go to Hyson Green. Take the cheque and send me the letter.

No. 24

The Convent Derby

My very dear Children,

Thought you would like a line and knew we should not arrive at Quorn in time for Post, so am writing here. Met Canon McKenna at the Church, he took us to the Schools and the nuns invited us to stay to dinner. Canon gave us 5/-. We had just put a penny in honour of St. Joseph at his status, and wondered if he would do anything for us. Sr. M. Juliana is in the garden, I am waiting in the Nun's parlour for M. Richardson. Fancy you have not been praying, as I am afraid I shall not see him today. You must make up for it tomorrow and perhaps he will make an arrangement by letter.

Those to whom I did not bid Good-bye must not fancy I forgot them, I did not want to disturb them at the reading and make a fuss. Be good children. Do as many acts of charity for one another as you can fill the day with, and recollect there are spiritual acts to be performed for one far greater than corporal. If you have true love in your hearts, you will find numberless ways of doing grand acts of charity and earn from Our dear Lord the bright beautiful smile He bestows on His favourite children.

Pray for your loving Mother Mary.

No. 25

Convent of the Precious Blood, Quorndon
September 2nd, 1881

My own dear Child really knows in her heart how much her mother loves her and yet will not trust her sufficiently - that what she has done has been done in love.

If I had told you, you would have pleaded and cried and I might not have resisted you. I am so afraid of being weak and it does not do you good; though it may save you temporary pain, it give you more in the end. You do want someone who would love you and yet be very firm with that strong will of yours, and I want to be that one to you. You tax me with not doing my duty to you; I know I have tried, but you may be right and it grieves me to think that with all I have suffered for you, still I might have done better, if I had done differently.

I do know what you suffer my poor child and feel it too. Whenever I am not bright is sorrowing for and with you makes me so. You know you are the one thing that ever troubles me, and that if I were told we were all to be broken up, I should not grieve about it but take it quietly and it would not cause me the sorrow I feel when I see you so suffering. God bless you a thousand times, my very dear Child, I have not let go your hand, if you do it yourself, it may grieve me, but I shall have to bear it as other sorrows.

I have said nothing to the Bishop about you, but that you were so much better, not the least complaining of any kind and it is that I may not have to make one, and may feel my conscience easy, I have on my own responsibility acted like this to you, and you might have trusted me that I did it for the best. I wanted to see if you would let me do my duty by you, because how can I take the responsibility, to a certain extent of your soul upon me, if you will not let me act as my conscience tells me is ...

Do for love of Jesus and Mary, say a little prayer now, and ask our dear Mother Mary to give you grace to trust and be wholly obedient to the poor weak little mother She gave you on earth, and who so longed to carry (you) triumphantly out of the clutches of your enemy to that dear Home of Love in Heaven, eternal, never-ending, secure Love. My Philip will know then what her mother's love was for her. I am sorry to have given you pain, I will pray still more to do what is right by you. I am very sorry if there is anything I could have done for my poor child, that I have not done, I can well, believe it.

I shall be glad for you to come and bring me home, I did not say so for I did not want you to force me to do anything, but you can come now when you like. I should like to stay a day or two with you here, if the Bishop does not mind. The children, all of them miss you so much. They say it is only like half of me without you. It gives me pleasure to hear them say it and know that your warm motherly heart is appreciated, though you sometimes think it is not.

Am writing in haste, will write to M. F. or she will feel it. Pray for your loving mother Mary.

This is not wet with Holy Water but with tears.

Convent of the Precious Blood
September 2nd, 1881

My very dear Child,

I wrote today and sent into Loughborough, so will only write a line or two now, to tell you I wrote to Sr. M. de Montfort to send Sr. Gabriel tomorrow and if it was not possible to be in time to telegraph to Hyson Green. I sent the letter to Loughborough this morning so hope they will receive it today. If you are coming tomorrow will you telegraph so that I could meet you with the trap.

1. Would you bring a scapular for Sr. M. Angela I do not know what Margaret did to it, but it is a disgrace, quite brown.

2. Likewise they have but 2 pockethandkerchiefs in the convent so have had to lend mine. Would you bring one or two till they can go and beg.

Angela begged 18/- at Sileby this week before I came, and they likewise got a ,. from begging letters Agatha wrote before i came to private people, so they are doing their best. I went to Ratcliffe and saw Father Richmond, he promised a collection as soon as students return, if I will send two sisters.

God bless my own dear child prays her loving mother Mary.

No. 26

Convent of the Precious Blood
Quorndon, Leicestershire
September 3rd, 1881

My dear Child,

Thank you for your letters. I am indeed sorry you still continue feeling wounded at what was done with a good intention. I can but pray, and act as I think right. You would not wish me to go against my conscience. I sent a message to you last night, by my Guardian Angel, I hope you listened and did not turn a deaf ear.

I am sorry for poor Sr. M. Aloysius. Give her my love and kiss her for me, I am glad you are nursing her up. Let her go and see the Bishop as soon as she can. I am glad you paid the rate etc. Richardson's ,5.0.0 must go to the Bishop for interest. The Bishop sent word by Sr. M. Montfort that she was to have a good rest, so I cannot send her out again begging.

I think you will find M. M. F. all right when she returns. I cannot keep so many here. Sr. M. Angela cannot beg just yet, being not well; she nearly fainted again last night. Sr. M. Claire would beg if there was anyone to go with her, so you can send a sister when you have one. I want Mary Pearson's address and likewise Stanislaus' case in sick book looked to please.

I am sure you are all doing your best, Thank God. Kiss and give love to all. Thank you for things sent. M. Elizabeth writes she is very deaf. Sr. M. Margaret about the same, going to bring home things for the poor. Thank M. Cecilia and Aloysius for notes. God bless all my children and make them Saints is the prayer of their loving mother Mary.

The Priest is very polite and thoughtful for the sisters, or else perhaps prefers to do his own work. He took it very well my stopping him coming to the Convent for his meals. If I am not by Our Lady's Birthday, have a nice Recreation.

No. 27

Convent of the Precious Blood
September 6th, 1881

My poor child,

What good do you do yourself by this temper? Why fly in the face of Providence? Why wish to enslave others and make them subservient to your passions as much as you are enslaved by them? Why struggle for your own will as you do? There is an Almighty God, He to Whom all things are subject in Heaven or earth and He will subject your will, He will force it to submit to His Justice, since you will not submit to His Laws of Mercy and Love.

I cannot submit to be dragged along by you violent will, I cannot in nonscience. If you had written gently I might have returned, if I could have seen my way to do so, but you will force me to more than this brief separation. I thought I would try this before I did act, I will wait a letter from you before I do. But, as it seems, you will not submit to what I know is not only good but even necessary for you.

My very dear child, I am writing calmly to you, it may seem coldly, but my love for you has not changed, as I once told you, so I tell you again, I would have been and would be now - if you let me - a true tender loving mother to you. But let anyone attempt to influence me from what I think my duty, I would separate myself entirely from them, as I have done many whom I loved. Praying to God for you, my poor child, I am as ever,

Your loving mother Mary

No. 28

Convent of the Maternal Heart of Mary
New Years Day

God bless my Child this first day of the New Year. May He grant to my Philip what her Mother prays for, - perseverance in the good fight, continuance in simple loving obedience, and that she may not weary of well-doing, and if the soul will sometimes grow weary, unite the sorrow and remember the One who said "My soul is sorrowful unto death."

If the good God sends you joy unite that too to the joy in the Hearts of Jesus and Mary. A glad heart is pleasing to God, and "He loves a cheerful giver". May His Holy Spirit bring you His choice gifts, Charity, joy, peace and Patience. May you constantly invoke your won Guardian Angel and your mother's too, for help in all necessities and may you so keep close to your earthly mother, that hereafter she may lead you to the feet of your Heavenly Mother, who will raise you in her arms and present you to Jesus, as the precious hard-earned fruit of His Passion.

Let your motto for 1882 be " God, for I will still give praise to Him, for He is my God". Mother, Mary, Father Philip, bless my child for time and eternity prays.

Your loving mother Mary

No. 29

Convent of the Maternal Heart of Mary
Feast of the Espousals

Make an Act of Contrition immediately upon, even the slightest fault or infringement of rules.

Whenever you feel the least disturbance of mind, inclination to be cross or ruffled, make a spiritual Communion at once.

An act of voluntary penance often enables us to overcome some vexation of spirit or to perform something that seems to difficult for nature to perform. "The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence and the violent alone shall bear it away".

We must have an object in life or life itself will grow weary and hateful to us and we shall wish for death, not the holy wish to be with God, but the foolish, wish, the vain imagination to be rid of ourselves. We can get rid or ourselves if we wish to, we can crucify our selfish selves and put them to death, then our own wretched complaining impatient spirit being gone, God's gentle Holy Patient

peaceful spirit will come.

We must have an object in life then, let that object be to fight for God and His Church against the devil and his crew, but how? We must begin with ourselves and then when we have gained some mastery, we shall have power to entice others to our side, - that is God's side. What a glorious thing to be able to fight for the good God, to stand up for Him, to draw others to His Service, but this cannot be done without labour, painful labour too, for self cries out terribly in the struggle, in its agony, it will not be put to death quietly.

One thing especially to be recollected is - we must be patient with ourselves as well as others. If we fall we must not remain on the ground, we must get up again. Again and again. Jesus is watching us and if we are very much hurt by our fall, will Himself help us up. Let us hope in Him. If we have pained Him by betraying Him, let us not add to that pain by distrust. Remember the sin of Judas in despairing was worse than His sin in betraying His Master.

Daily pray to be truthful in thought, word and deed. Few are so.

Never forget the dear Mother to whom you have given your body soul and all that you have. You are her property. Your hands, head, heart, all is Hers. Use then her property as She would wish it used. Constantly say, "What shall I do now, Mother? How shall I do this, dear Mother?" Bring Our Lady constantly before you. When meditating strive to do it in her presence, when working lying Mary before you? Upon going to sleep, waking, at recreation, Mary should be ever with you. Constant acts will bring the habit of virtue. Each act a fresh act of Love of God.

Your life will be joyous, if it is thus employed earnestly for God. Your joys will be more bright, your sorrows even peaceful, if you are looking but at one things, to please your love Jesus.

The important thing to be remembered is that it is far easier to prevent an evil than to cure one already existing, thus it is easier to prevent a fit of passion than to stop it when the fit is upon you.

Most evils come from some neglect of grace. When you feel tempted to omit some exercise think beforehand, if I omit this my soul will be weak, I may sin, make myself and others about me unhappy. If I exert myself now, if I put myself to a little trouble, I shall save a great deal in the end.

Say an Our Father, Hail Mary and glory be to the Father when lawfully hindered some exercise.

One Our Father said in union with and remembrance of Our Lady saying it, will be as useful as a whole Rosary said, perhaps, distractedly. Do this often. The Our Father contains every position, and it is particularly pleasing to Our Father to remind Him of Jesus saying it.

"My Jesus Mercy!" (100 days' Indulgence each time) say this often in honour of the Five Wounds of our dear Lord.

Jesus, by the love you bear the Heart of your Mother grant (naming your petition) "O Jesus Meek and Humble of heart, make my heart like unto Thine (300). Repeat this often Likewise lots of Faith,

Hope and Charity.

O my God, I believe in Thee, because Thou art truth itself.

O my God, I hope in Thee, because of Thine Infinite Goodness.

O my God, I love Thee with my whole heart and for Thy sake I also love my neighbour as myself. Great Indulgences for these Acts.

Be devout to your Guardian Angel and patron Saints. Honour them through the Heart of Jesus.

Make one visit every day to thank God for His Goodness to you.

Say one Hail Mary, morning, noon and night for Perseverance.

Read a little piece every day from some book you are told.

Make one distinct act of mortification every day.

Make one distinct act of charity for your neighbour, for love of Jesus.

Whenever you wake from sleep strive that your first act of body and soul should be for God, by naming the sign of the Cross and breathing a prayer to Jesus and Mary and giving a thought to your Guardian Angel.

No. 30

Convent of the Maternal Heart of Mary
February 25th, 1882

My own good Child Philip,

Thought I would surprise you with a letter, as I do not expect you home tonight. Hope you are enjoying yourself, not tiring and making yourself cross, but that you are all very happy together. Kiss one another for me and see how jealous you can make the old Michael of the new, and tell Sr. M. Patrick she is to spend her Feast at home, that is to say - if she thinks well under circumstances.

Poor little Raphael came home tired out. She has been riding about good part of the day with gentlemen in cabs, trying to get her patient into the Asylum and has succeeded, thank God. She had to see a Magistrate as well as minor officers, and he praised the Hyson Green sisters, said they were met everywhere doing good. One gentleman asked what religion was the poor woman and she answered simply "I don't know", the best answer she could have made. He seemed surprised and she then explained they went to everyone, without asking what religion they were etc. Some gentleman made a remark about Zita's case and that she would have been put in the Asylum, but that she had some disease as well. I will send tomorrow to know what that means. Zita has come

home for the night, but she does not know what disease they mean.

Fr. Morris came this afternoon with Fr. Jarvis (?). I told him Fr. O'Reilly had no clock or watch and he said he would send one tomorrow, and he put ten pricks in one of our cards and Father three. They sat some time in my room. perhaps they thought it an act of charity, for they asked me if I did not find the hours tedious and did I sow? It rather amused me, if they only heard the taps at the door all day long. By the bye, do look about for a little toy mallet to save the sisters' knuckles and hand outside the door. It would make a good bit of fun.

I am waiting for you tackle Fr. Mitchell for me. He has sent 4 books of tickets, "St. Mary's Church". If he deserts the Maternal Heart Woe betide him. He has sent a message we can have his house. What do you think? Now must finish this scribble. God bless you all and love you and keep you all your mother wants to see you and ask a blessing of the Bishop. Need not say pray for your loving mother,
Mary

Was afraid wold have been an upset with Margaret about Rose going to Melton, when she had told me night before she would, but she fought it out. She is battling bravely with poor Berchmans today, will hardly leave Berchmans any more than she would her Novice Mistress Holy Innocents. Don't forget the Stations and visit the Lonely Lord for me. Tell them all to say special prayers to the Guardian Angels of the place for the success of the Visitation.

No. 31

Convent of Maternal Heart of Mary
April 17th, 1882

My own dear Child,

I am commencing a letter that I know not where to send when written, but I fancy Fr. O'Reilly would persuade you to stay the night at Quorn, so risk it there. Hope you found all well and happy there. I am sure you kissed them all for their mother and I am sure they were glad to see you and the grand Archangel with you. God bless you all and keep you as Himself - one, one in heart and soul and spirit.

We are very quiet here. Miss Paradon has gone off very quietly and contentedly with Sr. Margaret to her case. Poor Sr. M. Francesca, I discovered after you had left, "not able to swallow a morsel", but I showed her that was all delusion on her part, like many another person with a sore throat, so upon my assurance, she took a good meal of bread and butter and break and mild and started off with Sr. M. Bernard. Sr. M. Aloysius sent for some of her things, but I only sent stockings and veil; Sr. M. Theresa said the fewer things she had there the better, patient going on fairly, eyes swollen, cannot see. Mrs Geary ill, shop shut, have told Sr. Michael to look to her. M. Catherine in much dismay at

the number of pots, pans, and pieces to be looked to. The enclosed was taken off a cap Miss Paradon was taking out; she took it off very contentedly, composing (?) look for sick-room.

Please ask a blessing from Fr. O'Reilly and make a special visit for me to thank our dear Lord for all He has done for "little mother's" child and for all He is going to do for her when He has shown her a little more how He loves her, and then has made her love Him more, and made her more anxious to please Him all the day long wherever she may be. "Am I pleasing Blessed Lord?" Philip must ask herself that often and run like a little child to Jesus with her little gifts. One while, a word not said that she wanted to say, an action done she did not want to do, or an act of thanksgiving for some joy, such a joy as that she has a loving little mother waiting home for her, who won't let her rest in her nice warm bed in the morning etc. etc.

Love to all. I want an act of mortification from all for my intention. Mary, Mother bless Her own ever, prays their loving mother,
Mary.

No. 32

Convent of the Maternal Heart of Mary
April 17th, 1882

My much loved Child must not expect this letter to be long, having already written a long one to Quorndon, in case she remained there all night. The enclosed P.Order came, in answer to begging letter to Mr Wegg-Prosser, this afternoon, thought you might want it.

Hope you are all right, soul and body, remembering that you are not your own property, but to a mere man, but to a good God, to the God-Man, dear Jesus, dear Lord Jesus. Remember you are not your own, you are purchased at a great price.

Will you say - what a sermon I am writing, but I have told what little news there was in the other letter. Sr. Margaret has just come back. Miss Paradon can sleep home tonight, as the sister will look to the patient. She must go at 7 in the morning to let the sister go to work, 6 children, nice woman, husband should be a Catholic, I think. I do not suppose you find things very encouraging at Melton. Never mind; tell M. Michael to be patient and hopeful, a silver lining to every cloud.

Persevere in prayer and penance and renouncing self and then God will put His Hand to the wheel and it will run so smoothly when He works it. Do the best you can. Comfort my poor child Sr. M. Patrick. She is a good child, she must not think her mother does not think of her, because she does not write to her often. God bless you all. Pray for grace for the mother who loves you all so dearly, almost more than she dare own to herself. What shall we say to one another when we get to Heaven. I am waiting for that time to say what is in my heart.

Ask the Archangel to kiss you for your loving mother,
Mary

No. 33

Convent of the Maternal Heart of Mary
May 26th, 1882

My own dear priceless Child, Priceless to me since priceless to Jesus; priceless to Mary since purchased at the price of Jesus; Precious Blood. God bless you this day. God keep you perseveringly in His Path of pain.

God help you in your many trials. God grant you every grace you need, God give you Himself in time and eternity. God show Himself to you and also show you how He looks upon you from His high Heaven, watching you in your sometimes weary walk to Him.

"God, my God, to Thee will I watch at break of day", that is we will ever try to watch God and His ways, as he watches us from early morn till night. My child, you know your mother loves you, your little earthly mother, but you do not know how your Heavenly Mother loves you. I now place you in her Heart still nearer, still dearer from your sorrow. Our souls are knit together here and as we are here, so we are in Heaven. God help us ever, loving one another, and loving Him more from our love. God bless you 1000 times.

Pray for your loving mother Mary.

No. 34

Convent of the Maternal Heart of Mary
June 26th, 1882

Her mother was very pleased with her child's little note and is very glad she thinks as she does. Mother is more anxious than the child that she should be a good religious. But she knows very well that it is not the work of a day or a great many days, but gradually as the grass grows will be the work, the only work worth working in this world, the perfecting our souls and in perfecting our own, saving others. Thinking of God and that we are God's children and what God's children should be like to God Himself in kindness, gentleness, patience, but we grow discouraged, thinking how many things we have to do to make us truly God's in heart and soul. There are many things, but let us begin with one thing at a time. Let us be aiming at one thing, perhaps there is one thing we are all too apt to forget, "to do unto others as we would they should do to us."

I will tell you, my child, when I see you going wrong, if you will let me. It would be better to stop it at the beginning. It is so much easier, "When your enemy is in the bud crush him, after remedies come too late."

Let us quietly, dear, hand in hand work our way to Heaven, mother and child - and Guardian Angels, with Mother Mary and St. Philip, looking on. Life is sweet when lived in love, love for God and love for His creatures. God bless our love which commenced in time and grant it may continue in a never-changing never-ending eternity. Do you pray as much for the little mother who so loves you in God.

No. 35

Convent of the Maternal Heart of Mary
July 9th, 1882

"This is My commandment that you love one another".

A few thoughts for my child Mary Philip.

To offer one or two hours in the day during which she will strive to do what is most perfect. To be more regular in the stated three Visits every day and at each say "Jesus, make me like Your Mother, make my heart like Hers. To offer all your duties of the day during Mass, to be blessed.

To make a special visit to ask our Lord to (make you) realize the work in which you are engaged and what it requires of you, and thank God that by having brought you here, He has shown you a mark of predilection and that His Promise is sure that to those who have left all things to follow Him, He will give a hundredfold in this world and Eternal Life in the next. He has given you a hundredfold of love, more than you left, He has given you a little mother who loves you more than your own mother, He has given you sisters and children to whom you can be a mother and perform a mother's loving offices and to whom you can act as you wish your little mother to act to you. God loves us to be mothers, true mothers bearing and for bearing, helping those under us by word and example and above all by love. Studying their dispositions and being kind to some, severe with others, as we see we can do most good, persevering, patient.

Never give up "Nil desperandum", never despair. God loves to be trusted, we all like to be trusted, "According to your hope be it done to you." There was never any difficulty, temptation, danger yet that God would not help us out of, if we let Him.

God bless my own child. Jesus keep her ever for Himself, and give little Mother the wish of her heart. Holy Angels come to her help in the hour of need, Mother, Mary and them, prays her loving mother Mary.

No. 36

Convent of "Divine Mercy"

July 19th, 1882

My own dear Child, for whom I have striven so long,

You do not know how happy it makes me to think that at least there seems to have come a turning point in your life, I seem to be more hopeful of you just now than I have been for a long time. I know not why, but it seems to me you are more tractable. Please God, this will continue, and as you can see plainly enough, you cannot mortify yourself or lead yourself aright, you will submit to be led and mortified by another. Your little mother will try all she can. She knows she does not do all she might. Much more might be done, and she would do more if you would do more.

Now, let us cast the old things back. Let us only look at the past in order to make acts of contribution about it and let us look hopefully to the future, which may be only a short future in this world, and resolve that we will only use it to prepare for the eternal future of the next world. An action may appear difficult at the time, but one such thought as "what would I wish to have done at the hour of death?" will make it easier. Do think of that. Do try to prepare to be happy, with your mother, for ever. And why not be happy with her in this world also. We might be so happy. God knows how I love my child and wish her well, and want to make her happy and what joy it gives when I see even a glimmer of what will make her happy here and hereafter, commencing.

You are different to what you were, my Philip, and you do love virtue. You do want to be good, then do struggle to do little acts of virtue. Obey someone you are not obliged to obey, give up your own way upon little matters. When someone has said something that had discomposed you, don't remain ruffled or give way to sadness, but say a prayer and forcibly divert your mind to something else. Don't dwell upon anything that troubles you. God is a God of Peace, and the enemy of soul is the source of discord and trouble of mind. When our enemy has got us troubled, he next gets us uncharitable, impatient. But we will fight the good fight, if we die in the combat, and a glorious death it would be, - to give up our life for our God, rather than give way to what is opposed to God.

Have courage, my Child. Others have had relapses and have risen again after each relapse until there came a day when they rose again from one and appeared before Jesus with the marks of their combats on them, and they met the beautiful Eyes of Our Lord bent on them with that Love none hath like He and He bids an end to the trying warfare. Peace comes then, eternal peace on the tried worn soul. May it come to my child. May she rise again after her weary warfare to see Jesus, with Mary at His side, saying, "Well done sadly tired and weary one, worn and weak with warfare. Come to thy eternal rest and reward.

May a poor weak mother be there that day, to be gladdened with that happy sight and welcome her child to her everlasting heavenly Home.

No. 37

January 4th, 1883
Rome

My own dear Child,

Who came into this world so many years ago, such a helpless little mortal, red and flabby dear, dear Me! What did the beautiful Angel from Heaven see in the puny little article to love it so intensely? Ah, he saw a lovely soul that was to be all his own, given entirely to his care, to love and tend and guard in all its ways. Well, he may have been damped a bit, poor Angel, but we will pass the past over. He hoped on and here we are, - 1883, Angel and child in Rome, trying to love God, meaning to do His Holy Will and in the midst of temptations to despondency and doubt, still hoping on, on the child looking, striving to look - at the light the Angel ever seen, the Light of God, the beautiful God, that the Angel longs to carry its child to (for to the Angel-guardians we are ever children). Yes, we are carried by our Angel, we are caressed, loved, despite our unlovingness, our coldness, our ingratitude. Let us spend a few minutes every day talking to Our Guardian Angel, let us turn to our good constant companion and when we feel we cannot pray, ask him to pray and teach us how to pray.

And now, my child on this - anniversary of the day you came into the world, what will you do? You could not, as Our Lady did, offer yourself to God the moment you came into this world, you had not your reason, but you have since used that reason, you have offered yourself to God, body and soul, you have been presented to Him. And He, the good God, letting bygones be bygones, is ever ready to accept us at any moment we turn and say, "My God, My All!" Turn then now and renew the offering of yourself, leaving yourself into the hands of God's good Providence to be disposed of at will, trusting your God and His care of you, as a child at the breast trusts its mother. God bless my wayward one, God bless my Philip. God keep her, soul and body, and may she turn to her God with her whole soul and big loving heart, prays her loving mother, Mary.

Are you praying so much as ever for me. Don't neglect or leave off.

No. 38

God bless childie Philip and Mother Mary send her a big blessing to help her in her many labours. It is good in the sight of the Good God and His Holy Angels to see hearts and hands working busily for His Honour. It is good to be wearied; dear Jesus was weary when HE sat on the wall. He knows what it is and will reward it in His own sweet way.

The Mother of all mothers' Blessing and any blessing that has your loving little mother on earth, Mary.

MOTHER MARY PHILIP (on envelope). Please copy larger. Accounts of monies from Christmas to June.

No. 39

My own dear Child,

I am glad to have your letter, always write openly. I should be sorry if I thought you did not. There was nothing in the letter that could pain me, but if there were anything that you thought might hurt my feelings, anything you thought I was not doing right etc., it would be charity to tell me, and I should love you more for it.

Regarding the rule, my Child, let us begin it tonight, with the Novena which will finish before you see Fr. Cardella, and God will then give you grace to open your mind to him, and I will also for you, and then I shall know what to do, which I do not now. I shall be glad to tell you of things before Cecilia, for her sake as well as yours, and the rule, which however we must try and keep and not undertake more than we can do. Did you think of having any silence or special recreation times?

I am very glad you have asked me as it was because of you I did not have rule and more prayers for fear of sickening you and trying to give you a complete change, which I thought might do good to soul and body, but still Cecilia suffers perhaps from not having more reading and recollection time. And we must not forget we are religious. We will renew our act to Our Lady tomorrow after Holy Communion again prays her loving mother Mary.

1. 2 of 3 times a day restrain yourself from looking at what you wish to.
2. To put off asking something you want to ask or saying something you want to, - that is to say, if it is not necessary to be said or done at once.
3. To practise some little mortification of appetite twice a day.
4. To ask Our Lady's Blessing and help before prayer.
5. To wait a few seconds before entering the Church to recollect yourself.
6. To bless yourself with Holy Water every two hours and every time you commit a fault, saying "Asperges me" etc.
7. To repeat to yourself when tempted "My Queen, my Mother, remember I am thine own, keep me, defend me as thy property, thy own possession" (Indulged when said in temptation)

8. To read for at least 5 minutes every day, the "Spiritual Combat"

9. To kneel before a Crucifix every morning, to examine and accuse yourself if you have broken any rule.

N.B. The foregoing letter bears no address or date, but was probably written at Rome in the early weeks of 1883, when the Servant of God had only Mother Philip and Mother Cecilia with her.

No. 40

My own loved child, my poor Philip,

The heartiest of God bless you's, the most loving wishes that ever Mother's heart framed. St. Philip, dear old man, bless and smile upon you this day his brightest cheeriest smile and do you make that poor old heart of his have an extra joy, by telling him how you love him and long to see him, and be credit to him on earth and a glory to him in Heaven, and how you will strive to bear patiently what some times seems so hard to poor human nature, if only he, the dear St. Philip, will help you to join him and all the company of holy ones in that world above where, when we do, thanks to God's Mercy, arrive, all that we have passed through will appear but an ugly dream.

We shall hardly believe we ever were in any other life, but that happy one, so happy since we shall there love to the full and be loved, and have no fear of change. Well, well, what am I writing about? What can I say that you do not know, how you are loved on earth, with a beginning of that love we are to have for one another in Heaven. This little enclosure will remind you of your other good Patron and Father, Pope Pius, who bore his cross upon cross so bravely and so cheerfully and whose blessing will help you to do the same.

Praying the Mother of all the Saints to make you one, a bright happy cheery one like your Patron and asking St. Joseph and all the Holy Angels intercede for you, ever your loving little mother, Mary.

No. 41

May 25th, 1883

God bless my Child Philip! Mother Mary, hold her in her arms close to her loving Heart.

St. Philip's Feast has again come round and that dear old man is looking at us from his bright happy home above. At, that we might see that beautiful loving face. It is bent down upon the world and more especially one loved spot, on favoured holy, once happy Home. Is there a wistful look on the

face of the Saint? Does he seem as though he would say something to us? Speak, holy Father, we listen, would you say aught to us? What are his words?

"Rome, City loved of God is in sacrilegious hands, labour all who love me to loose it. Pray with me to the Immaculate" and turning Philip looks on Mary's face and pleads, "Break the captives' fetters, Light on blindness pour, All these ills expelling, Joy and peace restore."

"Philip, my son," speaks the Queen of Heaven, bid they clients pray and plead and labour, join the prayer of the Maternal Heart, and Rome shall be greater than ever, and God's own shall rejoice."

Holy Angels watch my child in her journeyings, in her coming out, her going in and protect her from evil and show their love every moment of her life and death, prays her loving Mother Mary.

God bless my child is no figure of speech from her Mother's heart and it is not said once this day, but every day and many times a day. Above St. Philip, so near to His God speaks this words and watches how the blessing descends and how it is received. The dear old man or rather the happy St. loves to give, but we must wait to receive the blessings, lest they fall and we lose them.

Saint Philip loves to give and he loves to receive also, so let us set to work to see how we can give as well as receive, so many acts of thanksgiving for the graces he received and so corresponded with, so many acts of resignation, content etc. etc. The Saints love to see themselves reflected in their clients. Now, you have one thing in common with your saint, you love to give pleasure, well offer up now beforehand all the acts of the coming week in S. Philip's honour and you increase his accidental glory. The Saints are so grateful for a little, so contented with an intention even.

Now, for ourselves, mother and child must thank God they have persevered so far and have a grand hope that being brought together by God's Providence in His Church of warfare on earth that union will be more cemented in the Church of Triumph above. The great work, the seeds of which are now firmly sown, of which we are a part, - my child, could not be done without trials, heart breakings but we will not begrudge our God, will we? Well, will He reward, as God, not as we. It is a responsibility to have given us such an important part, in a work of God, a work not of time, only, but a work that will be a glory for all eternity to God's Church in Heaven. God has trusted us, we will not disappoint Him. We will be faithful in life, faithful to trust in death.

S. Philip from your home above
 Now breathe into our souls such love that
 Labours trials light may seem
 That Jesus' Face upon us beam.
 Repeating words so loved, so dear
 Telling us, well we laboured here
 Speaking words God alone can speak
 When Mary leads us to His Feet.
 Bless us now and bless us then,

When beyond sorrow's ken, rejoicing more and more
Echoing o'er and o'er God's Words of love
"For ever ever more, rest the weary child".

and her loving mother
Mary.

ST. PHILIP'S BIRTHDAY

Father Philip's blessing to you and all his children of the Little Company of Mary.

Welcome to earth, St. Philip, a glad welcome. God sent thee for a work, well was that work performed. Well was thy seed sown on this sin-stained earth. It has sprung up, flowered and fructified. It flowers still, it still bears fruit both in earth and heaven, for still does thy seed, sown amongst us children of earth send flowers and fruits that delight the angels and saints of Heaven. We bless the day, St. Philip, that saw thy birth amongst us on earth, but we bless it not as the Angels did, for surely God showed thy future to them when he brought thee into the world. The Angels blessed thy steps, as thou didst walk thy way, doing good to all, enlightening, brightening this world, bringing joy to weary hearts, shedding bright light where darkness reigned, rousing spirits depressed with sadness, casting sin away from all by thy loving words, thy tender smile. God was with thee, dear Saint in all thy ways. He blessed thy comings in, thy goings out. May He bless ours and be with us in life and death. Intercede, dear St. Philip, with Him for us, that we may live such a life as thine, that in our lowliness and littleness we may imitate thee and bring joy to weary hearts and raise the

drooping soul, that with kind words we may hinder sin and having walked this earth with St. Philip, we may die as he did, a death of peace and joy.

What do we see most prominent in St. Philip? He was essentially a father. He loved all with a part of the love of Our Father in Heaven. He was a father to all on earth, who came within his influence. O grand-hearted one, you who possessed a heart riven with love, a soul possessed by God's Holy Spirit, look upon us now and turning to God's Throne, demand a favour for us, that we, children of the Maternal Heart of Mary, may indeed possess the Heart, and in our degree be mothers to all, whose Angels have brought them near us, that we may show them love and thus win them to God. Mayhap, we cannot fast, we cannot perform great penance may be indeed we cannot practise much prayer, but one thing we can do, we can love. We may not have much to give, but we can give kind words, loving looks, cheerful smiles.

Who can show us better how to do this than St. Philip, that Saint of brightness, cheeriness and joy, that saint who strove to cheer all around, who joked with Popes themselves. None is more fitting to assist us in this than our Patron St. Philip. We must remember he is our Patron and God gives us

Patrons for a special purpose. One is that we may imitate them. Now, with special meaning was St. Philip given as Patron to the "Little Company of Mary". There may be many reasons, his great love for Our Lady, for the Most Precious Blood, for sinners, but other Saints have had these devotions in the same degree, but other Saints have not won sinners to themselves, to God by the same means as St. Philip did. They have not glorified God by the same way St. Philip did. He glorified Him by joy and gladness, and this not a hidden joy such as is possessed by many a holy soul. No, it was a joy and gladness that overflowed upon all, and that was most glorious to God, since it was what God had originally intended, indeed does still intend should be out service, our happy worship of Himself, our love for Him shown by our love for others, our love for others shown both by word and deed.

Is not our work to the world like St. Philip's? Have we not to mix with that world as He did, mixing familiarly with all? Will he not show us how we may do this and yet - without freedom. Will we not fight with its own weapons? The world loves pleasures, gaiety etc. We will show the world it is possible to be pleasant, to be gay; we will give the world joys and show it that all true joy comes from God and there is no true joy without Him. We will not damp or depress others by a dull aspect, but we will be cheerful, joyous, truly kind. We will glorify our God. Yes, our intercourse with the world will not hinder but help our intercourse with God, for we will have the intention St. Philip had when with others, which made his simple conversation, his harmless jokes, his daily ordinary life as pleasing to God as when, wrapped in ecstasy raised from this earth, he lay, whilst yet in this world, on His Creator's Breast in speechless prayer.

See him then and wonder. Well you may as you watch God's child in union with His God, but see Him also and wonder as you watch his intercourse with God's children. Was it not wonderful the beaming look of love, the playful gesture, the gentle word, the pressure of some weary heart to his own. Oh, let us look and learn, let us learn as we look. If we have not saved souls as yet, if we have not been fruitful labourers in our dear Lord's vineyard, it is that we have not loved those souls enough. We have not warned them to love God by our own love of them. What have we to love, if we love not one another? Nothing; for we cannot have God's love, He will not have ours. The Apostle of Love tells us so, "How can we love God Whom we see not, if we do not love our brother whom we see?"

Again St. Philip was born on the Feast of the Saint who was forgiven much because she loved much. Yes, on the feast of the penitent Magdalen the good Pippo was born into this world and was born to God in Baptism (not certain?) Maybe the loving Magdalen looking from Heaven, obtained this special blessing for her client - that his mission should be to sinners and that his mission should be an efficacious one. She may have received this grace from Him Whom she loved so much on earth, but loves so much more now in Heaven. She may have obtained for the newborn child that his heart should be attune to "His whose beat within a wounded side." Ah, yes, poor Magdalen had stood and seen that Side pierced. She had stood beside her Love, the God-Man dying. She had watched the palpitations of that Most Sacred Heart, and that every beat was love for her and all the sinful race of men and she prayed them, she prays still in Heaven, that hearts in harmony of Jesus' Heart may be born on earth.

She looked upon the Most Beautiful among men as He hung on the Cross in the dim light of Calvary

and she thought of all He had done for her. His Precious Blood lay all around her, she cried from her inmost soul, which had been washed so white by that Blood, - she prayed, Oh Jesus make other hearts like Thine, make other souls loving as Thee! Jesus, Jesus, Saviour Sweetest Name. Let others rise like Thee saving sinners, even sinners such as I, and the sinner looked on her Saviour and the tie, the link grow closer. He was for her. His Mission was to such as her, and glorious were the strains of Angels round those Two, Jesus and His redeemed one. Yes, glorious were the chants of Angels round the Throne of the Most High in Heaven as they looked upon Jesus and the Magdalen.

Bright was that former sinner's soul even in the sight of Angels and they joined her prayer; Jesus answered it. He hears her to this day and her clients increase, and one of whom she had a special care was Philip Neri, Rome's apostle, the friend of Saints and sinners the refuge of sinners, the comforter of the afflicted, the help of all who fled to him for help, the father of the poor, the father of a great people who love him with untold love on earth and in Heaven.

Yes, Philip all powerful wert thou on earth with Jesus, art thou less powerful now in Heaven? No, indeed No. Then turn to him with firm hope, turn to him full of love, invoke him, beg his blessing and that old man's blessing will descend upon you more powerful than when on a earth, evil fled before the touch of his sainted hand. He is not dead, he lives for us. He is near the Sacred Heart, ever pleading for those he loved so on earth, whom he loves so much more now in Heaven.

Bless us then dear Saint, bless all who claim thee as their Father. Bless her who bears your name. Show a father's care, a father's love to Our Lady's children, each sister of the Little Company of Mary. Father Philip be father to you, you be mother to us.

Bless us, FATHER PHILIP
Who look up to thee,
Grant that one day
Thy face we may see.

Call us one day
To the home of the blest,
Then place us so tenderly
On dear Jesus' Breast.

With Mary our mother
Whose smile is so sweet,
Whose look of love
We so long to meet.

Ask Angels to help us
Lost we faint on the way,

Ah Philip, good Philip
Pray for us, PRAY.

No. 42

My very dear Childie,

Little Mother will do anything she can to help her poor child, but always under obedience, but you surprise me. Here I have been reproaching Our dear Lord, why He left me all the work and did not speak to you Himself, and he has all the time been speaking to you and speaking to you in a most sure way too. There might be doubt, if you had an extra ordinary gift of prayer etc. but the love of humiliations, a thirst for penance is a beautiful Gif of God's Spirit, which if we spurn in this world, we might be obliged in the next to endure from God's Justice a penance we had never wished.

My Child, I never intended it to be thought that we were not to do penance. How can or represent Calvary without? I have specially laid it down that every soul should be left to the direction of its confessor. Have I not said that inn The Little Company of Mary, the Holy Ghost would fashion His Saints at will. You might be leading the way to much good in the Community by commencing the path of penance, I mean, even though it might not be knows we insensibly influence others. It would not rob you of any joy, it would give you joy and a lightheartedness and contentedness you have not yet known.

God bless you and may He Who hath begun a good work in you, Himself perfect it and may your mother have the grace to do what is best for you. For this you must pray. I think you might go without one cup of tea for a month, and likewise at 12 or thereabouts, as soon as you can do so unperceived, stretch out your arms, saying Father forgive them etc., and at 3 or thereabouts again extend your arms saying Father, into Thy Hands etc. Do this for an act of obedience, and if you forget it, do it when you think of it.

Do you ever do a little mortification for your loving mother, Mary.

No. 43

My very dear Childie,

I am so glad that grace is thus beginning to work in your soul. This is really God whispering to you, longing to lead you in the only way by which He can draw you closer to Himself and show how much He loves you. Do not neglect this grace. You do long to do good, to give example to others. I long to see it, too, more than yourself. Depend upon it, this good Priest is sent by God to help you. He

cannot do that unless you are open with him. So now commence a Novena for that grace and for strength to execute all that will mortify in you whatever is displeasing to God and make you according to His own Heart's desire.

Little constant acts will be the best way to commence, for you do know what is right, what is best. You know what is virtuous and what is not. You know what makes our lives pleasing to God, beautiful in His Sight and good for others. To live wholly for Him and His; to be wearied and worn in His service. To offer Him as pure praise and worship, as we can in our fallen state and we know that "a contrite and humble a heart, He will never despise." That is the melody that delights the Ears of God, - fruit of Jesus' Passion - the lowly "I have sinned." If we did but know God's joy and also in the penitential acts, as well as the act of thanksgiving and hope that we have so good a God, Whose good kind Heart loves us to trust in his Goodness and turn to Him as a very child, and love Him the more, because He has forgiven us completely, so entirely, so wholly.

I need not tell you, my own child, that all I can do, I will, if you will let me. I am praying that you now commence with heart, soul, body renewed. Pray for hope. Do not be discouraged, the devil will be angry when he sees you more in earnest, but he has really little power, if we value grace, if we are watchful, not to let him get his foot in. All Heaven is watching, ready to assist you and help you, if you call for help hopefully. Father Philip, you have more power in Heaven than you had on earth, come to our aid. Mother Mary, bring God's Spirit to the soul that is now trying to hide itself in the bosom of the Good Good God, Father of us all. Father, Son and Holy Spirit, bless my child, prays her loving mother, Mary.

No. 44

Roma, June 25th, 1883

My very dear Child,

You have waited a long time patiently for a letter, perhaps your Angel Guardian has waited patiently too, to make use of my pen to send you some little words of peace, of pardon or promise. Yes, promise of a new grace, promise of a new power within, working wonders. Please God this shall be. The fight may continue, but the very combat shows you have not laid down your arms and that God is with you invisibly assisting you and sending Angels with holy thoughts and kind acts that perhaps they are never thanked for. Look up and see the beautiful Mother, your Mother Mary, the Angels' Queen, watching your every step and sending those beautiful spirits to help you. How often are you ordinarily polite to those heavenly messengers or thank the dear Mother who sent them.

This is one point I want to draw your attention to, gratitude for all God has done and is doing to the present day for you and the next point is to try and look to you religious duties in a more practical way. You would be ashamed if you left any of your ordinary duties undone or were untidy or negligent. Well, now strive to look at your religious duties in the same way and resolve to do them

regularly and if any day you find a difficulty, to get merit and a blessing by asking a dispensation.

I do not think there is too much put up to be done and you would so relieve my mind if I felt sure you would be exact and you would do so much good to others. You will take this in good part, will you not, from your weak little mother, who is so proud and happy when she see you doing so much and full of energy, working God's Works and co-operating in saving so many souls and supplying what there is wanting in herself.

Ah, do not let any listlessness in God' service hinder you doing all the good you might. There is such grand work to do that would take up every energy you have. I should advise your coming to me and telling me during the 3 Hours' silence if you have broken any rule or resolution and asking for a penance, or telling me how you got on and so forth, and I should also advise some little place of work for odd times and that you should read with the children when you have time.

These three points then consider and make your examen upon,- gratitude, punctuality and exactness in religious duties, and acknowledgement of faults and penance when you have failed.

Dear St. Philip, be a father to the child of earth who bears our name, help her with your powerful help that overcoming herself, she may have that grand joy given to those who overcome. Bless my child Mother Mary and give her mother power to bless her too.

No. 45

Roma, Xmas 1883

My own dear child Philip,

God bless her and keep her and show His love to her and draw her heart strongly to Him, in His own sweet way, and make her realize to the full what God's Love is like. Would that we did! Ah, my child, you think you love yourself and yet what is your love to God's. Once be fully convinced how God loves you, my child, and your own large heart will open out with a new joy and interest in life. But I want to write you something practical and tell you what I have been noticing, and that is, thanks be to God, that you restrain yourself more and make more acts. This is what is wanted from you, distinct acts, little ones, acts upon small matters, but still frequent. Those unnecessary acts will give you power to restrain yourself when something occurs that you are obliged to restrain yourself or it would be sin.

Well, well, my child, thank God that He has given you grace to commence. I pray that "He Who hath begun a good work in you may Himself perfect it." Do not lose heart, courage, try sometimes to look up and see those who are watching you. There is your Patron with his bright benevolent smile, there is good Pope Pius blessing you from on high and his kind heart anxious help you in any way, if you

ask him. There are a host of Saints taking an interest in you, who you know not and anxious to see you conquer over the enemy who they see so much plainer than you do. They are all wishing you well up in Heaven, and there are others we don't like to think of, not wishing you well elsewhere. Why they are so very bitter, why they annoy you so much I know not, unless they see God has given you something special to do for Him, and the enemy of God and of all good wishes to hinder this. But we will only glance at this to say, from the bottom of our hearts, with a firm resolution, "I will not serve thee. I will serve my Good Good God, Who deserves my all and far far more than I can do for Him.

And, once and for all, I say, relying on the strength of My God, and not on my own weakness which I will ever dread, I will say to my God, I am Thine, Thine only, Thine entirely, for Thy service is sweet and honourable. I love Thee, my God, Thy goodness, Thy friends and I hate all that is ill. I love those who are good and would be with them forever. I doubt not for a moment, that what you have promised my God, you will give and that it is Your joy to give and forgive. This belongs to you alone as God. It is Your royal prerogative to pardon.

Now take a view of bright beautiful Heaven. See God's Treasure, the Son of His Love coming to this cold world for love of us, and say will you live in it, this short short time we have to live, for God and God Only, and will you live like Jesus? Will you be a true child of Mary, will you love her, live with her, in her company like dear Jesus, and living thus on earth, earn your home in Heaven,

with one who so loves and prays for you in the Hearts of Jesus and Mary,

Your loving mother Mary.

No. 46

God bless my child whom the dear St. Philip wishes to honour him in his chosen city, and who is now blessing her in it from the lovely City above, where, please God, one day you will see him and enjoy the joy he now has, with his numerous children and clients in Heaven, all rejoicing in God's beauty and love. Saint Philip and many who loved him and other Saints all began their joy, if but in a very faint way on earth, so when we rejoice and wish one another joy we are doing what St. Philip would have us, what he would tell us if he could come and spend the day with us, but he has sent one of his sons in his place to bless you and give you a joy and a happy remembrance of this St. Philip's day in Rome. And to spur you to bear the many anxieties which St. Philip's day in Rome. And to spur you to bear the many anxieties which St. Philip would comfort and compassionate you for, if you could speak to himself. At the same time playfully telling you to go along trust in God and let Jesus carry port of the burden for you, repeating words the Sacred Heart gave to comfort us, "Let not your heart be troubled nor let it be afraid,"

There, my Childie, with Mother Mary's Blessing, love and loving embrace, wishing for you what She would wish for her child.

Your loving mother Mary.

PRAYER TO ST. PHILIP NERI

My Patron, look upon and listen to your client. your child has a charge given her, a great responsibility. Anxious to discharge it well and not to disappoint her God, she brings to you the burden placed upon her, which seems at times heavier than she can bear.

You see my Office and what it requires from me. Assist me; take under your own care the house confided to mine. May I rule in thy name, firmly and sweetly.

Apostle of Rome, bless the House of Mary in thy loved city. Make it a model-house of the Little Company of Mary. May the punctuality you so loved reign there; the charity you possessed fill its members; the love of obedience be its guiding star. St. Philip, lover of the Sacred Heart, I thank Jesus for the graces given you. For love of Him, you will not refuse my prayer. May my nothingness attract you to take pity upon and to help me, you who so loved the Immaculate, help found firmly the house raised to honour her Maternal Heart.

Come, St. Philip, in answer to me call. Now you rules, not I, - I am thy little handmaid, ready to do thy will, weak indeed, but ready to do thy will, when thou hast made it known to me. Happily now, I will cast my care upon thee and will work under thy helping hand with hope. Angels and Saints, witness the compact I have made. St. Philip rules in Mary's house, directs, protects. The charge God gave to me, I give to him whose name I bear and now no more I fear. Amen, Amen, Amen.

What is to day?

Angelic spirits say.

What is this Feast?

From North to South,

From West to East,

God's Church doth keep this May.

St. Philip's Death,

So mortals speak,

With voice of love,

With hushed breath.

But not so speak the Angels,

But with glad chant of joy,

They sing not of Philip's Death but Birth
To bliss without alloy.

Let us join then with the Angels,
Let us join the Saints on high,
Let us sing not of Philip's Death but Birth
Let us sing with rapturous cry.

We rejoice with thee, St. Philip,
We rejoice with Jesus' Heart,
That Heart whose Sacred Treasures,
Thou caust with ease unlock,
We rejoice with thee St. Philip,
For thou hast done thy work,
We rejoice that now, forever,
Thou, in Jesus' Heart, will lurk.

We rejoice with God Almighty,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
That thou art work of God's good Spirit,
That thou brightenest the heavenly host,
To mirror God was thy life on earth,
Thou dost reflect His Beauty now,
Men saw it in thy gentle face,
Thy calm and peaceful brow.

Thou liv'dst on earth and sowed the seeds,
We can only sow on earth,
But thou viwest the fruit, the glorious fruit,

In Heaven on the day of thy birth.
Thou sowedst the seeds of Faith and Hope,
And now in Heaven thou'lt see,
Forever and forever haught but,
Love, God's Charity.

So we gladly hail that day,
We sing of that glorious birth,
And our spirits join with the Angel's joy,
Heaven had begun on earth.

.....

And Philip's child, what message

would thy Father send to thee?
What word of mighty power,
To help thou on thy way?
He would speak to thee, thy Father's Word,
he would whisper from on high,
"Remember child, thy motto
When sorrows sadly try,
Think to thyself, thou worn one,
When sorrowful thou be,
My Child, with everlasting love,
Thy God has loved thee."

No. 47

2.1.88

God bless my Children,

A new year full of graces to all. Many thanks for letters, pictures etc. So glad you had such a happy Christmas. Someone shall write an account soon, but cannot tell you how busy we are. Prayed for all at the Golden Mass, sat in a Tribune under St. Peter's Chair. If you could all have been with (at) that Mass, but you were in spirit. Never shall I forget it. God keep us all firm and true to the Holy Father. We are favoured children.

Your loving mother.

To Rev. Mother, Convent of the Maternal Heart, Hyson Green, Nottingham, Inghilterra, England.

No. 48

Convent of the Maternal Heart
Hyson Green, Nottingham

God bless you my dear Child,

I do not like to miss your weekly letter. Thank you for this morning's. In answer, I have kept writing that M. Michael is to come for her Retreat, whoever loses theirs, but I see not necessity for anyone losing the Retreat, except Sr. M. Paul and Ignatius who can well mind Florence house, whilst M. Michael comes up for the Retreat. It would be unsafe after typhoid to bring Sr. M. Paul for Retreat

and she would not be able, poor child, to stay in the close Church, also August is the fever month in Rome.

There is no ceremony of Vows, only the blue veiling. You know I like a long solemn preparation for the making the 1st vows, and they must have two or three months of this nice quiet time in Rome, and they must be carefully watched, for even a breach of silence or any rule would put them off. We shall not have Council about them yet, but I shall want some exact reports. Your account of Sr. M. Gertrude was not very satisfactory, nor am I, independent of your letter, very satisfied with her. She is a child whom to pet would be to ruin. Am writing to save post, so shall not say more. Sr. M. Gabriel must come for Retreat. Was Dr. Thompson asked for the money as agreed upon?

God keep you all, holy, happy, punctual to Rule. Pray for your loving Mother Mary.

No. 49

Little Company of Mary
Via Sforza ai Monti 44, Rome

God bless you my Child,

What consolation you have now, I am so happy you were with my child, God bless her. He is blessing her now, and you and all. What a wonderful mystery is life and death! How can we trifle and fret about nothing. I cannot write to the others, you will say for me, what I would.

All well here. So glad to see Sr. Editha, I thought in the Mass this morning how lovely were the words - if Lucy were to die - "Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go you forth to meet Him". But I did not know Lucy would die. Poor child is saved much. Shall look forward to every particular, if she was conscious. I do think she will do much for us.

We missed you much, but we shall soon see you again. I would have loved to have gone with you, but felt sure I had a duty to the living, and when I go to Florence, shall want to stay. You may tell them I hope to be with them the Maternity.

Keep a brave heart, fear naught but sin, your good desires are from God and He will in His own good time, ripen them.

Your loving mother Mary.

(N.B. Sr. Lucy Burns died 30 August 1894)

No. 50

God bless my child now doing such loving lovely maternal work. I am sure you are rewarded for the sacrifice and the night journey. Shall be glad of the news of our loved one, but know it will be the posts' fault if I have no letter when I expect.

I sent a telegram for fear my letters were delayed. Will you get these pictures of Mr Campbell's printed, "Un fleur pour le ciel". So glad of telegram just received. I am sure our Lucy looks lovely; she ever looked a pure virgin and recollected religious, with the brightness of a pure soul. She will help us now, but you will see what I have said in the General Letter. Do you think we could have a Requiem here, if M. Cecilia came for one night? It would be very devotional in such a family of sorrow.

I do not know why Sr. Patricia could not have gone to Spezia; Sr. Gabriel or Bernardine could surely have minded her patient, but perhaps there was reason. I do hope M. Agnes will understand to telegraph to us herself. There are two or three instances where people did not know our address.

God replenish my Child, with His Grace and refreshen her spirit and may she ever correspond, prays her loving mother Mary. All well.

No. 51

(INCOMPLETE)

..... perfect as she was in word and work. There comes such a vision of love and prayer and penance and pleading love to make a perfect mother. The perfect consecrated virgin she was. We must leave it with God. We cannot judge, and it would not be right, by feelings.

I know when I think of what Our Lady is I feel a cold hardhearted Mother. may she give us more of her spirit. A poor hen puts us to shame really, I wish I could do more. This coming month of September brings graces and will help her children follow the Faithful One, who never flinched from sorrow or suffering, whose patience was perfect.

God bless my child, letters are very welcome. Write a nice one to the children. This sudden heat is making them suffer. They want a day out, what do you say? Sr. de Pazzi is home. M. Theresa said she told Sr. Gertrude take her desk, knowing you were displeased with herself at Lourdes for not having one. The scales must be wrong I have seen each letter weighed myself. Now, God keep you surrounded by Angels. You do help your mother, but she wants still more grace for you, and hopes with a grand hope. Love the children for your loving mother Mary.

No. 52

God bless my child,

I wish I could read the sisters' letters to see what they do say of news. You have written twice about the old lady. The son told Sr. Philippa he was coming this month to take her away. We will make him pay of course. I have just come from Father Carey, dear old Priest, do get all the information you can from him. It is so useful all he says. He begged so hard you should stay for a picnic or pilgrimage Monday. I could not refuse.

What a Providence I felt I must, after seeing Father Carey, get away, - so many visitors about. The Mother Benedicta has just been to my empty chair to ask would I go in to hear the Rector play a zither, funny instrument, I had one once. I felt so grateful to my Guardian Angel for having come away, though it was very nice to see Fr. Carey giving Benedictions, A Servite and Don Giuseppe assisting and the Rector (Pallotine) white-headed novices, such a Church full.

I think you may promise M. Cecilia. Mrs White only asked for two months, and I suppose she could have some weeks in London also. Archbishop Stonor said Monsignor M. del Val was alright and returning to Rome of course, the Holy Father would not part with him. He told the nuns to stay for Xmas, that Cardinal Gibbons was a friend of his and to say he said so. The Dominican who brought the "Pallotine" here is a learned man, "Visitatore deputato", not the confessor, who is now Mons. Giles. Capuchin Assistant and all seem glad to know us. I think somehow it will do us good one very superior ... had money ...

P.S. Read my bit to M. Agnes; I do not want that person in our convents.