

# Mother Mary Potter:

## OBEDIENCE NOTES – VOLUME ONE.

*Note: These "obedience notes" are in the form of jottings on the prayer life reflections, memories of the founder. They are in no particular order, nor are they "ordered" in the sense of a chronology. In many cases they are simply jottings. Their importance rests in the fact that they give a singularly personal insight into the mind and heart of the founder and add to the understanding of her own spiritual journey and experience. I thank Marie Therese West LCM for these.*

*Liz West LCM.*

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*The following Notes regarding her prayer, inspirations and interior life were written from time to time by the Servant of God, under obedience to her directors. She, therefore, called the "Obedience Notes."*

*These notes are for the most part in her own handwriting, and it was in exceptional cases and only to sisters, whom she treated with especial confidence that she dictated them. She wrote them down just as the thoughts came to her - sometimes note books, sometimes on any piece of paper that came to hand. Occasionally they were dated, but the greater part is without date or title.*

*Some were written in the early days of the foundation of the Little Company of Mary, but the majority have been written since 1902. At that time she was under the direction of a Jesuit, who desired her to write these Notes.*

*They have been carefully collected and copied as accurately as possible.*

Signed: Sister Mary Hilda

Little Company of Mary, Rome

Feast of All Saints, 1949.

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Regarding my writings :

I neither read what I write myself or what others write from dictation or copy, but when I glance upon some thing thus copied, I find at once so many mistakes that I wish it noted that hereafter if anything is found unorthodox or only inconsistent, this must be taken into consideration, that I disclaim responsibility regarding copying or otherwise.

Sr. Mary. May 1892.

NB. We wish the reviser of our writings to ever remember in looking through the disconnected writings that often an allegory is used when even a truthful relation has commenced some account that I wish recorded for the future. But sometimes my scribe may be a sister that I cannot make use of for private or personal writing and then I have to turn what I am dictating to allegory. s.a.g.

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2. Feast of S. Getrude (Eve) (probably date 1876

"In the day of my consummation, may I be found consummated with Thee." Jesus, I wait. Thou hast lifted me up with Thee upon the cross. Thou has there drawn me to Thyself. Grant me from that cross to say with Thee, "And now, Holy Father, I come to Thee." Soon, if it please Thee, dear Jesus, soon call and bid me come to thee. I am Thine, O Lord, my God, all Thine! Thou answerest me, Sweet Jesus, thou art mine all mine. Thou hast possessest me from the beginning of my ways, I have possessed Thee since Thou showedest Thyself to me, O Lord. Since then have I ever lost thee? When Thou wilt call me, O God, I know not. I wait.

I have cried from the cross, with Thee, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do" (Lk 23:34), and waited, and Thy own sweet voice

spoke the word, "This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise" (Lk 23:43), and I rejoiced when I understood from Thee of Thy Mother's work, of my own Mother's work, by which to so many that word would be spoken, - sinners dying in sin. Again I have followed Thy voice speaking [to] Mary, commending to her Thy Church, "Woman, behold thy son. Son, behold thy Mother" (Jn 19:26-27), and my heart grew more glad to know that the day will come when my own Mother Mary will be proclaimed Mother of the Church, to know that, though I may not see it, the Church will consecrate itself to her Mother Heart. Sweet Mother, the heart of thy own rejoices in this thought, with exceeding great joy. The Church now proclaims thee Queen of Angels, but a greater title it can and will give thee, when it publicly calls upon thee as Mother of Christ's Church. Then indeed wilt thou do as thou hast promised, then verily wilt thou show thyself a Mother and save us in the hour of need. Thou, O God, wilt send us help from Thy sanctuary of Mary. Thou wilt save those out of Sion. Thou wilt give us what was formed in the Sanctuary of Mary, the Blood of Jesus, and Mary will show herself a mother. She will give us Blood, the Saving Blood Thou didst shed, O Lord, Our Life, upon the cross.

O Jesus, have I not followed thee farther, and cried in anguish, "my God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me" (Mt 27:46)? And now, O my Love, what am I crying, night and day, but that "I thirst, I thirst" (Jn 19:28), but it is for Thee, for Thine, for mine. Grant, sweet Jesus, that in the day of my consummation, I may say, "it is consummated" (Jn 19:30) with Thee.

Eve of St. Getrude

"My soul and body have long ago been given into the hands of Mary, in union with the offering Jesus made to her, and likewise any property I possess, or should ever have, therefore, I desire that all that may be considered as belonging to me should be devoted to the furthering the work, to which, if I had lived, I should have devoted my life, but which I have laid down my life for, unworthy though I am to lay down my life for aught but my own sins, but which yet I trust God will accept in union with the offering Jesus made upon the cross. Father, I lay down my life, that I may take it up not alone but many with me. Mother Mary offer my spirit to Him, Who gave it. Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit. Lord Jesus receive my soul."

Feast of St. Gertrude, eve of St. Edmund of Canterbury.

To... I commend my work if he will accept it to Fr. Edward Augustine Selley SM, the spiritual direction of the first souls who will form Mary's Little Company, and the internal direction of much of this work under...whom I believe he will find is intended by God for his spiritual direction.

Will...direct Mary's Own? May God give her a mother's heart. May Mary give her own loving Maternal Heart that henceforth she may live by it rather than her own.

Will...direct under...the working members? She will perhaps find help consulting Lady Fullerton. They will need greater grace and more careful direction, those who remain away as governesses or otherwise.

Will...enquire and see if the idea that has arisen in the mind of some person regarding a new Magdalen work, of which information will be given by Fr. Selley, can be assimilated to this work of Calvary, so that Mary, the Holy Angels, John and Magdalen may be honoured in this work.

Names to those likely to...Phoebe Laurence, formerly school mistress, Portsea; Mrs. Sughrue, known as Blakheath; Lady Sausse; Lady Fullerton; Mrs Elizabeth Bryan, and others known to Fr. Selley, no need to mention names and addressed of them. Mary Bray. Mount Carmel Hermitage, Fulham; Kate MacKay, Convent of St. Joseph. Toronto (?); Mary Fulker – My God, touch her and she may not disappoint Thee. (Sister of Mrs. Bullock enquire; Mrs Bealbeck, Havant; Mary Kidney, 12 Wickham Street, Portsea; Mrs Boileau (enquire of Dr. Corbett); Mary Reilly, Portsea, known to Fr. Horan.

I write these names, that when there is a home, a circular or notice may be sent. It seemed to me last evening (Friday) God told me my sins were forgiven and He would soon call me. In answer to an enquiry of mine, regarding Fr. Selley's share in this work, the answer seemed given, "Yes, my child, but he will learn prudence. You may give him this message. You, who read this, please give it to him by word of mouth. Likewise that the Preface he wrote was not contrary to God's Will, but it was His Will it was written for now. I mention this for truth's sake. In God we know ourselves. We see ourselves. We see His gifts.

Rejoice with me. I have found Him Whom my soul loveth. I have hold of Him nor will I ever let Him go (Song 3:4).

[Back to Top](#)

Saturday evening, November 18<sup>th</sup>.

\The Blood of the Paschal Lamb, exposed on the doorposts, seems to typify what God will do in future times. The saints predict a terrible coming chastisement on the world. But the Blood of Jesus, the Lamb of God, exposed in our churches will stay the anger of God. To those who honour it, will He extend mercy. This thought come to me, but it is on no account to be printed yet awhile, or even mentioned. In none of my M.S. (manuscripts) have I mentioned the devotion to the Precious Blood, which I believe will be. Mary's Own are not to know even yet.

To explain my having withdrawn my statement regarding the Precious Blood. Fr. Faber told me to pray that if it was an inspiration from God, it might be taken away, I did so and it was taken away. It came back when I chose Fr. Selley for my director.

Though I wrote it, it might mean a relic of the Precious Blood. I did not like writing it, as I did not fully believe it. In fact it almost seemed I was writing an untruth, though I would do it to make sure I was not guilty of heresy or mortal sin. I cannot hardly explain how the thought of the Precious Blood being exposed for adoration was taken away without my being able to think it a delusion. It was withdrawn from me. I hardly know how, but before I could not but believe and think. It would come into my mind. God knows what I have suffered. I think without a special grace, my mind must have given way, but by God's grace, I am what I am, and I return to Him what I have received from Him.

He has opened my mind upon many things. He has revealed to me hidden secrets. I return Thee thanks. Good Good God, for Thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent and hast made them known to a little one. Yes, Father, for so it hath seemed good in thy sight (cf Mt 11:25). My God, I want to be with You. Take me. I would say if I might, take me to be with Thee, to see Thee, to love Thee for evermore. I ask forgiveness of all whom I have injured and beg grace for them. I ask forgiveness of Thee, my God, for it is Thou Whom I have so greatly injured. Forgive me, forgive me I pray Thee, whilst on earth. I beg that those I leave will ever continue to ask in my name, forgiveness. Though I were in heaven, I would like to know that I left those on earth, who would ever tell God I was grieved for having offended Him, for we cannot grieve in heaven? Let us ever hope and grieve on earth. We can do neither in heaven. When, O Lord, when may I come to Thee, Jesus, my Love? If God called me now should I not be found with Thee? Art Thou not with me? Stay then, dear Lord, for it is now evening and the day is well nigh spent (cf Lk 24:28). *Deus meus et omnia.*

Friday night, November 17<sup>th</sup>. Does not St. Joseph's death appear to be at the same time most peaceful, most painful? The pain of death is changed into a joy by the thought of being nearer to God, of soon coming to be with Him. But St. Joseph's death took him farther from God. How his will must have been united to the Will of God, to submit to die (to leave Jesus and Mary) without a murmur. May his heroic death obtain a happy one for us, if we remind God of it.

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Those who watch the 3 hours (the Confraternity) should at 3 o'clock, trusting to God's great mercy make an act of thanksgiving to Him for the help He has afforded the Dying. One soul may be in Purgatory by their remembrance of Our Lord's agony by repeating, at intervals of the 3 hours in union with Mary, His Last Words. What a happy thought! Go in spirit to purgatory and congratulate that soul on its happiness, and resolve to keep as fervently as you can those 3 hours for all your life to assist the Dying.

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Be most earnest in thanking God for the graces bestowed upon Our Lady. She so loves thanksgiving to be offered on earth, likewise the saints. We often think of invoking their aid but we do not think enough of what they so desire we should do. They know they never thanked God enough on earth. They know they can never in heaven. They love us to help them.

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I want it especially to be noted the great grace that is obtained by renewal of past graces - baptism, confirmation, vows, special offerings etc.

Let the habit be worn by Mary's Own be as much like that worn by Our Lady as possible.

Pray at times with your arms extended in the form of a cross.

Take St. Paul for a special protector and you will receive help. I thought it was told to me he would help me, and now understand what is spoken to me is not meant for myself individually, but for my work, and those who come after me.

Ven. De Montfort, it need hardly be said, will indeed be a father to Mary's Own.

[Back to Top](#)

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It was not hearing of the Confraternity put the idea here expressed into my mind, rather hearing of the Confraternity, particularly the latter part (Our Lady's Transfixion) long afterwards was a strong corroboration. Likewise I did not know there was an order at all devoted to the succour of the dying, except St. Camillus, a society of priests. Mary S.M.

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### **3. Considering her own death in a time of sickness**

...my death without having been able to see him, I leave him those whom God has seemingly placed with me. I shall live again in my children. I have incorporated myself with my work, though I may not see on earth its accomplishment, that is its accomplishment eternally, for it seems to me I may now say it is finished... will direct me in directing my work. I willingly lay down my earthly life for this work, if my Mother permits me to do so, though I shall not cease to be with it. Call upon me then, my children, I will never cease to listen to you and petition for you. We shall be closely united in the Heart of Our Mother, in the Precious Blood of Jesus. Have charity, perfect charity with one...

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...of itself at all. It breathes the sweet air of Mary's Presence and looks lovingly upon its Lord, the Babe of Jesus. "Drop down dew ye heavens from above and let the clouds rain the Just One" (Isa 45:8).

Jesus! By Thy joy in Mary's womb, by the prayer she offered, hear!

Jesus! By the sweet peace of Thy abode within Mary, hear me.

By the prayer of her Heart as she adored Thee born in a stable, hear!

By the wish of her Heart as she held Thee in her arms,

by the love with which she fed Thee, listen!

Regard not me but my Mother. Look not upon me but upon Thy Spotless One, who presented Thee in the Temple, who carried Thee into Egypt, who tended Thee in Thy boyhood, who revered Thee at all times, who loved and worshipped thee as not other ever has.

O Mary! Sweet life of Mary, let us renew it. Let us live it again. O Mary, watching Jesus in His wonderful miracles. O Mary, presenting thy sweet tabernacle for Him to rest in, in His hidden presence in His sacrament of love. O Mary present in Gethsemane, Mary walking to Calvary, Mary at the foot of the cross, Mary glorifying God at all times, Mary be with thy children. Oh you, my children, these souls will love you with a special love, and how greatly will you love them. The love of the mother on earth for her child will help you to understand a little the love that in heaven you will feel for those for whom you suffered, whom you saved. We see people pet and love exceedingly even animals that belong to them. See how the man loves his horse, his dog. They belong to him. It gives him pleasure to see his dog bound at his approach. I bring this thought before you, for however inadequate such comparisons may be, they sometimes help us to in some measure, realize things, which it is difficult to understand.

We may imagine we are in our everlasting home, resting in calm, tranquil, unutterable delight in the Good Good God, feasting with unspeakable joy upon His beauty, loving adoring Him with every power we possess, and exulting as we feel that the Great Good God loves us above what we ourselves understand. And around us what do we see? Beings like to the God in Whom we are resting, who is our Delight, beautiful living godlike creatures, whom we look upon and love with a love of possession, of contentedness, with a mother-love. Your love overflows upon them, as you see God in them, as you know how God loves them and loves you more for having given those souls to Him. (Jesus! Not to suffer as now, but to suffer more, but, dear Lord, dear Jesus, Your presence makes it sweet.)

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Mother, dear Mother, guide me, speak, come close to me, overshadow your little one, the soul whom you chose to make known your Will and who so unwillingly obeyed your desire.

"I would that my children band together to honour my suffering Mother's Heart. I speak not of you who live in my home. I speak of all in the home of God's Church. Let them join you in your work. Let them honour my prayer on Calvary, by praying in union with it. Let them take my place at the deaths of my children and thus honour my work on Calvary. I work until now. I work in my children. If they love me, they will love to be n Calvary, where I suffered so for them."

Mother we do love to be there. We will never leave that spot. We will abide there our three hours. Oh, sweet Mother, but it is hard to suffer.

"I know it my child. I have suffered and if I send suffering to you, yet do I sweeten it? Here on Calvary you suffer not as they in the busy world. Would you go down from the Mount where Jesus' love has drawn you? Would you be happy in the midst of the world's pleasures? Do you long for relations, friends?"

No, Mother no! I long only for Jesus, only for God. I long for thee, Mother. I love thee. I suffer, but it is with thee. Strengthen me! Help, assist me! (Why thou didst choose me, Mother, I know not. I understand not. Help me to finish, Mother, and let me not tarnish thy work, I pray thee. Cut and spare me not, glorify thou me for thy name's sake, for thy work.)

Mary: "Jesus gives thee what thou asks. Thou need not ask. Wish, and then God wills and His Will is a work."

O God, I will pierce Thy Heart with my cry, O God come! Let God arise and scatter His enemies and let them that hate Him flee from before His Face, and God will arise and show His love for Mary. He will send His angels to make straight her Path, and His servant will declare her praise, mighty in word and work. Come servant of Mary, it is time. Hasten, delay no! Thy Mother and Mistress needs thee, calls thee. Thy own would not receive thee, but amongst strangers shalt thou set foot, and thy name as "ambassador on earth" of Mary in heaven will be loved by many. "Thou shalt be the father of a great people" (Gen 12:2), truly, indeed truly, thou shalt be a father of Mary's Own, - and thy little one, Mother, where will she be?

"It is not for you to know the times and places that the Father has put in her own power."

Mother, where thou wilt, when thou wilt, as thou wilt, I am thine. Do with me as thou wilt. And the Mother of Fair Love imprints upon her little one the kiss of everlasting peace. Nesting on Mary's bosom, ...

[Back to Top](#)

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"What I have written, I have written" (Jn 19:22)! God makes use of any instruments, by whom to speak, to make known His Will, or act. He could, He did make even an ass speak. He make Pontius Pilate write the truth and hold to it.

I unworthy that I am, declare that what I have written, I have written. I will not till my dying day draw back. I will, please God, die as I have lived, proclaiming the truths God has made known to me. I will withdraw as before, if obedience obliges me. May my dying prayer be, "Father into your hands I commend my spirit (Lk 23:46), and to the Church, my work, and yet sweet Mother, not my work but thine."

My children, hold fast what I have written, I pray you, I plead with you. Whom am I, it may arise in your hearts to say, that I should speak to you? Understand me, I am nothing, indeed nothing. I am but a voice, rarely do I take time, to excuse to speak of myself. I speak positively. I see myself in God. God knows I know my nothingness, my unworthiness, but I might say, I know Jesus my Love dwells within me. He is my Delight, would I were so to Him, and He makes me speak. Speak Lord, thy servant hears (1 Sam 3:10). Lo, I am here Lord; thy servant waits.

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Mother of my heart and soul, Mother of my Love and Life, Jesus, Mary Immaculate, Mary Virgin, Mary Mother, your little one loves your voice, speak sweet comforting words to my soul, speak words to my children. Lo, I am here, Mother; thy child waits. Mary speak to thy handmaid the wishes of thy Heart. Let me tell thy children, but, Mother forgive me. Who am I to tell thy children? What am I? The voice of one crying in the wilderness (Lk 3:4), "Prepare ye the way of Mary. Make straight her Path" and thy own shall hear thy voice, Mother, if thou wilt speak to me, speak through me, as thou wilt, when thou wilt.

"I know mine and mine know me" (Jn 10:14). Verily sweet Mother, we know thee. We know a little of thy love. Help us to know thee better. What can we do for thee?

My child, I have given thee my message. Pray that my will be accomplished, that the Will of God be done on earth as in heaven. When the Spouse of Jesus is consecrated to the Mother Heart that gave life to its Lord, the Church will triumph over its enemies. It will be.

Mother, I may not. Am I not presumptuous? You know what I am told. I will be obedient. I want only Jesus, but I may not think. I will be obedient.

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#### **4. To recite every morning, kissing the ground.**

I confess in the sight of the Holy Angels that I am selfish and... service. I confess before my crucified Saviour that I am ashamed when I gaze on His Sacred Image of my selfishness, my self love, my slothfulness in the service of my God. Henceforth may I be more faithful and may my unmortified spirit become generous, where I have sought self, may I now seek only Jesus.

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First Friday, Month of May.

Our Lord holding a little bud of this earth in His hand, a little plant of Mary – He holds it in His hand. He will not leave His hold, until He plucks it and transplants it. The Child of Mary to whom this is shown, is in excess of joy. She rejoices with exceeding joy, for it is shown to her what that bud represents, and that likewise it will not be long ere that bud is plucked.

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"I do not know what it is," said a little sister to me, "something wonderful has come over me. I am so happy."

Mother, sweet Mother, they who dwell in thee can tell of delights of wondrous joy. Oh, my Mother, how I love thee! All things have come to me together with you. How wonderful are thy ways, long since when I wished thee to be more honoured, did not thy voice speak to me, "thou shalt do it thyself?" Ah, I believed not the word then, but now I know. How good god is! He gives us our very wishes before we ask. We wanted Our Blessed Lord with us from the very commencement – granted. The Mass once a week, we are to have Mass daily. Then I intended to ask for Benediction, but before I asked, the Bishop proposed Exposition!

[Back to Top](#)

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The Spouse of Jesus! Wonderful prerogative and privilege, the greatness of which eternity will be ever and ever more revealing! Happy, happy vocation! Praise God all His creatures! Praise Him all His Saints! Happy ones of Our Lord's Heart, happy on earth, still happier in heaven, the delight of Mary, beloved of saints! Who are they? Look round the world, and tell me, where are they? Where do they dwell? You glance at the cloisters – yes there are chosen ones there, but not there alone...

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It is shown in the Old Testament and by other instances that prophecies are not always fulfilled. Likewise that God may destine people to do a certain thing, to fulfill a certain work, but still they may thwart His designs. Witness the prophecy of Jonas, witness the Jews. If certain people whom I thought would take a part in this work of Mary do not do so, no one need be surprised.

We might almost reverse the proverb and say, God proposes and mankind disposes, since what God proposes to be done, the disposition of mankind changes.

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## 5.

I hesitate to write of these favours, for one reason I wrote them at that time to my confessor and I never like to rewrite, and summing up from a retrospective viewpoint can never be the same as the simple narrative of facts as they took place. The Little Company of Mary is a direct impress from the Most High. God visited my room with a series of marvels and simple as I was, unread in mystical theology or even ordinary writings upon devotion, still I knew that God's manifestation to me meant something great, something indeed of moment. How speak of that marvelous visit – that Presence, the question of the little atom, the answer of the Creator – the Blessed Trinity who made thee, then the Way of the Cross, made in that rapturous Presence. How go back relate these things? I know not.

How did I dwell with thee, my Mother, as in a calm sweet sanctuary, living by thy very breath? It seemed thy Heart animated mine. I assure you, my Father, on different feasts I passed into different stages of the spiritual life, as though I was with the Infant Jesus, my arms around Mary's neck, or I nestled in her bosom and fed upon her substance. From the mystical birth, through the Hidden Life, the Public Life, on to Calvary, step by step the Way of the Cross with Jesus. And then – that wonderful union whilst standing before that crucifix, "Thou art My spouse." "Spouse of Jesus Crucified," was the chant of angels. Washed in the Precious Blood, wrapt, enfolded in the embrace of the Holy Spirit. What has God not done for me? I did not know. I did not ask. Why was this? What did it mean? Now I know, it was the way others were to walk. May the Holy Angels lead many into this sweet way of Mary, to which God attaches such graces.

It could not be explained – the union with God, the joy. The world seemed another world and to breathe God. I would wonder whether it was not a return almost to the original joy of the world unfallen. I went about my few duties the same, making home happy, entertaining my mother and brothers, but I had many hours to myself.

The union with God has gone on increasing, and is not disturbed by the various business I have to attend to, or by being very little alone. I cannot describe it. I almost seem to cease being aware of my own existence. God seems to have such entire possession of me. If I was to sit and meditate as some books advise, - to think for instance, there was a time, when I did not exist, it would be but a distraction. I love to think of creation, and yet I seem to have been with God creating, but my meaning may be misunderstood. Those whom God enfolds in a similar manner alone could understand me.

God revealed to me many secrets. He has given me powers. Would I had made better use of them. I know not how far they extended. My Director told me not to use any power I possessed, except under obedience, and that obedience I have not sought. I have not desired anything extraordinary. On the contrary, if I had had a choice, it would have been a simple ordinary life I would have sought. I remember my novice Mother telling me she thought I should be better in a convent where I could go to Communion oftener etc. I answered, if I went to such a convent I might have to have high states of prayer and I did not want to. God did not lead me the way I should have wished.

Again regarding obedience: I loved obedience. I had been obedient all my life, but a certain time came when both obedience and poverty were given to me without my seeking these virtues, religious obedience and love of poverty. I remember asking my confessor to give me something to do for obedience and he – a secular priest – not understanding what I meant, asking me, "Had I nothing to do at home," and I then seeing he did not understand, was too shy to explain. God seemed to give me what many have to acquire or obtain through reading etc, for when, as a postulant, they asked me, why I did not like to wear a silver thimble, I did not like to say the Holy Child did not use silver. On one occasion, when told I must use my watch, I put it on with such reluctance, and then did not wind it, but would put myself to the trouble of going round the convent to see the time by the clock. It is now nearly 40 years and I have never worn a watch. One would be put by my side at night when ill, but no one has noticed me.

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## 6.

It is remarkable how Our Blessed Lady makes use of us for such important matters. Writing now – the truth must be told. It would be false humility, and yet how difficult. It seems revealing the "Secrets of the King." It seems as though a little creature of earth had been admitted into the Councils of God and His designs made known and the future manifested. That atom knew that the condescension of the Almighty is more glorified by being manifested to her, than if the great had been chosen.

Over 30 years have rolled and she has kept the secrets the Most High manifested, and she would fain go to Him, and, therefore, reveal to a chosen few these secrets and leave to these the carrying out [of] the designs and magnificent mission that mankind has worked out for its fellow mankind. My God, the weak woman is not needed, but she is Thy "Fiat." The mean and contemptible can be made use of by omnipotence, and truth manifests to them why they are thus trusted with missions that they know are far, far beyond them.

Almighty God, pity the little and lowly. Not to excuse myself do I plead my insufficiency, for well I know how Thou hast supplied to me and made up my deficiencies, - if I had but used all that thou hast bestowed upon me. Make up for me, dear Lord, - from the vast treasury of thy Sacred Humanity, Jesus be Jesus to me. Out of the depths, the abyss of unworthiness that I am, I cry unto thee, Lord, Lord hear my voice. Let Thine ears be attentive to the voice with which I supplicate thee (cf Ps 130:1-2). It is the voice of Thy Mother I ask to plead for me. Thy Mother stands before thee, and pleads for her children.

My soul hath relied on thee, Mary my Mother, who hast given to us the Word Incarnate, Jesus Christ, my Lord. He ahs revealed to Thy little one, Mother sweet Mother, as you held me close pressed to thy breast, to listen to His word. He has made known to me that which is to come in the latter days, and these latter days have already commenced. May His Holy Will be in all things praised, blessed and forever magnified. He has revealed to me things hidden from the beginning of the world and no wonder that seeing such revelations made known to one so unworthy, so little, that it should not be believed and that with faith staggered, it should be said, "How can these things be?" But why?

Ah, priests of God, beware of condemning what you have not authority to condemn, for the soul that takes literally the words, "He that hearth you, hearth me" and then to be told, "It is a mortal sin." In Rome, no, it was never said, but in poor heresy infected England, the good and holy priest who said that, exceeded his powers. He had no right to condemn, though he might think it prudent to encourage what I wrote about the Precious Blood. Fr. Cardella even told me it was reserved at Grotta Ferrata. Fr. Armellini said I was not the first to promulgate this devotion. "A school girl" some years before had written to Pope Pius. I think it must have been myself, as though I was not a schoolgirl, I wrote as though I were.

God permitted this for a trial of no ordinary degree, unlike my other sorrows, for in this perturbed state and not knowing what I could do, as it seemed my very thoughts were sins. Then it was that one day I forced myself to make a prayer that I never could make before. It is certainly in the prayers, preparing for Holy Communion, and in an approved prayer book. Saint Gertrude is speaking to Our Lord, - in part of the prayer, and saying that if His condescension would be more glorified by coming to her, though she would be finally condemned, she would consent to receive in this sacrament the sentence of her final condemnation. I never said the prayer feeling a repugnance to it, but in the dreadful state of uncertainty about going to Holy Communion etc, if I was in a state of mortal sin, seeing that the prayer was headed "against an unworthy Communion..."

[Back to Top](#)

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## 7.

On the Feast of St. Paul of the Cross wrote quickly the whole Confraternity of Calvary plan. Here again a direct inspiration from God to honour the Last Words, and how had God not fulfilled His Own inspiration. And yet, how much more might have been done with one more earnest. God can choose where He wills. He chose to make use of this poor instrument. His Wisdom must have shown Him many who would have corresponded better, but He chose me. The words so lovingly spoken sunk into my soul, "I have chosen you that you should go and bring forth fruit and that your fruit should remain" (Jn 15:16). Yes, the fruit, the grace to the dying remains. It is forever. The work most needed of all works – the dying. But the fruits also of the devotion to Our Lady, how has that spread from the lowly to the great? May my children but spread these devotions, and remember that what was spoken to their mother was meant also for them.

They are to go and bring forth fruit. My God, may their zeal increase daily. May they live for this alone. May Divine Zeal live in their souls and may their lives be lives of entire love. What work there is to be done for God! What had been done and yet what remains? It lags, my God. It is delayed. Why? We are but a handful of insignificant little ones and the harvest is so great. May those labourers come. May those priests of God descend from the Mount where their Crucified Lord has conceived them. The Mother of Sorrows brought them forth. O God, Spirit of God come and vivify. Come, give Mary Thy Spouse her own. Let those priests arise who will guide Mary's Little Flock, and my children be obedient. Help them and let them help you. Be of use in their ministry and they will keep alive in your souls that fire their Master come on earth to enkindle. They will protect. They will take you to their own, guarding you from the spirit of the world.

Mary's blessing will be with you, for this work they will do for her, and you, my children, will remain little, lowly, and fulfill your mission, bring souls to the Maternal Heart. Urge all whom you can animate to love Mary and love her on Calvary, to love the sick and dying for love of Jesus dying. See what a vast mission you have. How many you are brought into contact with. Why? Can you doubt why? Ah, not simply to alleviate pain, but to alleviate the pain of Jesus' Human Heart on earth, to console it in Its agony, by the sight of your zeal. Hiddenly, quietly you will work your works and extend the Kingdom of God in souls.

At present your fervour is not what it should be. Your work is weak, but your protectors will come and reanimate you fervour and show you "what you are," which you can easily forget in the bustle of life. You hear yourselves praised for your kindness to the sick, but more, much more have

you to do under the Standard of the Cross. Do not use the expression, 'you are no good' 'you are do nothing'; the latter may be true. We can do nothing, but let Jesus work in us, and we shall then do something.

Three weak women began this work, and I wish now to show a picture of one of our early days...

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## 8.

### *Beatissimo Padre in Gesu e Maria.*

Having been asked to give...a history of the foundation of the Little Company of Mary...that the Rules...on trial may be approved...Holiness...

In 1877 after some years of waiting the Bishop of Nottingham opened the convent, the first house of the Little Company, and six sisters were clothed in the July of that year. The watching [before] the Blessed Sacrament for the dying in turn was commenced and great graces obtained. The place was almost entirely Protestant, and then the...children flocked and some sixty were [baptized] with some forty to fifty conversions of adults [made].

The Bishop seeing the good result of the sisters' labours sent them in small bands to open poor schools and look to poor missions. At one time the sisters had as many as six at a time, but as the Novices had necessarily to be made use of, the work was gradually dropped, the rules of the Church for Novices strictly carried out.

In 1882 three sisters come to Rome and seeing scope for their work remained, and with the blessing of the Holy Father, commenced their work of praying and assisting the soul and body, late on taking in the sick, with a view of commencing a hospital, which project is still extant. In...with the approbation of Archbishop Caccioni a house was opened in Florence, which has since developed into a Convalescent Home, and the sisters were the means of the English mission being founded, the services having been held for several years until a suitable church was provided.

In [1885] six sisters went to Australia under the kind protection of Cardinal Moran, where in Petersham shortly a suitable convent was built with a Childrens' Hospital attached, since a Blind Asylum had been opened by the sisters, then two other convents branched off, one at Ryde, the other in Sydney.

In Ryde by the...of the Cardinal a school was opened which [is] of great use to the people, and a large Manicomio is in the course of erection, to take charge of which ...sisters thoroughly trained are going out.

These different works of charity, which the Rule allows, are all subservient to the primary Rule: *"Lo scopo dell'ordine e di salvare le anime degli agonizzanti; di ottenere una bona morte mediante una grazia straordinaria, quale Gesu conesse eul Calvario al ladrone. I membri dell'ordine si donano totalmente a Maria, e perchi credono che le sia particolarmente accetta la carita usata verso dagli agonizzanti prendono il posto di Maria al capezzale del morente, facendo tutto quanto potrebbe la madre pia tenera, e mediante la grazia che Marie accordera alle figlie dell'ordine, sperano di salvare i peccatori dall'eterno perdita di Dio.*

*Tutti i membri devono essere uniti ed incorporati al Cuor di Maria onde rappresentare sempre davanti a Dio quel tenero e dolce Cuor della Madre in atto di intercedere per al Chiesa, per i figli, per i membri pia bisognevoli della medesima, per gli 80.000 che giornalmente muoiono.*

*Sia giunta l'ora opportuna per stabilire un cotal ordine nella Chiesa, che sembra seguire in tutto il suo corso le fasi della vita di Cristo – Calvario. Ecco l'opera di misericordia. Implora la Vostra Benedizione ed approvazione finale tanto sospirata. Nel Sanguo Preziosissimo, sparso dal Sacro Cuore di Gesu sulla Croce mi sottoscrivo vostra..."*

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Holy Father, I beg to recall to your mind an interview in which speaking of our desire to increase devotion in the Church to the Maternal Heart of Mary, and that the time seemed appropriate to an increase of devotion, as the Church now crucified with her Lord He...us to honour the Heart should again speak, loved Holy Father, by you. And from the Cross where Jesus' love of you, and your love for your Master has placed you, you should speak to the nations, saying: "Behold Your Mother" (Jn 19:27), and by instituting a special feast in honour of the Maternal Heart of Mary, the Church thus consecrated more solemnly to the maternal care of Mary would receive renewed grace from Our Lord, who loves us to honour the Heart of His Mother, and that hence we all look forward to the day which the Lord has made, and at which we shall be glad and rejoice... Your blessing...

(The above seem to be merely drafts notes of two letters written by the Servant of God).

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**9.** April 21<sup>st</sup>, Thursday.

On Good Friday when I was taken to Our Lord, a grief for sin, a heart breaking grief come over me. I thought I had habitual grief for sin, but this was so overwhelming that I cried out, "My God, what have I done?" Then a grief for all mankind came over me, not only sorrow, but pity, - pity for human nature and great love in union with the Sacred Heart for the human race, of which I was part and which I loved as my own family. Gradually a comfort spread over my sorrow stricken soul. Jesus, you can do something. You have a remedy. Angels seemed to gather round and join my prayer, and voiceless words seemed spoken, "Show My Blood to My people." Again and again repeated, and I prayed against delusion, but peace and sweetness fell upon my sorrowful grieved heart.

It was lightened. St. John was prayed to. The Holy Father must be asked. He cannot refuse if it is God's Will, - then ask. How many years has this thought been in the mind of Thy child, Jesus? She put it from her with difficulty, but in obedience. She has now no obedience against it, but if told she will again withdraw from the thought, that did not seem the wish of her heart but of Jesus' Heart.

My God! How badly have I been Thy little instrument? How reluctantly have I worked at thy work that so many would have felt honoured to have been called to? Pardon me, My God, I have been dilatory, I have hesitated, I have delayed, postponed. My God, show Thyself God and show mercy.

[Back to Top](#)

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To see God happy, to know it, to feel it, to be participator in it, to see others, the loyal and true, rewarded. My God, this for me? Nothing wanting to my God, all powerful, all potent. My God, must I not come to Thee? When? Not now! I must suffer more. Let it be better suffering, more generous, more loving, more hidden, the contempt accepted, offered, not simply borne, but my God, offered. And the pain, Thy justice in my body, with St. Peter, may I say I am not worthy to suffer as my Lord, but as a sinner.

Mother, Mother of Fair Love, Mother of Bountiful Love, thou hast held up thy child to God in many ways. Have I not clung to thy breast, did I not feel thy warm embrace and learn to know the Mother of Pure Love. Then you bid me to walk, to be simple with the Holy Child. For awhile I went about following the Hidden Life, came the Public Life, but there came other days, the Way of the Cross, the Spouse crucified with her Lord, and now, in what attitude do you present me to my God? As one doing penance?

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Mother, protect Rome! May thy Heart plead powerfully. Give that grand grace to the Church of which thou art the Mother. May thy title be proclaimed from land to land, thy Heart, the anchor of hope. Mother hasten the time. Mother, what can I do? Help me, Mother, let not my unworthiness retard God's work. Increase in me God's grace. Equip me, send far from me human respect... Church calls thee, Mary, Fount of Grace, of Life, of Love, yes, for all grace in this world is from the Precious Blood, which thy Maternal Heart furnished.

(Draw a picture of our Lady's Heart enclosing the chalice and host).

Bless Thy spouses, Jesus, live in them in power, in love. Let them be sanctuaries for thee... Let not their souls be defiled. My God, beautify Thy Church. Angels hasten the moment, the glad moment of time, when Mary will show herself indeed a mother and bring help in time of need, such help, such hope. My God, we offer Thee, we impetrate by the Precious Blood. Who art Thou, make known...

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All Saints! We mingle with you, holy ones of God, rejoicing in your joy. Happy you, blessed, glorious to God forever! Whom do we incline to? All so lovely, Apostles, Martyrs, Virgins, Confessors, we love all, but our hearts turn and cling to some more than others. Apostles of Christ, how we love you. Virgins, spouses of Jesus, His delight! Ah, yes, we gaze also on the white robed army of Martyrs, but stay not in our glance, but we rest contentedly with those who led a martyred life of labour and love. Holy Confessors, help us who labour, who wish our lives to be a living martyrdom for Jesus. Strengthen our wills!

**1.** July 30<sup>th</sup>, 1896.

"Delight in the Lord, and He will give thee thy desire of thy heart" (cf. Ps 20:4). "Thou hast given us our heart's desire."

My Jesus, I find in my heart a desire to lean upon someone, to be supported, protected, therefore, as there is no lawful desire of our hearts, desires in harmony with Thy Will that Thou dost not give. Thou Thyself has bid me lean upon Thee, that Thou would outdo the most loving, most considerable, tender of earthly lovers. Mother, place me closer to my Love. Call me and bid me come to Thee, nay rather, do thou come and take me. Condescend to my littleness, sweet Jesus, love the work of Thy hands. My Mother, help me lean upon my Beloved.

Now, dear Lord, that I am thus near to Thy Sacred Heart, let me be here to plead. Give, give, my Jesus, to those whom thou hast given to me. Give help to

all who have need, to those, first, whom Thou hast placed over others. Help them, O Lord, for without Thee vain is mankind's help. (All superiors named...) those in trouble comfort, strengthen those in temptation, give help in need that Thy Mother's children fall not a prey to the enemy, and draw to Thee those aiming at close union with Thee. Show thyself, dear Lord, as Thou art, and then will Thy spouses grow into similarity in their degree with Thee. Love all with Thee. Suffer for all. Bear with all. Be raised above the world, keep to their high state as consecrated ones called by Thee to live a pure life, devoid of self, of the things of sense.

What would any creature on earth desire, if they knew how their Creator desired them? What heart could wish greater love if it realized but a little of Thy love, my Jesus. Who could feel lonely, knowing Thou art ever near? Who would want someone to lean upon? Not the one, whom the angels watch from their heavenly home, and see walking in the desert of the world, leaning on the arm of their Beloved, that one is coming up from the desert. Yes, on, on to the home of her Beloved is she hastening. She is going direct. He is leading her and leaning on Him she feels no weight. She is strong, leaning on His protecting arm, which she knows will never fail her. She leans upon Him and her steps are blessed.

The world is not weary to her, for she walks, works for Him alone. She rests upon Him with content. She knows He will not withdraw to let her fall. Jesus invisibly guides the steps of His child, and awaits the moment when He may manifest Himself to her, and show to the Angels the fruit of His passion, and crown her in the heaven above where the Eternal Father and the Holy Spirit will receive and bless her forever.

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## 2. August 6<sup>th</sup> 1896.

The first mystery of the Rosary, the Annunciation – no more – I must stop and ponder. ...enter with Jesus into that calm Sanctuary, as the *Ecce Ancilla* ascended from earth to heaven, the loveliest melody, the grandest chord yet sounded on earth, working such a work. Jesus is here, close to His Mother's Heart. How sweet its beatings to the Word Incarnate! All breathes God's glory. The Virgin Heart, now enhanced with the beauty of motherhood, is all instinct with holy desires that enamour the Infant Heart of Jesus.

But, Mother, what do we find? We were there with Jesus in the virgin womb. Yes, the whole Church was embraced by the Immaculate from the instant she conceived of the Holy Ghost, its Author. Happy Virgin Mother blest! Well for thee no thought of...ever entered the sanctuary of thy soul. You embraced Christ's Church, of which we may justly call thee, Mother of Christ's Church. Angels, give Mary her title. It is we on earth [who] must plead for God's Spirit to descend and illuminate our Holy Father's mind, and bid him consecrate Christ's Church to the Maternal Heart of Mary, and proclaim a feast throughout the world to be kept. Heaven will join earth that day. Let us hasten it by our prayers, by suffering.

Ah, Lord, Thou will arise, and then thou will scatter the enemies of that Church, Thy gift to the Mother of Jesus. Thy Word Incarnate, born of her in time, she the Virgin who gave Him "peaceful rest" in her womb, is honoured by Thee, O God, in Whose bosom He dwelt for all eternity in "unruffled repose." May He take His delight in time in the hearts of those who love Him with a special love, for they are nourished, guarded, cared for, protected by the Mother of Fair Love, of Holy Hope.

Work for God must never be weary work. Keep up ever the fresh joy of working for God. When the thought burst upon us that God desired something from us, how we felt the trust. My God, My God, fidelity to the end, increase of content, of love of suffering, thus must we finish what we have begun. To work for Thee, O Lord my God, is sweet, to die sweeter when it is Thy Will! Call me and I will come. I will spring to Thee, Whom alone I love and in Whom I love all. May my children find ever that work for Thee is sweet. May they never weary, going above nature, smiling away tears. May angels whisper to my children the value of cheerful work, cheerful suffering, - how it beautifies the life, renders the soul so lovable to God.

Ah, we see one working for us, who will not own they are tired or worn, but smiling as they try to do more and more, and we love the generous one, but how does God love? If we dive into this mystery, we find ourselves lost in the Infinite. We cannot do enough for God. We must never begrudge any suffering. We know not, we cannot know its preciousness, for all, the ordinary Christian must suffer with Christ. To barely save our souls we must suffer, but to be a glorious work to God for all eternity, how must we suffer? We have chosen suffering for our portion, as Spouses of Jesus Crucified.

Spouse of Jesus Crucified! What does it mean? Look it in the face. See rather in the Face of Jesus on the cross what it means. Repeat often during the day, "not in word, not in name, but in deed and in truth." It means when the limbs ache and there is no rest they must be united with the Limbs of Jesus aching on the cross. When the pains shoot and fever burns in the veins, and the hands are hot and the tongue parched, all this must be offered to dear Jesus. It is the portion of the spouse. The throbbing head must rest on the thorn crowned Head. It is will not rest there, but it will give glory to dear Jesus and be encouraged to suffer on without rest, without comfort, waiting God's time for relief. By generously offering our pains of body we shall be indeed (not in word) but in deed and in truth, Spouses of Jesus Crucified.

And the soul! The agony of Jesus' Soul seems more difficult to comprehend than the sorrows of Mary: "And thy own soul a sword shall pierce" (Lk 2:35). We echo that at times, and our Mother helps us stand bravely, that the angel may pierce us through and through, and we try to be brave and not fail our Mother at that dread hour. We throw ourselves out on others and enter more into their joys and sorrows, and spread peace around from our own breaking hearts, and it is well. We wish to so, since the Most High wishes it and we ask not for relief. It comes. We could scarcely live long if we had no relief. The relief comes and we are grateful, as our Mother at the Resurrection, an we know whether in sorrow or in joy, all must tend, must be for the glory of God. We can make it so or lose the gift God offers, but we will not. So help us God, we will not. We will worship Thee in spirit and in truth, and we will be Jesus' own spouses, crucified with Him, not in name, but in deed and in truth.

We are children of earth, sweet Mother, we know some little of our vileness, but on earth one thing can be offered to God that is indeed pleasing – suffering – united with Jesus' suffering. Who then should suffer if not the spouse of Jesus Crucified? Let then our suffering be more generous. Let our actual

intentions increase. Now is the moment, my Mother, for thy child to glorify her God. Help me! Strengthen me in that hour, that I fail not. Jesus, may Thy Precious Blood live in me, animate me, raise me above this earth.

Why not do the most we can? Let us spur ourselves on, looking at the saints. How good for them now to have done the most they could for God. Sometimes things seem too hard for human nature to bear; we cannot but wish relief. It is true. Unaided human nature cannot bear of itself what is presented to it, or what it even wants to bear. We desire to suffer soul and body. We want to suffer for many reasons. We hate ourselves. We realize a little better our fallen nature, what we were made and what we have made ourselves. Everyone's sins make us know what we are, and we, with a holy hatred of ourselves, would do penance. We look upon the All Pure God and He draws us close to Himself, and we must do penance. We want to give glory to Our God by imitating dear Jesus, our Exemplar, and we feel we must do penance.

We have others depending on us. [If] we want to do them good, we must do penance. [There are] so many reasons for doing penance, for suffering shame, for bearing agonizing pain. We want to do it and are afraid we shall give way. We feel we must seek relief, but we know there is a grace to be had. What is it? Obedience! Yes, we must overcome reluctance to speak on some points. We must ask the Word Incarnate [to] help us speak aright, and then climb the heights up, up as far as God desires under that safe guide, obedience. Help me, my Jesus, speak as thou wouldst have me, and give light to him who guides me in Thy Name. Help me to be simple, humble, obedient to death. "Obedience is better than sacrifice." Would that my every act be obedience, but thou hast willed otherwise for me, and I offer Thy obedience 1000, 10,000 times for mine and me.

Jesus live in my soul and let not my body drag me from Thee, but may my maladies be received in the spirit and for the end that Thou hast sent them. Thou wilt not send me more than I can bear. Yes, but, dear Lord, Thou wilt, thou dost let me remember it is Thyself, Thy grace by which alone I can bear, leave me not to myself, I pray Thee.

Come, my child! And the child is strengthened at Jesus' Wounded Side. Let me remain, my Lord, my Love, and give to mine. May they suck strength and sweetness, as I whom thou hast so favoured. I have all when I am with Thee, strengthened by this most Sweet Precious Blood. In the calm Sanctuary of Thy Wounded Side there is the stillness, and [It] breathes of another world. Let me not leave Thee. I will work with Thee, and Thy Precious Blood will bless the little I can do for Thee. Give me wisdom, O my God, that I may finish what Thou hast begun, that Thou rather, by Thy grace, will help mine finish, and work happy as I am fed, strengthened, living on Thy most Pure Body and Blood.

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### 3. Transfiguration

Watch the emanations of the Sacred Heart! The Spouse of Jesus sees the wondrous workings. My Jesus, not Thy goodness to myself am I loving Thee. How loveable art Thou? How I love Thee as I see Thee, my Jesus, with those whose nature Thou hast assumed with such love. I watch Thy dealings with mankind. In part the veil is lifted and we see Thee in so many acts of love. There is the poor sinner at Thy feet and Thou doing Thy own special work. Thou art Saviour to that soul, and the "Go in peace," - the "sin no more" is passing sweet to Thy spouse, as the angels sing and make joyful melody at that sinner doing penance (cf. Lk 7:50; Jn 8:11).

Here is dear Jesus with the mourner's head buried on His knees. She has come for comfort and He gives as none other can. She has brought her burden to Him and He refreshes her as God alone can.

The youth in his prime of life is kneeling before Thee, Thy hand is placed in benediction upon him, and he is bid – go teach all nations (Mt 28:19) and, with His Master's blessing, he goes to bring tidings of great joy to the nations and extend the Kingdom of God.

The spouse sucks sweetness from the Wounded Side of her Lord and loves all His loves. She follows Him whithersoever He goes. In spirit and in reality where she can, she walks with Him His mortal life. She loves all His loves. Open Thy Hear, sweet Jesus to all my children and draw them close to Thyself, that living, loving, mediating truly on the emanations of Thy Sacred Heart, they may indeed learn Its spirit, and their works be ever unworldly, performed for Thee, with Thee, in Thee. Daily may they search the recesses of Thy wondrous Heart of Love, drink of that Blood that begetteth virgins.

We think, - and human thought fails us – of the 1000 and 10, 000 loving acts Thou art performing at one moment, Jesus, God and Man. We sink and are lost in admiration, adoration that falls so far, far short of the worship and love we would offer, that but for our Mother we might be disheartened. But she comes before us, with the sweet worship of her pure being, with the perfume of her prayer, the incense [in] the thurible of her Heart, ever offered with its every beat. And we stay simply quiet, contented in our nothingness, contented one fair being of this earth came nearer to offering Thee, Our God, befitting worship, though Mary's worship was true worship, since she knew, as we never know, how far her worship was inadequate.

And this will be the work of the Spouse of Jesus Glorified. She will echo delighted the emanations of the Heart of her Spouse, in His wondrous love dealing with mankind. She follows the Lamb "whithersoever He goes" ( Rev 14:4) rapt with the ever fresh and... revelations of His love.

[Back to Top](#)

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Mother, thy child will do thy bidding

Make an act of entire trust in Divine Providence. Be blindfolded! Leave yourself to dear Jesus. Cast all shadow of doubt away!

My Lord, my God, I am Thine, holding Thy beloved hand I will go this journey. I would glorify Thee by hope. I give myself still more to Thee by trust. I will not hesitate, or strive to pierce the darkness, but know that Thou hast hold of me, and Thou wilt not let me go.

Still more, O Lord, am I confused! I offer up Thy thoughts, Thy words, Thy acts as reparation for my supineness. Exposed upon our altar this day, I offer to the Eternal Father Thy most Precious Body and Blood to supply my negligence. A poor protectress hast Thou made. What can I do to help flourish, bloom in Thy Church those flowers so dear to Thee, Thy religious orders? Yet I am told – this is true, that I am not deceived, thy Spirit spoke to me. Give me then, my God, power. Show me what I can I do for those whom Thou hast given me, I so little? And Thy voice seems to tell me that is my power, that I have Thy infinite strength, Thy magnificent graces to dispense. Must not a protectress be also a dispensatrix? Give then, my God, give. Give to me a prayer that mine may say to Thee for Thine, that will touch Thy Heart and we will daily say this prayer that Thy Spirit will be moved, and Thy loved ones united together [to] glorify Thee in the varieties of their beauty, each true to the end for which they were created.

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Saturday Evening

I have come that you should love Me.

Jesus you have crushed my heart with Your love.

My Mother, answer for me. Speak for me.

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Sunday

And My word that I have spoken to you shall not pass away (cf. Mt 24:35).

My little one I have chosen you that you shall go and shall bring forth fruit and your fruit shall remain (cf. Jn 15:16).

The secrets of thy Heart, my Jesus, thou hast made known to me.

And that shall be done, my little one, that I have spoken to thee.

When shall these things be? My God hasten the day. I wish not to see these things in this world. Over great would be my joy for earth. Let me see them from Thy Bosom, my God, in heaven.

And that shall be done that I have made known to thee.

Communion: Whether on Mount Tabor or Mount Calvary, it is contentment. I have all I desire. Jesus, is mine, I am His.

The Crucifix: Jesus, I love Thy Flesh. What is that bruised Wounded Body to me, those stretched strained arms, that thorn crowned Head? Thou alone, my Jesus knoweth what thou art to thy child. Jesus, strength to suffer more for Thee, Jesus the...

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My Jesus, I want to see my Mother, with an unconquerable longing. I must see my Immaculate Mother in her glory, her beauty, Thy delight, the prize flower of Thy passion, purchased by Thy Blood. How thou dost delight in Thy redeemed, and thy little one echoes Thy delight and would to the full rejoice with Thee and see the good and true, those who have suffered so on earth, rejoicing. My God, satisfy this longing and let me gaze on Thy beautiful ones and rejoice with Thee and them.

Jesus, good Shepherd, I would see Thy flock safe in the fold. Some we knew on earth. They were true. They were lowly, humble. They were tried and failed not in the trial, but persevered in pain.

What do I see? Dear Mother, in thy joys, in thy glories, thy dazzling beauty, what thought is uppermost? The pity of thy Heart for us, for souls, poor souls on earth, not yet safe, not secure of salvation.

Jesus, let me do more. May the prayer arise on earth from the sanctuary of Thy Mother's Heart on earth more fervent. May Thy family, the family Thou hast given to us increase; organize them, Holy Angels. Help us have the blessing of Holy Church upon the Great Company as upon the Little. Mother send thy messengers to each home of thine, urging those who have charge to do more. Let all work while it is day, for behold the night comes.

I have come, dear Jesus, to make the meditation. I must do it to fulfill Thy Rule, but my mind is full of works, but they are for Thee. I fear I may forget them. My Mother, help me. I would rather think of Jesus' works than aught else at this moment.

My little one, the Holy Angels will help you. Give commissions to them. They love. They work, but you must ask their help.

Holy Angels, I rejoice with you in your joys. I rejoice you stood firm when others fell. I rejoice with you when on Christmas night you adored, at the Will of the Eternal Father, the Word Incarnate in the arms of Mary, your Queen and Mother of Jesus. I rejoice with you when, guardians of the Precious Blood, you adored in the streets of Jerusalem the Blood of Jesus' Heart, our Treasure on earth.

Holy Angels, help me! Help me with that child! What can I do? Show me. And then dear Angel, take charge of that house in London, arrange it, if it be Jesus' Will. Yes, sweet Jesus, my work is sweet but only when worked with Thee, by Thee, from Thee. Surely it is always for Thee, even though I may forget to work directly by Thee. I am sorry for every moment of my life that I have not thought directly of Thee. I grieve for every work that I have not done directly from Thee, for Thou dost desire to live again in us, and I only desire to be Thy handmaid and do Thy work. Sweet Jesus, keep far from me what would disturb Thy presence, the indwelling Thy Soul, and my Jesus give my children love for the hidden life with Thee, to love to work at that work Thou so desirest.

Holy Angels whisper to your charges to form Jesus and Mary within them, to work ever at this work of the Holy Spirit, night and day in company, and when alone working and praying ever in the company of Jesus and Mary. I thank thee, Holy Angels for thy help, for truly you are near me at all times, directing, reminding, telling me of what I could not think of, by thy angelic minds.

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Our Mother's Feast! Angels help us, that all over the world we may honour Mary's Maternal Heart. Mother give to the Angel of the Ave this mission.

The Indulgences! Let another angel work this. And also the crucifix! The presentation. Our Roman model mother house. Holy angels be busy about the business of our Mother, thy Queen. Go, be present at that interview and arrange... Make up for what I have left unsaid. Drop one drop of Precious Blood and remove any ill, words of mine may have done.

In one moment, on Jesus' Breast, drawing strength from His Wounded Flesh, drinking that Precious Blood, the Life of all that live. Jesus, let me remain here until you call me. Mother, rejoice with your child, and make the Breast of Jesus the home, resting place of all your children.

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#### 4. October 1896

What more can I do for Thee, my God, what more? I thank Thee if my words did some good with Thy priest. I would do more good. How happy in heaven to visit, comfort, counsel and console Thy own priests, religious, Thy dear ones. The more we do on earth, the more in heaven. Mother, I love what thy Heart loves. Jesus, give me strength to suffer.

How lovely are thy saints, holy ones, priests of God, great is your reward, My God, Thou art wonderful in Thy saints. Enough O God, enough! Why is this abundance of joy given – lost in God. *Veni Creator Spiritus!* I [go] to do this. Whom hast Thou chosen? Yes, but I cannot choose. I have no will, but to obey. The more Thou placest on me, the more responsibility. Thou canst choose where Thou will. We have but to obey unhesitatingly. Then grant, O my God, with each order, fresh light into our nothingness, fresh desire to suffer. Why do I so little – when...? I speak of penance and Thou givest me relief. What is this rest and comfort, why? As though a rack were stayed and for awhile I breathed freely and my aching, burning, in pain, - for awhile rest. Is this right for a Spouse of Jesus Crucified?

My God, thou canst not suffer. This is my greatest joy in life. My Jesus, Thy breaking Heart was known by Thy Mother as none other can know. Sweet Jesus, compassionate, pitiful, my loving Jesus, if our... are so pierced at other's sorrow, what must Thine have ever been, Who felt our woes as no human heart has felt? Mother, marvellous in thy pity and sorrow, I wonder not God so loves to give to thee, thou who hast so suffered.

Yes, Jesus, I have suffered. *Ecce!*

My Jesus, I would not pain others, and yet I do. Ah, my Lord, and I have pained Thee. Thou hast suffered for me. Well is our cry from this earth, *Kyrie eleison*. My Jesus, this note of sorrow must go through all. It is the keynote to all that is beautiful on earth, no melody, no harmony without that *Miserere*.

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Yes, my Jesus, I do hope, I do trust You will come at that hour. You will be with me. Mother, help me, make my hope brighter, more pleasing to my God, that in that supreme moment I may glorify my Love. In the hour of my consummation, may I be found consummated in Thee.

Jesus, how easy I let myself be distracted from Thee, how little becoming reverence, and yet I now I return to Thee and finish my Mother's wreath, we send her from earth. Thou dost seem to overwhelm me with Thy Love. Who is like unto God? His ways are not ours. Is it that the act of sorrow was more pleasing, and induced Thee to incline and pour forth of Thy Spirit? I see that coronation of my Mother clearer, virtue, virtue rewarded, fidelity to grace. My Mother, what was thy fidelity? As I cannot fathom thy graces, I cannot fathom thy fidelity to grace, thy wondrous virtue. In our degree, we must make acts, distinct acts of virtue. They will give dear Jesus joy as they form our crown. Mother, thy gentleness, thy patience, thy humility, what was it like? Every act has beautified thy crown. How many acts do we not miss? How little do we seek to perform them? Ah, Mother, help us, that thy children may give Jesus pleasure to adorn their crown.

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"Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above" (Isa 45:8). My God, stay! Dost Thou not give to one on earth thoughts that in heaven alone we can think of, with some little befitting adoration. Love descended from heaven, dropped. Love Incarnate from the Bosom of the Father dropped on earth. Where didst Thou descend? What spot has Thou dropped upon, O my Love? The pure soul of the Virgin! Thank Thee, my God, again and again we cry from earth, and rejoice one spot on earth was fair and without stain, and Love Incarnate embraced the...

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Breathe Mary! Then fill my soul, dear Jesus, with the Holy Spirit. My God, Mary has shown her power, her protection in dear Rome. Thou hast manifested her purity. She has told mankind herself, (in the land she so loves, France) that she is thy Immaculate Conception. She has shown the compassion of her pure spirit for sinners, bidding us pray for them. In England, our dear Lord has led us to honour the Heart of His Mother, and the first sanctuary has arisen, dedicated to the Maternal Heart of Mary in poor fallen England. We turn and cry to thee, O God. Manifest Thy Will, O God, show Thy desire. God's Spirit seems to whisper, "Breathe Mary," show her sweetness, her love.

Poor England, like a child when in trial calls, when in trouble, "mother." Yes, when we need greater help we all know that our mother is never weary, never can do too much for us, but our Heavenly Mother! Look to Mary! Call upon her, as your mother, poor fallen children of

England. Faithless you have been, but be now contrite. Call upon Mary. Fallen, ah fallen so low, but what mother does not run to raise the child that has fallen.

[Back to Top](#)

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#### 14a. God's eternal thought of me.

What brought this into my head – God's eternal thought? What was it? It was the feeling of refreshment for being alone with dear Jesus and throwing off all restraint – so many misunderstandings, those you thought did understand you, and taking scandal from simple acts. What a relief, these few moments with Jesus and the certainty that He would not misunderstand, that we could throw off all restraint and be a simple child with Him.

Perhaps the act of obedience brought the grace. I was asked to try and rest by a little sister, and having asked to have the Tribune open, I tried to rest in my usual way by turning to Jesus and Our Lady to love them and talk to them until sleep came, so time is not wasted. Then came the relief, the rest and the thought, how different was this feeling of what God thought of us, God's thought in eternity, God's thought now. What is God's thought at this moment?

God's thought! Sweet Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, what is Thy thought? Jesus, joy of human hearts, Jesus, entire content, delight of my soul, Jesus desiring more for me than I desire for myself.

Jesus take charge for these few hours. Jesus govern... Night. Jesus dear, my children have offended Thee. I would confess for them. I bring them to you for pardon, absolution. Forgive, my God, forgive! By thoughts against charity, thought, still more words, suspicions, judgments, exaggerations. My God, these are offences against Thy own command. My God, I offer Thy Infinite Mercy to forgive. I grieve, my Jesus, I grieve. They are the children of Thy Mother. They have not malice but they have displeased Thee, my God, forgive, pardon.

Thus I continued to pray and grew at last content. In the morning at Holy Communion I brought them again to Jesus, and wonderful they seemed, all those of whom the angels sang, all of "good-will." I could not think of one with bad will, malice. Jesus, the Comforter, Jesus Consoler of the afflicted, Jesus, keep those in Thy Mother's name to her honour. Remember Thy promises to those who honour Thy Mother's Heart.

Eternal Father, one piece of land to honour Christ's Mother, a spot in this world to honour Calvary, to make reparation. In thy loved city, Mary's city, let us love and honour her who before all creatures deserves honour. Mary, Mother, so much I ask and have asked so long, the Priests of Calvary, the honour to the Maternal Heart, the Precious Blood. I ask in the name of Thy Mother. God of power and greatness condescend to less than a worm. Glorify...

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**15a.**

"I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house and the place where thy glory dwells" (Ps 26:8)

"How lovely are Thy tabernacles, O Lord, God of Hosts" ( Ps 84:1).

Sweet Jesus, I love Thy sanctuaries. I love the tabernacles where Thou dwellest. In the houses of religious, Jesus, Thou hast placed Thy glory. In their hearts is Thy chosen tabernacle. Keep them, my God, pure [and] unsullied. My God, let not the tempter deceive with false light, to alter Thy decrees, thy Holy Law, the Rule Thou hast given to each of these bodies, that Thou hast brought forth to give thee a special work for Thee, a special work. Let the garden of Thy Church bring forth fruit after its kind, and let naught be grafted there that springing up with false splendour, blooming for a time, bring forth no progeny. But let Thy Holy Law be solidly established in the hearts of all, Thy Spirit dwell uniting one to another, to Thy work, one blessed body, many members under one head all one, all like to Thee, stamped [with] Thy mark – unity.

My God, for this I pray, plead by Mary's Heart. Jesus, by the love You bear the Heart of Your Mother, keep those in Thy Name, who are consecrated to Thee. Let naught of discord sound in those homes that should echo the melody of Thy Will alone. May self never enter, but subjection, renunciation of self, abnegation reign, thus Jesus will Thou reign in all hearts. Thus will Thy Kingdom come. Thus will Thou live where hearts and souls, cemented by Thy Precious Blood, live, love, breathe only Thee. Live, love thy will made known by that Rule given by Holy Church to guide them here, to glorify Thee hereafter, to adorn [and] beautify on earth, in heaven that church which is so gloriously, triumphantly one in three parts, Thy tabernacle among mankind, the diadem of Mary in heaven, Thy gift to Thy Mother, after Thyself the most precious thing Thou couldst give her, whom all nations shall call blessed, "*per omnia saecula saeculorum.*"

When, O my Jesus, when shall these things be? I long with an intense longing for that day to dawn, when a cry will ascend from the heart of thy Church...

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Our Lady's Birthday.

We must make all around happy this day. Thank God for His gift to this earth. How we love Him for giving you to us!

And the child kneels and the voice of Jesus tells her again of her vocation, and the 'Come' of the everlasting ages thrills the earthly frame. The soul must vibrate with awe when God calls, and sink in its utter nothingness. But, yes, Jesus, for Thy Mother's sake give, give to the child You have given her. Give her again with some grace she had not before to give joy to Thy Mother. Jesus, I will not ask, but You must. I will not be refused. You must give new honour to Thy Mother's Heart in God's Church. I will not be refused. Work Thy work!

My Jesus, You gave to Your Mother one in whom she had to do all to form to her will, supernatural vocation, love of Thy Mother, all her own work in Thy child's soul. I longed not to be Thy spouse as some. It is Thy Spirit shows me now some little of the great vocation given. Indeed thou hast chosen me, not I Thee (cf. Jn 15:16), dear Lord, and it is Thy Mother's work.

Dear Lord, work in that soul Thou hast given me. What is not natural give supernaturally. Give, God, my God, give! Call her now, call her at the wish of Thy little one, all unworthy. Condescend, call her, give to her what is wanting. Bid her come to Thee, and do Thou show Thyself to her. Reveal Thy beauty. Her heart will be enamoured at the sight, and the good will Thou hast given will be strengthened. Sweet Jesus, for Thy Mother's honour, by her loving Heart, I plead.

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Jesus, Thy loving arms outstretched to me, Jesus Crucified, Jesus agonizing, Jesus with pierced Heart, Soul so suffering from love of us. How could my Mother Mary bear Thy pain? Jesus, how I rejoice it is all over. Thy joy is my greatest joy. My God, thou art all-powerful, hast all thou canst desire. Thou possessest in Thyself all joy. This is the joy of Thy child.

**14.**

Mother, my body is thine. Thank you for the help this morning. How sweet grows the straining, the racked limbs, when you show me Jesus' Body, that Sacred Flesh so tormented, and then His visit, the Sacred Heart so close to mine, and my comfort to tell Him I have striven to honour the Heart of Thy Mother, according to Thy Will. Yet more is to be done. Let it be. Amen. Amen. Amen. *Fiat.* May Thy Will be done. Angels, sing thy song of thanksgiving.

How can I thank You, my God for this interior life Thou hast taught me? Ah, teach mine! Show them what it is to be truly in the Company of Mary, how she brings her children to Thee. Sweet Jesus, show me how to impress on my children, the love of the hidden life. We lead two lives, and in this, in our poor way, my God, do we mirror Thee faintly: our hidden interior life with Thee and Thy angels and saints, the knowledge and communion Thou vouchsafed us of the spiritual world, and our active life, our communion with one another, our exterior works mirror Thee in

creation in so faint but still some little way, by Thy grace. But, O God, let us never forget in our many duties our first duty is to know Thee. This is our first service. While on earth we must enter into the eternity that was before the world was created by Thee, and thus we mirror Thy life dimly, and thus we lead two lives.

And the life of hidden suffering, can it please thee much, my Jesus? It is but a mite to offer Thee, and yet at times the three hours seem long, but Thou wilt help me not relax. My Mother, you so sweetly show me it is good, holy, right and just. You will not let [me] stray or grow ungenerous. I would do more not less. Remind me ever of the compact. Hold me in your arms, and my body will have the help it needs not [to] rebel, but silently to suffer and be hidden with Thee, - smiles and kind words and interest in all around, and alone with Thee – the thorns to pierce, the hands that burn to clasp Thine, the flesh united with my Jesus in pain.

Friday. Benediction. And thy blood shall mingle with my Blood.

Thy Words, my Jesus, are indeed a melody. It is as though an angel repeated again and again words that give passing sweet thoughts. And thy blood shall mingle with My blood. The little life will join and be lost in the Great life.

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Mother, thou hast done thy work. The little one of thy Heart has worked, imperfectly it is true, but she has her strength, her new life from thy Heart. She is grateful, so grateful to thee. A little victim, for this thou didst rear her, *fiat!* Finish, sweet Mother, finish thy work. What more is to be done? *Adveniat regnum tuum.*

Mother, why should it be wondered we love thy Heart and Soul and linger long looking at the beauty of God's work in thee? The Holy Spirit singles out these beauties, [and] notes them especially. They are masterpieces of His handiwork, if we may thus speak with reverence. And Mother, it is God's Spirit in us urges us to love thee and praise thy name, Mary, Spouse of the Holy Ghost, Sanctuary most pure of God. "And Mary pondered these things in her Heart" (Lk 2:51). It was a storehouse, a treasuring up all of earth that spoke of her God. Wonderful Heart of Mary our Mother, receiving and giving, ever begetting of the Holy Ghost, made use of to the present day in His Church to bring forth His choicest gifts.

"And thy own soul a sword shall pierce" (Lk 2:35). Yes, soul of Mary, sinless, unsullied. Soul spotless, that soul is pointed out to us by the Holy Ghost as pierced, Mother, thy children cling to thee and bare their souls for the sword.

[Back to Top](#)

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## 15.

The morning passed and resting hour came. My Jesus, shall I rest or watch with Thee here? Behold my mind, make use of it, my memory is Thine, use my own as Thou would wish. We shall rest in heaven. "My Flesh is meat indeed and My Blood is drink indeed" (Jn 6:55). Here let me rest. Here must the Spouse of the Blessed Sacrament repose, draw new life, new strength, learn her responsibilities, her duties.

Yes, Jesus, supply for me, so many, so great negligence. If Thou hast willed to give me responsibilities, to appoint me over Thine, to help all thy religious orders, how do I perform this duty? My Jesus, what had I to give them?

My child, what more wouldst Thou have [Me] to give them?

Jesus, now I pray, but Thy Mother's Heart, Jesus, give me a prayer that mine shall say daily. My God, in Thy Everlasting Mind, Thou hast conceived these flowers of Thy Church. By Thy Precious Blood they were created, by that Precious Blood show mercy. If in aught they have failed to fulfill Thy Will at the prayer, the pure prayer of the Mother's Heart, may they receive again Thy Spirit, giving light, love, strength for those who rule in Thy Name, to rule with firmness, to correct abuses, to make conformable to Thy Holy Will, to be ready to lay down their lives for those committed to their care. Nay, to live and love and suffer and pray for all, pray for the erring most, to pray for each by name, to let them live in their hearts as true mothers, that they may bear them for Thee. Give them a new birth by Thee.

Jesus, yet have I need of power. Hope is a power. Give me hope. I would not neglect one duty Thou hast given me. I would help all. Hope of my Mother's Heart, help me.

Would that my voice could penetrate into every sanctuary where Jesus' chosen ones are gathered together, and that I could repeat again and again, and my cry would be echoed by angels, – "Keep the Rule. Be true to the Rule. Let the spirit of that Rule, which is God's Spirit, live and reign in you." My Mother, what can I do? From my cross I cry to my Love. How can Thou speak to me, who fulfill so badly Thy Will? How is it Thou dost not cease to reveal the secrets of Thy Heart to one so worthless, who so neglects Thy inspirations?

Give O God, give to those who appear to fall, to those who are persecuted, grace to remember ever Thy servant's words, "All is not lost that seems to be lost," and that "Thou art nearest often when Thou seemest to be far off." Jesus reveal Thyself to those Thou hast placed over Thine. Live in them, for without Thee vain is human help. Thou lift up and cast down in wisdom and love. May Thy children never doubt Thee. Pour upon our hearts a grace of renewed hope to work and combat with the difficulties that come from the three enemies, who oppose more God's

consecrated ones, than others.

Sweet Jesus, how is it that we have not greater love? In whom can we hope, if not in Thee? Whom do we know if not Thee? My Jesus, we know not what...

Jesus thou art the Priest forever, I come to Thee grieved for the distractions of the morning. Forgive, absolve, feed! Eternal Father, I offer Thee the thoughts of Jesus to make reparation.

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## 16.

Another opportunity to hope, trust, let me not miss it. "Power is made perfect in infirmity"(2Cor 12:9). My God, I bring my children to You. Sweet Jesus, within me, listen! I breathe my words so well known to You, but You wish the human voice to say its needs, My needs are known to You and they are great. My children need a protector. You have let us alone, dear Jesus, is it a special trial, or is it some fault some negligence of Your poor little one, so unfit? I would wish to say in excuse, and yet I know how You have supplied. I know that every mistake is my own fault, acting without recurring sufficiently to You. Yet now You can. You will make up, in Your excessive goodness, - It is Infinite. It will make up for the finite weakness of Your Mother's child. You are the Almighty, the Strong One and the Just. Your power and strength will supply my weakness. Your justice is satisfied by the offering of my Jesus within me. Jesus, offer now for me Your thoughts, the workings of Thy Sacred Mind, Thy most loving plans of benevolence, ever being framed in Thy mind, O most tender Brother, Jesus, Son of Man, Son of Mary, our Mother.

I offer Thee my poor weak hope. I unite it with her *Magnificat*. Hope that it may have some little worth in Thy sight and constrain the benevolence of the Father to look upon mine and me. The duties of this day I offer. Let me omit none. Give me words from Thy lips, my Jesus, to speak, to write; may they have unction. Infuse into my memory what is needful for Thy Mother's work. Guard my mind for useless hurtful thoughts. Live in [my] heart and soul. I will love for Thee. I will take to my heart those whom You send to me. Their wants I lay before Thee and my own children. Guard [them] in all their wanderings. Keep them in thy Name, sweet Jesus, who bear the name of Mary, who are covered by her veil, who are bound to spread knowledge and make Thee known through her. May they be filled with zeal, may they grow in wisdom. May they be earnest in gathering to her Heart the wanders on earth, leading them in her Path.

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Our former... shamed us. Never, my God, by Thy grace, never again will I distrust or doubt Thy protection. It was not Thy power I doubted. It was Thy condescension, Thy benevolence. My narrow mind could not compass Thy immensity, the infinity of Thy goodness, but not again, my God, by Thy grace, this shall ever again be. The contradictions, the apparent failures of life shall be opportunities to glorify Thee, my God. My heart is yours, my God, touch it with Thy Divine Finger, may it respond ever in accord. May my heart be an instrument ever ready for Thee, my God, to touch at pleasure and produce from it, in Thy exceeding condescension, music which even though from such poor instrument found in a fallen world, still pleasing to thee, varying must be the strains. Now the sound shall resound by Thy ordinance, by Thy sweet Will. The sound shall arise from earth to heaven of hope.

Hope! Speak, my soul to God! Tell that God, Who formed from nothing, of thy not only unwavering, but increasing hope. Let the melodies, the harmonies of thy heart...

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## 17.

Jesus, what joy in life to work for Thee, one so unworthy, so negligent of Thy holy inspirations, so careless to put Thy grace to advantage, and Thou dost still forgive, forget, Thou dost embrace with so great love.

Mary holds her child to Jesus. Bless, my Son, bless the child Thou gavest to me. Bless her in her thoughts, her acts, her words, in all she does for Thee and me. Live in her and animate her least actions.

My Mother, what return can I make for thy great goodness to Thy child? My Mother, I am thine.

Feast of the Holy Angels. Jesus give joy to the angels, I rejoice with you, Angel, given to me by God, - that you stood firm in the hour of trial. I rejoice with you as you adored on the night of the Incarnation. I remind you of your adoring love as the Precious Blood lay on the ground.

My Jesus, give joy to all the angels this day, by evoking acts of contrition from all hearts.

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Jesus, if there is anything more you desire of me I give it without reserve. My Mother, answer for me. I desire only what you wish for your child. I

am thine only, happily thine. *Mater Dei*, sweet to me is that word, *Mater Dei*. Thou art guardian of Jesus' spouses. Thy Heart has attracted, given me my vocation by a stretch of God's exceeding mercy.

Sweet Jesus, Thou dost give me light. Is it solely to give pain, or why is it given me? If O God, I am to use this light, show me how. Show me, sweet Jesus, when and where. It is a pain to see souls yielding to temptation, not knowing it. A poor little fly in a spider's web has oft pained me, but Jesus, these souls that I love, images of God, walking into webs spread by the evil one, walking into his clutches blindfolded. My heart is pierced with a strange pain; my soul shudders. What do you wish me to do?

With my own, ah, give me firmness, new strength, new power, and give those under me faith in obedience. This I ask of you, more power with those whom Thou hast given me. And if I have power that I know not how, or do not use through human frailty, live in me still more. Help me by thy presence, and Jesus, this I ask – give to my soul what you see it needs to make Thee a more pleasing sanctuary. Let thy indwelling be a peaceful repose, a delight to Thee, a help to all around. And for this, by Thy grace, would I suffer more, but I ask not of Thee suffering, or life, or health or aught. I ask my Mother to ask of Thee what she sees best for me. And for that I plead through Thy Precious Blood, before Thy Blood, with the cry of Thy Heart's Blood, my Jesus, I cry to Thee. Do with me what Thou wilt. Keep me from sin, through Thy Mother's suffering Heart keep me from sin.

My God, I thank Thee for creating me. My God, the Author of my life, from Whom I come. My Jesus, adore for me, thank the Eternal Father for me. My God, as Thou hadst this moment created me, I bow down in adoration. My God I love Thee.

My God, my God, I sorrow. I have sinned, conceived in sin. As I now thank Thee for my creation, my love and my gratitude are mingled, must be ever mingled with sorrow. Accept it in union with Jesus' sorrow. My God, I would do penance. It is right and just, why may I not? Why dost Thou give me a desire I may not gratify? My God, Thou alone canst understand what a creature, destined to be with Thee, made by Thee feels at its fallen state, - made for God, for union with the All-holy All-pure God, allowed to be in Thy presence, to feel to know Thee, to be drawn into Thy close embrace. And then hating its fallen sinful self, abhorring its fallen state, longing to punish that body of sin, but not allowed. Holy angels, may God permit thee to justly punish; may God give grace to bear, to be humbled in the sight of His saints.

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## 18.

One little word, Jesus to you, Jesus within me! Yes, though you slay me, still will I trust Thee and glory in Thy wisdom that can draw good, greatest good, out of evil. Yes, surely let my act of hope pass through Thy Heart, my Jesus, and glorify Thy Father. Little, unworthy that I am, happy to be allowed to extend the glory of God, to help souls. Poor souls, souls upon whom Thy Image is impressed. Adverse actions, strenuous opposition, trials shall be, by Thy grace, the pivot upon which my soul may revolve and virtue to glorify Thee, my God and Jesus within me.

Jesus, remain! Stay this day and imbue my every word and work with power. Rest in me my Own. Do I know what I mean, what God means by the word my "Own"? God I mine. All ye heavens, thank my God for me. The Great Omnipotent God is mine, my Own. How with Him, have I not all things?

[Back to Top](#)

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I come to speak to Thee, my Jesus within me. The day is done, and yet so little done. What have I to offer Thee? The most perhaps the pain that one of my children showed pride by not believing where she was in fault and continued in it. Dear Jesus, I followed Thee [along] the Way of the Cross, offering that soul especially. What will convince those that are wrong that they are so? My God, a greater sin pains me less when the soul knows it, than the lesser offences that they will not own.

Oh Jesus, cleanse me from whatever would displease You!

(Morning.) Love Holy Church! Take Church to your heart.

All, Jesus, yes all! Today I bring to Thee Thy sheep, Thy lambs, I so little. Yes, to glorify Thy condescension to stooping to me! Many desires I have, my Jesus, many things to bring before Thee, but today, I spend for Holy Church, for Rome. My weakness would make me say, - What can I do? But the hope I ask of Thee, the hope of my Mother's Heart, makes me resolve to act thus, glorifying Thee by hope.

My Mother, my Angel, St. Michael, Blessed, *Beati*, Holy Pontiffs, who have now gained that crown, unlike others, so wonderfully dazzling, Holy Pontiffs, use you powers this day I beg your help; you can do now surely what you did on earth, bless.

(Evening.) The day is done and how little done, yet perhaps the pain was accepted, as though more offerings, more particular offerings had been made. Jesus within me, You watched my heart. Rest near it tonight and accept its every beating for Thy Church, our loved Holy Father, for the Orders so loved by Thee, O my God, Who has made a slight echo of Thy love for the Religious Orders resound in my heart. How I long for perfection in those beautiful works of Thy Spirit, and how easily they can be marred, the spirit adulterated, changed.

Deign O Good God, to help thy Mother's Little Company, as I pray for all Thy sacred gardens, that they may never relax their discipline, change

their rules, or relax their sacrifices, above all allow the spirit, the every essence to their beauty, be marred, mingled with any foreign spirit not born of Thee.

Bless Thy Vicar's House! Bless the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda! Bless all the Congregations, remove impediments that might hinder the action of Thy Holy Spirit, that they may be instruments of good, ever revered, actuated by no human motive, but the greater glory of God. Father, *fiat*, to what thou hast ordained for my body to suffer! Jesus, strengthen my soul, Mother Mary, take your child in your arms that her *ecce* may be pleasing to the Most High. *Ecce*, my Father, *ecce* Eternal Lord, *ecce* Holy Spirit! Stay my Jesus, for without Thee vain is human help.

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My Jesus, if You could be tired of Your children knocking at the door of Your mercy, You would be tired of my coming to You. I have prayed. How I have prayed, and now I ask the angels [to] help me bring to you the souls, who should be banded together for thy Mothers' honour, for the greater glory of God.

Angels, angels of might, power, love, bring to Jesus, then, souls, - the Calvary Priests, brother associates, the vast family of affiliated all bound, anchored to Thy Mother's Heart, her children (thy children, Mary).

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## 19.

What grace this, my Jesus, I know not. Explain to me or let me not lose it, even if I understand not. This it has left in me the seeds sown by Mary, my Mother, given to me out of her abundance, may bear the flowers and fruit Thou desire. My Jesus, as far as I can cultivate in my soul what would please Thee, my Beloved, may I do my part. Ever to come to Thee with Mary, in a manner I have not hitherto done, and know not now what it is Thou wishes of me.

I know that none never has, none can give Thee the joy Thy Mother ever gave Thee on earth. There is, there can be no love like hers. Mary, as Mother has power to give of hers. What can it be? What can she do in me? What give? What can I do? What gift can I give? Mother, work in your child, Mother accept again a child of earth, who desires naught but God's glory. How can I promote God's glory? Ah, it follows, if none on earth ever has or ever could give God the joy thou gave [to] Him, so, if souls become like thee, in some small, even very slight, reflection of thee, these can promote God's glory more than by aught else, for to be like thee, sweet Mother, at all, how we should strive to save souls. Our own perfection would depend on being filled with love for God and mankind.

Mother, I open my soul to thee. Mother, drop into my soul some seeds, sow them by thy own hands in thy child's soul. Angels, water with the Precious Blood, and my God, I promise thee to strive to follow Thy inspirations. Help me to explain to my director, and inspire him to know Thy Will and direct me. If it is Thy Will, my God, to remain as now so alone – *fiat!* I chose my director, after appealing for light to Thee, and I wish not to change, but why does he leave me so much alone? What can make up for obedience? Mother, bless!

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## 20.

Hope in God for I will still give praise to Him, the salvation of my countenance and my God (Ps 42:5)!

Hope, Mother of Holy Hope, again I come to thee. Take thy child in your arms and feed her, to whom the Holy Ghost gave so abundantly. I plead with thee, support thy child at this moment. Jesus, I turn to You in this mysterious moment. What I have thought You would do for Thy Mother's honour, in my darkness, I see not done. I cannot desire to give her honour more than You, O God. You do not arise and scatter her opposers. Let those who are walking in darkness see Thy light. I have hoped so much, I do hope, I send from me the thoughts that arise. God cannot disappoint His creatures.

If it had been for anyone but Thy Mother, for her I expected You would rise in such a marvelous manner that Mary's place in God's Church would be given, the favour granted, not in this way, not with fear that it would be taken away. But Jesus I will not, I do not fear. It is but a trial and a greater grace, a fuller honour, is the wish of Thy Heart, and it will be done, I know not how, but I do believe. O God, increase in me Thy faith and hope. It is to increase it this trial has come, trying to cause doubt in me, and make my soul to sink, as though you could disappoint the hope I have of what You will do to have Mary proclaimed by the title You wish all to acknowledge, "Honour the Heart of My Mother."

How shall I do this, my Jesus? Give me the faith that will move mountains. This little orb of earth can glorify thee, O God, by creatures hoping in their Creator, Whom they have not seen. I hope with all the power Thou hast given me, and I turn to Mary, offering the hope of her Heart. Look, O God, show Thyself God, glorify Mary, Mother of Jesus, Mother of mankind.

Let this beautiful Heart, be honoured, Jesus, as Thou desirest, lustrous with the gifts of the Holy Ghost. We would... it on earth; we would honour it. Help us, dear Jesus, show forth Thy power, Thy might, Who hast... our souls and purified them for Thy own glory. Then manifest Thy magnificent designs, and let all nations see the wishes of Thy Heart, Thy desire that Thy people, Thy brethren should honour the Heart of Mary,

Thy Mother.

If we had not these trying moments we could not obtain true virtue. If we wish our souls to shine with [the] resplendent virtue, hope, we can only practise in this life, it must be made perfect in adversity, by being placed in trying circumstances, that test our faith and make perfect or tend to make perfect that virtue, so dear to the Heart of God. "Power is made perfect in infirmity" (2 Cor 12:9), but few, like the Apostle, glory in the infirmities of this life. In the moments of trial and of weakness how often we long for those moments to pass, and the hour of triumph to succeed?

We want the cause to be won, and this is natural, but we glorify God when we try to become supernatural and to make what is naturally good in ourselves ever supernatural. For this is to God's glory, so to hope in these trying times, that occur to all, but to some more than to others. As we have said it is the way of obtaining virtue, and if we are praying for a virtue, we obtain it by its being put to the test and though we may use every endeavour over some matter we have our heart in for God's glory, let us strive always to say our hope is from on high. Our help must be from God. He must bless our endeavours or they will be of little avail.

We have thought these things over so often, and yet still more often we need to be reminded of them. For when at these trying moments, we chafe and wish they had passed. When those are the moments, which give God most glory, we can unite our desires and anxieties, with the anxiety of the Sacred Heart. But we must recollect that was [what He] was thirsting for, when His human voice spoke of desires what seem so much like our own, "I have a baptism wherewith I have to be baptized, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished" (Lk 12:50).

Again we find our dear Lord expressing Himself in our human way, and yet it is so far from our possibility of understanding, "With desire have I desired to eat this Pasch with you before I suffer" (Lk 22:15). What did this mean? Our Lord had wedded human nature to Himself, but it meant another union that neither the human nor angelic mind can understand. So when hopes fade away and we are disappointed, and we are inclined to be despondent, let us turn to our Brother, Jesus, and remind Him that He is our Brother, that He knows our weakness. He remembers we are but flesh. He loves us in our infirmities, just as we are, and this we must not doubt. It is to God's glory, as well as our own comfort and consolation to realize this, and to trust to Our God's love. For in those moments, when we are most inclined to waver in the hope and trust, which our circumstances and sorrows inclined us not to hope.

"Hope in God, for I will still give praise to Him" (Ps 42:5). This must be the cry of our hearts, as we must remember that when the trying time is passed, God views us, battled and beautified through the merits of Jesus and well borne suffering. What a pity to lose this opportunity. We can suffer the same, nay more, and have profited nothing, nay lost. Now is the acceptable time, let us say to ourselves, let us say to others, when frustrated plans make us feel, as Fr. Faber describes in his simple words, "ill masters good, or so it seems and we lose courage then, and doubts will arise if God has kept His promise to men."

This is the moment to produce heroic hope. We cannot of ourselves, our poor human nature tries and fails. It is good for us, but our humble cry comes, touching the Heart of the Omnipotent, All Holy God, "Lord, save me, I perish" (Mt 14:30; 8:25), and the rebuking voice of Jesus, so sweet in its rebuke, raises us up as we were near engulfed, "Thou of little faith" (Mt 8:26; 14: 31), and we grow in grace, in humility and hope. God can help. God will help, but we must acknowledge our nothingness, our entire dependence on Him. And we must return thanks when He has stretched out His hand to help us, and supply from the vast treasury of Jesus' human acts for our want of virtue, of trust, of patience, firm hope during the time of our anxiety. The time when God is trying us as gold is tried by fire (1Peter 1:7).

My God, for my pusillanimity I now offer Thee the magnanimity of my Jesus. For my selfish cowardice, in reparation, I offer the sacrifice of Jesus, His burning love for us, His poor brethren. Accept the worship of the Sacred Heart; I unite my poor little adoration to that great worship the God-Man offered Thee, the Eternal Father. And now I turn to her whom Thou hast delighted to honour, Mary, my Mother. I love, revere and honour thee in union with the Perfect One, the Exemplar of human perfection, the Word Incarnate, Perfect Son to thee whom He chose from amongst thousands, and whom the Holy Ghost prepared for thy office. Mother of God and my Mother, hail! And the hail from earth is united to the *aves* of the angels. And we rejoice and are glad that Jesus has given His Mother to be ours, and shown by the renewed blessing He has bestowed upon earth since the Church has honoured her as Thou hast designed.

**Ave, ave** beautiful amongst women! **Ave**, Fair One imbued with God's Spirit, Spouse of the Holy Ghost, perfect exemplar of His Divine Conception, a mother above all others.

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Mother Mary, what hast thou done for thy child unworthy, what hast thou not done? Grace upon grace given, but how has she laid out these graces given, to interest? What has been neglected, what is lying dormant, Mother? Power? What power? When can it be used? What is it that might benefit those around? Make known to me, my Mother, the ways (the further way) in which I should walk, for I have lifted up my soul to thee.

The talent that was wrapped in a napkin, - is there a moral thou wouldst have me learn? Teach me, Mother, tell me! Thou art God's voice to thy child. Press close again the child of earth, beautiful Queen of Heaven. Mother of the Son of Man, Mother of mankind, angels have gone to that child at thy bidding, send angels to complete thy work, O Immaculate Conception of God.

My child, I press thee to myself, but do thou push forward in Gods' service whom He has commissioned me to send forth to do a work. Thou art not sent unarmed, thou art not let unaided. On the right hand and on the left, angels surround thee, ready to help. They listen to thy voice. They may come to thy assistance. They would come oftener. Wherefore dost thou not call upon them? The earthly cry of God's children is well pleasing to angels' ears. Thinkest not their beings are flooded with love from the Most High. These bright spirits, all holy, are most perfect in all

perfections. They wing their way filled with God's Spirit. They are faithful, merciful, full of compassion, erring mortals reckon not of the depths of the angels' pity. Those in danger know not how the angels long to help. Call, cry constantly, and constant will be the aid God will give those whose happy errand is to succour Christ's brethren, is to minister to mankind. It is meet it is so. It is seemly, it is like to the Most High, to the most Merciful God.

[Back to Top](#)

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## 21.

My God, my God why hast Thou forsaken me? (Mt 27:46)

When the soul has reached this height, there is soon, very soon the *Consummatum est*. How can it live? Self had died; it lived in God. I live now not I but Christ lives in me (Gal 2:20) What then must be the crucifixion of a soul that has lost itself entirely in God? It lives in, by Him, and then God seemingly departs. The soul cannot find Him. It cannot, neither would it seek creatures. It would not again bring up self. Ah, no, but there is a seemingly living death, and then it has passed its last refining on earth. God's presence returns through the darkness, and the child finds its Father, and the soul passes into the arms of the Strong Living God.

Well, well – were those days of sorrow on earth, *beata! Beata!* Angels salute that blest one, and heavenly charity give the angels new joy, when the child of earth, whom they watched, prayed for helped on earth, rests from the strife of earth for evermore, but the works of the Blessed follow them. We follow...

October 1893.

Sweet Jesus, grant me this favour; give me this joy! Purify Your Mother's child with Thy Precious Blood in this anointing. Let it be the renewal of the espousal of Thy little one with Thy Holy Spirit.

Come Holy Ghost, *veni!* You can come and canst bestow upon the purified soul what will please Mary, Thy Spouse. I want to do more for my God. Help me! Help me! I am unworthy to ask You to draw closer and yet, I cannot say, "Depart from me" (Lk 5:8) with the Prince of the Apostles. Though Peter, well do I understand what you meant, and feel in some way the intense hatred for self that brought those words to your lips.

My God, my God I feel but an offence in Thy sight and unworthy to live and yet I cry out to Thee as child holds out to a loving parent its little arms to be taken up. I cry out to Thee, I hold out my arms to Thee, Eternal Father, that Thou wilt draw me to Thyself. Come, Lord Jesus, come! Cleanse, purify Thy Mother's child. May Thy Mother have this joy to bind to Thy Holy Spirit her child that thus she may finish the work entrusted to her, and unworthy though she be, be closely linked to God. My God, do not rebuff me. My God, I will hope even against hope, and may the hope of Thy Mother's Heart plead for her child. *Credo, spero...*

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St Joseph, Protector of God's Church, - what is a protector? He does not own what he protects; he protects for another. Then for who is St. Joseph? For his spouse, it is the Church, Jesus' dying gift to His Mother, - His Church. In the life of Jesus we see the human life of mankind on earth in its most beautiful form, - compassion.

How lovely are many deathbeds! How anxious are those, leaving this world, to feel some they love best will be looked to. "You will look after..." mentioning wife, child, mother etc. It is unselfish, noble in the midst of the agonies of death to forget self for the loved ones they are leaving. It is "love strong as death"(Song 8:6). Pope Leo dying, with grasping voice spoke to the oldest cardinal, " To thee I confide the Church."

The dearest objects on earth to Jesus were His Mother and His Church. To His Mother He confided the Church, and to the representative of the Church, St. John, He confided her. Then let Mary take her place in that Church. Let it be known as hers, the dying gift of Jesus to His Mother.

St. Joseph, this is the work of thy Protectorate, to see Mary receive that place that is hers. The Church is the Body of Christ. He is the Head; we are the members, Mary, the mother. Hasten, hasten, God waits to show His mercy, for the time when Mary has, that which from all eternity was ordained, and the world be still, more an, object of complacency to the Most High. Since those things were done that are good, that are the Will of the Most High, and Mary, who is crowned in heaven, also crowned on earth, for it is in the decrees of the Eternal that on this earth should be done, as is done in heaven. Thus will the world glorify its Creator.

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## 22. Eve of St. John 1902.

Beloved Disciple, disciple beloved and disciple loving, we want to love. We want to be loved. Let us go to that disciple. He will lead us. He will tell us to go to Jesus. We think we cannot be so familiar as that loved soul. We crouch down at Jesus' feet. We print upon them most humble fervent kisses. The eyes of Jesus are bent upon us. We are near to the loving Heart of our Lord, so dear we need not fear to exaggerate it. We cannot exaggerate when we think of God, of His ways and works, as our finite mind can never grasp the infinite. There is no fear, as when we think of

finite things. When we meditate on our God, our Creator, we are lost in an abyss of love. It is beyond our comprehension. We can never realize it all. When we think of creatures it is so different, because we can exaggerate their regard and interest in us. Not so with God, what repose is there? What content in this knowledge? St. John, we rest with thee. We find we have drawn nearer or have been drawn. We have come up close to the Heart of Jesus. It is our strength.

I must break off here. I am thinking so of you, Fr. Ryan, and know that you are resting on the Bosom of Jesus, as that disciple whom Jesus loved. And there is the Way of the Cross before you, but it will not be so sorrowful for you as it was for St. John. There is joy and peace as we join the company of the Blessed and tread this way. And I have just been thinking, suffer as St. John did, it was not so much pain as St. Peter and the others felt. I always think it was because he always kept close to our Lady, and it was in the keeping in the Company of Mary, that he remained faithful when the others, to their sorrow and shame, fell and fled. May God help us all.

Would we not suffer anything, and would it not be really less suffering than that drear blank world that the soul finds that is unfaithful to grace? Now, St. John had peace on that way of the cross, and Fr. Ryan will have peace, though he will have much suffering. It will not be more than he has had already, though it will be a different kind. The sweetness of his Mother, her dear company, the knowledge of how his Master has trusted him, and a certain happy hope will accompany his crosses. The good work begun will be perfected, and his generosity will increase, and grace will be given in abundance. God grant that those who follow will be many, multiplied as the sands of the sea.

The angels are anxiously expecting the advent of one to be the father of a great people. Perhaps the different saints in heaven, who have founded religious orders, would be glad to give a spiritual son, experienced in the religious life. Saint Ignatius, I am sure I can imagine the fresh joy, even in heaven, for which he would exultingly offer to Our Lady one of his sons to further the work. There may be others.

You came, Father John, after many pilgrimages had been to Father Benizzi at Monte Senario. So many I asked to make special prayers for my intention in his honour. And I used to say that Our Lady had seven founders for her work – the Servites – and yet she needed one namely, St Philip (Benizzi) to consolidate it.

And as I write, there comes to me a thought, not in connection at all with what I am writing, but still I will put it down. It is the thought of the Servites, beautiful order that they are, founded to honour our Lady's sorrows, and yet the little I know of them, which is very little, has shown some great mistakes. Could not an order, that is meant to extend into all countries, be organized to suit all countries? For instance, the direction of a Servite treating with English people I have known to do immense harm to the soul, in one special instance, and to the body in another. The latter was a boy novice who, most exemplary in the fulfillment of the Rule, still needed the usual treatment for boys, open air, exercise etc.

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## 23.

Fr. Ryan, you tell me to think of those words, "*Veni, domine Jesu!*" What do they mean? To me, if I were to beg Jesus come closer in this life, it would mean (it seems to me) to take me to the next [level]. Could I be closer to my Love in this life and live? *Veni!* Make known to mankind Thy Will. *Veni!* Come, Lord Jesus, live in hearts and reveal Thy designs. Hasten Thy coming, the coming of Thy Spirit! What would hasten Thy coming? Desired of all nations, I offer the desires of patriarchs and prophets, I offer [the desires] of Thy Immaculate One.

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1903.

There is a want, O my God, in Thy Mother's Little Company, what is it? How does it come? Where is the fault? I know not. I know not if I have spared any pains. I would give my heart's blood that it might be more perfect, that Thy Spirit might dwell in greater power amongst...

Saint Theresa, help a child of the Mother of Jesus, tell me counsel me. How can I carry out the thoughts my God gives me? How distinguish what God does require me to do, from what may be the product of my own mind? It seems against humility to think my mind produced these plans and projects. No, my Angel reminds me, they have brought me message upon message. What more humiliating, more to my own confusion, to know what I have received, and how I have corresponded. Saint Theresa, protect me, help me. Bring to the Little Company of Mary guides, director, advance the time. Plead with the Sacred Heart. You have felt the need for yourself. I feel the need for the many. They need help, my poor children with good hearts and wills, need help. I cannot give it to them, for they now trust me not as once. "I have a baptism wherewith I am to be baptized, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished" (Lk 12:50).

Lord, accept these 'deaths' for those who are in need. Give grace, O God, to souls who are in the inscrutable designs of Thy Infinite Wisdom and Love, depending [in] a certain a certain manner on these sufferings. Give grace, O God, to them. Give grace to me, so long as Thou wilt, so long, my God. Virgin Spouses of Christ, plead before the Throne, speak with me to..., to my Love. And may Thy Spirit be with me, as I say from my heart, as Thou didst speak on earth from Thy Heart, "to suffer or to die," and if it is pleasing to the Most High, "To suffer and not to die."

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"Art Thou who art to come or look we for another" (Lk 7:20)? Answer, Father, tell me. "And there has stood one among you, whom you [know]

not" (Jn 1:26).

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Beautiful earth, that gave the Sacred Humanity of Jesus life, that has brought forth the Immaculate Conception, Mary, our Mother.

The fair white Lily of Jerusalem assumed into heaven, the Immaculate Conception, fair flower of earth, transplanted to heaven and crowned by the hands of Jesus, blessed by the Blessed Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

What is thy glory, Mary, our Mother? Thy glory as Queen of Angels, we cannot fathom, but the glory as Mother of mankind, as Mother of God's Church, we seek to discover more. What would our Mother tell us of her glory? Listen, sink down at her feet, and hearken with thy ear. Sweet is our Mother's whisper, clearly, distinctly it sounds in the depths of our souls, and we realize our Mother's presence. There is a calm stillness, and a tranquility. Mary's peace pervades our being as she tells us:

My children are my glory, my children compose my crown, my children, my very own, the little ones of my Maternal Heart are a crowning glory to my diadem. The whole Church is dear to me, beloved after its Head, with a love in union with it. From the day of my assumption into heaven, the diadem given me by my Son has grown in beauty. You, my children are my crowning glory. Be faithful to the end! And you, my little one, fulfill your mission. Heaven awaits your work. Be constant! Be patient! Be in earnest! Bring to their Mother, the children of mankind, that my Maternal Heart may be more loved and known.

Then will reign the Kingdom of Christ on earth. Then will mine come to me. Then I shall be known, as is the Will of my Son. Then Jesus will visit this earth with benedictions, the earth that gave Him birth, when it honours more the Mother's Heart, from whence sprang His life, His Precious Blood.

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## 24.

My God, let Thy *fiat* go forth! And the Mighty One would have the little hidden voice speak, and Mary's child is bidden to speak. *Fiat*, and grand spirits attend and glorify their God as they wait to do the behest of a voice that is from earth, from the fallen earth, and yet the angels of heaven attend and listen to it.

Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, Powers, Dominations, Thrones, to all the child gives work, work for God and souls. Michael, bring forth and guard the Sanctuary of the Precious Blood, risen in the Sanctuary of the Maternal Heart. With the help and constant protection of Gabriel, Raphael preserve my children. Preserve the Little Company of Mary from the pestilence falling on human minds. May the Precious Blood, the Sacred Body of Christ, free them from all evils of soul and body. May the Powers help those who work. May the Thrones guard the souls who belong to ... and keep Christ reposing in peace in the souls of His Beloved.

Jesus! From Thy Heart, by Thy help I make my act of hope that these things will be, - a temple raised to the honour of Thy Mother's Heart, in that spot on earth, consecrated to Calvary. There may we mourn for the City, the Holy City, where "the abomination of desolation" has also its throne in opposition to God's. There may the wrongs and insults of the Vicar of Christ be made reparation for. There in that consecrated ground, may victims of love, Spouses of Jesus offer their sacrifice, their mourning (of God's Spirit) for the iniquities committed in the Holy City.

Is it not a fresh Calvary? Our Lord is crucified in the person of His Vicar. My God, what has this poor world we live in done to Thee? An angel's voice answers, may be it is the voice of Jesus speaking within the soul that we hear the echo of, but it is nearer unearthly. The thought is not of earth, for we hear with sweetest consolation, "Give glory to the Godhead." Give glory to the Godhead. May Thou be ever praised, my Jesus, and thy Name grow ever more dear to human hearts, for Thou art the God of Consolation. What should we do, how should we live with the horrors that surround us, but for Thy words of truth, keeping our minds from exceeding from over pessimist views, and from over passive views.

It is true this world gives glory to the Godhead, but it would not, if we doubted God by want of hope or if we presumed by not exerting ourselves, both externally and internally. Yes, the zeal of the priest as he faces all dangers in his priestly duties. What is the priest to Christ? His other self! The Spouse of Jesus offers her sympathy. She mourns with her Lord, and her mourning is sweet, and glory is given to the Godhead, and the enemy has not and never will triumph.

My God, Thou knowest my heart. It is for Thy glory I desire this Calvary. If it is for Thy glory I desire it not, and in the presence of Thy Holy Angels and Saints I testify and wish that my children may know, who come after me, I have made known Thy Will regarding the Company on Calvary. And [I] have done with many imperfections what seemed to me Thy Will, ever always My God I have sought Thy Will. I have striven against my will, for slothfulness and cowardice might have preferred. Thou wouldst have chosen another but, my God, my own God, Thou dost all things well, justly and holily, and Thou places not in danger, and ledest not into temptation, what would be a danger to certain souls. Others would have worked more earnestly, but my God, the little I have tried to do was to do Thy Will. This Thou wilt accept from Thy little one, the less than atom Thou didst make use of. It was for Thee, to do Thy Will. Accept my intention. Forgive my defects in work, so many so various.

Mother, would I had worked better. Accept my will, my wish. You know I worked for thee and in the midst of my sorrow not to have worked better

there comes a consolation (how like thee, my Mother). Yes, it is sweet to say to my God with all my faults, defects, with all my mistakes, negligences, omissions more than all, yet with this, I can, I do say to Thee, my God, I have worked for Thee alone. If it was delusion, it led me to love Thee, live for Thee only, lose self and find Jesus, find Him, know Him better than aught else. Even the best and holiest of Thy brethren, my Jesus, I know not so well as I know Thee. I have striven to follow Thy Will made known to me by the whispers of angels. Forgive me what I have not hearkened to, make up for my neglect.

[Back to Top](#)

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## 25. For Director.

To ask if every act of union with the Will of God may be an act of obedience, to increase these acts, trusting God will accept, in place of the great merit of being under a superior and all acts [of] obedience. God grant, God accept. Angel, remind me and bring me an answer.

When may I resume my penances? *Veni, veni!* God, give light, Thy Will, Thy Will!

My child, obedience is more meritorious.

Sweet Jesus, stay with me, strengthen in me every good desire thou hast ever given. Supply for my omissions, my deficiencies. Live in Thy Mother's child.

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You must suffer to take part in the redemption, thus glorifying the Eternal... Then with gratitude receive relief from the God, Who loves to give consolation.

Three promises, acts of faith, hope and charity in honour of Abraham, Noah and Moses, thus was built the Coelian home of Our Lady.

Acts united with the sacred human acts of Jesus plead sometimes more powerfully than prayers. Angel, remind me! Offer for me!

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## 26. Epiphany.

God's gift! We may, dear mother, think of death though afraid of being selfish. It is well, is it not? If we are willing to work on as long as God wishes, too grateful to be allowed to work. How would I wish to die? In your arms, sweet Mother, Jesus' gift to thee! I hold thy Little Company to thee.

Is it faith, dear Lord? Jesus, faith is what we do not know. Is it faith when Thou art here so wonderfully? Thou art mine, my own. I do believe, Jesus, Thou hast spoken this word to me, "Honour the Heart of My Mother." My Jesus, am I not the hindrance to Thy work being done better, Thy Word fulfilled? If Thou gavest this mission to another, how I would pray and suffer for that one to... Thou breathest whither Thou wilt.

My God, what is like the responsibility of a mission from heaven? I do believe. "It is My Will that you do this work." Yes, Mother, my Mother, the years have flown since thou did whisper thus, in thy own sweet way. How have I done thy work? *Miserere: magnificat!* Yes, Mother, sweet Mother of grace, renew in me the grace of my confirmation. Hold your child to receive anew God's Spirit – charity, wisdom. Invoked St. Jerome for a director, (not knowing it was St. Jerome's feast), also Ven. Colombiere, also Fr. Cardella. Give me, my Jesus, a director, after Thy own Heart. Mother Mary do you not wish your child to be under obedience? Send then, send soon! Angels help the soul of the child of the Maternal Heart.

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## 27. 1904.

*Pastor Bonus!* I sink down adoring God, instead of making the *Via Crucis*, instead of gaining indulgences etc. I will offer, by the grace of God, a pure prayer as I have been told. It is not difficult to think of my God. It is easier than to think of myself.

My Communion this morning had been less petition, more complacency, a desire that Jesus' visit should be more pleasing to Him. And therefore, begging Him to look upon all who had loved Him on earth, loved Him to death and culled to bloom in heaven. And now I am before God in His infinity. He came to me this morning in His lowliness, not I [to] adore Him in His greatness, and strive to stretch my mind and heart to grasp a little more of what is ineffable, incomprehensible. All is infinite.

All is infinite in this great life, from which I come, and I thank my God for bringing me into existence, but how is it I understand not. It is difficult to think that once I did not exist. Surely it is rather that the greater has absorbed the lesser, and I feel God more than myself. He has whole

possession of me, but I forget myself in God.

What shall I gaze on most, O my God, of Thy wondrous attributes? I have come to Thee to delight in Thee. I ask not or present my needs. I simply delight in Thee, and rejoice that Thou hast all things, can do all things. It is Thy power, my God, [that] I rest upon at this moment, Thy infinite power. If my God, Thou were not All-powerful, that aught could overcome, that Thou couldst be in any way crushed, then my pain would be so great it would seem to me, it would separate soul from body, but it is not so. Infinite Power! And yet, my God, as the desire comes to me to ask Thee. Exercise Thy power, it seems Thy desire, and I realize it is to Thy glory that what is little, so little, should exercise power and I am urged myself to exercise it.

Holy Angels, build at the bidding of St. John, for the children of Mary. Is this selfish? My God, this I ask, it is my duty, and the words I write to Thy people, My God for Thee. Will you send helpers? Will not Thy angels do at Thy bidding? And again does Thy voice see to say, - at Thy bidding - and bright angels, it is for thy clients I am anxious to speak the words which, by God's grace, I hope will do good.

Delight in God and He will give thee the desires of thy heart. Ah my God, I have a desire, high as the highest mountain, I know. It is to place Mary, my Mother, in her place in Thy Church. How can these things be? I have no one to help. How can these things be? My Lord, at this time, can I not echo Thy words, "I have trodden the wine press alone, and there is no one with me"(Isa 63:3). I know no one at this moment. I am alone, but Thou, my God, will it so. It is for Thy glory, Thou alone wilt do this work. Thou hast spoken it to Thy little handmaid. *Fiat!* Do, dear Lord, put forth Thy right hand. Show thy power! Speak!

But with thy hand thou hast power. I will be there with thee, I will bless thy words, thy enemies shall not gainsay what I have said.

When O Lord, shall these things be?

When the Holy Ghost has given His Spouse Christ's Church as her own, then will Mary show herself our Mother. Mother, may this time be shortened and may thy children arrive and be banded together, good, true, upright, noble. May they live in thy light and love, Mary, in whom there is no spot, God's dear delight, His cherished One whom He delights to honour and to load with His graces, and who He desires His angels to crown, and His Vicar on earth.

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### First Friday, March.

My Love, My Love, Jesus echoes! What does it mean? The child seems dissolved. "What have you done to the..."

More recently, words without sound, "Echo of my Mother on earth." Mater Hominum!

Jesus of the Heart of Mary! Guard carefully the treasure I have placed in Thy Heart."

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It was a devotion to Our Lady to repeat softly Our Lord's words. St. John would listen, silent, sweetly sorrowful, as he heard the words of His Master from Mary's lips.

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## **28.**

Saint Gregory, what can I do for you? How show my love, my gratitude? A little waif from the country you brought to Jesus wants [to] honour you on you feast. Think, holy one! Think to that country is the honour given to make known how Jesus desires we should honour the Heart of His Mother. It was there the words were spoken, "Honour the Heart of my Mother." Saint Gregory, the glorious devotion of the Precious Blood, the manifestation of God's Will in the days of trials of the times foretold, when anti-Christ would reign. Mary rising will show in her sanctuaries the Blood of the Lamb that was slain, Jesus Saviour, the God-Man, who gave His life, shed that Blood for love of mankind. Saint Gregory, in that country the Holy Ghost made manifest those wonders that were to be made manifest in the world before the end of time.

Saint Gregory, to thy glory will this rebound. Help! *Ora pro Anglia*, which thou didst love on earth, how much more in heaven? Tempted that land has been, fallen so low, but the Mother who whispered to thee to convert that country, so earnestly desires it to be brought back to the faith that being converted it may convert others.

For this we plead thy intercession. Hasten to develop in God's Church the devotions made known in that poor land. Saint Gregory, bless the Little Company of Mary that rose there. Now bring forth by the power of that God, Who out of stones can raise up children, sons [and daughters] of Mary, brothers [and sisters] of Christ. Hasten that hour, the hour that we hope now is.

Admit us into the company of Thy saints, my God, and even on earth let us rest awhile in the thought, so consoling of the true and faithful. If our spirit is so soothed, by spiritually mingling with the Blessed, what will be the reality? Here thought fails and we care not to use imagination. It would so far, so very far, fall short of the reality, which the heart of mortal man cannot conceive.

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In October, Feast of the Maternity, saw the birth of those aggregated to us, who are to be the *Pie Donne* of our Rule. Thy made their Act and received their habit and will receive the ring in the course of time.

(We relate here the consoling account of one of our Victims – dreamt of our Lady. We copy her last letter. We have not the document at hand.)

The habit was given on the Feast of the Maternity, October 1908, and strangely enough an affiliated lady, a great sufferer, who had arrived at the last stage of Mary's Own – the ring – perhaps more than 25 years she had been anchored to the Maternal Heart, becoming much worse, almost bedridden, felt she could like to die in a religious habit, and prayed to know what third order she could join, when Our Lady seemed to come to her in a dream, and she asked Our Lady which order she would like her to belong to. And Our Lady, looking sweetly upon her said, "But do you not belong to my Little Company?" "Oh yes," she answered, "but they have no habit to give me." Then with a smile Our Lady answered, "If you write they will give you one." Strangely this happened a few months after the habit had been given, - white dress, with a blue cloak and hood.

She, of course did not know that the habit had only been in use and given to Our Lady's Own a couple of months before. So there is a coincidence in the lady's dream, which if we may believe in it would show Our Lady was pleased with our girls' white robes and dark blue mantles. What is Our Lady going to do next?

You will soon be receiving a circular about the *Ambulatorio of San Gregorio*. God be praised! It was the desire of my heart, and one of the orders I gave the architect was to make a porch where twelve poor people could sit and have food given to them, in honour of St. Gregory. But it was not done, for you know the building is in a very unfinished state, the fear of debt hindering us continuing the plan. Whether this is want of trust in God or not, I cannot be sure, but however, the lady who is helping us with our girls' training department, said she could see they could not learn in our private rooms, and therefore, she would build a ward for twelve poor people, and then I thought of my dear St. Gregory. And I told her my desire and she was so pleased and said it is to be St. Gregory's. So there St. Gregory's *Ambulatorio* stands nearly finished, and I am looking forward to taking possession. How happy we shall be on the hill where St. Sylvia lived, and where is still to be seen the table (in the place) where he lived. We shall continue his work and show gratitude for his love and compassion to the poor slaves, whom he wished to bring to God, and who now love to honour him on the holy spot where he and his mother lived.

[Back to Top](#)

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## **29.** Last day of 1909.

The end of the year! Hindered Benediction until the end, but God made up for not being present at the *Te Deum* as I wished. After the usual confusion in the Presence of God at being allowed to live, one so vile, one who has received such great graces, corresponded with so badly, with the entire self-hatred nearness to God inspires in the darkness of self, a gleam of light bids hope arise with the thought that God's glory shines out so marvellously by His condescension to something so utterly worthless, insignificant. Then a *Pater* comes from the being, who knows no longer herself, but as the... of God speaks to the Eternal Father, *Pater*, but is it herself, or is it Jesus within her, - *Pater*? She wondered, but then why wonder? "So long you have known Me, and you say, 'show us the Father'" (Jn 14:9).

Then all wonder, thoughts of self, etc. are gone. What will heaven be like? And I remained until duty called me away.

Holy angels, I send this word to God's people, do you make it heard? Spread this message, whisper to human hearts. I ask thee through the Precious Blood, make this word efficacious, so that the people's cry may be the echo of the angels' whisper. My God, hear me! Angels sent into this world to minister to mankind, I invoke you, I appeal to you, from the north to the south, the east and the west. Angels make up for my negligence. You whispered to me years ago. How inattentive have I been? Now, let me add to the glory of God by trust in His mercy, hope in His condescending love. I have been negligent; God forgive! God, my God, may the angels repair my negligence, may their whispers resound and the human souls respond, and may the Face of God smiling be reflected over the face of the earth, and that sad frown of displeasure be changed. This, my hope, I lay in the bosom of thee, my Mother.

That vast family of God, who are frittering away precious time, Jesus speaks to them, "Why standest thou all the day idle" (Mt 20:6). Children of God, listen! It is Jesus who speaks, your Brother Jesus, your Best Friend. He is looking pleadingly upon you, then His look seems around the world. Follow that look! See the harvest is ready, but the labourers are few (Mt 9:37). Will you offer to reap or will you be one of the gleaners? You dread the burden of the day and the heat, but are you happy in your listless state, are you content? Has no one hired you (cf. Mt 20:7), or are you unwilling to be hired?

Jesus, cast fire upon the earth (cf. Lk 12:49), upon the stony hearts of many. May a new light arise and be enkindled in the hearts of many, and may souls burn with this new flame of love, labour for the harvest is great (Mt 9:37).

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**30.**

Jesus, when You take me to heaven, I will rejoice, firstly for You. Forgive me, Jesus, I have not the language to explain my meaning. I will rejoice for many, many reasons, but first, because it is thy Will. I will love to be with Thee, but Thou art so present now, so condescending in my lowly earthly state, that it grows sweeter and sweeter to me.

I knew not, loving as I did those around me, yet I knew not the love You give when You make the soul a mother. I had not children, Jesus, when I longed so to leave this world and go to Thee. I do love those whom Thou hast given to me, and tire not suffering, counselling, correcting. Yet when You... - I am ready. My heart is ready, my God, my heart is ready (Ps 108:1). *Ecce! Fiat!*

Be Thou with me in that moment. I fear not, if thou art with me. Mary, Mother help me in that supreme moment of time that will lead to the Everlasting Day of Eternity where our joy will be that our God is all joy, is ever gloriously happy and that all around are in peace and joy inconceivable, unknown on earth. We live here, O God, to do Thy Will an in heaven we can do no more. *"Fiat voluntas Tua, sicut in coelo et in terra."*

My God, I have longed for death from my youth up, and often have I thought it near. Is it so now? Life grows more and more beautiful and its lovely work for You, my God and yours. Yet, I trust You have work for me in heaven? Does not an inward voice seem to say, there is work I can do for my children in heaven that I cannot do on earth? I offer again my life, which I have never loved as now. Accept my offering O my God, I would that it were less unworthy. I know not what more to do. I can but give Thee wishes, desires for Thy glory, and then rising to the heights of Thy Supreme Divinity I sink down in my nothingness, and give Thee thanks that Thou art what Thou art, O Most Resplendent, Peaceful, Ineffable Trinity.

Years ago our saintly Father Cardella, my director, asked me if I had any special light upon the mystery of the Blessed Trinity to give it. I do not remember writing anything, - I tried to explain. It comes into my mind now to write down (or to try to do so, difficult as it is) and we are afraid in most untheological language a new thought of the most Adorable Trinity.

Bowed down in deepest reverence before the Godhead, the Alpha from which I come I see the conception of the Father. I see the Son giving life. I see the Holy Spirit as a mother, giving birth to the conceptions of the Father, of whom all paternity is named. These are the words of our poor human language. Would we could express better the attempt, which love urged, to dive into that mystery, most ancient yet ever new. We feel we have written so unworthily, that we should not be surprised if ordered to withdraw our words and thus, without wonder we would put our pen across this paper, for we know our temerity is great to write upon what angels themselves scarce look upon, but hide their faces in their wings.

My God, bring me nearer to Thee, yes, nearer in time, unworthy that I am, but thus shall I glorify Thy condescension, and to increase Thy glory of her God, her Good Creator is the joy of His little creature. Yes, this short, short human life has marvelous powers to please God. Let us make use of them. Hope, suffer, glorify God's Supreme Condescension, - this is in our power. Yes, this present life, as well as the next has its charm in God. He loves the mortal human life. He love us, poor little mortal beings, now as well as when we shall stand in His Presence, Immortal and Beautiful.

Ah then, let us make the most of these few days of time, in which we are allowed and honoured to copy the mortal life of our Crucified Lord. Let us redeemed follow their Redeemer, step by step as closely as they can, with the help of God, without which our poor frail nature could not lead this supernatural life. Do not be surprised if, at times, poor nature quails. God is ever at hand to support it.

**31.**

Many times have I prepared to meet Thee, my Jesus in the world for which Thou hast created me. I have thought the wedding garment was ready, but Thy Mother stayed Thy hand and bid me live, unworthy that I am of life. What now remains but thanksgiving for Thy Providence through all my life. The remaining hours or days or months, as it may be, shall by Thy grace be spent in offering from what Thou didst ordain for this earth - joy. Sweet Jesus, yes, - joy! How is the goodness of God overlooked, Who created us for joy? Thy Will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Accept my poor heart's offering. Whilst on earth, in suffering and sorrow I offer thee, my God, thanksgiving - joy. Would that my life had more harmonized with Thy Adorable Will, but every moment may my *Te ergo* ascend in reparation. Has it fulfilled all the years of this world? Let me now offer it for every moment of my life. *"Te ergo quae sumus."*

Thank God for the thoughts He has given me, - this I have done. Shame and confusion fill my soul, as I think how have I executed them. My God, I look up to Thy Essential Holiness, the light of Thy sanctity dazzles me. I must hide myself; I do in the Heart of Jesus, in His Precious Blood. What a comfort to know the Eternal Father never sees me in my native nakedness. My God, I thank Thee that we cannot conceal from You; our souls are before You. My God I delight to know You are ever gazing into the recesses of my soul, and Thou readest the thoughts of my inmost heart. My Jesus, art Thou not there? Is it not Thyself art animating...

My God, how can I make up for those thoughts that I received and not executed, that I may have neglected, that I have been supine over? My God, how can I repair; what can I now do? Wilt thou give them again or to another, one more faithful, fervent? How I would pray for that one. How I would help by suffering.

What can I do more, my God? The old question from one who can do nothing! My God, I ask a great thing from thee, but Thou art greatness, grandeur Itself, and I will ask of Thee a great thing. I ask Thee to bring a greater good from aught that I may have done in Thy work amiss, that I may have been negligent over, that I may not have sufficiently prayed over before deciding, or weighed enough, or taken advice upon. If there has been human respect or mistaken yielding for the sake of peace, not alone forgive, - this I cannot doubt thou hast done, not only forgive, but bring a greater good, bring a greater grace and a greater correspondence to Thy Mother's Little Company. Let us atone, my Jesus.

"For Jesus"

Yes, it is hard when we see

In sorrow those we love

How our hearts bleed and pray and cry

With pain and plead,

But 'tis for Thee: we could not but for Thee.

I bore sorrow, suffered shame, for thee;

I saw My Mother's breaking Heart

And let her suffer for thee,

My little one, for thee.

I walked that sad, sad Way,

In bitter sorrow, pain and anguish,

But it was for thee I suffered thus, for thee,

In heaven's chant, grand angels bring on earth, for thee.

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All Saints' Day this year, the confessor came into see me. I had been very ill for some days, and it was not for confession he came, but simply a blessing. The conversation turned on retreats and I said it was over 30 years since I had had my only retreat, - then on prayer. I said, how when my Novice Mother was telling me that I had better go to some Order where I could go to Holy Communion oftener etc, I answered quickly, - I should perhaps then have high states of prayer etc, and I did not want to. I told the confessor I did not encourage anything out of the ordinary way, but seemed rather to put away from me what other people wanted.

He listened and for a minute or two did not refer to what I said, then he spoke to the effect that if God wished from a soul certain effects they should do what would please God. It struck me what he said (I am nor repeating it correctly) but before he went, I said, "Father, you have given me a fresh thought." He was standing up and most earnestly said, "What I say to you, I am sure is from Our Lord," and indeed it seemed as though Our Lord had spoken.

When I went to Holy Communion the next day, it seemed as though a barrier had been taken away from between my soul and God. Jesus placed me close to the Eternal Throne, and I spoke to God. Father! Father of my... but how put into words? The effect left was that God's *Fiat* should be followed by my "*Ecee*". This was really nothing new, but there is something increased in my soul, - a constant feeling that I must remember I am "God's *Fiat*". I keeps coming to me, all that happens I seem in such dispositions to accept, that it seems as though my soul was an instrument God was touching. And I feel that "I" had, I suppose it would be wrong to say, entirely disappeared.

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## 32.

We are bound to Our Loved Lord by three vows. We typify it as three nails. I am asking you, my loved children, to three times a day to kiss your crucifix and renew your three vows and the solemn promise "to observe with greatest perfection to which you can attain." Desire! With Desire have I desired! I do desire that these solemn words to strive to perfection might be better understood, more deeply realized, and form part of our daily lives.

I was asked recently, "Did I never desire to go out?" I could have answered that the greatest desire I had was to keep from sin, to grow in perfection and to help my children and as many of God's human family I could to grow also in perfection. God longs for saints. Christ's mission implies the bringing forth in His Church – saints. Souls, souls, cry the saints! Indeed we urge to add saints, saints, for unless we aim...

It seemed to me we do not think enough of Our Lord as exemplar of all perfection. He is Redeemer. Jesus is Saviour, but Jesus' every act made reparation for humankind's sinful and imperfect acts. We must unite ours, if we would have our lives glorious to God. My God, my God why do I waste an act when they can all be grand when tinged with union with Thine? I will remember now Thy love of Mary, Mother of Fair Love, Mother of Love Incarnate. May I love and die in union with Jesus, Fruit of thy womb. It is wonderful, my God, how Thy light shows upon some truth that we know and believe so firmly. A wondrous light shows such beauties, that faith seems to be replaced by...

My Jesus, may I not forget Thy wish, shown so lovingly at Thy visit this morning. I turn to my Mother with Thee. I echo what Thy Heart spoke to her. This first instant of Thy human life was Thy Father's Law for this world to be fulfilled, and as... By thy grace I will follow thy life.

[Back to Top](#)

### 33. The Beati

How our hearts bound at the thought of the friends we have in heaven, true friends, friends we can trust. There is a different feeling to the saints in heaven to what we have to the great and good on earth. It is strange, but it seems as though we were more intimate, more one with them. How the Pope on earth is exalted above all to us. We bow down with the greatest veneration. We could not be familiar, and yet we look at the long array of Popes in heaven, telling them they have not lost the power in heaven that they possessed on earth. We feel quite bold with them, as though they were heavenly brothers, and we talk to them of our wants, and expect them to help us in a way we would not have thought of, when they were on earth. We lose the sense of loneliness that sometimes threatens to come, as we feel we cannot trust.

Holy Angels, give and do more than we can do! You whisper thoughts, grand designs, but "How can these things be?" I may say with an enquiring, not a doubting, mind. But I ask you, who would bring those messages, to help them be accomplished? Without you, vain is man's help. With you, I will work and ever say, "I can do all things in Him who strengthens me" (Phil 4:13).

What more, my Angel, tell me what more? Me thinks the sweet soundless voice answers, to correspond with graces given. What graces shall I remind myself of most, my Angel? That Jesus lives in your soul, taking His delight, loving to hold communion with you. Listen to Him, speak to Him, constantly turn and remind yourself, Jesus is with you.

My Jesus, I promise Thee, my Own, my Own. My Lord, thus may I take Thy hand and bless, dear wounded suffering hand. Then may I speak words to Thine, with all humility, I ask – Give me Thy voice that it may resound. My Angel, help me to use the vast treasury of riches I possess in offering the merits of my Lord. Angel...

My Jesus within me! Yes, my God here is my greatest comfort at certain times. Is it selfish? I do love the greatness, grandeur, and majesty of my God. It is my greatest joy, delight, content, most perfect content on earth – that Thou art what Thou art and hast all Thou canst desire. Thy loveliness, Thy power, all, all is my greatest delight on earth, and yet at times, my most sensible comfort is to turn to Thee, my Jesus within me.

Thou hast become so little that my littleness could compass Thee and be comforted by Thee, for I see Thee not in power. Thou showest not Thy power here. In this world we continually see, to all appearances, Thy enemy in power and it grieves us. Oh, it grieves us to the quick, and we would wish, with the disciples, to call down fire from heaven (Lk 9:54), but then Jesus within speaks, "You know not of what spirit you are," and we listen to the Lowly One and are comforted by His example.

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### 34.

Can tongue, can human lips speak of Jesus? Lies it in the power of the human mind to think one thought that is worthy of our Brother Jesus – my Life, the very heart, soul and center of my being. Who art thou, O God, my Lord, my Love? Who am I? Who art Thou, that thought suffices, who art Thou? This tells me who I am, nothingness! Thou art the Creator, the Power that moves and upholds all things, the source of my life, for from Thee I come.

Then must I cling to Thee. All things on earth fade away before Thee. Thou art my God, Thou alone art. All things else are nothingness. Therefore, must I tend to Thee, rest in Thy loving arms saying again and again, my God, my God. Am I hurt, am I suspected, misunderstood? God knows, God sees, God is my Witness, God is my Judge, the great God. My Life will be my Judge. Judge me, O God, and distinguish my cause, Thou Who alone art "my Ineffable Delight, my Peace, My Sweet Content."

I would, I will all that thou wouldst, Thou wilt. Thou governest the universe, I watch and rejoice in the Mighty Power, in Thy Wisdom, I will all that Thou art willing and working. I raise my will, my powers, to will with Thee, to work with Thee. "The Mother's Work," what wiltest Thou of me? What is wanting in Thy work? What wouldst thou have me to do, Lord, what wiltest Thou, my will is Thine. "*Doce me facere voluntatem tuam.*"

Thou, Who hast breathed into me the breath of life, it is just and right my every breath should be united with Thine. Use me as Thou wilt, willingly, by Thy grace, I will work what is Thy Will. Forgive the shrinking of my nature. It is not my will to will aught but Thine, to wish aught but Thy wishes for me.

I wish to be hidden from Thy creatures, but I wish still more to do Thy will, to fulfill the mission Thou hast given me.

Alone with our God my Jesus, how can I keep Thee? I would that Thou should with peace and complacency dwell in my soul. Remember who thou art, what thou art, our Angel seems to whisper, and Jesus will ever dwell with thee. If we...

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**35.**

*Nunc dimittis!* No fear, sweet Jesus, - they who think I fear for my children when I am gone, understand not. Thine they were and to Mary, Thy peerless Mother, Thou gavest them. I have striven to keep them in her name for thee, - one in the Heart of Mary, our Mother!

One they will go forth to spread Thy devotion to thy Mother. We strive to love the Heart of Thy Mother some little as Thou did. Help us, dear Jesus, to breathe Mary over the face of the earth that Thy Spirit may reign. She is Spouse of the Holy Ghost and she is mankind's Mother, and worn, weary, parched, let them receive from Thy appointed aid - the emblem, the reality of the greatest help under God's His creatures can have, a mother's.

A mother's help exceeds all others. There is nothing like it. Think what would one of those beautiful beings on earth do, one of those unselfish devoted mothers, what would they do, if they had power? Ah, but we see them going to the excess of human maternal love, until they can do no more. But God's Mother has power, the Mother given to earth, as God's Exemplar, Archtype of His own conception, - a mother. He bids us look and see, how there is none like her.

My children, fear not, and yet fear! Fear not, so long as you are one in the Heart of Mary, our Mother, but fear to divide that Heart, for the Wrath of the Lamb could come upon you.

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**36. My Wishes. Written Maundy Thursday 1902.**

I wish after my death, my heart to be cut out and kept in a case that can be conveniently carried so that in every new foundation it be taken as a sign that my heart was in each House, in the uttermost part of the earth, loving all alike and that all the sisters must have at heart equally the interests of each House of the Little Company of Mary. Superiors and sisters will altogether strive to keep union, the one house with the other, the one province with the other. Let our Mother's Little Company be one, for this O my God, would I give my life, if I had any life that was not already given to my God.

I do wish my children to thank God for me, and why, for what? For making use of me to make known His Will, regarding His Mother's work?

No, - I never felt even grateful for having to do this work. It was ever against my own will that I did the little I did; every step almost was repugnant to me. I would rather another have had to do what I have done reluctantly and by force, (and by force I mean the necessity of doing God's Will) then what do I wish my children to thank God for me? It is that having placed me in this painful position, God gave me extra help. I do feel thankful to His Holy Angels, that they were ever at hand reminding, advising, helping with unseen help, so unlike all other aids.

Bless God for me, my little ones, extol Him and remember we give Him glory by mirroring His perfections, by our thought. God never forgets. He thinks for all, provides for all in His Wondrous Mind, and He has given mankind a wondrous mind, which He would have us use as His.

How can we be like God and be thoughtless, indifferent for others, and yet with all our good-will we could not think for all, when duties press, are so many, so various, without some extra help from God? And to the Religious, who keeps her Rule in the spirit when she cannot in the letter, Jesus gives the extra help required. And to the soul that has the "one thing necessary" ever before her mind, all others are added. Whereas the sister who puts the one thing necessary last, and her many duties first, who considers her occupations first, her Rule last, that sister saves no time. She forgets. She grows confused, unreligious, dissipated, distracted. She has good will and occasionally picks up and she makes some good resolutions, but she knows not the root, so cannot cure the evil.

What is the root of the evil? "Neglect of grace, neglect of rule." Nothing else will cure the evil, no spasmodic attempts to be good will be successful, but a daily resolution put into effect, to live in harmony with your Rule, to let it be the first consideration, and when dispensations are needed, to let them be dispensations, that is to say, to make a mark in one's mind. Then indeed dispensation proves the Rule and thus necessary dispensations do not hurt. A loss of grace is supplied in some other way.

Ah, my God, many of Thy servants teach and are told to imitate a Crucified God and to suffer, to imitate your going about everywhere doing good, but while aiming at the one thing, why is the other left undone? Why is the mind so forgetful? Why are some of Thy children so

thoughtless? Would Thou not give to the most ignorant mind thought, if they sought for it? Is it not that it is not sufficiently valued, that it is not possessed?

Oh God, the Giver of all good gifts, give to my children – thought. It is not alone by charitable acts, by suffering, a religious, an ordinary Christian even, can imitate Christ, but by thought, thoughtfulness for all around, by remembering their wants, by thinking, planning, providing. Then are we like Thee, O God, Whom we never doubt does never forget Thy children, for we know we are ever before Thee. Thou hast engravened us on Thy hands (cf Isa 49:16).

The people of the earth strive for what they value, and they grow thoughtful over their temporal interests. Impress on Thy servants that to be like Thee, they must be thoughtful. How...

I should like where I die a hospice for the dying opened, when God sends the means, and God permitting, I will come and help the dying.

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### **37. On Penance**

Prostrate in a penitential spirit! Humble yourself before your Creator! You are part of His creation, that creation that fell with such a tremendous crash, that to this day earth echoes the shock.

As though it was the moment creation fell, prostrate, do penance. Father, I am sorry. My God, my Creator, penance is my due; penance should be my portion. Pardon, my God, pardon! Accept my penance! Grant me grace to humbly submit to my present state, penance. It is truthful. It is my rightful attitude. It is meet and just and right. My God, we are fallen, but not so fallen that we are not sorry and desire to make reparation. All things are before Thee, past and future, present. Then at the moment of the Fall, were there not before Thee those who prostrated in grief and sorrow and contrition, who with forehead to the dust proclaimed they would do penance.

Let Thy just chastisements fall upon me. By Thy grace, O God, I will do penance, justly do I deserve. Angels of God's Justice, my body is at thy disposal. In all humility I unite with my Lord, Who became as a leper and no man, by Whose "stripes we are healed" (Isa 53:5). May the stripes of the Divine Justice fall upon me while I proclaim that Thou hast done all things well, justly and holily. So be it. Amen. Amen.

### **[Back to Top](#)**

My God, in childish thought I spoke to Thee my wish that I might bear stripes for every creature in this poor fallen world. In mournful procession they seemed to pass before me, lame and blind, old, inform, trembling, poor thin hands, with anguish, suffering, sin portrayed on the faces of many, All afflicted, pleading piteously, and their eyes turned on me, and their hands opened asking an alms, and I, my God, asked Thee that there might not be one for whom I had not borne a stripe. Hast Thou heard me? Has the Holy Spirit, Who breathes where He will, chosen Our Lady's little one to honour Thee thus? Here am I, my God, only longing to fulfill Thy Holy Designs. I am Thy Mother's child, and for her dost Thou desire to strengthen my weakness. I offer myself in union with My Mother's desires for me. What she wishes I wish. Let me not defeat Thy Designs, but be docile under the sweet influence of Thy Holy Spirit.

Mould me, my God; make use of this body. May the angels of justice lead me and may I follow their leading into that new creation, that world Thou allow us to enter to satisfy Thy Justice and glorify Thee – the world of penance. There shrouded by these protecting spirits, I find Thee, my God, and hold communion with, in this Thy new world Jesus brought forth by His passion and death.

Thou didst visit Thy unfallen ones, whom thou didst place in the Paradise Thou didst prepare for them, but that visit, sweet as it was, did not show to Thy children what Thou dost show to us now. That visit, "that vesper walk" showed love, and Thy visit to the sanctuary of penance, that Thy children prepare for Thee, show mercy. Then we know Thee better, my God, than Thy fallen children. Mayst Thou be praised, and mayst Thou be glorified by the poor unfallen children of earth, and may the penance they practise in time, glorify Thee in the never ending ages of Eternity.

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### **A Secret of Sanctity**

Holy Spirit, be with your earthly child to aid her words, bring light to reveal to chosen souls Thy secret of sanctity, the great help to holiness, the oasis in the desert, where the waters of grace are so vast, so abundant, so continuous, where the soul is so sweetly inebriated with the influx of light and love from the presence of its God. It seems another life is led in another world, or rather a sanctuary, known to few in this world, and those who enter, linger and are loath to quit the place, where they are brought so immediately near to God, a place where angels keep guard, allowing only those called by God to enter, led by His Spirit. The sanctuary of penance – yes, but what does this convey to most? Fasts, vigils, disciplines, self-inflicted, and this I mean not.

It is the humiliating penance that I would make known, but which I know I cannot make known, it must be God's Spirit, inspiring, urging, I simply make known to you, my children, a spirit of sanctity, a means of obtaining virtue of a high degree, a being united with God in no ordinary way, in the midst of constant distractions, in the midst of an active life, endless thought and labour, and yet not distracted, though tied in a manner it

would seem human patience would fall under.

Therefore, my children, I do bless and give the blessing of Obedience to those who practise the humiliating penance I point out. You are fulfilling the wish of your Mother, and God will certainly provide for you priestly direction on this matter needing such special discernment and knowledge of the interior life.

What humiliating penances can we perform? A self-inflicted blow does not bring humility, as one received from another. To take the discipline oneself is very different to feeling stripes falling upon one's shoulders, and being drawn into close union with Jesus as He received them. To sum up in a few words, to receive ill-treatment and to ill-treat ourselves are two distinct things. Let two sisters unite in a prayerful and recollected manner, to perform this exercise carelessly would be somewhat like going to Holy Communion without preparation distractedly. No, there must be great reverence, silence before an altar. There is something sacramental about this exercise, requiring preparation and thanksgiving, though to the more advanced, a blow given unawares produces immediate fruit in the soul, brings recollection and a train of other virtues.

This increases as we practise this penitential exercise. Leave it off for awhile and it will sometimes be very difficult to resume it. And as to the temptations we shall have to leave off the practice, even when well advanced. They will be numerous and so apparently reasonable. They will be presented to us with such an air of prudence, that we shall often succumb and believe ourselves right, if we trust to our own judgment. We indeed need a firm will, an enlightened guide and then obedience will protect us from the wiles of the evil one. We shall soar aloft, when if trusted to ourselves, we should be dragged down to the low valleys, the earthly spirit, which affects even the good of the present day, who are not the perfect Christians they might be, because they think they cannot practise penance.

The early Christians thought not this, and we, dear sisters, if we practise penance will have power with the souls of others. I may seem unreasonable, but try and see if you are weaker for the penances you are permitted to practise, and mark well, when once begun leave not off except under obedience. If the sweetness of the practice ceases, cease not the practice. It is of such value to God, and such joy to the angels and saints, that the enemy of all good will leave no stone unturned to hinder you remaining in the hidden sanctuary of penance, this secure cloister where religious spirit is maintained with fervour in this age of sin.

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### 38.

Note: The following notes were instructions given from time to time by the Servant of God to certain sisters who enjoyed her confidence regarding her practices of penance.

Private.

God bless you, my dear child! Now you must help me fulfill a promise, I want to continue an old grace and help to my soul. I have not strength for many penances, but there are little acts of contempt you could give me, and when you have again care of me, I want you to give me the discipline. Until then if you have an opportunity to give a box to my ear, or rap on the knuckles, or push or anything your angel puts into your mind, as he surely will, for I pray for those who do this most fervently. Now what do you think of the hard things I have asked of you? It will put jewels in your crown.

It brings me very close to Jesus and He will love you for humbling His Mother's child, and helping her to do penance according to her promise, and having permission, I do not want to waste time. I may do what a sister, with knowledge, allows me. She may use her discretion. Now God help you, prays mother.

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God bless my poor child; and strengthen her for the hard task He has given her to do. I am really sorry to trouble you so, even though I know God will make it up to you in this world as well as in the next. If you know the benefit my soul has, and the union with dear Jesus, you would not hesitate or allow yourself to be tempted to leave off. You seem to beat humility into me with every stroke and every lash I seem to deserve more than the other, and am afraid you will stop. If it did others the same, I would gladly give them permission.

There is not the same humiliation in giving oneself the discipline, but how beneficial it would be to some, if there were two who could trust one another, but that time may not have come yet. I hope it may some day. Public penances I have not advocated, but a quarter of a century ago, I wrote about... Who would feel inclined, after being caned like a dog, to toss their head and give a rude answer? I hope any little penance I, by God's Goodness, may do, may help others, but I know how it helped myself. So be a good child and do not spare me, or leave me many hours without some contempt. Your angel and mine will whisper to you and St. Lua, - do not give a dead ear, but hearken and do the uttermost, and God will reward you and you will ever have the best prayers and blessing of your loving mother, Mary.

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Sr. M. Lua. God's blessing and the angels' help to my Lua! I want to ask you if you think it well when you cannot come to me yourself to tell Sister Gregory what to do for me. She is the only one in this house, who knows my practices. My soul misses the humiliations, and it would be a fresh

one if you told her to give me so many stripes etc.

You asked me to tell you what I felt. It would be difficult, only that one feels in one's proper place in creation, whilst doing penance. When you shake me or push me down, it is a real Spiritual Communion with Jesus. You know the words, "I became as a worm or a leper, or as one struck by God" (cf Isa 52:14; 53:4; Ps 22:6). The strokes of the discipline make one understand St. Paul's joy in counting up his stripes and saying he had received "40 stripes save one" (2 Cor 11:24). You stop too soon. When you strike my head it seems to stun me, so I do not think much, You are here, so must stop.

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Sister Mary Lua. God bless my child and reward her many acts for her mother. No, I am going to ask that whenever you have an opportunity, even in between cases or any time, you will exercise me in little acts of humility, by some means which your angel will suggest, and I promise to offer some of the acts for you that you may be a very perfect, pure spouse of Jesus, a saint.

We cannot always get time for a formal penance, but a blow or push, a box on the ear etc., some strokes of a cane, a rap on the knuckles etc., you could manage quickly. Please begin today and do not ask me first. I do not want to have my own will in it as one does, if we have to ask each time. Try and take me by surprise and God will reward you, and do not think you can do too much. I am to be treated with contempt, and you will be glad when in heaven to have helped your mother, this short moment of time that we have to be mortified and put to shame. Our Mother Mary in heaven will bless you each time you thus help her child on earth, your loving mother, Mary. It is said that, if there is one thing the saints in heaven would gladly come on earth for it is to do penance.

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Sr. Lua must not hesitate over anything her angel and patrons suggest her for her mother's soul. Be sure, my child, I have no greater contentment (after Holy Communion) than having some humiliating penance. At all times, my child, you cannot go too far.

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God bless you my faithful Lua. I do not want to bother you, but God put it into your minds to tell me you would continue your charity, and I feel so happy your having obedience for it. These past days want making up, so do please begin in earnest, and do not wait, for some acts of humility can be always performed, that will remind me to make an act of contrition, - a blow, a shake, or some contempt puts one at once in our proper place in God's creation, at least I feel it so, and I also want to offer some extra acts when you can manage it. We have more power with others and God accepts our prayers if we do penance. You know I love God's vast family of poor human beings and would like to help and bear some stripes for them. It is little enough we can do and time is short. Our Lady will bless and reward Sr. Lua; will ask her to do so, Mother.

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God bless my faithful Lua and strengthen her, and may she be attentive to keep in the company of angels, who will help her as they have done. I beg you not to hesitate or fear to shame me, but just make a little compact with your Guardian Angel and mine, that you will not lose an opportunity of humbling me, and then you will not hesitate, as you sometimes do now. You perhaps see me anxious and are afraid it is the wrong time, that I do not want you etc. Supposing I was very busy or said I was going to rest, that is just your time, so as to cross my will. Then you say, come and I will give you something, but do not save my feelings, but say out, I am going to flog you as you deserve, or give you a good whipping to make up something of all you have done or left undone and so on. I want to drink the cup of humiliation to the dregs, for there is nothing more beautiful in this fallen world, except obedience, and therefore, as I am allowed what the sister who looks after me thinks well, I want to obey you in the exercises of penance in all, I mean, tell me to kneel or prostrate or go here or there.

As early as you can in the morning, remind me of my offering by some act, and then each time during the day you will give me some penance or a little contempt. I shall renew the offering, and maybe dear Jesus will make it of some use to the multitudes of human beings, who seem to look at me to help them, and for whom I have offered my body to suffer anything. It is the only gift we have to offer and I offer it so willingly, and know Our Lady wishes this from her child. Lua will be rewarded in heaven for the trouble she is put to with her loving mother, Mary.

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Sister Mary Lua. God bless my poor child, who I know does not want to have one of three notes from her mother. Therefore, I have to make an act to write and trouble her but time is precious and time is flying quickly, and it must be employed the best way it can be on earth, viz. in doing penance.

So stir up your faith, hope and love and do an undying work, by helping your mother. We will make a bargain. Every blow or contemptuous shake or push, you shall have a Hail Mary. We lose so many opportunities and I do not want to ask you. I do not want even to take my thoughts from my duties etc., but recollect for every little act you do, Our Lady will let me give you something from her treasures. And when you give me a good beating, I will take you round the Stations and offer your intentions at each. God bless you. Keep in the presence of the holy angels. They will help and inspire you, and you will in eternity be grateful for what you did for Mother.

[Back to Top](#)

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Sister Mary Ursula. God is showing His approval by renewing my strength. The sisters are noticing how much better I am. I did not ask to be cured at Lourdes, but told Our Lady, if she gave me strength it should be to do penance.

Regarding these exercises I tell you I wish you in after years to tell others I do not approve of the manner that I have heard some nuns take the discipline. Even alone we must have regard to modesty, shoulders, arms and legs, and soles of feet are all I would allow. I believe many could do penance, who think they cannot.

No one need ever think any of my complaints have come from it. It is when I am hindered God sends these inflammations that cause swellings, marks like bruises etc. etc. You are prayed for by Mother, The more humiliations, pushes, shakes, blows, slaps etc. which can be given at odd times, the more prayers

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Sister Mary Ursula. My dear child, no illness need excuse some acts, a shake or push or blow (in my case at any rate), but one thing I fear is taking up more time than is mine to give. Therefore, I cannot let my thoughts dwell, to tell you when or how or where you should perform these acts. I only tell you whenever you prudently can, but do not wait for me to indicate by a look or otherwise. I shall go on reading or writing and not interrupt my train of thought, except when we have the quiet times, when I am performing some of my exercises, which I have been leaving for the purpose, rosary, examen etc. It would not do for anyone to be absent-minded or lose their memory, through either prayer or penance. Keep close to God and invoke the holy angels to help. Our Lady will reward your charity to Mother.

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Sr. M. Ursula. My dear child, you will come to write for me at mealtimes and Office. During that time practise some humiliations on me, the more humiliating as on account of my pleurisy, I cannot do much penance and can only discipline the limbs, but you know my object in these practices is abjection, contemptuous acts or words. Please be in earnest and God will bless you. You know you can make me prostrate and trample on me, drag me from one room to another, shake or slap whilst writing, rap my knuckles etc., and I pray your Guardian Angel inspire you. We will place ourselves under the protection of the holy angels. Tell me, "I don't have what I deserve" and you'll flog me and show me. Have a little cane or whip in your pocket and be careful where you keep them. You need not mind Sr. Camillus. I will tell her. Jesus keep you for Himself, prays Mother.

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God bless you my dear child, and reward. I do not feel we have yet these little exercises in complete harmony with God's Will. There must be more abjection and humiliation. My infirmities hinder much that I would wish, but though we cannot do more penance we can make what we do more humble, by word and otherwise, and by oftener reminding me. As you pass the door, why not come and give me a good shake, pull me up from the pillows and throw me back etc.? And when we are performing penance, why not tell me some such thing as that I am not worthy to walk the earth; make me go across the room on my knees, beating me.

May the angels in whose presence we perform these exercises direct you, and your patron inspire, is the prayer of Mother.

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There must be more humiliations in our exercises. A shake, a blow, if you had a whip as we have not time sometimes to uncover the shoulders, I should feel through my things also acts of obedience to kneel, prostrate, be trampled on.

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God bless, please map out the world in your mind. I want to go to each part of the world and do penance, so when we begin, tell me where you have arranged to do penance. Try and come at least five times a day.

When you are sure all doors are locked, tie me with a rope to some place and beat me from head to foot. It would be an extra act of humility if you could get a whip, and tell me I should be horsewhipped. I deserve more than the discipline. If you are in need to buy anything, I give you leave. Take some of my money and when sent out, take the opportunity. You may speak to the Vicar upon anything you do to me, so as to have the blessing of obedience. He prays, and God will give him light, and I shall have no fear of self-will.

---

God bless and reward you. Try and make the exercises still more humiliating. Trample on me. Whip me and tell me you are beating me like

animal, so that I may know what you are using and be more contemned. If you say I am horse-whipped or flogged like a criminal, rather than using the discipline only. The rope will help me remember. Do what you think well after prayer.

I would rather you order and I obey in this matter, and I know you will get the obedience, and God will reward your charity to your Mother. When you come in the mornings a flogging will be a good preparation for Communion.

---

God bless my faithful child. We can look forward to only three clear days now, and must make the most by commencing this evening, a *Triduo* of penance, invoking St. Dismas, and as ever the holy angels. The next time you go out, buy a whip and cane. A cane is pliable and you can use it more safely, and I do want to increase the stripes. It was long since I had what seemed an extravagant idea to offer a stripe for everyone in the world. Try and add up the number of people, then the number of stripes you could give me in the day, so that I may strive to fulfill this desire, - which perhaps come from the Heart of God, though I was afraid to encourage it.

A proper whip I think I could have on my bare shoulders, and perhaps a cane might not mark them or cause injury, but remember it is humiliation before all that I seek, and you must remember we are before God to appease His anger against a sinful world of which we are part. I find myself sometimes holding the world to Him and wishing I was in every part, or rather that the whole world might appear repentant, penitent, to give God glory by penance. You will have your share in God's blessings. You have the hardest part to do, and it is certain will have your reward for your goodness to Mother.

PS We must make acts of hope that God may use His power to arrange for a continuance, though at present everything seems contrary and unlikely to allow this precious time to last. Mother Mary bless! St. Ursula and her virgins, and St. Catherine help. Let us be faithful to death, listening to no suggestion to hinder our practices.

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The holy angels must have arranged this. It is a night case and will give you opportunities.

Please be rougher. Shake me between the strokes, trample on me, tell me when I have the whip or strap etc., to humble me more. It is humiliation I seek in these exercises.

---

Will my Augustine get tired of her mother troubling her upon these matters? But when asking you for humiliating acts as well as penance, it came into my mind that you might [more] easily get used to performing such in the time of retreat, when more silent and recollected. And then when I would not be able for penance, God would be as pleased by these little acts of self-abasement, which you could enable me to make, whether ill or well. Then I should not feel I was wasting precious time, so precious because we can do now what we cannot in eternity, be humbled.

Life loses so much of its interest to me when I cannot do penance or something like it, by the acts of humiliation I ask you, for love of Jesus, to help me to perform, but which I do not impose upon you as an obligation, but which, I think, praying will show you are God's Will, and really even if I cannot get up, you could use the discipline to my limbs and do many little acts. Forgive my troubling you, but God may intend to lead you to Himself by this way, which I am sure, is against your will.

---

You must help me fulfill a compact I have asked Our Lord let me make, - to offer a stripe for everyone on earth. There are millions of creatures, God's human family, I would show my love for, thus - so come at any moment unawares and God will reward you. The novena of the Holy Ghost is to be penance. Lose no opportunity, a rush, a blow or shake, can be given when not time for more.

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You are right, but I mean also by "roughly" to receive often a blow, a shake, a whip, a caning. Also I do not now expect feasts, because I have waited so long, not having sister. God will reward you.

---

Thank you so much for the trouble you put your self to for me. God bless and reward you. I am not ungrateful. You will notice that I shall not ask you to do this or that. I have had a great fear that our dear Lord might not accept my little offerings if I had my own will in it, and am, therefore, resolved to leave myself in your hands, especially as you have the merit of obedience, having asked Fr. Armellini's advice, and therefore, have a grace and blessing. So take me here or there, or rather push or put me where you will, kneel, prostrate, walk, shake etc. and do what your angel suggests. It is not the amount, but the humility in our acts that please God, and the absence of self-will. I might want to be in the Tribune praying, but you can fetch me, telling me penance would suit me better than praising God etc.

You know if there is not time to uncover my shoulders, you could beat me with that stick and rap my knuckles and so on. Now, Mother Mary, bless Lua, prays Mother.

---

God bless you, my dear child, and may the help you give my soul profit your own and others. I was sadly at a loss, having some promises unfulfilled which I must now make up, and shall be more grateful than I can say and promise you special prayers each time you thus overcome yourself to give me some penance. My little novice used not to wait for me to tell her, so that I should have less of my own will, and would take me by surprise with a blow on the face or a stroke of a cane on my hands etc. She knew I wished to be disturbed when busy writing etc., and would strive to come into me after much talking to visitors etc. that I might recollect myself more quickly. God reward her and He has already.

I have a general permission, so you need not fear. I am used to discipline, to blood, and perhaps you do not know there is less pain then and less danger of harm than bruises. There is something so sacramental to me in these little practices, that I like not to speak before and after, but it is well to silently invoke the holy angels and rejoice with them in these three great joys: - 1. That they stood firm when the others fell. 2. When the adored Word made flesh, at Bethlehem. 3. When they adored and made reparation to the Precious Blood, they were guardians of during the Passion until Easter Day.

Jesus, make my baby, Mary, a saint prays her loving mother, Mary. Courage, come often! You know I may have little time left for humiliations etc., so do not want to lose time. Do not speak to M. Etheldreda. I know you would not to the other sisters, but it has just occurred to me you might think you might to her.

[Back to Top](#)

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God bless and reward your charity. You must pray and use your discretion, but fill up the time with humiliations, such as a push or shake. Come unawares, even at Benediction, come and pull me away saying, - penance befits me more than the prayer of praise etc. I beg of you, for love of Jesus. It helps my own soul and gives power with others.

You can take me by surprise at any moment. You need not tell me or ask when of where; I give you the blessing of obedience on what you do. God has often given me strength after a discipline to blood that it seemed supernatural strength.

---

My child, I am very glad when you remind and come to me unexpectedly. It is so easy to go out of that post in God's creation (the object in His house) which God gives to me, and which is also my choice. One would need a reminder almost every hour. May God's Spirit accept my desire to correspond to His inspiration and may I leave nothing undone to fulfill what my Mother desires, and be that particular work of God, which is in harmony with His Holy Will.

I commend you to His holy angels. May they uphold you while you do this painful task for God and His, and your loving mother, Mary.

I should like you to come at night before I go to sleep, when it is not too late.

---

God bless you, my dear child, I am pleased with your simple acquiescence to my wishes. You will find a strength in your own soul, which will be a good foundation for your future religious life, hindering that vacillation through human respect etc., which makes us hesitate and waste time. A habit of seeing a thing is good to be done, and then going straight to do it is a great grace, and enables God to make use of us for the good of souls.

Now, you must look upon my soul as something you have to do good to. You do not see me nor I you, only as an instrument for my humiliation, which is what I seek, my child, in these practices, - some contempt and indignity, I want not to think for myself. I have not time, but I trust to you to find the opportunity, and also we cannot risk losing the opportunity by waiting to get up and discipline the shoulders. The hands and feet are quickly got at, but the shoulders often had to heal.

My little holy novice kept a cane in her pocket and would shut the door, whilst I would be waiting for visitors so that, "I should not be a delicate member under a Head crowned with thorns," - or a spouse of Jesus Crucified without marks of the Passion, but a soul humbled and purified by penance. Remember, my child, the fleeting days of time for penance, suffering, sacrifice do not leave many hours without some touch of the Passion. Your loving mother, Mary, Remember any time and every time! Angels of the Passion help you!

---

God bless my child. My retreat will be penance and yours will be visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and mother. You must keep as much silence as you can, but send the little Italian girl to the door and then to me with the message.

The sisters agreed that someone must be at hand, besides the child and myself, so I choose you. It must have been Our Lord's doing, for though I wished it I wanted all to get the retreat. May the holy angels and virgin martyrs help you make a sanctuary pleasing to dear Jesus. We must try and keep one continual worship of God, and do the work angels love in these precious moments they so gladly have arranged. No one will be about, so you can come in constantly, whether I am writing or not. Your grateful Mother.

---

God bless my child and reward her for her benefits to help me. During this retreat we will try and not speak unnecessarily. I have few opportunities of practising silence. Then you will strive to keep me in a spirit of penance, by humiliating words and acts. Do not let many hours go by without a contemptuous word or act, such as "you don't get what you deserve," and then some strokes with something I can feel through my clothes. There is a cane or stick or whip that I have felt before now without undressing, but say some humiliating words with it, such as "take that and wait till I flog you tonight and I will show you what you deserve." Say something of this kind to humble me, for I have so much to think of that when I leave the Oratory, I do soon forget all about it, and I want during the retreat to keep the feelings of self-abasement all through the time. One thing you could do, when stepping over me in the Sacristy you could trample on me and box my ears etc. But come at any moment and remind me by a rap on the knuckles even, if you can do nothing more.

This will be trying for you, but you will make a better retreat and will be good penance for you. I do not want to trouble you or make you scrupulous, - that it is obedience. I want on these points to obey you and leave myself in your hands, only I shall feel grateful for your help and do not think you can do too much. Anywhere you can thus humble me, on my sofa, bed, tribune, or wherever you wish to give joy to the angels, who flock to the place where penance is performed. And our Mother, who so loves us to be humble, will bless and obtain grace for you in proportion to the practices we perform. Commending you to her and to dear Jesus, Who will bid the angels help you. As ever, Mother.

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God bless my poor child and reward her charity. I ask you for love of Jesus to give me tonight a good beating for speaking crossly and also you will humiliate me more. Instead of saying, "now we will do your penance," say rather, "you deserve a good beating" and "I am going to flog you," or "give you a good caning or whipping." I don't do much penance and my little humiliations are not worth dignifying by the name of penance.

Try and get into the habit of giving me a humiliation whenever you can get an opportunity. I have my duties and cannot take up my thoughts too much with myself, but you can give me a blow or a shake or a rap on the knuckles etc. Interrupted, so can't finish, but help do the work the angels joy over and God so loves. It is true worship.

---

My child, this precious time arranged by the angels to do the work that pleases them seems to be flying rapidly, and not as much systematically done that I could wish. Let us commence this month of Mary's Heart, and in its honour to do penance in this world that brought forth that Heart. May it be honoured as Jesus desires and for this end this little part of the world will do the right reasonable thing, do penance. This little part, this little creature wants to be truthful to show God she knows that the one way to serve and glorify Him, to do our duty, is to do penance.

Well, practically, my child, our spasmodic efforts must be this month more systematic, some contempt, a blow, a shake, something to keep me in a spirit of penance. My business presses, increases, and after the sweet humbled feeling the discipline produces, a multitude of occupations makes me lose sight of the culprit attitude I wish to keep in. Come to me at night, about 10, and remember as bruises cannot be avoided it is good at times to use a sharp pointed discipline that will draw blood, which generally comes when kneeling. The chains with sharp points do, but soon get blunted. Now, remember you must find the times and the opportunities. I cannot even find time to think about it. Come and give me a good shaking and remind me that I deserve a good beating. This will bring an interior act of humility, when there is no time, but let not an hour or so pass. God bless.

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My child, it is not enough. May St. John the Baptist, the disciple of penance inspire you, - humiliation, contempt. Think of the angels of justice as well as the angels of pity and gentleness. Rough treatment, shake, push me; despicable usage is wanted. Buy any instrument that will make the penances more humiliating. Do not fear my health. I get ill when I am not doing penance. God will reward you, Mother.

[Back to Top](#)

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July.

God bless my child and let her correspond with His grace. I know I am asking a painful duty of you, but can you not look upon it as any other duty? I want you to ask the holy angels help you in the work they love and rejoice in, and you simply follow the thoughts they give you. You know not what humble penance is to my soul, and how grateful I shall be to you for your help, but you must take the opportunities and not wait for me

to tell you. It might be some time inconvenient to me, so much the better – I do not want to think for myself, but give it into your hands entirely only telling you I want to make up for a deal of time lost. Only God, in His goodness, always sends me an illness when my practices of penance have been hindered. If you want to keep me well you will let me have some real penance, and you will see, God will renew my strength.

I am offering this month of the Precious Blood, especially to keep in one spirit, - of penance and that God may see me only in this position, so that besides the discipline remind me by an act of contempt of what I am. I will make the Way of the Cross for you for every discipline, and say an **Ave** each other act, that will help me keep in this spirit, such as a shake, or a blow or telling me to prostrate with some word of contempt, and I beg of you not to be gentle.

Now, I have written this to get it of my mind, as I must keep my thoughts for my duties, therefore, think for me, take me by surprise or what you will. You know not how close it brings me to God and the prayers I can at that time offer. It is a real sacramental, the sweetest thing in life, after Holy Communion, to your loving mother, Mary.

NOTE: The above letters were written by the Servant of God to different sisters at different times. She never dated these letters or notes, but they probably represent a period extending over several years. Signed: Sister Mary Hilda.

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### 39. For After Death

God bless my children. It is hard for me to say 'good bye' – God be with you, and I would rather not think deliberately of your sorrow, when I seem to have left you, but I know you would wish a few words, and if I can give a little pleasure by them I must not mind my own pain. Indeed, my writings to you have been so constant and I have told you so minutely what I wish from you, that you have only to open one of the books of Our Lady's to get a word from Mother.

What I have written is what I have tried to do myself and found help for me to walk with dear Jesus. I have not written hypocritically and spoken what I have not tried, with God's help, to do.

My children, how much I would have wished to do for you. God knows my heart, and dear Jesus has given me to penetrate a little into His, and be lost in Its depths of goodness. O sweet and adorable Jesus, Thou comfortest me now with the thought that if there are gifts which would have helped us to be perfect, to live in harmony with our state, such a proper poor convent, noviciate, etc., a model Mother House, where all the other convents could learn poverty, order etc., - what is wanting in each community, I have the happy hope Jesus will give me the joy of giving you.

It is so like the Sacred Heart. We cannot exaggerate Its benevolence, Its tenderness, Its desire to give us our heart's desire. Study, my children, the Heart of Jesus! Learn how to live in union with It, then surely you will die happily. Ah, happily is not the word. The joy of heaven seems already begun in the soul of the spouse of Jesus, faithful to her vows. Take my children, each hour as it comes with its various incidents as permitted by God, and say "**Fait**". Judge not. We are not allowed to be judging those around. We have to profit by the evil that surrounds us. Those in Office have to watch, but only those of whom they have charge, not those around. No, think well of all! Never allow ourselves any thought or word to the prejudice of anyone.

I, my children, have followed the onward course of each house, its peculiarities, its (if I may so express myself) predominant passion, and so will whoever is placed in my Office. I wish more faith in that Office. I wish that the Mother may write without fear of giving offence, and that those who receive advice and correction may receive it with faith. We cannot see ourselves without a mirror. Our Superiors should be that mirror. They will show us ourselves. Anyone's opinion of us is better than our own. How much more then, those who are placed over us, who receive grace from God, special light.

I have not sought to know from God who is the one He wishes to replace me, keeping to the Rule, which bids us enter the Council "with no preconceived ideas." Therefore, let no one say I have expressed any desire or wish I have known and have never given occasion to think that I have any wish, desire, knowledge on the point. I have the highest hopes of Our Lady's continual protection. My only desire is that the Rule should be kept in its integrity, and that the Chapter of Elections would not be held until it can be held according to the Rule and every convent represented. My children, meet together in full faith, repeat to yourselves over and over again as you go to Council, - my mind is to be God's instrument; God's Will made known through me. How wonderful! How we must seek to crush our own will, lest we make our minds foul vessels to contain what God will pour into them.

May the one who comes after me be happy in her maternal work, as the mother, who is bidding you "goodbye", and by goodbye, I do not mean a separation, for I shall be with you. We can only be happy with such a burden and tremendous responsibilities, by leaning on our Beloved and letting Him bear the weight. Jesus, take possession and live in the heart of the one you have appointed to govern Thy Mother's Little Company in Thy place. Mother Mary, be ever at her side. Angels protect her.

I have told you, my children, that I have the glad hope that dear Jesus is waiting to give me the joy of visiting each convent with the gift most needed for it. I beg of you when the gifts come, return thanks, join with mother and thank God for her. Life has been so sweet, my children, this

world so wonderful, so beautiful – God's condescension. Think, meditate long on God's condescension. Ask help of the angels and you will never speak of the world as miserable, dreary. Ah, it is beautiful indeed possessing God's grand glorious Church.

My children, I waited in the mornings for God to come to me, and more and more wonderful grew upon me His condescension, mystery of love, and yet why mysteries, since the works of God are infinite? Could you begrudge anything to so great a God, to One so good? Will you give your work with half a heart? Could you grow weary?

Ah, no, so cheerfully will you all labour. I will give you your next meditation. You will go to Jesus and Mary as a little ass. You will go close and caressingly as a faithful little animal does to its master and mistress. You will wait for your orders for the day. You will be happy, grateful to be employed, to be allowed to work for Jesus and Mary, and thus you will every day do all you do cheerfully with your whole heart.

My children, I beg of you to keep poor in spirit, observe strictly poverty. I plead with you to lay this to heart, as I have not been able to give you an example of it as I could have wished. Obedience, yes, that I have exacted, but the early poverty practiced by us, I have not been able to enforce in the secular houses in which we have had to live. But, believe me, my children, they have ever been distasteful to me, and I have submitted to them, as to any other contradiction of my will, which God has been pleased to send. But they pleased me not as plain bare walls, simple conventual furniture, all alike. We have indeed been too poor to practise poverty as we could wish, but keep poor in spirit, and all these things will be given to you. God tries us by poverty and by affluence, by contempt and honour. Let us not fail, but be ever firm to our principles, not lifted up by praise, not distressed by the reverse. My children, God may send you help, you do not know of now, but you will know. You will not be left as sheep without a shepherd.

My little ones, scattered over the earth, I may not finish the letters I have commenced, but those who do not receive a letter must know that I shall specially remember in heaven, those who had not a special message from me before I left the earth. Believe this, my dear children, if I can I will let you know that with the love that I loved dear Jesus, I loved His children whom He made the children of your loving Mother, Mary – forever.

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#### 40. Feast of St. Joseph in Advent. *Gloria. Credo.*

Well hast thou done Holy Father, let us join the *Gloria*. It is the Advent of joy. The angels are preparing to sing their *Gloria* again: Glory to God on high; peace to people of good will. The Spirit of God is moving over the face of the waters. This feast is the harbinger of another, greater, grander. Ah, yes, St. Joseph, do thy work of protector. Foster Father of Jesus, the Church proclaims thee worthy of honour, to thee was entrusted Mary, the Mother of Jesus. You were her protector; that was thy office, to protect Jesus and Mary, therefore, art thou in thy place protecting the Body of Christ, His Church. Saint Joseph, now thou hast more power over the hearts of mankind, as thou holdest nearer to thy heart the Church of Christ, turn the brethren of Christ to the Mother of Jesus. From the heart of God's Church may one mighty cry arise, - Mother!

Saint Joseph, ask for that day to dawn quickly that will see God's Church solemnly consecrated to Mary. Let that Maternal Heart receive the honour Jesus has asked for, - Honour the Heart to My Mother."

To an atom in God's creation were these words spoken, that atom had a voice. It was given to that little one to make known God's Will. May voices join unitedly. May a day be fixed when all will rejoice in God's Church with a great joy, and the earth echo and re-echo with the "*monstrum esse Matrem*," of hopeful hearts, and beyond all conception will that hope be fulfilled.

Jesus! Grant my request, hasten the time! By Thy love of Thy Eternal Father, I plead, O Pearl of great Price. Father! Look upon the Mother of the Word Incarnate. This earth brought her forth. Honour her on this earth. Give her the rightful place in God's Church Thy Son brought forth on Calvary. The Virgin Mother suffered for it, loves it, give her...

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#### 41.

"*Per omnia saecula saeculorum!*" Sweet Jesus, the peace, entire content, joy of that moment! Pressed to thy Sacred Heart inebriated with Thy Precious Blood, and a brief semblance in time to that eternity, forever and forever. And thou didst show me that it is not selfish to look forward to that forever, because it is Thy Will and that I may, I should, rejoice in its fulfillment, and in taking that place prepared for all eternity, then...

Why do I lose sight of Thy goodness, through my own unworthiness? Thou art so truly human; Thy Heart loves as a human heart. Sweet Jesus, Thou hast made me Thy spouse, and yet I wonder that Thou in Thy excess of love have stooped to draw me to Thyself and caress me. Why do I draw back? Yet also did thy apostle. St. Peter, I understand thy, "depart from me, O Lord" (Lk 5:8). Sweet Jesus, thou dost come to strengthen my weakness that I may do thy Mother's work. Make up for my failures, My Lord, send Thine angels, that by Thy Precious Blood they may work where I have failed. Again and again I tell Thee... co-operator with Thee, my Jesus, co-operator with Thee and Thy Mother – and the most beautiful among the sons of men places His Sacred Heart on the head of His little one to bless her as He speaks. Co-operator, working with Jesus and Mary, made use of by the dear Lord, Who has ravished, taken from her heart, what is wholly His, Whose it is by right, but it is His by love. No other has part with Thee, my Lord, in my heart. Say this, virgin martyr Agnes, for me. Speak for Mary's child.

Mother of Christ's virgins, Mother of Jesus' spouses, thy children in their happiness ever turn to thee, that thou may rejoice with them. Mother, thou art to us on earth. Mother, thou will be ever to us in heaven. Mother, I would tell thy children the happiness of working for Jesus, of being made use of by Him, of meeting His rewarding look as He speaks, and His Sacred Heart exults far, far more than the soul to whom He speaks, "Enter into the joy of the Lord" (Mt 25:21).

God, - on earth to some there was no greater joy than to know Thou art all joy. Jesus, to know when they were suffering, Thou couldst never suffer more! ...

In the midst of the vast universe, as though ravishing music sounded on all sides, in the midst of chants of joy at God's power, melodies of love, exultant praise, from this world a tone of beauty – *Miserere! Miserere!* (Ps 51:1). I join my God from this earth. Let this melody ascend more and more humbly, sweeter and sweeter, harmonizing with many strains, one grand choir, glorifying Thee, each having their part.

[Back to Top](#)

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## 42.

It is finished (Jn 19:30)! At last, my God, may I say that? These days that I have poured out my soul for my last born, may I say it, dear Lord, this Christmas, that I have made one prayer, and suffering grew sweeter as it grew greater, for joy that children of the Church should be born to Mary, to honour her to glorify Thy sacred revered humanity.

My Jesus, in Thee may I say, "It is consummated" (Lk 23:46)! As I turn to the Eternal Father, saying "Abba, Father" (Mk 14:36)! "Into thy hands" (Lk 23:46)! Do Thou, my Lord, finish! May my Mother echo and commend my soul, and in the hour of my consummation, may I be found consummated with Thee. What will be the change, what will it be? To rejoice to the full, to have no fear! We cannot offend our God. We cannot go too far. We can rejoice in His joy to our heart's content and see those we so love in God, to see their joy. Ah, Jesus words fail. "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard the joy God reserves for those who love Him" (cf 1Cor 2:9). My God, I love thee entirely, sovereignly, wholly, I know no other joy than Thine.

I make the compact with Thee, O my God, that every breath from now until my last shall breathe, Abba, Father, into Thy hands. And Jesus within me, Thou wilt at that last moment commend the soul of Thy child, Thy own, who so rejoices she is Thine, only Thine. Jesus, in the hour of my consummation may I be found consummated in Thee. May I say with Thee, my Lord, my Love, I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do (Jn 17:4). I have made known Thy Will, that Will that grew sweeter and sweeter. My God, I rejoice in Thy works, the beautiful works...

"And the mother remembers no more her anguish, for joy that a child is born into the world" (Jn 16:21).

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Recreation is over. Night prayers commence. I bow down in my bed to adore the Ever Blessed Trinity. Jesus is before me. He speaks; "my child, I have waited for you." Near to the Sacred Heart is one I know, the same face, but so beautiful its ecstatic joy and peace, Jesus' crucified spouse. My other children are farther off. My Veronica, how I love you! And my love for you, my Mother! You call me, Mother, "mother of many, mother of many." You said on earth you would pray I might stay. You know now my heart's desire. Will you not be obedient and ask Jesus? ... Love of Thy family, my Jesus, love of that special little flock Thou hast committed to me, more and more that light of love, lit in my heart from Thy furnace of love, Thy Sacred Heart – this burns more and more and I thank Thee, my God. It is good. Holy angels keep my children this day and all days. Be with them in power! Keep them in peace! Jesus, by the love you bear the Heart of Your Mother, bid Thy angels, send them, King of Angels, Prince of Peace, to protect Thy Mother's flock. Let them be turned back, blushing for shame, who would attempt to injure that little flock. Holy Angels, keep them in Mary's Name, ever one in the Heart of Our Mother, for Jesus' sake. My God hearken to my cry. May the hearts of my children be as fair fountains, casting sweet waters to God's throne and may the rainbow...

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## 43. Good Friday Morning.

Remember, Mother, thou hast other children. – This was the next thought after one gaze on the Face of Jesus Crucified, after the embrace, and the soundless voice speaking to the little life He had Himself evoked – spouse of Jesus Crucified. Did the angels echo? She knows not. The child has turned to her Mother, as it were to comfort her. Remember Mother, thy other children! Thou wilt suffer on! Live on for them! What content to know God's Immaculate Conception will not fail Him? Mother of the sinless, remember the sinful one given to Thee. **Memento**, Mother, **memento!**

Good Friday Afternoon. Speak with, speak for Me again on earth now My words: "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do" (Lk 23:34). Forgive, Eternal Father, forgive! Thy words, my Jesus, are works. On earth, from pole to pole, loving hearts echo Thy cry to Thy Father.

"Amen, I say to thee, this day thou shalt be with Me in paradise" (Lk 23:43). Yes, my God, how wonderful are Thy ways? We promise paradise in Thy Name, with, for Thee, sinners are saved. "Woman, behold thy son" (Jn 19:26) – that sweet Mother! Behold we bring thee for thy own, those whom we can call, Sweet Jesus, Thou Thyself in me. How many hast Thou called, and Mary takes them as her own? Behold thy Mother (Jn

19:27)! Yes Jesus!

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#### 44.

One with Jesus, my Lord, what is this? Why? How can this be? Dare I believe? What is this? Mother Mary, speak for your child! Help me believe! I believe, O Lord, help my unbelief (cf Mk 9:24).

Is it Thy meaning to strengthen me by Thy wondrous grace that I may suffer more? It is not for me to ask Thee why. Do I understand in some faint feeble way Thy repose and content, Thy joy in some souls, by that blissful moment, vouchsafed to me, and also Thy suffering when in mortal flesh – by my hours of anxiety, the divided feeling, my greatest desires satisfied in Thee, and yet never satisfied for Thy children. Thy own redeemed people are not what Thou wouldst have them, and so this double feeling. But the grace for that brief, brief space as though assured of Thee forever, to taste a little, in some fleeting manner, what that forever will be – and then - return fortified, strengthened to work for Thee. Whatever Thou dost ask I give Thee, my God, I refuse Thee nothing. I will journey to the ends of the world, if Thou wish it, painful as that journey be to me. Let me remain and sorrow for sin, for the sins of each individual in this world. "Rend your heart and not your garments," Thou hast said (Joel 2:13). My heart is rent and I cannot leave Thee, though the midnight hour comes on let me remain.

Let that heart fructify, my God, the seed of Mary's Heart. My Mother, thy child longs with a longing unspeakable. Jesus for love of Thy Mother's Heart, give priests ...priests. Hope deferred makes the heart sick. My God, life or death, whatsoever Thou wilt, to journey through the world if it be Thy Will.

Mother, how good is His condescension to thy poor weak child? How good to thy child! I may not question why this favour. God sees it is for my good. Mother, some shadow, some faint idea of Jesus formed within thee. Can I put this into words? Jesus born in the soul, Jesus' gentleness, Jesus' love for all, something like Jesus, something of Jesus, but Mother, - how didst thou bear Him, Blessed Fruit of thy womb? Incomprehensible this mystery, and yet we seem to sound a little, a very little its depths! Jesus comprises all. Jesus, the Firstborn of all creatures, Jesus, where, what are we if not... Thy work must be done, Thy mission fulfilled, my Lord. How am I to act? Surely I spoil Thy work. Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do? Send Thy Holy Angels to prepare the way and accept my repugnance as penance. My God, I plead with Thee that I may never give way to this dislike to speak. My God, be with me! It still seems echoing in my heart, "I will give Thee... that they shall not gainsay."

Alone, alone, yet not alone! Thou art with me sweet Jesus, as Thou art not with all, and Mary, dearest Mother, has she not tended, cared for me with special care? What would human help avail me, if thou wert not with me? What company would be like Thine, and Thou art ever with me, if Thou wert not with me? What company would be like Thine? Thou art ever with me, and the company of others is cared for, only for Thee, for Thy sake. They are part of that vast human family I so love for Thy sake.

Yes, Jesus, I will be mother to Thy children. I will as a mother wash, tend, heal their wounds, feed. My God, in crowds Thy family seem so to need my help, but the Pastors – Mother Mary, when will you send them, thy own priests? Look at the need! Look at God's creatures! What can I do? What can I do?

Yes, build the Calvary, build it larger than my plan, the church in the center. The four arms of the cross, large sanctuaries, entirely separate one from another, except by a cloister, as even one street communicates with another, covered, being the only difference. That Calvary will be a glory in God's Church. The Precious Blood guarded by the Calvary Priests, perpetually watched by the Spouses of Jesus. Angels will love that consecrated spot. The children of the Maternal Heart must be in that sanctuary as the very emanations of our Mother's Heart, breathing her soul's prayer and praise, entirely forgetting self.

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#### 45.

My God, surely Thou hast not done this to me, left me alone, without a guide, without the obedience, my Content, my only Confidence in this world?

(Written at the foot of a letter of one of her directors).

If He only understood that it is obedience I thirst for. It is obedience I seek. Would I could show my soul thirsting for obedience. May Our Lady's Priests understand.

[Back to Top](#)

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A little life, delighting in its freedom wings its way. We see a little bird, delighting, flying, caroling, rejoicing in its life. We follow it. It flies farther and farther out of sight. What does it image? What thoughts does it bring? We see a soul winging its way through space, on, on to the bosom of the Eternal Father, and there the little life finds rest tenderly embraced by the Author of Life. His little dove has found its home, its right place. Ah,

what happiness, near to the Heart of God it sings its lay, the song all cannot sing...

...with the life the Angel represented should be led, what a vista opened before her. How little eternity came into the decisions of mankind. How mankind's projects had reference to their future permanent state? Even the good overlooked this too much. It is true, continued the Angel, humankind overlooked their transitory state in a most strange manner. I give you a word to precede and follow our actions, to prepare and continue them with – "*per omnis saecula saeculorum.*"

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Saint Basil, thy children have ever guarded in their sanctuaries the Precious Blood. Be patron, St. Basil, animate thy client. Whisper, echo in the hearts of Mary's Own what her Heart desires on earth. Show to the people what her Heart gave this earth, and their souls inundated with joy they will regain the glad hope and know with the Israelites of old, nay more, how their God cares for them. On the doorposts was exposed the blood of the lamb, and the destroying angel passed by (cf Exod 12:13).

Open the doors of the tabernacle, show the treasure of Christ's Church to the people that they may realize still more Christ's love, and how we are saved by the shedding of the Blood. Sweet Jesus, may that day dawn soon, when the Church will excite still more the devotion of her children by showing to them, not alone in figure, but in reality, the Blood of Jesus' Heart. Christ's Vicar has bid them consecrate themselves anew to the Sacred Heart of their Lord, and He in return opens that Heart and shows Its treasures shed for their salvation. And it is Mary's own priests linked, anchored to her Heart, He bids say, first "*monstra te esse Matrem*" and then disclose for adoration, reparation, the Blood furnished by that Heart, and the souls of mankind love with a new love the Lord and Master, Who took from the veins of the Immaculate, the first drops of that Blood.

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Retreat : Feast of the Sacred Heart.

I do as Fr. Cardella had given me, bringing to Jesus my children, as the women did their little ones to Jesus (cf Mt 19:13). Look on Thy Mother's Little Company, my God, look on those who are to come, sons of the Maternal Heart. Our Lady doing the same by her child! Jesus drawing her closer and reproaching her for want of confidence, telling her He wished to love and work in her, speak by her, that little soul, conscious of some little of its infirmities, showing them for pity. Pity of the Heart to Jesus, pity! Pity if I have not fulfilled the mission Thou hast given me, my God, make up from Thy infinite Goodness, Pardon. Jesus offer for me! If I have been precipitate or if I have procrastinated Thou mayst bring right what my unworthiness has not seen clearly what to do.

I would live by Thee, my Jesus; - "And I would live in thee, my little one, work in thee." My God, Thy Will, only Thy Will, I would execute it. "Behold Thy Mother!" (Jn 19:27). Yes, Mary, my Mother thou wilt tell me, guide me. I am thy own, all thine and thou art pleased to possess me all unworthy, chosen by Jesus for nothing in myself, but chosen and presented to thee. I rejoice that I am thine. Mother, help me hope more, trust my God, make acts in His Divine Providence.

How can I thank thee, my God, that I have the happy hope I am doing thy Will, what joy on earth like this? And Mary takes her child to offer in sacrifice. Mother, wholly, entirely let me be offered, in every thought, word, pain, act, sacrifice, an offering of love, sweet Jesus, yes, in union with Thy Sacred Humanity. This makes valuable to the Eternal (Father) the sufferings He sends. Accept...

Higher, sweet Mother, higher, and Mary bids her child on, on, and she seems to rest on the bosom of the Eternal, without fear. What is this? How is it? The Mother of Divine Love, whose I am, she has thus inundated my soul with love, but should I not fear Thy judgments, O God? Is it right? I seem as though quitting this body – what could keep my soul from Thee, but my God do I not pay more than I owe, when I offer Thee the Precious Blood? And now, Holy Father, I come to Thee.

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#### **46. Pentecost**

Holy Spirit, what gift is this? Wonderful sacrament, that thou dost overrule mankind's mind? Thou hast, my God inspired, made use of him who directs me, and I have entered and may live in a world, a sanctuary, that it seems to me, my passing visits to [have] revealed not its beauty. I longed to visit often, now I remain in that world of penance, voluntary [and] humble, bringing peace that the world knoweth not, neither can know for no one knows the beauty of this sanctuary, but those who live in it. I thank Thee my God, that Thou hast given me a body, in which I can suffer and be sacrificed for Thee. My God, preserve me from self-will in my sufferings, penance, humiliations, which are so sweet and draw me so to Thee.

On the journey: "The Blessed Trinity Who made thee." Yes, my God Thou didst draw me out of nothingness. That nothingness must be fulfilled, animated with something. Is it self, my self – that fills that nutshell? My God, I find not myself, so much as Thee. I feel not myself, know not what that personality is, that self that must be there. But my God, may I say it, I do know Thee.

Yes, sweet Jesus, I have said it, wished it from my heart. I would live 100 or 1000 lives for Thee. Is it an answer to that wish that I am before

Thee in so many forms, have so many parts, dear Angel, to play in God's Church? A child born again of Mary and the Holy Ghost, a Spouse of Jesus, a child with a mission, a mission so great that she could scarce deliberately think of the work given her to do, a mother, a writer, my God and all the time a child, a nothing, now a penitent, prostrate doing penance for the fallen world of which she is a part. Holy Spirit, Thou hast given me this desire, so strong, for penance.

Saint Ignatius, holy Bishop of Antioch, how I understand thy cry, "I must be ground between the teeth of wild beasts." It was the Holy Spirit urging thy spirit to desire this sacrifice of thy body, and I? Is not Thy Holy Spirit, O my God, urging me more and more now a quarter of a century? My body must suffer. I must offer sacrifice to my God. My God, I am part of a fallen world and I would fain represent to Thee that world penitent. Prostrate, I appear before Thee, doing penance. May my penance be pleasing to Thee. My God, I thank Thee that I have body that can suffer, that can be sacrificed, contemned, treated contumeliously. My God, add to Thy favours – this, may Thy holy angels help me. I would be beaten with many stripes, by any means, but contempt I desire, I thirst for. I desire with a great desire that my body may be marked, scarred, presented to Thee as a victim, yes, but still more as a penitent, representing the world, penitent.

My Mother, is not this thy wish for thy child? Is it the last appearance upon earth of thy child in the sight of heaven? Fulfill thy will! Holy angels, what thy Queen says to thee, do. Here is my body, bruise, beat, spare not, but leave me not alone to myself one instant of time, lest I fail my God, disappoint Him. My human nature could not support, but angels help and I shall be supported and fear not. This frame will quiver, fain cry out on the rack, but fold thy wings round the child of earth. Angels of pity, angels of the Passion come. This throbbing pain I take from thee, as the scourges of my Lord, but a faint echo only, this I know, but it is sweet to be with Him, no earthly sweetness like to this. Thus do I enter the joy of Jesus, His joy on earth was suffering shame.

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#### 47.

Mother of God's Church, I see thee with the whole world, which thou dost so love and would bring into the Church, all, all Mother of the world.

Enter into the incarnation two ways: the Blessed Sacrament and penance. Suffering a sanctuary, souls without penance like the world after – outside – Paradise after the Fall.

Prostrated, my God, I would worship. My God, nothingness would worship Thee, but it has nothing, is nothing. Draw out of this nothingness, something, an entity not that self, that wretched self that once lived. Jesus, inhabit this body. Eternal Father, Essence of Paternal Love, give life. Eternal Word, save, change, redeem, give food to my weakness. Jesus I offer Thy act of contrition for sinful human nature.

God be praised, we poor fallen beings have that to offer, who sorrow with a sorrow all that we are capable of, and yet know it is an act unworthy of the acceptance of our offended God. Holy Spirit, darkness seeks light, desires it ardently. My God, I desire knowledge, the knowledge of Thy infinite Goodness, which my baseness, my little nature cannot fathom. Thy limitless essential goodness, I know but – that I cannot know. My Mother – ever a child and this child thou dost bring before the Heavenly Court in so many positions. My Mother would I were faithful to each grace. Thou hast made me live what I should lead others to live, so it has seemed good in thy sight. Be it done to me according to thy word. Holy Spirit, perfect Thy work, continue, strengthen, enlighten those who guide the child, - Thy Spouses that Thy Chose One has chosen, all unworthy, unfaithful, negligent, not full of faith and hope, as she would – her Mother would wish.

We dread our thoughts, lest we go to extremes, think too much of our own nothingness, too little of Thy condescension, of Thy love, or presume on that mercy, sweet Jesus, not considering sufficiently that to whom much is given, much more will be required. My God, nothingness feels Thee creating life in that nothingness, that atom. What that being was, she knows not, desires not to know. She seeks not to remember, for she loves not that self, that does not seem now to exist. It know it has done an act, the grace to do which only in eternity, can she thank. She has given that being to God. She is as though she were not. She lives in God. Glad of life, of creation, if but for the power to make this one act – give it to Thee.

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#### 48.

To day I must take care of thee, thou hast need of Me. My Jesus I have ever need of Thee!

May we venerate the Precious Blood in others, I all around, in ourselves. May we be chalices of the Precious Blood.

My Jesus, I must do penance. I would appear before Thee, mourning, doing penance. My God, no earthly pleasure like to penance, humiliation. It becomes a Spouse of Jesus Crucified. Help me! "Enter into the joy of thy Lord" (Mt 25:23) – again these words. Thy joy on earth, dear Jesus, Thy mortal flesh was suffering. What mysteries in Thy sacred scourging? We could remain here as in another world. Wounded flesh of my Jesus, unite me to Thee. Thy Spirit, my God breathes this. My spirit says to be beaten as a dog, my desire, delight, deserts. Let me stay united with Thy Sacred Body in the Passion. My greatest joy on earth, penance, blows, to be beaten.

Before Jesus exposed, octave of the Maternity

I would worship Thee, my Jesus. I would bring Thee the love of all possible beings and yet the love of all who have been would not worship Thee as the Pure Heart of Mary. Well may thou chant, sweet Mother, thy *Magnificat*. It is inadequate and well thou dost know it. That pure beautiful Heart was prepared by its purity to be that grand work of God's Spirit – the Maternal Heart. O God give light! Enlighten the minds of mankind to understand this beautiful work, " And she conceived of the Holy Ghost" (Lk 1:31, 35). Yes, that Heart conceived the Man-God by the power of the Holy Ghost. The purity of that Heart...

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#### 49.

Child – God taught! More and more am I crushed to earth, as Thou, my God, dost remind me of what Thou hast done, of what Thou hast said, of what Thou hast given me, - Thy power! "*Altissimi donum Dei.*" Now, thou hast shown me still clearer what Thou hast given me. Prostrate before Thee, my God, may I be faithful to the mission Thou hast given me – the Maternal Heart, the Precious Blood, by these shall I pray with power. I must pray with greater faith, Mother, give me thy hope, and for all must I pray, for this world, this little orb in God's universe. My God, then I show Thee Thy works, I plead for this city, for Thy people.

My God, guard from temptation, deliver my children from the snares of the evil one, from darkness, delusion. Mother, am I wrong? It is not selfish, as it may see. I am mother; they are my children. I pray, and, Mother, is it not thy work? Is not the evil one to lie in wait for thy heel? Thou shalt crush him. We will be thy heel. Has he not often disappeared at the presence of one of thy children?

My God, pardon, if I have left dormant the power given me to use. My Angel, remind me! At all times, on all occasions may I pray with power! Not unto me, O Lord, but to thy Name give glory (Ps 115:1). Yes, may I, in Thy Name, by the power given to me – pray, plead, petition as never before. Help me, O my God! Help mine! Let there be light (Gen 1:3). In flame the minds of mankind. May the earthly prayers ascend: Thy grace descend. And Jesus, my Lord, with every prayer and work, with every breath, I offer my life. I offer my death, all unworthy, all worthless. Accept favourably!

My God, I love! I adore thee, as though this moment Thou hast called me into existence. "I have opened My Heart to you; I have revealed to you, secrets."

Eternal Father, Word, beautiful Word of my Lord, Jesus Christ! Eternal Father, He who is Love has said it, "How often would I gather as a hen doth her brood under her wings" (Mt 23:37). Father, my God, I rejoice with those, who are nestled so closely to thee. I hope to be with them. How is it I live, loving Thee, so close to Thee? It seems I have commenced to taste that though I know it must be but a shadow. Yet I love it. It shows Thee to me so lovably. The benignity of my God, He seems as a vast ocean of condescending benignity – I would here be still with my God, beg Him to let me watch His works. I ask not notice for myself. Look not on me, my God. Let me watch Thee work. But Thou shalt... And the benevolence of God surrounds, overwhelms this child of earth as she feels how God loves to use what is little, His condescension is glorified.

Work then in me, my God, and may I ever correspond with the beneficent designs, glorify the greatness of thy condescension. Father, I rest in Thee, now and forever more. Jesus, for Mary's sake, for love of Thy Mother's Heart grant my petition.

My God, how beautiful is Thy world of mercy. This orb I would hold and press to my breast. It is a fallen world. We are a fallen race. I would as one of that fallen race do penance, represent to Thee, the world penitent. Mother, thy child is before God as a penitent, to represent the world penitent. Would, oh would that I could!

My own, Jesus! Jesus, my own! And Thy Mother's child is speechless. Thoughts above her mind, above her power crowd around her, and she has no more power. She is human. Jesus, my own! Thou art mine! It is no figure of speech, - mine! Good, good God, Thy gift, my God is like Thyself, infinite, magnificent. It is Jesus, Thyself my God. Thou art mine, and I am what I am.

[Back to Top](#)

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#### 50.

An echo, faint so faint, a light so little, so dim but that echo in thy child's heart, dear Mother, that light has come from above. The Holy Spirit speaks, "God so loved the world..." (Jn 3:16).

I love the world with an echo of that love of the Father. He sent His Only Begotten, Himself into the world "...that the world by Him might be saved" (Jn 3:17). My God, unworthily I say it: I give thee myself my unworthy self, this heart so little, so worthless, to love but Thee and Thine. This body to suffer to do penance, to be immolated, to be treated with contempt as a penitent, even if I were not one of a fallen race. Accept my intent. It is but Thyself, Thy Spirit would give this desire and I say, though so unworthy to say it, "Thou hast fitted a body for me" (Heb 10:5). I feel, my God, Thy designs are these, that my body be immolated, beaten, as part of the poor fallen world, and I beg that the world regain Thy favour, my God, turn penitent to Thee. As an image of that world I turn to Thee, I hold it to thee. God, look upon the world Thou dost so love. Would every part did penance, voluntary penance. I feel Thy chastisements must be upon me. I would move human wills. My God, my God I have loved to be Thy child. How I have known that I came from Thee, conceived in eternity, created in time. My God, I have always loved Thee.

Mother, I was given to thee before I was born into this world. Mother, thou hast let me lead many lives, as I told my Lord, my Love so often. I would lead 1000 lives for the glory of my God, the Father of my Lord, Jesus Christ. Now that I have been the novice, Jesus' spouse, a mother – now the Spirit has bid me do penance, and I appear before the whole Court of Heaven, prostrate on the fallen earth, offering the world penitent, offering myself, but a victim long before I offered myself. Still lower has Thy Spirit bid me descend into valleys of humility. My God, I would do penance, all unworthy, all little for so great a request. Would I could be perfect as a penitent for the world, representing it to Thee, that Thou mayest bring all into Thy Church.

Jesus, sweet Jesus, hearken to me. Thou didst die for all. Thou didst shed Thy Blood. Is mine to any use? My God, may I mingle mine with Thine? May I be bruised, beaten, scourged for that world buffeted. Sweet indeed are blows to thy child, Mary, my Mother.

Who are these multitudes, who look at me so wistfully with hungry eyes as though asking me to give?

My God, I give what I have, my body. Would that I could bear stripes for all the human beings who should live, and to whom in Your great compassion, my Jesus, You would let my little offering be profitable. My God, look upon Thy world, so loved by Thee. Show mercy!

My God, I understand, - a mother is one who receives to give. Thy Spirit impresses upon me, I must bear fruit, I must give. May I be faithful to my mission. I have made thee mother; remember thy office in My Church.

A glimpse, but a passing knowledge of what is to be! Did you wish I should keep that state? Ah no, Lord, it is not for now. Let me return to my state, penitent for the repentant, penitent world. But, Jesus, it was sweet that passing knowledge that feeling of the spouse's power with her Lord. May I use it well, my God! It seems good. It seems like Thee that Thou lovest Thy little one to have power and use it over Thee, and yet, if I might stay thus near, so near to thy Heart, I must remember what I am by the wish, the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit. I must strive to be a pure victim. Ah no, still lower must I sink, prostrate, penitent, pleading, doing penance, humble penance.

Holy angels, help me to do penance, assist, inspire, humble me, keep me low, loving the world, showing Thee, my God, the world so loved by Thee. My God, strengthen me; help me to do penance. Perfect Thy work, O Holy Spirit, in me. Mary, Spouse of the Holy Ghost, love, help thy child. Does it please thee to see the body of thy little one bruised, bleeding?

I will. I love what thou willest. I have walked thy Path and now am I content. I feel God has waited for me. Thou hast for many years made suffering sweet to me, but still more content, still sweeter is humble penance, - and the bones that have been humbled shall rejoice (Ps 51:8). This echoes in my ears and afraid am I. There other words sound. They vibrate from the Sacred Heart on mine. "Thou hast fitted a body of me. Then said I, 'behold I come' " (Heb 10:5, 7). I, a creature of this fallen world dare not do more than understand, feel faint echoes of Thy Sacred Heart. I have a baptism where with I am to be baptized, and how I am straitened until it be accomplished (Lk 12:50). Words so beautiful! My God, Thou givest understanding, slight understanding of their beauty. Thou openest Thy Heart to Thy little one, and how much hast Thou revealed by means of pain.

My Jesus, gentle Jesus, must give pain as penance, what then must sin be? To this part of the journey of life have I come, my God, - to enter a world of penance, pain as punishment, loved with an echo of Jesus' Heart, and yet with a feeling it is just and right, united with a voluntary offering, even if we did not deserve it.

Thy spouse raised by Thyself, my Jesus, to so high a dignity, - I may not think lightly of that dignity. Thou hast made Thy child Thy spouse, and yet, my Lord, I must, - Thy Spirit urges me to prostrate before the Most High, and plead, not as Thy spouse, but penitent, part of a fallen world, one of a sinful race, prostrate on the earth.

Lord, look upon Thy world, pardon, forgive. Who will join this prayer, what penitents? They must be pure that their penances may be pleasing, acceptable, united with the Lamb of God, Who came to do penance for a sinful world.

[Back to Top](#)

