Fort Wayne, June 15, 1877


Very Rev. Dear Friend:

You must certainly be thrilled with vanity, to expect compliments within the narrow confines of a telegram. The atmosphere, however, in which you have continued your life, explains it all. Zephyrs never brought to your ears any thing but: Oh! how glad to see you. Dear Father! Your presence is honey in my mouth, melody to my ear and joy to my heart!! Oh! Welcome, a thousand times welcome, Sweet Father!!!

Do you expect the same meaningless effusions from a man that is a man? I understand you better than you think. The idea of visiting St. Wages shot through your mind; but as it happened many times before, it was only conceived, and remained an embryo, you wanted an excuse for not
Coming, as you had intended. And what poor excuse you have found! My telegram, beyond the direct answer to your question, did not contain unkind compliments, and therefore I turned you the cold shoulder. I really thought you were smarter than that, and I considered you could easily find a better excuse. Be convinced I am not as bad as you. When I promise something I am as good as my word, and under false pretenses, I do not disappoint any one. I expect a letter from the Author of Cimarron, who wants to see me. If I will not be bound to pay him a visit, you will see me at Notre Dame de Lorraine in the 15th. Do not think this means the cold shoulder. Yours devotedly, C. Benoit, V.C.