CIRCULAR LETTER No. 87
OF THE
VERY REVEREND SUPERIOR-GENERAL
TO THE
Congregation of the Holy Cross.

ST. BRIGITTA, ROME, March 31, 1878.

REV. FATHERS AND DEARLY BELOVED CHILDREN IN JESUS CHRIST:

I have been here over a month and a half; and although I have frequently written home since I arrived, many among you, I am sure, have scarcely heard anything of my movements these last three months, and I feel anxious to show them that although absent in body from our dear American shores I have not so soon forgotten and obliterated from my mind the interesting family I have left behind in the far West. Need I say it—to forget the New World, where I have spent more than thirty-six years of my life, and where Di­vine Providence has blessed me with so many devoted children, whose affections I reciprocate so deeply in my own heart?—laid in my soul and practically a part of my being. Whether in my séance—benediction, or yielding to the bonds of His undying charity. Let this assurance ever console us in our momentary separation. Here, especially, my delight is to go from shrine to shrine, recommending to the Madonna or some great Saint the general wants of the family at large, and the secret needs of each member of it, as memory prompts me. Thus separately I ask no less to pray, but a general prayer for all the years they shall rest in the dust of death; and what comparison can be established between what passes as a shadow and what remains forever? My time has not been lost.

I have here a full list of all the Religious of the Holy Cross; I carry it with me everywhere; and whenever I enter a celebrated church or chapel, I trace the dear names as soon as possible, that I may some day be enabled to, I begin my litany and go through. Every man has his own devotion. This is one of mine; and in calling each name, I intend securing to its bearer something worth coming so far to obtain. Thus I redeem my pledge, and try to avoid even the semblance of ingratitude towards those who pray so fervently for me. Ingratitude! "The burning wind and the sour air, and the sun's rays, with the stars, should bite into his face in a manner to make the years they shall rest in the dust of death; and what comparison can be established between what passes as a shadow and what remains forever? My time has not been lost.

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