

Praise be J.M.J.

11-8

To spare the weak resources of the Convent, I am writing you only a few lines, my dear Child, but you will never measure the affection of a heart which is very devoted to you by the brevity of my letters. That is understood, isn't it?

You gave me great pleasure by simply disclosing your soul to me. I had seen you rather sad and that had upset me. So, watch carefully over yourself, so that sadness never intervenes to disturb a heart which Jesus has chosen as his dwelling place. Let us be weary, even ill, but never sad!

I admit that it would be good to give some ideas of the nature of those spoken of by the author you have copied; all the same, one would be very mistaken if one were to take it into one's head to give the girls all that your author wishes them to have; one would make them affected, half-scholars, evil women. Let us not forget the duties religion prescribes for us in regard to our dear pupils; let us take all possible pains to cast into their minds useful things and into their hearts virtuous sentiments; but let us be wise in moderation for fear of giving rise to confusion in the very place where we are called upon to put in order.

Let us go on gently, both for ourselves, my dear Child, and for the others. Let us limit our desires and we shall be in a position to form ourselves and to form the others whom our good God will deign to confide to our care.

Drop all anxiety and do in peace what your divine Spouse is asking. That is what is said to you by

Your very devoted spiritual Father

C. G. Van Crombrugghe

Ghent, 11th June 1834