

Reverend Mother,

The great change in atmosphere temperature and a little overwork or where everything is small, the least cause immediately produces its effects) had kept me at home during the first days of the year. By singular contrast, on Saturday evening, I made an east to west journey of about fifteen leagues on Sunday morning and adored the divine Child, the expectation of the nations, in the chapel of the convent of the Queen of Angels. Before my Mass and before I had spoken to any Lady, a little cough informed my ear that Mme Marie Charlotte had replaced another Lady who twice out of three times takes care to absent herself when I present myself there.

His excellent Eminence who sees with the eye of an eagle, big and little things, remarked to me that the Ladies of Mary, whom he honors with real esteem, are all very pale. We had much discussion about that; for my part, I find myself on my own ground there, as you know my Child; now the result of our discussions has been that our Ladies of Mary who are all young and weak will say their office in a low voice, and for some time, will have eight hours of rest at night. You will kindly comply with that provisional decision except on Sundays or certain feast days when you may chant some parts of the office, and still excepting the Ladies who are older in age or not taking classes, as there are perhaps some at Mouscron. You will write to Brussels about this, please.

If that dear Lady, who flees from me at Malines, had been in that area on Sunday, I would have told her that, thanks to her care, my health has been constantly maintained all this winter; I am excepting a few days of last week. If Mme Henriette heard that statement, she might indeed be a little jealous. If in the stage of perfection she has reached, one is still susceptible to jealousy. ... (Second page / end of letter is missing)