Jan. 1, 1885

My dear Child,

You tell me to write you a Christmas letter, which I do on New Year's Day; hoping that this year may be happier than the last.

I am sorry to hear that you have a cold. Please not to.
But when you are well again, come. The best days are Tuesday, Wednesday.
and Friday.

You tell me that you feel 
left of the consolation of God's 
Presence more you did. I can 
tell you says. From July 28 
Christmas in 1883 you were 
in great anxiety & fear but 
you were in the light of 
trust & faith. You lived in 
the midst of difficulties & 
I may say, in the Catholic 
Church. You then went 

where every thing darkened & 
ended your faith. At this time 
the light of the peace you once 
were beginning to see anyone. 

I have watched this with a 
real sorrow lost. The things of 
your peace "should be lost, 
and the day of your Visitation" 
just; 
then you come I'll say mere 
than I can write. for time 

fails": 

And now my dear Child.
If you will seek God
first and above all with all your heart you will enter once more into the light for which
you had in the days of your great trials.
I pray for you every day
in the Holy Mass.
Give my kind regards to your Father and Mother, and
wishes them from me many happy new years.
Believe me, always
Your affectionate,
W. J. C. Ansted.