

Fort Wayne Nov. 8. 1871

5970

U. Rev. E. Corine Genl. C. F. C.

U. Rev. Father,

What an affliction it would be,
if your limbs were as lame as
your excuses! You saw yourself,
very Rev. and very ^{dear} Father,
their totterings and their crooked
ways, and you could not help
clucking at their ludicrous zigzags,
your might, however, ^{have} dismissed
such feelings, at once, should
you have known that I had
not been disappointed, in the least.
I have been acquainted with
you these thirty years, and
a long experience has taught me
to guess correctly at your modum
agendi.

When you promise to go hither
or thither, rely upon it you will
be like those with flees, you
will not be there. You impoverish
yourself by crowding your promises,
but you get well off again by
playing the backslider, and not
fulfilling them. How many
times did our brothers, and the
sisters of the Saviour's heart prepare
for your reception, relying on
your promises, and how many times
were they not disappointed,

What is worse, your good old,
and no amendment can be
expected from you. I know it,
I will not be disappointed; but
how many more will have to
bite their lips, and the tips
of their fingers,

Hoping, when you give your
word, you mean it at the time,
and do no moral wrong, I

remain your devoted old friend
quand même,

O. Benoit