

precious had she to give and surrender than her own children? She wanted them *all* to become priests and nuns. It was not a case of thinking that it would be nice if some younger son made up his mind to study for the priesthood or one of the daughters went to a convent there to pray for the rest; she besought God to send vocations to them *all*—to Herbert, her eldest born, no less than to the others. For nearly twenty years it was her daily practice to spend an hour—from five to six in the afternoon—in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament asking this favor—that God would call every one of her children to serve Him in the Choir or in the Sanctuary. In the event all her five daughters entered convents, and of her eight sons six became priests; even the two who have renounced in the world for a time entered ecclesiastical seminaries to try their vocations.

Eliza Vaughan was in a very real sense the Angel in the House at Courtfield. Her gentle and protecting influence seemed to shelter every one, and to temper the hardness which sometimes marked her husband's dealing with his children. Bacon says somewhere that the charity which has first to fill a pool will hardly water a field. It was not so with Mrs. Vaughan: the love which went out so freely to her own family overflowed to all her neighbors, and specially to the poor. She could not bear to see a tramp turned from the door, and on one occasion, when cross-examined by her husband as to what had become of a valuable shawl he had given her, she had to confess that under a sudden impulse of pity she had passed it from her own shoulders to those of a beggar she found shivering at the gates of the park. It was one of the principles of her life never to ask God to send any earthly blessing to those she loved. And that principle held good even with regard to trifles. Her son, Father Kenelm Vaughan, remembered how on one oc-