

My son ! my son ! It is I who know his nature, and what priceless treasures are concentrated in his character; they will be his safeguard against the world and against himself. When in the secrecy of his priestly work God may put in his path some faltering soul, faltering or lost, he it is who will know how to find words to lift up that soul and make it trust in the goodness of God.

Oh, yes ! my child will do good, he will be according to God's heart, he will be all charity. Yes, yes ! I am the mother of a priest, of a true priest.

What shall I tell you of yesterday's ceremonies ? I was there, but I saw nothing save only him ; when he knelt, when he stood upright, when he lay prostrate, when he arose, when he passed away so recollected from beneath the hand of the Bishop — a priest forever !

And this morning he has said his first mass, in the little chapel of a humble convent, where pure and loving hands had adorned the altar with lilies and roses, white and red ; no pomp was there save the silent flowers and the modest love-lit candles ; his server, a child, his congregation, I seemed alone—I, his mother and a few dear friends.

Ah ! when they wish to paint the happiness of heaven should they not try to picture the happiness of a mother who sees God descend at the voice of her son, to a mother lost in adoration so deep that she has forgotten that she lives, and who gazes upon but two objects, God, and her own son.

At a moment I heard him move as he bent down before the sacred host. I prayed no longer, or at least I know not what to call my emotions. Yes ! it was the ecstasy of a Christian mother. I was saying thanks, my God, thanks forevermore !

This priest, he was—mine ; it is I who formed him ; his soul was lit up by mine. He is mine no longer, he belongs to Thee, O my God. Protect him from even the shadow of evil ; he is the salt of the earth ; keep him from being contaminated. My God I love Thee, and I love him, I respect him, I venerate him for he is Thy priest.

At the moment of communion the young server recites the confessor ; the celebrant has turned around, he has