

pulpit steps. Between the forty-fifth and fifty-fifth year of his age, his record of work never fell below *five hundred* sermons a year, and sometimes ran up to a thousand. In presiding over Retreats, he constantly delivered three, sometimes four lengthened addresses every day. Such is the bare outline of a career of incessant self-sacrifice, of the existence of a man whose life was hid with Christ in God, dead to worldly ambition and position, with its accompanying responsibilities and temptations—of a life unsullied from the boyhood in the rural Galway home, to the death of agonizing pain borne with the fortitude of a martyr. —*From the Church Quarterly Review.*

MGR. DE SEGUR.

(From the French, For THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.) By F. B. H.

LETTERS AND FRAGMENTS OF LETTERS FROM MGR. DE SEGUR TO ONE OF HIS SPIRITUAL DAUGHTERS, WHO HAD BECOME A NUN, AND IN TREATING WITH WHOM HE GAVE FREE VENT TO THE EFFUSIONS OF HIS LOVE FOR GOD AND HIS PRIESTLY PIETY.

Pax! Respice Deus in faciem Christitui!

PARIS, Nov. 30, 1862.

MY DEAR LITTLE DAUGHTER:

Here is the little and yet very great present I promised you; little in size but very great in contents; so great indeed that God Himself alone is greater. Do not forget what I told you as to the manner of using it for your meditation, when Jesus, whom you carry within your soul, on the royal throne of your heart, does not Himself speak to you directly. After placing yourself quite peacefully but vigorously in the holy presence of your Jesus, in the depths of your soul, and after craving His light that you may clearly understand, and His love so that you may heartily love the things of God, then take up the book and read. Read aloud if you be alone, and never forget that our good God, the Lord Jesus, who said and did what you read in His book, is there all present, all living in you, addressing you in every word and every page in order to make Himself known to you and in order that you may greatly love Him. Jesus is the light of your mind and He must fill it; He is the love and the life of your heart, which has been created but to live by Him and love Him with all its strength. There are things in the book which you will not understand: thereupon kiss the passage, and adore the hidden truth God has placed therein. Try and practice well all that you understand and to become, by so doing, in some sense another Jesus, a little child of God all full of love, of humility, of meekness, of simplicity, of purity, of goodness. While reading the holy book, often say to your divine Jesus that you love Him with your whole heart. When your prayer is ended make a nosegay of all your good resolutions and present it to God and to the holy Virgin; then rise up, and all through the day maintain a sweet spirit of recollection which will appease the excessive ardour of your character and render you peaceful, joyous and amiable to every one. Farewell dear little one. May the blessing of Our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Pray to Him sometimes for one who loves you well because you love Him well.

L. G. DE SEGUR.

MY DEAR LITTLE DAUGHTER,—Have you received and read the little treatise on the Real Presence I sent you a few weeks ago? I have therein striven to impress on the many souls who hardly know it by experience, the solid arguments which establish the certainty of the presence of our most beloved Saviour in our midst. We, his spoiled children, know this better perhaps from inward evidence than from any outward proof, and we find in the practical experience of our faith the supreme, direct and sole divine

(1) The present consisted of a copy of the New Testament, upon the fly leaf of which he had written these words: "The meditation of the word of God is, with the love of Holy Communion, the most powerful means of advancing in the love of Our Lord Jesus Christ."
Paris, Nov. 30, 1862. L. G. DE SEGUR."

proof of the truth of that same faith. Hence it is that the Holy Spirit says to us in Scripture: "Taste and see how sweet is the Lord." *Taste* first, then *see*.

The presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, the presence of Jesus in us; the mystery of the Eucharist; the mystery of grace, communion and union,—this my child, is everything, the one thing needful, the why and wherefore of our being. He who knows this is deeply learned though he be unable to read; he who knows it not is grossly ignorant though he know all the languages and sciences and fine things in the world.

Live solely in these two centres of love, which in reality and in practice are but one—Jesus. This is the source of life; and the more deeply we drink from it the more we live. It is ever the same and it is ever new, because it is divine and eternal. We must abound in love, with a great simplicity, confidence, sauvity, interior peace and joy; with a great desire to will nothing else but Jesus-Christ, and a most trusting and most loving humility in view of the nothingness we are and which Jesus nevertheless deigns to love most greatly; in view of the thousand miseries of each day, which remind us that Jesus alone is good in us and that we are good only in Him.

You see, my good daughter, we are like mere lanterns—bearing a beautiful light; the lantern is all luminous and sheds its rays on everything around, this cannot be denied; but it does not of itself dispel the darkness, and all its light emanates from the taper burning within.

Adieu, my dear little lantern of our good Father. May our dear Lord so shine in you as to enlighten and inflame all who approach you! Keep the glass of the lantern spotlessly clean and bright so that the rays of Jesus Christ may not be intercepted.

I bless you with all my heart, my dear daughter, and all the members of your excellent family. Do not forget me in your prayers and communions.

24th May, 1864.

Feast of Our Lady of Good Help.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER,—Are you very faithful in filling yourself, in saturating yourself, in anointing yourself with the *meekness* and *humility* of your Saviour? Jesus Christ is summed-up in those two words. It is absolutely necessary that we give forth the good odour of humility and meekness, to the end that our good God and our neighbour be not offended by the evil odour of our faults, of our miseries, of our imperfections of every kind. How few souls are truly fragrant! And how does our dear Lord endure it all! But He remains in us nevertheless, because He loves us; just as your good mother stays close to her child in its sickness. Do you at least, my dear child, who are keeping for your Jesus the fragrant lily of virginity, make amends to him for the foul odours emanating from the world of souls, by the constant and daily renewed fragrance of your lilies, of your roses and of your violets; your innocence, your meekness, your humility.

Adieu, my little daughter; never forget me in your communions. Ask our good Jesus to grant me what you ask for yourself, grace and the cross. I recommend to you also all my souls, young, old, good, bad, beautiful, ugly, dead, dying, living, cold, tepid, fervent.

L. G. DE SEGUR.

FIRST COMMUNION.

5th June, 1865.

MY DEAR LITTLE GIRLS,—I love in you all the same and only Lord Jesus, and I reply by one and the same letter to all the welcome little letters you have sent me.

And so little C. is about to ascend, in her turn, to heaven, there to receive the Heavenly King. The angels and archangels will be her escort, and will envy her happiness. In truth, their calling is far less beautiful than ours. Jesus did not become an angel, but a man; and all the angels, even to the Cherubim and Seraphim, are but the servants of Jesus and of our souls, which are His spouses.

My good little ones, enter into your own hearts. You will there find Him who can alone enable His little spouses on earth to make a good communion. If we are