

# THE GOLDEN ARROW

*“Rejoice, My Daughter, because the  
hour approaches when the most beau-  
tiful work under the sun will be born.”*

—Our Lord

To Sister Mary of St. Peter

(Our Lord refers here to the work of reparation to the Holy Face, which He revealed is destined to be the means of defeating atheistic Communism and restoring peace to the world.)



SISTER MARY OF ST. PETER  
AND OF THE HOLY FAMILY  
1816-1848

Carmelite Nun of Tours, France  
To Whom Our Lord imparted His revelations  
About Devotion to the Holy Face of Jesus

# THE GOLDEN ARROW

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND REVELATIONS  
OF SISTER MARY OF ST. PETER  
(1816–1848)  
ON DEVOTION TO  
THE HOLY FACE OF JESUS

*Edited by*  
Dorothy Scallan

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Based upon and quoting authentic French manuscripts  
emanating directly from the archives  
of the Monastery of Discalced Carmelites, at Tours, France,  
where Sister Mary of St. Peter lived and died.

“By My Holy Face you will work  
wonders.”

—Our Lord  
To Sister Mary of St. Peter

TAN Books  
An Imprint of Saint Benedict Press, LLC  
Charlotte, North Carolina

Nihil Obstat:        John M. A. Fearn, S.T.D.  
Censor Librorum

Imprimatur:        ✠ Francis Cardinal Spellman  
Archbishop of New York  
March 15, 1954

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This book was originally published in hardbound in 1954 by The William Frederick Press, New York, New York. It was reissued by that company in a paperbound edition in 1973 under the title, *Veronica's Veil*, giving the editor's name as Doris Sheridan (pen name of Dorothy Scallan, the sister of Fr. Emeric Scallan). This present (third) edition is photographically reproduced complete and unabridged from the first edition, with the new elements of the second edition added, and using once again the original title.

Library of Congress Catalog Card No.: 90-70258

ISBN: 978-0-89555-389-8


Printed and bound in the United States of America.

TAN Books  
An Imprint of Saint Benedict, LLC  
Charlotte, North Carolina

2012



THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED  
IN THIS MARIAN YEAR OF GRACE  
TO  
*MARY IMMACULATE, THE MOTHER OF GOD,*  
*THAT SHE MAY OBTAIN FOR US THE TRIUMPH OF*  
*THE WORK OF REPARATION*  
*THROUGH*  
*THE HOLY FACE OF HER DIVINE SON*

 WE HEREBY declare that we absolutely and entirely conform to the decree of Urban VIII with respect to the terms of eulogy or veneration applied to the servants of God, Sister Mary of St. Peter, and others, as well as to the Divine revelations mentioned in the present book; and, moreover, that we by no means anticipate the decisions of the Holy See.

## THE “GOLDEN ARROW” PRAYER

MAY the most holy, most sacred, most adorable, most incomprehensible and unutterable Name of God be always praised, blessed, loved, adored and glorified, in Heaven, on earth, and under the earth, by all the creatures of God, and by the Sacred Heart of Our Lord Jesus Christ in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar. Amen.

After receiving this prayer, Sister Mary of St. Peter was given a vision in which she saw the Sacred Heart of Jesus delightfully wounded by this “*Golden Arrow*,” as torrents of graces streamed from It for the conversion of sinners.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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I WISH to express my gratitude to the Discalced Carmelite Nuns, at Tours, France, for presenting me with authoritative manuscripts in the French language, used exclusively in the preparation of this English version of the Autobiography and the Revelations of Sister Mary of St. Peter and of the Holy Family, a professed religious of their own community, who died in the odor of sanctity on July 8, 1848.

Furthermore, I here express my warm thanks to the Priests at the Oratory of the Holy Face, at Tours, France, for their encouragement and permission to translate the French documents on the Work of Reparation, emanating from the Seat of the Archconfraternity of the Holy Face, at Tours.

Finally, I take this occasion to acknowledge with gratitude the literary and spiritual assistance rendered me in the preparation of this book by Miss Doris Sheridan.\* Her noteworthy research on the Cult of the Holy Face has been evidenced by her extensive writings on this topic, and particularly climaxed by her most recent book, *The Whole World Will Love Me* (1954, The William-Frederick Press, New York), which strikingly bears out that it was the Little Flower's devotion to the Holy Face which drove her to her unparalleled heights of sanctity.

EMERIC B. SCALLAN, S.T.B.

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\* Pen name of Dorothy Scallan.—*Editor*, 1990.

## *PUBLISHER'S PREFACE*

*(Adapted for the 1990 edition from the Second Edition of the book)*

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FATHER EMERIC B. SCALLAN pursued his studies for the priesthood at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, and in Rome, where he was ordained. The late Bishop Cornelius Van de Ven of New Orleans appointed Father Scallan as the first editor of the New Orleans diocesan newspaper and thereby launched him on a career in Catholic publishing.

After spending a number of years in the press, Father Scallan noted the alarming spread of atheism. He became convinced that of all the published Catholic material that came to his attention as editor, the Revelations of the French cloistered Carmelite Nun, Sister Mary of St. Peter, dealt directly with the problem of overcoming atheism and restoring peace to the world. He therefore translated her autobiography and helped his sister Dorothy with two other books dealing with this single theme, namely, that of offering the bruised Holy Face of Jesus to the Eternal Father in reparation for blasphemy.

At present, during these post-conciliar years, irreligion and other direct affronts against the Church have multiplied to drastic proportions. Not only in secular spheres, but even in quarters called "Catholic" there is a sort of infamous jabbing at all things Catholic, and that on a wide, public scale, which actually derogates from the extrinsic honor due the Holy Name of God. For this reason, and also because recently there have been repeated requests for the book treating the Revelations on the Holy Face—from both religious and the laity—a new, third edition has been undertaken. This current book, in flexible cover, is an unabridged edition of the

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first edition of *The Golden Arrow*.

Besides this book, there are two more volumes, forming together a sort of "trilogy" on the Holy Face Devotion for our times. *The Holy Man of Tours* (formerly titled *God Demands Reparation*), by Dorothy Scallan, deals with the life of a French attorney, Leo Dupont, who was personally acquainted with Sister Mary of St. Peter, to whom the revelations of this book were imparted by Our Lord. After her death, he became an apostle, spreading the cult of the Holy Face, not only in France, but to the most distant points of the world. After Sr. Mary's death and before official Church approval of the Holy Face Devotion, Leo Dupont developed great personal devotion to the Holy Face of Jesus (inspired by the revelations of Sr. Mary), to which he was so committed that for some 30 years he kept a perpetual lamp burning before a true replica of Veronica's Veil in a place of honor and veneration in the drawing room of his home in Tours, France. Before long, he was working miracles by applying the oil of this lamp to people's diseased or injured members. In time, his success and fame as a miracle-worker became so astounding that Pope Pius IX (1846-1878) declared him to be perhaps the greatest thaumaturgist (miracle-worker) in Church history. The cause for his beatification is in process.

The third book in this series is entitled *The Whole World Will Love Me*, by Dorothy Scallan, and is a biography of St. Therese of the Child Jesus and of the Holy Face. In this definitive study, St. Therese is portrayed in her essential role as an adorer of the Holy Face, which practice sent her to such heights of sanctity that she has come to be esteemed as the greatest saint of modern times.

Father Scallan is one of five religious vocations in his family, two of whom became priests, two nuns, and one a brother in a religious order.

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*“Just as in an earthly kingdom money which is stamped with the picture of the sovereign or ruling executive of the country procures whatever one desires to purchase, so likewise in the Kingdom of Heaven, you shall obtain all that you desire by offering the coin of My precious Humanity which is My adorable Face.”*

—Our Lord

To Sr. Mary of St. Peter



The Holy Face of Jesus from the image on Veronica's veil.  
(The veil is kept in St. Peter's Basilica, Rome.)



PART I

*AUTOBIOGRAPHY*  
*OF*  
*SISTER MARY OF ST. PETER*  
*AND OF THE HOLY FAMILY*



SINCE YOU, Reverend Mother, think that it will redound to the glory of God and my own abasement that I should at this time write in all simplicity a brief account of my life, I will do so. While I have always had an aversion for writing about myself, I shall obey you, Reverend Mother, and perform this act with the aid of the Divine Infant Jesus. Remembering how forcibly grace has always assisted me whenever I was compelled by obedience to give you in writing a full report of the various communications which, in spite of my unworthiness, I have from time to time received from our Saviour regarding the Work of Reparation, I now place my pen in the hands of the Divine Child Jesus, imploring Him to write for me.

Thus shall God, the Father, be glorified by this short story of my life, because it will prove how by His power, He has brought forth from the barren soil of my soul, filled with flaws, imperfections and sins, such beautiful fruits for the glory of His Holy Name.

I was born October 4, 1816. This date is notable as the anniversary of the death of our holy mother, Saint Teresa, and it is also the feast of Saint Francis of Assisi, whose name my mother bore. I was baptized in the Church of St. Germain, in the city of Rennes, and given the names of Perrine Frances.

My poor mother received a sad gift, indeed, on that anniversary of her feast-day, in the birth of the little girl whose sicknesses and waywardness were to cause her so much worry.

Since my mother was of delicate health, she had to entrust

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me, soon after I was born, to the care of a wet nurse, who was an excellent person. Then when I was but one month old, I met with an accident which could have caused my death, had it not been for God's special protection.

This good woman, my nurse, having gone out awhile, had left me in my cradle. One of her own small children picked me up and undoubtedly wishing to keep me warm brought me close to the fireplace. I fell out of the child's arms into the fire, and my face has ever since retained a mark from that burn. When my poor mother learned of this, she was very much distressed, and immediately took me away from that person's care.

I shall at this point relate one of my first traits of meanness. When I grew older, someone had told me about the accident. One day when this poor woman, my nurse, came to visit me, I received her very coldly, saying to her: "So, you have already burned one of my cheeks and do you come here today to scorch the other?"

When I was four years old I had an attack of scarlet fever which brought me close to death. My parents told me that I was in grave danger for nineteen days, during which time I could take no food except a small glass of cider. It always amused my father who used to laugh as he would recall to me that a beverage so poorly suited to my condition should have sustained me and preserved my life.

As soon as my reason began to develop, my parents, who were truly good and pious, taught me the first rudiments of Christian doctrine. However, I gave little evidence of a good disposition. I was easily moved to anger, and also had stubborn traits. My mother, being very devout, often took me with her to church, but in my restlessness I used to keep turning my head constantly to see everything that went on. Upon return-

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ing home from services, my mother never failed to punish me sternly for misbehaving in church.

Then too, I used to be so jealous of my sister, that they were obliged to separate us for some time. With all these faults, which made me very disagreeable, I was also proud and full of self-love. To make me realize and correct my many faults, my mother once said in front of me to my father: "Ah, this little girl is surely not our own. I think that she must have been exchanged in the nursery, for it is not possible that a child of ours could be as bad as this little one." That conversation did not please me in the least, and, in fact, I could not quite make up my mind how to take it.

When I was six and a half years old, I was taken to confession to accuse myself of all my faults.

Finally, however, I managed to win a victory over my pride. It happened that a poor, blind beggar used to pass in front of our house almost every day. He was very poorly dressed and often needed a charitable hand to guide him across the street. My parents had several times suggested to me that I offer the blind man my services, but the very thought seemed repugnant to me. Finally, one day doing great violence to myself, I took the poor blind man by the arm, and led him in the right direction. When I returned home it seemed to me that I had, indeed, performed a most heroic deed. After that whenever I was bad and my parents punished me, I forced myself not to resent their corrections, realizing that they were of great benefit to me. I began to feel grace reproaching me for my bad conduct.

About this time, in order to instill into me devotion to the Blessed Virgin, my parents would tell me of instances when this good Mother showered her protection on those who invoked her. Touched by these accounts of Mary's great power, I prayed to her to help me also, and I began to improve and

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soon became better. I now also began to like prayer, and no longer did I find it difficult to conduct myself properly in church. Returning home from High Mass on Sundays there were no more penances for me to perform as in the past. Now all this change for the good happened because I had begun to reason things out, and became wise, so that when something clashed with my wishes, I would think it over, and doing violence to myself I would say: "My God, I offer you this to atone for my sins."

My parents also had me attend the Catechism class which was held for the children of the parish. As I liked the instructions very much, I followed them attentively. I began now to be so well-behaved that compliments soon replaced the reproaches which I had been accustomed to receive. One day a lady said to my mother in front of me: "Madam, your little girl behaves in church like a person forty years old." But I believe that these compliments used to feed my self-love and so I began to make the Stations of the Cross. As I would read about the sufferings of our Saviour, my soul was deeply moved for I understood that my sins had caused them. Grieving, I would say to our Lord, "Oh, my Saviour, have you at least seen during your passion that one day I would be converted and would become all yours?" As I used to kiss the floor at each station, I invariably returned home with dust on my face. Our Lord allowed that this act of piety should result in a slight humiliation for me, for when my sister would get angry at me, she would call me "dirty nose." My virtue being yet very weak, I resented her sarcasm, and endured it as a very great trial.

Divine grace at this time attracted me strongly to God but I was not constant in doing good. I would fall and rise. Then having heard, though I do not remember from what source, that there was a kind of prayer called "mental" prayer, which

was described as being more pleasing to God and more efficacious than "vocal" prayer, I strongly desired to practice it. I therefore said to myself: "I know what I will do. When I pray I will not pronounce the words and that will make it 'mental' prayer." But alas, when I had finished my prayers in this way, I became worried at not having said my morning and evening prayers.

Our Lord, seeing my desire, inspired me to think of His sufferings and of my sins. As I did so, I found myself weeping bitterly. Then somewhat later, our Lord permitted that I should be present at a sermon which treated entirely the subject of meditation. I, therefore, opened my ears and my heart to such a happy instruction, rejoicing to know at last how to make mental prayer.

Having reached the age of ten and one-half years, I prepared myself for my First Holy Communion by making a general confession. Through the mercy of God my heart was truly touched by His grace, and I received our divine Saviour with great fervor. Realizing how greatly I offended Him in my childhood, I now gave myself entirely to Him. That same day I received also the Sacrament of Confirmation, and was invested with the Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, which placed me under the protection of that tender Mother to whom I felt I owed my conversion. My confessor, seeing that I was entirely changed, gave me permission to receive Communion during the course of the year. This priest began also to marvel at the change which Divine Grace was working in my soul, and he on several occasions openly spoke to me on this subject. But invariably after saying a great deal that was complimentary to me and therefore pleasant to my ears, he never failed to humble me. Since I did not possess much humility, I would have preferred not receiving any of his praises at all, if they were meant to be followed by humiliations.

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Our Divine Saviour, who kept watch on me, wished to purify my soul by interior sufferings and therefore sent me a severe trial, truly calculated to drive pride forever from my heart. Satan, seeing that his prey had escaped him, made some fierce attacks against my soul, but seeing himself turned out of his house, he went, undoubtedly, to seek, as it is said in the Gospel, seven spirits more wicked than himself, to attempt to force his way. I was, therefore, attacked by a thousand temptations, while my soul was steeped in darkness. I was ravaged with doubts and scruples. I believed myself committing sins every moment. I lost hold of myself. If I listened to a sermon, the devil would whisper curses and blasphemies into my ears. Evil thoughts tortured my mind. I was then only twelve years old but the sins of my past life would agonize my spirit. It would seem to me that I had not in the past confessed my sins well, and yet to confess them now appeared almost impossible because I would lose myself in endless examinations of conscience, and never felt myself well enough prepared when my turn came to enter the confessional.

Therefore, I would leave the church with my soul tortured with pain. As for praying, I could no longer find in it any consolation. I believed that all my prayers were bad and I would for that reason repeatedly start them over again. This repetition was as ridiculous as it was sad. My confessor did all he could to reassure me and to console me. But being so young and not having any experience with this sort of temptation, I found it difficult to explain to my director the full extent of the misery I endured. God was thus purifying my soul, for indeed during this time of trial I was very far from tasting the sweets of self-love.

Our Lord also tried me now with another cross in taking to Himself my dear mother whom I loved very much. I remembered having once heard that like myself, St. Teresa of Avila



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was only twelve years old also when she lost her mother. Following her example, I begged the Most Blessed Virgin to be my mother, and thus to replace her who died. The most holy Virgin must have granted my petition, for ever since that time I have always felt her maternal protection.

I continued to attend the advanced Catechism class for several years and used to receive Communion together with the other children. The priest who gave the religious instructions was very learned, and he is at present a bishop [in America]. I think he understood the sad state of my soul but since I never went to confession to him he was unable to offer me any consolation. However, it was he who preached the sermon that taught me how to make mental prayer, and later he did me much good.

But now to return to the topic of the Catechism class. When our special Feast-Day was approaching, the priest chose three girls to present in dialogue form a public debate. I was one of the three chosen and each of us had a part to learn. In this play my two companions had the role of recommending to me all the pleasures of this world, which they praised very highly. As for me, my role was to expose and show the emptiness and vanity of mere worldly pleasures. When the public discourse ended, one of my companions came to me saying that I had, no doubt, made a vow of poverty and that I would perhaps become a Carmelite nun. Thanks be to the Lord, I, indeed, later received the grace of that vocation. My two companions remained in the world and were married.

About this time it pleased God, at last, to deliver me from my interior darkness and my scruples. This happened when a charitable lady who had the same confessor that I had, knowing about my spiritual trial, had the kindness to speak to him about me. She evidently told him that I would leave church every time it was my turn to enter the confessional and so one day

when my turn came round to enter immediately following behind her, as usual, suddenly deeming my preparation insufficient, I began to turn away. But to my surprise, the priest opening wide his confessional door beckoned me to enter, making me understand that he was ordering me to come and begin my confession without further delay. I excused myself saying that I had not yet finished my examination of conscience and that I had no contrition, but he paid no attention to my objections. I therefore submitted obediently and received absolution. "My daughter," the priest then said to me, "rest assured that this confession is one of the best of your whole life."

He then expressly forbade me to continue recommencing my prayers. He also gave me some rules to follow regarding the scruples which so fearfully tortured my soul. Our Lord gave me the grace to obey my confessor and to disregard those imaginary sins which heretofore oppressed me. In this way Satan was overthrown by my obedience. All my disquietude vanished like smoke, and calm and joy returned into my heart.

Filled with confidence and peace of mind, I received our Divine Saviour in Holy Communion, and found myself inundated with consolations. Signal graces were also granted me when later I assisted at Holy Mass. At the moment of consecration, it required much effort on my part to contain myself so that those around me would not notice my transports of joy. I now became continually aware of the presence of God.