

## ASPIRATION.

"HE is risen,—he is not here."

## PRAYER.

O GOD, who on this day, through thine only begotten Son, didst overcome death, and open unto us the gate of everlasting life; as by thy prompting grace thou dost breathe on the desires of our hearts, so do thou ever accompany them with thy help.




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 TWENTY-FIFTH DAY.
 

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 The Flower of the Glory of the Ascension.
 

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"And Jesus coming spoke to them, saying: All power is given to me in heaven and in earth. Going therefore teach ye all nations: baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."—*Matthew xxviii, 18, 19, 20.*

WHEN Jesus died on the cross His human soul still united to the Divinity (as was His body in the grave) true to its mission of mercy for all, descended into Limbo. There all the souls of the dead from the beginning (that had been saved before the day of Redemption as we are saved after it by faith and by participating in the merits of Christ) were waiting, in hope, as the world had waited for "the glad tidings of the great joy." Our Good Friday was their Christmas. Adam and Eve, Abel and Seth, Noah and Abraham, Moses and Aaron and generations of the saved from every race and land dwelt there in Rest and Expectation.

Perhaps by angelic revelation they knew, in part, the work of salvation already accomplished by Christ on earth.

Perhaps Joseph the Foster-father had told them the story of Bethlehem and the Messiah and the Mother.

Limbo was a place of life. It was an abode of souls. And if in our world soul seeks soul and mind communicates with mind in interchange of thought; how much more intimate must that interchange be when the senses that help and yet hinder the union of our souls, have been laid aside. When one by one they reached that place of Rest would not each soul there ask each new-coming one tidings of the earth? Our world forgets. The next world remembers. The supernatural world, the Church has the memory as well as the mind of Christ.

And when the soul of the penitent thief, who died before Christ, went straight from its pardon and its cross to their Paradise, did it not Apostle-like announce to them the Mystery of Calvary? The three o'clock of Good Friday filled the earth with darkness but to Limbo brought eternal Light.

How long had they been waiting there and how marvellous must have been the life they led in those realms of Rest!

What activities of hope must have filled that quiet place? What a strange all-spiritual ritual must have ruled their worship?

They knew that Heaven's gates would not be opened until He would come who held the keys.

So they lived on, age after age, a strange, mysterious life, with a hidden history of its own,—beautiful, peaceful, hopeful; for they knew that the God of their fathers remembered, and would surely in His own time, keep His promises.

While the earth, which their spirits had departed from and where their bodies were buried, was full of tumult and iniquity,—their abode was as still as a

sacred temple waiting for its Lord to enter its beautiful gates.

He came at last from the dark Friday,—the feast of His death, bringing them a feast of life and Redemption's joy. They were the first to see the soul of Christ,—for the earth had only seen the body that veiled His soul.

The shepherds saw it first. And now His soul goes down to meet the souls of the great shepherds of His people. There was surely a *Gloria in Excelsis* sounding through the beautiful Limbo;—while they worshipped the soul of the Messiah.

What a meeting between the soul of Adam and the soul of the second Adam. Did the soul of Eve sing a *Magnificat* for the glory of her pardon and the fulfillment of the Promise, as the second Eve had sung hers on earth for the glory of her Divine Maternity? And the spirits of the Patriarchs and the Prophets waiting, resting, hoping so long hailed the human soul of Jesus Christ in the joy of profoundest adoration.

The soul of John the Baptist was there. Had he been Christ's precursor there as he had been on earth?

Christ announced to them the accomplishment of the promises in His person, words and works. His preaching to them has not been written. It was soul to soul,—thought to thought,—no word. But if the words that veil his thoughts are so beautiful, how glorious must be the thoughts unveiled?

Three days His body in the tomb by Roman soldiers guarded,—three days His soul in the under-world of Rest surrounded by the souls pre-ransomed by His merits.

What a beautiful Feast those three days must have been!

On Easter morn His soul re-ascended to earth, was united to the body—and Christ rose from the dead.

Forty days He remained on earth.

Scripture tells us of ten or more apparitions to His Apostles and disciples. He taught them the mysteries of the Kingdom of God. He gave them the details of the constitution of our Holy Church and the essential laws of the Sacraments. What else was the work of Christ in His risen life?

Are there other worlds inhabited by intelligent creatures, creatures fallen in their trial,—or unfallen? Did Christ ascend to them to announce the work of Mercy and of love wide enough for all the worlds? Did He pass round the earth, to bless beforehand every spot where an altar of Redemption would be raised? His works are always greater than Scripture tells us. St. John says so. May not His Church,—does not His Church fill all creation wherever a creature fallen or unfallen is found? May not the Militant Church on earth be only, as it were, a little diocese of the glorious Church which reaches from end to end of creation? If all creation did not need Redemption,—all creation needed Glorification to complete and perfect it. There are mysteries hidden and secrets unknown in that strange life of the forty days after the Resurrection, which we may dream of (for Faith does not forbid such dreamings) but which, unrevealed, lie far away beyond our narrow, earthly knowledge. And during those days whose history is hidden in silence from us,—somewhat like the days of Nazareth,—what of Mary His Mother? How many times did He appear to

her? I wonder did He stay days and nights beside her who had so faithfully stood beside His Cross! Scripture is silent, but there can be no doubt that she had more privileges of His appearance and presence than all or anyone else. Magdalen still clung to her;—but after Easter Morn the name of Mary Magdalen disappears from the sacred record.

The Forty days passed with their known and unknown words and works. He was about to ascend to His Father. There was a Mount called the Mount of Olives, near Jerusalem. Thither went His Apostles with His Mother and many disciples. Jesus approached and they adored Him,—“but some still doubted.” “All power is given unto me in heaven and on earth: Go ye therefore and teach all nations,—baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost;—teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days even unto the consummation of the world.” His last words these,—and to last forever. They were the commission given to men from Him as Son of Man to whom the Father had given all power, to perpetuate the Kingdom of Truth which He by His life, Crucifixion and Resurrection had founded. Then a bright cloud hid Him from sight. His visible presence disappeared from the world not to reappear until the Day of Judgment. He had come to the world in the noon of night—secretly and silently. He leaves the world in the noon of day publicly and with words of power on His lips. His Mother was there. She was the Mother of the Man to whom all power had been given and who delegated this power to the Apostles. She has her place on Mount Olivet. She

is not only a joyous spectator of Christ's Ascension,—she is the Mother of the Ascending One,—and a living part of the Mystery. She is the Mother of Him who had all Power. She is the Mother of Him who gave all Power. Wherever that Power goes;—wherever that Power works; wherever that Power triumphs down to the end of time,—she has her place in its history,—with this difference, that whereas the Apostles were; and their successors were to be only representatives of Christ, Mary was His real Mother,—and as such had a royal right to the Queen's place in His Kingdom.

Who ascended? The Son of Mary who is the Son of God. Who gave the Power for the world's conversion? The Son of Mary who is the Son of the Eternal Father. Can they preach Christ's humanity without preaching Mary's Maternity? No,—no. It is still and still forever, as in the mysteries of Judea, so in the histories of the everlasting kingdom,—Jesus and Mary,—Son and Mother together. Whatever church (so-called through courtesy) keeps her back keeps Him back from the reach of the race redeemed. Their faces, their names, their lives, in time's days as in Eternity's decrees, appear together side by side. If Christianity be the frame out of which the merciful face of Jesus, suffering, risen, ascending and triumphant in heaven looks down forever, livingly, divinely, humanly, on the worshiping world of believers,—the face of Mary must be framed with it to make and keep it human, earthly and of real likeness to ourselves.

If the human heart of Jesus beats back of every grace, law, truth and sacrament for the world's redemp-

tion;—the heart of Mary must be felt beating with it in everlasting accord. The heart of the Mother throbs forever in the heart of the Son. Had Christ had an earthly father He would not have been divine,—could not have been true and real God, and His redemption would not and could not have been infinite in power and eternal in effects.

He has but one Father,—the Eternal. But without earthly father He is as truly and really,—and forever, the Son of Mary as He is the Son of God consubstantial with His Father. And therefore as her Son and corporally consubstantial with His Mother,—Mary, in finite degree, as the Father in degree infinite has part and place and power and share down all His reign as King in the endless Kingdom. His Mother must come with Him to prove that He is man,—and of kith and kin to the human race;—as the Eternal Father must go with Him to attest His divine Personality in the Godhead. The Eternal Father and the earthly Mother stand together back of Christ,—spiritually ever present (and Christian logic demands it) back of every word He speaks personally or representatively;—back of every work He does, of Himself or through His plenipotentiaries. The Divine of Christ teaches us through the Human;—the Human of Christ teaches us and can teach us only through Mary, His Mother.

Nor is this mere sentiment. It is clear Christian human reason. And that human reason is founded on the very reason of God Himself foreordaining from all eternity and accomplishing in time, the economy of man's Redemption.

Writing of the Church, St. Paul says: "We have the mind of Christ." And so we have. Christ's body

shrined and gave forth Christian life. Christ's mind contains and reflects Christian logic,—not lifeless arguments,—but living reasons. We have His mind and with it we have the living reasons which lie back of, and inform the work of Redemption in all its wonderful outline of love and in its every single detail of mercy.

Into those reasons (man the object of salvation apart) enter four persons,—three Divine,—Father, Son and Holy Ghost;—one human,—Mary, a creature and Christ's Mother. She is necessary to the life of Redemption and she is equally, and just for that reason, necessary to the logic of Christianity. Oh Holy Church! Bride sinless of Him who was and is and will be forever the human-divine Son of the sinless Mary,—thou hast the mind of Christ,—thou dost perpetuate the life of Christ,—and wherever thy voice is lifted thou dost magnify her whom God magnified and whose soul did magnify God,—and thou dost know and thou dost preach to all generations and to all ages the Eternal Fatherhood,—the Eternal Son's Brotherhood,—the over-shadowing of the Holy Spirit,—and Mary's Motherhood,—and thus thou alone dost give to the world the perfect reason of that Faith without which it is impossible to serve God and save our souls.

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ASPIRATION.

"I go to Him who sent me."

PRAYER.

GRANT, we beseech thee, Almighty God, that we who believe thy only-begotten Son our Redeemer to have this day ascended into the heavens, may ourselves also in mind dwell amid heavenly things.

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY.

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The Flower of the Glory of Mary on Pentecost.

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"All these were persevering with one mind, in prayer, with the women and Mary the Mother of Jesus."—*Acts* 1, 14.

JESUS had promised to send the Holy-Spirit, the Paraclete, to abide with the Apostles and to carry on to its completion the great work of Redemption.

As the Spirit of God had "moved over the face of the waters" in Creation's beginning to infuse into them the principle and germs of creature-life;—as the same Holy Spirit had overshadowed Mary, in the day of the Annunciation, with the vivifying power by and through which she conceived Jesus—creature,—yet also Creator;—so the same Holy Spirit was to overshadow the Virgin Church, with mighty power, to make her truly the spiritual mother of innumerable children.

Ten days passed. The Apostles were gathered together in an upper room in Jerusalem,—and "Mary, the Mother of Jesus" was with them. "Suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a mighty wind rushing; and there appeared unto them cloven tongues as of fire and it sat upon each of them; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost."

The Virgin Mother Church had been conceived in the heart of Christ immaculate as His Virgin Mother had been conceived immaculate.

On Pentecost by the coming of the Holy Ghost the Church was born in her divine perfection.

And Mary who had watched over the new-born Christ in Bethlehem, watched over the new-born Church;—and, for fifteen years longer she was still to remain on earth to watch the infant Church in its growth.

Was it merely accidental? Hush! with God in His ways and works there is nothing accidental. Let ignorance be welcome to the false and meaningless word.

Faith says—no. Her stay on earth after the Ascension was not, 'tis true, necessary; but it was providential. God had a reason why she should remain yet awhile longer in the world.

The Mother of Christ was to be to the Church,—not a Teacher,—not an apostle,—but something higher, nearer, dearer, tenderer,—the Mother of the Faithful.

Her very face recalled to their eyes the face of Jesus. Her very presence implied that where and with whom she was her divine Son would be. Her grand graces hung around the cradle of the Church as they had hung around the crib of the Infant Christ. What we reason about from afar off the Apostles and the faithful beheld before them. What was clear sight to them is clear, true syllogism to us. She is a living part of Pentecost's mystery. The mysterious day of Pentecost lasts forever. With it begins,—never to end until the last day of time, the reign of the Holy Ghost with all the rights and royalties of the graces of Sanctification.

And so henceforth it is and it will be always not only Jesus and Mary together,—but Jesus and Mary and the Holy Ghost together;—and where they are the Eternal Father must be. Down from the upper chamber came Peter with the eleven. Peter, the commander-in-chief,

by right of rank, stood up and spoke for the rest and gave to the multitudes around him the first battle-cry of Christian faith: "Ye men of Israel, hear these words. Jesus of Nazareth a man approved of God among you by miracles and wonders and signs, which God did by Him in the midst of you, as ye yourselves also know,—Him being delivered by the determinate counsel and fore-knowledge of God, ye have taken and by wicked hands have crucified and slain." The battle-cry is Christ's humanity. And amid the hearers stood Mary His Mother; living, present, visible proof that Christ was Man.

Then rising in his argument to the triumph of Christ's resurrection and to the glory of His Ascension Peter concluded: "Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly that God hath made that same Jesus whom you have crucified both LORD and CHRIST."

The Mother was just as necessary to his argument as was God Himself. "Jesus of Nazareth a MAN." Mary is necessary. Jesus of Nazareth,—LORD and CHRIST. The eternal Father is necessary. "Jesus of Nazareth" is the subject of the first sermon of Christianity,—as He will be the subject of Christianity's last sermon;—and the subject of every sermon between the first and the last. Essential to the subject are His eternal Father and His earthly Mother. Either thrust aside, He is not the Christ of Bethlehem—or of Nazareth, or of Calvary, or of the Resurrection, or of the Ascension,—nor is He the Christ preached to the world on Pentecost Sunday. His manhood and her womanhood,—His human sonship and her motherhood stand or fall together.

Where goes the Man goes the Mother. Where the Mother is not there is not, nor can be the true and real

Christ. As long as He lives she lives. Where He works, her Son works,—where He wins, her Son wins; and she, as Mother, has a Mother's incommunicable share in His works and in His triumphs. The Apostles will have successors. His Mother has no successor. Their preaching will give testimony to the Word made flesh. But their testimony needs Mary's sinless body to confirm it and to make it full, clear, true, real and comprehensible.

And above all things, that Sacrament of Sacraments which is the "Mystery of Faith," the blessed Eucharist in which we receive the very body and blood of Christ rests fundamentally on the fact of Christ's humanity which itself rests on the fact of Mary's maternity.

Pentecost was the Birth-day of the Church of Christ. Our Holy Church alone has the right to keep it.

The Peter of Pentecost is preaching still and will preach and teach the world forever. Pope Leo holds his place and his prerogatives. And the sermon is the same as the subject is the same,—the "Man Jesus of Nazareth." His humanity springs from Mary's maternity. The Sermon must lean on the Mother as a star must lean upon a sky. And—"The CHRIST and LORD." The teaching must lean upon the Eternal Father,—as the sun leans against the Heavens.

Peter's Pentecostal argument is Faith's eternal argument. Any thing less is false. Any thing more is wrong. And it is the full and perfect and unanswerable argument. He was brief, terse, brave, pointed. He said it all in a few sentences. He gave to the world the plan of Christian preaching. He had the right to give the plan, for he was the Prince of the Apostles. First point,—the humanity of Jesus of Nazareth. Christ's

Mother proves it. Second point,—the Divinity of Jesus;—the Eternal Father proves it. Oh beautiful Christ!—and Thy Kingdom shall be as wide as the world,—and everlasting shall be Thy reign;—and Thou shalt win victories,—and Thou shalt have triumphs;—and Thou shalt wear crowns of infinite glories. When Thou dost now every day lay them down in heaven at Thy Father's feet;—and when in the end Thou shalt lay down all the trophies of Thy Precious blood at the footstool of Thy Father's throne,—will not the Mother who gave Thee Thy Precious Blood participate, with Thy Eternal Father, in Thy infinite glory? Thou Son of Man and King of men! wilt Thou forget her who made Thee such? Will she not have ever and forever the sacred rights of Thy Mother,—and the royal prerogatives of Queen in Thy Kingdom?

Yes,—yes,—they are her's given to her and never to be taken away.

Let us enter the gates of all the churches.

Ah me! there are many churches differing each from the other, though they each among all assume the glory of being the Church of Christ. Did Christ ever differ from Himself? Is His name a name of contradictions which Faith, violating the protests of truth, must accept? Can He Himself, or through His Church, say one thing to one and contradict it to another? No—no. One Christ,—one Church. But let us enter the doors of the churches which claim to be His.

There are many tests. Let us take but one.

Only one question,—ever so simple. How do you stand towards the Mother of Christ? What is your attitude? Is it one of love and veneration;—or one of indifference, or else one of hostility? That tests your

title as Church of Christ. Do you keep the Mother and Son together—Him to adore as your Saviour-God,—her to honor and venerate as the Mother of the God-Saviour. Answer—Yes—or No. And your answer, in the court of human reason as well as before the tribunal of true Christian Faith settles at once and forever the question whether you are of God's divine design or of mere man's false dreaming.

Alas! and yet alas! in the so-called Christian churches we seek but find not Mary, the Mother, of Jesus with her rights and powers. Logically a Maryless church is a Christless church. A church, that does not take the Mother and throne her in her exclusive place has no right to take the Christ whom the world received through her. Mother and Son,—Jesus and Mary together! 'Tis the ceaseless refrain of Redemption's glorious and endless hymn.

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ASPIRATION.

"HE is risen,—he is not here."

PRAYER.

O GOD, who on this day, through thine only begotten Son, didst overcome death, and open unto us the gate of everlasting life; as by thy prompting grace thou dost breathe on the desires of our hearts, so do thou ever accompany them with thy help.

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY.

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The Flower of the Joy of Mary's Death.

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"My memory is unto everlasting generations."—*Ecl.* xxiv, 28.

PETER, the Chief of the Apostles preached the first sermon; and Peter celebrated the first Mass. At that Mass Mary received the Holy Eucharist; and as many think, the sacred species remained in her incorruptible, with the sacred Presence, from one Communion to another;—so that her heart was all the while the ciborium and the Tabernacle where Jesus mystically dwelt. Her Communions, like her Conception of Jesus, in intensity of love and in unapproachable graces, are simply beyond measure of thought and description of word. Meanwhile,—just as Christ had said: "The disciple is not above the Master;—if they persecuted Me—they will persecute you:"—the Jews rose up in wrath against the new doctrines. The cry of His enemies on Good Friday: "Away with Him; away with Him"—rang out in fierce hatred against His followers. Stephen, a disciple of Gamaliel, was the first to shed his blood and give up his life for Christ. His body fell beneath, but his soul soared above their brutal argument of stones. Peter was put into prison. Chain the chief and his followers will retreat or surrender. Such their thought. They were soon undeceived. An angel came,—as Mary of Agreda writes, sent by the Blessed Virgin,—unbound



him, opened the prison doors and set him free. Mary was not teaching,—but she was guarding the Teachers. Had Jesus not said it: “I will not leave you orphans?” As He,—so the Church has a Mother;—and her name is Mary. How she watched its first sufferings,—its sudden growth,—and the beginnings of its glory! The Apostles preached. Mary, the Mother prayed.

And who can measure the power of those prayers? All looked so dark around the young Church. So few against so many. But nothing now was dark to her. She saw it all,—the growing Light around her. She rejoiced with an exceeding joy. Down in her heart she was singing over again with the same music but with new meanings her soul's *MAGNIFICAT*. For she saw the future,—all,—all,—all,—and the endless glories of the Kingdom of her Son. The Apostles and disciples separated. When soldiers separate,—they are defeated. The soldiers of the Cross separated to conquer. Each went to his own mission and his appointed country to preach, to testify, to die,—and to triumph. They were workers,—and they had no time to write. Human lips—and not a pen were to bring salvation to the nations. Paul was not converted by preaching. Did Mary's prayers convert him? With the Apostle John she went down to Ephesus among the gentiles. So says tradition. After the day of Pentecost Scripture does not mention her name. The olden law of silence gathers around her life again. Yet none the less was she there with all her rights and powers and privileges just as she had lived in the silences of Nazareth. Her marvellous graces could not help but manifest their activities wherever she went. She had never lost the beauty of her maidenhood. The years had come and gone

but in appearance she did not grow old. The charm of perpetual youth enhanced her incomparable beauty. The inner beauty of her soul dazzled the eyes of the very angels. It was moving and mounting, every minute, from sphere to higher sphere of grace. It was gaining merits that will forever help to save the souls of sinners and increase the sanctities of the just. The Church in her soul and inner life was perfect from the first; and now she begins to adorn her visible body with that external beauty which never will be lost and never can be borrowed. How much had Mary to do with the external adornment of the Church? Much surely,—though how much none can say.

Will Mary die? Sinless,—can death touch her? Is not death the penalty of sin? She had no sin. Or,—is not death like that of Christ the chosen, vicarious expiation of sin. Mary cannot expiate even a venial sin by her life or death. But she can die to imitate her Son in His vicarious death. And like Jesus she will, though not under the ban of sin bear the burden of death which belongs to the human race.

She went up to Jerusalem. The Mother's eyes craved to behold once more the scenes hallowed by her Son in His life and death. She would fain make the way of the Cross before she went to receive her crown. Her faithful children in the faithful Church will, in after times, imitate her. In lowly chapel and in grand Cathedral pictured forever are the fourteen stations of the Way of the Cross. She knelt at each and prayed at each of them not for herself but for us. The day of her death came,—and the hour. It was a Friday. Even as to the day she will be like unto Jesus. Had the Archangel Gabriel come again to announce the joyful tidings of her death?

For death was a joy to her,—and such a joy—to go and meet her Beloved in the Kingdom of His glory!

St. John of Damascus writes: “By the command of her Son, the Apostles assembled around her, and they had come for this purpose to the city of Jerusalem from the most distant parts of the world.”

She strengthens and comforts them. She speaks her last words to them—so strangely like the words of Jesus. He was looking at them through His Mother’s eyes. St. Thomas of Villanova writes: “Her eyes turned heavenward,—and with boundless joy and jubilation she resigned to her Son her most blessed spirit.” Her life went out in the ecstasy of a Mother’s love. And Mary was dead. Thomas alone of the eleven living Apostles (for James had suffered martyrdom) was not present at Mary’s death. They bore the dead sinless body to the grave and gently and reverently laid it there. Denis the Areopagite writes that he was present at her death and burial. John of Damascus writes that heaven and earth were filled with joy when Mary’s spirit passed away. The Apostle Thomas came at last. They went to her tomb on Sunday,—but her body was not there.

Sinless her body was incorruptible. Being the Mother of the Risen Christ, Mary by special grace and by the power of God with her body, to her sinless soul reunited, anticipated the general resurrection; Christ raised her from the dead and she was assumed into heaven. The law of sin in its consequences never attainted her soul. Why should the law of death in its consequences attaint her body with corruption? She died, it is true, in imitation of her Divine Son,—and like Him she was laid away in a grave. But a sinless body cannot corrupt. It

is beyond the reach of that which is death’s last and lowest humiliation—the worm of the sepulchre,—and the return to dust. St. Epiphanius treating the question of Mary’s death employs these remarkable words: “I do not say that she remained immortal;—nor am I certain that she died.”

The Church, however, believes that Mary did undergo the law of death,—not because she was a sinner,—but because her body was human and therefore mortal. Yet none the less was her body endowed with the grace of incorruption. Immaculate soul implies incorruptible flesh. So our holy Church with a true and a perfect and a brave Faith (for the honor of the Son of God Incarnate is involved in the honor of the body that conceived and brought Him forth) holds up to our veneration not only the pure soul of Mary,—but her virgin, human form, as well, that was on earth the first and sacred tabernacle of the Emmanuel. The Truths of Faith flower into beautiful Festivals that their sweet fragrance may fill our hearts as they fill our holy Church. Every Saturday, since the Saturday when the Christ was lying dead in the sepulchre, and only His Mother stood amid the disciples,—her face recalling to their eyes the Face that had disappeared, is devoted to Mary. It is her day in every week of time.

And all through the year there are feast-days in the Church celebrating, in Christ’s honor, her privileges, and commemorating, in His honor, the mysteries of His Mother’s blessed life. Midway in August we meet the Feast of her Assumption. The whole Catholic world meets, in the spirit of the one Faith, beside her death-bed, watches her passing away, beholds her dead, follows the Apostles whose consecrated hands bore the conse-

crated Burden,—and kneels down at the grave of the Mother of God; while in tones of joy triumphant floats from the altar the voice of the Priest: “Let us all rejoice in the Lord keeping holy Feast in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary;”—while across the ages realized in the festival and illustrating its glories come to us the words of old St. Jerome in his sermon on the Assumption: “To all others grace is given in parts;—but to Mary comes the plenitude, of all the graces, that is in Christ.” Oh! blessed Mother dying! Pray for all the dying! “Pray for us now and at the hour of our death!” And pray that our bodies like thine may rise in incorruption to be crowned with glory forever in the heavens!

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ASPIRATION.

“My Beloved to me and I to him.”—*Canticles*.

PRAYER.

PARDON, Lord, we beseech thee, the transgressions of thy servants: that we, who by our own deeds are unable to please thee, may be saved by the intercession of the Mother of thy Son our Lord.

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY.

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*Flower of the Glory of Mary's Coronation in Heaven.*

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“For her thoughts are more vast than the sea and her counsels more deep than the great ocean.”—*EccI. xxiv, 39.*

It was Sunday on earth. The light of the sun, whose stillness and whose brightness are so strangely like the stillness and the brightness of God, was shining over the grave of Mary. Thither,—and early,—with others went Peter and John as erst they had gone together to the tomb of Christ. For the grave of the sinless one was a holy place. They entered,—they looked,—they wondered and knelt them down to worship the Power of God;—for Mary was not there. Only a moment their wonder lasted. Their quick, intense Faith met the mystery and grasped its reason and its meaning. Heaven had claimed that sinless body for its own. It was too pure to stay. Up there in heaven it had wondrous rights.

The glorified human form of Christ was seated at the right hand of the Most High. In heaven the angels wanted what earth had needed,—Mother and Son together,—for if Mother of men she is Queen of Angels. They have seen her soul, but they want her sinless body; for without soul and body reunited, she is not the Mary of Bethlehem for whom and her babe they had sung that long-gone “*Gloria in Excelsis.*”