

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.*”

Heaven wants her in the perfection of her person. That means body as well as soul. Heaven's prayer is God's will.

It was Sunday on earth. Are there days in Heaven's Eternal Day reflecting the light of their glory on our little Earth-days and catching from our days the light of our Faith? Has the Church Triumphant a calendar of Festivals of glory,—the beautiful counterparts of the Feasts of grace in the militant church? Is there a communion of days as well as a communion of saints between heaven and earth? We speak a human thought,—and only speak it half;—for out of human words, alas! we can never weave a perfect royal robe rich and grand and glorious enough to clothe one single divine truth.

Faith's eyes are better than Faith's fingers.

Open ye gates that hide the everlasting Vision!

Ye rest on hinges of mercy. At the breath of a saint's prayer or a sinner's sigh for pardon ye are, every instant, opened. When the soul of the innocent cometh,—when the soul of the penitent cometh ye open and let them enter in.

Oh! beautiful gates! hung on the pillars of God's infinite Love! "Lift ye up your heads! oh ye gates! and be ye lifted up ye everlasting gates!" Who hath come in through you? The King of glory? Who is this King of glory? "The Lord strong and mighty,—the Lord mighty in battle?" Yea,—He hath entered in and is seated at the right hand of His Father.

But again: "Lift up your heads oh ye gates! yea—lift them up ye everlasting gates,"—the "King of glory,—the Lord strong and mighty" will pass through your opening to-day,—and with Him all the angels;—for His

Mother is coming from afar off—is coming "fair as the moon and bright as a sun" to heaven and to earth and to heaven's enemies "terrible as an army set in array!" And the King goes forth surrounded by angels,—followed by the glorified souls of Patriarchs and Prophets to meet the sinless Mary. Ah! once He went forth to become her child and to make her His Mother; but now He goeth forth to meet her on her heavenward way, to bring her through the beautiful gates to her throne and her crown and her glory. Amid such splendors as heaven had never seen,—save at His Ascension; amid such songs of joy triumphant as heaven had never heard, He leads His Mother into the Eternal Courts and presents her to His Eternal Father who crowns her Queen of all Creation, by right of her being Mother of Christ its King. Her place in Heaven corresponded to her place on earth,—the highest. Her privileges and powers and glories in heaven are like her's on earth,—God's Mother's;—and therefore unshared and incommunicable.

She is crowned and throned above all the heavenly hierarchy. The angelic world honors her with profoundest veneration. She is a part of the religion of Glory (if I may so speak) as she is a part of the religion of grace. Her relations to the Trinity are so real and so intimate that she sees deepest into the eternal Beatific Vision; and from its depths draws into her one own heart more raptures of joy ineffable than all the angels together. Religion here below is union with God in grace. Heaven's happiness is union with God in the vision of His glory. Mary, highest in grace here is highest in glory there. She has reached heights so lofty, where union with the Divinity is closest, that they are simply inaccessible to any other created being.

Do the angels adore the Divine Humanity of Jesus Christ? Do they not gaze with joys ever new upon the glorified Face of Him who sits at the Father's right hand? Can they adore that Divine Humanity,—or gaze upon its Face without a thought of Mary the Mother?

No—no. What we reason about,—the angels see clearly, fully and at once. The angels belong to the triumphant church of Christ Triumphant, as we here below and now belong to the militant church of Christ Crucified. Before their sight in the Vision of Glory as before our eyes with their light of Faith Jesus Christ and Mary His Mother are together inseparably and eternally united. What is truth believed on earth is truth seen in heaven. What is fact of Faith in time is flash of glory in eternity. Heaven and earth, like God and man, are alike. But the likeness is dim and marred. Sin's shadow still hangs over the world. But beneath the shadow there is a realm of grace and truth and light and priesthood and sacraments. That realm is inhabited by men and women and children all the world over. It is the realm of Sanctification. The invisible Holy Spirit of God the Father and of God the Son rules it through visible rulers. It is the Holy Church;—herself sinless, yet the Church of sinners; and she is like unto the church in the heavens,—essentially like and can never be otherwise. What is the cause of the likeness, which if removed the likeness will be dim and marred?—Jesus and Mary,—neither from the other apart,—but both together.

Mary, by the power of the Holy Ghost,—her human will uniting with the divine will, made Christ, in all reality and substantially, to the image and likeness of

Man; and by Him and through her, the Holy Spirit still operating, the Church on earth is, in all inner reality and substantially made unto the image and likeness of the Church in heaven.

The "Hail full of Grace" with its mystery sounds through every day of Redemption. We hear the words and believe the mystery. The "Hail full of Grace" with its mystery is a part of heaven's eternal hymn. Up there they sing the words and see the mystery in the fulness of its glory. Here and There the words are the same,—and the mystery. There and Here the names shining out of the words are the same,—Mary and Jesus,—giving perfect meaning to the Mystery seen in Glory as they give complete meaning to the mystery believed here below in the days of grace.

If this be a dream,—it was the dream of God from all eternity,—and was made true. If this be poetry,—it is the poetry of eternal love wordless in the heart of God from the unbeginning,—but sung in time and in words of human speech by the Archangel Gabriel in the hour of the Annunciation. That was an eternal hour,—eternal in the song itself which came from eternity and eternal in its echo.

That echo rings true and clear from every pulpit of our Holy Church when the words of the Christ are preached to men. Its mystical music is heard at every altar where the Christ the Word made flesh comes eucharistically to dwell among us. That echo is sounding back of all dogmas—as they come one by one rays out of the sun of Truth, to guide the feet of the Faithful.

That echo is sounding,—a human undertone to the divine music of the Sacraments. That echo can be

heard by the grace-quicken'd ears of Faith wherever grace is a-working,—or battling with evil or winning triumphs.

That echo is heard on the lips of the young and the old and the high and the lowly, who become Gabriel-like in re-announcing from earth to Mary in heaven, in faith and love and trust, the words of the Annunciation.

When that echo dies, Faith in its fullness dies.

When that echo is lost Mary is lost,—and when she is lost the beauty of Jesus is lost,—and the perfect meaning of His mercy.

Mary's coronation in the heavens in highest place and first next to Christ's is but the simple recognition by the Trinity and the angel-world of the privileged position which she held among and above all creatures of every creation.

Around her throne there the angels gather with homages of honor, in the very sight of God,—as we gather around her altars here below in veneration of her blessed name. They adore Christ the King as God-man crowned with the diadem of the Mercy that redeemed the world,—as do we in the Kingdom of Redemption on earth,—which is the Church. And they honor with highest angelic honor Mary the King's Mother and their Queen,—as a part of their eternal worship and of their eternal beatitude. The visible presence of their blessed Queen has added another to their countless glories;—and has added another duty (if so we may speak of duty in heaven) to their other duties.

For they are at her call,—and gloriously imitating in the heavens their King's subjection to her on earth, they obey her behests. She has work for them to do in all creation. And it is new joy for them to do it, for to work for Mary is to work for Jesus.

Ah! in the day of her Coronation she was crowned with a glory next to that of Christ,—but though crowned, her power does not rest, her work does not end;—for her love for her Son the Redeemer throbs in her heart for all the redeemed!

She gave the Saviour to Creation and she must help to sanctify the saved. Infinite Mercy is not hers. That is the attribute of God alone. But Mary possesses that which is next to infinite Mercy,—the power of the Prayer of the Mother of the Infinite.

Over the eternal Church on high she rules as Queen, for she is not the Mother of the angels;—but amid the glories of her Queendom she does not forget our far-off earthly Kingdom of grace of which on Calvary's day she was appointed Mother forever.

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ASPIRATION.

“MARY hath chosen the better part.”

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-NINTH DAY.

### The Flower of Mary's Intercession.

"And all mine are thine,—and thine are mine : and I am glorified in them."—*John xvii, 10.*

HEAVEN is a place of rest,—but heaven is also a place of work. Its rest does not mean idleness. God rests but not in the sense of doing nothing. He is always at work and always in rest. His grand Omnipotence, in this very minute, is governing and preserving worlds already made;—and who knows?—perhaps creating new worlds. But His work is effortless. He wills because He wills and it is done. The angels are in the rapture of the rest. And yet are they not "ministering spirits?" Does not ministering mean working? The souls of the just are at rest; but in heaven do they not make constant supplication for us? Is not supplication work? Jesus Christ throned at His Father's right hand is in the glory of rest;—and yet this very moment is He not governing His Holy Church and through her applying to the children of men the merits of Redemption. And is not that everlasting work? While every day in heaven is a day of rest, heaven has no workless days. Just as the sun and the stars, by laws appointed unto them, work down through the great distances, on our earth with their influences;—so the heavens of Glory, where all

is rest, are forever shedding their influences on the Church of Christ. There is a law of communion of suns and stars by which each affects the other. So there is a higher, spiritual law of which nature's law is but a type;—"the communion of saints." What does it mean? Is it only a pretty poetic phrase? It is written in the Apostles' Creed. It is a living dogma; and every dogma is a poem of God's infinite love.

But what does it mean? "There is but one Mediator,—Jesus Christ." Is not His mediatorship sufficient? Yes indeed—and over-sufficient. Is not His infinite love, which is the heart of His infinite omnipotent power which is the hand to make His work of grace full and perfect, sufficient of itself?

Verily yes,—and more than sufficient. Does He need helpers to assist Him down here in the Kingdom of Sanctification?

Verily no. He alone of Himself is sufficient for His work. And yet nevertheless He does not do the work by Himself alone. That work is the work of His own Will. But He has willed that the activities of all the Redeemed in Heaven and on earth should have part and force and power (finite of course) in the great Act of Redemption. And more than that. He brings into His service and to His assistance in the accomplishment of His work the material creation itself. He summons the element of water not only to be a mere sign,—but to be the essential matter of the Sacrament of Baptism,—Chrism for Confirmation; wheat and wine for the Eucharist,—oil for Extreme Unction.

Words of human speech by Himself chosen are to constitute the forms of His sacraments. And

words of human speech written in the Scriptures, or spoken by Authority, are His earthly auxiliaries in the battles and victories of Faith. He might have done without such alliance with powers so weak and things so lowly,—but He did not. He did as He willed; and His will was and is that creatures and creation should help Him in the consummation of His work of Mercy. Thus creation helps to redeem itself. Thus creatures of a sinful race assist in repairing and rebuilding the fallen Temple of original grace. Thus Priests, Bishops, Popes are intermediaries between man and man's Mediator. Thus outside of our Holy Church the Bible as read by each, or preached even by self-appointed and commissionless teachers is an intermediary between the human mind and the Mediator. The priests form the House of Christ's Representatives chosen by God and by Holy Church ordained,—and they stand nearest to the People of Christ. The Bishops form the Senate in the Commonwealth of the Faithful. The Roman Pontiff is Supreme Head of the Church, possessing sovereign power in the realms of revealed truth,—a power guarded from every danger of abuse by the prerogative of official Infallibility.

Christ Himself, visibly and personally has done His last work and said His last word in this world. He works through others on earth. So in Heaven the kingdom of glory where He makes infinite mediation for us, Christ also works through others. He works through the choirs of the angels. He works through the souls of the saints. Through their prayers and supplications in the home of glory He worketh in the kingdom of grace here below.

But above them all reigns Mary,—Heaven's Queen

and earth's Mother. If Christ gave to His Apostles "all power in heaven and on earth,"—is not His Mother greater? Are not her prerogatives higher? Has she not power next to the very Omnipotence of God? Did she lose that power on the day of her coronation? Was it not made greater the hour she was crowned Heaven's Queen? Has God taken away her rights? When He crowned her did He not confirm them? Next to her Divine Motherhood is it not her greatest glory to be the mediatrix of sinners? While on earth did she not love God more than all created beings ever did or will or could love Him? And now in heaven has not her love for Him immeasurably increased? Did she not love man, while on earth, more than man could ever be loved except by God Himself? Is not her power equal to her love? And who will draw,—and where,—the line that limits her love?

It cannot be drawn save to say only that it is not infinite. Love and Power,—Power and Love superior to all Loves and Powers,—inferior only to God's. Let the pens of glorious saints and not my pen,—a poor sinner's write of her power.

St Peter Damian writes that all power is given to Mary in heaven and upon earth as even Christ the Almighty is subject to her since she herself gave unto Him a Power which He had not received from God the Father,—the power to die and redeem sinners with His precious blood. St. Bernard, whose devotion to the Blessed Virgin is one of the most striking traits of his wonderful life, preaching on the Feast of her Nativity, says that God has placed expressly in Mary the plenitude of every good, that we may be obliged to receive

every gift from the abundance of her's; and that if for us there be any hope of salvation, any grace of Redemption, any right to eternal glory we must recognize that all these things come to us from the Saviour through her.

St. Bernardine of Sienna writes: "From the time in which the Virgin Mary conceived in her chaste womb God's own Son, she obtained a certain jurisdiction or a special authority over the temporal mission of the Holy Ghost, so that no creature has obtained from God either grace or merit save by the dispensation of this holy Mother." Stronger thoughts come out of the heart of the great St. Bernard when he says that not a single grace descends from heaven to earth that does not come through the hands of Mary.

St. Thomas of Aquin, the Angel of the Schools, says: "As the Son intercedes for us with the Father, so the Mother intercedes for us with the Son."

These were saints who thus wrote and spoke,—men of profound learning only equalled by their piety. They were men of lofty reason, of deep, life-long study of God's holy word,—of highest virtues. They manifested the mind as well as the heart of revelation.

They were not the babblers of an hour whose words were only mere sounds, and like sounds pass away. They were the representatives of truth in the past and teachers of faith for the future.

Their words still ring in truth's own clear and certain tone; but heresy has made too many ears deaf to the "Faith which comes by hearing." And so the words of the saints share the fate of the words of the Saint of saints. They are heard or read but they are not understood;—not because the words are not true-

toned or clearly written;—but because inherited error flings a film over the eyes that read; and dulls and deafens the ears that hear, the words of divine Truth.

The minister of error, only a day old in his ministry, who has had a call to preach the Gospel, with no virtues, except perhaps honesty and gentlemanliness; with no study worth the waste of words to measure it, will rise in his pulpit; and one of his first subjects of discourse, if not the very first, is what? An attack against Christ's Church. Against what? The honor we pay to Mary, Christ's Mother.

And he will ring the changes on a word coined by falsehood and accepted by prejudice. And the word? You know it—MARIOLATRY. Gentlemen! take care. It is Christ-like and therefore Christian-like and therefore Catholic,—to honor Christ's Mother. Not to honor her is to dishonor her,—and to dishonor her is surely to dishonor her Son, and to dishonor Him is to dishonor His Father.

And pray, who are ye who dare give the lie to nineteen centuries? Are you saints? Are you learned men? If saints, show us your virtues. If learned men, prove to us your wisdom.

Why! the great centuries are choristers singing around the altar of changeless Faith hymns of adoration of Jesus and songs of honor and veneration of Mary.

We in Holy Church are of "the generations (regenerated) who call Mary blessed." And who can be more blessed than the Mother of the infinitely blessed God? False to her is false to Him. Indifferent to her is indifferent to Him. Hostile to her is hostile to Him. Enmity of mind or speech, or of so-called doctrine to

her settles the side to be taken by her enemies. The words of Genesis are exceedingly plain. They were spoken to Satan: "I will place enmities between thee and the Woman and between thy seed and her seed." The posterity of Christ is the posterity of Mary the Mother of Christ. He is of the seed of Mary—and like Him so are we. With knowledge or without knowledge they who are against us are against Christ and His Mother, and are on the side of Satan.

Are these words hard? Yes! hard to a faith as flimsy as it is soft (though we ought to call it human fancy rather than divine Faith);—but they are God's words and not ours;—and so we let them stand in all hardness. Catholic Truth in its entirety is a rock that will not be splintered. It braves the blow of the boldest hand; and it defies the rush of the wildest waves; and it smiles, if a rock can smile, at the fury of the darkest storm. Who is the truth that is the Rock? Jesus Christ. And who is the shore on which it leans? Mary—the Mother of God. The Rock and its Shore are ours and ours alone forever.

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ASPIRATION.

"PRAY for us now and at the hour of our death."

PRAYER.

HAIL MARY! full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now, and at the hour of death. *Amen.*

THIRTIETH DAY.

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*The Flower of Mary's Glory in the Church.*

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"And in all these I sought rest and I shall abide in the inheritance of the Lord."—*Ecccl. xxiv, 11*

THE Incarnation of Jesus Christ through Mary is the rehabilitation in grace of the human race. The Church of Christ is the perpetuation of the Incarnation. By the first Man Adam, at the word of the Woman Eve, sin entered into the world. Sin's reparation was to be made by the Man Christ who, at the word of Mary: "Be it done unto me according to thy word," entered into this world. Man and Woman,—Adam and Eve were the causes of our spiritual ruin. Man and Woman,—Christ and Mary,—second Adam and second Eve are the causes of our Redemption. Everywhere on earth and until the end of time the act of the disobedience of our first parents reaches in its consequences of sin for souls and death for bodies. And so everywhere in the world and down to its last day reaches the act of Mary's obedience to the divine will in becoming the Mother of Christ, together with the obedience of Christ in doing His Father's will, in the consequences of grace for the souls and immortality for the bodies of every child of the human race who accepts the Redeemer. The influences of Jesus and Mary move forever alongside the influences of Adam and Eve.



Adam and Eve were two persons united in one act,—it was our ruin. Jesus and Mary are two persons united in one act,—it is our Redemption.

Every day of history will man's heart ask: "Through whom have I lost all right to heaven?" And every heart's answer will be: "Through Adam and Eve." And every day of time each heart will ask: "Through whom shall I recover the right to enter heaven?" And every heart's question shall have its answer,—Through Jesus and Mary. It is the only true answer. It is the full and perfect answer. Truth gives it,—Faith proclaims it; and the Church of Truth and Faith must realize and illustrate it. Else all is as dark to the questioning world as it was before the mystery of the Infant's birth in Bethlehem. For the mystery of man's regeneration in grace must solve the mystery of man's generation in sin. In the light of the former mystery stand Jesus and Mary. In the darkness of the latter mystery stand Adam and Eve.

Our Holy Church is the mystical Eden in this world, with gates wide open, guarded by the Angel of the Redemption. Who so wills to leave the beautiful spiritual garden may do so. God forces none to stay. But who so desire to return and re-enter cannot do so unless they come to the gates wearing the robes of grace. In the garden are the second Adam and the second Eve,—Jesus and Mary,—for it is theirs to keep and cultivate;—and in our Holy Church we meet them there together.

With us of the true Faith the glory of Jesus is the royal mantle of Mary His Mother;—and her glory is the brightest gem in the crown of Christ.

St. Paul writing to the Ephesians proclaims that

Christ's would be "a glorious Church without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing," and that "it would be holy and without any blemish."

What are the glories of the "glorious Church?"

Her divine truths with their heavenly light? Yes.

Her laws with their sanctifying influences? Yes.

Her sacraments with their supernatural action? Yes.

Her teachings with their divine power over the human mind,—and their infallible certainty? Yes.

Her messages of Mercy, the legacies of His love, to every heart redeemed? Yes.

Sinners in their penances and pardons? Yes.

Saints in the splendors of their sanctities? Yes.

Apostles,—Martyrs, Confessors, Virgins with the supernatural braveries, sufferings, austerities and purities of their lives and deaths? Yes.

For in their persons redeeming grace has conquered their minds with its light, their wills by its law, their hearts with its love.

Ah! Yes they are the living glories of the "glorious Church" whose life is divine. They visibly realize in their persons and reflect on the world, within as well as without the kingdom of grace, the glories of dogmas, and laws and sacraments,—the splendors of Faith and Hope and Charity,—the light of the Christ who lives over again in their lives.

The Church of Christ must have other Christs,—human to prove to the world His divine Christhood. All along the ages she will have her Calvaries to climb; but she must and will have a thousand Thabors up the slopes of which she will lead sinners from the valley of sin to transfigure them on the summit with the splendors of sanctity,—so that the generations of men passing

by will see the glory shining; and in the wonder of Faith and with the Faith of wonder, will cry aloud as Peter cried: "Oh Lord it is good for us to be here."

Churches calling yourselves Christian listen!

You must prove your title. How? In your hand you bring us the Scriptures. Well and good. We also have them. In your other hand have you the lives of your Saints? Saints are living scriptures. Do you bring us only words even though they be the words of Christ? They are dead words unless you show us men who have lived them. Life is the logic that proves the power of Christ. He Himself is not in His words. Only His thoughts are there. He Himself in His Church by His grace lives in men, women, children who participate in His sanctity. Show us such if you can.

Read for us the Litany of your Saints! Have you none?

No Saints,—no Christ.

No canonizations,—then no names crowned on earth with the halo of Christ's holiness.

Churches! do you lead your followers only through the valley of ordinary virtues and commonplace duty?

Lift up your eyes! Yonder on the mountains, rising towards the skies the splendors of the "Sun of Justice" are shining on the snow-white purities of lofty Christ-like lives. Do those lives belong to you? Is the white snow up there too cold for the feet of your children? Are the mountains of sanctity too steep and too rugged for them to climb? Are the splendors on their summits too bright and dazzling to your eyes?—Then—move on down in the valley. You know not the mysteries and the meanings of the mountains climbed by Christ,—Calvary, Thabor, Olivet. You are not His

Church. You have no saints. You have no hearts beating with the highest heroisms of Faith.

Not so we of His Holy Church. True,—the most of us walk in the lower valleys of ordinary virtue; but countless is the number of those who have scaled the steeps and reached the summits of holiness. And their glory shines down on our souls, making our way brighter and our hearts braver;—and their glory is their's and yet Christ's, and what is theirs and His is our's. We salute them as we pass, for they are the heroes in the march,—in the battles and in the victories of the soldiers of Jesus Christ. And they hail us as we pass them by with cheering words that give us comfort and courage and heavenly trust on our homeward way.

Human sanctity is the splendor of Divine grace. Where its light gleams there surely shines the moveless sun of changeless Faith. From the Birth-day of the Church until this very evening all down the ages there has been a line of Saints. But above them all, with a brighter glory than they all together possess, and with a greater power, reigns Mary the Mother in the kingdom of her Son. Mother of Christ—Mother of His Church,—such is her place and power and glory.

Is it a wonder that the Church has glorified her in every age? Is it a marvel that blazoned on her banners of battle and sounding in her hymns of triumph the name of Mary is forever united with the name of Jesus?

From the beginning she has held in her keeping the honor of the Mother of Christ. Whoso dared to lift a voice or write a word against Mary, she at once anathematized. And her reason was the simplest,—only this: Whosoever attacks the Mother assaults the Son. Arius attacked the Divinity of Jesus Christ by denying His

divine and eternal Sonship,—and therefore attacked the Fatherhood of God.

Arius was anathematized.

Nestorius arose and denied the divine maternity of Mary. The Church has never far-fetched or abstruse reasons for her action. Clear and simple was her reason when she condemned Nestorius. Only this,—Whoso attacks the Mother attacks the Son. Just as simple and clear as her reason against Arius;—he who attacks the Son attacks the Father. Her enemies pass away leaving memories that shame the pages of history. The Church of her divine Son moves on. “All her generations, in the simplicity of their Faith call Mary blessed.” It is her own prophecy becoming part of their religion. But in each generation of the children of Faith appear men full of wisdom and learning and mighty in grace who are the special guards of the rights and the honors of the Mother of Christ. Why read the roll of their names? Why quote their words from Jerome and Augustine and Ambrose down to the infallible utterances of Pius the Ninth of but yesterday? The children of the Kingdom hear them from childhood to the grave. The wanderers outside the Kingdom hear them not,—or when they do they will not understand. Look everywhere along the past see you not the beautiful bannered processions,—simply endless, for where one stops another starts, going up to the temples of Jesus to keep the feasts of Mary!

Do you not behold the consecrated Virgin walking side by side with the Magdalen who has come back to the shrine of mercy, through the prayers of Mary? Do you not see ignorance in ungainly hurry jostling learning when she moves with a step that cannot help but be stately though her face does wear the look of Faith's

humbleness? And listen! where they move with psalms and hymns and spiritual canticles singing the endless “*Sanctus! Sanctus! Sanctus!*” to the Son, and re-echoing back to Mary His Mother her own glorious Magnificat. From the hall and from the hovel come the singers singing. The robe of the king touches the rag of the beggar man and becomes more beautiful and more royal for the touch. The mantle of the princess floats beside the tatters of the peasant. The Tiara crowned head of the Pope bows where the little altar-boy is kneeling. The Bishop's purple and the priest's black cassock meet before the altars to honor Mary. The Purple and the Black meet there on perfect spiritual equality. Savagery and civilization repeat together the same Our Father and the same Hail Mary. The Indian strolling the forest tells the same beads as the sage in his study. It is all for Mary because it is all for Jesus. Is she not then the Glory of the glories of our Holy Church: and is it not our glory, with our words and with our actions, with our whole hearts and with our whole souls and with all the strength of Faith the truest and of love the tenderest, to glorify the blessed name of Mary in life, in death and in eternity.

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#### ASPIRATION.

“PRAY for us, oh! Holy Mother of God, that we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.”

#### PRAYER.

POUR forth, we beseech thee, O Lord, thy grace into our hearts, that we, to whom the incarnation of Christ thy Son was made known by the message of an angel, may, by His passion and cross, be brought to the glory of His resurrection, through the same Christ our Lord.