

mothers in Israel was truly astonishing. Elizabeth, in her address to Mary, never doubted that God had really spoken to the two of them, or that there would be "a performance" of what He said. The burdens of maternity were made radiant with spontaneous psalms.

There was no estrangement between our Lord and His mother. When, in the Temple, Jesus answered her, with something of her own directness, the very form of His rebuke drew them together. Mary alone knew all that He meant when He said that He must be about His Father's business. At Cana, it may have been only the wine that caused her worry; but, again, she understood perfectly what was in her Son's mind when He told her that His "hour" was not yet come. Although He had then performed no miracle, she and she alone believed that miracles would be seen, and—this being her faith, after a life of intimacy with Him—she told the servants to obey Jesus in all that He said to them. As our Lord's career was unfolded, Mary, realizing that He must shape it in His own way, ceased to assert herself, but was ever with Him, even at the Cross. There, with exquisite economy of words—for these two needed no explanations—He resigned her, weeping, to the care of His most beloved of followers, thus planning a home for her, when all the world's sin weighed Him down to death. By that crushing blow she was not overwhelmed. The Virgin, whose own honor had been assailed thirty-three years before, whose ruin had been almost decreed, shared with her Son a great tenderness for women accused of evil. She did not criticize His goodness to publicans and sinners, but chose the Magdalene, out of whom