

avored prince of heaven. She had her answer, brief, explicit, and sufficient; and when she heard it, she added not one word about her own emotions, but submitted herself to God. To me, the employment of an Angel as ambassador to Mary arouses no astonishment; it was surely most fitting, for I look in vain for a man or woman to whom—in fairness to the maiden—the mission could have been entrusted. Mary gave way to no light-headed elation. She did not boast or put forward pretensions. Her visit to Elizabeth was in precise accord with the Angel's kindly hint. Nor when she saw her cousin was she first with her news. It was Elizabeth who welcomed her as the mother of her Lord. It was the unborn John who leapt at the approach of the unborn Jesus. Mary magnified not herself, but her God.

Mary and Christ.

The Virgin was a woman of quick decision, of unhesitating impulse. With what haste she hurried to her cousin Elizabeth—with what personal courage, though hoping to be a mother, she accompanied Joseph when he went to be enrolled at Bethlehem, the city of David! Sometimes her intensely practical mind failed to appreciate Christ's love for the soul. She it was, and not Joseph, who sharply chided her Boy, then twelve years old, because He had spent three days in Jerusalem, and caused much domestic inconvenience, by questioning learned men about things eternal. At the Marriage Feast, what chiefly concerned her was the shortage of mere wine. And, at the climax of our Lord's ministry, she was almost persuaded by her other children that her eldest Son had, after all, lost His reason. Yet the faith of these