

a malefactor, thy adorable Son ; they insult Him, beat Him, scourge Him. Eternal Trinity, where was Thy lightning when the wretches spat on Him, disrobed Him, drove the crown of thorns into His brain, the nails into His hands, and stabbed Him to the heart ! O the infinite patience of God that could withhold vengeance for these sacrileges ; and O the infinite torture of the noble Mother who witnessed all ! That sacred body now exposed to the multitude she had wrapped in swaddling clothes in the manger, that divine head had lain in her bosom, those hands had been entwined around her neck in love, and that heart had been made to beat by the infusion of her own blood. With Him from beginning to end, in mind if not in body, she had seen His triumphs and His humiliations, and every one of them was hers as well as His ; for she was His Mother, and such a mother as the world has never seen since nor had ever seen before. And this is why we love her and why we are devoted to her. His Mother is our Mother, for He is our Brother.

How can any believer in the mystery of the Incarnation fail to love Mary, the chosen secondary cause of it all ? Do those believe in the Incarnation, in the divinity of Jesus