

sun of their victory ? The accomplishment of the hopes conceived by the Virgin of Juda, the complete realization of her inspired canticle.

Mary spoke truly. All generations proclaim her blessed. Solomon and his glory have passed away, leaving scarcely a murmur in the night of time, not a handful of dust in the yawning cemetery of death. And the nations have forgotten Solomon or only repeat his words. » « Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity. » Gigantic revolutions have been heaped on revolutions ; nations have risen and become extinct, like passing meteors which spring from nothingness, increase, and relapse into nothingness again. The ages, like a terrible storm, have swept away all things with their breath—all save a vain remembrance.

But the cry of the servant of the Lord, do you hear it — do you hear it still resound ? In this twentieth century impiety respects nothing. It denies all, it doubts all, even the truth which burns in the heaven of evidence ; but who ever had the heart to deny that before our eyes to day, as yesterday, as five hundred years, as eight hundred years ago, the prophecy accomplished ? « *Beatam me dicent omnes generationes* » (« All generations shall call me blessed. »)

Daily, in fact, do millions of human voices celebrate her glory. The entire world beholds her seated upon her exalted throne, crowned with her aureole of glory ; it uplifts its drooping eyes, the better to gaze upon her, and beholding her, it pours forth the song of praise while it erects every where monuments to her name. Every where humble chapels nestle in the valleys — portals of salvation — or crown the hill-tops like beacons of hope.

Beautiful are the foot-prints of a Christian people when, on the slopes of the hills, guided by the spotless banner floating in the breeze, their long files mount upward, mount still, mount ever ; and pious pilgrims, women and children, bend the knee in venerated sanctuaries. They carry with them miseries of the soul, infirmities of the body, but they descend delivered from their evils, with joy in their hearts, and canticles of praise upon their lips..

Beautiful is it to behold the human race, when, as one man, with hands and eyes upraised to heaven, they send forth the cry repeated by every echo of the earth, « O my Mother ! » The child who, leaving the cradle, is supported lovingly on the knees of its mother, joining its little hands, beholds the fair clouds floating in the blue heavens, and cries out : « O my Mother ! » The youth, far from the domestic roof, hidden under the wing of the sacerdotal seminary, to console himself for the absence of his mother, goes to contemplate the image