

every pulsation of her heart responsive to every event in His public life. She heard of His miracles and saw many of them. But they did not surprise her. She knew Him. When people praised Him as the greatest prophet and preacher that had ever spoken in Judea, she smiled with pleasure, for she knew as many of them did not. When she heard of the hate of Scribe and of Pharisee; of the insults of the mobs that would stone Him; of the intrigues of the high priests, of the politicians, of the Sadducees, and of the Herodians, how she trembled with fear, how she dreaded the hour when the dawn of His cruel passion would break over a sinful world and her sorrowful soul should be pierced by the seven swords!

In what a horrible tragedy this love of Mother and of Son ended at Calvary! She that had sung the *Magnificat* in tones of joy when His birth was announced; she that had united her sweet voice to the joyous song of the angels on the first Christmas morn, now followed Him in anguish from Gethsemane, from Pilate's mocking court to Herod's and to Calvary. O loving Mother, how can thy heart bear it all and not break as His did on the Cross! They drag Him along like