

mese. 'What occasioned this trouble? Her profound humility, the hearing herself praised in terms so opposed to those in which she would have spoken to herself. If the angel had said, Mary, you are the most miserable creature on earth, she would not have been surprised. But his plaudits trouble her, says St. Bernardine: as she herself said to St. Bridget, it is not my own praise I wish for, but that of the Creator and Sovereign Lord of all things.—And yet these praises were legitimately her due. O, humility, worthy of the sublimity of a God! and capable of his immensity. O, humility, which, rendering Mary little in her own eyes, renders her great in the eyes of him whom the whole world cannot contain.

How do you relish praises? Do you like or dislike them? They are but words, and only serve to swell the heart, and yet, perhaps, you feed on them as a solid meat. Forget not, that aversion to praise raised Mary above the angels, and rendered her the mother of God, and that it was that Act which immediately preceded the Incarnation of the Word of God; whilst the vain praises of the angel of darkness, penetrating the heart of Eve, rendered her his slave. O, my God, may those who be suddenly turned backward, who say to me "'tis well, 'tis well."

*Flower*—Say, with extended arms, the Gloria Patri *thrice*.

*Fruit*—Detest and abhor praise, and refer all glory to God.

### MEDITATION.

August 12.—*The Sacred Heart of Mary, at her virginal child-birth.*

First Point.—Consider the sentiments of the Sacred Heart of Mary at

that moment in which she brought forth her little infant Jesus, that she heard his cries, and saw his divine eyes bathed in tears, love, admiration, sorrow, compassion, the noblest sentiments of the soul, all affected her heart in the most lively manner, and entirely occupied it. Her lively faith made her recognise in her son the Son of God made man. Seeing his ardent love, her's became more ardent, and then what a glow in this maternal heart.—Her admiration was exceeding great; but it was, if possible, surpassed by her sorrow, seeing him born in a stable at midnight, exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, sighs on his little lips, and tears in his divine eyes, at the sight of our sins. What did she not do to shelter him from the wintry blast and the piercing cold of that dreary night? As well as she could she wrapped him in the little lincens she had procured, and placed him in the manger under the breath of the ox and the ass, while she and Joseph adored him in silent admiration.

At the contemplation of this spectacle what do our hearts feel? Do we not merit the reproach of our Lord in Isaiah, "The ass knoweth his owner, and the ox the crib of his lord, but Israel has not known me." O, my Jesus and my God, who, for love of me, hast undergone such sufferings, pardon me for having so long mistaken you. In order to warm your dear little members, I unite my heart with those of Mary and Joseph. May the fire which consumes them burn and consume me, through your infinite love and mercy.

*Flower*—Say often "Sacred Heart of Jesus, burning with the love of us, inflame our hearts with love for thee."

*Fruit*—Say often with St. Francis