

looks at stars, she sees the angels that move them looking down on her as the palace of their King, and she can hear what is to others inaudible, the heavenly choirs singing the eternal *Sanctus* and the eternal *Gloria* to her unborn Infant, the King of the Jews, the Emperor of the world, the Lord, Creator and Redeemer of heaven and of earth. What must have been the sublime thoughts and the awful sanctity of Mary as she felt the divine infant throb in her bosom and remembered who He was !

And when she heard His first cry on earth, when she saw Him resting on her knees, looked into His eyes with a love made divine by the Holy Ghost, and met the flash of divine love radiating from the eyes of her Son when she felt His heart beat against her own immaculate heart, and felt the clasp of love divine around her neck, how higher than the seraphim her soul must have soared in divine contemplation ! What a picture, and how it fills us with joy, with love, and yet with grief, when we remember how it was all to end. How the Christian mind travels from Bethlehem with a shiver to Calvary as from the sunny south to the frozen north. Yet it is the same divine love that produced Bethlehem