

tures, animate and inanimate, did not welcome with joy his glad approach to earth? Was he not the desired of the everlasting hills, for whom the patriarchs and prophets of old continually sighed and prayed, saying: "Drop down dew, O ye heavens, and let the clouds rain the just one: Let the earth be opened, and bud forth a Saviour.— O that thou wouldst break through the heavens, and come down!"

On a certain occasion Christ said of himself, with melting tenderness: "Abraham, your father saw my day; he saw it and rejoiced." If then, through the long vista of ages, this father of believers saw but one ray of the bright sun of justice, and gloried in rapturous exultation at the sight, why should we be astonished, if even children in the womb bounded with joy, when the entire splendour of our light and life was about to chase away the dreary night of desolation and darkness? With good reason then did Elizabeth say: "Behold, as soon as the voice of thy exultation sounded in my ears, the infant in my womb leaped for joy." And having experienced in herself the truth of the promises of heaven, and having also seen her husband, Zachary, deprived of the use of speech for his incredulity, she commends Mary for her faith, and tells her with confidence, that what the Lord had promised her by the mouth of his messenger, Gabriel, should assuredly come to pass. "And blessed art thou that thou hast believed, because those things shall be accomplished, that were spoken to thee by the Lord!" You have not resisted the will of heaven. You have not opposed your weak reason to the mysteries and commands of almighty intelligence. You have with an humble, firm faith, declared yourself to be the handmaid of the

Lord, prepared for the accomplishment of his will; and therefore, in recompense of your faith, those wondrous things which have been told you by the Lord, shall certainly be fulfilled. O sublime reward of a docile and humble faith! This faith rendered Mary the temple of the divinity, the resting place of her Creator, the Mother of God.— If we reflect with attention, we shall find that the same humble faith will make us partakers, in some manner, of the honors of the Virgin. For the same faith that was required of Mary to make her the throne of the Deity, is required from us, to make us the repositories of Jesus. As soon as Mary believed the angel of heaven, in what was above her reason, the Redeemer of the world immediately entered her chaste womb. When we believe the words of Jesus himself, though seemingly repugnant to our senses, the same Redeemer enters into our bosom at the feast of our love.

When Elizabeth therefore had told the virgin that she was blessed for having believed, and that the words of the Lord would be verified, then it was that the humble handmaid of heaven found the tide of gratitude overflowing in her bosom; then it was that the burning heart of Mary, which had been consumed by the flames of love, gave expression to its feelings—then it was that the language of the Holy Ghost burst forth in majestic energy from her lips, and she cried out, or rather the spirit and father of lights within her;

MY SOUL DOETH MAGNIFY THE LORD!

My memory, my will and understanding—all my interior powers glorify, praise, exalt, adore, and magnify the Lord. With great justice did Mary cry out: My soul magnifies the Lord;