



HOUR OF ADORATION

The Host of The Crib.

I. — Adoration.

Let us represent to ourselves the Sacred Host, the Blessed Sacrament, Jesus, not in the radiance of the sparkling ostensorium, nor in the golden ciborium in which He reposes, but in a crib upon a little straw. Behold in His countenance the most lovely graces of infancy, the purest, the sweetest, the most lovable, and then humbly prostrating, gazing upon Him with love and admiration, with respect and confidence, adore Him at the moment of His birth.

To adore as we ought, let us unite with Mary when she prostrated at the moment of His birth, to offer Him the homage of her love. Here was adoration of the purest faith. She saw beyond the appearances, the weakness, the indigence of the little Child. She proclaimed the greatness, the power, the majesty of God. With a gaze full of emotion, she penetrated those abysses of His Divinity, and then returned to the feebleness of His infancy, which she likewise adored. She passed over nothing, neither in the Godhead nor in the Child, which she did not adore, bless, and praise. Contradictory appearances, far from checking her faith, became for her a lever by which to rise to the dazzling heights of the divine perfections.

Mary's adoration was that of the most ardent love. The most blessed of all mothers, it was her right, her duty, to love her Son even to adoration. That adoration of love strictly united her to Jesus, delivered her wholly to Him. She no longer lived in herself, nor for herself. She lived in Him and for Him. She had positively gone out of self, and she dwelt in Him. It was a perfect rapture