

divinely designed to teach. If earthly empire were a thing above all others good, Christ would come as an earthly emperor. If there were not something ennobling in the divorcement from all earthly things, Christ would not have made poverty His portion. If there were not something salutary in the helplessness and innocence of childhood, He that was heralded by a hundred prophets would not require His special servants to become as little children.

We may not be able to read aright the full lesson of the stable and the crib, but we can venture near and kneel with profit. In the presence of such abasement we can realize that there is something in life more precious than outward glamour and material success. Happy the childlike, the lowly, the despised, the forgotten, the rejected, the persecuted, the meek, the guileless, the single-eyed, the clean of heart — thrice happy all that draw near the crib and there in the presence of the helpless God, beg and obtain grace to see and understand that it matters not how loftily we make the journey which leads to eternity, but how closely we follow in the footsteps of Him Who annihilated Himself that we might live, and share with Him the Kingdom which was His in the glory of the Father before the constitution of the world.

And so, dear friend of the Eucharist, we wish you all a happy Christmas, and we ask you to take the thoughts we have written for you into your homes and hearts on the glad festive day of our Savior's birth. Rejoice in the good tidings the Angel brought to our poor world! Receive your Lord—your Emmanuel—in the sweet Sacrament of His love with all possible fervor, and then you will realize, in a measure at least, what a mystery there is from first to last in the Son of God becoming man. And remember that the object of it all was to make you a Seraphim of adoring love — to make it possible for you, dear friends, to ascend as high as He descended low.



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