

## Yearnings for the Birth of the Saviour (1)

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*Rorate cæli desuper et nubes pluant  
justum!*

Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain  
the Just. (ISAIAH XLV, 8.)



Y Jesus, what more touching than these appeals, these cries, these burning sighs, which the Church puts upon our lips and into our hearts on the approach of the blessed anniversary of Thy Birth here below! For ages, succeeding generations have repeated them as an echo of the longing desires that preceded Thy coming. As for us, who do not call Thee the Messiah promised, but the Messiah given, the Messiah become our Emmanuel, what joy, what thanksgivings are mingled with our sighs! It is, without doubt, the expression also of our desire, for, O Jesus, although Thou art already come, although Thou art with us, there is for each of us a plenitude in this possession of Thyself, a sovereignty in the reign that Thou dost will to have over us, and it is this plenitude, this sovereignty, for which our desires call. But still more is it the expression of our adoration, of our thanksgiving, of our love. O lowly Host, frail Appearance, sacred Veil, which love has chosen, how sweet it is in contemplating Thee to proclaim that He whom Thou dost hide. He whose annihilation Thou dost protect, is He whom the nations, the gentiles have expected and for whom they sighed: *Rorate cæli desuper et nubes pluant justum!*—that it is He whom they saluted with titles significant of power and domination!

(1) This beautiful paraphrase on the Advent O's was published in THE SENTINEL OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT some years ago. We reproduce it by special request.