

remain till the end of time. Then I shall lead thee into My Paradise, in which we shall be together for all eternity."

"O, Jesus, how could I ever thank Thee as I ought, had I not the thanksgiving of Mary, Thy Mother and mine, to offer Thee?"

The thanksgiving of Mary! This Child is hers. He is her Son, her true Son, His Flesh, His Blood, His Life, all come from her. This adorable Child is truly her Son. He is all beautiful in countenance. He has all virtues in His soul, and He possesses every greatness, every power. And He resembles her. He is more like her than ever son was like a mother. O Mary! O Mary!

And He is her Saviour, also! The Blood that tinges His veins, and that will flow upon the cross, is the price of her immaculate preservation. He came to earth for her above all others. He loves her more than all others taken together in heaven or on earth, and it is she that He wishes to save the first. Mary sees and understands His love. She feels it. O abyss of joy!

Abyss of humility, also, for she knows, she acknowledges that she deserves not that honor, that glory, that love.

Sweet Infant of the Host, Thou wilt be born by Communion in my heart. I shall press Thee in my arms, and I shall say as did Thy Mother: He is mine! He belongs to me! His Flesh, His Blood, His Heart, His Life — all are mine! He comes to perfect my redemption, to secure my salvation. — O abyss of joy!

Seeing what I am, compared with what Thou dost give me, what my love is, compared with Thine, I am confounded in my nothingness, my poverty, my unworthiness. It is an abyss of misery, O Jesus, but that, also, shall bless Thy love, since Thou dost deign to visit it!

### III. — Reparation.

"But, Divine Infant, I do not understand why, being God, Thou didst will to be born as Thou wast. That Thou didst come for love of me, I bless Thee; but why in the state in which I now behold Thee?"

"It is because I came to expiate, and that, Priest and Victim, from the moment of My Incarnation, the first act of My outward life ought to be the stable is so cold, so bare, Thy linen so coarse, Thy Mother so poor?"

"Yes, it is that I may begin at once to atone for cupidity, covetousness, and all the sins that the passion for earthly goods makes man commit."

"Why Thy littleness, Thy hunger, thirst, tears and all the weakness of human infancy?"

"They are to expiate man's pride, his self-confidence, his presumption, self-love, vanity, haughtiness, and all the other evil offshoots of vainglory."