

out of self and into Him. She no longer thought of self. It was all Jesus, all for Him, to serve Him, to nourish Him, to protect Him, to love Him, to aid Him in His work of salvation.

Like Mary, then, let us adore with faith and love Jesus, the Infant of the Host, at the moment of His birth in Bethlehem. But let us examine, contemplate, see all that He is, in order that we may adore Him as He ought to be adored.

Let us recognize under the features of this Babe of one day, the Word of the Father, the Son of God, the Eternal, the Infinite !

Yes, Jesus, I know, I believe that in Thee is the plenitude of the Divinity, and that in becoming a child, Thou didst lose no prerogative. In Thy littleness, therefore, I adore Thy infinite greatness ; in Thy birth at this moment, I adore Thy eternity ; in Thy silence, the Eternal Word of God ; in Thy sleep, the activity of the Creator ; in Thy impotence, the almighty power which governs the world ; in Thy tears, the joy of the Father and of the Holy Spirit ; in Thy poverty, the riches of Him who has need of nothing. Little Babe, Thou art my God ! I adore Thee !

II. — Thanksgiving.

“ Most lovely Babe, dost Thou find in me any right, any title, any attractions, to incline Thee to be born thus in the feebleness of infancy ? ”

“ No, but I love thee, I cover thee with My love, and thou dost appear to Me lovable. Thou art, also, the creature of My Father. He has founded on thee His hopes, and He expects from thee glory, which thou canst still render Him. In thy features, disfigured by sin and misery, I recognize traces of the resemblances to Him which I have come to restore. And, again, shorn of the happiness which He destined for thee, and which I have come to restore, thou art in a state of suffering. Behold, these are thy titles ! They are so powerful that they draw Me to thee, attach Me to thee, even impose upon Me certain obligations. Captured by love, I give Myself up without regret, even with joy, unreservedly and forever ! ”

“ But, lovely Babe, tell me, I beg of You : To what will Thy birth lead ? Wilt Thou stay with us, or wilt Thou appear as a lightning-flash from heaven, to vanish after having cast a ray of hope upon the earth, like the flower of the valley, which opens in the morning, but dies in the evening exhaling its perfume to the setting sun ? ”

“ The love that impels Me to thee, is generous, is lasting, is eternal. What it gives, it never recalls, so I am with thee forever. I shall grow, I shall spend thirty-three years in this flesh in the land of Judea. Then dying for love of thee, for love of thee, also, I shall make Myself a Sacrament. In It I shall for love of thee