

a choir of its brightest princes to congratulate the earth on the rich present has received.

In fine, let your eyes swim in tears—let your hands be clasped in ecstatic fervour—let your tongue be eloquent in devotional gratitude, and your heart be dissolved and melt away in the furnace of pure love whilst I recourt to you the most astonishing of all prodigies—one of the greatest mysteries of love, which infinite wisdom and might could devise, or perform, in the sublimely simple narration of the Evangelist.

Attend with amazement, reverence and love, to the humble history of the birth of Jesus in the grot of Bethlehem :—

“And Joseph went up from Galilee out of the City of Nazareth, into Judea to the City of David, which is called Bethlehem, because he was of the house and family of David, to be enrolled with Mary, his espoused wife, who was with child. And it came to pass that when they were there, her days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born Son, and wrapped him up in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger : because there was no room for them in the inn.”

Shall I presume to add a single word by way of comment, to this enrapturing account? Have we not here ample subject for reflection to an eternity?

O ye Angels and men!—saints and sinners—women and virgins—parents and children! enter the little cave: come forward, and behold your King, your Brother, your Justifier, your Redeemer, your Honor, your Glory your Model, and your Reward!

O, ye Angels! blush not to attend your King, at his descent from the splendour of his celestial court, to one

of the meanest habitations of a vile and miserable world.

But I need not call upon you. Already I hear your enchanting sounds through the stillness of the air; already I hear your joyful proclamation of “Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will.”

O, fallen man! will you not unite your voice of gratitude with the angelic choirs? Will you not echo the heavenly strains? Oh, rejoice! Your music should, if possible, be sweeter than that of the Angels; their glorious King is about to leave them, and they proclaim to you his approach to earth. Will you not, then, respond to the joyful summons? Will you not with them sing glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to your fellow-men? Will you not banish discord and strife, and restore harmony and peace; for the King and Prince of Peace has descended upon the earth to cultivate this amiable virtue? Now, indeed, are verified the words of the Psalmist: “Mercy and Truth have met together, Justice and Peace have kissed.”

Approach ye just, and view the author of all sanctity—contemplate this kingly Babe as the Saint of Saints, the fountain and source of all holiness—the perfect pattern of piety. This infant Jesus, whom you behold, comes to render your good works meritorious in the sight of his Father, to adorn your souls by the reflection of his virtues, and through the infinite propitiation of the sufferings which he here commences in the crib, gives you a title to the name of Saints, and renders your access secure to the regions of the blessed.

Is it possible, O merciful Jesus, that ungrateful man, whose crimes have induced thee to forsake the bosom of thy Father, should be allowed to approach