

Prayers in Honour of the Maternity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

O most holy and worthy Mother of God, impart abundantly to all mankind, thy children, the milk of grace and mercy.

Hail, Mary, conceived without sin, mysterious vine which has produced the Divine Grape, destined to be crushed in the wine-press of the Cross, whence issued a sacred wine that was deposited in the precious vase of thy Immaculate Heart, to be distilled upon the children whose Mother thou didst become upon Calvary's mount.

O Divine Infant Jesus, I adore thee on thy Blessed Mother's bosom. Yes, O Divine Infant, in this state of humiliation and littleness thou art as worthy of our love, our homage, and adoration as when thou didst cure the sick, raise the dead to life, and command the winds and waves.

Here do I contemplate thee, silent and unknown, adoring thy Eternal Father's counsels upon thy life and dolorous Passion. Already is the Cross planted in thy heart; thou dost only await the hour marked by thy Heavenly Father for thee to fulfil His will.

Hail, Queen of Martyrs! Whose precious blood, blanched by maternal piety, flowed for fifteen months from thy virginal bosom to fill the sacred veins of the King of Martyrs.

O holy Virgin, how pure and admirable thou art! The Holy Ghost seems ever occupied with thee. At thy birth I hear him saying in His Divine Council: "Our sister is little. . . . What shall we do with our sister in the day when she is to be spoken to? "

O mystery ineffable! He who eternally reposes in the Bosom of the Father rests at the same time in the bosom of a humble virgin. I adore thee, most Holy Infant Jesus, in that royal shrine surrounded by roses and lilies; my soul experiences joy inexpressible at beholding thee dwelling in that House of Gold built by Supreme Wisdom.

Come forth, O Divine Jesus, from the virginal prison where love holds Thee captive; give me the consolation of beholding and adoring Thee, and in a state that I may embrace Thee. Let us rejoice; the day of joy hath come at last, and the angels sing in heavenly strains, "Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace to men of good will!" The hour of man's salvation has dawned. Behold his Saviour, born of Mary. O earth, thou didst become a heaven on that day eternally memorable. O glorious Mother of God, my hopes are realized, my yearning satisfied, now that I find Jesus, my Redeemer, in thy holy arms, resting upon thy maternal bosom, nourished with thy virginal milk. I hear the heavenly Spouse felicitating thee on thy blessed maternity. Yes, thou art beautiful in the eyes of thy Spouse, because thou hast preserved intact the beautiful flower of virginity. While angels in heaven sing the eternal canticle of the thrice Holy God, we on earth sing the virginal canticle of the Mother thrice a virgin. O grandeur of Mary! O incomparable privilege! O mystery of love!

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb, Jesus, whom thou didst nourish during fifteen months with thy virginal milk.

We give thee thanks, O Blessed Virgin Mary, for the great love with which thou didst suckle the King of Heaven, and we bless thy maternal tenderness.

Eternal Father, we offer thee the Incarnate Word, a Babe at His Blessed Mother's breast, rendering Thee by this lowly action perfect praise for the honour and glory of Thy Holy Name.

O most holy and sweet Mother of God, remember thou art my Mother and that I am the little sister of the Holy Infant Jesus.

Thy Divine Son has left upon thy bosom the charming virtues of His Holy Infancy, and He sends me to gather this celestial dew, which will fill my soul with purity, innocence, and simplicity.

Receive, O Virgin and Mother, these fifteen salutations in memory of the fifteen months during which thou didst nurse the Lamb of God, born in the stable of Bethlehem.

O holy and august Mother, what dost thou do? "I give my milk to Him who hath given me being." And what will become of this milk? "It will become His Flesh and the Blood of His veins. This Flesh which I give Him will suffer the torments of His Passion, and this Blood obtained from me will be shed upon the Cross for the salvation of sinners.

O angels of Heaven, what think ye of this prodigy? It was once your mission to give man delicious food on earth by showering manna from Heaven, and this was truly a great miracle. But behold now, with admiration inexpressible, the Virgin Mother, your Queen, nourishing God Himself, her Creator and yours.

O Divine Blood of Jesus, refresh the earth that it may bring forth elect souls.

(Our Lord promised that all who would thus honor Him should receive great blessings, that they would be especially assisted by His Blessed Mother, and that He would grant all their petitions. Holy Church keeps the Feast of the Maternity of the Blessed Virgin on the second Sunday in October.)