

Gloria In Excelsis Deo . . .

One cannot help feeling glad that there was no room in the crowded inn. There is something repugnant in the idea of Our Lord's birth taking place amidst such thronging and confusion, noise and dancing and drinking and bustle. The character of God, and therefore the character of the God made Man, is tranquility. The God-Man cannot abide feverish agitation, disorder and the glare of publicity.

Joseph and Mary placed their trust in God. Their trust was not misplaced — God Who takes care of little birds directed their steps towards a little stable of which there were several in the neighborhood, and which were used as shelters for cattle. Usually neglected, these places were rather miserable places. It was to one of these bleak, windswept dirty stables that the Holy Family found its way — in the darkness of a cold night. Since a great part of the night had already been consumed in their unavailing search, Joseph did what little he could to introduce some degree of comfort into the stable —

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and there — at midnight — in the silence, and darkness and obscurity, abandonment and cold, but in perfect calm and quiet, God came forth into the world. Certainly, never was child of Adam born in direr circumstances. Mary and Joseph must have been smitten to the heart at the plight in which the Son of God, the Lord of Heaven and all the universe, found Himself, and at the chilling welcome that was extended to Him by the world which He had come to restore to happiness.

The manger, to be sure, was a sorry cradle for a King, and He — the King of heaven and earth. But Jesus is God and for Him, therefore, spiritual realities are more real than material realities. You see — with God there is no difference between the stable and the palace. Even in all the lowliness and sordidness that surrounded the Nativity of the Saviour, man could not take from Him His greatness, nor could the humble circumstances to which man's blindness condemned the God of Heaven, obscure His greatness. Jesus was great, in spite of all that man could say or do or judge, and His greatness burst in splendor through the lowly conditions of the Nativity.