

mighty power in curing their infirmities, and their only sign of gratitude is to demand for Him death on a gibbet ! God's chosen people demand for their Messiah the most atrocious, the most ignominious of Roman punishments !

What humiliation ! Jesus is worthy of supreme, of divine honors ; but thinking not of His greatness, they regard Him as the last of men ! Jesus is the source of all good, and yet Pilate says that he knows not what to do with Him !

With profound sorrow, the Divine Saviour listens to the cruel words uttered, not only by this nation laden with His benefits, but by all those who, in coming ages, commit mortal sin ; by all those who, in sacrilegious Communions, crucify Him anew. Alas ! that deicide cry : "*Let Him be crucified*" still resounds at the Holy Table ! It comes forth from every guilty heart. It is now a thousand times more humiliating for the Heart of Jesus, for here it is often the cold calculation of hatred, of greedy passions, of premeditated ingratitude, of shameful hypocrisy that pronounces these words in the ears of the gentle Victim. Count up the innumerable sacrilegious Communions which for nineteen centuries have crucified Him in souls deicide.

Pardon, O loving Heart of Jesus, pardon me ! Pardon the Jews, pardon all who at any time, either privately or publicly, have dared to utter against Thee this cry of death ! Pardon for the soul in purgatory at this moment deploring the accursed day on which they rejected Thee ! Pardon for myself ! I regret with all my heart having been so ungrateful, and I promise with the help of Thy grace, to make Thee live more and more in my mind, in my will, and above all in my heart !

III. — Thanksgiving.

"*Let Him be crucified !*" While the Jews were clamoring for the death of the Son of God, the Father from the height of heaven was ratifying the sentence. Mankind are the slaves of hell, and His will is to deliver them by the death of His only Son. It is to save us that the Father delivers Jesus, spares Him not, although He is His own Son. At that cry, the angelic host shudder with horror, and hell rejoices. And Thou, O Eternal Father, when Thou didst hear those terrible cries against Thy adorable Son, shouldst Thou not have said to the heavenly spirits, as formerly to Noe : "*It repenteth Me that I have created man.*" Shouldst Thou not have sent a deluge