

endured and so many lessons of patience delivered by the meek and suffering Jesus. During this week he fully accomplishes the will of his Heavenly Father. He is betrayed, denied, abandoned by his disciples—his soul is sorrowful even unto death—his agony expresses from every pore of his body a peirspiration of blood. He bears upon himself the iniquities of us all—he bends beneath the accumulated guilt of ages both past and future. He is betrayed by a traitor's kiss, he is hurried as a malefactor before unjust tribunals—he is mocked, scourged, spit upon, derided as a fool, delivered up to the fury of a barbarous soldiery, and the blood-thirsty rage of a still more barbarous rabble. He slowly and painfully drags his heavy Cross along the dolorous way that leads to Calvary, and on that place of skulls, that mount of Death, his innocent flesh is nailed to the Altar of his Great Sacrifice, and amidst the shouts and imprecations of his enemies he is raised aloft between Heaven and Earth a naked, bleeding and mangled victim. His piercing Crown of Thorns is on his head and over him is written the title of his royalty, the cause of his death. For this kingly dignity he was born, for this he came into the world; and after three hours of intense agony, during which he attracts the love of his faithful subjects, and establishes his absolute dominion in their hearts, he dies the King of Love, and in his death perpetuates the reign and triumph of his love on earth, while time shall last.

In this week he enters the royal city as a King and is received with hosannas. Alas! in five short days those sickle Jews will change them into crucifiges. When he beholds Jerusalem at a distance he sheds over it tears of love. Happy city over which Jesus wept! Thrice happy, O Jerusalem, if those precious tear drops had melted thy stony heart, and taught thee to know the day of thy visitation! Daughter of Sion he comes to thee meek; and thou wilt receive him with all the fury of revenge! He comes to thee sitting on a lowly ass; and thou wilt exalt him on an infamous gibbet.

In this week his treacherous disciple—the man of his peace, in whom he hoped, who eat his bread, will betray him into the hands of his enemies, and sell for a few pieces of money all the Treasure of Earth and Heaven. He will be first feasted on His precious Body and Blood, and will afterwards with an ingratitude which deserves ten thousand hells, deliver up that adorable body to the manacle, the buffet and the scourge, the spittle, the fool's garment, the mock sceptre, and bloody crown, to the rude nails and sharp lance, to all the bitterness of vinegar and the nauseousness of gall—to the hard, cruel and agonizing bed of the cross! He will also basely sell that priceless blood which when it touches one spot of earth will wash away all its abominations, which 'pacifies the things that are in

heaven and on earth,' which contains such boundless and purifying efficacy that it is able to cleanse even the terrible crime by which it was shed.

In this week too, on the eve of his passion, 'the night in which he was betrayed,' Jesus 'having loved his own who were in the world loved them to the end—loved them to his last moments, to the end of his painful life, to the end and term of all love—loved them with a pure, constant, generous, ardent, disinterested and excessive love. And as a dying proof of his love this 'merciful and compassionate Lord, made a memorial, an abridgment of all his wonders; he gave food to those who fear him' He bequeathed them the legacy of his Body and Blood, his soul and his divinity, that they might eat thereof, and through him live for ever. He left them the body that was broken, and the blood that was shed for love of them, that whenever they received them they might 'show forth his death' and commemorate his infinite love 'greater than which no man hath' for it was a love 'as strong as death,' a love which triumphed over the bitterness of death.

During this week he delivered his parting instructions, made his affectionate prayer to his Father for the Disciples whom he loved, commended to them charity, unity and peace, washed their feet as an example of humility and love, sung a hymn of thanksgiving to his Father, made the most perfect act of resignation to his will in the garden, wrought many wonders, converted many sinners, displayed a divine patience and admirable silence which astonished even his enemies, asserted his kingly dignity even whilst he is treated as a slave, and is made obedient to death, even the death of the Cross!

In this week he triumphs over sin, death and hell—destroys the dominion of the Prince of Darkness, opens for his children the kingdom 'of his admirable light,' takes away its sting from death, its horrors from the grave, converts the gibbet of infamy into a standard of glory, bears off an entire world as the spoils of his victory, 'leads captivity captive, and bestows gifts on men,' visits and consoles the gloomy prison of the Saints of old, bursts assunder the bonds of Death,—the Child of sin, and rises from the tomb in the majesty of his own power, after having caused the angels of heaven to rejoice, as well as the creatures whom he had redeemed, and offered to his eternal Father the greatest homage, the sublimest glory,—the fullest atonement which even a God could render to a God.

Oh! this is indeed a great week, a mysterious week, a holy week, a week of mercies innumerable, of graces most abundant, of lessons most eloquent, of sorrows most profound, of love most attractive! Well might it have been asked in times of old, Who will refuse to be converted in this week? What sinner's heart will remain obdurate? What eyes can behold the sufferings of Love, without floods of tears? Who is so wicked that in these days he will not become