

Passion Flowers.

GETHSEMANE

JESUS kneels there. Why will not the Precious Blood keep back until its time? Can it not wait some twelve or fifteen hours more for Calvary? It is His blood, it is burning to be shed. It is the way of human desire to grow more impatient as it draws nearer to its object. See what a true human heart this Heart of Jesus is! We dare to love it more when it looks so very human.

To-morrow men will crucify his blessed body and pour out his blood like water; but to-morrow is not soon enough; to-night his adorable soul will itself crucify his body. To-night he will suffer a martyrdom on Calvary.

Never on earth was there such mortal heaviness, such acting sadness, such an exceeding sickening of soul. The Sacred Heart can bear no more; it gives out its red life as in a wine-press. Drop by drop unnaturally through the burning pores of the skin the beads of blood ooze out; they stand upon His brow, and then roll down upon His face; they clog His hair; they blind His eyes; they fill his mouth; they mat his beard; they wet His hands; they suffuse every limbs as in a universal sweat of blood; they stain His garments; they ruddy the olive roots; they spot the white dust with black. Truly, if ever suffering was beautiful, it was the woe which the paschal moon beheld beneath the olive-trees that night.

THE SCOURGING

The sun is in the heavens, and the shadows in the streets mark it to be about nine in the morning in Jerusalem. It is the hour of the Scourging. This is the most intolerable of all the mysteries of our Blessed Savior's Passion. It is the one which is the hardest to contemplate in the quietness of prayer. The shame of it seems to gather