

do." But what am I saying? The real executioners are not the Jews who scourged Thee, but all sinners. The Prophets had foretold it; "*The wicked have wrought upon my back.*" "*He was wounded for our iniquities, He was bruised for our sins.*" It was the sensual especially that wrought upon the back of the Divine Saviour. The flagellation being in a special manner a physical suffering, sensible, one of the sense of touch, Jesus, by undergoing it, desired to satisfy for the flesh, by taking upon Himself their chastisement,

Look, O Christian, look upon that Body covered with Blood—consider those shoulders, those hands, those arms, that breast one mass of wounds—they are so many mirrors in which you may behold the deformity and the number of your crimes. Every time you despised the divine Law, every time you abandoned yourself to the delights of the senses, you gave a stroke of the whip on the sacred Flesh of your Saviour. And Jesus, at the moment of the flagellation, accepted the blow and offered the pain to His Father to obtain pardon for you.

Pardon, O Jesus, for all sinners who are at this very moment giving themselves up to guilty pleasures! Pardon, for the souls at this moment expiating them in purgatory! Pardon, O Jesus, for all my own sins of impurity! Immortification, the criminal impressions of my senses, have enveloped my soul in clouds, in deep obscurity, so that it is inaccessible to the touch of divine grace, insensible to the things of eternity. Save it by the merits of Thy Wounds and Blood poured out during Thy scourging, I beg of Thee, O Divine Saviour! I am broken-hearted with sorrow at finding myself among those that have maltreated Thee. With all my heart I hate the unlawful pleasures that have given Thee so much pain. Woe is me, if I do not love Thee after all Thy love for me!

I compassionate all the humiliations the wicked have ever made Thee endure in the Most Blessed Sacrament, all which Thou didst foresee and really suffer in Thy flagellation. The punishment of the prætorium lasted only an hour, but down through the ages it has been prolonged in Thy sacramental life. "*And I have been scourged all day, and My chastisement hath been in the mornings.*" If we truly love Thee, can we be insensible before such a spectacle?