

day, has now appeared before His tribunal, and heard from His lips the irrevocable sentence. I, too, at the hour of my death, shall appear at His bar and be judged by Him. He it is who, at the end of the world, will come upon the clouds, as on a throne, to judge all men. Against His wisdom and power, what can all the Caiaphases, the Pilates, the Herods, all the judges of this world do? Under the degraded exterior of a criminal and the feeble appearance of the Host, Thou art, O Jesus, truly atnd really the Supreme Judge of mankind! I believed in Thee and I adore Thee!

## II. — Thanksgiving.

At every step Jesus made in His Passion, His love multiplied His sufferings, and His sufferings multiplied His benefits.

If, then, Jesus wills to be dragged from the tribunal of Pilate to that of Herod, and there to be mocked, it is because He desires our good. By that He is going to deliver us, guilty ones, from the terrible sentence of eternal reprobation. The confusion He feels from Herod's contempt and that of his courtiers, He accepts in order to snatch us from the confusion and contempt of the demons, His robe of ignominy will become for us the robe of glorious immortality. In the least details of the life and, above all, of the Passion of our dear Saviour, love pierced Him on all sides, but in that scene at Herod's court, the Heart of Jesus showed forth with special clearness Its tenderness and generous devotedness. His appearance before Herod must have been for His nature the most poignant of sacrifices. He went through it with disinterestedness truly heroic. May He be forever blessed!

Could He expiate in a more striking manner our pride, our pretension, the rashness of our wordly dissipation? He consented, He, the increated Wisdom, to humble Himself so far as to be called a fool and bear the marks of one.

We, too, if we would live the life of Our Lord, must be despised and treated as fools. This is certain, and Jesus knows it. Aware of our weakness, He wished, by being the first to endure this kind of contempt, to encourage us by His example. He thereby merited and obtained for us beforehand all the graces of strength and courage we shall need in difficult moments.

Disfigured as Thou art under that robe of ignominy, Thou art dearer to me, O Jesus, than when radiating glory and beauty on Thabor. That robe, which hides from me Thy glory as does the veil that conceals Thy presence in the Blessed Sacrament, manifests Thy Heart to me still more. If it is true that sacrifice is the pulse of love, how canst Thou make me understand better Thy tenderness than by being willing to sacrifice for me those precious gifts of honor and life? — and this by descending even to the limits of nothingness in the Eucharist?