



PASSION-TIDE.

Manifold and precious are the graces of the season which the Church devotes to the memory of the sufferings and death of her Divine Spouse. It is the time above all others in which the merits of the redemption are applied in the blood of the cross to the souls of her children. Lovingly and pressingly does she invite them to go out to meet Him that cometh from Edom with dyed garments from Bosra. She asks tenderly with them: *Why then is thy apparel red, and thy garments like theirs that tread in the wine-press?*

Meditation on the Redeemer's passion has been at all times the saints' food of predilection. It has been to them the bread of the strong that confirmed their hate of sin, that lent courage to take up and carry their cross, to ascend the uphill and rugged path that leads to sanctity. Let it be our nourishment during the days set apart for the commemoration of the Passion. Alas, for the world that repels the bread it needs so much, that feels not the hunger which devours it!

Christ in His bitter passion trod the wine-press alone. His blood-shedding was all-satisfying. His atonement was full, universal, everlasting, yet so a demand of us for salvation the application of its fruits to our souls by