

celebrated conquerors. He must, indeed, have been truly God to have gained so great a victory over self. The Prophet David had foretold it: "He shall be led as a sheep to the slaughter, and shall be dumb as a lamb before his shearer, and He shall not open His mouth."

I adore Thy sacred feet bruised by the thorns and pebbles of the road. I kiss in spirit the blood-stained dust of every one of Thy footsteps. I adore every drop of blood that Thy wounds have shed along the way. There, also, I adore Thee, O Divine Lamb, as the forever blessed model of invisible sweetness and patience under every trial, the inexhaustible source of all the graces of patience from which the martyrs and the saints drew without exhausting it during the whole course of the ages.

I adore Thee in the Most Blessed Sacrament, journeying with us, never leaving us during these long ages, in spite of the stones and the thorns that men cast under Thy feet. There, as on the road to Jerusalem, Thou dost allow Thyself to be led like a lamb to the tribunal of a guilty heart in which Thou wilt be again condemned and crucified.

Thou dost allow Thyself to be led as a lamb even into those dens of hell, the masonic lodges, there to undergo the most unworthy treatment. In the hands of the wicked, as in sacrilegious hearts, Thou art not less the Supreme Ruler of the universe, the Almighty God who dost direct and govern the world according to Thy own good pleasure. I, poor, miserable creature,—I recognize Thy greatness under all these externals of humiliation, and I adore Thee.

II. — Thanksgiving.

During this journey from the Garden of Olives to the house of the High Priest, Jesus endured horrible sufferings. His feet were bruised, and His Heart still more so at the sight of His enemies. Why, O Jesus, didst Thou not call Thy angels to Thy aid? Since Thy Apostles have fled in so cowardly a way, the angels would be so happy, so proud to break Thy chains, to bear Thee in their arms, for fear Thou wouldst hurt Thy foot against a stone, shouldst feel the fatigue of the journey.

No, Jesus does not wish their help, and the angels weep. Ah, it is because He wants, by the bruising of His feet, to expiate all my guilty steps. His chief preoccupation in the midst of all His sufferings is to offer to His Divine Father each of His steps in expiation of those that I have taken to offend Him.

In His love, He wills that all the members of His Body should concur by their sufferings in the work of our Redemption. See, then, why those divine feet are fatigued, are covered with blood on the way to Jerusalem, where Jesus wills to die in order to give us life.