

In this week he triumphs over sin, death and hell—destroys the dominion of the Prince of Darkness, opens for his children the kingdom 'of his admirable light,' takes away its sting from death, its horrors from the grave, converts the gibbet of infamy into a standard of glory, bears off an entire world as the spoils of his victory, leads captivity captive, and bestows gifts on men, visits and consoles the gloomy prison of the Saints of old, bursts asunder the bonds of Death, the Child of sin, and rises from the tomb in the majesty of his own power, after having caused the angels of Heaven to rejoice, as well as the creatures whom he had redeemed, and offered to his eternal Father the greatest homage, the sublimest glory, the fullest atonement which even a God could render to a God.

Oh! this is indeed a great week, a mysterious week, a holy week, a week of mercies innumerable, of graces most abundant, of lessons most eloquent, of sorrows most profound, of love most attractive! Well might it have been asked in times of old, Who will refuse to be converted in this week? What sinner's heart will remain obdurate? What eyes can behold the sufferings of Love without floods of tears? Who is so wicked that in these days he will not become holy? Who so intemperate that will not become sober? Who so passionate that will not become meek? Who so loquacious that will not become silent? Who so uncharitable that will not forgive? Who so impure that will not become chaste? Who so unmortified that will not become penitent? Who so dead in sin that will not be restored to the life of grace?

In this week also the Church, the Faithful Spouse of him who loved her to death, seems to exhaust all her heavenly resources to show more fully the extent of her feelings. The most beautiful and touching passages of the Book of life are chosen for her liturgy. David, and Isaiah and Jeremy, the Prophet of Sorrows, are called into requisition, and their thrilling words are wedded to the most plaintive sounds of music, and accompanied by the most affecting ceremonies, every one of which is an instructive Sermon preached, through all the senses, to the heart. In this week she has her Solemn Bene-

diction, distribution, and procession of the Psalms—her melancholy prophecies of the passion, and her Gospel narratives of the sufferings and death of her Spouse. Her altars are naked, desolate and covered with mourning. She and her children fast according to his own prediction, 'for the sorrowful days have come in which the Bridegroom is taken away' She has her Tenebræ and office of mourning in which she bewails the extinction of the 'Light of the world' All her sounds of gladness have died away, her joyful words are heard no longer. She is fastened to the Cross with Jesus The Cross is her whole theme—the subject of all her homage, the Great Book which she presents to her children, that they may read in its bloody pages all the enormity of sin, and all the love of its Destroyer. In this week too her charity is unhounded. As Christ died for all, She prays for all. Not only her erring and disobedient children who have risen up ungratefully against this best of Mothers—not only those 'other sheep which are not of her fold' but the Heathen, the Infidel, nay, the Deicide Jew is included by name in her petitions for mercy. In this week, she admits to pardon her penitent children, and baptises her Catechumens in the fountain of Regeneration.

Oh let us spend this Holy Week as becomes the Saints. Let us renounce our 'dead works, to serve the Living God' Let us hasten to Calvary with our Beloved Mother, and under the branches of the Tree of Life which is planted on its summit, let us refresh our wearied souls and repose in peace. Let Jesus Crucified be our only Knowledge, and his wounds our assured refuge.

Let us read them over one by one, and suffer them to transfix our souls as arrows of divine love. Let those bloody apertures in the body of our king, be so many eloquent mouths to exhort us to love him. His sacred side has been opened for us, and a passage thereby made to his most loving heart. Let us enter in by the way of love, and embrace with our whole hearts that most affectionate Heart which loved us so much, and which we have so often cruelly wounded. Let this be our refuge and everlasting repose. And when our hearts shall be entirely united to Jesus, let us die with Him on the cross, to sin, and we will deserve to rise with him at Easter to all the glories of a new life.