

mitted. In either position, she was so placed as to be seen by Jesus :—"When Jesus, therefore, had seen His Mother." He saw her with His bodily eyes, and still more did He behold her with the interior gaze of His filial Heart. In this double view, which enveloped Mary and penetrated to the depths of her soul, He saw the personification of sorrow the most profound after His own. The Church, our other mother, so capable of comprehending Mary's grief, depicts it in strophes of deep compassion in the *Stabat Mater*, which we can not read without emotion. She is "the sorrowful Mother, plunged in tears at the foot of the gibbet of her Son ; the soul weighed down with sadness, wounded, groaning, transpierced with a sword. Ah, how afflicted, how agonized was the Blessed Mother of that only Son, that unique Son !" Turning to us, the Church exclaims :

"Who is the man who would not weep at sight of the Mother of Jesus enduring punishment so terrible ?" If the most degraded of men, the coarsest, the most hardened, is challenged to gaze unmoved on the unspeakable sorrows of Mary, what impression must they not have produced upon her Son, the most loving, the most sensitive, the most delicate of all that have ever appreciated a mother ? It is His own Blood that thrills and dries up in His Mother's heart, His own tears that course hot or chill from her eyes. He experiences all Mary's sorrow, deep, wide, bitter as the sea, as if it were His own. Mary's compassion is joined to His own Passion to redouble its sharpness and bitterness.

He saw her at the foot of the Cross as the prophecy of Jeremias had described her in terms that burst like sobs from a broken heart : "Weeping she hath wept in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks" (the whole night of that terrible agony which began in Gethsemani, and ended in the horrible darkness of Calvary) : there is none to comfort her among all them that were dear to her ; all her friends have despised her, and have become her enemies !" John's fidelity cannot make her forget the abandonment of all the others. And it was prohibited Jesus by the avenging anger of God to afford His Mother the least relief, to say to her one word of pity or of consolation !

Still more, Jesus had to listen to these sorrowful lamentations uttered by His Mother : "O all ye that pass by the way, attend and see if there be any sorrow like my sorrow : for He hath made a vintage of me, as the Lord spoke in the day of His fierce anger. From above He hath sent fire into my bones, and hath chastised me. He hath spread a net for my feet, He hath turned me back : He hath made me desolate, wasted with sorrow all the day long... My strength is weakened : the Lord hath delivered me into a hand out of which I am not able to rise. Therefore do I weep, and my eyes run down with tears,... because my children are desolate, because the enemy hath prevailed... Hear, I pray you, all ye