

TALES OF THE JURY ROOM

THE NINTH JURYMANS TALE

THE LAME TAILOR OF MACEL

CHAPTER IV

In this mood of thought I was walking one evening in the outskirts of the town, when I saw a figure at a distance, which I soon recognized as that of my benefactor. Enraptured at the idea of speaking with him, I hurried towards him, but it did not appear that I was welcome. His air was gloomy and reserved, and he sought to escape me by a sudden turn as I approached. Perceiving this, however, to be impossible, he stopped short and awaited my coming, with a cold and chilly look. My ardour, as I drew nigh, gave place to timidity, and I stood before him out of breath and agitated.

"Chenides," said he, "why do you follow me? Did you not perceive by my action that I wished to be alone?"

"I wished to thank thee," I replied, "generous stranger, for the succour thou hast afforded me, and for the advantage I have derived from it."

"Thou hast done so then, and leave me," he said abruptly.

I knew not what reply to make. His coldness checked and surprised me, as if I were leaving one in whom I felt the strongest interest, in a situation of danger and perplexity. I turned, therefore, after some hesitation, and said, "I beseech thee, pardon me, if I offend without designing to do so; but I am poor and friendless, and thou art almost the only being who has shown me kindness from my childhood. I cannot assume at once the indifference which thou desirest. Be kinder than before, and permit me to be grateful."

The stranger remained awkwardly, shifting his person as I spoke, and eyeing me with that disagreeable and questioning glance, which was peculiar to him. I cannot describe the mixture of feelings which his demeanour excited within me, but gratitude was ever paramount.

"I entreat of thee," I said with ardour, "do not deny me the satisfaction of sharing in some way, the sense I have of what thou hast done for me. Let me know who my benefactor is—let me love—let me serve him."

He looked on me for some time with a smile, if smile it could be called, which conveyed unmixed contempt.

"I see Chenides," he said, "thou canst be curious as well as grateful."

"And is it evil?" I exclaimed. "Is it for harm or for mere satisfaction of an idle thought, that I do seek to know thee? The weakest may often have the power of rendering good service, even to the strong. Thou hast aided me in seeking happiness—shall I see thee in want of the blessing, and not feel desirous to sympathize with and befriend thee?"

"How knowest thou," he asked, with a sudden gesture of rebuke and haughtiness, "that I am not happy?"

"Thy speech—thy action reveals it."

"Tush fool!" he exclaimed, "thou art of the brainless herd who think that happiness consists in a perpetual sunning of the teeth, and giggle of the voice. Silence and gravity, and even tears, have more to do with happiness than thou, and such as thou conceivest."

"Aye," I replied, "but peace of mind has yet even more."

The stranger started, and frowned scowlingly upon me.

"How darrest thou twit me with the want of peace?" he said sternly, "what dost thou mean?"

"Answer me first," I exclaimed, "what is that dread design which occupies thy reason even at the instant that we speak? Does peace consist with that?"

He recoiled and looked upon me, like one betrayed and ruined.

"I seek not to deceive thee," I exclaimed, "I was not alarmed. I know not what it is, but I have learned enough to know that it is likely to make a lasting wreck of thee and of thy peace. Let thy astonishment cease. All that I know of thy designs, I learned from thy own lips on a certain night which thou canst not have forgot so soon, in the temple of Hecate."

"Mean spy that thou art," the stranger exclaimed, with an anger which seemed increased by the previous terror he had undergone. "Is it then thy wont by such means to pry into the purposes of those whose folly leads them to befriend thee? Is this what thou hast learned at Athens?"

"Do not think so hardly of me," I exclaimed, "I went there with a different intent, and all I heard was purely accidental. Let me not suffer in thy thought, by dealing openly with thee as I have done. If it were ever my intent to reveal what I saw and heard to thine injury, I would not have mentioned it to thee."

The stranger paused for a time, during which his eyes, that either from doubt of others or of himself, never rested on one object for more than an instant, were frequently directed to my countenance. I felt his glance upon me, while the fear of offending yet further kept mine still fixed at his feet. At length he said, in a more tranquil tone, but still with the contemptuous manner which was usual with him.

"And what reason hast thou, inquisitive tailor, to judge that the project which I have in hand in such a case cannot consist with peace or happiness?"

"I fear," I replied, "if I tell thee all my motive thou wilt make little account of my philosophy."

"Say it however," returned the stranger.

"A few nights after I had seen thee at the temple," I said, yielding to his wish, "it happened that I sat alone in my room, thinking of thee, and lamenting that I had not found some means of seeing and conversing with thee ever since I received thy generous gift in Macel. The night stole on while I continued still occupied with these reflections, and it was near midnight before I retired to rest. They returned in my sleep, and a singular dream, which I had, added nothing to my tranquillity. But you will think me foolish—"

"No—no—let me hear thy dream," the stranger said, with an appearance of sharper interest than he had hitherto manifested.

"But then thou wilt be offended," I said, "at that part of my vision which relates to thee."

"Fear not, Chenides," he said, "I know thou art not the master of thy sleeping thoughts; few have that sovereignty even in waking."

"I thought, then," I continued, "that I was walking in a fertile plain, where I beheld a beautiful child running sportively from place to place, and wherever he came, scattering around him seeds, which presently struck root, and changed the whole scene into a garden of the loveliest fruits and flowers. While I enjoyed myself amidst the sweets of the scene, with horror, a swarthy looking figure creeping behind some rose trees at my side with bended bow and arrow ready drawn, and eyes full of the deadliest enmity, intently fixed upon the naked infant. I looked upon the intensely wrought countenance of the stranger—forgive me—it was thine own!"

"Proceed," said the unknown; still manifesting an interest that surprised me—"what followed?"

"I was about to cry out and catch thine arm," I resumed, "but it was already too late, the arrow had sped hissing from the bow which gave a shrill and mournful vibration as if grieving to be made the instrument of so cruel a murder. I glanced to the child—he looked back at me with a piercing smile, as if half-amused at my idle fears for his sake, and went on with his occupations as before, unhurt and unterrified. A moan of the intensest anguish made me turn again to them— but shall I tell the rest? thou seemest disturbed—"

"Disturbed! at what?" cried the stranger, recovering himself with a sudden effort at laughter. "At a dream? Proceed."

"Thou wert lying on the ground, on thy left side," I continued, "the arrow buried half way in thy right breast above the liver, the blood bubbling around the shaft, and death already visible on thy features. At the same instant I heard a sound as if of millions of distant voices chanting a hymn of victory, while another voice more near, and resembling that which we both heard in the temple of Hecate, exclaimed with a burst of mocking laughter: 'Did I not tell thee to beware of Phrygia?'"

The stranger remained for a considerable time after I had concluded, absorbed in the profoundest thought, with his eyes fixed immovably on the earth.

"Judge now for thyself," I said at length, "whether it were a merely idle curiosity that moved me in desiring to know thy name."

"Chenides," the stranger asked at length, "didst thou truly dream this, or dost thou know more of me and of my affairs than thou pretendest, in order to impose upon and lead me into an explicit confession?"

"Canst thou think," I replied, "that I would compass my end so falsely. Thou hast my assurance, and my word at present is no better than my word that is past."

"Well," he said at length, "I do believe thee—and more—I thank thee for the interest thou showest in my fortunes. But once again, observe, if thou wouldst have me continue to be thy friend, never while thou livest on any pretence, whether of benevolence or gratitude, or whatsoever cause, seek to know more of my affairs than I have given thee leave. For the present be content with what thou hast learned already. And now to speak of thine own interests. Thy dress and countenance (for wisdom soon begins to show itself in the features when it inhabits the head) tell me that thou has been long a resident among the schools of Athens. Art thou yet weary of the long beards and gowns of the philosophers?"

"Not of their beards," I said, "but more or less so I confess of their brains. I have been even thinking seriously for some time past of returning to Macel, and resuming the practice of the needle and the shears. There is some positive utility in covering the bodies of men, though it be not so noble an employ as the attiring of their minds; but I have yet made so little progress in qualifying myself for the loftier profession that I am almost fain, already, to recur to that which I learned from my father. A whole coat for the body is at any time preferable to a pied and ragged patchwork for the mind, such as the greater number of our sophists furnish it with. And as to profits, an expert tailor can at any time earn more than an ordinary sophist."

"Thou hast got, I see, some satire in thee," said the stranger. "If thou were really bent on leaving Athens, and hast not yet fixed upon thy future place of destination, I have thought of a way by which thou mayest do both myself and thee a service."

"And what is that?" I asked anxiously.

"Pursue thy inclination," he replied, "give up the sophists—return to thy tailoring—and neither speak of what thou hast already seen and heard respecting me, nor ever seek to learn more."

With those words, he turned abruptly and hastily away. I looked wistfully after him, but dared not follow, and presently lost sight of him, as I thought, for ever.

I begin to be sensible, Chrysanthus that I have not been sufficiently brief in what I have hitherto related. I will therefore hasten to the conclusion of my narrative, with as clearness, entreating thy patience, if I still seem tedious. I will not, therefore, run through the whole course of my researches at the schools of various philosophers, without being contented with any. Neither will I detain you with an account of my journey to Alexandria, my visits to the deserts of Scetis and Arsinoe, and the conversation I there held with those extraordinary recluses, who have taken up their abode amongst the dens and caverns and extensive marshes of those regions. Nor will I detail to you the sojourn I made, for a few delightful days in that wonderful city of the same name, which is all inhabited by monks, who meet the traveler outside the city gates, and receive him with a hospitality that makes him long to live and die amongst them. Their simple manners, however, wounded my intellectual pride, for I had not yet done with the sophists. At length, being utterly offended with a Pythagorean teacher, who advised me to learn music, (as if at my time of life it were necessary, in addition to the use of my needle, to learn to scrape the fiddle in order to arrive at wisdom.) I followed the advice of my unknown benefactor, and gave up my studies altogether for the practice of a poor, but honest and useful trade.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE WITHERED PALM

It was Palm Sunday. The chill morning air had yielded to the softening influence of the sun's rays and had turned what threatened to be cold and disagreeable into a beautiful calm day. The vast congregation of St. Mark's all carrying their palm branches were pouring out from the 10 o'clock Mass, their bright, cheerful faces beaming the peace and joy that animated their hearts on that glorious morning.

Mr. Hamelin turned down from the main avenue. He had hardly crossed the threshold of his home when he was surprised by a gentle knock at the door. It was Lillie Matherson, who had been eagerly watching the long procession of Catholics coming home from Mass.

"Oh, Mr. Hamelin," she cried, running up to him, her face bright with joy and her arms curiously folded behind her back. "I have been looking out of my window for the past ten minutes at all the people before I could find you. Did you forget me?"

"No, Lillie, I did not forget you," replied Mr. Hamelin, pensively, "but you are forgetting something, aren't you?"

"Ah, no," broke in the little girl, while a playful smile stole over her lips. She calmly withdrew her arms from behind her back and presented a worn and withered branch of palm. "See, I did not forget," she continued, "here is the palm you gave me just a year ago."

The daughter of Protestant parents who had been living for some years as tenants to Mr. Hamelin, Lillie Matherson was loved by her neighbors and a special favorite of her father's landlord. Just one year before she came to him, anxious to know the meaning of the palm branch. Learning that it recalled the glorious entry of Our Lord into Jerusalem a week before His sacred Passion, when the Jews "spread their garments underneath in the way, took branches of palm trees and went forth to meet Him," she innocently stretched out her little hand and said:

"Mr. Hamelin, why should I not remember Our Saviour and carry a branch of palm as well as the Catholics?"

"You shall have your palm, dear child," he replied, moved by the innocent question. "And Lillie," he added, "if you bring back this branch next year I shall replace it with a fresh one."

Such was the first step of Lillie Matherson towards the Catholic Church. The simple practice she continued for years faithfully bringing back the withered branch every Palm Sunday, while Mr. Hamelin was glad to replace it with a fresh one. "Who knows," he was heard whispering, "but this may be the occasion later of leading a little child to the true light?"

The Mathersons were now beginning their ninth year in the Hamelin Apartments. Nothing but the sunshine and peace and happiness during all this time had brightened their home. Now and then a cloud of sorrow and discontent was seen over their heads, but it was always of short duration. But God's ways are not our ways; whom He loves He chastises. Before He bestows His precious crowns He sends heavy crosses, crosses that often turn out to be blessings in disguise. Lillie Matherson was no exception to this rule; the time for her first real sorrow had come. In a little room of their home a loved mother was lying upon her bed, striving in vain to foster a few last, flickering sparks of life. What a cheerless scene that home present-

ed—nothing to suggest the happier life of eternity; no crucifix, no picture to fortify a mother's heart in those last, fleeting moments; no priest bending over that bedside to strengthen a parting soul with the Bread of Life to purify it with the precious Body and Blood of Jesus Christ; no one to whisper the holy name of Jesus, to press the image of the Crucified to those pale lips, to speak one last kind word of hope or cheer. In those last lonely hours of human life nature itself seemed to intensify the loneliness; no stars lit up the heavens; the dull, bleak winds blew hard against the window panes, while a dismal shower of rain pattered on the roof.

Was there none to brighten that scene, none to cast a ray of sunshine? Yes, there was at least one, a faithful daughter, her heart heavy with sorrow, her eyes wet with tears. There she was kneeling beside her broken-hearted father, thinking how she might lift the veil of gloom and sadness, but feeling her powerlessness in the presence of impending death. Suddenly she rose from her knees, and softly approaching the bedside she clasped her mother's hand and said:

"Mamma, you were always so good to me, and you tried so hard to make me happy; now let me make you happy to-night."

Then holding a little cross before her mother's eyes, she whispered: "See here is my cross. I made it from a branch of palm that Mr. Hamelin gave me last month. Take it, mamma," she continued; "kiss this little cross, Jesus is watching you. He will be glad; kiss it dear mamma, and Jesus will not forget you."

The dying mother touched by the simplicity of her child, took the cross of palm and feebly pressing it to her lips, murmured the name of Jesus, and then, as if in a quiet sleep, closed her eyes forever.

The passing away of one so loved was for Lillie Matherson the dawn of a new life. It was while kneeling beside her mother's coffin that she began to realize the vanity of human wishes and the end of the world's blinding pleasures. Had not the Great Master already marked her out as a willing laborer in His vineyard? Father and child moved from the Hamelin Apartments and went to live in another city, not without a pang of regret in the heart of the child for the Catholic landlord and neighbor who had shown such interest in her young life.

During the five years following her mother's death, alone with her father Lillie lived a life of singular piety and innocence, cravings all the while for the moment when she would be received into the Catholic Church. Her father, imbued with all the prejudices of Protestantism, dissuaded her, hoping that time would dim the impressions she had received, he knew not how or where, in her childhood.

But the young woman had never forgotten her interviews with Mr. Hamelin. Better than he knew this pious man had sown the seed which blossomed into flower the day Lillie Matherson made her profession of faith and received baptism in the Lady chapel of the Cathedral.

Other favors were yet to come. God is generous in His gifts to those who try to correspond to His designs. He watches unceasingly over His little ones, beckoning them to come nearer to Him. He had been holding in reserve for the young convert the fairest and noblest of His blessings—a vocation to the religious life. Naturally, the first inkling of this new development came as a blow to her Protestant father. At first he refused to listen to her, and exerted every means to dissuade her from the step.

"Lillie," he said to her, when she came to ask his permission, "after all these years, are you thinking of closing yourself up behind the walls of a gloomy convent?"

"Yes, father," she humbly replied, "there to live with Jesus and to labor for things eternal."

"Then you would leave me alone?" he continued, trying to check the tears now trickling from his eyes.

"Dearest father," replied Lillie, "the separation is hard for you and for me. Still I cannot serve God and the world. He has deigned to call me to His service; I know it. Should I not follow His call?"

"But listen, Lillie," the impatient father persisted, "do you know my case in business has last month made me manager of our firm. What does that mean for you? It means wealth and happiness for the rest of your life if you will only stay with me."

"But father," said Lillie, gently interrupting him, "all these things mean nothing for me. What are they but passing shadows in comparison with the eternal riches of God? For me, dear father, I can now see only His finger beckoning me to come and follow Him; I can hear no voice but His calling me to labor among His poor and suffering members. Father, I must go, I cannot refuse."

How often is the pathetic tale of Lillie Matherson repeated in the world to-day! Parents cannot get beyond those natural motives which chain their hearts to earth and blind them to the greatness of the work among souls that awaits their sons and daughters. They do not realize the blessings God bestows upon them and theirs, nor do they understand, much less appreciate, the peace, the joy, the happiness that dwells in the hearts of the glorious army of the vowed virgins of Christ. Only after wearied consideration and repeated petitions did he consent to separate himself from his daughter and per-

mit her to make the sacrifice of her young life to God.

Twenty years had sped rapidly away. A bright June sun was pouring its welcome rays through the windows of the main ward of St. John's Hospital. Cheerfully and busily Lillie Matherson—or Sister Ignatia, as she was now called—passed from bed to bed offering her services to the sick and dying, praying with them and brightening their last moments with kind words, and by occasional invocations urging them to raise their hearts to Him who was soon to be their Judge.

Late one evening an elderly man in a dying condition was hurried into the ward. He had fallen while boarding a street car and had received injuries which, the physician said, were undoubtedly serious.

Sister Ignatia, who happened to be on duty, hurried over to the bedside on the suffering newcomer.

"I think my time is come," murmured the patient in great pain. "Sister, will you send for a priest?"

In a few minutes the chaplain was with the stricken man, giving him all the consolations and helps of our holy religion.

The days passed wearily away. The kind nun was assiduous in her care of her patient. It was evident that his days were numbered, and as she was exceedingly interested and not less deeply moved by the few words dropped now and then of a life once of affluence, but now, by the changes of time, reduced to the shelter of a cot in a public hospital ward. The voice of the unhappy man, though weakened by illness, had, it appeared to her, a familiar ring to it, while he was reticent about his past, the Sister soon discovered, to her own intense surprise, that she had under her care the landlord who was such a friend of hers in her childhood.

"Isn't it sad," he asked her one day, "that I should be left here alone to die and without a friend?"

The attentive nun had not yet revealed her identity, but those sad words moved her to tears. She felt the time had come to tell him who she was.

"Don't say that you are without a friend," she gently protested. Then raising a trembling hand to her habit, she drew forth a locket in the form of a cross which hung around her neck, and, coming nearer to her patient, she opened the lid and bending over the bedside whispered: "Mr. Hamelin, look!"

"There was a tiny cross of withered palm and underneath were the words: 'A souvenir of my first step toward the true Church.'"

The emotion displayed by the patient when he heard his name was intense. Tears filled his eyes as he looked up and asked:

"Is this Lillie Matherson? And did God at last hear my prayer?"

"Yes," answered the bright-faced Sister. "This was Lillie Matherson; I am now Sister Ignatia. Your prayer was heard. I became a Catholic years ago, and, what's more, I am now a nun and here to help you in return for your kindness shown to me in former years."

The heart of the dying man heaved with happiness at this unexpected and happy meeting. With a look of gratitude in his eyes he turned feebly to the gentle figure beside him, and asked her to thank God with him for all His goodness. A week later he was carried to the cemetery in the suburbs, the final scene in an episode that showed Sister Ignatia once again how good God really is.—George E. Hanlon, S. J., in the Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

"CHRIST ON CALVARY"

Preached on Good Friday evening, March 29th, 1912, at the Holy Name Church, St. Paul, Minn., by the Rev. Fr. J. J. Burke, O. P., of the Dominican Church, New York to the largest audience ever assembled in this city. Not only was the church packed with the richest multitude who could get admittance, but the balcony was filled with the echoes of the voice of the preacher.

All who pass this way, come and see, if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.

These words are found in the Lamentations of the prophet Jeremiah. There was a festival, dearly beloved brethren, ordained by the Almighty God, for the tenth day of the seventh month of the Jewish year; and this festival was called the "Day of Atonement." Now, amongst the commandments that the Almighty God gave concerning the "Day of Atonement," there was this remarkable one: "Every soul," said the Lord, "that shall not be afflicted on that day, shall perish from out of the land."

The commandment that He gave them was a commandment of sorrow, because it was the day of the atonement. The day of the Christian atonement is come—the day of the mighty sacrifice by which the world was redeemed. And if, at other seasons, we are told to rejoice, in the words of the Scripture, "rejoice in the Lord; I say to you again, rejoice," to-day, with our holy Mother, the Church, we must put off the garments of joy, and clothe ourselves in the robes of sorrow. And now, before we enter upon the consideration of the terrible sufferings of our Lord Jesus Christ—all that He endured for our salvation—it is necessary, my dearly beloved brethren, that we should turn our thoughts to the Victim Whom we contemplate this night, dying for our sins. That Victim was our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, the Son of God. When the Almighty God, after the first two thousand years of the world's history, resolved to destroy the whole race of mankind, on account of their sins, He flooded the earth; and, in that universal ruin, He wiped out the sin by destroying the sinners. Now, in that early hour of God's first terrible visitation, the

water that overwhelmed the whole world, and destroyed all mankind, came from three sources. First of all, we are told, that God, with His own hand, drew back the bolts of heaven, and rained down water from heaven upon the earth. Secondly, we are told, that all the secret springs and fountains that were in the bosom of the earth itself, burst and came forth—the fountains of the great abyss burst forth," says Holy Writ. Thirdly, we are told, that the great ocean itself overflowed its shores and its banks, and the sea uprose until the waters covered the mountain-tops. In like manner, dearly beloved brethren, in the inundation, the deluge of suffering and sorrow that came upon the Son of God, made man, we find that the flood burst forth from three distinct sources. First of all, from heaven, the Eternal Father sending down the merciless hand of justice, to strike His own Divine Son. Secondly, from Christ our Lord Himself. As from the hidden fountains of the earth, sending forth their springs, so, from amidst the very heart and soul of Jesus Christ—do we gather the greatness of His suffering. Thirdly, from the sea rising—that is to say, from the malice and wickedness of man. Behold, then, the three several sources of all the sufferings that we are about to contemplate. A just and angry God in heaven; a most pure and holy and loving Man-God upon earth, having to endure all that hell could produce of most wicked and most demonic rage against Him. God's justice rose up—for, remember, God was angry on this Good Friday—the Eternal Father rose up in heaven, in all His power—He rose up in all His justice. Before Him was a victim for all the sins that ever had been committed; before Him was the victim of a fallen race; before Him, in the very person of Jesus Christ Himself, were represented the accumulated sins of all the race of mankind. Hitherto, we read in the gospel, that when the Father from heaven looked down upon His own Divine Child upon the earth, He was accustomed to send forth His voice in such language as this: "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Hitherto, no sin, no deformity, no villainy was there, but the beauty of heaven itself in that fairest form of human body—in that beautiful soul, and in the fullness of the divinity that dwelt in Jesus Christ. Well might the Father exclaim: "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased!" But, to-day—oh, to-day! the sight of the beloved Son excites no pleasure in the Father's eyes—brings forth no word of consolation or of love from the Father's lips. And why? Because the all-holy and all-beloved Son of God, on this Good Friday, took upon Him the garment of our sins—all that His Father detested upon this earth; all that ever raised the quick anger of the Eternal God; all that ever made Him put forth His arm, strong in judgment and in vengeance—all this is concentrated upon the sacred person of Him Who became the victim for the sins of men. How fair He seems to us, when we look up to that beautiful figure of Jesus—how fair He seemed to His Virgin Mother, even when no beauty or comeliness was left in Him—how fair He seemed to the Magdalen, again, who saw Him robed in His own crimson blood. The Father in heaven saw no beauty, no fairness in His Divine Son, in that hour; He only saw in Him and on Him all the sins of mankind, which He took upon Himself that He might become for us a Saviour. Picture to yourselves, therefore, first, this mighty fountain of divine wrath that was poured out upon the Lord! It was the Father's hand—the hand of the Father's justice—outstretched to assert His rights, to restore to Himself the honor and the glory of which the sins of all men, in all ages, in all climes, had deprived Him. Picture to yourselves that terrible hand of God drawing back the bolts of heaven, and letting out on His own Divine Son the fury of this wrath that was pent up for four thousand years! We stand stricken with fear in the contemplation of the anger of God, in the first great punishment of sin, in the universal deluge. All the sins that in every age roused the Father's anger were actually visible to the Father's eyes on the person of His Divine Son. We stand astonished and frightened when we see, with the eyes of faith and of revelation, the living fire descending from heaven upon Sodom and Gomorrah; the balls of fire floating in the air, thick as the descending flakes in the snowstorm; the hissing of the flames as they came rushing down from heaven, like the hail that comes down in the hailstorm; the roaring of these flames, as they filled the atmosphere; the terrible, lurid light of them; the shrieks of the people who are being burned up alive; the howling of the tortured beasts in the fields; the birds of the air falling, and sending forth their plaintive voices, as they fall to earth, their plumage scorched and burned. All the sins that Almighty God, in heaven, saw in that hour of His wrath, when He rained down fire—all these did He see, on this Good Friday morning, upon His own Divine and adorable Son. All the sins that ever man committed were upon Him, in the hour of His humiliation and of His agony, because He was truly man; because He was a voluntary victim for our sins; because He stepped in between our nature, that was to be destroyed, and the avenging hand of the Father, lifted for our destruction; and these sins upon Him became an argument to make the Almighty God in heaven

forget, in that hour, every attribute of His mercy, and put forth against His Son all the omnipotence of His justice. Consider it well; let it enter into your minds—the strokes of the divine vengeance that would have ruined you and me, and sunk us into hell for all eternity, were rained by the unsparring hand of omnipotence, in that hour, upon our Lord Jesus Christ.

The second fountain and source from which came forth the deluge of His sorrow and His suffering, was His own divine heart, and His own immaculate nature. For, remember He was as truly man as He was God. From the moment Mary received the Eternal Word—in the great depth of that moment Christ, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, was as truly man as He was God; and in that hour of His Incarnation, a human body and a human soul were created for Him. Now, first of all, that human soul that He took was the purest and most perfect that God could make—perfect in every natural perfection—in the quickness and comprehensiveness of its intelligence—in the large capacity for love in its human heart—in the great depth of its generosity and exalted human spirit. Nay, more, the very body in which that blessed soul was enshrined was so formed that it was the most perfect body that was ever given to man. Now, the perfection of the body in man lies in a delicate organization—in the extreme delicacy of fibre, muscle, and nerve; because they make it a fitting instrument in order that the soul within may inspire it. The more perfect, therefore, the human being is, the more sensitive is he to shame, the more deeply does he feel degradation, the more quickly do dishonor and humiliation, like a two-edged sword, pierce the spirit. Nay, the more sensitive he is to pain, the more does he shrink away naturally from that which causes pain; and that which would be pain to a grosser organization is actual agony, is actual torment, to the perfect man, formed with such a soul that at the very touch of his body the sensitive soul is made cognizant of pleasure and of pain of joy and of sorrow. What follow from this? St. Bonaventure, in his "Life of Christ," tells us that so delicate was the sacred and most perfect body of our Lord, that even the palm of His hand or the sole of His foot was more sensitive than the inner pupil of the eye of any ordinary man; that even the least touch caused Him pain; that every rougher air that visited that divine Face brought to Him a sense of exquisite pain that ordinary men could scarcely experience. Add to this that in Him was the fullness of the Godhead, realizing all that was beautiful on earth; realizing, with infinite capacity, the enormity of sin; realizing every evil that ever fell upon nature in making it accessible to sin; and, above all, taking in, to the full extent of its eternal duration, the curse, the reprobation, and damnation that falls upon the wicked—oh, how many sources of sorrow are here? Here is the heart of the man—Jesus Christ—here is the fullness of the infinite sanctity of God—the infinite horror that God has for sin. For this man is God! Here, therefore, is at once the indignation, the infinite repugnance, the actual sense of horror and detestation which, amounting to an infinite, passionate repugnance, absorbed the whole nature of Jesus Christ in one act of violence against that which is come upon Him. Now, every single sin committed in this world comes and actually effects, as it were, its lodgment in the soul and spirit of Jesus. At other times, He may rest, as He did rest, in the Virgin's arms; for she was sinless; at other times He may allow sin and the sinner to come to His feet and touch Him; but, by that very touch, she was made as pure as an angel of God. But, to-day, this infinitely holy heart—this infinitely tender heart, must open itself to receive—no longer simply to purify, but to assume and atone for all sins of the world.

The third great source of His suffering was the rage and the malice of men. They tore that sacred Body; they forgot every instinct of humanity; they forgot every dictate, every ordinance of the old law, to lend to their outrages all the fury of hell, when they fell upon Him, as the Scripture says, "Like hungry dogs of chase upon their prey." He is now approaching the last sad day of His existence: He is now about to close His life in sufferings which I shall endeavor to put before you. But, remember, that this Good Friday, with all its terrors, is but the end of a life of thirty-three years of agony and of suffering! From the moment when the Word was made flesh in Mary's womb, from the moment when the Eternal God became man, even before He was born, the cross, the thorny crown, and all the horrors that were accomplished on Calvary were steadily before the eyes of Jesus. The Infant in Bethlehem saw them; the Child in Nazareth saw them; the Young Man, toiling to support His mother, saw them; the Preacher on the mountain-side beheld them. Never, for a single instant, were the horrors that were fulfilled on Good Friday, that were absent from the mind or the heart of Jesus Christ, in Oh, dearly beloved brethren, well did the Psalmist say of Him, "My grief and my sorrow is always before me;" well the Psalmist said, "I have, during my whole life, walked in sorrow; I was scourged the whole day!" That day was the thirty-three years of His mortal life. Picture to yourselves what that life of grief must have been. There was the Almighty