

THE PASSION  
OF  
OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST

---

ACCORDING TO THE REVELATIONS OF  
BLESSED ANNA CATHERINE EMMERICH  
[1774-1824]

[TRANSCRIBED AND PUBLISHED BY  
CLEMENS BRENTANO (1778-1842)]

PRECEDED BY A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY  
OF THIS GREAT SERVANT OF GOD

*TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY A PRIEST  
OF THE ORDER OF SAINT BENEDICT*

*With Ecclesiastical Approbation*

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*Nihil Obstat*

FROWINUS

*Abbas Neo-Angelo Montanus*

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*Episcopus Sancti Josephi*

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TO MARY  
THE MOTHER OF SORROWS

this translation of the Dolorous Passion  
of her Beloved Son is offered  
in loving devotion

This tribute of love we lay at thy feet,  
O Virgin of virgins, O Mary most sweet.  
*(Little Office of the Immaculate Conception.)*

Is there one who would not weep,  
Whelmed in miseries so deep,  
Christ's dear Mother to behold?

Can the human heart refrain  
From partaking in her pain,  
In that Mother's pain untold?

*(Stabat Mater.)*

## TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

"The Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ according to the Revelations of Blessed Anna Catherine Emmerich" is a book that may justly be called a world's book. It is destined for all Christian people, and deserves to be translated into every language.

With a clearness that fills the soul with overwhelming emotion, the magnitude and intensity of the sufferings of Jesus Christ and the compassion of His Blessed Mother are placed before our eyes. No human heart can be so hardened as not to be deeply moved to compassion in reading this book and meditating on its contents. These revelations of the Passion of Christ were made to a saintly person, who received the impressions of the five holy wounds in her own body, who suffered inexpressibly with Christ, to such a degree, indeed, that when Our Lord showed her His agony, He placed His hand compassionately on her breast and said: "No one has yet seen all this, and terror would cleave thy heart asunder, did I not hold it together."

*Translator's Preface.*

In translating this book into English we have adhered closely to the oldest text of the German original, and have eliminated everything that might not be interesting to the reader, or that might have an annoying effect.

We wish to remark, that private revelations, according to the decrees of Pope Urban VIII. in the years 1634 and 1641, in so far as the Church has not decided upon them, claim only human credence.

Go forth, then, devout and holy book, go forth into the Catholic world. Enter into Christian homes and effect untold good for the salvation of many.

Praised be Jesus Christ!

Feast of the Sacred Heart, 1913.

Clyde, Mo.

Benedictine Father.

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## INTRODUCTION

### The Value of Meditating on the Passion of Jesus Christ.

OF all forms of Catholic devotion the devotion to the Passion of Our Lord and Savior is the most ancient, the most venerable, the most universal. Jesus Himself has written the remembrance of His Passion deep into the hearts of His faithful. What else is Holy Mass but the unbloody renewal of His Passion? What else Holy Communion but a memorial of His Passion? And when, in order to atone for our chilling coldness towards the Sacrament of Love, for our forgetfulness and ingratitude towards Our Lord's redeeming Death—when for this purpose fervent souls burn with love for the Heart of Jesus, what else do they do than sink their memories and affections into the depths of our Savior's Passion?

How deep, think you, were the wounds of Jesus chiseled into the Heart of Mary? From His death to her own, so it was revealed to many favored souls, His entire Passion was reenacted in her every week. 'Twas the Dolorous Mother who first practiced the Way of the Cross.

The Apostles, too, lived and breathed in the mystery of the Passion and Death of their Master. Think of St. Andrew, who hung two days upon his

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beloved cross, or of St. Peter, who in humble love for his Lord was crucified head downwards.

To realize how strongly Holy Mother Church desires her children to think over and over again upon the Passion of Jesus, we need but glance at the many feasts she has instituted in honor of this mystery. How overpowering are the ceremonies of Holy Week, particularly the Lamentations! How beautiful and touching the feasts, of the Finding and the Exaltation of the Cross!

No wonder, then, that the saints of all ages have been unable to tear themselves away from the Cross. Out of thousands of testimonies to be found in their writings, let us here consider a few brief passages:

*Saint Bonaventure:* "Let him who desires to attain union with God keep the eyes of his soul ever fixed on Him who hangs dying on the Cross. 'Tis from those wounds of the Savior that man draws power to suffer, not with patience merely but with joy.

"Nothing so promotes our salvation as daily to contemplate the excessive pain endured by the God-Man for love of us. The marks on His body wound even the hardest hearts and inflame even the most zealous souls."

"If thou, O man, wouldst climb from one virtue to another, if thou wouldst lead a perfect life, then contemplate daily on the Passion of Christ. Nothing else can drive the soul so powerfully to holiness. By frequent experience I have learned that when we devoutly think of the Passion of our Lord all devils are terrified and put to flight."

*Value of Meditating on the Passion of Christ.*

*St. Alphonsus of Liguori:* "A soul that believes in the Passion of Jesus Christ and frequently thinks thereon, will find it impossible to go on offending her Savior. Rather, she will have to begin to love Him, yea, she will even, in the holy sense of the word, have to become foolish for love, in beholding a God become foolish for love of her."

"Meditation is the blessed hearth where burns the precious fire of divine love. Daily consider and contemplate the Passion of Christ, and when thy heart begins in turn to burn with love, then pray and meditate still more."

"Souls that are tortured by the devil and trembling for their eternal salvation will feel great consolation in withdrawing their eyes from the outward world and fixing them on the Cross where Jesus hangs bleeding from every wound. The sight of the crucified One drives from our soul all desires for the goods of this world. Down from the Cross where Jesus hangs on high there floats a heavenly atmosphere that makes us forget all that is earthly, that inflames us with a holy desire to love nothing but Jesus alone, who in love laid down His life for us."

"Oh how devoutly and readily will he obey the voice of God who frequently remembers how much Jesus Christ has done for love of us! How continuously and decisively will he advance in virtue!"

*St. Augustine:* "Nothing is more salutary than daily to recall how much the God-Man has done for us."

"Brethren, let us look upon our crucified Jesus in order to be healed of our sins."

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"As often as I am attacked I seek refuge in the wounds of Jesus, I fly into the heart of the mercies of my Lord. Christ died for me—this is my sweet consolation when suffering weighs most heavy. All my hope rests on the death of Christ."

"A single tear shed in memory of the Passion of Christ outbalances a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, or a year's fast on bread and water.

*St. Bernard:* "Nothing is better suited to heal the wounds of conscience, to purify and perfect the soul, than continued contemplation of the wounds of Christ."

"Contemplation of Our Lord's sufferings is what I style wisdom; in them I find the riches of salvation and the fulness of merit; from them I dip the draughts, now of salutary bitterness, now of sweetest consolation."

*Following of Christ:* "Dost thou wish to learn the love of Jesus, to cleanse thy soul from all its spots and adorn it with all virtues, to win a glorious victory from the enemies of thy salvation, to enjoy sweet consolation in the midst of suffering and pain, to make great progress in prayer, to obtain final perseverance, to die a blessed death and reign forever in Heaven—then contemplate diligently the Passion and Death of Our Divine Redeemer."

## A Sketch of the Wonderful Life of the Augustinian Nun Blessed Anna Catherine Emmerich.

IN the province of Westphalia in North-Western Germany there is a little town called Coesfeld. About a 150 years ago there lived near this town a poor but devout and God-fearing peasant family by the name of Emmerich. On September 8, 1774, God rejoiced their hearts by sending them a little baby to whom in Baptism they gave the name of Anna Catherine.

In later life Anna Catherine had beautiful words to say of her father: "My father was very just and pious, grave in disposition and yet cheerful. He was very poor, and could support his family only by constant care and toil, yet he was never anxious or worried. With childlike confidence he threw all his care on God, and did his work like a faithful servant, without fear and without avarice.

"His strong inner life revealed itself in simple beautiful words and maxims about God and God's world. Very early he insisted I must learn the blessing of labor, and while yet a child I accompanied him in the early morning to the field. When the sun

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rose, he would take off his hat, and pray, and speak of the good God who lets His sun rise up above us so beautifully. Often, too, he would remark how ugly a thing it is to lie abed till the sun shines in upon the sleeper—home and family were often ruined thereby. 'Look' he would say again, 'the dew is still fresh, no one has yet passed through it. We are the first, and if we but pray devoutly we can consecrate our field and the country round to God. How beautiful it is to go through the first still untouched dew! The blessing of God is still fresh upon it, no sin has yet been done in the fields, no evil has yet been spoken. See there, isn't that beautiful! There is Coesfeld, there is the church, we can look towards the Blessed Sacrament and adore our Lord and God. And He sees us too, and blesses all we do.' When the bell rang for Mass he would take off his hat to pray, saying: 'Now let us hear Mass. The priest is at the Gloria—at the Sanctus—now we must say this prayer—now we must bless ourselves.'

"Again he would say: 'How wonderful are these blessings of God on which we live! Look at this little seed in the ground. There it lies, and out of the one grain rises a big stalk with a hundred grains! Surely, it is wonderful!

"After dinner on Sunday he would repeat to us what the priest had said in the sermon, and explain to us all hard points, all so devoutly and naturally that we loved to listen. Sometimes again, he would read for us the explanation of the Gospel."

Anna's mother, like her father, was filled with the spirit of prayer, and looked upon her hard lot

*Blessed Anna Catherine Emmerich.*

and unceasing toil as blessings of God. Her constant thought was to come at length before God with the conscience of a faithful housekeeper. "Dear good God," she would often pray, "strike as hard as Thou wilt, only keep me patient."

Needless to say, the life of these good parents was governed by the laws of God and His Church. Spite of poverty, this quiet home was rich in contentment and happiness, finding its special joy and consolation in its converse with God, both in daily prayer and in the yearly round of the great festivals of the Church. . . .

In little Catherine's life God's wonders began at her Baptism. While being baptized she saw the Infant Jesus present in the arms of Mary, and was espoused to him by a ring which he gave her. We must look upon this wonderful event, at the very threshold of life as her sign of salvation, her pledge of most extraordinary graces still to come, and her calling to the most perfect imitation of Jesus suffering for His Church. Likewise at her Baptism she felt the Presence of God in the Most Blessed Sacrament, saw present her guardian angel, her two patrons, St. Anna and St. Catherine, saw the relics in the church Surrounded by light, and the Saints themselves appearing above their relics.

Very early, long before other children attain the use of reason, the Holy Spirit roused the heart of this blessed child to ads of faith, hope and charity. Consciously she offered her soul to God, protesting she would serve Him alone and keep unsullied her baptismal innocence. Round her little hut white doves

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were sometimes seen, though no one in the neighborhood possessed them or knew whence they came. Her air of holiness, her winsome ways, her natural and supernatural attractiveness, made the little one a treasure to parents and neighbors.

Very soon the inner development of her soul began to manifest itself in outward acts of reverence for God. Her teacher and guide, both in the hidden wonders of her interior life and in the regulation of her exterior life, was her guardian angel, who continued this office faithfully throughout her whole life.

The following instance will serve to show how strong was her love of God and her neighbor even before she reached her seventh year. In the night, after her parents had gone to sleep, little Catherine would steal from her bed and begin to pray with her angel. Her prayer lasted two or three hours, sometimes even till the dawn of morning. She loved to pray in the open air beneath the bending heavens. She generally went to a neighboring field, that lay higher than the surrounding country, as on it she felt herself nearer to God than she did when down in the valley. And there she knelt, her arms extended, and her eyes fixed on the church in Coesfeld. We must not imagine the little one found it easy thus to interrupt her night's rest. Weak nature protested loudly as she drew it onwards from one degree of perfection to another. Yet painful as was the battle the brave child never faltered. However much nature trembled, she rose promptly when her angel called.

In daily vision God showed her for whom to pray. Souls impatient in sickness, disconsolate in

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prison, unprepared on their deathbed, people overwhelmed by want and misery, tottering in danger of soul or body, loft on land or shipwreck at sea—these were daily before her eyes, the daily objects of her prayers. "Even as a child," she said in later years, "I prayed less for myself than for others, begging God to let no sin be done, no soul be lost. And the more I got from God, the more I asked. God owns all we can wish for, so I thought, and is glad to give us all we can ask for."

Self-denial went hand in hand with prayer. How often did she bring some dear treasure of childhood as a sacrifice to be laid on the little altar in the corner! Often did her angel speak of the value of renunciation, a practice which could not be replaced by any other. At table her mortification was constant and heroic. She ever chose what was worst, and ate so little that people wondered how she could live. "I give it to Thee, O God," was her prayer, "give it to the poor, to those who need it most."

This early begun and long continued self-denial gave her perfect control over sensuality, and her soul was never darkened, even in thought, with the slightest shade of impurity.

Equally strong was her love for her neighbor. Her sympathy for pain of soul or body drove her to extraordinary deeds of charity. Constantly she was coaxing her parents for permission to share all that she had, articles of clothing, for example, with those who were in need. "I'll run home and get you some bread," she would cry out when she saw some poor man coming near her hut. Her good mother did

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not hinder her, but was pleased with her charity. For the Poor Souls she had special love and sympathy. They were constant objects of her prayers and works. Often they drew near, as she knelt in lonely midnight prayer or wandered in the early morning to Mass in Coesfeld. She saw them under the form of little flames, or of shining pearls in the midst of dark-burning fire, and the light from these luminous shapes made her path bright through the darkness. Her angel even led her into Purgatory and let her see the immense sufferings of the Poor Souls. Often after earnest burning prayer for them she would hear the words: "I thank thee, I thank thee."

When asked in later years how she came even as child to pray and labor so much for others, Blessed Catherine would answer: "I cannot say who taught me to do thus, but sympathy naturally has this result. I always felt that we are one body in Christ Jesus, and the ills of my neighbor hurt me as much as pains in my own fingers. So from my earliest childhood I used to beg God to let me help others by bearing their sickness of body or the punishment due to their sin. I besought little Jesus to help me, and soon I had sufferings in abundance."

Marvels of Catherine's Childhood.

The little one's conversation was in Heaven. In one picture after another God showed her in heavenly clearness the truths of Faith. The gift of contemplation had been infused into her soul at Baptism.

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The holy deeds and sacred mysteries, which other children learn in Bible History and the Catechism, were made known to Catherine in the light of her own soul. 'Twas in the Old Testament that the Holy Spirit most often led her as child, while in later years He opened to her the full history of Jesus, the Apostles and the early Church. She gazed on Mary, heard how she spoke, saw her at work, could even describe her garments. Each year, on the return of Advent, she accompanied Our Lady and St. Joseph from Nazareth to Bethlehem, adored the Infant Jesus in the stable, and so on through all the holy seasons.

Little Catherine had no idea that other children did not possess the wonderful light which she enjoyed. In the most natural way possible she would tell what she saw to her parents, brothers and sisters, who would of course be astonished and ask her in what book she had read all these wonderful things. In school on one occasion a question was put to her in Catechism class. She answered it according to her inner light, whereat the children laughed, and the master warned her earnestly not to imagine such things. So little by little she grew silent on these matters, thinking it must not be quite right to speak of them. Still she did not see anything extraordinary in them, and went on as usual to gaze upon the pictures in her soul. On finding some pictures in her Bible History, she began to look upon these inner visions as her own big picture-album.

Another favor granted her in these early years was the personal apparition of Our Savior, Our Lady, her guardian angel and various other saints. These

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apparitions, too, she found so natural that she thought all Christians enjoyed them.

The apparitions of Jesus were meant to prepare Catherine for her great life-work of imitating Him in suffering for the salvation of mankind.

He would appear as the Boy laden with the Cross and look at her in silence. Her soul would melt at His patience, and she would burden her tender frame with a heavy piece of wood and bear it along amid words of prayers as long as she was able. Or she saw Him weep over the insults heaped on Him by bold, shameless children, and the sight drove her to seek amid nettles and thorns for innocent tortures wherewith to satisfy God's anger. Or He would come when she was wandering from one station to another and give her His own Cross to carry.

She likewise enjoyed the visible presence of her guardian angel. This privilege is found over and over again in the lives of those who are called to walk extraordinary ways. When her angel approached, she would first behold a luminous splendor, out of which would come forth the shining angelic form, transparent, and clothed in a priestly garb of dazzling white.

The continuous light of contemplation that illumined her mind, the unbroken conversation of her heart with Jesus and the Saints, that splendor from the world beyond wherein she beheld her angel, the penetrating gaze of that angel into the depths of her spirit—all this inflamed the child with an all-surpassing desire for holiness of body and soul, enkindled in her such a longing for God that nothing created could loosen the grip wherewith she clung to her God.

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But just as she found a guide in her angel, so in Satan she had, even in earliest youth, a bitter enemy. The frequent dangers to life which the child underwent were, so it was revealed to her, brought about by the wiles of Satan, who would attack her in unguarded moments, when she had forgotten the Presence of God or had fallen into some slight fault. "We must," she would say, "always be thankful children of God. We must cry out for His help, and never leave His sight; for the enemy of our salvation is ever on the watch to destroy us." To ruin her spiritually, to keep her back from the road of perfection, was above all Satan's endeavor. He not merely filled her soul with frightful visions, he even seized and maltreated her bodily, and sent hideous shapes of evil to molest and terrify the little girl that dared spend the lonely night in prayer. An involuntary shudder these attacks could cause her, yet she never lost her self-control. Rather, she went on to pray with greater fervor till the enemy was forced to quit the field. "Unhappy wretch!" she would address him, "thou hast no part in me. My Lord and my God does not abandon me: He is stronger than all enemies."

When the Blessed Sacrament was carried to some peasant in the neighborhood, Catherine, even though she could not see the priest, knew that her Lord was passing, recommended her cows to her angel, and ran to adore the Host. From the blessing of a priest she would feel new strength streaming sensibly into her being. The tones of church bells seemed to her to be blissful rays of light, that as far as they reached drove back the powers of evil.

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Latin the unstudied child understood, when she heard it in church service or elsewhere. From all consecrated objects and places she felt new strength and calmness flow into her soul. But all that was evil or accursed filled her with horror and drove her to make reparation.

#### Her First Confession and Communion.

She was seven years old when she made her first Confession. She had prepared herself with the greatest care, and was above all determined not to be blinded by self-love but to reveal her faults fully. Although she had never sullied her baptismal innocence, and had, from the first waking of reason, fastened all her powers, her thoughts and her inclinations upon Him who is the Supreme Good and Last End, still she was so overwhelmed with sorrow and humility that she broke out into loud weeping and had to be carried out of the confessional.

At the age of twelve she received First Holy Communion. She had never ceased to be strongly attracted by the Blessed Sacrament, and had in vision been instructed in its greatness, and had in her guardian angel a living example of the reverence due to this great Mystery. When she prayed she was accustomed to turn to some quarter of the horizon where she knew there was a Tabernacle. From earliest childhood on she had been wont to receive spiritually. Now that she was to receive really Our Lord's Body she seemed to herself unable to prepare herself sufficiently. After receiving she besought God to do with her as He pleased, to accept her as a holocaust

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for His glory and the salvation of her neighbor. On the same occasion she had a vision, wherein she saw herself and St. Cecilia receiving Communion with the early martyrs. Like these she felt strongly inflamed to endure tortures for the Church, and God accepted her offer.

She was to be a martyr: A martyr by reason of her eagerness for penance, of the many wearinesses of life, of her long battle against the world; by reason, later on, of her unceasing pains of soul and body, her public ignominy and persecution; by reason, finally, of the sacred stigmata that turned her body into an image of Jesus on the Cross. From that happy day onwards the eye of her soul was ever open to the great evils that afflicted the Church in her time, and that vision was ever accompanied by the sacrifice of herself to atone for those evils.

In the morning before her second Communion Catherine found in her trunk a great number of delicate and wonderful particles of bread, evidently intended to be tokens of the rich blessings she was henceforth to reap from her newly-given supernatural Soul-food.

From now on each Sunday and festival saw her enter anew into union with her high and holy Bridegroom, and each renewal fanned still brighter the longing that inflamed her to make perfect the inward sacrifice by the outward, to embrace the stern life of a nun and thus become a holocaust on the altar of love for God and man.

This same year, the twelfth in her life, she entered as the servant into the house of the peasant

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on whose farm her own family lived, and who also bore the name of Emmerich. Her duties were to watch the cows in the meadows, and perform other little tasks in the fields or in the house. Christian obedience, the soul of all she did, made her a modest, willing, diligent handmaid, full of love and kindness for others. If her mistress, with the best of intentions, tried to persuade her to be less severe on self, and to give up the notion of becoming a nun, our Catherine knew well how to give a pleasant turn to the conversation. After two years of service she fell sick and was forced to return to her father's house. But a very wonderful thing that happened during this sickness made her feel more than ever that God was calling her to a life in the convent.

One afternoon, while the sun was shining through the little window into her room, and she lay there suffering, she saw a holy man accompanied by two nuns, all clothed with light, draw near her sickbed. They brought her a large golden book, and said: "Read this book through and thou wilt know what it means to be a nun." They gave her the book and disappeared. The book was in Latin, yet she understood it and began to read it with the greatest diligence. From this time on the book was given to her whenever she wished to read and taken away when she had finished.

*She Receives the Sacrament of Confirmation.*

From her seventeenth year to her twentieth Catherine lived as seamstress in Coesfeld. Here she enjoyed daily the privilege of assisting at Holy

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Mass and visiting the Blessed Sacrament. There is a long Way of the Cross running round the little town, and Catherine's delight was to spend two hours of the night there in the company of Jesus.

Slowly, usually barefoot, she wandered from one lonely station to another, her soul sunk into the bitter depths of His Passion. The Poor Souls would wake her in the night and follow her as she made her loving rounds. And when in the long night hours she knelt at the entrance of the church, it often happened that the doors, locked though they were, would open of themselves to let her in, and close again behind her when she left the sacred place.

Her twentieth year found her again very weak in body, and so she returned to her family now in Flamsche. At the age of twenty-two she was confirmed in the church at Coesfeld. "When I entered the church" so she narrated in later years, "I saw the bishop shining with rays of light, and round about him seemed to be choirs of heavenly powers. The chrism on the brows of those confirmed gleamed with light. When the bishop anointed me, fire pierced through my forehead to my heart and brought me a deep feeling of strength." At the same time she was illumined by the Holy Ghost to understand that the main purpose why she had received this strengthening was to enable her to suffer more than ever in reparation for the manifold sins and frailties under which the Church was laboring.

For five years she continued to live with her parents. During the day-time her sewing and stitching often took her away from home to one of the neighbors,

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but she generally returned at night. She had now to meet people more than formerly, yet everyone found her a model of virtue and a source of edification. She never laughed, and spoke very little, answering modestly when questioned. Her garments were always scrupulously neat and clean. When asked why she was so careful about good manners and cleanliness, her answer was to the point: "Not for the body's sake" she would say, "but for the soul's." She spoke nothing but good of anyone, and quenched with friendly admonition any attempt made in her presence to speak of the faults of others. When blamed herself she accepted the corrections so willingly and lovingly as to astonish those near her. Never, even when she had to pass the night in a strange house, did she neglect her long period of prayer by night, kneeling with outstretched arms for hours. Unceasing prayer, contemplation of the sufferings of Jesus, marvelous imitation of Our Lord's unwearied patience and self-denial, severe watchings and fastings, particularly on days consecrated to the Passion, an all-round, watchful charity for her neighbor—such were the recreations of this simple God-fearing peasant girl.

When she was twenty-four, having for four years shared joy and sorrow with her dear ones at home, she was favored with still another mystic privilege. We give the account of this marvelous event in her own words: "About four years before I entered the convent I was praying one day near noon in the Jesuit church in Coesfeld, I was kneeling up in the organ-loft before a crucifix, deeply sunk in contemplation.

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Then quietly a burning mysterious glow came over me, and from the Tabernacle where dwelt the Blessed Sacrament a youthful figure clothed in light advanced towards me—'twas Jesus, my Bridegroom. In His left hand was a crown of roses, in His right a crown of thorns, and He held them out for me to choose. I reached for the crown of thorns, He put it on my head—I pressed it down with both hands—He disappeared—and I came back to consciousness with a violent pain around about my head.

I had to leave the church immediately, as the sacristan was already rattling his keys. The next day my head over the eyes and down over the temples to the cheeks was very much swollen and caused me very severe pains. The pains and the swelling returned quite often, lasting whole days and nights at a time. I tried, and happily succeeded, to arrange my headkerchief in such wise as to conceal all marks of blood. Later on, in the convent, only one of the sisters discovered my secret, and she kept it faithfully."

In His own slow, mysterious way, God at last brought Catherine, now twenty-eight years old, into the convent of the Augustinian nuns at Duermen. Surely since it was first founded this favored nunnery, Mount St. Agnes it was called, had never received a sister, at one and the same time so poor in earthly goods and so rich in heavenly virtues, as the postulant to whom it opened its doors on September 18, 1802.

*Her Nine Years in the Convent.*

Like so many other convents of the time the convent at Duermen had not preserved its old-time

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fervor; it too had yielded to the lukewarm, levelling spirit of the age. It was moreover so poor that each sister had to supply her own breakfast and supper, either by the work of her hands or by gifts from friends outside.

At her entrance Catherine besought the superioress to receive her for God's sake as the lowest in the house. On November 13, 1802, she was admitted into the novitiate. During the ceremony she had a vision wherein St. Augustine, the patron of her order, gave her the sacred habit and accepted her as daughter and promised her special protection. Thus she was at last in the home of her Bridegroom, begemmed for her wedding-day with two bright jewels; the utter poverty in which she had come, and the general contempt she was to meet with in her new surroundings.

The year of her novitiate passed away, and on November 13, 1803, she made profession. Again during the ceremony she was favored with a vision, wherein she saw her soul blessed with still higher gifts and powers, raised to the full dignity of spouse of Christ, and adorned with a magnificent wedding-gown woven from all the prayers and sorrows of her life.

Two years later she received the gift of the Five Wounds. The pain and the graces of the Crown of Thorns had been hers for nine years already. Now in the year 1807 she went one day to pray before the miraculous crucifix behind the altar in the church of St. Lambert in Coesfeld. She was soon lost in contemplation, and besought God with deepest longing for some share in the sufferings of Jesus. Her

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prayer lasted several hours, and ever afterwards her hands and feet felt continuous and excruciating pain, just as if they were transfixed, and particularly the middle finger on each hand seemed paralyzed with pain.

In the convent Catherine was never far from the Blessed Sacrament, and could spend much time before the Tabernacle, and we can imagine what happiness this privilege brought her. When she prayed in her cell, or labored anywhere, she always managed to be turned also in body towards the altar where dwelt continuously her heart and soul. Of all her duties she loved most those that fell on her as sacristan, as these brought her into the company of the angels before the throne of God. While she poured out her love and compassion before the Tabernacle, God let her see how desecrated and profaned the Sacrament of Love was by the general lukewarmness of the times and by so many, many sacrileges, and she begged for sufferings in reparation for it all. Her prayer was granted, and her pains often grew so terrible that she had to return to the Tabernacle for relief, or, if the doors were shut, to cling with longing soul and tortured body to the wall outside.

Her method of hearing Mass was as follows: During the first part she placed herself with Jesus on the Mount of Olives. She prayed that the priest might celebrate in a God-pleasing manner, and that all men might assist devoutly. At the Elevation she sent Our Savior to His Father, offered Him up for the whole world, especially for sinners, for the dying, for her neighbor, for the Poor Souls. The altar seemed

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to her peopled with angels, who dared not look upon Our Lord, and she wondered how she could be so bold as to gaze at Him. She often saw a brilliant light around the Blessed Sacrament, or in the midst of the Sacred Host a cross with blood running from it. Again she would see Our Savior present in the Host in the form of a child, or the Infant Jesus hovering above the chalice during the midnight Mass at Christmas. At Holy Communion she would see her Bridegroom come before her eyes in bodily form and disappear again after she had received. Lastly, she often fell into ecstasy during the holy sacrifice.

Catherine had passed nine years in the religious life when, in the autumn of 1811, Mount St. Agnes fell victim to the iron hand that was crushing nearly all the monasteries and convents of Germany. Its possessions were confiscated by the state, and the inmates turned out into the streets.

Catherine returned to the world with an awful feeling of horror, as if she realized what fearful suffering awaited her there. The dissolution of her convent filled her with such grinding pain that she fell seriously sick. But Our Lady appeared to her and said: "Thou wilt not die as yet, thou must be the center of uproar and excitement, but be not afraid. Whatever happens to thee, help will always be at hand."

Catherine is Favored with the Stigmata.

In the spring of 1812 Catherine went to live in the house of a widow named Roter in Duermen. "On leaving the convent," she said, "I had such a shrinking feeling of horror that I thought every Atone in the

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street would swallow me up." Yet the attraction of her soul to God was more powerful than it had been in the convent. 'Twas not unusual to find her lost in ecstasy, wherein she sometimes remained for hours.

During that summer began the long series of her stigmatisations. The first took place on August 28th, feast of St. Augustine, patron of her order. While she was kneeling in prayer, her arms outstretched in the form of a cross, Our Lord approached in the shape of a luminous youth. In His hand was a little cross of white wax, wherewith He imprinted a cross-shaped wound on her breast near the heart. She did not examine the wound, but she felt as if fire had fallen there, and this burning pain never left her.

November 25th, the feast of St. Catherine and her own namesday, brought with it her second distinction. Again it consisted in a bleeding cross on the breast, resembling in shape the holy cross of Coesfeld. Then as a Christmas present the Infant Savior signed her breast with a third sign of the cross, lying above the second, and similar in shape. Thus it pleased God to adorn her body three times with the wonderful sign of redemption. From early days it had been her prayer to have His cross imprinted into her heart, that so she might never forget His love, but she had not meant that imprinting to appear outwardly.

Four days after Christmas, December 29, 1812, she was favored with stigmatisation in the strict sense of the word, *i.e.*, the nail wounds of Our Lord in hands and feet and His lance-wound in the side. Let us hear her own account: "I was contemplating the Passion. I had been begging Jesus to let me share

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with Him His sufferings, and began to say five Our Fathers in honor of the Five Wounds. As I lay there with outstretched arms, there came over me an immense sweetness and an infinite thirsting for the pains of Jesus. Then I saw a brightness coming down upon me, straight from above. It was not a cross, but a crucified body with outstretched arms, all luminous and transparent and full of life. The wounds gleamed still brighter than the body, like five special glories in a vision that was all glory.

"My soul was ravished with that beauty and all on fire with sweet though painful longing for the sorrows of my Savior. The longer I gazed upon those glorious wounds the more burning grew the longing of my soul until I felt my very hands, feet and side begin to burst with desire. And then first from the hands of the vision, then from the side, then from the feet, there leaped forth a number of luminous red-colored rays of light. These beams, three-fold at their source and ending like an arrow, sprang out from the glorious Vision till they rested upon and sank into my own hands, feet and side. I lay there for a long time, unconscious of all about me, till one of the girls of the house happened to come into the room. She drew my outstretched hands down to their ordinary position, and told the other members of the household that I had been beating my hands bloody. I begged them all to keep the matter secret."

Consequences of the Stigmata.

Catherine, as narrated above, had received the stigma of the Crown of thorns four years before she

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entered the convent, while praying before a crucifix in the Jesuit church at Coesfeld.

For some time now all these stigmata used to bleed nearly every day, then the five wounds and the crown of thorns began to bleed only on Fridays, the crosses on her breast only on Wednesdays, while on festivals of the Passion and of the Cross all the wounds would bleed together. So profuse were these bleedings that the blood would run down from beneath her head-kerchief like streams of light, and would force its way from the other wounds out through many overlaying folds of clothing.

Her sufferings were unspeakable. Piercing, burning pains shot through all her wounds, particularly at times of bleeding. The slightest touch would redouble her suffering, and even the air would torture her like a singeing flame.

The keenest of all her wounds was the crown of thorns. She seemed to wear a broad heavy ring of pain round her head, her hair felt like one great woven mass of thorns, and the touch of a pillow cost her most violent sufferings. Forehead, temples, eyes, mouth and throat—all ached and throbbed with pain. This pain in mouth and throat corresponded to that which she saw Our Lord suffer in His crowning when one long thorn pierced through His head into His mouth.

In some of her special sufferings of reparation her body showed the marks of Our Lord's scourging. These marks looked like stripes; inflicted with violent blows from a whip, and were always accompanied by feverish chills.

Her pains of body were immense, but still harder

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to bear were her pains of soul. Here, too, she had to become like unto Jesus, rejected, insulted, maltreated, and led to death on Calvary by the thankless people He had come to save. None of all her previous trials had struck her as hard as did now the appearance of her stigmata to the eyes of those around her. The first day she thought they would disappear as evening approached, and a deep feeling of horror came over her when she began to realize that they were to mark her for all time, and above all that she could not conceal them, but must let them be known to the world. 'Twas not the pain that she shrank from. We know already that from her earliest days she had besought Our Lord for the grace to share His sufferings, and that she had now in secret borne them joyfully for years—but that these tokens were to appear outwardly had never entered her mind. In the most bitter affliction of spirit she begged Our Lord over and over again to take these outward signs away, but His answer was ever the same: "My grace is sufficient for thee."

Her Long Illness.

After her stigmatisations, Catherine ceased to take any nourishment, and Holy Communion had to support also her bodily life. She felt new strength whenever she received, and grew weak to death, like one dying of hunger, when the force of circumstances or the neglect of others deprived her for some time of the Bread of Angels. When she did again communicate those around her were astonished to see how

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quickly she regained her old strength and spirit. Contemplation, too, did its share in preparing her for suffering. This gift had grown still stronger after her stigmatisations. Daily she would spend hours at a time in ecstasy, absorbed in contemplating visions, returning then to herself with renewed strength and courage.

For everything consecrated to the service of the Church, things as well as persons, she felt, both in body and in soul, the strongest attraction. When in ecstasy she would bless herself when sprinkled with holy water, but if the water was not blessed she would remain motionless. When a priest blessed her she would make the sign of the cross, even if she were in ecstasy, and that whether the priest was near her or at a distance. If a layman blessed her, whether near by or far away she gave no sign. Father Limburg, on his way to some sick person, entered Sister Catherine's room carrying the Blessed Sacrament in a silver vessel purposely concealed beneath his garments. At once Sister Catherine rose to her knees in bed and bent down in adoration, crying out: "Behold Jesus in His tabernacle comes to me!" Even in ecstasy she would eagerly grasp for and joyfully press to her breast any holy or blessed object brought near her, candle, palm, cross, medal or relic. Towards other objects she showed no attraction.

Ordinary methods of drawing attention, as shaking, or shouting, had no effect on her in her ecstasies, yet she would at once come out of them on the slightest command of a superior, whether that command was given with the tongue, or with the pen, or simply

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with the mind. Words of a superior not meant as commands, or commands given by laymen had no influence on her.

Catherine's Gifts in the Service of the Church.

We have already heard that she received the gift of contemplation at her Baptism. Let us now see more in detail the objects of her contemplation.

Briefly it may be said that she beheld in vision all that Mother Church proposes to our faith throughout the entire ecclesiastical year. She saw the events in the lives of Our Lord, His Mother and the saints, which underlie the various festivals. Each year the eyes of her spirit wandered over the history of our salvation from beginning to end. Every person, every circumstance of time and place, passed before her eyes as distinct and minute as they had been in reality. It was not merely that these visions came to her, rather, she went to them and took part in them. At Christmas she would be in Bethlehem, for instance, mingling with the troop of adoring shepherds. Or she would accompany Our Lady to Elizabeth for the Visitation.

What she saw most clearly and in most detail was the Life of Our Lord, with all its mysterious words and deeds, from His Conception till His Ascension. How wondrous is the account she has given of His supernatural conception and birth, of the visit of the Magi, of His presentation, of Simeon and Anna, of His flight into Egypt and His life at Nazareth. Then she follows Him through the three years of His public

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life to where it ends on Calvary, never absent from His side, listening to His every word, beholding His every deed, passing with Him from place to place, just as if she had lived when He did. All this she wrote down by special command of God, adding to it the history of His Resurrection, and that of His Church and Apostles up to the time of Our Lady's Assumption.

Christmas Eve in the year 1819 found her suffering in every limb, her hands trembling and twitching with pain. Still she was battling manfully and her soul was full of joy. During Advent she had been making little presents for the poor. These she had distributed, and was now on her way to church there to lay down before the crib the most costly of her gifts—a bouquet of roses. For roses was what she saw when her sufferings appeared to her outwardly. On the way to the crib she spoke as follows: "Oh, how happy he who can see the beauty, the shining clearness, the unassuming depths of Mary's soul! She knows everything, yet is so childlike she seems unconscious of any evil. Her eyes rest on the ground, but pierce to the very soul when they do look up, like the rays of the sun, like the stainless beams of truth. Yet this wonderful effect is never premeditated. Her gaze, like all else about her, is guileless childlike and full of God."

And now a wonderful change came over Catherine. Her wan, pale face began to shine with joy, and a great wave of gladness swept over her soul. "Just look" she cried, "how nature round us begins to smile and glow in its returning innocence and joyousness!"

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See how the hearts of good men everywhere are leaping up to meet their Redeemer! A sweet feeling of hopeful sorrow settles gently down upon the souls of sinners, while the impenitent are afflicted with confused forebodings of evil which they cannot explain. All in some incomprehensible way feel the approaching fulness of time. And one heart above all others thrills with the full blessedness of the time, the heart beneath which lies, soon to be born, the Redeemer, the heart of our Blessed Lady."

Let us hear Catherine narrate the birth of Jesus: "Sometime in the evening Mary spoke to Joseph, saying that in the coming night would be born the Child she had conceived of the Holy Ghost. Joseph retired to the outer portion of the cave, and gave himself to prayer. Mary, too, clothed in a white garment with broad folds, was on her knees in prayer, her face turned towards morning. The cave was flooded with supernatural light, out through which shone the figure of Mary, as if surrounded with flames, like the burning bush seen by Moses on Mount Horeb. The midnight hour is come. Mary is rapt in ecstasy, her hands are crossed upon her breast, her head is bent in adoration. The splendor round her grows brighter, I gaze upwards, the roof of the cave seems to have melted away. I see a way of light stretching up to Paradise and all alive with heavenly figures. A moment, and Jesus is born, lies there on the coverlet at her knees, a little Infant shining with light, more bright and luminous than all the splendor that before filled the cave. Dead nature thrills with deep emotion, the stones in floor and walls seem to be alive.

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Mary wakes from ecstasy—calls Joseph—Joseph falls in humble, adoring joy down upon his face—Mary presents to him the Gift of Heaven and he takes It in his arms. And now Mary wraps the Child in swaddling-cloths, first in one of red, then in one of white, and lays Him in the manger."

And so the inspired gazer goes on to tell of the singing angels, the adoring shepherds, and the wondrous things that happened through the world on that first Christmas night, as, for instance, in Rome the opening out of a fountain of oil from the earth.

In like manner she saw the life of each saint when his feast came round, both the life he had led on earth and the life he now enjoys in Heaven. Or she had but to see with bodily eyes the relics of a saint and her soul would behold him in person.

Her Communications with the Poor Souls.

With the Church Suffering Catherine was just as familiar as she was with the Church Triumphant. The complete helplessness and abandonment of its members had called forth her earliest sympathies. God let them know how ready she was to make sacrifices for them, and they appeared to her to beseech help, or cried out to her from afar without leaving Purgatory. Often, too, especially on or near All Souls' Day, her angel or some saint would lead her into Purgatory itself, and what she beheld in those sad abodes of pain fanned the self-sacrificing flames of her zeal still brighter. At her return she knew what it was that kept this or that poor soul so long in

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the purifying flames: A Holy Mass neglected, a penance or vow unfulfilled, a restitution of unjust goods unperformed, and so on. And then, without bodily communication, she would prevail upon living relatives and friends to cancel these obligations of their dear ones beyond the grave. Sometimes she was even allowed in Purgatory itself to address words of consolation to the Poor Souls.

Purgatory she describes as a great kingdom of sadness and pain. The place and condition of each soul is determined by the nature and degree of its guilt, and some are far more unhappy than others. Darkness reigns over the outermost region, and wicked spirits can come there to torture the souls with anxiety about their salvation. In other places there is more light. Some souls are imprisoned, others free; some are alone, others in company. The punishments, to speak of them in our human way, are partly exterior, partly interior.

Souls that are in the higher degrees of purification have from God the privilege of appearing to souls in lower degrees to console them, and also of appearing to good men still on earth. Catherine herself received many such visits. Poor Souls spoke to her of the needs of the Church. A mother besought her aid for a daughter who was leading a sinful life. A husband begged her to bring his wife back to the right way, as she was carrying on an unjust lawsuit and drowning all interior and exterior warnings in a careless life of pleasure and dissipation. Just one more instance out of so many. Catherine's own mother, dead now for three years and a half, appeared to her, and led

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her to a spot of special pain and sorrow that she might aid the souls there confined. Surely a beautiful illustration of the natural bond of love between mother and daughter, transfigured by the supernatural love each bears for her neighbor.

Catherine was never idle in the cause of the Poor Souls, yet she looked upon all Souls' Day as their special day of mercy. Some saints, particularly St. Augustine, would exhort her to special zeal in preparation for the coming celebration, in order to see as many souls as possible enter Heaven on that day. Prayer, invocation of the saints, her own good works, Mass, Communion and indulgences—these were her chief ways of coming to their assistance.

Her angel taught her how to turn the many bitternesses of her daily life into a source of consolation for the Poor Souls, and she obeyed his instructions zealously and sweetly. Further, she begged and obtained the grace of suffering in body what they suffered in soul. Thus she would feel herself chained down with pain till she could not move, or would languish in burning fever without being able to drink.

Finally there were special works of satisfaction asked for by the Poor Souls themselves: amends for some neglect, reparation of scandal, and so on. "Ah, 'tis saddening" she would say "to see how little is done for the Poor Souls. Every little work offered for them, every little act of charity, of patience, relieves them at once, and they are as glad and thankful as a man dying with thirst is for a drink of water. Priests especially can aid them by devotion in reciting the breviary, and by giving them the

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blessing. A priest's sketch of the wonderful life of blessing falls like refreshing dew upon the souls in Purgatory:" For this reason she often besought her confessor to bless them.

Catherine Suffering for the Church.

Catherine's chief task on earth was to suffer in reparation for the evils both of the Church in general and of individual souls. To prepare her for this task God granted her the gift of contemplation. The whole Church lay open to her, every country, every diocese, all orders and ranks of society, and especially the hierarchy. Above all she was called to be the helpmate of Pope Pius VII. during his long and painful pontificate. In real though mystic manner she served as his great ally in the religious restoration in Germany.

During the last eleven years of her life her way of the cross grew ever more painful, her succession of sicknesses ever more torturing. For the body of the Church, in those days so torn and lacerated, she offered her own body in martyrdom;—for countless sick and dying members of that holy body, she offered her own self-sacrificing, suffering members. As one vision of evil after another passed before her soul, so one strange sickness after another came upon her, each marked by its own particular anguish, abandonment, and sense of bearing another's guilt, each when reparation was done disappearing as rapidly as it had come. Hereupon there would be a brief pause and then a new battle. Thus till her death she bore the pains of Jesus—in soul and body a true spouse of the Crucified.

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These extraordinary sufferings would often last several days, even entire weeks. 'Twas an exception when she could steep at all, rather, her pains were keenest just at night. Those around her, accustomed though they were to her uninterrupted condition of suffering, still could not but feel the deepest pity when one of these extraordinary visitations came over her. Yet nothing could be done to relieve her, and they had to stand round her, and gaze at her in loving helplessness. Time and again she was on the brink of the grave, and priest and doctor thought it impossible she should live longer.

But what nature could not do grace could. Again and again God gave her new life and strength that she might be able to lay herself once more on the altar of reparation. Repeatedly, too, He sent an angel to let her choose between going at once to Heaven and continuing to suffer on earth. Her answers to these extraordinary offers give us some notion of the brightness that must forever be hers in that Home of Glory. "if I can still be of use" were the constant words of her heroic heart, "let me suffer, let me help, let me save." And then God would intervene miraculously. Angels or saints would bring her heavenly medicines in the form of morsels of bread, or bouquets of flowers, or bundles of herbs, and her vanishing life again grew strong. Or Our Lord Himself would give her Communion and she was well again. Or she would see in vision the beauties of Heaven and return to herself with a new lease of life.

It must not be thought she enjoyed these heavenly aids only after passing through a period of extraordinary

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suffering. In the midst of her awful pains some scene of Our Lord's Passion would be opened to her in vision, and His still greater pain, His strong, loving resignation steeled her own troubled heart to suffer with His. Or she would behold a tortured martyr or a suffering confessor, who consoled her and taught her how to fasten her hopes to eternal glory and thus persevere to the end.

Her services were not confined to the Church in general. Individual persons, afflicted in soul or body, often received aid through her mediation. She would either see them in vision, or in her own heart she heard their cry to God for help. Sinners, invalids, prisoners, the poor, the unfortunate, the dying and the Poor Souls—she worked for them all. No place, or state, or condition, no country, or person, though he were heathen or Jew, was outside the sunshiny circle of her suffering love. And her sacrifice was never refused. God loved beyond measure that pure, unselfish heart, and her cry for suffering mankind could never pass unheard. Prayer, self-denial, love of enemies, alms-giving with the poor pittance she herself lived on—all this offered for others made irresistible the beseeching words that came from that bed of pain.

Blessed Catherine and the Blessed Sacrament.

It was natural that Catherine's love and zeal was centered in the great mystery of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. It acted on her loving heart like the strongest of magnets. Often she was favored

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with wonderful apparitions of Him who lies hidden behind the sacred veils.

During the month of June, the month of the Sacred Heart and of Corpus Christi, Catherine's ever recurring pains of reparation were constantly intermingled with visions of the Blessed Sacrament. While watching St. Anthony of Padua sunk in adoration before the Tabernacle, she saw a luminous Child come forth from the holy species, saw Him rest over the shoulders of the saint, embrace him and then return into the sacred appearances. She beheld the miracle wrought by the same saint to convince a crowd of unbelievers, when a beast fell on its knees to adore the Blessed Sacrament borne through the streets in the hands of the saint. Again, wrapt in spirit, she was carried away to the church where Corpus Christi was first celebrated.

In preparation for her sufferings of reparation she had the general grace of beholding in vision the sins for which she was to atone. So too in regard to the Blessed Sacrament. She was led into the churches, first of her native land, then of foreign countries, to behold the unbelief, the unworthy Communion, the omitted or unbecoming preparations, all the acts of irreverence and lukewarmness committed by priest and layman against the Mystery of God's love. And the exhausting work she had to do, had to do really though mystically, was to draw these poor wretches out of mud and filth, to cleanse them with water, and then, still more wearisomely, to lift them on her shoulders and stagger with them to the confessional.

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The most crushing burden of all was the lukewarm carelessness that led countless Christians, including many priests, to entangle themselves sinfully in earthly cares, and therefore to pay no attention to that sweetest of invitations: "Come ye all to Me that labor and are burdened and I will refresh you." She loved to bear this burden on her right shoulder, mindful of the wound which Our Lord's Cross had plowed so deeply into His right shoulder. Of all His wounds she venerated this shoulder wound as the most painful.

"What an awful thing," she would cry out, "is the unworthy celebration of Mass!" And all Christians, especially all priests, will surely take to heart the following remarkable words: "All the negligences of which a priest makes himself guilty in saying Mass increase, it is true, his burden of sin, yet what is wanting in his worship of God is supplied in a higher way. Thus I see the priest there where his thoughts are. I see his distractions really take him away from his sacred duties, from the altar to a book, or a garden, or a person, or a company. But while he is absent an angel takes his place, and in his stead pronounces with due reverence and devotion the sacred words of Mass."

As she continued to behold these long series of sins against the Blessed Sacrament, her heart went on to beat with ever greater sympathy for the poor blind souls who committed them, and over and over again did she call upon God to have mercy and to spare. And God deigned to receive her sacrifices in union with the services of His angels as reparation for the honor of which He had been deprived. I have been,"

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she once narrated, "with my angel to seven different churches in order to pray before the Blessed Sacrament, and to offer there the Passion of Our Lord as atonement for the profanation of this Mystery by bad priests."

Now for some details of the awful sufferings that accompanied her labors and prayers for others. It was the evening before Trinity Sunday. What seemed to be tiny rays of pain began to fall upon her. As night came on her sufferings became more intense. Her heart felt as if surrounded by flames, and from her heart those burning, cutting pains shot out through her whole body, out to her hands and feet, into the very marrow of her bones, and out along the very hairs of her head, throbbing with special violence in her stigmata, and rushing from all directions back again to her heart. Overwhelmed with pain she could not recall why she was suffering, and cried to St. Augustine for relief. At once the saint stood before her, looked lovingly upon her, told her the purpose of it all, said he would console her, but till three o'clock she would have to suffer on in the sufferings of Jesus. From that moment on she felt consoled in the assurance that she was suffering in her suffering Lord and satisfying God's justice for her neighbor.

But all this was but a prelude. With the evening before Corpus Christi began an octave of indescribable martyrdom. Night after night she lay in sleepless crucifixion, every bone and nerve racked with pain, perspiration dripping at every pore, and her tongue curved convulsively back into her throat for hours at

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a time. And by day came from without disturbance of every kind to probe her patience to the quick. And while she lay there helpless she saw pass before her in vision those for whom she was atoning: All who had sinned against the Blessed Sacrament, single persons, or particular communities, or the whole Church. Some of these unfortunates even approached her bedside to beg for aid, just as a visitor in body might approach her by day.

Yet visions of gladness mingled with visions of sadness. God let her gaze to the full upon the history of the Blessed Sacrament, from Its institution on Mount Sion down through centuries of veneration to the worshipful splendor thrown round It by the Church in our own day. How it rested and consoled her to behold the rays of grace that spread out from It in luminous circle upon the souls of those who dwell in Its presence in spirit and in truth.

Thus seven full days passed by. In the evening before the octave her pains departed, but left behind them an exhaustion unto death. She could not give a sign, or utter a sound, or move a single limb. An hour passed before she could reply ever so feebly to questions asked. Many thought her too far down the brink of death ever to come back, and human remedies were powerless against the decrees of God. "But," says the sufferer herself, "Jesus was indescribably kind towards me and refreshed me with exceeding sweetness." St. Clare, too, appeared to her and said: "Thou hast labored well to beautify the garden of the Blessed Sacrament; I must bring thee a refreshment." And then the saint, shining with light,

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floated down to her from on high, and laid on her tongue a three-cornered morsel adorned with pictures. The saint disappeared immediately, but Catherine felt new-comforted in her weariness, and said: "Once more my life has been restored to me, I owe it entirely to God's grace."

And now she is ready for the greatest of her revelations. God opens her spirit to behold and describe the sublime work of Redemption. The full three years of Our Lord's public Life pass before her in a series of wonderful visions. All that Our Savior said or did, every lesson He spoke or miracle He wrought, every city He visited or village He passed through, every Apostle who clung to Him or Pharisee who opposed Him—all stands before her illumined down to the minutest detail.

Steadily, lovingly she follows Him over the roads to Palestine, through the streets of Jerusalem, to the Supper-room on Mount Sion, on into the Garden of Olives, to the court of the high priest and the palace of the governor, on to His consummation on the cross-crowned height of Calvary, resting only when her Risen Lord ascends to the throne of His Father, and sends the Holy Spirit to be with His Church till time shall be no more.

Such is the origin of one of the most wonderful books the world has ever seen. Catherine did many great deeds for the Church, yet even she received no greater favor from God than the contemplations here described. How strikingly she exemplifies those words of Our Lord: "I confess to Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid

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these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them to little ones." (Matt. xi. 25.)

Catherine's Final Labors and Death.

To conclude this biographical sketch of our heroine let us touch briefly the events of the last nine months of her life. They will deepen our conviction that she was called to be a Job-like vessel of suffering, the bearer of a unique God-given vocation in the service of Holy Church and her children.

Corpus Christi 1823 left her so wearied and worn with works of reparation that she felt as if death must be near, though it was in fact still three quarters of a year distant. Her tortures grew keener as the months lengthened. Our Lord's stripes and scourges and nails were heaped upon her till she lay there crushed and bleeding, a shattered wreck of woe. St. Barbara and St. Catherine came to uphold her, showed her their own great sufferings, encouraged her not to yield, but to bear her freely-assumed burden of reparation to the end. Impenitents were the chief class she was atoning for at this time. Then for several months she endured an extremely painful inflammation of the eyes, combined with convulsive coughing and vomiting, so that at times she lost sight and hearing altogether. What object she thereby attained was known to her, but she did not say what it was.

Compassion with the sick kept her at death's door during Christmas-tide. Nor was she at this time visited by even a single ray of illumination and consolation.

*Blessed Anna Catherine Emmerich.*

Amid ever increasing agony she entered into the year 1824 of which she was still to spend weeks here below. Fever and gout consumed her in the interests of the dying and of the crisis the Church was then undergoing. "The Holy Father," she said, "has laid upon me his own fearful burden. He is so sick, and has to suffer so much from interference by outsiders. I heard him say he would let himself be slain in front of St. Peter's rather than endure longer these attempts at slavery—the chair of St. Peter must be made free at any cost."

About January 12th, her sufferings advanced a degree higher. "I cannot take on myself any further task," she said, "I am on the brink. Up to the present I have suffered for others, now I must suffer for myself. Little Jesus brought me many pains for Christmas. Now He has been here again and brought me many more. He showed me His own agony and that of His Mother and said: 'Thou art My spouse; endure what I endured, and do not ask why.'" And really from now on she could not think why she was suffering. This was what she meant by suffering for herself. "I am enduring a fearful martyrdom," she said, "enduring it blindly. If only the hidden will of God be fulfilled in me."

And still from day to day her agonies waxed still stronger. Day and night she sat quivering in her bed of pain, bathed at times in the sweat of death, or swooning away in exhaustion. Bright as silver shone the marks of Our Lord's nails out through her emaciated hands. Deep peace and perfect resignation were written in her face, even while it struggled and

*Sketch of the Wonderful Life of*

quivered in pain. Now and then came from her lips a broken prayer for aid, and the use of St. Walburg's oil gave her some relief.

On the evening of February 1st, her rattling, labored breathing suddenly ceased the bells were ringing for Candlemas. "If you only knew," she whispered the next morning, "what Our Lady has been doing with me! She took me with her—but no! I must not speak further." Our Lady had evidently led her to see the blessedness of Heaven.

During the last eight days she spoke scarcely a word with anyone but her confessor. All her powers were concentrated in inward prayer. Yet to her last breath she persevered in her own bright, loving, patient ways, and a friendly pressure of the hand expressed her gratitude when she could no longer speak. Touching ejaculations fell from her lips. "O good Lord Jesus, thanks a thousand times for the blessings that filled my life! Not as I will, O Lord, no, but as Thou wilt." These her cries on the seventh. And on the eighth: "O Jesus, unto Thee I live, unto Thee I die. Thanks be to God, I can hear nothing, I can see nothing."

On the ninth Jesus at last came for her. In the morning she once more received from her confessor the sacred Body of Our Lord. Towards two o'clock in the afternoon death was plainly drawing near. She moaned with the pains in her back, and said: "I am on the Cross, the end is near." Her confessor gave her the general absolution, and recited the prayers for the dying. She took his hand, thanked him, and said farewell.

*Blessed Anna Catherine Emmerich.*

But death waited yet a few hours. Once she even said: "I think I cannot die yet, because so many are mistaken in thinking good of me. Oh, if only I could cry loud enough for all men to hear, that I am a worthless nothing, a wretched sinner, worse even than the thief on the cross."

Evening came on. Friends and neighbors were gathered round her couch, all watchful in prayer. The eyes of the dying sister were fastened upon a cross, which from time to time her confessor pressed to her lips, humility driving her to touch only the feet of the Beloved One who hung there.

Shortly before the end she pronounced once again ads of sorrow for sin, whereupon Jesus flooded her soul with consolation, and she whispered her last happy words: "I feel as safe in God's hands now as if I had never sinned."

It is half-past nine. The confessor puts the lighted candle in her hand, and says to the silent spectators: "She is dying."

She sinks down on her left side—her head droops till it rests on her breast—she is dead.

A true heroine has poured out her life on the battlefield of the Church. 'Twas not indeed the persecutor's sword that laid her low, yet that wasted and stricken frame, luminous with the wounds of our Redemption, is none the less the body of a Martyr.

And with her death approaches the hour she had foretold, the hour she had so nobly toiled for and suffered for, the hour when Holy Church casts off her centuries-old burden of lukewarmness and wakes to a new springtime of Faith.

## THE PASSION OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

### The Chalice Used at the Last Supper.

THE chalice, which the Apostles brought from the house of Veronica, is a most wonderful and mysterious vessel. For a long time it had lain in the Temple concealed among other ancient and precious relics, whose origin and purpose had been forgotten, just as in the changing fortunes of Christian centuries so many precious vessels, sacred jewels from olden times, have been suffered to fall into neglect and oblivion. From time to time this collection of sacred vessels in the Temple was re-mustered, and one or the other relic, unknown and antiquated, was sold or melted and recast. Thus this chalice, the most sacred of all vessels, was often touched and handled, but never melted, because its material was unknown. Finally, by God's Providence, some young priests found it in the treasury of the Temple, where it lay with other articles in a box of forgotten rubbish. It was sold to antiquarians, and came at last, with all that belonged to it, into the hands of Seraphia. It has already served at many feasts in honor of Jesus, and from today on belongs permanently to His holy Church. It remained at first in the Church at Jerusalem in the hands of James the Less, and I see it now

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somewhere, still well preserved. One day it will come to light, just as it did for the Last Supper.

This large chalice had once been in the possession of Abraham. It was brought from the land of Semiramis to Canaan by Melchisedech, at the time when he began to found settlements in Jerusalem. Melchisedech used the chalice for the sacrifice of bread and wine which he offered in Abraham's presence. After the sacrifice he presented the chalice to Abraham. The chalice had even belonged to Noe. It was in the Ark, placed on high, quite near the roof.

The chalice remained, after Melchisedech's sacrifice, in the possession of Abraham. It wandered also into Egypt, and came into the hands of Moses.

In substance the chalice was compact, massive, bell-like. It seemed to be a growth of nature, not a product of art. I could see through it. Jesus alone knew of what it was made.

Jesus Goes to Jerusalem.

Whilst Peter and John were in Jerusalem, making arrangements for eating the Easter lamb, Jesus was bidding farewell to Lazarus, to the holy women, and to His Mother, and was instructing and exhorting them in a most touching manner.

I saw Him speak to His Mother apart from the others, I remember some things that He said. He had sent Peter and John to prepare the Pasch in Jerusalem, because the one was the Apostle of faith, the other of love. Magdalen, who was entirely beside herself with sorrow, loved Him unutterably, He said,

*Jesus Goes to Jerusalem.*

but her love was still carnal, and for this reason she was beside herself with grief. He spoke also of the traitorous schemes of Judas, and the Blessed Virgin interceded for him.

Judas had again hurried away from Bethania to Jerusalem, pretending he had many things to look after and many debts to pay. Jesus inquired for him about nine o'clock, though He knew full well what he was doing. Judas spent the day in the city, running from one Pharisee to another, to complete all necessary arrangements. He was even shown the men-at-arms who were to capture Our Lord. The time required for his pretended business, and for the distance to and fro, was so well calculated that he never lacked an excuse for his absence. Not till a short time before the Paschal Supper did he return to Our Lord. I saw all his plans and all his thoughts. While Jesus was speaking to Mary about him, I saw much of his character. He was active and obliging, but full of envy, avarice and ambition, and did not fight against these passions. He had even worked miracles, had healed the sick in the absence of Jesus.

When Our Lord told her what was awaiting Him, the Blessed Virgin begged, so touchingly, to let her die with Him. But He exhorted her to bear her grief more quietly than the other women. He told her also that He would rise from the dead, and named the spot where He would appear to her. She did not weep much, but she was very sorrowful, and awe-inspiring in her gravity and resignation. Our Lord thanked her like a good Son for all her love, He put His arm round her and pressed her to His breast.

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He also told her He would in spirit eat His Last Supper with her, and fixed the hour when she should receive. To all He gave many instructions and bade a tender farewell.

Towards noon He set out with the nine Apostles from Bethania to Jerusalem. He was followed by a band of seven disciples, who were all, except Nathanael and Silas, natives of Jerusalem and vicinity. Amongst them I remember John, Mark, and the son of the poor widow who on last Thursday, just a week ago today, came to offer her mite when Jesus was sitting near the treasury in the Temple. Her son became a disciple just a few days ago.—Later in the day the holy women followed Jesus to Jerusalem.

Jesus wandered with His companions back and forth along the roads round Mount Olivet, and in the Valley of Josaphet, even as far as Mount Calvary. As He wandered on, He conversed continually with them. Among other things, He told the Apostles that so far He had been giving them His bread and His wine, but today He was about to give them His flesh and His blood, to leave them everything He possesses, all that He had and all that He was. While saying the words Our Lord looked on them with such touching tenderness, that He seemed to pour out on them His very soul, to faint away with love and longing for self-sacrifice. His disciples did not understand Him. They thought He was referring to the Easter Lamb. It is unspeakable, how loving and patient He was at Bethania and here, during these last conversations with His disciples. Later in the afternoon the holy women came to the house of Mary, the mother of Mark.

### *The Last Supper.*

The seven disciples who had started to follow Jesus to Jerusalem did not accompany Him in these wanderings. They carried the garments for the Paschal ceremony in bundles to the Supper Room, laid them in the entrance-hall, and went away to the house of Mary, the mother of Mark.

When Peter and John returned from the house of Seraphia to the Supper Room with the chalice for the last Supper, they found in the entrance-hall all the ceremonial garments which those seven disciples as well as others had brought there. These disciples had likewise hung the bare walls of the Supper Room with drapery, had opened the trap-doors in the roof, and prepared three, hanging lamps. Peter and John then went to the Valley of Josaphat and called Our Lord and His nine Apostles. The disciples and friends who were to share in the Paschal Supper did not come till later.

#### The Last Supper.

For the Paschal Supper the disciples were divided into three companies of twelve each. Jesus presided as family—father over the twelve Apostles in the Supper Room. In an adjacent room Nathanael presided over twelve elderly disciples. In another, Eliac, son of Cleophas and Mary, the daughter of Heli, brother of Mary Cleophas, and former disciple of John the Baptist, presided in the same manner over twelve other disciples.

Three Easter lambs had been immolated and sprinkled for them in the Temple. But there was also a fourth lamb, that had been immolated and sprinkled

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in the Supper Room itself. It was served to Jesus and the Twelve. Judas, however, did not know this. His self-imposed business delayed him so long that he was not present when the lamb had been immolated. Then he had some arrangements to make for the betrayal, and did not come till shortly before supper.

The immolation of the lamb for Jesus and His Apostles was exceedingly touching. It took place in the entrance-hall. Simon's son, the levite, was present to lend aid. The Apostles and disciples were present, and sang the 118th Psalm. Thereupon Jesus spoke of a new age of the world, saying that the sacrifice of the Paschal lamb ordered by Moses, which had been but a figure was now to find its fulfillment. For this reason the lamb must be immolated just like the first lamb in Egypt, since they were now in all truth to depart from the land of bondage.

All necessary vessels and instruments were ready. A beautiful little lamb was brought forth, crowned with a garland, which was taken off and sent to the Blessed Virgin, who was in a room some distance off with the other women. The lamb was now laid backwards on a board and bound to it by a cord round its body. It reminded me of Jesus bound to the pillar for scourging. Simon's son held the lamb's head erect, and Jesus plunged a knife into the neck. Jesus then gave the knife to Simon's son, who proceeded to dress the lamb. Jesus seemed to wound the lamb with sorrow and reluctance, and did His task quickly and gravely. The blood was caught up in a basin. A branch of hyssop was brought to Jesus.

### *The Last Supper.*

He dipped it into the blood, went to the door of the room, sprinkled the two door-posts and the lock with blood, and fixed the blood-dipped branch above the door. While so doing He spoke earnest and solemn words. Among other things He said that the destroying angel would pass by this room. They should worship here in peace and security, after He, the true Paschal Lamb would be immolated. A new age and a new sacrifice was now beginning, which would last to the end of the world.

Then they retired to the Easter hearth at the end of the room, where once had stood the Ark of the Covenant. A fire already burned there. Jesus sprinkled the hearth with blood, consecrating it as altar. The remaining blood and the fat were poured into the fire beneath the altar. Thereupon Jesus moved with the Apostles, slowly round the room, singing psalms while so doing, and dedicated it as a new Temple. During this ceremony all the doors were locked.

Meanwhile Simon's son had finished dressing the lamb. It was hung upon a stake. The front legs were fastened to a cross-beam, the hind legs to the stake itself. Alas! It looked just like Jesus on the cross. Along with the three lambs that had been slain in the Temple it was now put into the oven to be roasted.

In this manner did Jesus instruct the Apostles concerning the Easter lamb and its fulfillment. As the hour was approaching, and Judas also had come, they set out the tables. They put on the ceremonial garments that lay in the entrance-hall, and appeared

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as travellers, with another pair of shoes, a close-fitting coat of white, and over this a mantle, short in front and longer behind. They girded up their garments round the waist, and likewise rolled up their wide sleeves. Thus attired, each company went to its table, the two companies of disciples to their rooms on either side, Jesus and the Apostles to the Supper Room. They took staves in their hands, and marched in pairs to the table, where they stood at their places, with their staves resting on their arms, and their arms raised on high. Jesus, who stood in the middle, had received from the chief steward two small staves, each slightly curved at the top, so that it resembled a short shepherd's crook. On one side each had a sort of hook, that looked like a lopped branch. Jesus left the staves rest on His girdle, crossed them before His breast, and supported on the hooks His arms which were uplifted in prayer. It was so touching to see Him move about, leaning on these staves. The cross, so soon to be laid as a burden on His shoulders, still seemed to be under His shoulders as a support.—Thus standing they recited the Psalm: "Blessed be the Lord, the God of Israel," "Praised be the Lord," etc. When prayer was over, Jesus gave the staves, one to Peter, the other to John, and they—I do not recall distinctly—either laid them aside, or passed them on to the other Apostles.

The table was narrow, high enough to reach half a foot above the knee of a standing man, and shaped in the form of a horse-shoe. Opposite Jesus, inside the half-circle, there was an open space for serving.

### *The Last Supper.*

If I remember correctly, there stood to the right of Jesus: John, James the Greater, James the Less; then, at the right end of the narrow table, Bartholomew; next to him, inside the circle, Thomas, and next to him, Judas Iscariot. To the left of Jesus stood: Peter, Andrew, Thaddeus; then, at the left end of the table, Simon, and next to him, inside the circle, Matthew and Philip.

At the center of the table stood a dish with the Paschal lamb. When prayer was over, the chief steward laid the carving knife before Jesus. He likewise placed a cup of wine before Our Lord, and filled from a jug six other cups that stood along the table, one between every two Apostles. Jesus blessed the wine and drank; in like manner also the Apostles, two and two from one cup. Jesus carved the lamb, and the Apostles, by a sort of clasp or cramp, passed to Him one by one the round cakes of unleavened bread that served them as plates. They ate their portions quickly, using their ivory knives to cut the meat. The bones were afterwards burnt. They likewise ate quickly of the garlic and the green herbs, which they first dipped into the sauce. While eating the Paschal lamb, they remained standing, merely leaning somewhat on the backs of their seats. Jesus broke one of the loaves of unleavened bread, covered one piece of it, and distributed the remainder. Thereupon they ate the unleavened cakes. Another cup of wine was brought. Jesus gave thanks, but did not drink. He said: "Take the wine and share it among you; for I will not drink wine again till the Kingdom of God come." When they had drunk the wine, two and two,

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they sang a hymn. Then Jesus prayed or taught, and then followed the washing of hands. And now they really lay down on their seats. So far all had been done standing, only at the last somewhat leaning, and very quickly.

Our Lord had carved another lamb, which was brought to the holy women, who were taking their meal in an apartment on one side of the court, Jesus and His Apostles now ate some more herbs, lettuce, and sauce. Jesus was very loving and cheerful, more so than I had ever seen Him. He bade also the Apostles forget all grief. The Blessed Virgin, too, at table with the women, was bright and cheerful. It was so touching, when the other women approached, and took hold of her veil to call her attention, to see how simply and calmly she turned to them.

At first Jesus spoke very lovingly with His disciples, but after some time He grew earnest and sorrowful. He said: "One of you is about to betray Me, one whose hand is with Mine on the table." At this mention of a traitor all the disciples became frightened. But the words of Jesus: 'One whose hand is with Mine on the table,' or 'whose hand dips with Mine into the dish,' did not reveal Judas to the others. For these words were in common use as expressions of loving familiarity. It was as if Jesus had said: 'One of the twelve who are eating and drinking with Me,' 'One with whom I am sharing My bread! Yet the words were meant to warn Judas. And really in distributing the lettuce, the hand of Jesus and that of Judas were dipped into the same

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dish. Jesus continued: "Now indeed the Son of Man goeth, as it is written of Him, but woe to that man by whom the Son of Man shall be betrayed. It were better for him had he never been born."

At these words the Apostles were very much alarmed, and one after another put the question: "Lord, is it I?" For all knew well that they had not understood Him fully. Peter, who was behind Jesus, bent over towards John, and gave him a sign to ask Our Lord who it was. For Peter, so often rebuked by Jesus, was extremely afraid it might be himself. Now John lay to the right of Jesus. Thus, as all at table rested on the left arm and ate with the right, John's head was nearest to the breast of Jesus. So he brought his head quite close to the breast of Jesus and asked: "Lord, who is it?" He was given to understand that it was Judas. I did not see Jesus say with His lips: "He to whom I shall give the morsel I am dipping." Neither do I know whether He whispered to John. But John understood who it was, when Jesus took a lettuce-wrapped morsel of bread, dipped it into the sauce, and handed it very lovingly to Judas, who was just asking: "Lord, is it I?" whereupon Jesus looked at him full of love and answered him in general terms. The sign Jesus had used was a common expression of love and familiarity, and Jesus used it with heartfelt affection, to warn Judas and still not reveal him to the others. Judas did not change outwardly, but inwardly he grew furious. During the entire meal I saw sitting at his feet a horrible little figure, that frequently crept up to his heart. I did not see John tell Peter what he had

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learned from Jesus, but he gave Peter a look that calmed his fears.

The Washing of the Feet.

They now rose from table, put on again their ordinary garments and arranged them as was their custom for solemn prayer. In the meantime the chief steward came in with two servants to clean the Paschal table and move it away from the surrounding benches to one side. This done, Jesus ordered him to have water brought to the entrance-hall, and he left the room with the servants.

Jesus was now standing in the midst of His disciples, and spoke to them quite a while earnestly and solemnly. I recall that He spoke of His Kingdom, of His going to His Father, and said that He would leave them all He had, etc. He also gave them instructions on Penance, on confession of sin, on sorrow and justification. I felt that He was referring to the washing of the feet, and I saw that all, Judas excepted, acknowledged their sins and were sorry for them. When His long and solemn address was ended, Jesus sent John and James the Less to the entrance-hall to fetch the water He had ordered, and told the other Apostles to arrange the benches in a half-circle. Then He went to the entrance-hall, laid aside His tunic, put on an apron, girded Himself with a towel, letting one end hang down.

Meanwhile a kind of dispute had arisen amongst the Apostles as to who would have the first place. For our Lord's definite words that He was going to leave them and that His Kingdom was near, had strengthened

*The Washing of the Feet.*

them in the notion that He was going to surprise them at the last moment by some earthly triumph.

In the entrance-hall, Jesus ordered John to take a basin in his hands, and James the Less to carry before his breast a leathern-bottle, so that the neck would extend out over his arm. Jesus poured water from the bottle into the basin, and told the two Apostles to follow Him into the Supper Room, in the center of which the chief Reward had placed a large empty basin.

In such humble guise did Jesus enter the Supper Room. He spoke a few words of rebuke to the Apostles for disputing. He was their servant, they should sit down on the benches that He might wash their feet. They sat down, therefore, in the same order as at supper, on the cushions on which they sat at table. Jesus went to one of the Apostles, dipped water with the hollow of His hand from the basin held by John, and poured it on his outstretched feet. Then He grasped the towel wherewith He was girded in both hands, and wiped the feet till they were dry. Then accompanied by James He approached the next Apostle. John emptied the water just used, into the vessel in the middle of the room, and came back with the basin to Our Lord. From the bottle carried by James Jesus again poured water over the Apostles' feet and dried them as before, while John caught the water in his basin and again emptied it into the large vessel in the center.

Jesus rendered this humble service to His Apostles with the greatest love, with the same affectionate tenderness that had marked Him during the entire

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Paschal Supper. He did not seem to be performing a ceremony, but to be doing an act of holy love. It came directly from His Heart, and made Him speak loving words to the Apostles while He washed their feet.

When He came to Peter, Peter humbly resisted, saying: "Lord, is it right for Thee to wash my feet?" And Our Lord said: "What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." And He went on speaking, as it were to Peter privately, "Simon, thou hast merited to learn from My Father who I am, whence I come, and whither I go. All this thou alone didst recognize and pronounce. And I will build My Church upon thee, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it. And My power will be with thy successors until the end of the world." Jesus pointed to Peter, and said to the others, that Peter should take His place in giving commands and in sending them to preach when He should be gone from them. But Peter said: "Never shalt Thou wash my feet." And Our Lord answered: "Unless I wash thee, thou shalt have no part in Me." And Peter said: "Then, Lord, wash not only my feet, but also my hands and my head." Jesus answered: "He that is washed is wholly clean, and needeth but to wash his feet. And you are clean, but not all." In these last words He referred to Judas.

In His instruction before the ceremony He had said that the washing of the feet was a cleansing from smaller sins which they committed daily, just as by a careless step they often soiled their feet while walking.

So the ceremony had a spiritual meaning and

*The Washing of the Feet.*

effect; it was a kind of absolution. But in his zeal Peter thought Our Lord was humbling Himself too deeply. He did not know that, for love of him, Jesus was going to humble Himself on the morrow to the shameful death on the Cross.

While washing the feet of Judas, Jesus was beyond measure tender and affectionate. He lovingly pressed His sacred face to the traitor's feet, and whispered to him to take warning, since for a year past he had been thinking the thoughts of a traitor. But Judas did not wish to listen, and talked to John instead. At this Peter became angry and exclaimed: "Judas, the Master is speaking to thee." Then Judas gave Jesus a vague evasive answer, equivalent to: "Master, heaven forbid."

Now the others had not understood what Jesus said to Judas. Jesus spoke in a low tone, and they were engaged in putting on their sandals. But nothing that He suffered during the entire Passion caused Jesus such pain as the treason of Judas.—Finally He washed the feet of John and James. James sat down first, and Peter held the bottle, then John sat down while James held the basin.

Hereupon Jesus spoke to them about humility. He said that he who serves most is the greatest; that from now on they should in all humility wash one another's feet; and many other things that we read in the Gospel concerning their dispute as to who was the greatest. Then He put on again the garments He had laid aside. The Apostles, too, had let their garments, which had been girded up for the Paschal Supper, hang down once more full and long.

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Institution of the Blessed Sacrament.

At the command of Our Lord the chief steward had again prepared the table. He had raised it somewhat, and covered it with a heavy hanging, over which was spread, first a red table cloth, then one of white lace. The table was moved again to the center, and under it the chief Reward placed one urn of water and another of wine.

Peter and John now proceeded to the closet at the end of the room, where the Paschal hearth stood, brought forth the chalice which they had carried from the house of Seraphia, and placed it before Jesus.

To break bread and distribute it, and to drink in common from one chalice at the close of the meal, was a sign of fraternal love and union that had been in vogue from olden times, on occasions when friends separated or were reunited. I think there is something about it in Holy Scripture. But today Jesus raises and transforms this custom into the Most Blessed Sacrament. Until now it had been but a type and figure.

Jesus sat between Peter and John. The doors were shut, everything very silent and solemn. When the covering had been taken from the chalice and carried back to the closet, Jesus said a prayer and spoke very solemnly. I saw that He was explaining to them the celebration of the Last Supper. It looked like one priest teaching others to say Mass.

From the board on which the vessels stood, Jesus now drew out a kind of shelf, and spread over it the linen cloth which He took off the chalice. I saw Him

*Institution of the Blessed Sacrament.*

take a round plate off the chalice, and lay it on the cloth. Then He took the thin loaves of unleavened bread that lay covered in the dish nearby, and placed them on the plate before Him. These loaves were four-cornered and rather long, and their ends reached out beyond the plate, which was not flat but curved higher towards the rim. Then He drew the chalice nearer, took out of it a smaller vase, and ranged to the right and to the left the six cups that stood round the chalice. He blessed the unleavened bread, and it seemed to me also the oils that stood near, raised in both hands the paten with the loaves, looked up to Heaven, prayed, offered, replaced it on the table and covered it. Hereupon He took the chalice, let Peter pour in wine and John water, which He first blessed, and dipped with the smaller spoon a little more water into the chalice. He now blessed the chalice, and raised it on high with a prayer, as He had the paten, and set it down again.

He now held His hands over the plate on which the unleavened loaves had lain, and Peter and John poured water over them. With the spoon which He had taken out of the base of the chalice, Jesus poured water over their hands, some of this water that had flowed over His hands, whereupon the vase was passed from one to another and all washed their hands therein. I do not know whether everything happened just in this order, but the whole scene reminded me strongly of Holy Mass, and I watched it with deep emotion.

With each action Jesus seemed to become more tender and loving. He wished to give them everything,

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all that He had, all that He was; and while saying the words, He seemed to melt in love and pour Himself out on them. He seemed to be transparent, until He looked like a luminous shadow.

Thus, burning with love He went on praying, and broke the bread, along the lines previously marked out, into particles, which He laid on the paten, one on top of the other. With His finger-tips He broke a small portion from the first particle, and let it fall into the chalice.

In the moment He did this I had a vision, as if the Blessed Virgin were receiving the Sacrament, although she was not present in this room. I do not know now how I saw it, but she seemed to float through the open space between the benches opposite Our Lord and receive the Blessed Sacrament—then I could see her no longer. He had told her that morning in Bethania that He would keep the Pasch with her spiritually, and had fixed this hour for her to be absorbed in prayer and receive in spirit.

Again He prayed and taught. The words came like fire and light from His lips and entered into the Apostles—into all except Judas. And now He took the paten with the particles—I do not know whether He had first laid it on the chalice or not—and said: "Take ye and eat, this is My Body, which is given for you." While saying these words He moved His hand as if in blessing over the particles. And whilst He did this, a radiance went forth from Him, His words were luminous, and the bread seemed to all light as it darted into the mouths of the Apostles. It seemed that Jesus Himself was flowing into them. They were all

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radiant with light, Judas alone I saw in darkness. Jesus gave the Blessed Sacrament first to Peter, next to John. Then He nodded to Judas, who sat opposite to Him, to approach. So Judas was the third to receive. But the words of Jesus seemed to turn aside and spring back from the mouth of the traitor. I was so horrified that I cannot express clearly what I then felt. But Jesus said to him: "What thou wilt do, do quickly." Jesus then gave the Blessed Sacrament to the other Apostles. They approached two and two, and each in turn held under the chin of his companion a small stiff cover with a rim, that had lain on the chalice.

Jesus now grasped the chalice by the two clasps, lifted it towards His face, and spoke the words of consecration. During this action He was all transfigured and transparent. He was transforming Himself into what He gave. He held the chalice in His hands, and let Peter and John drink out of it. He set the chalice down, and John took the small spoon and dipped the Sacred Blood out of the chalice into the small cups. Peter handed the cups to the other Apostles, who drank from them, two from each cup. Judas, too, though I cannot recall this with certitude, partook of the chalice; but instead of returning to his place, he at once left the Supper Room. Since Jesus had given him a sign, the other Apostles thought he was off about some business. He went away without prayer, without giving thanks. That shows what an evil thing it is to go away without thanksgiving either from our daily bread or from our Everlasting Bread. All during mealtime I had seen, sitting at the feet of

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Judas, and sometimes creeping up to his heart, a small red figure of horrible appearance, its single foot resembling a dried bone. Now when he closed the door behind him, I saw around him three devils. One entered into his mouth, one drove him from behind, and one ran on ahead of him. It was dark, and it looked like they were making light for him, as he rushed on like a madman.

Our Lord poured what remained of the Sacred Blood in the chalice into the small vase that He had taken out of the chalice. He placed His fingers over the chalice, and Peter and John poured wine and water on them. He let the two Apostles again drink from the chalice, pour what remained into the small cups, and give it to the other Apostles. Our Lord purified the chalice, put into it the vase containing what remained of the Sacred Blood, laid on it the paten with the remaining particles of the consecrated Bread , covered it with the lid, wrapped it in the cloth, and pushed it back on its shelf, among the small cups. After the Resurrection I saw the Apostles consume what remained of the Blessed Sacrament.

It seems to me Our Lord Himself did not receive. If He did, I must have overlooked it. When He gave the Blessed Sacrament He seemed to me to be emptied as it were, to be poured out in mercy and love. All this is unspeakably mysterious. Neither did I see Melchisedech, when he offered bread and wine, himself partake of the sacrifice. I also knew the reason why priests receive at Mass, though Jesus did not.

While saying these last words, she looked around

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suddenly, as if listening. She received an answer on the matter, but was able to make known only what follows: "If angels had to distribute it, they would not receive. But if priests would not receive, it would long since have been lost. By their receiving it is preserved."

All the actions; of Jesus during the institution of the Blessed Sacrament were deliberate and solemn, and He continually explained their meaning to the Apostles. Afterwards I saw the Apostles making notes of what had taken place on the rolls of parchment which they carried with them. His turnings right and left were slow and solemn, as they always were in liturgical actions. Everything indicated the bud whose development would be Holy Mass. I saw the Apostles too, when they approached the table, bow to one another like priests.

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Jesus now instructed the Apostles further, particularly in the mysteries of the Blessed Sacrament. He told them how to preserve It in commemoration of Him till the end of the world, how to handle and distribute It, how to make Its mysteries known gradually, when they were to consume what now remained, when to communicate the Blessed Virgin, and when, after they received the Holy Ghost, they themselves were to consecrate.

Then He expounded the priesthood, the sacred unction, the preparation of chrism and the holy oils. Near the chalice and its belongings were, besides some cotton, three small cases, filled, one with one

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kind of balm, one with another kind, and one with oil. These cases could be placed one on top of the other. He gave them many instructions in these mysteries—how to mix the ointments, on what parts of the body to use them, and on what occasions. I remember among other things, that He mentioned one case in which the Blessed Sacrament could not be given. It had reference perhaps to Extreme Unction; but it is no longer clearly before my mind.

Hereupon I saw Him anoint Peter and John, the two Apostles upon whose hands He had poured the water that flowed over His own during the institution of the Blessed Sacrament, and for whom He had with His own hands held the chalice to drink.

He stepped back from the middle of the table somewhat to one side, and laid His hands, first on their shoulders, then on their heads. Then He made them join their hands and cross their thumbs. They bowed low before Him, I do not know whether they knelt or not, and Jesus anointed their thumbs and fore fingers with the holy oil, and made with it the Sign of the Cross on their heads. This power, He told them, should remain with them to the end of the world. Also James the Less, Andrew, James the Greater, were consecrated. I saw Jesus take a kind of narrow stole, which Peter, like the other Apostles, wore round his neck, and cross it over his breast while for the others He let it rest on the right shoulder and fall across the body till the two ends were united under the left arm. I do not know for sure, though, whether He did this at the institution of the Blessed Sacrament or now at the anointing.

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I saw,—how cannot be explained—that Jesus by this anointing produced something that really was part of their own souls and still was supernatural. After receiving the Holy Ghost, so He told them, they were to consecrate bread and wine and anoint the other Apostles. At the same time I had a vision, and saw how Peter and John first laid hands on the other Apostles, before baptizing the multitude on Pentecost, and how they did the same a week later for several disciples. I also saw John give Communion to the Blessed Virgin for the first time after the Resurrection. The Apostles had a festival in honor of this event. The Church Militant no longer has this feast, but I see it still celebrated in the Church Triumphant. In the first days after Pentecost I saw only Peter and John consecrate the Blessed Sacrament. Later on also the others consecrated.

All that Jesus did in instituting the Blessed Sacrament and in anointing the Apostles was done very secretly, and continued to be taught only in private. The Church today has essentially the same rites that Jesus used, only that she has developed them somewhat under the guidance of the Holy Ghost to meet new needs.

Sister Catherine forgot to say whether both Peter and John were consecrated bishops, or Peter alone, and to mention what degree of dignity the other four received. That Our Lord put the stole on Peter in a different manner from the others seems to indicate different degrees of consecration.

When the sacred rites were ended, the chalice, near which stood the consecrated oils, was put into

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its case, and thus Peter and John carried the Blessed Sacrament into the closet at the end of the room, separated from the main portion by a curtain that opened in the middle. This little closet was now the Holy of Holies. The Blessed Sacrament stood behind and somewhat above the Paschal hearth. In the absence of the Apostles Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus guarded this sanctuary and the Supper Room.

Jesus now spoke to the Apostles at great length and said many prayers, all with intense devotion. Often He seemed as if speaking with His Heavenly Father. He was filled to overflowing with fervor and love. The Apostles too were full of joy and zeal, and asked Him various questions which He answered.

Now and again He spoke of His betrayer, that now he did this, now that—and I saw at each time just what Judas was doing at the moment. Peter was particularly zealous, promising Our Lord to remain most surely faithful to Him. Jesus said: "Simon, Simon! Satan longs to have you. He would sift you like wheat. But I have prayed for thee, that thy faith may not fail. And when thou art entirely converted, then strengthen thy brethren." When Jesus said that whither He was going they could not follow, Peter answered that he would follow Him to death. Jesus answered: "Amen, before the cock crow twice, thou shalt deny Me thrice." He reminded them of the trying time that was awaiting them, and asked: "When I sent you forth without purse, or scrip, or shoes, did you suffer want?" They said: "No." Then He said for everyone who had purse and scrip to take them,

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and he who had nothing to take his coat and buy himself a sword, for now must be fulfilled the saying: 'And with the wicked was He reckoned.' All that was written of Him, was now to be completed.

They understand His words in a carnal sense, and Peter showed Him two swords, short and broad, something like a butcher's axe.

Jesus said: "It is enough. Let us go hence." They recited the hymn of thanksgiving, moved the table to one side, and went to the entrance-hall.

His Mother, and Mary, mother of Cleophas, and Magdalen came to meet Him here, and besought Him earnestly not to go to the Mount of Olives, since a report was abroad that He was to be taken captive. Jesus spoke a few words of comfort, and passed on quickly through their midst. It must have been about nine o'clock. They started for Mount Olivet at a rapid pace, taking the road by which Peter and John had come up that morning to the Supper Room.

It is true, I always saw the Paschal Feast and the institution of the Blessed Sacrament just as I have now described. But on other occasions I yielded so much to my feelings, that I could see clearly only parts of the celebration. This time I have had a clearer vision. But it costs unspeakable exertion. For I see into each heart, I see the love, the constancy and faithfulness of Our Lord, and know everything that must yet come, so that it is altogether impossible to pay close attention to all outward actions. I feel myself melted into wonderment, gratitude, and love, cannot realize how men are so blind, and feel my own sins and the ingratitude of the whole world.—Jesus

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ate the Paschal lamb quickly, and strictly according to the Law. The Pharisees added here and there some ceremonies that were unnecessary.

Jesus in the Garden of Olives.

Jesus had been sorrowful in soul even when leaving the Supper Room, and was now growing ever more sorrowful. He led the Eleven to the Mount of Olives by a roundabout way through the Valley of Josaphat. Just as they came to the gate of the city, I saw the moon, not yet quite full, rising behind the mountain. Whilst walking with His disciples in the Valley of Josaphat, our Lord said that He would come on that Day to judge the world. But He would not come poor and powerless as He now was. Others would then be afraid and would cry out: Ye mountains, cover us! His disciples did not understand Him. They thought, as they often thought that evening, that He was wandering in mind from weakness and exhaustion. They would walk a while, then they would stand still and converse with Him. Once He said: "You will all be scandalized in Me tonight. For it is written: I will strike the Shepherd and the sheep of the fold shall be scattered. But when I shall have risen, I will go before you into Galilee."

The Apostles were still overflowing with feelings of devotion and enthusiasm enkindled by the reception of the Most Blessed Sacrament and the loving, solemn words of Jesus in the Supper Room. They pressed close to Him, expressing their love in various

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ways, and assuring Him they never could or would abandon Him. As Jesus continued in the same grain, Peter said: "And if all should be scandalized in Thee, yet will not I be scandalized." To this the Lord answered: "Amen, I say to thee, to-night before the cock crow, thou, just thou, wilt deny Me thrice." But Peter would not give in at all, saying: "Even if I must die with Thee, I will not deny Thee." The other Apostles spoke in like manner. They continued walking and standing by turns, while Jesus sank ever deeper into sorrow. They went on remonstrating and doing what they could to turn His thoughts in the opposite direction. But their obstinacy was all in vain, and served but to weary them, to cast them into doubt and lead them into temptation.

Since they had come by a roundabout way, the bridge by which they crossed the brook Cedron was not that over which Jesus was later dragged captive. Gethsemani on the Mount of Olives, the point to which they were going, is just a half-hour's walk from the Supper Room. It takes a quarter of an hour to go from the Supper Room to the gate that opens on the Valley of Josaphat, and another quarter from this gate to Gethsemani. Gethsemani is a plot of ground occupied by several lodge-houses, open and empty, and a large garden, surrounded by a fence and thickly sown with fine bushes and fruit-trees. The garden was a resort for recreation or for prayer, and keys to it were held by many, also by the Apostles. People without gardens of their own often came here for festivals; and banquets. The Garden of Olives is divided by a road from the Garden of Gethsemani,

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and lies higher up on the Mount of Olives. It stands open, surrounded only with a wall of earth, and is smaller than the Garden of Gethsemani. It is a retired mountain-nook with many caverns and terraces and olive-trees. One side is better cared for than the other. Seats and benches are kept in repair, and the caves are well swept and cool, and larger than on the other side. Whosoever will may here arrange a spot for prayer and meditation. Where Jesus went to pray the garden is somewhat wilder.

" My Soul is Sorrowful Even unto Death."

It was about nine o'clock when Jesus and His disciples reached Gethsemani. It was dark on earth but heaven was bright with moon-light. Jesus was very sad. He told His disciples that danger was near and His words filled them with fear. In the Garden of Gethsemani, where the foliage had been wound into a summer-house, He said to eight of them: "Stay you here, while I go to My place to pray." He took with Him Peter, and John, and James the Greater, crossed a road into the Garden of Olives, and followed for some minutes its upward slope along the base of the mountain. Tongue cannot tell the sadness He felt in the face of His on-coming Agony. John asked Him whence it came that He, who had always been their Consoler, was now Himself so overwhelmed with fear. Jesus answered: "My soul is sorrowful even unto death." He looked around and saw anguish and temptation draw near Him on every side in the forms of clouds peopled with fearful visions.

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Here it was that He said to the three Apostles: "Stay ye here and watch with Me. Pray, that you fall not into temptation." And they remained at this place.

Jesus went on a little ways. But He felt such deep anguish under the visions of terror surging in upon Him that He turned down to the left out of the sight of His Apostles and concealed Himself in a grotto. This grotto was about six feet deep and directly under the overhanging shelf of stone, on top of which, in a recess to the right, the Apostles had taken their positions. The floor of the cave sank gently inwards, and from the overhanging rock, bushes hung down over the entrance in such abundance that no one could be seen from the outside.

When Jesus was separating from His disciples, I saw round about Him a wide-spreading circle of terrible visions which was narrowing in upon Him more and more. His sadness and anguish grew deeper, and He shrank back into the grotto to pray, like a traveller who seeks refuge from a fearful storm. But I saw the threatening visions set after Him into the cave, and grow ever more and more distinct. O God, that one cavern seemed to hold enclosed the torturing pictures of all sinful, soul-depressing, crying-to-Heaven abominations from the fall of the first man to the consummation of the world. When Adam and Eve left Paradise to dwell homeless upon the unfriendly earth, their first resting-place was here on the Mount of Olives, and this very cavern was witness of their fears and sadness.

I felt distinctly how Jesus was abandoning Himself to His on-coming Agony, how He was sacrificing

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Himself to Divine Justice as propitiation for the sins of the world. I saw Him in consequence, draw back, as it were, with His Divinity into the Most Blessed Trinity, thus leaving to His pure, true, innocent, deep-feeling humanity, only the love of His human Heart, wherewith to battle against the floods of torture poured in upon Him by the raging world of sin. To satisfy for sin and concupiscence, both in root and branch, He planted into His Heart the very root of purifying, sanctifying pain and sorrow, and let this infinite pain, the satisfaction for infinite sin, grow and spread into a thousand-branched tree of sorrow, out through all the members of His holy body and all the feelings of His holy soul.

Jesus Sees the Sins of the World in AU Their Hideousness.

Thus abandoned to His humanity, He fell prostrate on the ground, while sending to God prayers of infinite pain and sadness. His eyes were upon the sins of the world around Him. In countless pictures He saw their inward hideousness, yet He took them all upon Himself, and presented Himself to the justice of His Heavenly Father in satisfaction for all this guilt. Meanwhile Satan, moving in fearful forms amid all these abominations, grew ever more violently bitter against Jesus, brought before His soul ever more terrible visions of sins, and cried again and again to His humanity: "What! This too thou takest upon thyself! For this too thou wilt suffer punishment! How canst thou satisfy for this?"

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But between ten and eleven o'clock there shone from the east a narrow pathway of light, reaching from Heaven down to Jesus, and along its course from on high down to Our Savior I saw a series of angels appear, from whom new strength streamed upon Him. Everywhere else the grotto was peopled with those abominable specters of sin and the mocking attacks of the evil spirits. Jesus took them all upon Himself. His Heart, the only heart that loved perfectly God and men, was horrified in gazing on this abomination of desolation, was racked with pain in supporting the weight of these monstrosities. O God, I saw there more than I could express in a whole year!

Now that this volume of sin and guilt, this sea of fearful visions, had rolled in upon the soul of Our Savior and He had made Himself a sacrifice for it all and prayed all its pains down upon Himself—now it was that He had, as formerly in the desert, to endure all possible temptations of the Evil One. Satan went so far as to bring forward a series of accusations against the moil innocent Savior Himself. "What" he said, "Thou wilt take all this upon Thee, Thou who art not guiltless Thyself! Look here! And here! And here!" With these words he unrolled false accusations of all kinds, and held them with hellish insolence under the eyes of Jesus. He made Our Lord responsible for a the faults of His disciples, for all the scandal they had given, for all the consternation and confusion which His departure from old-time customs had brought into the world.

Satan argued like the most keen and captious Pharisee. He laid to Our Savior's charge the slaughter

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of the Holy Innocents by Herod, the poverty and dangers of His parents in Egypt, the non-deliverance of John the Baptist from death, the disunion of many families, the protection extended to wicked men, the refusal to heal many sick persons, the damage done to the Gerasenes, since He had allowed men possessed by the devil to overturn their drinking-vessels \* and had occasioned the loss of their herds and swine in the lake. He further laid to His charge the guilt of Mary Magdalen, since He had prevented her from falling back into sin. He accused Him of neglecting His own family and of wasting the goods of others. In a word, all the depressing suggestions which the Tempter would employ in order to make despair on his way to death any ordinary man, who without command from on high would have done these deeds outwardly so extraordinary—all these suggestions Satan here brought before the trembling soul of Our Savior in order to crush Him. It was hidden from him that Jesus was the Son of God, and he tempted Our Savior only as a man who was most incomprehensibly just.

Yes, Our Divine Savior abandoned Himself so utterly to His humanity as to let come over Him even that temptation which usually assails ordinary men who die a holy death, the temptation to doubt the inner

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\* Besides the Passion Sister Catherine contemplated also the Public Life of Our Lord. On the 11th of December, 1822, while watching how Jesus allowed the devils to go out of the possessed Gerasenes into a herd of swine, she noticed the special circumstance that those possessed had, before being relieved, overturned a large and heavy vessel of inebriating drink which the Gerasenes had standing in the neighborhood.

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value of His good deeds. In order to exhaust the anticipated chalice of His Passion, He allowed the Tempter, from whom His Divinity was hidden, to represent His deeds of benevolence as so many debts which He still owed to Divine Grace. How did He dare, so ran Satan's suggestion, how did He dare cancel debts for others, while He was Himself without merit, and still God's debtor for such a number of so-called good works? The Divinity of Jesus allowed Satan to tempt His humanity, just as he would tempt a man who would feel inclined to ascribe to his good works some peculiar value beyond that which they have from their union with the merits of the redeeming death of Our Lord and Savior.

So the Tempter painted all Our Lord's works of love as debts towards God, and without merit in themselves, their only value being derived from the merits of His not yet accomplished Passion. Thus Our Lord would still be in God's debt for the graces whereby He had performed these good deeds. And actually Satan showed Him notes He owed for them all. "For this deed, and this deed" so ran Satan's words "Thou art still in debt."—Finally he unrolled before Jesus a note which said that Our Lord had received from Lazarus and spent for Himself the price paid for Mary Magdalene's estate in Magdala. "How didst Thou dare to waste the goods of another and thus injure that family?"

I saw the representations of all the sins for which Jesus was immolating Himself. Likewise I felt with Him the weight of many accusations made by the Tempter, since among those visions of the sins of the

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world assumed by Our Lord I saw also my own many sins, and there from flowed upon me from that circling mass of temptations a stream that torturingly painted before me all my faults of commission and omission. But as I suffered with my Heavenly Bridegroom, so also I continued to gaze upon Him, I struggled as He did, turned as He did to the consoling angels. O God, how He writhed like a worm under His burden of sadness and pain!

"Abba, Father, if It Be Possible, Let This Chalice Pass from Me."

All during these accusations against the most holy and innocent Redeemer I felt such rage against Satan that only with the greatest efforts could I control myself. But when he brought out that note for the price of Magdalene's estate, I could no longer restrain my zeal. "How dared he," I demanded, "put down the price of Magdalene's estate as a debt? Had I not seen with my own eyes how Jesus had made use of this sum, given to Him by Lazarus for purposes of charity, in order to release from the prison in Thirza twenty-seven poor people confined there for debt?" At first Jesus knelt and prayed quietly, but after a time His soul began to shrink back from the numberless sins and hideous ingratitude of men towards God, and there fell upon Him such a grinding, crushing sadness and anguish of soul that He cried out: "Abba, Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from Me! O My Father! All things are possible to Thee! Take this chalice from Me!" But immediately He gathered

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Himself again and said: "Nevertheless, not as I will but as Thou wilt." His will was one with the will of the Father, but out of love He had abandoned Himself to the weaknesses of humanity, and thus He shrank back from death.

The cave around Him I saw filled with shapes of terror. All sin, all malice, all vices, all suffering, all ingratitude, all the terrors of death, all human despondency, all the immense pain of expiation—all this in apparitions the most ghastly, I saw rage round Him and rush in upon Him. He fell from side to side, He wrung His hands, agonizing sweat covered His body, His whole frame shook and trembled. He rose to His feet, but His knees seemed scarcely to support Him. He was so disfigured, with lips pale and hair dishevelled, as to be almost unrecognizable.

'Twas half past ten when He arose. Still covered with sweat He went towards His disciples, not walking, but rather reeling and falling. He followed the path on the left up from and over the cave to the terrace. There He found His disciples on the ground, all lying in the same position, the head of one towards the breast of the other, each pillowed on his arm, all sunk in slumber through weariness and sadness and fear. What brought Jesus to them was the desire, on the one hand, to be consoled by friends in His affliction, on the other, to watch over their hour of fear and temptation—the Good Shepherd, Himself broken by sorrow, yet guarding His endangered flock. All along this short way I saw Him still surrounded by those forms of horror.

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"Could Ye not Watch One Hour with Me?"

On finding them asleep, He began to wring His hands. Then, broken with sadness and exhaustion, He sank down beside them, saying: "Simon, thou sleepest?" They awoke and helped Him to His feet. "Could you not," He cried in His forsakenness, "could you not watch even for one hour with Me?" They gazed at Him and knew not what to think. That horror-stricken appearance, that pale face, that tottering frame, His garments bathed in sweat, His voice so worn and feeble—were it not for the well-known light enfolding Him they had not known Him for Jesus at all.

"Master," John said to Him, "what has befallen Thee? Shall I call the others? Shall we flee?" But Jesus answered: "Were I to live and teach and heal the sick for another three and thirty years it would not equal what I have accomplished by tomorrow. No, call not the others. I left them yonder, because they could not see Me in such wretchedness without taking scandal. They would fall into temptation, would forget much I have said and done, and begin to doubt Me. But ye who have seen the Son of Man transfigured, ye may likewise behold Him in the dark hour of His eclipse and forsakenness. But watch ye and pray, that ye fall not into temptation. The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

These last words are to be understood both of the Apostles and Our Savior. Jesus meant to encourage them to perseverance and to make known to them the cause of His feebleness, namely, the battle

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of His human nature against death. He went on speaking to them in tones of deepest sadness. About a quarter-hour passed before He left them to return to the cave. His anguish was constantly growing deeper. As He left them the Apostles stretched their hands after Him, wept bitterly, and sank into one another's arms, saying: "What does it all mean? What is happening to Him? How is He so utterly forsaken?" Then they began to pray, their heads muffled, and their hearts afflicted.—About an hour and a half had now passed since Jesus had entered the Garden of Olives.

The three Apostles had begun to pray when Jesus left them the first time. But words of doubt and distrust led them into temptation, and thus they had fallen asleep. But the eight Apostles at the entrance were not asleep. Our Savior's sadness of soul, constantly apparent in all He said during the latter period of the evening, had cast them into a state of anxiety and restlessness, and they were now scattered along the sides of Mount Olivet seeking for places of refuge.

The Mother of Jesus.

There was but little excitement in Jerusalem this evening. The Jews were indoors, making preparations for the festival. The quarters for pilgrims were not in the neighborhood of Mount Olivet. As I made my way back and forth along the roads, I saw here and there disciples and friends of Jesus walking and talking with one another. They seemed to be anxious and full of expediency. The Mother of Jesus had left

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the Supper Room in company with Magdalene, Martha, Mary of Cleophas, Mary Salome, and Salome herself, and with them had gone to the house of Mary, the mother of Mark. Troubled by the reports she here heard, she had come out with her friends to the paths outside the city to seek for news of Jesus.

Here now they were joined by Lazarus, Nicodemus, Joseph of Arimathea, and some relatives from Hebron. The latter tried to calm the great anxiety of the women. They knew, it is true, how earnestly Jesus had spoken in the Supper Room. Some had learned this by personal presence in adjacent buildings, some in conversation with His Apostles. But they had made inquiries of some well-known Pharisees, and had not heard that any direct attempts were being made against Our Savior. So they said that there was as yet no great danger, that before the festival there would be no effort made to capture Him. But they knew nothing of the treason of Judas. Mary told them how worried and excited he had been the last few days, how he had left the Supper Room, that she had often admonished him, that he was a son of perdition. Thereupon the holy women returned to the house of Mary of Mark.

Jesus Suffers to Satisfy for Sin.

Jesus came back into the cave, and all His sadness came with Him. He cast Himself face-downwards on the ground, stretched out His arms and prayed to His Heavenly Father. And now before the eyes of His soul there began a new battle, which lasted three

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quarters of an hour. Angels came near, and let pass before Him a long series of visions, showing Him the sins He was to suffer for and what He was to suffer for them. They showed Him man before the fall, in all the glory of the time when he was still the image of God, and the same man after the fall, in all his ugliness and degradation. They let Him see how all sin flowed from that first sin. They represented to Him the meaning and nature of concupiscence, its fearful effects on the powers of man's soul and the members of his body, and the nature and meaning of the sufferings man has to undergo in punishment.

They went on to picture to Our Savior His own sufferings: How He would have to satisfy God's just anger at the sinful deeds and desires of all mankind. How He, the Son of God, would have to take the guilt of all men upon His own absolutely guiltless humanity, would have to conquer in Himself the fear and dislike which all men have of suffering and death.

In showing these visions the angels appeared, now in choirs with long rows of pictures, now singly each with a principal scene. I saw their forms constantly pointing to the on-coming pictures, and I understood what they said though I did not hear their voices.

Tongue cannot say what pain and terror the soul of Jesus felt in gazing on these visions. He realized the full meaning of His sufferings. He did not suffer for sin itself merely. He felt likewise the touch of each and every instrument, from the sinful rage of those who had invented it, from the cruel malice of all who had ever used it, from the impatience of all

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who had been, either justly or unjustly, tortured by it. All the sins of the whole world were laid upon Him. In the inner vision of His soul He felt them all so fearfully that His body burst into a bloody sweat.

The Angels Long to Console Jesus.

While the humanity of Our Savior was thus sunk in sadness and fear I saw the angels feel compassion for Him. There was a short pause. They seemed to long to console Him, and I saw them beseeching before the throne of God. There seemed to be a struggle between the Mercy and Justice of God on the one hand and the love that was sacrificing itself on the other. At the same time I saw a picture of God, not on a throne, as I usually saw Him, but as a figure of light I saw the Divine Nature of the Son sinking, as it were, into the bosom of His Father, and from them and between them the person of the Holy Ghost, and still 'twas only One God. Who can express such a mystery? I had rather an inner feeling of it than a vision through human forms. In that feeling I saw how the Divine Will of Christ drew back, as it were, into His Father in order to let His humanity suffer just what His anguished human will was struggling and beseeching to have turned aside. His Divinity, one with the Father, laid upon His humanity just what His humanity begged His Father to let pass from Him. I saw all this at the moment when the angels were moved to compassion and wished to console Our Savior. He really felt at that moment some alleviation. But now these visions were extinguished,

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the angels with their sympathy and consolation went away from Our Lord, and a new circle of terrors closed in upon His soul.

Whilst Our Savior, as real and true man, was delivering Himself over to be tempted by man's fear and dislike of suffering and death, whilst He was taking upon Himself the task of conquering his repugnance which is an element of suffering, the Tempter was allowed to treat Him as He treats every man who would sacrifice himself for a holy cause. In bitter mockery he put before Our Savior's eyes the fearful debt of sin, He was about to take on Himself. He went so far as to brand the life of Our Savior Himself as not entirely free from guilt. After this Our Savior was once more shown, in the full bitterness of its inner truth, the immensity of His sufferings for men. Satan is not going to show that reconciliation is possible. The father of lies and of despair is not going to point to the works of divine mercy.

What is He to Gain by Suffering?

Now that Jesus, bound fast with heart and soul to the will of His Heavenly Father, had gone victoriously through all these battles, a new circle of fearful visions of terror was set in motion before His inner eye. The question that knocks at every human heart on the eve of sacrifice, the question: What will be the result of this immolation? What will I gain by it?—this question rose up in the soul of Our Redeemer and flashings from a terrible future stormed against His loving Heart.

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Upon the first Adam God let fall a deep sleep, then opened his side, took one of his ribs, and built thereof a woman, Eve, the mother of all the living, and led her to Adam. And Adam said: "This is bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh. Therefore shall a man leave father and mother and cling to his wife, and they shall be two in one flesh."

Thus was instituted matrimony, of which it is written: "This is a great sacrament, but I say in Christ and the Church." For Christ, the new Adam, also willed to have a sleep come over Him, the sleep of death upon the cross; willed to have His side opened that out of it might come forth the new Eve, His virgin Spouse, the Church, the Mother of all the living; willed to give her the blood of redemption, the water of purification, and His own spirit, the three things that give testimony on earth; willed to bestow upon her the holy sacraments that she might be a worthy Spouse, holy, pure and unspotted; willed Himself to be her head, us to be her members, thus making us bone of His bone and flesh of His flesh; willed to leave father and mother by becoming man to die for us, and to cling to His Spouse and become one flesh with her by nourishing her with the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar; willed by the same holy Sacrament to espouse to Himself also us her children, and thus to be with her on earth till we should all be with Him in Heaven, for "the gates of Hell shall not prevail against her." 'Twas this boundless love for sinful mankind, this desire to take upon Himself the punishment for all their guilt, that led Our Lord to become man and brother to sinners. And though a sadness

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unto death had come over Him from the vision of their guilt and His Passion, yet had He joyfully delivered Himself up to the will of His Heavenly Father as a sacrifice of expiation.

Jesus Sees the Coming Sufferings of the Church.

But now He beheld the Church, His Spouse, suffering under the wounds which the ingratitude of men were to inflict upon her. Before His soul stood out clearly the sufferings of His Apostles, disciples and friends during the infancy of the Church, then the heresies and schisms that attended her as she grew and expanded, the pride and disobedience, all the forms of vanity and delusive self-justification, that once more made men fall away from her as they had from God in Paradise. He saw the lukewarmness, malice and corruption of countless Christians, the manifold lies of so many proud teachers, the blasphemous crimes of all bad priests. He saw the consequences of all this, the abomination of desolation in the kingdom of God upon earth, in the sanctuary of ungrateful mankind, which with unspeakable pain He was about to buy and build at the cost of His blood and life.

In an endless succession of visions, from all centuries down to our own times, and on to the end of the world, I saw all these scandals pass before the soul of suffering Jesus—all forms and varieties of feeble presumption, browbeating deceit, fanatical extravagance, false prophecy, heretical obstinacy and malice. Apostates, self-justifiers, heretics and hypocritical.

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reformers, corrupters and corrupted, all mocked and tortured Him, as though He was not yet crucified to their taste, not yet nailed to the Cross in such fashion as would suit their concupiscence and pride. They tore in pieces and divided among themselves the seamless garment of His Church, each trying to make the Redeemer something else than His loving self. Countless was the number of those who maltreated Him, mocked Him, denied Him. Countless the number of those whom He saw pass by Him with proud shake of head, and shrug of shoulders, pass by to sink into the abyss of perdition while He stood there with arms outstretched to save.

Countless others He saw who did not dare deny Him openly, but who passed by His bleeding Church, nauseated at the wounds, which they themselves had struck her. They were like the Levite passing by the poor man who fell among robbers. They were like cowardly, faithless children whose wicked ways have opened an entrance for thieves and murderers into the house of their mother, who, when the moment of danger comes, abandon their mother, and follow the ruffians into the desert, whither the latter are bearing away their booty, the golden vessels and tattered laces they have stolen. They were like branches cut off from the true vine, and now keeping company with wild fruit trees. They were like lost sheep, left to the mercy of the wolves but unwilling to go into the fold of the Good Shepherd, who had given His life for His sheep. They were like exiles, wandering homeless upon earth, yet unwilling to lift their eyes to the city on the hill that could not be hidden.

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He saw them driven by the winds back and forth across the sand-waves of the desert, one disagreeing with the other, yet none willing to look towards the house of His Bride, the Church built upon the Rock, which He had promised to be with all days to the consummation of the world and against which the gates of Hell were never to prevail. They would not enter at the narrow gate, did not want to bend their proud necks. They followed those who went in by another way and not at the door. They built huts upon the sand; huts that differed one from the other and were constantly changing, without altar or sacrifice, with doctrines that shifted like the weather-cocks on their roofs. They contradicted one another, misunderstood one another, and had no abiding dwelling place. Again and again they tore down their huts and hurled the fragments against the immovable cornerstone of the Church.

Many He saw leave their huts for fear of the darkness that reigned in them. But these instead of following the light that burnt upon the candle-stick in the house of the Bride, began to wander with dazed eyes round and round the garden of the Church, to whose fragrant odors they owed what little life they had left. They stretched out their arms to hazy phantoms, and followed wandering aim that led them to wells without water. Ever on the verge of the abyss they would not listen to the voice of the Bride, and, hungry though they were, smiled in their pride a smile of pity upon the servants and messengers who were sent to invite them to the marriage-feast. They feared the thorns in the garden fence. Drunk

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with self-esteem, they refused the wheat that would still their hunger, and the wine that would quench their thirst. Blinded by the light of their Own reason, they determined that the Church of the Incarnate Word must be invisible. Jesus saw them all, mourned over them all, offered Himself to suffer for them all—for those who will not see Him, who refuse to carry their cross after Him, who refuse to belong to His Bride, to whom He has given Himself in the Most Holy Sacrament, who refuse to come into the City on the hill that cannot be hid, into the Church built on the Rock 'gainst which the gates of Hell shall ne'er prevail.

I saw these countless pictures of abuse and ingratitude pass in various manner before the troubled soul of Our Lord, sometimes one after another in regular succession, sometimes a single one in painful repetition. And in the series as it passed on I saw Satan take on many fearful shapes, saw him tear away from before the eyes of Our Savior many of the souls that had been redeemed by His Blood and even anointed with His sacrament. Jesus looked upon and mourned over the ruin and corruption of Christianity, from its beginning to its end, in its early age, in its later age, in our own days, and on to the consummation of the world.

"Such Ingratitude—Is That What  
Thou Art Suffering for?"

"Behold the ingratitude of men! Is that what thou art suffering for?" Again and again this question was hurled by the Tempter at Our Savior as the

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endless vision of woe rolled on. At length the unceasing flood of derision and abomination poured such an unspeakable burden of anguish upon Him that He wrung His hands in pain and flung Himself upon His knees over and over again. The repugnance of His human will to suffer so unspeakably for such an ungrateful race forced His sweat out in thick drops of blood, that ran in streams down His limbs to moisten the earth. He looked around Him and above Him as if looking for help, as if calling on heaven and earth and the lights in the firmament to be witnesses of His Passion. "Is it possible," so I seemed to hear Him cry out, "is it possible to suffer such ingratitude? Give testimony to My woe!"

At this moment moon and stars seemed to give a jerk and come nearer. I felt at once that it was getting brighter. My attention was now drawn to the moon which I had not noticed before. It looked altogether different from what it usually did. It was not yet at the full, but seemed to me larger than we ever see it here. Over the center I saw a dark spot, as if a disk were lying flat in front of it. In the center of this dark disk there shone a small opening through which light was streaming out upon the side of the moon that was not yet full. This dark spot looked like a mountain, while round the moon there was a circle of light that looked like a rainbow.

In His anguish Jesus raised His voice for some moments in loud wailing. I saw the Apostles spring to their feet, lift their hands in terror, listen in the direction of the cry, and on the point of rushing to their Master. But Peter pushed James and John

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back and said: "Stay here, I am going to Him." I saw him rush over the ground and enter the cave. "Mailer, what is it?" And he stood there, and trembled on seeing His Mailer in that bloody anguish. But Jesus did not answer and seemed not to notice him. Peter went back to the other two, and told them that Jesus had given him no answer but wails and sighs. Their sadness grew deeper, they muffled their heads, sat down, and prayed in tears.

I turned again to my Heavenly Spouse in His bitter desolation. The horrible visions of future abuse and ingratitude on the part of men whose guilt He had taken on Himself, whose punishment He was Himself enduring, streamed in upon Him with ever increasing violence, and His battle against man's fear and dislike of suffering was still unabated. Again and again I heard Him cry out: "Father, is it possible to suffer for all these? O Father, if this chalice cannot pass from Me, Thy will be done."

Satan's Rage.

Amid these visions that showed how men abuse God's mercy I saw Satan appear in various monstrous shapes to correspond with different crimes represented. Now he was a big, black man, now a tiger, a fox, or a wolf, a dragon, or a snake. Not that he looked exactly like any of these. But he would take a characteristic feature of one of them and combine it with other abominable shapes. Never did he have the appearance of a perfect creature. Shapes of contradiction, of ruin, of monstrosity, of heinousness, of sin—in a word, shapes of the devil. And these devilish

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shapes Jesus saw pursuing unnumbered multitudes of men—pursuing them, seducing them, throttling them, tearing them to pieces—men whom to save from Satan He was now on His road to the death of the cross. As first I did not see the serpent so often, but at length I saw him rise up, gigantic in size, with a crown on his head, and rush with frightful power upon Our Savior. Whole armies of every race and rank of men followed him. They were fitted out with all possible instruments and weapons of torture. Sometimes indeed they fought with one another, but only again to turn their fury against Our Lord. 'Twas a moil fearful spectacle. They mocked, and spat, and cursed, they threw, and thrust, and struck. Their swords and spears rose and sank, like flails on an endless thrashing-floor. And their rage was all against the one Heavenly Grain of wheat that had come down to hide in the earth, to die in the earth, in order to nourish them all with the unending harvest of Life Everlasting.

In the midst of these raging multitudes, many of whom seemed to be blind, I saw Jesus tossed about as if He were really being struck by their weapons. He reeled from side to side, now rising up, now falling down. And I saw the serpent constantly urge those armies onward, saw him strike out right and left with his tail, saw him strangle, tear to pieces and devour all whom he had struck down.

Sins Against the Most Holy Sacrament.

It was made known to me that these lacerating multitudes represented the countless numbers of

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those who in such manifold ways maltreat Our Savior present as God and man, with body and soul, with flesh and blood, in the Most Holy Sacrament. I recognized among them all classes of offenders against this holy mystery, this pledge of His unbroken personal Presence in the Catholic Church. I gazed with horror upon all these kinds of maltreatment, ranging from neglect, carelessness, abandonment, on to contempt, to abuse, to most abominable sacrileges, from diversion to the idols of the world, from pride and false wisdom on to heresy, infidelity, fanaticism and bloody persecution.

Among these enemies there were all kinds of men—blind, and lame, and deaf, and dumb, even children. Blind men who would not see the truth, lame men who were too lazy to follow it, deaf men who would not listen to His warning cries of woe, dumb men who would not fight for Him even with the sword of the tongue. Children following in the tracks of worldly-minded, God-forgetting parents and teachers, gorged with the pleasures of life, drunk with vain science, disgusted with the things of God, or for lack of them irrevocably depraved and corrupted. I felt especial sorrow for the children in thinking how Jesus loved them so much. Among them I noticed in particular many ill-instructed, ill-trained, irreverent mass-servers, who show no honor to Christ even in this most holy action. Their guilt falls back partly on their teachers and pastors. But I observed with terror that many priests, high and low in rank, yes, even such as considered themselves full of faith and piety, nevertheless were doing their share in maltreating Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

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I will mention but one class of the many I saw. I saw very many who believed, adored, and taught the Presence of the Living God in the Most Holy Sacrament, but who did not allow their belief to cost them much. They would not take the trouble to keep in proper condition the palace, the throne, the royal furniture of the King of heaven and earth, that is, the church, the altar, the tabernacle, the chalice, the monstrance of the Living God, the vessels, ornaments, vestments, and all that makes Divine Service beautiful. Years of dust, and dirt, and rust, and trash, had done their work of decay and ruin, and the Service of the Living God, if not inwardly desecrated, was at least outwardly dishonored. Nor was this condition due to real poverty. It was always the result of want of feeling, of laziness, of easy-going custom, of occupation with vain, worldly unimportant matters. Often it came from selfishness and inward death. For I saw this state of neglect even in churches that were well-to-do or at least had enough to meet all needs. Yea, in many churches I saw the most magnificent and venerable ornaments of a bygone age of faith banished by tasteless, grotesque, worldly grandeur—spectacular, deceptive decoration to varnish over the real state of extravagance, uncleanness, neglect and ruin. And what boastful superiority led the rich to do, that the poor by lack of simplicity were soon brought to imitate. I could not but reflect on our poor convent church, where the beautiful ancient altar of stone had disappeared beneath an ambitious superstructure of wood, painted to look like marble. To think of it had always made me sad.

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To add to these wrongs of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, I saw countless pastors who had not enough feeling for what is right and just to share what they possessed with Him who for them had delivered Himself to death, for them had left all that He was and all that He had in the Most Holy Eucharist. Yea, the house of even the very poorest was often better than the dwelling of the Lord of Heaven and earth. Alas, how bitterly did Jesus feel this want of welcome on the part of those whose very Food He had become. And surely riches are not needed to welcome One who rewards a thousandfold even the cup of cold water given to the thirsty. And are not we the cup of water for which He pants? And must He not break forth in lamentation when the cup we give Him is unclean, the water full of worms?

I saw how this carelessness scandalized the weak, desecrated the sanctuary, emptied the church, degraded the priest. Neglect and uncleanness soon settled down also on the souls of the surrounding parish. They could not be expected to keep the tabernacle of their heart more pure than the tabernacle on the altar. When there was question of flattering the lords and princes of the world, of satisfying their whims and worldly projects, then these pastors were pictures of far-seeing, energetic activity. At the same time the King of heaven and earth lay like Lazarus at their doors, and longed for the crumbs of love which no one would give Him. Nothing had He at all but the wounds we had struck Him, and the sores licked by the dogs, i. e. by backsliding sinners who return like dogs to their vomit.

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Though I were to go on for a year, I could not tell all I saw, the various sufferings thus inflicted upon Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. I saw all these offenders crowding in upon our Savior and striking Him down, each with a weapon that corresponded to his own particular guilt. Century after century drove in its crowds of irreverent sacristans, of careless and sinful priests, of lukewarm and unworthy communicants. Countless were those for whom the fountain of all blessing, the mystery of the Living God, was become nothing more than a word wherewith to curse and vent their rage. With them came warriors and devil worshipers, who defiled the holy vessels, scattered the sacred Hosts on the ground, maltreated them abominably, or even profaned them sacrilegiously by hellish idolatry.

More Refined Impiety.

Side by side with these grosser forms of maltreatment I saw countless shapes of a more refined impiety—more refined but equally abominable. Bad example and faithless teaching drove many souls away from belief in His presence, from adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. Among these crowds was a great multitude of sinful teachers who had become heretics. At war with one another at first, they began to rage in common against Jesus in the Sacrament of His Church. I saw there many apostates, heads of heretical churches, reject with scorn the priesthood of the Church, dispute and deny away the presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, and thus tear away from His Heart countless souls for whom He had shed

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His blood, for whose sake He had given this Mystery to the safe keeping of His Church, for whom she had guarded It so faithfully.

O God, the sight was terrible! The Church is the very Body of Jesus. His bitter Passion had woven all her scattered members together. And all those parishes or families, and all their descendents—I saw them torn from Him as so many pieces of His living, bleeding Body! O God, how melting the sight when He turned to gaze upon them and weep over them. He who had reached the Eucharistic Food out across boundless space even to the outermost members of mankind, and had thus drawn them together to form the one Body which is His Church and His Bride—He had to behold this Body torn asunder and its scattered limbs bringing forth the evil fruits of the tree of schism. His supreme, eternal work of love, meant by Him to be the banquet table of reunion, was turned by false teachers into a landmark of disunion. And where alone 'twas right and salutary for the many to become one, around the table whereon lay as Food the Living God Himself, just there His children had to part from unbelievers and heretics lest they become guilty of their neighbor's sin. And thus I saw whole peoples torn away from His loving Heart, and losing all share in the treasures of His Church.

Terror Would Cleave Thy Heart Asunder.

'Twas terrible to behold how the first few who tore themselves away were on their return grown into whole peoples. Disagreed in what is holiest, they at

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first stood marshalled against one another like opposing armies. But at length they united. All the separated children of the Church, grown wild and savage in unbelief, superstition, heresy, pride and false wisdom—all these combined into great armies and began to storm and rage against the Church, while the serpent in their midst throttled them and urged them on. O God, it seemed as if Jesus saw and felt Himself being torn into countless tiny shreds. He felt in Himself the full power of the poisoned tree of separation, with all its branches and fruits—the tree that is to go on cleaving and dividing till the consummation of the world, when the wheat shall be gathered into the barns and the chaff be cast into the fire. What I had seen was so horrible that my Heavenly Bridegroom appeared to me, laid His hand on my bread, and said: "No one has yet seen all this, and terror would cleave thy heart asunder, did I not hold it together."

And now I saw blood trickling in heavy, dark drops down the pale face of my Savior, saw His hair, usually smooth and well-parted, now clogged with blood, tangled and dishevelled, saw His beard bloody and tousled. 'Twas after the last vision, after the fearful laceration by those armed multitudes, that like one fleeing He came forth from the cave and went again to His disciples. But His gait was not steady. He moved like one who is wounded and weighed down by a heavy load, who hesitates and seems every moment ready to fall.

When He reached the three Apostles, He did not find them, as He did the first time, lying on their

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sides in a sleeping position. They sat on the ground, their heads muffled and rested on their knees—a position which I often saw people in that country take when in sorrow and in prayer. Sadness and fear and weariness had sunk them in slumber. But when Jesus, trembling and groaning drew nigh them, they opened their eyes. There He stood in the moonlight, His breast fallen in, His face pale and bloody, His hair dishevelled, His figure bending towards them under its weight of sorrow. So unspeakably disfigured was He, and so tired were their eyes, that they did not at first recognize Him. But seeing Him wring His hands, they sprang to their feet, put their arms round Him, and supported Him like loving children. And He spoke in great sadness: Tomorrow He would be put to death. Within an hour He would be taken captive, and dragged into court, would be maltreated, mocked, scourged and cruelly put to death. He likewise begged them to console His Mother. In great sorrow of soul He told all He would have to suffer until the next evening, and besought them to console, not only His Mother but also Mary Magdalen.

He stood thus for some minutes talking to them. They gave no answer. They knew not what to say, so overcome were they with sadness and dismay at His appearance and His words. Yea, they began to think He must be out of His mind. When He tried to go back to the cave He could not walk, and I saw John and James lead Him there. When He reentered the cave they returned to Peter. It was about a quarter past eleven.

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Anguish of Our Blessed Lady.

During the Agony of Our Savior I saw also His Blessed Mother suffer deep anguish in the house of Mary of Mark. She was in a garden near the house, and with her were Mary of Mark and Magdalen. She was cowered down on a slab of stone, where she had sank to her knees and then broken down. Repeatedly her inner vision of the Agony of Jesus made her lose her outward senses. She had sent out messengers to get news of Him, but her anguish would not let her await their return, so with Magdalen and Salome she went out into the Valley of Josaphat. Her face was veiled. Often she held out her hands towards Mount Olivet. In Spirit she saw Jesus sweating blood and she seemed to be trying to wipe and dry His face. And I saw how this powerful movement of her soul reached even to her Son, and how Jesus was moved in remembering her, and looked towards her as if seeking for help. I saw this mutual sympathy in the form of rays of light, which they sent back and forth to each other. On Magdalen He thought also. He felt her sorrow, and looked over to her, and felt touched by her compassion. Hence it was that He had commanded the Apostles to console her too. For He knew that, after the love of His Mother, none had such great love for Him as Magdalen. And He had seen what she was still to suffer for Him, and that till her death she would never again offend Him.

At this time, about a quarter past eleven, the eight Apostles were again in the garden-house of Gethsemani. They spoke for a while, then fell to

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sleep again. The heavy trial had struck them with fear and consternation. Each had been looking for a place of refuge. All were thinking: "What shall we do if He is put to death? We have left all that we had, and are now poor and a byword to the world. We threw ourselves entirely on His power, and behold He is become so weak and broken that He can give us no consolation." The other disciples had wandered here and there for a while. After obtaining many bits of information regarding the latest movements of Jesus, they had nearly all retired to Bethphage. Again I saw Jesus praying in the cave. He was still struggling with human repugnance for suffering. He was growing weary and dejected. "My Father," so He prayed, "if it be Thy will, take this chalice from Me. Nevertheless not My will but Thine be done."

A Vision of Indescribable Beauty.

But now the deep opened up beneath Him, and along a path of light He gazed many steps downwards into Limbo. There He saw Adam and Eve, all the patriarchs, prophets, and just men of the Old Law, His Mother's parents—and John the Baptist—all waiting so longingly for His coming that His loving Heart found new strength and courage in the vision. Unto these drooping captives His death was to open Heaven. He Himself was to lead them forth from their prison of expectation.

When Jesus had gazed for a while with deep inner feeling upon these Old Testament heirs of Heaven, the pointing angels went on to show Him the

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future multitudes of the Blessed. He saw them fight their battles in the power of His merits, and by Him attain to union with the Heavenly Father. This was a vision of indescribable beauty and consolation. There they were marching along under His eyes, each in his own rank, each with his own dignity, each clothed with his own deeds and sorrows. In them He saw the innermost, inexhaustible salvation and sanctification of the redeeming death that was awaiting Him. The Apostles marched by Him, the disciples, the virgins and holy women, all the martyrs, hermits and confessors, all holy priests and bishops, the companies of monks and nuns, in a word, all the countless hosts of the Blessed. All were decked out with garlands of victory—garlands woven from their own sufferings and triumphs. And all the flowers in these garlands, so different one from another in shape, color, scent, and power, grew naturally out of the many different sufferings, battles and victories wherein they had won their title to glory. All that they were, their life and their work, the dignity and impressiveness of their victories, the many-colored glory of their triumphs—all flowed from their union with the merits of Jesus Christ.

To see all these Blessed Ones, acting and reaching upon one another, floating now above now below one another, and all drinking from one single fountain, from the Most Holy Sacrament of the Passion of Our Lord—this was a spectacle most wonderfully beautiful and touching. There was nothing accidental or out of place. Act and omission, martyrdom and crown, appearance and garb, all woven into

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one web of infinite harmony and unity. And this wonderful unity in variety arose from the manifold colored rays of one single sun, the Passion of Our Lord, the Incarnate Word, in whom was the Life that was the Light of men, the Light that shone in the darkness and the darkness did not comprehend it.

'Twas the Communion of Saints that was passing in vision before the soul of Our Savior. He stood between the patient longing of the Old Testament and the triumphant fulfillment of the New, while the patriarchs of the former and the saints of the latter united to form one complete circle of triumph round the loving Heart of their Redeemer. A spectacle of such surpassing tenderness refreshed and strengthened in some measure the all-suffering soul of Our Lord. O God, how he loved His brothers, His creatures! Willingly He would have borne all His sufferings even for one of them. I saw these visions floating above the earth as they referred to the future.

Vision of His Passion.

But now these visions of consolation disappeared, and representations of His Passion took their place. These latter the pointing angels let glide along close to the ground, as they referred to what was immediately at hand. Many were the angels engaged in this task. The visions were quite close to Him, and I saw them clearly, from the kiss of Judas to His last word on the cross, I saw everything over again, everything I am accustomed to see in my contemplations of the Passion: The treason of Judas, the flight of the

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Apostles, the derision of Annas and Caiphas, the denial of Peter, the judgment of Pilate, the mockery of Herod, the scourging and crowning with thorns, the sentence of death, the falls under the cross, the meeting with Our Blessed Lady, her collapse and swoon, the insults heaped by the executioners upon her, the veil of Veronica, the cruel nailing to the cross, the elevation of the cross, the revilings of the Pharisees, the sorrows of Magdalen and John, and the opening of His side. In a word everything, every detail of His Passion stood there clearly and distinctly before His soul. All the gestures, all the feeling, all the words of His torturers—I saw and heard Him see and hear them all. He accepted them all, submitted to them all, out of love for man.

What pained Him most was the shameful exposure on the cross to atone for the sins of men against chastity. He begged not to be exposed entirely, to have at least a loin-cloth. And I saw that, not by His crucifiers, but by some good men, His request would be granted.

He further saw and felt what sorrow His Mother was now suffering in the Valley of Josaphat, where out of commiseration for Him she lay unconscious in the arms of the two holy women who accompanied her.

When the long vision was over Jesus sank down upon His face like one dying. The angels and the visions disappeared. The sweat of blood burst from Him more violently than before. I saw it oozing through His yellow-tinged garment wherever it lay close to His Body. 'Twas now dark in the cave.

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Jesus is Supernaturally Strengthened.

I now saw an angel floating down to Jesus. He was larger than the angels who had been there before, had a more definite form, and seemed in figure more like a man. He was robed like a priest, in a long, floating garment, ornamented with tassels. He carried in His hands before His breast a little vessel, in form like the chalice of the Last Supper. But in the mouth of the chalice there hung a small, thin, red-shining morsel, oblong in shape and about as large as a bean. Floating downwards the angel extended his right hand to help Jesus rise, then put the shining morsel into His mouth and let Him drink out of the chalice of light. Thereupon he disappeared.

Jesus had freely accepted the chalice of suffering and now felt new strength. He remained some moments longer in the cave, absorbed in silent thanksgiving. He was still sad, but so strengthened supernaturally that He could walk towards His disciples with steady step, without any sign of fear or perturbation. His face was still worn and pale, but His gait was upright and determined. With a handkerchief He had wiped His face and smoothed His hair. The latter was still damp with the blood and sweat of His Agony, and hung down tangled and twisted.

When He came forth from the cave I saw that the moon had the same peculiar spot and circle as before, but that neither it nor the stars were shining with the same light as during the anguish of Our Lord. Their light was now more natural.

When Jesus came to His disciples, He found

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them, as He had found them the first time, alongside the terraced wall asleep, lying on their sides and with their heads muffled. Our Lord said to them that now was no time to sleep. Let them rise up and pray, "for behold, the hour is at hand, and the Son of Man will be delivered into the hands of sinners. Arise, let us go. Behold, he that will betray Me is at hand. Oh, it were better for him he had never been born!" The Apostles, sprang to their feet and looked around in terror. But scarcely had they grown fully conscious when Peter's impetuosity broke out: "Master, let me call the others and we will defend you." Jesus pointed out across the valley, where at some distance, still beyond the brook Cedron, a torch-bearing company of armed men were approaching. One of those, He said, had betrayed Him. They however thought this impossible. Quiet and self-possessed He went on talking to them. Once more He enjoined them to console His Mother, and then said: "Let us go to meet them. I will not make any resistance, but will deliver Myself into the hands of My enemies." To meet the bailiffs He stepped out of the Garden of Olives, into the road that divides the Garden of Olives from the Garden of Gethsemani.

Our Blessed Lady was in the Valley of Josaphat and had swooned in the arms of Magdalen and Salome. When she came to herself, some disciples, who had seen the on-coming crowd of soldiers, came up to them and led them back to the house of Mary of Mark. The band of enemies were approaching by a shorter way than that taken by Jesus from the Supper Room.

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The cave where Jesus had been today was not His usual spot for prayer. He usually went to a more distant cavern of the mountain. 'Twas here that, leaning upon a rock and with outstretched arms, He had prayed with such sorrow on the day when He cursed the fig-tree. The marks of His figure and His hands remained ingraved into the rock. They became objects of devotion later, though it was no longer clearly known on what occasion they arose. I have often seen indented into rocks these impressions from the bodies of holy persons: Of the prophets in the Old Testament, of Jesus, of Mary, of some of the Apostles, of St. Catherine of Alexandria (on Mount Sinai), and of some other saints. These indentures are not deep, but blunt and dull, like those made by pressing down on a firm mass of dough.

The outcome of the treason of Judas was something else than he had anticipated. He wanted to obtain the reward of his treason, to gain the good-will of the Pharisees by handing Jesus over to them. He had never thought of Jesus being condemned and crucified. That did not enter into his plans at all. His only thought was the money. For a long time he had been in feeling with some sneaking and prying Pharisees and Sadducees, whose flatteries drew him on to treason. He was tired of the weary, wandering, persecuted life he had to lead with Jesus.

For some months pad he had been paving the way for his crime by repeatedly dealing what was meant for the poor. His avarice had been probed to the quick by Magdalene's liberality in anointing Jesus, and he was now ready for the word. His hope had

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ever been an earthly kingdom for Jesus, and a lucrative and brilliant position in it for himself. As such a kingdom was not forthcoming, he began to gather a fortune of his own. He saw how difficulties and persecutions were constantly growing, and thought it advisable to be on good terms with Our Lord's powerful enemies before the end should come. Jesus was not likely to become king. The high priests and other men of rank connected with the Temple loomed up large before his eyes, and so he drifted more and more into the meshes laid by their agents. The latter flattered him to the top of his bent. They said to him with great confidence: "At all events 'twill soon be over with Jesus." These lad days in Bethania they had been at him, and so he was sinking ever deeper into ruin. He was running his very heels off for a final arrangement with the high priests. But they held back and treated him with deliberate contempt. Before the festival, they said, time would be too short. They did not want disturbance and tumult on the feast-day itself. The Sanhedrin alone showed any inclination for the proposal of Judas.

After his unworthy communion Satan took possession of him entirely, and so he went to do the thing of abomination. He first sought out the agents who had constantly flattered him, and who now, welcomed him again with hypocritical friendliness. Other men came in, among them Caiphas and Annas, but the latter treated him with contempt and insolence. They were in a hesitating mood, were not confident of the outcome, and seemed to distrust Judas.

I saw the kingdom of Hell as if divided against

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itself. On the one hand Satan desired to load the Jews with crime through the death of the most innocent of men. He further desired the death of Jesus, because he hated the Converter of Sinners, the Holy Teacher, the Healing One, the Just One. On the other hand he shrank back in fear from the murder of one so guiltless, of one who made no attempt to flee or to save Himself. He was envious of one who was so ready to suffer without being guilty. And thus, while he kept on fanning the hatred and rage of the enemies of Jesus who were gathered round the traitor, he at the same time excited others with the thought that Judas was a rascal and felon; that before the festival it was impossible to get the case into court, or to bring forward a sufficient number of witnesses against Jesus.

Those assembled continued to defend their contradictory opinions on what course to take. Among the questions put to Judas was this: "Are we able to capture Him? Hasn't He armed men around Him?" And the abominable traitor replied: "No, He is alone with His eleven disciples. His courage has broken down completely and His disciples are all cowards." He went on to say that they must capture Jesus today or never. He himself was not going to return to Jesus, so he would not again be able to betray Him into their hands. For some days already the disciples and even Jesus Himself had been making illusions to his thoughts of treason. Today things had come to a crisis. They knew the plans he was pursuing, and would surely murder him if he returned to them. He added that if they did not capture Jesus now, He

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would escape, return with an army of followers, and let Himself be crowned King.

These threats finally won the day for Judas. His proposal was accepted. Jesus was to be captured by a band under his guidance. He received the thirty coins, the price of his treason. Each of these coins was a thin plate of silver, in shape like a tongue, with a hole through the semi-circular tip. In each of these holes there was fastened a ring, and running through all these rings was a kind of chain, which served to bind the thirty pieces into one. Some kind of signs had been hammered into these silver plates.

Judas had begun to wince under the repeated manifestations of contempt and mistrust on the part of his employers. Pride and boastfulness led him to play the disinterested man by offering them the money he had just received as a sacrifice for the Temple. But they refused it on the plea that the price of blood was unfit for the holy place. Judas felt the bitter contempt behind this plea, and was filled with rage. Such treatment he had not expected. He was reaping the fruits of his treason before it was entirely accomplished. But He was now in their hands. He had entangled himself in their meshes and could no longer unwind himself from their grasp. They watched him sharply, and kept him under their eyes till he had fully unfolded his plan for capturing Jesus. This done, three Pharisees went down with him to the hall of the Temple-soldiers. The latter were promiscuous in character, not all Jews. When everything was arranged, and a suitable number of soldiers assembled, Judas hurried away to the Supper Room to see if Jesus

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was still there. If so they could easily take possession of the doors and secure their captive. He was accompanied by a servant of the Pharisees, who was to bring back word to his masters.

The Wood of Christ's Cross.

Some time before this, just after Judas received his treason-money, some one had gone down into the city and given orders to seven slaves to go and get wood and make a cross. It would thus be ready for Christ as soon as He was condemned. There would not be enough time on the morrow, as the Pasch was too near. The slaves had to go about a mile to get wood for the cross. On the same spot—it was a building-yard—there lay by the side of a long, high wall, a great deal more wood, all intended for use in constructing or repairing the Temple. The slaves carried their wood to a spot behind Pilates court and began to get it in shape. The trunk of the cross had formerly, when still a living tree, stood in the Valley of Josaphat, on the brook of Cedron, had later fallen down and across, and thus formed a bridge.

When Nehemias concealed the holy fire and the sacred vessels in the pool of Bethsaida, this tree-trunk had been thrown aside on a heap of patch-wood. Partly in order to mock Jesus as King, partly from apparent chance, but yet according to God's plans, the cross was prepared in a peculiar manner. Counting the inscription, it consisted of five different kinds of wood. I saw many other details in the construction of the cross, and knew what they meant—but I have forgotten everything except what I have here told.

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On his return Judas said that Jesus was no longer in the Supper Room, but must by this time surely be at His usual place for prayer on Mount Olivet. He now insisted that they let only a small band go with him. Otherwise the disciples, everywhere on the watch, would notice what was going on and arouse the people. But three hundred men ought to occupy the gates and streets of Ophel, that part of town which lay south of the Temple, and also the valley called Millo as far as the house of Annas on Sion. These men would thus be in a position to come to the aid of the returning band if the latter should call on them. For the rabble in Ophel were all followers of Jesus. The wretched traitor likewise warned them to be very careful not to let Jesus escape. He told them of the many occasions in the mountains, on which Jesus had hidden powers to make Himself invisible and thus escape from His companions. Judas proposed that they bind Him with a chain and employ magic arts to keep Him from breaking His bonds. The Jews treated this proposal with contempt. "Keep your old wives' tales for yourself," they said. "We will see to it that He is held fast when we once have Him."

*The Vile Arrangements Made by Judas.*

Judas agreed with the band that he was to go ahead of them into the garden. He would kiss Jesus, and greet Him as would a friend and disciple returning from some business. Then the soldiers were to press forwards and take Jesus captive. Judas himself would ad as if the soldiers had come to the spot by accident,

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and would flee like the other disciples. He also thought that possibly there would be some hubbub and confusion, that the Apostles might show resistance, and Jesus glide out of the hands of His enemies as He had on so many former occasions. From time to time, whenever he felt somewhat more keenly the contempt and mistrust of the enemies of Jesus, he hoped it would come thus. Not that he was sorry for his deed, or touched by the thought of Jesus. He had given himself entirely over to Satan.

He was not willing that those behind him should carry bonds or cords, or that there should be any vulgar hangmen in his band at all. Seemingly he had his way, but in reality his employers treated him as an infamous traitor, one who is not to be trusted who is to be thrown aside when he has acted his part. They gave the soldiers special orders to keep their eyes on Judas, not to let him escape till they had bound Jesus. He had already received his hire, they said, and there was reason to fear that the scoundrel would make off with his money. In that case they would not be able to capture Jesus at all, or would take someone else instead of Him, and thus the whole affair would only result in disturbances and tumults on the Pasch.

The Soldiers.

The band sent out to capture Jesus consisted of twenty soldiers. They were dressed almost like Roman soldiers. They wore spiked helmets, and had leather thongs hanging down from their jackets. Their beard was what chiefly distinguished them from the Roman soldiers in Jerusalem. The latter wore

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side-whiskers; but shaved the chin and upper lip clean. All of the twenty were armed with swords, some of them also with spears or staves. They carried torches of pitch and pans of kindling fire, but had lighted only one of the latter when they arrived. It had been intended to send a larger band along with Judas, but the latter's objection to this had prevailed. The view from Mount Olivet, he said, commanded the whole valley, and a larger band would easily draw attention. So the greater number stayed back in Ophel. Elsewhere too in the town and in the byways outside, body-guards were stationed in order to neutralize any attempts at rescue.

Judas marched on with the twenty soldiers. But orders were given for four vulgar bailiffs, common hangmen, to follow at some distance with cords and bonds. And some paces behind these came the six agents with whom Judas had so long been having dealings. Two of these were priests of rank, one having the confidence of Annas, the other that of Caiphas. Two were Pharisees, and the remaining two were Sadducees and at the same time Herodians. All of them were lurking, eaves-dropping, dust-crouching men-pleasers, sworn to the service of Annas and Caiphas and in secret the most bitter enemies of our Savior. The twenty soldiers went forward with Judas quite securely until they reached the road that runs in between the two gardens, one in Gethsemani, the other on Mount Olivet. From here on they would not let him go forward alone, assumed towards him quite a different tone than before, and became quarrelsome and insolent

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Our Lord Made Captive.

When Jesus and the three Apostles stepped out on the road between the two gardens, they saw Judas and his band at the entrance into this road, about twenty paces distant. Judas was quarrelling with the soldiers. He wanted to separate from them and go in to Jesus by himself, as if he were still a friend. The soldiers would then seem to have come to the spot without his knowledge. But they held him fast, saying: "Not so fast, comrade, you don't get rid of us till we have the Galilean." By this time the eight Apostles, aroused by the noise, were advancing out of the Garden of Gethsemani. The soldiers observed this, and in order to strengthen their force, called forward the four jailers who were following behind. Judas however did not wish to have these at all and protested with great excitement. When Jesus and the three Apostles saw the armed band quarreling in the torch-light, Peter was for setting on them with violence. "Master," said he, "there are the Eleven there ahead of us, let us fall on the soldiers." Jesus told him to remain quiet, and stepped back with them some paces across the road to a grass-plot.

Judas saw his anticipations thwarted, and was filled with rage and malice. Four disciples had emerged from the Garden of Gethsemani and asked him what all this meant. He began to bandy words with them, and tried to lie himself out of his predicament, but the guards would not let him go. These four disciples were James the Less, Philip, Thomas and Nathanael. The latter and one of the sons of old

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Simeon, and several other disciples, had all gathered round the eight Apostles in the Garden of Gethsemani, some sent there as messengers by the friends of Jesus, some driven by their own fear and curiosity. Excepting these four, the other disciples were at a distance, hovering round the spot to see the end.

"Whom Seek Ye?"

Jesus now advanced some spaces towards the band, and said loudly and clearly: "Whom seek ye?" The leaders answered: "Jesus of Nazareth." Jesus answered: "I am He." Scarcely was the word said when they seemed to be seized with cramps, reeled backwards one against the other, and fell to the ground. This made Judas, still standing near them, more bewildered than ever. He seemed to have a desire to get near Jesus. But Our Lord raised His hand and said: "Friend, whereunto art thou come?" In consternation Judas said something about having finished his business. Jesus spoke some such words as these: "Oh, better were it for thee never to have been born!" But I cannot now recall the words distinctly.

In the meanwhile the soldiers had risen from the ground, and gone forwards towards Jesus and His companions. They were waiting for the traitor to give the sign by kissing Our Savior, but Peter and the other disciples pressed in round Judas and called him thief and traitor. He tried to get out of their grasp, but did not succeed, because the soldiers endeavored to protect him and thereby bore witness against him.

Jesus said once more: "Whom seek ye?" They turned to Him and again replied: "Jesus of Nazareth!"

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Then He said: "I am He. I told you already that I am He. If you are seeking Me, let them go." At the Word: "I am He," the soldiers fell down again, twisted all out of shape, like men with epilepsy, while Judas was again hard pressed by the other Apostles, all extremely embittered against him. Jesus now said to the soldiers: "Arise." They arose, but were filled with terror. Judas was still altercationing with the disciples, and the latter began to press against the soldiers. So the soldiers turned against the disciples, and enabled Judas to get free. Then they drove him by threats to give them the sign they had agreed upon. For they had been ordered to seize no one but him whom Judas would kiss.

"Judas, Dost Thou Betray the Son of Man with a Kiss?"

So Judas now went up to Jesus, embraced Him, and kissed Him, saying: "Hail, Rabbi." Jesus said: "Judas, dost thou betray the Son of Man with a kiss?" The soldiers now formed a circle around Jesus, and the jailers approached and laid hands on Him. Judas now tried to flee, but the Apostles held him fast, pressed in upon the soldiers, and cried out: "Master, shall we strike with the sword?" Peter, more eager than the others, drew his sword and made a pass at Malchus, the servant of the high priest, who was trying to drive the Apostles back. The blow took off a piece of the servant's ear, and knocked him to the ground, whereupon the confusion grew still greater.

At the moment when Peter struck this zealous

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blow circumstances were as follows. Jesus was just being laid hold of by the jailers who were going to bind Him. A little farther away the soldiers likewise stood round Him in a circle, and with them Malchus, till Peter struck him down. Some of the soldiers were engaged in repelling and pursuing the disciples, who again and again would come near and then flee away. Four of the disciples, however, were roving about, and appeared now and then in the distance. The soldiers did not press the pursuit very strongly, as their falls had made them timid, and they did not dare weaken too much the circle around Jesus. Judas tried to escape right after giving the kiss of treason, but some disciples who stood at a distance stopped him and overwhelmed him with reproaches. But just at this moment the six officers appeared on the scene and released Judas. The four hangmen round Jesus were busy with their cords and bonds. They were holding Our Lord and just on the point of binding Him.

Jesus Heals The Ear of Malchus.

Such was the situation just after Peter had struck down Malchus. At the same moment Jesus said: "Peter, put up thy sword. He that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword. Or dost thou think that I cannot ask My Father and He will give Me presently more than twelve legions of angels? Shall I not drink the chalice which My Father has given Me? How shall the scriptures be fulfilled that so it must be done?" He continued: "Let Me heal the man." He came up to Malchus, touched his ear, prayed,

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and the ear was whole. But the guard around Him, the jailers, and the six officers mocked Him, saying: "He has dealings with the devil. 'Twas witchcraft made the ear seem injured, and witchcraft has again made it whole."

Then Jesus said to them: "You are come with spears and clubs to capture Me, as if I were a murderer. I taught daily among you in the Temple, and you dared not lay hand on Me. But this is your hour and the power of darkness." But they ordered Him to be bound, and mocked Him, saying: "Ha! You were not able to cast us down with your magic." Similar words were spoken by the jailers: "We will teach you to forget your tricks," etc. Jesus said something more in reply, but I no longer know what it was. The disciples were now fleeing in every direction. The four jailers and six officers had neither fallen to the ground nor, consequently, risen to their feet again. The reason for this was revealed to me. They were in the bonds of Satan, just like Judas, who did not fall either, although he was standing with the soldiers. But those who had fallen and risen again were afterwards converted and became Christians. The falling and rising was the symbol of their conversion. Neither did these soldiers lay hand on Jesus, they merely surrounded Him. Malchus was so changed on being healed that he went on doing his duty as soldier only for the sake of order. In the hours that followed he ran as messenger back and forth to Mary and other friends, bringing them news of all that happened.

While the Pharisees kept up a running fire of insolence and mockery, the jailers proceeded to bind

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Jesus. Barbarous brutality marked their actions. They were pagans of the most degraded kind. Their legs, arms and neck were bare. They wore loincloths and jackets, the latter short and sleeveless, and held together at the sides with straps. They were small, strong, very nimble, somewhat brown and fox-like in color, reminding me of Egyptian slaves.

They bound Our Lord's hands before His breast in a cruel manner. His right wrist was brought under His left elbow, His left wrist under His right elbow, and both twisted mercilessly to their places with new sharp-cutting cords. They tied a broad belt with sharp points round His waist. To this belt were attached rings of willowbark, and to these rings His hands, already bound, were once more tied. Round His neck they put a band with sharp prongs, and from this band there ran down over His breast two straps like the two ends of a stole. These straps were stretched so tight as to leave no playroom at all, and were tied at their lower ends to the belt. At four different points on this belt they attached four long ropes which enabled them to drag Our Lord cruelly back and forth as they pleased. All these cords and bonds were entirely new, and preparations for this special purpose seem to have been under way ever since the plan to capture Jesus had been under deliberation.

Several more torches were now lighted, and the cruel procession set forwards. The van was formed by ten guards, next came the jailers, hauling Jesus with their ropes, then the mocking Pharisees, while the other ten soldiers brought up the rear. Loud

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lamenting, and almost out of their senses, the disciples hovered here and there at a distance. John was somewhat closer, in behind the rear guard, and the Pharisees ordered the soldiers to seize that man.

So some of them turned round and rushed at him. He fled, and as they grasped the kerchief round his neck, he let it go and escaped. He had laid his cloak aside, and tucked up his sleeveless undergarment in order to flee the more easily. But round his neck, head and arms he had wound that narrow strip of cloth which the Jews were accustomed to wear.

The jailers maltreated Jesus most cruelly, jerked Him back and forth, and let Him feel the full measure of their wantonness and malice. Their chief motive in acting thus was human respect, a cringing desire to please the six officers whom they knew to be filled with hatred and rage against Jesus. The road itself was rough and unpleasant, and they sought out the worst spots, rocks and mud and clods. For themselves they found good stepping-ground. They kept the ropes drawn tight, and so Jesus had to go just where they dragged Him. In their hands they had knotted cords, wherewith they urged Him on like a butcher driving cattle to slaughter, all amid such vile mockery as 'twould be revolting to repeat

Jesus was barefooted. Over the ordinary inner clothing He wore a shirt-like garment woven of wool, and over that a kind of cloak. Under their clothing the disciples, like all Jews, wore a scapular. It consisted of two pieces of cloth, stretched over the shoulders and hanging down over the back and breast, tied together with straps behind the shoulders but

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open at the sides. Around the waist they wore a girdle from which hung down four pieces of cloth that were bound together and served as underclothing. I have yet to mention that I saw no warrant or document shown to Our Lord before He was taken. His captors treated Him as free game, as one outside the pale of law.

Jesus is Pushed Off the Bridge into the Brook.

The procession went rapidly forwards. On leaving the road between the two gardens it turned to the right along the west side of the Garden of Gethsemani. A short distance brought them to a bridge over the brook Cedron. 'Twas not by this bridge that Jesus had reached the Garden of Olives. He had followed a roundabout way through the Valley of Josaphat, and crossed the Cedron by a bridge more to the south. The bridge He was led over now was very long, as it not merely spanned the Cedron, which at this spot flowed in more closely to Mount Olivet, but also reached on some distance across the uneven elevations of the valley, forming a gone road suitable for vehicles. Even before the procession reached the bridge I saw Jesus fall twice to the ground, as a result of merciless pulling and dragging on the part of the jailers. The nearer they came to the middle of the bridge, the more mercilessly did they exercise their knavery on him. Finally, at a spot where the footway was more than a man's height above the water, they thrust the poor Captive from the bridge into the brook, still holding Him by the long

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ropes, railing at Him and telling Him now to drink His full.

Only Divine assistance prevented Him from suffering deadly injury. He alighted on His knees, and fell forwards on His face, which the hard stony streambed, but slightly covered with water, would have seriously wounded, had He not thrown His tied and twisted hands forwards to save it. His hands were free from the belt, loosened I know not how, whether by Divine aid or by a previous aid of the jailers. The forms of His knees, feet, elbows and fingers were by God's will impressed into the stony ground and became in later times objects of reverence. People in general no longer believe in such things, but I have often seen in vision these impressions in stone made by the feet of patriarchs and prophets, of Jesus, of Our Blessed Lady, and of some other saints. The rocks were not as hard and unbelieving as the hearts of men, and in tremendous moments gave testimony that the truth makes impressions upon them.

Though Jesus felt a violent thirst after His Agony in the garden I had not seen Him take any kind of liquid. But now I saw Him with difficulty drink from the stream where He had been thrown, and heard Him speak of the fulfillment of a prophetic psalm verse that related to His drinking from a brook by the wayside. (Ps. 109, v. 7.)

The jailers on the bridge never let go their hold on the ropes. As it was too much labor for them to draw Him out again, and a wall on the other side hindered them from letting Him wade through the stream, they proceeded to jerk Him back through the

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Cedron, descended to the edge, and dragged Him backwards out of the brook and up along its high bank. And now the merciless wretches began again to drive the poor Sufferer across the bridge, dragging and jerking at His ropes, pushing Him, striking Him, mocking Him, cursing Him. His long woolen garment, weighed down with water, lay heavily on His limbs. He was hardly able to move at all, and at the other side of the bridge fell once more to the ground. They jerked Him again to His feet amid a shower of blows, and tucked up His wet garment at His belt amid a running fire of the vilest jests and mockeries. They made a jest about girding the loins for the Paschal lamb, and others similar in nature.

'Twas not yet midnight when I saw Jesus and the four jailers on the other side of the Cedron. The road was badly torn and rent, with but little walking space, afforded by footpaths that ran along, now higher, now lower, at the side. Over this road, over its sharp stones and remnants of rock, over its thorns and thistles, Jesus was mercilessly dragged along by His cursing and striking captors. The six wicked officials stayed near Him wherever the road permitted. Each of them had a sort of goad in his hand, and used it to shove Our Savior, to prick Him, or to strike Him. Whenever with His bare and bleeding feet Jesus was dragged by the jailers over spots particularly noticeable for sharp stones or for nettles and thorns, His loving Heart was still more deeply wounded by the jeers and taunts of the six Pharisees. "Here at least His forerunner, John the Baptist has prepared no very good way for Him." "The word of Malachy: I

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send My angel before Thy face to prepare Thy way', doesn't hold good here." "Why doesn't He raise John from the dead to prepare His way before Him?" The officials encouraged one another in these gibes and taunts by insolent laughter. And every fresh jeer they brought out was but another signal for renewed ill-treatment of poor Jesus by the jailers.

When in this manner they had driven Our Lord along for some time, they noticed several persons hovering at some distance round the line of march. These were disciples, who on the report that Jesus was being led away captive had gathered in from Bethphage and other places of refuge in order to observe cautiously what would happen to their Master. Our Lord's captors now became uneasy lest they be fallen upon and their Captive taken from them. So they began to shout out signals in the direction of Ophel, in order to summon to their aid the reenforcement that was waiting them there.

The procession was still some minutes distance from the gate, which is south of the Temple and leads through the suburb called Ophel to Mount Sion, where Annas and Caiphas lived, when I saw a company of fifty soldiers coming forth as reenforcement. They were divided into three bands. In the first band I counted ten, in the last fifteen, so there were twenty-five in the third. They carried several torches. They were very insolent and malicious, and filled the air with shouting and acclamations to announce their coming and to applaud the captors of Jesus to their victory. They approached with great ado and hubbub. While the foremost band was mingling with the

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body that guarded Jesus, I saw Malchus and several others in the rear take advantage of the maneuver to escape secretly in the direction of Mount Olivet.

Our Blessed Lady and the Holy Women.

On seeing these torch-lighted, huzza-shouting bands hastening from Ophel to aid the on-coming procession, the hovering disciples scattered in different directions. But I saw that anguish had once more driven Our Blessed Lady out into the Valley of Josaphat With her were nine holy women: Martha, Magdalene, Mary of Cleophas, Mary of Salome, Mary of Mark, Susanna, Joanna of Chusa, Veronica, and Salome. They were stationed south of Gethsemani opposite that grotto on Mount Olivet where Jesus usually went to pray. With them I saw Lazarus, John of Mark, the son of Veronica, and the son of Simeon. The latter had been, along with Nathanael, in the company of the eight Apostles in Gethsemani, and had made his way out straight through the tumult. They had told their news to the holy women, and now all heard the shouts and saw the torches of the combining bands of soldiers. Our Blessed Lady lost outward consciousness and sank helpless into the arms of the holy women around her. The latter drew back with her a little way, intending to bring her again to the house of Mary of Mark as soon as the noisy marauders would go by.

The fifty soldiers had been ordered forth out of a division of three hundred men which had suddenly

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marched into Ophel and occupied the gates and the streets of the suburb and its environs. The traitor Judas had reminded the high priests that the inhabitants of Ophel, chiefly day-laborers, wood-cutters, and water-carriers of the Temple, were the most violent followers of Jesus, and might easily attempt to release Him when passing through their midst. The traitor knew full well that many of these poor workmen had received from Jesus instruction, and alms, and health, and consolation.

Here, too, in Ophel it was where Jesus on His road from Bethania to Hebron in order to console the friends of John the Baptist who had been murdered in Machaerus—here it was He had stopped for a while and had healed so many hod-carriers and other poor day-laborers who had been injured in the collapse of the great tower of Siloe. After the descent of the Holy Ghost most of these people joined the early Christian community. When the Christians began to draw apart from the Jews, Ophel was extended by new settlements till finally its huts and tents reached straight across the valley as far as Mount Olivet. Here too it was that Stephen found the right opening for his zeal.

The shouts of the invading division of three hundred had awakened the good people of Ophel. They hurried from their houses into the streets and out to the gates, and asked the soldiers the cause of the uproar. But the latter, a mob of degraded and insolent slaves, merely jeered at them and drove them back into their houses. But here and there the people heard these words as explanation: "Jesus, the

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criminal, your false prophet, is being brought in captive. The high priest is going to put a stop to His trade, He will have to climb the cross." Soon therefore, the awakening town filled the night with cries of woe. The poor people, men and women, ran here and there lamenting, or fell upon their knees with outstretched arms, crying aloud to Heaven for mercy, and commemorating the blessings received from Jesus. But the soldiers ceased not to strike them, to press upon them, and force them back on all bands into their houses, cursing Our Savior in the meantime with the words: "Here is evident proof that He is an instigator of the people." Still they did not attempt to restore absolute quiet, fearing that more violent measures would only rouse the people to the extreme of excitement. So they contented themselves with holding the crowds back from the road o'er which the procession was to pass through Ophel.

Meanwhile the cruel gang was bringing our maltreated Savior ever nearer to the gate. Our Lord had fallen repeatedly to the ground, and seemed unable to go farther. This gave a compassionate soldier opportunity to remark: "You see yourselves that the wretched man can't go on like this. If we want to bring Him alive before the high priest, you Will have to loosen the cords on His hands, so He may save Himself when He falls." While the procession halted, and the jailers were loosening His fetters, another compassionate soldier brought Him a drink from a near-by well. He drew the water in a vessel made of bark, a vessel often used here instead of a cup by soldiers and travelers. Jesus spoke a word of

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thanks to this man, and mentioned a saying of the prophets about "quenching thirst with living water" or "streams of living water"—I do not recall distinctly. On hearing this the officials began again to mock and curse Him. They accused Him of boasting and blasphemy. Let Him cease His vain words: He would never again give drink to a beast let alone to a man. But those two men, the one who had caused His bonds to be loosened, and the other who had given Him to drink—I saw them both interiorly illuminated by grace. They were converted even before the death of Jesus and after His death became disciples in the community. I did know their names, and the names they bore later when disciples, and all that concerned them. But the whole story is too long. It is impossible to retain it all.

Compassion Shown by the Poor People of Ophel.

Amid continued ill-treatment the procession again set forward, moving uphill through the gate of Ophel. Here it was received by the heart-rending lamentations of a people still full of gratitude for Jesus. Only by great exertion could the soldiers keep back the in-surgings of men and women. The poor people pressed in on all sides, wringing their hands, and crying out to Our Lord on bended knees and with outstretched arms: "Release this Man and let us have Him! Who else will help us, heal us, console us! Let us have Him!" Oh, 'twas a sight to rend the heart asunder: There was Jesus,

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pale, disfigured, bruised from head to foot, His hair torn and dishevelled, His garments bedraggled and untidily tucked up, He Himself jerked about with ropes, knocked back and forth with clubs, goaded onwards by impudent, half-naked jailers, like some poor half-unconscious animal of sacrifice, dragged by insolent soldiers through surging crowds of thankful people, while they reached out to Him with hands cured by Him from paralysis, prayed to Him with tongues loosed by Him from dumbness, gazed after Him and wept over Him with eyes illumined by Him from blindness.

Already in the valley of the Cedron the soldiers had been joined by a rabble of idle vagabonds. They had been roused by the soldiers shouting, and, encouraged by the adherents of Annas and Caiphas and other enemies of Jesus, had failed in line and helped to swell the stream of mockery and derision. And now they were doing their share of jeering and cursing the good people of Ophel. In shape Ophel is really a hill. Midway through it I saw a spot free of buildings, the highest point in the town. As the procession descended from this point it again passed through a gate in the wall.

The people were not allowed to follow the procession beyond the gate. The procession itself now descended somewhat into the valley. To the right lay some great structure, the remains, I think, of Solomon's building. On the left was the Pool of Bethesda. Onwards they went, always in westerly direction, down along a street in the valley called Millo. Then they turned somewhat to the south, ascended

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some high stairs up to Mount Sion, and marched on to the house of Annas. Along the whole way ill-treatment and mockery never ceased. The vile-minded jailers were repeatedly led to give new proofs of their cruelty by new arrivals from the city who came to swell the ranks of the rabble. From Mount Olivet to where they now were Jesus had fallen several times.

The inhabitants of Ophel were still penetrated with fear and sadness when a new scene again called forth their sympathies. On her way from the valley of the Cedron back to the house of Mary of Mark, which was at the foot of Mount Sion, the Mother of Jesus was led by her holy companions and friends through the streets of Ophel. When the good people recognized her, their feelings once more broke forth in cries and lamentations. So close did the multitude press in around the holy company that Our Blessed Lady was all but carried on their hands.

Mary's pain of soul made her speechless. Arrived at the house of Mary of Mark, she did not open her lips till John came. Then she began to ask questions and to mourn over their answers. He told her all he had seen since Jesus left the Supper Room till now. Sometime later Our Lady was conducted to the west side of the city, to the house of Martha, near the estate of Lazarus. But she was led there by a roundabout way, in order not to afflict her beyond bounds on the streets o'er which Jesus had been led.

Peter and John had followed the procession at a distance. When the latter entered the city they hurried away to some good acquaintances whom

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John had among the servants of the high priests. They hoped to get an opportunity to enter the courtrooms whither their Master was being led. These acquaintances were a class of messengers, who were now engaged in running round the city in order to waken and summon to court a great number of men, and especially the ancients out of many of the different classes. While glad to aid the Apostles, they knew no other way to do so than to give Peter and John messenger cloaks like their own. The Apostles could assist in the task of carrying messages, and the cloaks would then serve to bring them into court among the messengers, soldiers, false witnesses and bribed vagabonds, everyone else being expelled.

Now Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea and other well-disposed persons were members of the Council. So in inviting these the Apostles were inviting friends of their Master, friends whom the Pharisees might purposely not have invited.—Meanwhile Judas, like an insane criminal, the devil at his side, was wandering aimlessly back and forth among the heaps of city refuse piled along the steep hillsides south of Jerusalem.

*Preparations Made by the Enemies of Jesus.*

Annas and Caiphas had been at once informed of the capture of Jesus, and were now most busily occupied in arrangements for His reception. Their halls of justice were illuminated, an approaches provided with guards, and their messengers were scattered through the city to call together the members

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of the Council, the Scribes, and all who were to have any share in the trial. Many of these had already been around Caiphas when Judas set out on his traitorous excursion, and had remained with the high priest to await results. In addition to these, there were summoned the ancients among the citizens of three different classes. Moreover, as the Pharisees, the Sadducees, the Herodians had, in preparation for the Feast, gradually been assembling in Jerusalem, and as there had long been between them and the Sanhedrim an understanding that Jesus was to be taken captive, the high priest had now merely to muster the lists he had of their names, to summon from among them the most violent enemies of Jesus, and to command them, everyone in his own circle, to get together whatever they could of proofs and witnesses and come along to court.

Foremost among these enemies were the Pharisees and Sadducees and other wicked men from Nazareth, Capharnaum, Thirza, Gabara, Jotapata, Siloe and other places. Jesus had so often put them to deepest shame by telling them the truth before all the people that they were all embittered and set on revenge. So they went to their respective encampments to seek out among the pilgrims from their respective cities some low scoundrels who might be won with gold to join in the wild clamor of accusations against Jesus. But none could be found who could bring against Him aught else than open lies, calumnies, and old-time accusations, numberless times already refuted by Him in their synagogues.

All these enemies from places outside of Jerusalem

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were now gradually assembling in the court-room of Caiphas, and with them the Pharisees and Sadducees from Jerusalem itself, the latter also followed by their mob of liars. Among them were many vengeance-seeking dealers whom He had cast out of the Temple; many pompous doctors whom He had silenced before the assembled people; many also, it would seem, who could not forgive Him for putting them to shame so long ago when the twelve-year old Child first taught in that holy place. Further were to be seen: impenitent sinners whom He had refused to heal; sinners fallen back into sin and therefore become sick again; vain-glorious youths whom He had not received as disciples; malicious heirs enraged at Him for turning to the poor so much property expected by themselves; criminals whose associates He had converted, debauchees whose victims He had led to virtue; would-be inheritors of wealth, owners of which He had healed; cowardly men-pleasers ready for all wickedness; many wretches with souls at war with all that is holy, and therefore raging instruments of Satan against the Holy of Holies.

This mass of vermin, scraped together from the great body of the Jewish people assembled for the Pasch, was gradually got in motion and began to stream from all sides into the palace of Caiphas, there to assist in besmirching and condemning the true Pasch, the spotless Lamb who takes upon Himself the sins of the world, in order to atone for them and destroy them.

While this slimy mass was rolling inwards upon the Purest One, many good people, friends of Jesus,

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were likewise aroused. Something mysterious was taking place, they knew not what. So they came inquiring here and there, heard the news, began to lament and were driven away, or kept silence and were looked at askance. Others, well-minded but more weak, or only half well-minded, took scandal and yielded to the temptation to waver. The number of those who remained faithful was not large. Things went then as they do now. Many a man professes Christianity as long as it is respectable, but is ashamed of the Cross when it becomes unpopular. But even when the process against Jesus was only beginning, many friends quailed before its hollowness, its injustice, its rage, its vileness, its Heaven-crying treatment of Our Savior. Their hearts failed them, and they slipped away in silence and despondency.

A Glance Round Jerusalem at This Hour.

The dwellers in the crowded city and the pilgrims in their encampments near-by had concluded their usual prayers and religious usages and were sunk in quiet slumber, when the news that Jesus was taken roused friend and foe alike. Here and there people come to their doors to ask passing acquaintances for news. Again passers-by enter houses to have a word with sympathizers. And, like today on such occasions, many malicious words are to be heard: "Well, Lazarus and his sisters will now find out their new friend. Joanna of Chusa, Susanna, Salome, and Mary, mother of Mark, will be sorry, but too late. And how ashamed will Sirach's wife, Seraphia, feel

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before her husband, who has so often chided her for belonging to the Galilean. All the followers of this fanatical peace-disturber were wont to look with pity on all who were not of their opinion, and now many of them will not know where to hide their heads. No danger now of seeing anyone scatter palm-leaves, mantles and veils under the feet of His bear of burden. Serves them right, these hypocrites, who always want to be better than others! Serves them right to be called into court; they are tied up in this affair.... The matter had deeper roots than people thought. I wonder what Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea will do. They were not to be trusted, people felt that long ago. They were sharp fellows, but everything must come to light now, etc." Such and similar expressions are to be heard from the mouths of many people, embittered against families, and especially against the holy women, who cling to Jesus and have even given Him public testimony.

Still the city is not as yet everywhere astir, but only in those localities where the messengers have brought their invitations and the Pharisees are seeking false witnesses. The most excited spot is where the streets merge into the way that leads up to Sion. Sparks of anger and hate seem to be springing up in so many different points of the city, and then to be running on through the streets till they meet and unite with others, becoming ever denser and stronger, till finally the dull stream of fire pours itself into the courtroom of Caiphas on Mount Sion.

The Roman soldiers had no share in these proceedings, but all their outposts have been reenforced,

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and their various divisions are all close together. They keep a sharp watch on all that goes on. They are always here for the Pasch, by reason of the immense concourse of people. They are always calm, alert, and very cautious. The rabble now assembling avoids them as much as possible. The Pharisaical Jews have an immense dislike of being signalled by these spiteful Romans. Pilate, of course, has been informed by the high priests why they have occupied with soldiers the suburb of Ophel and part of Mount Sion. But they do not trust him, nor he them. He too is awake, is receiving reports and giving orders. His wife is on her couch, sunk in deep sleep, but still restless, sighing and weeping, as if oppressed by dreams. She sleeps, but is learning much, much more than Pilate.

But nowhere else in Jerusalem is there such touching sympathy with Jesus as in Ophel. The poor menials who lodge here had been sunk in slumber when the news of terror broke in upon them so suddenly through the still night. Their Teacher, their Benefactor, had passed before their eyes, crushed and beaten into shapelessness, like some gruesome spectre of night. And following Him the Dolorous Mother and her friends had again called forth their sympathy and lamentations. Surely sad it is to see the sorrow-stricken One hurrying with her companions at forbidding midnight hour through the streets of Jerusalem. From one friendly house they hurried to another, full of modest fear, hiding in comers from crowds of insolent passers-by, often accosted in derision like bad women, often harrowed by malignant words against

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Jesus, seldom catching a word of sympathy for His cause. Arrived at last in their place of refuge, they sink down exhausted, amid tears and wringing of hands. All equally disconsolate, they support one another, embrace one another, or else sit apart in lonely sorrow, their heads muffled and supported on their knees. There comes a knock at the door—they listen in silence and fear—the knock is soft and low—'tis not that of an enemy—tremblingly they open—'tis a friend of their Master or some servant of a friend—they press round him with anxious questionings—new sorrows strike their ears and hearts—they cannot rest—once again they hurry forth upon the streets—again the search is in vain—and with redoubled pain they again returned home.

Most of the Apostles and disciples are now roaming about in the valleys near Jerusalem, or are hiding in the caverns on Mount Olivet. They shrink back on meeting one another unawares, and ask one another for counsel, while every approaching footstep interrupts their fearful communications. Never long in one place, they move here and there, some singly towards the town, others to acquaintances in the Easter encampments in order to get the latest accounts or to have messengers sent into the city. Many climb up the sides of Mount Olivet and observe in fear the torch-lighted, loud-shouting masses moving on towards Sion, interpret what they see in a hundred ways they hurry down again into the valley in order to get some sure intelligence. The stillness of night becomes ever louder with the tumult round the court of Caiphas. The entire vicinity sparkles with torches and burning

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pans of pitch. Round about the city resounds the bellowing of the many beasts of burden and animals of sacrifice brought by numberless pilgrims into the encampments. And how touching comes through the night the helpless, humble bleating of the innocent lambs that are to be sacrificed in the Temple tomorrow. Only One shall be offered of His own accord, "because He has willed it," and yet He opens not His mouth. Like a sheep led to slaughter, like a lamb before the shearer, He opens not His mouth—our pure and spotless Easter Lamb, Jesus Christ.

Bending down over all this are heavens full of wonder and anguish, and through them roams a threatening moon, obscured with livid spots, looking sick and horrified, unwilling to wax full—for then Jesus is no more. And out there to the south, along the steep, hill-sides of the valley of Hinnom, roams the traitor Judas Iscariot. Lonely, without companions, lacerated by an evil conscience, fleeing his own shadow, hotly pursued by Satan, he wandered wildly over swamps, over piles of rubbish and dung, over the trackless gruesome tracts of an accursed region. And thousands of devils are abroad driving and rushing men on to sin. Hell's gates are open and everywhere is felt its sin-compelling power. Self-confounding, self-entangling, Satan's rage, nevertheless swells, and grows with constantly redoubling might. And while fiercer wax his exertions, ever more crushing is the burden laid upon the Lamb. It does no sin Itself, but upon It lies the weight of Satan's fiendish efforts. Though the Just One transgress not, yet shall lie crushingly upon Him the self-destroying sin of His enemies.

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Meantime the good angels tremble between sorrow and joy. They would beg before God's throne for leave to help, but can only be astounded and sink in adoration before this mystery of Justice and Mercy—a mystery without beginning in the Heavenly Holy of Holies and now just approaching its consummation on earth. For the angels, too, believe in God the Father, the Almighty Creator of Heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ His only Son, Our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, who this very night enters upon His Passion under Pontius Pilate, who tomorrow will be crucified, will die and be buried, who will descend into hell, will rise again the third day from the dead; who will ascend into Heaven, there to sit at the right hand of God, the Father Almighty, from whence He shall come to judge the living and the dead. They believe in the Holy Ghost, in one holy Catholic Church, in the Communion of Saints, forgiveness of sins, resurrection of the body, and life everlasting.

Such are a few of the scenes that wrote themselves in those few minutes into one poor sinful heart and filled it to bursting with anguish and sorrow and consolation and sympathy—in those minutes when contemplation, as if seeking for aid, turned from the cruelties round its captive Master to rove over Jerusalem in that of all time moil solemn midnight hour, the hour when infinite Justice and infinite Mercy met together, and embraced, and intertwined, and thus interwoven showed forth in the God-man the holiest of all Divine and human deeds, the deed of infinite punishment of sin, infinite mercy for man.

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Jesus before Annas.

It was about midnight when Jesus reached the court of Annas. Through an illuminated outer court He was led into a hall, in size as large as a small church. Opposite the entrance, upon a high platform, sat Annas, surrounded by eight and twenty counselors. Jesus, still surrounded by a number of the soldiers who had taken Him captive, was jerked by the hangmen who gill held Him some distance up the stairway that led to the platform. The hall around was crowded with soldiers, rowdies and vagabonds, with deriding Jews and servants of Annas, and some of the witnesses who were later to be employed in the court of Caiphas. Annas could scarcely await the arrival of Our Savior. He fairly sparkled with malicious joy and stealthy tricky derision. The court over which he presided had the duty of keeping pure the doctrines of the Synagogue, and of acting as accuser before the high priest, and he was now seated here with a committee chosen for this purpose.

Pale, exhausted, in wet and mud-covered garment, His hands tied, His body held by hangman ropes, with bowed head and in silence—thus Jesus stood before Annas. And the lank and lean old scoundrel, with the scraggy beard, and an expression of cold and scornful Jewish pride, assumed an hypocritical half-smile, as if highly astonished at finding Jesus to be the prisoner he was awaiting. I cannot give his words exactly, but they ran somewhat as follows: "Well, just look there! Jesus of Nazareth! Is it really thou? Where are thy disciples? Where

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thy great concourse of followers? Where thy kingdom? Thy affairs seem to have taken quite a turn. Thy insolence has come to an end. Enough have we seen of thy blasphemies against God, offences against His priests and desecrations of His Sabbath. Who are thy disciples? Where are they? Yes, now thou keepest silence. Speak up, peace-disturber! Unholy seducer! O yes, thou haft already eaten the Pasch—eaten it in an unlawful manner, at an unlawful time, in an unlawful place. Who told thee to introduce new doctrines? Who gave thee the right to teach? Where didst thou go to school? Speak out! What is this teaching of thine that turns everything topsy-turvy? Speak! Use thy tongue! What dost thou teach?"

Jesus raised His weary head, looked Annas in the face, and said: "I have taught publicly in sight of all the people. I have always taught in the synagogues and in the Temple where all the Jews come together, and in secret I have spoken nothing. Why askest thou Me? Ask those who have heard Me, what I have said to them. Behold, they know what I have spoken."

"Answerest Thou So the High Priest?"

The rage and scorn visible in the face of Annas at these words led an infamous, man-pleasing court-attendant to lift his iron-gloved hand and strike Our Lord a ringing blow on mouth and cheek, while saying: "Answerest thou so the high priest?" The stunning blow, and the simultaneous jerks and pulls

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from the hangmen, threw Jesus sideways down upon the steps, the blood flowing down His face; derision, murmurs, laughter and cursing filled the hall. With jerks and blows they brought Him again to His feet, and He said calmly: "If I have spoken evil, give testimony thereof; but if I have spoken well, why strikest thou Me?"

Annas, maddened with rage at the calmness of his prisoner, now called upon those present to satisfy the demand of Jesus by telling what they knew of His doctrine. And now the promiscuous rabble struck up a confused, loud-crying chorus of insult and slander. He had said He was a king; God was His Father, the Pharisees were adulterers. He incited the people to rebellion; He performed cures on the Sabbath by Beelzebub; the people in Ophel were wild about Him, called Him their Savior and Prophet; He let men call Him Son of God; He called Himself the Messenger of God. He cried 'woe' over Jerusalem, and said that the city would perish. He did not observe the fasts, was followed around by immense crowds, ate with those who were unclean, with heathens, publicans and sinners, was found in the company of adulteresses and bad women. Only a little while ago, at the gate of Ophel, He had said that He would bestow the water of eternal life upon one who had given Him a drink, and that the latter would never thirst again. He misled the people by words of double meaning. He wasted the money and goods of others. He told men all kinds of falsehoods about His kingdom, etc. etc.

All these accusations were thrown at Our Lord

*Jesus before Annas.*

in the wildest confusion. The witnesses stepped before Him and flung their insults in His face, the hangmen jerked Him back and forth, saying: "Speak, answer," while every now and then scornful words and laughter came through the din from Annas and his counselors: "So, that is thy beautiful doctrine! What dost thou say now? That is thy public teaching, is it? The country is evidently full of it. Canst thou not do some teaching here? Why dost thou not give some command, O king, thou messenger from God—why dost thou not prove thy mission.

Every such word from the judges was followed by a fresh outbreak of blows and jerks and insults on the part of the hangmen and bystanders, all anxious to outdo the insolent fellow who had struck Our Lord in the face.

While Jesus reeled to and fro Annas continued his cold sarcastic invective: "Who art thou? What kind of a king? What kind of a legate? I had thought thou wert the son of some obscure carpenter. Art thou perhaps Elias who went up in the chariot of fire? 'Tis said he is still alive, and thou art able to make thyself invisible, and hast oft in this way made thine escape. Or art thou even Malachy? Thou hast ever boasted about him and dost refer his prophecies to thyself. About him too there is a foolish belief that he had no father, that he was an angel, that he never really died—surely a fine opportunity for a seducer to pretend to be the prophet. Once more, what sort of a king art thou, thou more than Solomon, as thou hast called thyself? Well, then, if king thou be, I mud no longer refuse thee the title of thy kingdom."

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A slip of parchment about two inches wide and a foot long was now handed to Annas, who laid it on a piece of wood held before him and wrote on it with a reed-pen a row of large letters, each of which stood for an accusation against Our Lord. This slip he then rolled up and thrust into a small bottle-gourd, closing the upper end of the latter with a cork. The gourd itself he made fast to the end of a cane. The mock-scepter was thus completed, and Annas had it presented to his prisoner, while he again addressed Jesus in his usual cold sarcastic tones: "Here, then, is thy royal scepter. Within it are written all thy titles, and rights, and dignities. Carry them to the high priest, that in them he may recognize thy mission and thy kingdom, and treat thee as becomes thy station. Bind the hands of this king and lead him to the high priest.

The hands of Jesus, which had been untied were crossed before His breast and, the mock-scepter between them, were again tightly bound together. And in this guise, amid loud laughter and cries of derision, and cruel maltreatment, He was led out of the hall of Annas away to the court of Caiphas.

Jesus Led from Annas to Caiphas.

From the house of Annas to that of Caiphas is a distance of scarcely three hundred paces. The road, flanked part of the way by the walls of some small houses belonging to the court of Caiphas, was illuminated by fire-pans supported on poles, and was filled with a raging, howling crowd of Jews. Scarcely could the soldiers keep the multitude back. Those who

*Jesus before Annas.*

had heard the insulting sarcasms of Annas now repeated them in their own way for the benefit of the rabble, so that Jesus was mocked and misused along the whole way. I saw how court policemen of all kinds were driving back from the line of march some small bands of sympathizers who were lamenting over Jesus, they encouraged those who surpassed others in insults and accusations, distributed money among them, and allowed them to enter the court of Caiphas and to bring companions with them.

The Court of Caiphas.

In the building and around it torches and lamps were to be seen everywhere. 'Twas as bright as day. Moreover, in the middle of the court shone the great fire-pit. This fire-pit looks like an oven, sunk into the ground, and open at the top, where some kind of combustible is thrown in as fuel. From the pit there rise at the sides horn-like projections. They are pipes to lead away the smoke. But fire could be seen in the middle. Pressing close to the fire were soldiers, court policemen, vagabonds of all kinds, witnesses, bribed and vile-minded. Mingled with them were women, even prostitutes. They were passing round some red-colored beverage and were baking cakes to get money from the soldiers. There was as much hurly-burly and confusion as if carnival were going on.

Those invited were already nearly all gathered round Caiphas, who had his seat on a semicircular platform at the further end of the entrance-hall. The hall itself was crowded with accusers and false witnesses.

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Many who tried to force their way in were violently pushed back.

Shortly before the arrival of the band that led Jesus, Peter and John, clothed in their messenger cloaks, came into the outer court-yard in front of the house. With the aid of the servant whom he knew, John succeeded in getting through the gate that led into the inner court-yard. But this gate was closed after him by reason of the on-pressing crowd. Peter had been caught in the surging mass and found the gate closed when he reached it. The maid at the gate would not let him in. John on the inside asked her to open the gate. But Peter would not have gotten in, were it not for the assistance of Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea who likewise arrived at this moment. The two Apostles gave back to the servants the cloaks they had received, passed on into the entrance-hall, and silently took their places in the crowd on the right, at a spot where they could see the judges on their seats in front. Caiphas was already seated on his chair of justice, at the center of the semicircular platform, to which a flight of steps led up from the floor. Around him sat about seventy members of the Sanhedrim. On both sides, some sitting, some standing, were many ancients, and Scribes, and city officers, and behind them a great number of witnesses and scoundrels.

Caiphas was a heavy-set man, with burning eyes and scowling countenance. He wore a long mantle, dark red in color, decorated with golden flowers and fringe, and clasped together at the breast and shoulders, in fact, all down his person in front, with many

*Jesus before Caiphas.*

different kinds of shining plates of metal. On his head was a mitre. It looked like a bishop's mitre, only it was small, and the two projections were curved inwards, and between them were openings out of which some kind of material hung down on both sides. Caiphas and his comrades had been assembled now for quite a long time. Many of them had never left the place after Judas had gone forth with his band. The impatience of Caiphas at length grew into raging anger. He sprang from his high seat, and, though robed in full pontifical attire, hurried out into the court-yard, demanding in quarrelsome tones whether Jesus would not arrive soon. But the procession was even now approaching, and he returned to his chair.

Jesus before Caiphas.

Assailed by continued cries of rage and mockery, pushed this way, pulled that way, pelted with dung, Jesus was led into the entrance-hall. The unchecked fury of the rabble remained without, and round Our Lord within rose the dull growls of long pent-up rage from the assembly. From the entrance the procession turned to the right.

Jesus looked at Peter and John as He passed, but did not move His head lest He should betray them. Scarcely did Jesus appear through the row of columns before the platform, when Caiphas shouted: "Art come at last, blasphemer, thou who destroyest the stillness of this holy night." The tube

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was now loosened from the mock-scepter, the accusing slip taken out, and its contents read before the court. Hereupon Caiphas poured forth a stream of abusive names and scolding charges against Jesus, while the hangmen and the near-by soldiers twisted and pulled Him to and fro. In their hands they had little iron rods, ending in prickly, pear-shaped bulbs, and these they used to push Him back and forth, crying out at the same time: "Answer! Open Thy mouth! Art not able to speak?"

During all this Caiphas, more violent even than Annas, was hurling a countless number of questions at Jesus, who gazed in silent endurance on the floor before Him without once looking at Caiphas. The hangmen were determined to make Him speak. They struck Him in the neck and in the sides, gave Him blows on the hand, and pricked Him with bodkins. Yea, one abominable wretch pressed with His thumb Our Lord's under-lip against His teeth, saying: "There, bite if you will!"

And now the witnesses were admitted to testify. Some of these were bribed vagabonds, who shouted forth wild cries of rage, others were the most bitter of His Pharisee and Sadducee enemies, assembled in Jerusalem for the Pasch. All the old accusations, accusations He had answered a hundred times, were again thrown at Him: "He drives out devils by the aid of devils, profanes the Sabbath, breaks prescribed fasts; his disciples do not wash their hands, he seduces the people to rebellion; he calls the Pharisees adulterers and the brood of vipers, he prophesies the destruction of Jerusalem; he keeps company with

*Jesus before Caiphas.*

heathens, publicans, sinners, and bad women. He is followed around by great multitudes, lets himself be called a king, a prophet, yea, even the Son of God Himself, and is always talking of his kingdom. He disputes the right of divorce. He has pronounced 'woe' over Jerusalem. He calls himself bread of life. He teaches unheard of doctrines: Whosoever eats not his flesh, and drinks not his blood cannot be saved."

Thus all His words, and doctrines, and parables were distorted and perverted, and amid abuse and ill-treatment, were turned into instruments of accusation. But the witnesses contradicted one another and entangled one another in lies. "He proclaims himself king," said one. "No," said another, "he merely lets others call him so, and when they wished to make him king, he fled." "But," insisted some one, "he says he is the Son of God." "No," rejoined another, not that way. He calls himself Son only because he does the will of the Father." Still others said He had healed them, but they had fallen sick again. All His cures must be due to witchcraft.

In fact many accusations and testimonies condemned Jesus as magician. The cure of the man at the pool of Bethesda likewise came in for its share of lies and contradictions. The Pharisees of Sephoris, with whom He had once disputed about divorce, accused Him of false doctrines. That young man of Nazareth, too, whom He had refused a place among His disciples, was base-minded enough to appear here and testify against Him. And among many other charges were urged the absolution He gave to

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the woman taken in sin, and the stinging rebuke He had administered to the Pharisees in the Temple.

Still they could bring against Him no charge that was legally valid. The bands of witnesses that came and went rather abused Him to His face than bore testimony. They were constantly and violently quarreling with one another, while through their uproar came an unbroken stream of abuse from Caiphas and some of his counselors: "What a grand king thou art! Show forth thy power! Call out the legions of angels thou didst speak of in the Garden of Olives! Where hast thou concealed the money of the foolish men and women thou hast robbed? Thou hast sold entire estates, what has become of all thou didst get for them? Answer! Speak up! Oh, to be sure, thou art dumb now when thou shouldst speak, but when thou shouldst have been silent, before thy rabble of vagabonds and low women, there thou didst have words in plenty."

Just as constant as this stream of abuse from the judges was the stream of ill-treatment from the court policemen. With striking and jerking they were determined to force Him to answer. Only a special Divine assistance kept Him still alive to carry the sins of the world. Some vile-minded witnesses affirmed that Our Lord was an illegitimate child. But again others contradicted, saying: "That is a lie. His mother was a devout maiden in the Temple, and we were present when she was espoused to a pious, God-fearing man." Both sides disputed the point angrily. Further, Jesus and His disciples were upbraided for not sacrificing in the Temple. And in

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fad, I never saw either Jesus or the Apostles bring to the Temple any holocausts except the Easter lambs. But Joseph and Anna had often offered sacrifice for Jesus. Still the accusation was Worthless, as the Essenians, too, never offered holocausts and yet were not treated as blameworthy.-The practice of sorcery was often urged by the witnesses, and Caiphas himself repeatedly affirmed that the disagreement and confusion among the witnesses was due to black arts on the part of Jesus.

Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea Defend Jesus.

Some witnesses now said that He had eaten the Pasch at a time that was unlawful, namely, yesterday evening, and that, moreover, He had been guilty of some irregularity in this matter already the year before. This point, too, excited much angry and abusive discussion. The witnesses confused and entangled one another so hopelessly, that Caiphas and his entire court were overwhelmed with shame and rage at their inability to fasten upon Jesus a charge that would in any way hold together. Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea were likewise called upon as witnesses, because the Supper Room where Jesus had eaten the Pasch belonged to the latter. They stood up before Caiphas and affirmed, proving what they said from written documents, that an ancient custom allowed the Galileans to eat the Pasch one day earlier than other Jews. That the Paschal lamb had been rightly prepared was clear

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from the fact that officials from the Temple had been present.

The false witnesses were now at loss what to do. They were particularly enraged when Nicodemus had the rolls of script brought to him and from them proved the privilege of the Galileans. I have forgotten many reasons for this privilege, but one I do remember. Otherwise, the multitudes of pilgrims being so great, it would not be possible to conclude the Temple services within the time prescribed by the law, and the roads returning home would be too crowded.

'Tis true the Galileans did not always avail themselves of this privilege, but its existence was clearly established by the documents. Hence the wrath of the Pharisees. And they grew still more furious against Nicodemus when he concluded his words by declaring that all the circumstances of this trial—the cock-sure prejudice, the tempestuous haste, the holy night, the mutually destructive contradictions of the witnesses—must in the eyes of the assembled multitude brand with mark of shame the entire Sanhedrim.

The members of the court looked daggers at Nicodemus, and merely plied their vile task with increased haste and shamelessness. After many more false, perverted, revolting depositions, there came forward two witnesses who testified that Jesus had said: I will destroy this Temple made with hands, and in three days raise up another not made with hands." But even these two disagreed. Jesus wished to build a new Temple, said one, He had eaten a new Pasch in another building, because He wished to destroy the old Temple. But that other building, objected

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the second, was made with hands, hence was not the Temple meant by Jesus.

Caiphas was getting beside himself with rage and disappointment. He saw that the contradictions between his witnesses and the incomprehensible calmness of his tortured Captive were affecting many of those present very strongly. Sometimes the witnesses were even laughed to scorn. The wonderful silence of Jesus frightened some consciences. Some soldiers, about ten in number, felt so moved by it that they left the hall under pretext of not being well. On their way out, while passing near Peter and John, they said: "The silence of this Galilean under such foul treatment is heart-rending. We feel like the earth was about to swallow us up. Tell us what we are to do." But the two Apostles, not trusting them, perhaps, and fearing to be betrayed by them, or to be recognized as disciples by those around, looked at them sorrowfully and gave merely a roundabout answer: "Only follow the call of truth, all else will come of itself." Hereupon these men passed on through the court-yards of Caiphas, and hurried out into the city. They met other friends of Jesus, who directed them across Mount Sion to the caverns south of Jerusalem. Here they found several Apostles; in hiding. The latter were frightened at first, then listened to the news they brought about Jesus. Learning that they were themselves in danger, the Apostles again dispersed.

Caiphas, then, was beside himself with rage at the contradictions between the last two witnesses. He rose from his seat, descended a few steps to where

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Jesus was, and said: "Answerest thou nothing to this testimony? As Jesus did not even look at him he grew furious. The hangmen seized Our Lord's hair, jerked back His head, and gave Him blows under the chin. Yet His eyes remained cast down. Caiphas raised his hands with violent gesture and said in furious tones: "I adjure thee by the living God, tell us if thou be the Christ, the Messiah, the Son of the Most High God?"

The Solemn Proclamation of Jesus.

The loud tumult suddenly ceased and there was a great calm. With new God-given strength, with a voice of unspeakable majesty and overwhelming power, with the voice of the Eternal Word, Jesus spoke these words: "I am, thou hast said it. And I say unto you! Soon you shall see the Son of Man sitting at the right hand of Majesty and coming in the clouds of Heaven."

During these words Jesus seemed to be glowing with light. Above Him I saw Heaven opened, revealing an unspeakable, all-embracing vision of God the Father Almighty. I saw therein the angels and the prayer of the just, as if crying aloud to have mercy on Jesus. But out of the Father and Jesus simultaneously I seemed to hear the Divine Nature make answer: "Could I suffer, I would. So in mercy I have assumed human nature in the Son, that the Son of Man may suffer. For I am just, and lo! He beareth the sins of the world."

Under Caiphas, on the contrary I saw all hell open,—  
an immense dark circle of fire peopled with



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men which have been confined in earthly prisons, and were now perhaps on the way to Limbo, opened to them by the death-sentence of Our Lord.

It is impossible to express all these visions perfectly. Besides we must avoid giving scandal to the ignorant. But one surely feels these fearful sights when the eyes are fixed upon them and the hairs of the head stand on end. It was a ghastly moment. I think John must have seen something of it, from what I heard him say later. But all, good and bad, felt it in their own way. All who were not loft altogether shuddered at the ghastliness of these moments, those who were wicked flared up in still wilder flames of fury.

"He is Worthy of Death!"

On hearing, then, the solemn proclamation of Jesus, Caiphas, as if inspired by Hell, seized the hem of His rich and splendid mantle, cut it open with a knife and tore it asunder with a hissing noise, crying out as he did so: "He has blasphemed, what further need have we of testimony? You yourselves have now heard the blasphemy, what seemeth to you now?" Hereupon all those still present rose up and shouted in fearful tones: "He is worthy of death! He is worthy of death!"

The black fury of Hell was never so terrible as at this moment. The enemies of Jesus, the infamous judges, and their contemptible satellites and servants, raved as if they had swallowed down and grown drunk on Satan himself. Darkness seemed to bellow forth its triumph over light. A shuddering dread came

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upon all in whom there still glimmered even a spark of good. Many of them covered their faces and slipped away. Of the witnesses, too, those of better condition, finding their presence no longer necessary, now went forth from the court-house, weighed down with the load of an evil conscience. Those of lower condition gathered round the fire in the entrance-hall, where money was being dealt out, and where they began to eat and drink gluttonously.

In court the high priest said to the hangmen: "I deliver this king over to you, give the blasphemer due honor." Hereupon he and his counselors retired behind the platform to a round chamber which could not be seen into from the hall.

John, plunged in deep sorrow, thought of the poor Mother of Jesus. He feared the terrible news would be brought to her by some enemy and thus become still more terrible. So he gazed once more at the Holiest of the Holy, saying interiorly: "Master, Thou knowest full well why I leave Thee," and then, as if sent by Jesus Himself, hurried from the court-house to find Our Blessed Lady. Peter, broken and weary with pain and anguish, began to feel more keenly the pinching coolness of approaching morning. He concealed his despairing sadness as best he could, and hesitatingly drew near the fire-pit in the entrance-hall, round which crowds of promiscuous vagabonds were warming themselves. He did not realize what he was doing, but he felt he could not leave his Master.

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Jesus is Mocked.

When Caiphas and his counselors left the hall of Justice, the wicked wretches that remained rushed like furious swarms of wasps upon Our Lord. Jesus had so far been held fast by two of the four hangmen who had led Him hither. The other two had left the court to get companions to take their places. While the trial was being heard, the hangmen and other scoundrels had torn out Our Lord's hair and beard by the handful. Some of these locks were secretly gathered up by good men, who slipped away with them, though later they somehow lost them again. Spitten upon, too, Our Lord had been during the trial, and slapped, and pounded with fists, and pricked with needles, and prodded with sharp-pointed cudgels.

And now their knavish tricks took on a most senseless form. Out of straw and bark they plaited several crowns of various grades of derision, and set them, one after another, on Our Lord's head, knocking each of them off again amid new phrases of wicked mockery: "Behold the Son of David wearing the crown of His Father." Or: "Behold, here is more than Solomon." Or: "Behold the king who is making a wedding-feast for His Son." Thus did these wretches deride in His person the eternal Truth, Truth that for their salvation He had clothed in parable and picture. Nor were their fists and clubs idle in the meantime. They tossed Him about, and bespat Him in a sickening manner. Finally they plaited a crown of heavy wheat straw that grows in that country, put on Our Lord's head a kind of tall mitre, almost like the mitre of one

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of our bishops, and fixed the crown of straw on top of this mitre. Before doing so they took off His seamless garment, and Jesus stood there clothed only with a loin-cloth, and a scapular, that covered neck and breast. But this scapular, too, they soon tore off, and He did not get it back again.

Then they threw over Him a worn-out, ragged old mantle, so short in front that it did not even cover His knees, and put round His neck a long iron chain which fell like a stole down over His breast to His knees. The chain ended in two large, heavy prong-studded rings which struck Him painful wounds when He walked or fell down. Once again they put a reed between His hands, bound His hands before His breast, and bestrewed His wounded face with the revolting spittle of their unclean mouths. His torn and dishevelled hair and beard, and the mock-mantle that covered His breast, were strewn and bespattered with all the sickening colors of filth. They tied a hideous rag over His eyes, gave Him blows with fist and club, and shouted: "Now, great prophet, prophesy, who has struck Thee?" But Jesus did not speak, prayed inwardly for them, and moaned with pain under their attacks.

Thus, bruised, derided, cursed, defiled, He was dragged by the chain round His neck into the inner chamber. Kicks and blows were employed to emphasize their words of derision: "Fetch him along, this king of straw! The Sanhedrim must see what we have done to venerate him." On getting into the chamber they found many members of the court, among them Caiphas, sitting on another semicircular

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platform. And now began a new scene of mockery, carried on with the vilest kind of witticisms and sacrilegious profanation of sacred customs and ceremonies. Out in the hall, when defiling Him with slime and spittle, they had cried out: "There! Receive thy royal unction, thy prophetic unction." Here they travestied His baptism and anointing by Mary: "What! Unclean, thou dost still dare to appear before the court! Others thou art ever offering to cleanse, and art not clean thyself! Good, now we will cleanse thee."

Hereupon they brought forward a basin full of some kind of filthy liquid, in which lay a big rag, old, worn-out, and hideous. While continuing the storm of blows, curses and mockeries the derisive salutes and genuflections, while going on to stretch out their tongues against Him or immodestly turn their backs to Him, they seized the big slimy rag and brought it down over His face and shoulders, pretending to cleanse Him, but in reality defiling Him still more abominably than before. Finally they took the basin and poured its sickening contents down over His face, saying: "There is thy precious ointment. There is thy three hundred pence worth of spikenard. There is thy baptism at the Pool of Bethsaida."

And now they began to jerk and drag Jesus round in a circle in front of the mocking, cursing Sanhedrim, and I saw the whole room crowded with those furious devil-shapes—'twas a black, mad, shuddering sight. But I saw the tortured Savior often gleam and glow with a halo of light, from the moment on when He said He was God's Son. Many in

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the chamber seemed to feel this more or less clearly. At any rate an emotion of dread crept over them on seeing how even the extreme of insult and derision could not weaken His overpowering majesty. The deeper-heaving fury of His sworn enemies, showed that even they, blind though they were, could not escape the rays of that penetrating brightness. But to me that glory of His appeared so overwhelming, that I had to think they were concealing His face just because the high priest, after hearing the word: "Thou hast said it, I am," was no longer able to look upon Our Savior's face.

*Peter's Denial.*

After Jesus had pronounced the solemn words: "I am, thou hast said it;" after the high priest had rent asunder his pontifical robes, and the cry: "He is worthy of death," had mingled with the deriding fury of the multitude; when Heaven above bent down to insist on justice; when Hell beneath burst through its bars to rage against Him; when the very graves gave forth their captive dead; when the court-room seemed to be one great mass of shuddering horror, Peter and John, who had been forced to stand there so long, unable to help, not daring to complain, their eyes fixed steadily on their fearfully tortured Savior, were now unable longer to endure the sight. John took advantage of the departing crowd of sight-seers and witnesses to hurry to Mary, who along with the holy women was now in Martha's dwelling-place, the large house that belonged to Lazarus not far from the corner-gate.

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But Peter could not tear himself away; He loved Jesus too much for that. Yet he could hardly control himself longer. He had to weep bitterly, though he did so as secretly as possible. But he did not dare longer to stand and watch Jesus; his zeal would have broken out and betrayed him. And he could not turn away without drawing notice. So he went towards the fire, which was in a corner of the hall, and round which stood all kinds of people, particularly soldiers, some going forward to join in deriding Our Lord and some returning to the fire, all indulging meanwhile in vile and malicious observations. Peter kept still. But his mere lack of interest and especially his deep expression of sadness could not but bring him in suspicion.

The First Two Denials.

The portress, too, now came near the fire, and began, as bold, forward women will, to contribute her share to the heartless gossip going on about Jesus on all hands. Looking directly at Peter, she said: "Thou too art a disciple of this Galilean." The words struck Peter with fear and confusion. Afraid of being maltreated by the rough, brutal crowd, he retorted: "Woman, I know Him not. I know not nor understand what thou sayest." Then he rose up and left the entrance-hall to escape from them. It was the time when the cock was wont to crow out there outside the town. I do not recall hearing him, but I felt he was at that moment crowing.

As he passed out, another maid caught sight of him and said to the bystanders: "This man too was

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with Jesus of Nazareth." And the bystanders went on to ask: "Wast not thou too one of His disciples?" Peter, in great confusion and bewilderment, protested strongly: "In all truth, I was not. I know not this man." Then he hurried on through the first courtyard into the second in order to warn back acquaintances whom he saw looking in over its walls. He was weeping, and so full of fear and concern for Jesus that he scarcely thought of his denial at all.

Here in the outer court was a great number of people, including friends of Jesus, who were not allowed into the inner court out of which Peter had just come. They were climbing the wall in hopes of catching news. Among them was quite a large band of disciples whom anxiety had driven hither from their caverns on Mount Hinnom. They at once crowded round Peter and plied him with tearful questions. But he was so unnerved by sadness for His Master and fear for himself, that he answered them shortly, advising them to leave the spot as there was danger for them also. With that he turned away, and roved sadly around, while they again hurried out of the city. They were about sixteen in number, and belonged to His early disciples. Among them were: Bartholomew, Nathanael, Saturninus, Judas Barsabeus, Simeon, afterwards bishop of Jerusalem, Zacheus, and finally Manahem, the youth with the prophetic spirit, who had been born blind and restored to sight by Jesus.

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The Third Denial.

Peter could not rest. His love for Jesus drove him again into the inner court-yard which surrounds the house. They let him in at the gate, remembering that Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea had obtained entrance for him in the first instance. But Peter did not at once go back into the entrance-hall. He turned to the right along the house till he reached an opening into the round chamber behind the court-room, where the rabble was engaged in deriding Jesus and dragging Him around. Timidly Peter Grew nigh. He felt indeed that he was watched and suspected, but his fears for Jesus made him force his way through the door-way, which was occupied by a curious riff-raff of spectators engaged in feasting their eyes on the mockeries within. Just then Jesus with the mock-crown was being dragged ignominiously round in a circle. He cast a very earnest look of warning at Peter, and Peter felt his heart break with grief.

But as he was still struggling with fear, and heard some of the bystanders saying: "What kind of a fellow is this here," he went out again into the court-yard. But sadness and anxiety had thrown him into a state of confusion, and his indecision was visible in his hesitating steps. Feeling himself AM an object of curiosity, he returned round the house into the entrance-hall, and went to the fire. He had sat there quite a while, when some of those who had seen him and observed his confusion out in the court-yard, likewise came into the hall and up to the fire where he

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sat. In order to catch him, they began again to bandy words about Jesus and his doings. Then one of them added: "Of a truth, thou art one of His followers. Thou art a Galilean, thy speech betrays thee." Peter gave an evasive answer and turned away. But just then a brother of Malchus stepped in front of him and said: "What! Didn't I see thee in the garden on Mount Olivet? Didst thou not wound my brother's ear?"

In this predicament Peter seemed to lose his senses. To get away from them, he began in his own violent way to curse and to swear that he knew not this man. Then he ran out of the hall into the court-yard and around the house. At that moment, the cock was again crowing. Jesus was just being led out of the round chamber and across the court into the dungeon beneath. He turned and looked at Peter—so sadly yet so lovingly! And the word He had spoken: "Before the cock crow twice, thou shalt deny Me thrice," now awoke with awful force in Peter's heart. Worn with grief and anguish, he had forgotten the self-confident promise he had made on Mount Olivet rather to die with his Master than deny Him. He had forgotten, too, Our Lord's solemn warning. But now under the eyes of Jesus the feeling of guilt rolled in upon him with crushing force. He had denied his Master—the Master who had warned him so lovingly, his cruelly treated, innocent yet condemned, so silent suffering Master. He burst into bitter sobs, hid his face in his cloak, and like one beside himself with sorrow rushed out into the exterior court-yard. He no longer feared to be spoken to. He

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would now have told the whole world who he was and what he had done.

Who is bold enough to say that in those circumstances he would have done better than Peter? In such a crisis of danger, affliction, anguish and bewilderment, exhausted by the struggle between love and fear, constantly watched and pursued like a beast of the field, half-distracted with the accumulated misfortunes of this unhappy night, with a temperament at once so childlike and so energetic—who dares say he would have been stronger? Our Lord left him entirely to his own power, and thus he became weak and helpless—as all do who forget the words: "Watch and pray, lest you enter into temptation."

Mary at the Court-house of Caiphas.

Our Lady was in constant inward union with Jesus and knew and felt all that was happening to Him. In this vision of spirit she suffered all that He suffered, and like Him never ceased praying for His persecutors. But at the same time the Mother's heart was ever crying out to God to prevent these fearful sins, to turn these tortures aside from her most holy Son, And her longing to be near that martyred Son was growing irresistible. So when John, his ears still ringing with the terrible cry: "He is worthy of death," reached the house of Lazarus near the cornergate, and mingled his tears with hers while telling her outwardly the fearful sufferings of Jesus which never ceased to lacerate her inwardly, she requested him, and her request was reiterated by Magdalene and some

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other holy women, to lead her to the spot where Jesus was suffering.

John's sole reason for going away from His Divine Master was to console His Mother, and he was glad to add now as guide for her and the holy women who supported her. Magdalene was among them, but unsteady in gait and staggering, and wringing her hands with anguish. On they went through streets bright with moonlight and peopled with all kinds of home-goers. The holy women wore veils, but their evident anxiety and their sobs drew upon them the attention of many a passing band of Our Lord's enemies, and many a malediction against Him was loud enough to reach their ears and deepen their sorrow. Our Lady did not for a moment lose the inner vision of Our Lord's martyrdom. She kept it all in her heart, as she was wont to do, and suffered like He did, in silence. But often her strength gave way and she sank into the arms of her companions. Once she lay thus in their arms at a spot where the street wanders under a gate or arch inside the city, when some well disposed persons entered from the other side on their return from the court. They, too, were lamenting. As they came near they recognized the Mother of Jesus, and stopped. for some moments to greet her and express their sympathy: "Hail, Dolorous Mother of the Most Holy One of Israel." Mary came to herself, and thanked them in her heart, whereupon the holy company hurried forwards on its sad way.

The street by which they approached the court of Caiphas led past the house at the other end from the entrance. There was but the one wall here

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between the street and the house, while at the entrance-side the way in leads first through two courtyards. While Our Lady and her company were getting near the court, fresh sorrow and bitterness fell upon them. On some kind of a level elevation beside the road, workmen under a light tent-cover were busy by torch-light preparing the cross of Christ. Orders had been given just when Judas went out for the betrayal, to begin preparing the cross as soon as Jesus would be captured. Thus Pilate would have no reason to delay. They expected to have Pilate condemn Jesus quite early in the morning, and did not anticipate any great delay. The Romans had already prepared the crosses for the two thieves. Every hammer-stroke of the workmen fell crushingly on the unhappy Mother's heart, and her soul was pierced with their curses against her Son, on whose account they were compelled to labor at night. And still she prayed for the awful blindness of poor wretches who had but oaths and curses for the instrument of Redemption they were preparing.

After passing round the house and entering the courtyard, they gathered in a little recess near the gate between the two court-yards. Mary's soul was with Jesus, sharing His unspeakable pains. Still, she longed to see the gate open, and hoped with John's aid to gain entrance. She felt that only this gate divided her from her Son, who now at the second cock-crowing was being led out of the house into the dungeon beneath.

Meanwhile the gate was thrown open, and at the head of an out-coming crowd rushed forth Peter, his



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dented into the door-gone that supported her. This gone gill exists. I have seen it, but I cannot now remember where.— But now the court-yard gates were left open, as the bulk of the crowd had gone away after Jesus had been put in the dungeon. So when Our Lady recovered, and asked to be brought nearer to her Son, John led her and the holy women in front of Our Lord's prison. Oh God, yes, she knew all that concerned Jesus, and Jesus all that concerned her. Yet with the senses of the body, too, would the faithful Mother listen to His moans and to the mockeries of His persecutors.

But not long could they remain here unobserved. Magdalene's violent grief agitated her too strongly. Our Blessed Lady's calm and holy bearing, even in her utmost desolation, made her, 'tis true, an object of wondering reverence. Yet even she could not take these few steps without hearing the bitter words: "Isn't that the mother of this Galilean? Well, her son can't escape the cross. But I guess he will not get there before the Feast—unless he is the most infamous of criminals." Our Lady turned back and was led by her inner inspiration round the house and in through the hall to the fire-pit, round which gathered the small rabble that remained. As she stood here, surrounded by her sorrowing band, on the spot He had proclaimed Himself Son of God and where the brood of devils had shouted: "He is worthy of death," her feelings of compassion again robbed her of consciousness, and like one dying she was carried away by John and the holy women. The rabble said nothing, simply stared in amazement—as the damned

*Jesus in the Dungeon.*

might gaze at some bright spirit passing before their eyes in Hell.

Again the way led them around the Year end of the house, past the sad spot where the cross was preparing. The workmen could not get on better with the cross than the judges with the trial. One piece of wood after another either broke or turned out badly, and they had to go repeatedly for new supplies before they finally succeeded in constructing it as God willed. I have had many visions concerning this matter. Likewise it seemed to me that angels were hindering them from completing their labors till God so willed. But as my memory is no longer clear on this point, I leave it as it may be.

*Jesus in the Dungeon.*

The dungeon under the court-house of Caiphas was a small round vault, the remains of which I saw still exist. Only two hangmen were with Him here, at any time, each pair giving way after a short watch to another. Our Lord's garments had not been given back. His only covering was the ragged, spittle-reeking mock-mantle. And His hands had been bound again.

On entering the dungeon Our Lord prayed to His Heavenly Father to accept all the derision and cruelty He had so far suffered, or was still to suffer, in satisfaction for the sins of His torturers and for all those who in like sufferings might be tempted to impatience and anger.

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Even here His persecutors gave Him no rest. They bound Him to a low pillar in the centre of the dungeon, but would not let Him lean against it. So He had to support Himself entirely on His feet, swollen though they were and lacerated by the cruel chains, that reached to His knees and tore His limbs when He walked or fell. He was so exhausted that He swayed from side to side. The hangmen did not cease to mock and torment Him. When tired, they were replaced by two others who did not fail to inflict on Him new knaveries.

I am unable to recount all their manifestations of malice against the Purest and Holiest One. I am sick with it all, and as good as dead. Oh God! How shameful for us to be so soft-hearted and easily disgusted that we can neither ourselves describe, nor allow others to describe the countless cruelties endured for us so patiently by an innocent Redeemer. We feel like the murderer who would have to lay his hand on the wound of his victim. Jesus endured all without once opening His lips to complain. But men, sinners, opened their lips, not to complain merely, but to rage madly against their Brother, their Redeemer, their God. I am one of these poor sinners, and on my account too was all this pain heaped upon Him. On the day of Judgment all will come to light. There we shall all see what share we had in the sufferings of the Son of God when He appeared in time as Son of Man; how all the sin we still continue to do is a kind of consent and approval given to the cruelties inflicted upon Jesus by the gang of devils. Alas, if we had this truth strongly before our minds, we

*Jesus in the Dungeon.*

would put far more earnestness into those-words which form part of many ads of contrition: "Lord, let me rather die than offend Thee again by sin."

Standing thus in the dungeon Jesus prayed continually for His tormentors. When finally weariness made them somewhat calmer, I saw Jesus leaning against the pillar and all-suffused with light. And now the day began to break, the day of His infinite pain and satisfaction, the day of our redemption. Timidly it peeped in through an opening in the dungeon wall, peeped in upon the Easter Lamb, so holy, so lacerated, so patient under its weight of sin. And Jesus held out His fettered hands in greeting to the young day, and spoke in loud clear tones a touching thanksgiving to His Father, who had deigned at length to send Him this day of all days—the day so long desired by the patriarchs of old, the day so burningly longed for by Himself since He came on earth as to make Him say: "I have a baptism wherewith I am to be baptized and how am I straitened till it be accomplished," the day that was to finish His work, to complete our salvation, to open Heaven and conquer Hell, to throw open to man the fount of benediction, and to accomplish the will of His Father.

I said the prayer with Him, but cannot repeat it now. Compassion had made me feel sick. I had wept bitterly over His pain, especially when He thanked for the fearful burden He was bearing for me, and I had been saying over and over: "O Jesus, give me, I beg Thee, give me Thy sufferings. They belong to me, they are the price of my guilt." At that moment the dawn peeped in, and He greeted the

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day with such a touching word of thanks, that I was overswept by a wave of love and compassion, and said His prayer after Him, word for word, like a child. It is not possible to describe the sadness, and love, and holiness, and solemnity of that scene: The horrible crash and clatter of the night had died away, and there in the still silence of the narrow dungeon stood the unconquered Sufferer, bound to the pillar indeed, yet shining with light, and welcoming with manacled hands and grateful voice the first bright beam of that great Easter morning. Alas, that beam was the executioner coming into the dungeon to be reconciled to his victim, and the Victim was thanking him so affectionately! The weary hangmen had been dozing, but were now aroused and amazed. Jesus may have been in the dungeon something over an hour.

Judas at the Court-house.

While Jesus was in the dungeon, Judas drew near the court-house of Caiphas. Till now the despairing, devil-driven Apostle had been running hither and thither among the bones and carcasses and heaps of dung scattered over the Valley of Hinnom on the steep southern side of Jerusalem. With the silver bundle of treason still clinging to his belt, he went prowling about like some wild beast. It had now grown quiet and he managed to ask without being recognized what would become of the Galilean. "Already condemned to death and will be crucified," was the answer. Others he heard conversing on the fearfulness of His torments and the wonderfulness of His

### *The Morning Trial.*

patience. At daybreak He would have once more to appear before the Sanhedrim in order to hear His formal and solemn condemnation.

Cautiously, little by little, now here now there, Judas had gathered his information. Day now began to break, and greater air and bustle was apparent in and around the house. To escape observation Judas slunk away behind the house. Despair was brooding in his soul, and he fled from men like Cain. But what a sight now met his eyes! There before him is the spot where the workmen had been preparing the cross. Its various pieces lay arranged in order, and between them, rolled in their blankets, slept the workmen. There over Mount Olivet the heavens were glimmering white, seeming to shrink back from beholding the instrument of our Redemption. Judas gave one glance of horror and fled from the spot. He had seen the gallows unto which he had sold his Master! But he hid himself somewhere in the neighborhood to await the outcome of the morning session.

### The Morning Trial.

When day broke and it grew light, the Sanhedrim—Caiphas, Annas, the Ancients and Scribes—reassembled in the large hall to hold a legal and valid session. The night session was not legal and valid, it was meant simply to take the depositions of the witnesses, and thus save time in the morning. Most of the members had spent the remainder of the night in the house of Caiphas. Around and above



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filth, tied the cords round His waist again, and led Him thus up out of the dungeon. All their movements were marked by stormy haste and horrible barbarities. Like some poor animals of sacrifice He was driven with blows and curses round the house and in through the ranks of soldiers already assembled, into the hall of justice till He again stood before the Sanhedrim. At sight of the exhausted, lacerated figure, covered only with His bedrenched and bedraggled undergarment, they experienced a nausea which inflamed them still more with rage. Not one of these hard Jewish hearts stirred with feelings of compassion.

In scornful, angry tones Caiphas addressed the woe-begone figure before him: "If thou be the Anointed of the Lord, the Messiah, tell us." Jesus raised His head, and in a tone of holy patience and solemn earnestness pronounced these words: "If I shall tell you, you will not believe me; and if I shall ask you, you will not answer Me nor let me go; but today henceforth the Son of Man shall sit at the right hand of the power of God." Hereupon they looked at one another to express their contempt and answered with derisive shouts: "Really! Thou! Thou art the Son of God?" and with the voice of eternal Truth Jesus replied: "Amen, you have said it, I am!" At this word all began to say: "What further need have we of testimony? We have heard it now out of his own mouth."

Then all rose up and began to upbraid and revile the miserable upstart, the low-born miscreant, who dared say he was their Messiah and would once sit at the right hand of God! The hangmen were ordered

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to bind Him again, to hang round His neck the chain worn by condemned criminals, and so led Him to Pilate. To the latter they had already sent a messenger with the request to be ready to pass judgment on a criminal early in the morning, since the approaching Festival forced them to hasten matters. They exchanged complaints and murmurs with one another at being compelled to have recourse to the Roman governor. They had themselves no power to pass sentence of death, and their jurisdiction was restricted to matters concerning their religion or the Temple. And since they were bent on having Jesus condemned as a plotter against Caesar, final sentence upon Him was reserved to the Roman governor.

Soldiers were already standing in line through the entrance-hall and out in front of the house, where likewise were gathered many of the enemies of Jesus and a crowd of idle vagabonds. The high priests and some members of the court marched on ahead, then followed Jesus, between the hangmen and surrounded by the band of soldiers, while the rabble closed the procession. In this guise they marched down from Mount Sion into the lower city and on to the palace of Pilate. But a number of the priests present in the hall betook themselves to the Temple where today there was much to do.

Despair of Judas.

The traitor was not far away. He heard the tumult of the passing troop, and from many a belated straggler came terrible words to his ears: "They are leading him to Pilate—the Sanhedrim has condemned

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the Galilean to death—the cross is surely waiting—he can't escape alive—they have maltreated him fearfully—his patience makes one shudder—he answers not at all—he said merely he was the Messiah, and would sit at the right hand of God, that was all—therefore he must die on the cross—had he not said that, they could not have found him guilty of death, but now to the cross with him. The scoundrel who sold him was his own disciple, and had shortly before eaten the Pasch with him—I'm glad I have nothing to do with such a deed—let the Galilean be what he will, he has never handed a friend over to death for money—most assuredly, the scoundrel deserves hanging himself." Anguish, despair and belated sorrow were struggling in the soul of Judas.

He felt urged by Satan to run. The bag of silver on his belt under his cloak was to him a spur of Hell. He grasped it firmly with his hand to keep it from rattling so loudly against his side as he ran. He ran in great haste, but not after the procession, to throw himself at the feet of Jesus, to beg forgiveness from the All-merciful, to die with his betrayed Master. Not humbly to confess his fault before God, but to cleanse himself from the guilt of treason in the eyes of men, he ran like one insane into the Temple, whither after the condemnation of Jesus many members of the Council had betaken themselves to ad as chiefs of the bands of priests engaged in the service. They now looked at one another in surprise, then fastened their gaze derisively on the disfigured form which despairing sorrow had driven before them.

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Judas tore with his right hand the bunch of silver coins from his girdle, and stretched his hand towards them, crying out in passionate anguish: "Take back the silver wherewith you seduced me to betray the Just One! Take back your money! Release Jesus! I revoke my compact! I have sinned grievously in betraying innocent blood."

But the priests let him feel the full measure of their contempt. With hands drawn back and held high, to show they refused to be defiled with the price of treason, they answered: "What is it to us if thou hast sinned? Haft thou shed innocent blood, well, 'tis thy affair, see thou to it! We know what we purchased from thee, and have found Him worthy of death. Keep thy money, we will have nothing to do with it." Their words were hasty and spoken with the air of men pressed by business and desirous to get rid of a troublesome questioner. As they turned away Judas felt rage and despair driving him mad so that his very hair good on end. He seized with both hands the band which held his money together, tore it asunder, sent the silver coins scattering over the floor of the Temple, and rushed out of the city.

And now I saw him again in the Valley of Hinnom, running like one insane. At his side in fearful shape I saw Satan, who, in order to drive him to despair, was whispering into his ears all the maledictions invoked by the prophets upon this unhappy valley, where in times gone by the Jews had been wont to sacrifice their children to idols. "They shall go forth and gaze upon the corpses of those who have sinned against Me." "Their worm shall not die, their fire shall not

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be quenched." These words seemed to be alive, to be pointing their fingers at him. And again in his ears resounded the cry: "Cain, where is Abel, thy brother? What haft thou done? His blood cries out to Me. Accursed art thou, an outcast and a wanderer upon earth."

He reached the Cedron and glanced up towards Mount Olivet. Again he shuddered and turned away, for again he heard the words: "Friend, whereunto art thou come? Judas, dost thou betray the Son of Man with a kiss." Oh God, how horrible and desolate it grew in his soul! Darkness and confusion settled down on his thoughts, and Satanic tones sounded in his ears: "Over the Cedron here David fled from Absalom. Absalom hung from a tree and died. Of thee David spoke when he sang: They have returned evil for good—let him have a gem judge—let Satan stand at his right hand—every judgment shall condemn him—few days shall he live—his office another shall take—may the Lord remember always the iniquity of his father, let not the sin of his mother be blotted out—without mercy he has persecuted the poor man, has put to death the afflicted man—he has loved malediction, let it come upon him—he has put on malediction as a garment and it has entered like water into his entrails, like oil into his bones—like a garment does malediction surround him, like a girdle that binds him forever."

Thus fearfully lashed onwards by conscience, Judas came to a lonely swampy spot, piled with rubbish and dung, between south and east of Jerusalem, at the foot of the Mount of Scandal. No one could

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see him there, but from the distant town came frequent bursts of noise, which Satan did not fail to interpret: "Now He is being led out to death! Thou hast sold Him! Knowest thou how the law reads: 'Whoso sells a soul of his brethren, out of the children of Israel, and receives the price thereof, let him die the death!, Put an end to thy life, wretched one, put an end to thy life!" Judas, in black despair, took his girdle and hung himself to a tree with many trunks, growing there from a crevice in the rock—and whilst he hung his body burst asunder and his entrails were poured out on the earth.

Jesus is Led to Pilate.

The cruel road from Caiphas to Pilate led through the most densely peopled section of the town, though the entire city was swarming with countless pilgrims and strangers. Some distance ahead of Jesus marched, clad in festive robes, Caiphas and Annas and many other members of the Sanhedrim, behind whom rolls of script were carried. Then came many Scribes and other Jews, among them false witnesses, and the irritated Pharisees; who had been especially active during the trial. Next came a little break in the train, and then followed Jesus, dragged along by the ropes of the hangmen and surrounded by a band of soldiers and those six officers who had been present at His capture. The rabble streaming in from all sides, and filling the air with jeers and shouts, formed the rear of the marching column, while the whole line of advance was flanked with dense crowds of people.

*Jesus is Led to Pilate.*

Jesus had still nothing to wear but His woven undergarment, now so bedraggled and nasty. Hanging round His neck and reaching to His knees was the long, broad-linked chain, which struck His knees painfully as he walked. His hands were bound as they had been the day before, and the ropes of the hangmen were fastened to His girdle. The fearful cruelties of the preceding night had completely disfigured Him: A swaying image of wretchedness, with dishevelled hair and beard, with face pale and swollen. He was hurried along amid blows and jeers and taunts. A great number of low vagabonds had been incited to make this march a mock-repetition, of His triumphant entry some days before. Royal titles were flung at Him derisively, stones, cudgels, bits of wood, and dirty rags were thrown before His feet, mocking snatches of song and acclamations recalled every detail of His triumph. The pulls and jerks of the hangmen were added to drag Him over these obstacles, and the entire march was an exhibition of uninterrupted cruelty.

*The Most Holy Mother of Jesus.*

In a receding corner of a building, not far from the house of Caiphas, good Our Lady, with Magdalene and John, awaiting the approaching procession. Though her soul was constantly with Jesus, constantly bearing all His pains, yet her love drove her, whenever possible, to see Him with her eyes and to walk in His footsteps. Thus she could remain but a little while at the Supper Room, whither she had gone after her visit of last night to the court-house of Caiphas. Hardly was

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Jesus led from the dungeon before the morning session of court, when she rose, put on her mantle and veil, and set forwards, saying to John and Magdalene: "Let us follow my Son to Pilate; I wish to see Him with my eyes." By a roundabout way they had outstripped the procession, and now stood waiting for it at this spot. The Mother knew full well how it fared with her Son; He was ever before the eyes of her soul. But her inner eye never saw Him as cruelly transformed and disfigured as He was in reality. His fearful sufferings indeed, were ever under her gaze, but transfigured and illumined by the holiness, love and patience of His self-sacrificing will.

But now the reality came before her in all its fearfulness. There are the proud men who rage against her Son, their hearts full of trickery and fraud and falsehood and malediction, the solemnly robed high priests of the true God bent on murdering that same God! What a shuddering sight-the priests of God become priests of Satan! Then the wild din and clatter and clamor of the people, and the false witnesses and accusers who had sworn away their souls! And finally Jesus, Son of God, Son of Man, her Son! How horribly disfigured He is, as He passes before her, bound, beaten, driven, enveloped in a cloud of mockery and malediction, reeling rather than walking under the pulls and jerks of barbarous hangmen. Alas, in that raging storm of Hell, were it not for the restful atmosphere of prayer that wrapped Him round, she had not recognized His figure in that filth-reeking undergarment at all. "Good God, is that my Son? Alas, it is my Son! O Jesus, my

*Jesus is Led to Pilate.*

Jesus!" On past her swept the train, Our Lord turned upon her just one so touching look, and she fell into unconsciousness. Brought away by John and Magdalene, as soon as she recovered, she had John guide her to the palace of Pilate.

Friends leave us in time of need. This truth Jesus, too, had to experience on this march. At a certain spot were gathered the inhabitants of Ophel. On seeing Jesus led along between the hangmen, so bruised, and mocked, and derided, and disfigured, their faith too began to shake. Was it possible that their King, Prophet, Messias, the Son of God, could be reduced to such degradation? And then they winced under the jeers and taunts of the passing Pharisees: "Look at your King—isn't He nice and clean—why don't you salute Him—why hang your heads now when He is going to receive His crown and take possession of His throne—His miracle-days are over with—the high priest has weaned Him from witchcraft, etc." Spite of the many cures and graces bestowed on them by Jesus, these good people began to waver. The fearful scene enacted before their eyes by the highest authorities of the land, the high priests and the Sanhedrim, was too much for their weak faith. The better disposed retired in doubt and hesitation, those who were bad united wherever they could with the howling mob. Wherever they could—since here and there the streets opening into the line of march were kept by guards, stationed there by the Pharisees in order to prevent all disturbance.

Jesus Before Pilate.

Pilate had been observing their hasty, noisy loud-shouting approach. When he saw Jesus at the foot of the stairs that led up to the terrace, he rose up and addressed the Jews in a tone of biting contempt, just as some haughty French marshal might address the delegates of a small German town: "What have you here so early in the morning? Couldn't you treat the man a little more brutally? Rather an early hour for butchery." But they shouted to the hangmen: "On with Him into the court-house." Then they addressed Pilate: "Listen to our charges against this criminal; we dare not enter the court-house, we would be unclean."

"Ye speak truly," came a cry following their loud-shouted words, "Ye speak truly, that ye dare not enter this court-house, for it is sanctified by innocent blood. Only He dare enter, He alone among the Jews is pure like the Innocents." The speaker was a large, powerfully built and venerable man standing among the people who crowded the forum behind the Pharisees. He spoke the words with passionate emotion, and then disappeared in the multitude. He was a wealthy man named Zadoch, a cousin of Obed, the husband of Seraphia, otherwise called Veronica. Two little boys of his had been among the innocent children slain at Herod's command in this court-house yard. Since that time he had lived in deep retirement, he and his wife dwelling together, after the manner of the Essenians, as brother and sister. Once on a visit to Lazarus he had seen

*Jesus before Pilate.*

Jesus and heard Him teach. At this moment, then, when he saw Jesus so cruelly jerked along upstairs, the memory of the moment when his children were here murdered broke forth from his heart, and he cried out in testimony of Our Lord's innocence. But the accusers paid little attention to the cry. They were too deeply bent on their purpose and enraged at Pilate's gruffness.

Jesus was dragged up the many marble steps, and left standing in the background of the elevated terrace, down from which Pilate was dealing with the accusers who stood below. Pilate, on seeing the Man, of whom he had heard so many varying reports, now pass before him, brutally misused and horribly disfigured, yet with an indestructible expression of noble dignity—on seeing this Pilate felt his contempt and dislike grow still stronger against the priests and counselors, who had already informed him that they would bring before him for condemnation a man worthy of death, named Jesus of Nazareth. No, he was not disposed to condemn this man without proof of his guilt. So in a tone of haughty contempt he said to the high priests: "What proof of guilt bring you against this man?" "If we did not know him," they answered bitterly, "to be a malefactor, we would not have delivered him up to thee." Then Pilate said: "Take him then yourselves and judge him according to your law." Whereupon they retorted: "Thou knowest it is not lawful for us alone to put any man to death."

They were bursting with rage and bitterness, and were for pushing the matter through with tempestuous

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hurry and violence, so as to be ready to sacrifice the Paschal lamb. And they could not suspect that they had already led the real Paschal Lamb into the house of the pagan idolater, while they stood at the threshold without in order not to be excluded by defilement.

The Three Chief Charges against Jesus.

To satisfy Pilate's demand for proof of guilt, they announced three charges, for each of which appeared ten witnesses. And these charges they so formulated as to brand Jesus an offender against Caesar. Were He merely a transgressor of their own religious laws, they would have to deal with Him themselves, and thus could not have Him put to death. Their first charge was: "Jesus is a seducer of the people, an agitator and peace-disturber." And they brought forth proofs, supported by witnesses. Thus, for instance: "He wanders around over the country, presides at great gatherings of the people, does not observe the Sabbath, heals the sick on that day." Here Pilate threw in a sarcastic remark: "Were you sick yourselves, I don't think his cures would cause you so much displeasure." They went on "He teaches the people most abominable doctrines, for instance, that they must eat His flesh and blood in order to have eternal life." Pilate felt a strong aversion for the driving fury wherewith they urged the accusation. He exchanged knowing smiles with his officers, and threw back to the Jews sharp replies, for instance: "Really, it seems you have accepted his teaching and are desirous of eternal life. For you surely are trying to devour his flesh and blood.

*Jesus before Pilate.*

The second charge was: "Jesus arouses the people not to pay tribute to Caesar." At this Pilate interrupted them angrily, insulted at being represented ignorant of a matter that belonged to his office. "That is a plump falsehood" he said emphatically; "I know better." But the Jews insisted it was so, and to prove it brought forth their third charge: "Jesus, though of birth lowborn, doubtful, suspected, had nevertheless won a great multitude of followers and called down woe upon Jerusalem. Parables, too, of double meaning he had scattered among the people, about a king who made a marriage for his son. Once indeed, the multitude gathered round him on a mountain had prepared to proclaim him king, but he had felt it was too soon and had hid himself. But in these lag days he had grown bolder, and had held a pompous entry into Jerusalem, on which occasion he had accepted royal honors, for instance, by approving such ovations as: "Hosanna to the Son of David! Praised and exalted be the kingdom of our father David, of him who now comes in triumph." Further, he taught everywhere that he was, and let himself be called: "The Christ, the Anointed of the Lord, the Messiah, the promised King of the Jews." In support of this charge, too, ten witnesses were brought forward.

This last charge, that Jesus let himself be called 'Christ' and 'King of the Jews,' made some impression on Pilate. He retired from the open terrace into the neighboring hall of justice, caging as he went a scrutinizing glance at Jesus, and commanded the guards to bring the prisoner before him.

Pilate was a superstitious doubter in religion, and  
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an inconstant weathercock in character. He had all kinds of dim notions about sons of his gods who had lived on earth. He knew also that the Jewish prophets had long since foretold an Anointed of the Lord, a Redeemer, a Liberator, a King, and that many Jews were now awaiting His coming. He knew that kings from the East had paid a visit to old King Herod, and made inquiry about a new-born King of the Jews whom they were come to adore, and that thereupon Herod had ordered many children to be slain. But these reports about a Messiah and King of the Jews he, a zealous idol-worshipper, could consider only as fables. What kind of King should that be? At the highest a triumphant conqueror, like the ruler expected by the rationalistic Jews and the Herodians. The more absurd, consequently, seemed to him the charge that the wretched and disfigured prisoner now before him was really claiming to be this King, this Anointed of God. But as the Jews had accused Jesus of insisting on that claim, and thus of infringing on the privileges of Caesar, Pilate felt bound to have the prisoner brought before him for hearing.

He put on a look of surprise and said to Jesus: "So thou art that King of the Jews?" And Jesus answered: "Sayest thou this thing of thyself or have others told it to thee of Me?" Pilate was angry that Jesus should seem to hold him foolish enough to take such a miserable wretch for a real king, and retorted contemptuously something as follows: "Dost thou take me for a Jew, that thou thinkest I should know aught of these contemptible tales? Thy own nation and its priests have brought this charge against thee and

*Jesus before Pilate.*

have delivered thee up to me. What hast thou done?" Hereupon Jesus spoke to him earnestly and solemnly: "My kingdom is not of this world. If My kingdom were of this world, I would have servants who would have striven for me that I should not be delivered to the Jews: but now My kingdom is not from hence."

These earnest words of Jesus threw Pilate into a kind of agitation, and his question showed he had grown serious: "So after all, then, thou art really a king?" And Jesus replied: "Thou sayest it, I am a king. For this I was born, and for this came I into the world, that I should give testimony to the truth. Everyone that is of the truth heareth my voice." Pilate gave Him a look and said as he rose: "Truth! What is truth?" Something further was said but I cannot recall it exactly.

"I Find No Cause in Him."

Pilate again stepped out on the terrace. He could not understand Jesus, but so much was clear that his prisoner was not a king who could in any way harm Caesar. He claimed no kingdom in this world, and Caesar was not concerned with a kingdom from another world. So from the terrace he called out to the high priest below: "I find no guilt in this man." Again their bitter fury broke loose and poured out a flood of accusations against Him. Our Lord stood there in silence, praying for them. Pilate turned to Him and asked: "Halt thou nothing to say against all these charges?" But Jesus answered him never a

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word, so that Pilate wondered exceedingly, and said: "I see clearly they are using lies against thee" (he had a peculiar word for 'lies,' but I have forgotten what it is.) But the accusers cried out furiously: "What, thou findest no guilt in him? He agitates the entire nation, for he scatters his doctrines broadcast through the land, beginning from Galilee even unto here. Is that no guilt?"

On hearing the word 'Galilee', Pilate paused a moment, and then called down to them: "Is this man a Galilean, a subject of Herod." "Yes" came the answer. "His parents lived in Nazareth, and Capharnaum is now his dwelling-place." "Well, then," said Pilate, "since he is a Galilean and one of Herod's subjects, lead him before Herod. He is here for the Festival, let him pass judgment on your prisoner." He ordered Jesus to be led down again to His enemies, and sent an officer to announce to Herod the coming before him for judgment of one of his Galilean subjects, Jesus of Nazareth. Pilate was glad to be rid of an unpleasant affair. He felt an uncanny fear at the thought of condemning Jesus. Besides, from political motives, he was pleased at the opportunity of giving a proof of his goodwill to Herod, with whom he had been living in enmity.

The high priests were exceedingly enraged at being thus, in presence of the multitude, dismissed by Pilate and compelled to move on to Herod; and the full measure of their new-flaring wrath fell on Jesus, again they drove the court policemen to surround Him, amid a storm of prods and blows and with tempest-like haste, across the crowded forum and on

*Jesus before Pilate.*

through a street to the not far distant palace of Herod. Roman soldiers went along.

During the last stage of Pilate's dealings with the priests, he had through a servant received a message that his wife, Claudia Procles, was urgently waiting to speak with him. And while Jesus was being led away to Herod, she stood unobserved on some high gallery, watching with dismal forebodings the passage of the procession across the forum.

First Beginnings of the Way of the Cross.

During the trial before Pilate, Our Lady, Magdalene and John had been among the multitude on the forum. They stood at a recess in one of the halls, listening with heart-breaking pain to the wild waves of din and clamor. When Jesus was hurried away to Herod, John led Our Blessed Lady and Magdalene back along the entire length of the road passed over by Our Lord in His Passion: Back to Caiphas, to Annas, through Ophel, to Gethsemani on Mount Olivet. At every spot where He had fallen, or had undergone some particular outrage they stood still, and mourned, and suffered again what He had there suffered. Our Lady often sank down to the ground and kissed the earth where Jesus had fallen, while Magdalene stood wringing her hands in desolation, and John wept with them, consoled them, encouraged them, and led them on. Thus began the devotion of the way of the Cross, the compassionate contemplation and veneration of Our Lord's Passion, even before the Passion itself was

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consummated. In the Virgin Mother, the holiest blossom of mankind, began the devotion of the Church to the sorrows of the Son. Even while He was yet wandering midway down His path of pain, the Vessel of Election, the Mother of Divine Grace, was moistening with tears of veneration the footprints of her Son and her God.

Great God, who could describe her agony? With what piercing power and pain the sword made its way through and took up its abode in her heart! How it all came back to her now! Was she really the Mother whose blessed womb had borne, whose breasts had nourished, this Man of Sorrows? Had He, the Word—that was in the beginning with God, the Word that was God—had He been carried nine months beneath her heart, been cared for, watched over, and nourished at her breast? Yes, 'twas all too true! She who had borne and felt His young life before He came forth to aid and bless and heal and teach His brethren—she was now sharing His lag agony, sharing likewise His consuming thirst for the redemption of men. And thus the Pure and Immaculate One was setting an example which Holy Church has never ceased to imitate. She followed her Son step by step along the thorny Way of the Cross, bending reverently down at each successive station to gather His merits, like one gathering flowers from the wayside, then rising to lift those merits, more precious than gems and diamonds, with her pure hands up to God. All that ever was holy in mankind, all that is or shall be, all who had ever longed for redemption, all who ever would gaze with compassion

*Jesus before Pilate.*

on the loving Passion of Our Savior—all these lived in her heart during those holy moments, all wandered, and mourned, and prayed, and sacrificed in the Dolorous Heart of her who was Mother of God and Mother of men.

Magdalene seemed to be out of her senses with grief. She had a boundless and holy love for Jesus, but whenever she attempted to pour out her soul in love at His feet, as she once poured spikenard over His head, she felt a shuddering abyss of horror open up between her and her love. For just as boundless as her love and gratitude, was likewise her contrition for sin. So when she would swing the vessel of her love and send the incense-clouds of gratitude to her Lord, then she would see Jesus cruelly driven to death on her account. Then her love shuddered at sight of her guilt, and threw itself into the abyss of sorrow. That abyss her love could neither sound to the depths nor fill to the top, so it hurried back full of longing for its Master only again to find Him brutally tortured for her sake. Thus her soul was violently torn asunder, and precipitated, as it were, back and forth from love to sorrow, from her own gratitude to the ingratitude of her people, while the agony she felt in soul was written in her words her motions and her whole appearance.

John was filled with loving compassion as he moved for the first time in the company of Our Lady along the bloody footprints of His Lord and Master, his soul meanwhile gazing prophetically on the future destinies of the Church.

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Pilate and His Wife.

While Jesus was on His way to the mockeries that awaited Him before Herod, I saw Pilate pay a visit to his wife, Claudia Procles. In the elevated terrace behind Pilate's palace was a garden-house, and in this they came together. Claudia was in a state of extreme agitation. She was a tall, fine-looking woman, somewhat pale. From her head a veil dropped back over her shoulders, but through it her hair could be seen, gathered round in braids and studded with ornaments. In her ears and round her neck ornaments were likewise visible, and her long, ample, many-folded dress was secured at the breast by some kind of precious brooch. She talked to Pilate for a long time, imploring him by all he held sacred not to harm the prophet named Jesus, the Holy of Holies, concerning whom she had that night seen such wonderful visions.

While she talked with him I too saw many of her visions, but I cannot bring them before me now in proper order. But these points I do remember: She saw, first of all, the prominent events in His life—His annunciation, His birth, the adoration of the shepherds and the Magi, the prophecies of Simeon and Anna, the flight into Egypt, the massacre of the Holy Innocents, the temptation in the desert, etc. She had further, general visions of His holy and healing public life, wherein He was constantly wrapped in light, while His plotting and malicious enemies appeared in most fearful forms. She saw the sanctity and the sorrows of His Mother, and His own unwearied

*Jesus before Pilate.*

love and patience amid such infinite pain. All this she saw in closely-crowded pictures, surrounded with symbols of light and darkness and many others, intended to interpret to her what she had seen. But it all threw her into unspeakable sadness and consternation. All she saw there was so new and strange, so powerfully penetrating and persuasive. Some further scenes, as the murder of the Innocents for example, and the prophecy of Simeon, she saw enacted in the neighborhood of her own house. And I know full well how much a sympathetic soul suffers under such visions. As a rule I learn the feelings and emotions of others only by feeling them myself.

Her words threw Pilate into astonishment, even into consternation. All he had ever heard of Jesus before, the insane fury of the Jews on the present occasion, the majestic silence of Jesus amid their accusations, His wonderful answers to Pilate's own questions—all this was by the word of his wife driven deeper into his soul. For a while he hesitated what course to pursue, but soon yielded to the representations of his wife. He had, so he told her, already declared to the Jews that he found no guilt in Jesus. No, he would not condemn the prisoner. All the charges against him were trumped up by the hatred of bitter enemies. He went on to speak of what Our Lord had said to himself, and even gave her a pledge that he would not condemn Jesus.

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Jesus before Herod.

The palace of Herod lay a short distance north of the forum, in the new section of the city. Furious at being compelled thus to run from one place to another, Our Lord's captors did not cease to curse Him, jerk Him, strike Him. A colonnade led into the hall where Herod sat to await them. Through this colonnade the high priests filed in, and ranged themselves on either side, with Jesus standing between them at the entrance. Herod felt flattered that Pilate had publicly proclaimed before the high priests his right to pass judgment on a Galilean, and his satisfaction was evident in his swelling, bustling air of importance. Besides, it pleased him greatly to see before him in such humble posture a man who had so far constantly refused to appear in his presence.

As soon as they entered, the high priests began to urge their charges most insistently. But Herod had fixed his curious eyes on Jesus. The barbarously maltreated figure, with torn and dishevelled hair, with bloody and dirt-begrimed countenance, in slimy undergarment, struck the luxurious king with a feeling both of loathing and of sympathy. He cursed with a Divine name, something like 'Jehova,' turned away with an expression of nausea, and said to the priest: "Away with him! Wash him! How dare you bring such a maltreated, dirt-soaked man before me?" Hereupon the jailers drew Jesus out into the entrance-hall, procured a basin of water and a kind of towel, and ran the towel cruelly over His torn and bleeding face.

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Within Herod was upbraiding the high priests for their cruelty. He seemed to be emulating Pilate when he said: "The man looks like he has fallen into the hands of butchers. Aren't you beginning before time today?" The priests only grew more insistent in urging their complaints and accusations. Jesus was brought in again. Herod assumed an air of politeness, and ordered a cup of wine for the entirely exhausted prisoner. But Jesus shook His head and would not take the drink offered.

Herod now grew quite talkative and plied Jesus with many questions. Jesus gave no answer. It had been revealed to me before, and the revelation was now repeated, that the reason why Jesus did not speak to Herod was the excommunication that lay on him by reason of his adulterous union with Herodias and the murder of John the Baptist.

However incensed at the silence of Jesus, Herod did not let his anger get the better of his prudence. He was resolved not to condemn Jesus. His reasons were: First, he felt a secret terror before his prisoner, a terror heightened by his frequent misgivings regarding the murder of John. Secondly, he hated the high priests, because they too had never approved his adulterous union, and had for this reason excluded him from sacrifice. Finally, he was unwilling to condemn anyone whom Pilate had declared innocent. It would suit his political purposes admirably to flatter Pilate before the high priests by sending Jesus back uncondemned. Still Jesus had to feel his resentment. He overwhelmed Our Lord with words of scorn and derision, and finally said to his body

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guard, composed of about two hundred men-at-arms: "Take the fool away! Give this ridiculous king the honor that is his due! He is a fool rather than a knave." So they led Our Lord out into a court-yard, and subjected Him to unspeakable maltreatment and mockery. This court-yard was enclosed by the wings of the palace, and from a flat roof Herod for some time stood watching the spectacle. Annas and Caiphas were constantly at his elbow, doing all in their power to get him to condemn Jesus. But Herod made answer, and in such wise that the Romans heard the words: "It would be quite wrong on my part to condemn him." He meant, probably: Quite wrong against Pilate who had been so obliging as to send him to me.

As soon as the high priests saw that Herod was set against their will, they sent some of their number to carry money and a message to the many Pharisees now dwelling in that part of the city called Acre. The message ordered them to get their companies together and come to Pilate's palace. With the money they were to hire a mob to clamor violently for the death of Jesus. Others of their number were sent forth to threaten the multitude with a judgment of God unless they demanded the death of this blasphemer. Finally, they had a rumor spread that unless Jesus were put to death He would unite with the Romans, theirs being the kingdom He was constantly speaking of, and in that case the Jews would be completely undone.

While the Pharisees were thus busily occupied, Our Lord was enduring the extreme of cruel and degrading

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treatment at the hands of an insolent, godless crew whose king, on getting no answer to his questions, had himself called Jesus a fool and delivered Him to torture.

Jesus Is Mocked.

As soon as they got Him into the court-yard, one of them went to get a long, white sack, which had lain in a door-keeper's room ever since it had been emptied of a load of cotton which it had once brought to the palace. With their swords they made a hole in the bottom of the sack, and then, amid a general burst of derision, brought it down over His head. Another soldier brought a red rag which he tied round Our Lord's neck like a collar, while the sack reached far down over His feet. Then the homage of mockery began. They bowed clown before Him, spat upon Him, struck Him in the face, all because He had refused to give answer to their king. Amid a thousand mocking acts of reverence, they bespattered Him with filth, jerked Him violently as if to make Him dance, so that the wide, dragging mantle of mockery came under His feet and threw Him to the ground. Then they hauled Him through a gutter that ran along the walls round the court-yard, seeing to it that His head struck against columns and corner-stones. That done, they jerked Him again to His feet and enacted round Him some new scene of turmoil and torture. Some two hundred of Herod's soldiers and menials; must have been engaged in the task. Being of many different nationalities, they were eager to outdo one another, and each leader in the wicked work sought to gain distinction for himself and fellow-countrymen

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in the eyes of Herod by inflicting on Our Lord some vile and cruel invention of his own.

The whole proceeding was carried on with tempestuous haste, amid excitement, and turmoil, and shouting. Many of his torturers, in return for money received from Our Lord's enemies, took advantage of the confusion to give Him blows on the head with heavy clubs. Jesus looked at them so touchingly, and moaned with pain: but they simply aped and mocked His groans. Every fresh manifestation of cruelty was followed by a new outburst of loud derision: There was not one who showed mercy. I saw the blood run down pitifully over His face, and three times He sank to the ground under these fearful cudgel-blows. But I also saw how weeping angels appeared above Him to anoint His head, and I understood that were it not for this Divine assistance these blows would have been fatal.

But time was pressing, and the high priest had soon to go to the Temple. So when news came that all their messages had been delivered, they made a last eager appeal to Herod for Our Lord's condemnation. But Herod's eyes were firmly fixed on Pilate. He ordered the prisoner, clothed in the mock-dress of a fool, to be sent back to the Roman governor.

From Herod to Pilate.

The high priests returned with still more furious rage than they came. How bitterly humiliating to bring Him back uncondemned to the spot where He had already been declared innocent! To have some

*From Herod to Pilate.*

revenge they chose to return by another road, probably twice as long as the one by which they came. Thus they could show His degradation to another portion of the people, have longer opportunity to maltreat Him, and allow their agents more time to influence the gathering crowds in their favor.

This return way was much more rough and uneven than the other, and along its whole course the hangmen were incited by the priests to do their worst to Jesus. The long sack dragged along in the mud and tripped Him, so that He sometimes fell, only to be struck on the head, and kicked, and jerked by the ropes again to His feet. Amid the indescribable derision and shuddering cruelties heaped upon Him both by His captors and the multitude, He was praying to be kept alive that He might consummate His Passion for us.

During the following scenes were present in a hall, where they could slip back and forth and observe all that went on: Our Blessed Lady, her elder sister Mary of Heli, her niece Mary of Cleophas, Magdalene, and about twenty other holy women. John, too, was present in the beginning.

As Jesus in His mock-garment drew near, the jeers and taunts grew louder. The Pharisees and their agents set the example, and sought out the most insolent among the populace to assist them. One of Herod's courtiers had been sent to Pilate to express the king's high appreciation of the compliment paid him by the governor, and to announce that he was returning the prisoner, as he had found the famous Galilean to be nothing but a speechless fool. It

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pleased Pilate to find that Herod agreed with him in not condemning Jesus. He returned the greetings of the king and the two former enemies now became friends.

Onwards Jesus was led, across the street in front of Pilate's house, and up the steps to the elevated terrace where he had been before. But in getting up the steps the cruel jerkings, of the hangmen brought the dragging cotton-sack again under His feet and threw Him so violently that blood broke from His sacred head and stained the marble whiteness of the stairs. His fall evoked a burst of derision from His enemies who had again occupied their seats at the side of the forum. The ruffian multitude joined in the loud laugh, and the hangmen drove Him with kicks up the stairs again.

Pilate was leaning back in his chair, the little table near him, and around him stood some officers and men with rolls of parchment. He now rose, went to the front of the terrace, and said to the accusers of Jesus below: "You have delivered this man to me as one that perverteth the people. I have examined him before you, and found him not guilty of those things wherein you accuse him. No, nor Herod either. For I sent you to him, and behold, nothing worthy of death has been found in the prisoner. I will chastise him therefore, and release him." These words called forth a storm of noisy murmurs and protests from the Pharisees, and threats and money poured out on the multitude still more freely.

But the time was now come when, according to an old Paschal custom, the people appeared before

*From Herod to Pilate.*

the governor to demand the release of some prisoner. Pilate hoped they would demand the release of Jesus, and determined to name along with Him a fearful malefactor already condemned to death, that they might be forced to choose Our Lord. This malefactor was called Barabbas and accursed by all the people. During a sedition he had committed murder, and I saw likewise many other heinous deeds he had perpetrated.

And now there was a movement among the people in the forum, and a number of them pressed forward, preceded by their spokesmen. The latter raised their voices up towards the terrace, crying: "Pilate! Do unto us as thou hast always done on the Feast." Pilate was just waiting for the word, and answered: "You have the custom that I release to you a prisoner on the solemn day. Which will you to be released unto you? Barabbas, or Jesus, the King of the Jews, who is called Christ?"

"Away with Him, Give Us Barabbas!"

Pilate's question was followed by a brief pause of hesitation and reflection on the part of the great mass of the multitude, and just a few voices were heard to cry: "Barabbas!" Pilate was called away by a servant of his wife. On stepping back he was shown the pledge he had given her in the morning, while the servant said: "Claudia Procles sends you this pledge as a reminder." Below the Pharisees and high priests were busy at work, some of them moving hastily among the multitude with threats and commands. But the task was an easy one.

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Our Lady, Magdalene, John, and the holy women were standing in a retired corner of one of the halls. They were trembling and weeping. Our Lady, it is true, knew there was no hope for men except in the death of Jesus, yet the Mother's heart was in agony to keep her Son alive. Just as Jesus, though he became man of His own will in order to die on the cross, yet on the way to that cross suffered torture and cruelty and scorn just as would any other innocent man in the same condition: so Our Blessed Lady felt the torturing anguish that any other mother would on seeing her son thus led to death by a most ungrateful people. With her companions she trembled between fear and hope, while John frequently left them for a little while to see if he could bring them good news.

So Our Lady was praying that the fearful crime might be averted. She repeated the words of Jesus on Mount Olivet: "If it be possible let this chalice pass from me." She still felt a glimmer of hope, because along with the news that passed from lip to lip among the people about what the Pharisees were so zealous to accomplish, came likewise the report that Pilate was endeavoring to release Our Savior. Not far from her stood some bands of people from Capharnaum, among them many whom Jesus had healed and taught. They acted as if half-strange, casting covert glances at John and the veiled group of unhappy women. But Mary felt sure, and so did her companions, that these people at least would reject Barabbas instead of their Benefactor and Savior. Yet so it was not to be.

### *The Scourging.*

Pilate had returned to his wife the pledge she had sent him as a sign that his promise gill held good. He now stepped out on the terrace again, and sat down on the chair next the table. The high priests, too, had again taken their seats. Pilate called out once more: "Which of the two shall I release unto you?" Then came from all sides of the crowded forum a loud and general shout: "Away with this man, release Barabbas unto us!" Pilate cried out: "What, then, shall I do with Jesus who is called Christ." The answer came in a violent roar: "Crucify him! Crucify him!" And for the third time Pilate asked: "But what evil has he clone? I at least find no guilt worthy of death. So I will scourge him and let him go." But the fearful cry: "Crucify him! Crucify him!" raged like a very storm of Hell round about, and the high priests and the Pharisees shouted and howled with insane fury. Pilate, weak and wavering, yielded to their tempestuous passion, released unto them Barabbas, and condemned Jesus to be scourged.

#### The Scourging.

Pilate, low-minded, undecided, wavering judge, had several times already pronounced the self-contradictory word: "I find no guilt in him, therefore I will chastise him and let him go." But the loud-clamoring hubbub: "Crucify him! Crucify him!" continued unabated. Nevertheless Pilate was still in hopes he could have his own way, and ordered Jesus to be scourged in the Roman fashion. Hereupon

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the short, heavy cudgels of the hangmen drove Jesus, already so bruised and broken and bespattered, down stairs and on through the raging multitude out upon the forum north of Pilate's house to a scourging pillar standing in front of one of the halls that surround the market place.

The scourgers threw their instruments at the foot of the pillar and came forward to meet Jesus. They were six in number, dark swarthy men, in stature smaller than Jesus, with bristly, scabby hair, and thin, stubble-like beard. A cloth round the loins' thin soles on their feet, and a kind of scapular, made of leather or some similar cheap material, that came down over back and breast but good open at the sides—such was their clothing. Degraded criminals from Egypt were kept in Jerusalem as slaves and prisoners, being employed in erecting buildings or digging canals, and the most malicious and vile-minded among them were chosen to do hangman's services for the government.

At different times already these fearful wretches had scourged prisoners to death. They had something beastly, devilish about them, and seemed to be half-drunk. Though Our Lord moved along quite willingly, they began to beat and tear Him, and dragged Him with fury to the pillar. The pillar or column stands by itself, not serving to support any part of the building. The column is just high enough for a tall man with outstretched arms to reach the iron ring fastened at the center of the circular-shape top. At back of the column midway up and down, other rings and hooks are fastened. It is impossible to describe

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the barbarous brutality wherewith these raging dogs fell on Jesus, tearing at the mock-mantle of Herod, and dragging Him to the ground.

Jesus shook and trembled before the column. In palpitating haste He removed His garments with His own hands, while they dragged and tore at Him—with His own hands, bruised and bleeding and swollen from the tightly-drawn cords. His prayer as He disrobed was so touching, and He turned for a moment to His sorrow-stricken Mother who stood with the holy women in a comer of the colonnades, not far from the column of flagellation. As He turned back to the column for protection against exposure, since He had to remove even the loin-cloth, He spoke to her these words: "Turn thy eyes away from Me." I know not whether the words were spoken outwardly or only inwardly. But I saw that Mary understood them, for at the same moment she turned away and sank unconscious into the arms of the veiled women who surrounded her.

Jesus now put His arms round the column, and the hangmen, amid fearful cursing, pulled and jerked at Him till they had His holy hands stretched across the top of the column and fastened together behind the iron ring. He was drawn up so high that His holy feet, bound tightly to the column, could barely touch the ground. And now in infinite anguish and shame the Holy of Holies good exposed in all the weakness of humanity, bound fast to the column destined for the most degraded criminals, while two blood-thirsty wretches seized their weapons and began to lacerate His sacred body from head to foot.

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This first pair of scourges seemed to be made of some tough sort of white wood; but perhaps they were plaited from stiff oxen sinews or hard straps of white leather.

Under the lacerating blows of these criminals, Our Savior, the Son of God, true God and true Man quivered and writhed like some poor tortured worm. He moaned with pain, and out through the hissing stream of lashes came clear sweet tones of lamentation, like loving words of prayer from the lips of a lacerated soul. But time and again these pitiful yet benediction-bringing moans were swallowed up by the black storm of yells from the people and the Pharisees. "Away with him! Crucify him!" came the roaring cry from all sides. Pilate was gill parleying with the multitude. Whenever he wished to speak, there first resounded a trumpet-like blast, which silenced the fierce din and clamor for some moments. And then through the silence were heard the hissing of the scourges, the lamentations of Jesus, the curses of the executioners, and the bleating of the Eager lambs from the pool where they were being washed, which pool lay east of the forum and near the so-called Probatina (Sheep-gate).

Alongside the guard-house I saw some infamous, slightly-clothed youngsters engaged in preparing fresh scourges while others went to get bundles of thorns. Some of the hangmen in the service of the high priests, were in communication with the scourgers and were stealthily giving them money. Some one brought them a large jug filled with some thick red liquor, which infuriated them completely. A quarter of an

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hour had hardly elapsed, when the first pair of scourgers ceased from their task and joined the second pair, whereupon all four began to drink together. Our Savior's body was beaten black and blue, and His flesh was lacerated in every direction with palpitating red stripes down which His Sacred Blood was trickling to the ground. He good there trembling and quivering while sounds of derision poured in upon Him from all sides.

And now the second pair fell upon Him with fresh fury. They had a different kind of lash, so woven that the outer surface bristled with something like thorns, with knobs and spurs interspersed. Beneath this horrible onslaught all His bleeding gripes were torn open and His Blood spouted roundabout in a circle, sprinkling the very arms of His executioners. Jesus moaned, and prayed, and quivered.

A caravan on camels was now passing the forum. The strangers inquired of the people what was taking place, and gazed with pity and consternation at the scene. Some of these travellers had received baptism, others had been present at the Sermon on the Mount.-The loud din and clamor in front of Pilate's house continued unabated.

The third pair of executioners used real scourges consisting of an iron handle to which were fastened small chains or straps, each ending in an iron hook. With these fearful weapons they tore away whole pieces of flesh and skin so that His very ribs could be seen. Oh, who can describe the pity and the horror of that scene!

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"Stop This! Don't Beat an Innocent Man to Death!"

But the scene of abomination must go still further. They loosened His cords and turned His back to the column. He was so exhausted that He was no longer able to stand, so they bound Him fast with thin straps round the breast under His arms and round the legs under the knees, while His hands were tightly drawn together behind the middle section of the column. Crouched down and shrunken together with pain, that adorable Body was one mass of lacerated flesh and bleeding wounds. Like furious dogs the executioners heaped blow on blow. One of them had in his left hand a lash somewhat finer in nature, wherewith to cut and slash His face. Not a sound spot was more to be found in His Body. He fixed His eyes overflowing with blood upon His persecutors asking for mercy. But they merely raged the more furiously, and His groans grew ever more soft and low.

The fearful scene had lasted about three quarters of an hour when a stranger of low rank, a relative of the blind Ctesiphon who had been healed by Jesus, sprang, with a sickle-shaped knife in his hand, to the rear of the column, crying angrily: "Stop this! Don't beat an innocent man to death!" In amazement the drunken executioners ceased striking, and the stranger drove his knife seemingly with one stroke through the knot which had been formed round a large iron nail, at which all the cords that bound Jesus came together. Hereupon the man fled, disappearing again in the multitude. But the Savior's lacerated frame

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fell in a heap on the ground at the foot of the column, and lay there as if unconscious encircled by His own Blood. The executioners let Him be, turned to take a drink, and shouted encouragement to their shameless assistants who were engaged near the guard-house in plaiting a crown of thorns.

While Jesus lay there at the foot of the column, bathed in blood and quivering with pain, an insolent group of shamelessly-dressed women came to the spot. They held one another's hands, and stood still to stare at Him, ever and anon turning away in disgust. At this His pain grew still more unendurable, and He raised His torn and bloody face so pitifully towards them. Hereupon they went away while the executioners and soldiers shouted vile remarks after them. Several times during the scourging I saw what seemed to be mourning angels appear round Jesus, and constantly through the piercing hail of ignominious pain I heard Him give Himself to God for man. And now while He lay thus, in His blood I saw an angel who came to refresh Him. It seemed to me the angel placed some shining morsel in His mouth.

But here come the executioners again. They began to kick him, telling him to get up, they were not yet through with the King. They struck at Him, and Jesus reached painfully for His loin-cloth which lay a little distance away. But with shouts of derision the accursed wretches began to kick it back and forth, so that the naked figure on the ground had to turn and twist like some trampled worm before He could get a covering for His lacerated loins. Renewed kicks and blows put Him again on His tottering

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feet. They gave Him no time to put on His undergarment, simply threw it over His shoulders with the sleeves hanging down in front. With this garment He wiped the blood from His face on the roundabout way o'er which they hastily led Him to the guard-house.

Our Lady during the Scourging of Jesus.

During the scourging of Our Redeemer I saw our Blessed Lady in uninterrupted ecstasy. In her innermost soul, with unutterable love and pain, she saw and endured all that He endured. Soft tones of lamentation often broke from her lips, and her eyes were burning with tears. Wrapped in her veil she lay quietly in the arms of her elder sister Mary of Heli. The latter was far advanced in years and bore a great resemblance to her mother, Anne. Her daughter, Mary of Cleophas, was likewise present, clinging generally to the arm of her mother. The other holy women, friends of Mary and Jesus, were all veiled and muffled, trembling with fear and sorrow, all gathered closely round Our Blessed Lady and moaning softly as if awaiting their own death-sentence. Mary wore a long and flowing garment, almost as blue as the heavens, and over it a mantle white as snow, with a veil of yellowish golden white. Magdalene was broken and shattered with sorrow, her hair hanging loose under her veil.

While Jesus lay at the base of the column, I saw Claudia Procles, Pilate's wife, send to Our Lady some large pieces of linen. I do not know distinctly now, whether this sympathetic pagan woman still thought

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that Jesus would be released, or whether she meant them for the purpose for which Our Lady really used them.

Mary had come to herself, and now saw her lacerated Son driven past her by the hangmen. With His poor garment He wiped the blood from His eyes in order to see His Mother. She stretched her hands out to Him, and followed His bloody footsteps with her eyes. And now, as the multitude turned aside, I saw Our Lady and Magdalene approach the column, throw themselves on the ground, and begin to absorb the Blood of Jesus with those pieces of cloth. Surrounded and protected by the holy women, and by some other good people who joined the company, they continued their loving task till they had secured even the least trace of those precious stains.—It was now about nine o'clock in the morning.

I no longer saw John with the holy women, who numbered about twenty. Simeon's son, Obed's son, Veronica's son, and Joseph of Arimathea's two nephews Aram and Themi, were sadly and fearfully performing their duties in the Temple.

During all this horrible time I was now one place and now another in Jerusalem. I felt so whipped and tortured, so overwhelmed with pain and sick unto death. While they were scourging my beloved Bridegroom, I sat at a corner nearby. No Jew dared go there for fear of becoming unclean. But I felt no fear. Oh no, I sat down there and wished rather to be made clean, to have even one drop of His cleansing Blood fall on me. Oh, I was so sick, so pierced with pain, I thought I would surely die. I could do

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nothing, absolutely nothing, had to let things just as they were, while compassion was killing me. I moaned and trembled at every blow, and was always wondering why they did not drive me away.

Alas, how touching the sight of my beloved Bridegroom as His lacerated body lay there at the foot of the column weltering in His own blood! How abominable those wretched women as they passed by, staring, mocking, nauseating! How pitifully His look said to them: "You have lacerated Me thus, and you now come to mock Me!" How brutally the executioners kicked Him to get up, made Him reach and creep so painfully for His garments, and drove Him to His feet and dragged Him past His Dolorous Mother! And, O God, the sight of Our Lady as she wrung her hands and riveted her eyes on His bloody footprints! Through the now open doors of the guard-house I heard come forth on the market-place the mocking cries of the vile-minded hangman helpers, as with hands encased in gloves they plaited the crown of thorns, and derisively touched the points to test their sharpness.

Sick and afraid, all shaking and trembling, I was just on the point of hurrying away to see my Bridegroom in His new pain, when His poor Mother crept near and began, while the holy women and some good men formed a circle to conceal her, to gather up so lovingly the Blood of her Son round the column, seeking its traces wherever they had sprinkled. How horrible was that roaring and bellowing of the enemies of Jesus and of the multitude while Our Savior was being led through! I felt my soul so torn

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and sick, my pain and anguish so overpowering that I could not weep, and yet I felt it my duty to gather my strength together and go to see Jesus crowned with thorns.

Appearance of Our Lady and of Magdalene.

Our Lady's cheeks were pale and wan, her nose somewhat long but indicating refinement, her eyes burned red from weeping. There is something wonderful about her, an appearance of neatness, simplicity and harmony that beggars description. Just think! Yesterday and all last night she has been wandering and trembling and weeping through the Valley of Josaphat and the streets of Jerusalem, and yet her garments are still neat and clean, not in any way soiled or disarranged. Not a single fold but breathes holiness. She is the very picture of unsullied purity and harmonious simplicity. She shows such impressive dignity, and her veil falls into such pure and simple folds when she turns her head to look around. None of her movements are violent or impulsive, and amid the most heart-breaking sorrow her every act is marked by reflection and calmness. The dews of night and countless tears are on her garment, yet they are gill free from all dirt and disorder. She is ineffably, transcendently beautiful—beautiful with the beauty of superhuman stainlessness, and truth, and symmetry, and dignity, and holiness.

Magdalene wears an altogether different appearance. She is larger than Our Lady, and her form and bearing betray a more studied elegance. But the unchecked violence of her sorrow and compassion

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have turned her beauty into ugliness, almost repulsiveness. Her garments are damp and muddy, and somewhat torn and untidy and disarranged, while her long hair tumbles down in loose disorder beneath her damp and tattered veil. She is the very picture of desolation, can think of nothing but her sorrow, looks almost as if she had lost her mind. Around her here on the forum are many people from Magdala and vicinity, people who had known her in that previous life of extravagant sinfulness that ended in the depths of degradation. All eyes are now turned upon one who had so long concealed her sin, and the fingers of all point scornfully at the figure of beauty now transformed into ruin and desolation, while some even go so far as to throw mud at her as they pass. But of all this she is unconscious, she is too deeply plunged in agonizing grief.

The Crown of Thorns.

While Jesus was being scourged Pilate continued his negotiations with the people. But all in vain. Once they even shouted back: "He must be done away with, if it coils us all our lives!" When Jesus was led away to be crowned they were still crying: "Away with him, away with him!" The high priests had their envoys still busily engaged, and ever fresh crowds were coming in to swell the ranks of the roaring multitude on the forum.

After they had absorbed the blood of Jesus I saw Our Lady and her company leave the forum. I next

*The Crown of Thorns.*

saw them, the precious cloths in their hands, in a small house, built against a wall, and not far from here. I do not remember to whom it belonged. Nor do I remember to have seen John during the scourging.

The derisive coronation with thorns took place in the inner court-yard of the guard-house, which latter was situated over the dungeons at one side of the forum, and was surrounded by a colonnade, beneath which the entrance-doors now stood open. About fifty vile-minded wretches were engaged in crowning and mocking Jesus: Soldier servants, jail servants, slaves, hangmen and scourgers. At first the multitude tried to get in, but were kept back by a company of a thousand Roman soldiers who soon surrounded the building. Arrayed in rank and file, they stood there mocking and laughing, and thus encouraging the torturers, as spectators would encourage actors, to do their utmost in making Jesus suffer.

They had trundled the base of an old column to the middle of the court. In the center of this base there was a hole, wherein probably the column once had rested. Upon this they fastened a round foot-stool, which had a handle behind to grip it by, and maliciously strewed the seat with sharp-pointed stones and pieces of crockery.

Again they tore away all that covered His torn and mangled body, and threw on Him a soldier's cloak, old, red-colored, tattered, and so short that it did not even reach His knees. The last shreds of what had once been yellow tassels still clung in places

*The Passion of Jesus Christ.*

to the old cloak. It was kept in the hangman's office purposely for criminals after scourging, either to absorb the blood from their bodies or to dress them out for mockery. And now they dragged Jesus to the stool, and brought His wounded body heavily down upon its layer of sharp stones; and potsherds. Hereupon they proceeded to crown Him with thorns.

This crown was about six inches high, densely intertwined, and with a projecting border on top. They wrapped it like a bandage round His forehead, and tied it tight behind His head so that it formed a crown-like hat of thorns. It was composed of three thorny shrubs, each as thick as a finger. They were strong young shoots fresh from the thicket, and the thorns on them had nearly all been purposely bent inwards. The thorns were of three kinds, corresponding to our buckthorns, blackthorns and hawthorns. The branch which composed the border on top, by which they grasped and jerked the crown, was taken from a bush something like our blackberry bushes.—I saw the place where the fellows went to get the thorns.

Hereupon they pressed into His hand a thick reed-cane with a bushy top. All this was done with derisive solemnity, just as if they were really crowning Him king. They took the cane from His hand, and struck it violently down upon the crown, so that His blood welled up into His eyes. They bent the knee before Him, stretched out their tongues against Him, spat in His face, struck Him, shouting in the meantime: "All hail, King of the Jews!" They knocked over the stool, and Him with it, then set it aright and forced Him upon it again, guffawing derisively meanwhile.

*Ecce Homo! Behold the Man!*

Alas, I cannot repeat all the vile-minded tricks invented by these wretches to mock Our Lord. He had such an awful thirst!\* His brutal laceration at the column had brought on a wound-fever. He was all a-tremble, His sides were here and there torn open to the ribs, His tongue convulsively shrunken and contracted, and His only alleviation was the down-dripping blood from His sacred head, which flowed mercifully into the scorching heat of His mouth kept open by gasping exhaustion. But those fearful wretches made His holy mouth a mark for their sickening spittle. Thus the scene went on for about half an hour, while the rank and file of the cohort that had surrounded the guard-house stood there with loud-shouting laughter and applause.

Ecce Homo! Behold the Man!

The thorn-crown on His head, the reed-scepter in His manacled hands, and clothed in the scarlet rag, Jesus was led again into Pilate's palace. Blood filled His eyes, stained His mouth, clogged His beard and made Him unrecognizable. He reeled painfully

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\* During the night when she had this vision, Sister Emmerich, moved with compassion, desired to thirst with her Savior. Hereupon she fell into a violent fever, and suffered such burning thirst, that the next morning found her unable to speak—her tongue dry, stiff, blue-colored, and drawn back into the larynx, and her lips shrivelled and withered. When the writer saw her in the morning she seemed to be near death, so pale and feeble and unconscious. With difficulty a little water was gotten down her throat, and after quite a long rest she was able, though with great effort to make the above communication. The woman who had watched over her said that during the night she had often writhed and moaned on her couch.

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along, His whole body one mass of stripes and wounds, looking like a blood-soaked piece of cloth. The wretched mantle was so short that He bent forwards to let it cover Him better. All His other clothing had been torn from Him.

When He reached the foot of the stairs, even the cruel heart of Pilate felt a shudder of loathing compassion. Leaning on one of his officers, while the populace and the priests continued their howling mockeries, he cried out: "if the Jews have a devil as cruel as themselves, it must be impossible to live in their Hell!" When Jesus had been painfully dragged upstairs and taken His position in the background, Pilate went to the front of the terrace. A trumpet-blast was blown as signal for silence, and Pilate said to the high priests and the assembled multitude: "Behold, I will have him led out before you, that you may know I find no fault in him."

The hangmen now led Jesus forwards till He stood beside Pilate where the entire assembly on the forum could see Him. Oh fearful, soul-crushing spectacle! A moment of dead silence and shuddering horror settled down on that wild multitude under the eyes of that blood-bathed, thorn-crowned Son of God, as Pilate pointed to Him and cried: "Behold the Man!"

Just at this moment—while with lacerated body and thorn-pierced head Jesus stood before Pilate's palace, still bearing the mock-scepter and clutching with manacled hands the folds of the red rag, bowed down in infinite sorrow and mildness, crushed by sufferings and love, exposed like some bloody shadow to the rage of priest and people—just at this moment

*Ecce Homo! Behold the Man!*

companies of servants and handmaidens, their garments girded for work, were passing across the forum on their way to assist in washing the Easter lambs, while from the pool whither they were going came the soft bleating of the innocent victims to mingle with the wild echoes of that mad multitude and give testimony to the silent figure of Truth that stood there above. Truly, the unknown and unknowable mystery of Easter must be near its consummation: Here is One Lamb that fulfils the prophecies, that opens not its mouth but goeth in silence to slaughter.

The hesitation lasted but a moment. The sight of Jesus was for the high priests and their helpers a maddening mirror of their own conscience, and the old cry reechoed still louder: "Away with him, crucify him!" Pilate shouted back: "Not yet satisfied? Think you one treated like him will still want to be king?" But they went mad with rage, and the multitude was one seething mass of roaring frenzy: "Away with him! Crucify him!" Again the trumpet blew, and Pilate said: "Take him yourselves and crucify him, for I find no fault in him." "We have a law," some of the high priest shouted back, "we have a law and according to this law he must die, because he has made himself Son of God." "If your laws demand this man's death," retorted Pilate, "the gods be thanked I am no Jew."

But the word 'Son of God' tormented Pilate and roused again all his superstitious fears. He let Jesus be brought where the two were alone and asked Him: "Whence art thou?" Jesus gave him no answer. Pilate went on: "Dost thou not answer me? Knowest

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thou not that I have power to crucify thee and power to release thee?" Jesus answered: "Thou shouldst not have any power over Me were it not given thee from above. Therefore he that betrayed Me to thee hath the greater sin."

Claudia Procles, full of anxiety at the hesitating policy pursued by her husband, again sent him the token he had given her as a reminder of his promise. The answer he sent back to her was confused and superstitious. All I remember of it is some mention of his gods.

But the high priests and Pharisees had been informed that Pilate's wife was pleading for Jesus, and were now scattering among the multitude this rumor: "The followers of Jesus have bribed the wife of the governor. If Jesus goes free, he will unite with the Romans, and we all shall perish."

Pilate knew not what to do. His cowardly indecision seemed to make his thoughts drunk, and they tumbled back and forth between yes and no. Again he addressed the Jews, saying he could find no guilt in Jesus, but the only effect he produced was still more violent demands for His death. But his own whirling thoughts, his wife's dreams, and Our Lord's impressive answers still kept him from yielding. Determined to get some answer that would show him a way out of his painful situation, he went back to the chamber of justice where he was alone with his prisoner. He gazed searchingly, yet almost tremblingly, at the frightful, blood-stained figure before him, and said hesitatingly to himself: "Is it possible he is really a God?" Then suddenly he broke into an oath, adjuring

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Jesus to say: Was he a god and no man? Was he that expected King? How far his kingdom extended? What rank did he have among the gods? Let him speak out plainly, Pilate would surely release him.

Of the answer of Jesus I can give only the contents, not the words. He spoke with awful earnestness. He showed Pilate what kind of a king He was, what kingdom He was to rule. By telling Pilate the truth He showed that He was ruler in the kingdom of truth. He lay open before Pilate the abominations that lay hidden in his soul, foretold to him the fate that was awaiting him, his banishment and ruin, his unhappy and shameful death, and finally revealed His own future coming, to pass true judgment on His judge.

Half-indignant at these words, yet half-terrified, Pilate went out on the terrace and cried out that he was going to release Jesus. But he was met by the cry: "if thou releasest him, thou art no friend to Caesar. He that maketh himself king, is an enemy of Caesar." Others shouted that they would accuse him to the emperor of disturbing their Festival, let him make haste; they would have to undergo severe penalties unless they were in the Temple by ten o'clock. And once again the fearful cry began to roar and swell: "Crucify him! Away with him!" In all quarters the crowds were growing ever more frenzied, some of them had climbed upon the flat roofs round the forum, and from there were shouting down their threat.

Pilate saw that with that mad multitude it was

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useless to reason. Their roaring, raving frenzy was something fearful to behold. Rebellion in most violent form would surely follow his refusal to yield. He had water brought to him, a servant poured it over his hands in sight of all the people, and down from the terrace came Pilate's words: "I am innocent of the blood of this just man, look you to it." And back from the crowded forum, covered with Jews from all parts of Palestine, came the dreadful, blood-curdling cry: "His blood be upon us and upon our children!"

Jesus Condemned to Death.

In His red rag of mockery, His crown of thorns, and with manacled hands, Jesus was led by the hangmen and soldiers out through the deriding mob till he good between the two murderers in front of Pilate's tribunal. Pilate sat down on his judgment-seat, and said loudly to the enemies of Jesus: "Behold your king!" "Away with him! Crucify him!" was the only answer. "Shall I crucify your king?" continued Pilate. And the high priests shouted: "We have no king but Caesar!" Pilate spoke not another word for Jesus or with Him, and prepared to pronounce sentence of death.

The two malefactors had been condemned to the cross for some time. Their execution had at the request of the high priests been deferred till today. They thought to degrade Him still more by crucifying Him with common murderers. Near the two robbers lay their crosses, dragged there by the helpers of the crucifiers. Our Lord's cross was not yet on the spot,

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probably because His sentence was not yet pronounced.

After seeing Jesus publicly exhibited by Pilate, and hearing the multitude call down upon itself that dreadful curse of blood, Our Lady for a little while left the forum. But now she returned, and surrounded by several holy women, pressed her way through the crowd till she was again near her Son and God, who good, surrounded by hangmen and glared at by the Jews, at the foot of the stairs awaiting sentence. And now the trumpet sounded, and the angry coward on the judgment-seat pronounced sentence of death on Jesus.

His base-mindedness and deceit crushed me completely. The sight of that self-swollen scoundrel, the blood-thirsty triumph of the panting, but now satisfied high priests, the deep pain and anguish of Our poor Savior, the unspeakable sufferings of the compassionate Mother and the holy women, the lowering, scowling, suspicious eyes of the Jews, the cold proud bearing of the soldiers, and the horrible devil-shapes among the multitude—all this had annihilated me completely. Alas, if only I good there instead of my Bridegroom, then were the sentence just.—I was so overcome with suffering that I cannot recall exactly the order of succession in what followed. What I do remember I will tell as well as I can.

First of all Pilate held a loud-mouthed speech, using some high-sounding word for Claudius Tiberius as emperor. Then he proclaimed the charges against Jesus: A seducer, a disturber of the peace, a transgressor of the Jewish law since he let himself be



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and passed them down to the Church, the Mother of us all—just as Jacob set up a memorial and consecrated with oil the stone whereon he had received the promise.

While Pilate was pronouncing the unjust judgment I saw Claudia Procles send back his pledge and determine to leave him. That same evening I saw her secretly leave his palace and flee to the friends of Jesus, who concealed her for a while in a vault under the house of Lazarus. Later on she became a Christian, sought out St. Paul, and became his close friend.

Now that sentence of death was pronounced, and Pilate was quarreling with the priests about the written documents, Jesus was left to the mercy of the executioners who until now had been somewhat held in check by respect for the court. His garments which had been torn from Him in the hall of Caiphas the night before were now brought to Him again. I think some compassionate soul must have washed them, for they were now clean. I believe, too, 'twas custom among the Romans to reclothe the condemned before leading them forth to execution. So these impudent fellows again stripped Our Lord, and unbound His hands, so He could get into His garments. And so rough were they in tearing off the old red mantle of mockery that they ripped open many of his wounds. He put on the loin-cloth Himself, and they threw His woolen scapular round His neck. The long, brown, seamless robe woven by His Mother could not be brought down over the broad crown of thorns, so they tore the latter from His head, whereat all His reopened

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wounds shed blood, and He suffered unspeakable agony. Over the seamless robe they put on His white, woolen, wide-flowing garment, His broad belt, and finally His mantle. Hereupon they bound round His waist the second belt to which were attached the cords they used to lead Him. During all this time they ceased not to pursue Him with blows and pushes and other shuddering barbarities.

Near Jesus, one on the right, the other on the left, stood the two thieves. Like Him they wore round their necks the chain of accusation. Their clothing consisted of three pieces: a loin-cloth, a scapular-like jacket, of poor material, open at the sides, and without sleeves, and finally a straw-woven cap stuffed something like the padded caps of children. They were of a dirty brown color, still covered with stripes from the scourging they had received. The thief who was going to be converted was even now quiet and recollected, while the other showed his rage and insolence by aiding the executioners to curse and mock Jesus, who looked upon them both with love and longing, and also for them offered His life.

The executioners were gathering their instruments together, and all concerned were getting ready for the procession of all processions most sad and cruel—in which the loving Redeemer was to bear the burden of our sins in His own body, and then to pour out through the channels of His lacerated body, as through a perforated chalice, the blood that would redeem even the unpardonable wretches who transfixed Him.

Annas and Caiphas had at length concluded their quarrelsome agreement with Pilate, and now on

*Jesus Condemned to Death.*

receiving a few long narrow strips of written parchment hurried to the Temple. They could just get there in time. Thus the high priests separated from the true Easter Lamb. They hurried away to a temple of stone, there to sacrifice and eat the symbolic figure of a Reality which they delivered up to be led by abominable executioners to the altar of the Cross. From Pilate's court two ways branched out. One led to a sacrifice beneath a veil on the Mount, the other to a sacrifice already completed in the Temple. On the one the Lamb of God, pure and purifying, yet defiled with all the filthy abominations of cruelty, was toiling upwards to the eternal Altar, on the other unclean high-priests were hastening to sacrifice a lamb that had been cleansed, and washed, and blessed, but had now lost all meaning. Scrupulously they had shunned outward defilement, but the seething wickedness of their souls had boiled over in rage and envy and derision, and had besplashed them with iniquity. "His blood be upon us and upon our children." With those words they had completed the ceremonies, had laid the hand of the sacrificer upon the head of the victim.

And from the spot where the two roads parted, one to the altar of the law, one to the altar of grace, Pilate, the proud and vacillating judge, the lover of the world and slave of death, who trembled before God yet bowed before idols, who to reign in time sacrificed eternity—Pilate gave the sign, and, preceded by his trumpeter and surrounded by his guards, passed between the two roads to his palace.—'Twas about 10 o'clock in the morning.

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Jesus Carries His Cross to Calvary.

When Pilate left the judgment-seat, some of the soldiers followed him and formed into line in front of the palace, ready to march out, while only a small band stayed with those condemned. Eight and twenty armed Pharisees, among them the six furious agents who had been present on Mount Olivet, now came riding towards the forum to accompany the procession. The executioners led Jesus to the center of the forum. From the west entered several slaves carrying the cross of wood, which with crashing noise they threw down at the Savior's feet.

Jesus cast Himself on His knees beside the Cross, put His arms around it, and kissed it three times, meanwhile whispering softly a prayer of thanks to His Heavenly Father for the redemption of men that was now beginning. As pagan priests embrace a new-built altar, so Our Lord embraced His Cross the eternal altar, on which was to be poured out the propitiatory blood of sacrifice. But the executioners jerked Him to an upright kneeling position, and forced Him, with but little aid and that cruelly given, to take the heavy beam on His right shoulder and hold it there with His right arm. I saw invisible angels help Him, otherwise He could not have taken up the burden.

While He thus knelt in prayer, bowed down beneath His Cross, other executioners laid across the necks of the two thieves the cross-beams of their crosses, then bent their arms upwards and fastened them to these cross-beams. These cross-beams were

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not quite straight, but somewhat bent, and so prepared that, when the time for crucifixion came, they could be joined to the upper end of the main beams, which, along with other materials and implements, were carried behind the thieves by slaves.—From Pilate's cavalry came the trumpet signal for departure, and one of the Pharisees on horseback approached Jesus, who still knelt under His burden, and said: "Ended are His grand speeches, let us hasten to get rid of Him! Be up and on!" They jerked Him to His feet, and down upon Him sank that heavy burden of the Cross, that burden which His words eternally true have told us we must carry after Him. And thus was set in motion that procession of the King of kings, on earth of all processions the most painful and ignominious, in Heaven the most glorious and blissful.

Two executioners walked behind Our Savior, each holding a rope that was attached to the foot of the long beam, thus preventing the Cross from dragging on the ground. Encircling Jesus at some distance were four other executioners, likewise holding four ropes attached to the belt they had tied round His waist. His mantle was folded together and wound round the upper part of His body.—With the wood of the Cross thus bound on His shoulders Jesus reminded me strongly of Isaac who carried up the mountain the wood for His own sacrifice.

Pilate's trumpet now signalled for the procession to get forwards out of his way, as he was riding out at the head of a band of soldiers to prevent any disturbance from arising in the city. He was surrounded

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by his officers and a company of horsemen, and followed by a division of about three hundred foot-soldiers, whose home was on the frontiers of Italy and Switzerland.

At the head of the procession was a trumpeter who at every street comer blew upon his trumpet to proclaim the execution. A few paces behind him followed a rabble, composed principally of boys carrying liquors, ropes, nails, wedges and tool-boxes of all kinds. Next came able-bodied servants carrying poles and ladders and the main beams of the crosses for the two thieves. The ladders themselves were nothing but poles pierced with pegs. Next came some Pharisees on horseback, and then a young lad who carried before his breast the inscription prepared by Pilate to be affixed to the Cross, and on a pole over his shoulder the crown of thorns, which it seemed impossible for Our Lord to wear while bearing His Cross. This lad was not very wicked.

Our Savior beneath the Cross.

And now came Our Savior: On bare and wounded feet, bowed down and staggering beneath that heavy burden, scourged and broken and worn, since the Last Supper without meat or drink or sleep, constantly maltreated unto death, exhausted from loss of blood, from wounds and fever and thirst, from the unspeakable horrors which harrowed His soul with sorrow and compassion. His right arm was thrown round the heavy burden that weighed down His right shoulder, His left hand often reached painfully down to lift the wide-folded garment from

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beneath His wavering steps. Far out from Him stood the four executioners holding the ropes that were fastened to His belt. The two in front jerked Him onwards, the two behind drove Him. Thus he could make no sure step, and the jerking ropes never let Him succeed in lifting His garment.

From former violent constriction His hands were wounded and swollen, His face was covered with blood and swelling stripes, His hair and beard were torn and dishevelled and clogged with blood. The burden on His shoulder, and the fetters round His waist, pressed His heavy woolen clothing into His lacerated body, and made it stick fast to His new-opening blood-moistened wounds. Enveloped in a cloud of scorn and malice, He was a picture unspeakably pitiful and yet unspeakably lovable—His lips moving in prayer, His eyes shining with mercy, forgiveness and sorrow. His pain and labor were increased by the continual shifting of position in the heavy weight on his shoulders, caused by the jerks upward and downward of the ropes in the hands of the two executioners behind Him.

The procession advanced along a narrow alley, between the rear ends of the houses on either side. This route was chosen in order to make room for the people on their way to the Temple as well as to avoid putting any obstacle in Pilate's road.

At first this alley was but a few paces wide, and obstructed by heaps of dirt and rubbish from the houses that flanked it. Jesus had much to endure along here. First of all the executioners had to be closer to him. Then out from the houses and through

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holes in the walls He was derided by slaves and vagabonds who carried on business there. Malicious scoundrels among them heaped dung and refuse upon Him, or emptied dirty stinking liquids on His head, while even little children, encouraged by their elders, skipped out from the houses and in through the procession, scattering before Our Lord's feet the stones they had gathered in their pinafores, cursing the meanwhile and blaspheming. Thus was Jesus treated by the little ones whom it had been His delight to love and bless.

Jesus Falls the First Time.

After some distance this narrow street turns to the left, becomes broader, and begins to rise. It is crossed at this point by an underground aqueduct that comes from Mount Sion, and flows, I think, along the forum, beneath which are some vaulted watercourses, to the pool near the Probatika gate. I heard the water gurgle and trickle in the pipes. Where the road begins to rise there is a depression, which in rainy weather often fills with water and mud, and which, like many other places in the often rough streets of Jerusalem, is made passable by an elevated *Atone*.

On reaching this spot Our poor Lord was unable to go further, and as, notwithstanding, the executioners jerked Him mercilessly about, He stumbled over the projecting *Atone* and lay stretched out at full length on the ground, while the Cross fell over to one side. They cursed, and jerked, and struck, and kicked, the procession came to a standstill, and a

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tumult began to rise. In vain He held out a hand for someone to help Him up. "Alas!" He said, "Soon 'twill be at an end." But the Pharisees shouted: "Get up! Drive him up! Don't let him die on your hands!"

Here and there along the road groups of women and children were seen weeping and lamenting. Supernaturally strengthened Jesus again raised His head, and with devilish cruelty those fearful wretches, instead of easing His burden, put on Him once more the crown of thorns. When they had barbarously gotten Him to His feet, they again hoisted the Cross on His shoulders, thus compelling Him to bend at the cost of fearful pain His thorn-crowned head entirely to one side in order to make room on His shoulder for the broad beam of the Cross. Thus in growing agony He tottered on up the broadening and rising path.

The Cross-bearing Jesus and His Mother. Jesus Falls the Second Time.

The pain-pierced Mother had left the forum after the unjust death-sentence had been pronounced over her Child. That was about an hour ago, and in the meantime, accompanied by John and some of the women, she had been again visiting a number of places consecrated by the sufferings of her Son. But now the hastening crowds, the blasts of the trumpet, the passing of Pilate and his band, all announced that Jesus was beginning the Way of the Cross, and she could bear separation no longer. She

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must see her Dear One again and asked John to lead her to a spot where Jesus would pass.

When I saw her enter at the gate of a palace along the route, saw her face pale and worn, her eyes red with weeping, her frame trembling and quivering, I felt my soul torn asunder with dreadful horror. Across the houses came the noisy hue and cry of the on-coming procession, and at every corner the trumpet resounded and a herald proclaimed that some one was being led out for execution. A servant opened the palace-gate and the noise grew louder. Mary had been praying, and now spoke to John: "Ought I to look upon the scene? Ought I to flee from the spot? Oh, how will I ever bear it?" "If thou didst not remain" replied John, "thou wouldst ever after regret it bitterly." They stepped out beneath the gate, and she stood still, gazing to the right down the road which gradually rose and came to a level at the spot where she waited. O God, how that trumpet-blast cuts through her heart! The procession is about eighty paces distant. It is not just now preceded by a crowd. At both sides and behind are some scattered bands, but the great mob, which had been the last to leave the forum, is now rushing confusedly through by-ways and alleys in order to reach vantage-posts for watching the procession as it passes.

When the band of executioners drew near, carrying their implements of torture, and shouting in insolent triumph, Our Lady trembled still more, and began to lament and wring her hands. One of the wretched fellows asked some bystanders: "Who is that woman there carrying on so dreadfully?" And

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one of them answered: "That is the Mother of the Galilean." On hearing this the executioners began to mock and deride the lamenting Mother, pointed the finger of scorn at her, and one of the more vile minded seized the nails of crucifixion in his fist and flouted them mockingly in her face. But Our Lady, with twitching hands, kept looking for Jesus. Overwhelmed with sorrow she leaned for support against the pillar that supported the gate. Her lips were blue, her face pale as the face of the dead. The Pharisees ride by, next comes the boy with the inscription, then, a few paces behind him, O God! her Son, the Son of God, the Holy One, the Redeemer! Jerked onwards by the executioners, His face pale and bloody and broken, His beard clotted and pointed by blood; tottering, weighed down, struggling painfully to keep His thorn-crowned head turned away from the heavy Cross on His shoulder: is that her Jesus? And while those blood-moistened, deep-sunken eyes gazed so earnestly and compassionately out under those fearful winding thorns at His sorrow-stricken Mother, His strength again collapsed under His burden and He sank for the second time on hands and knees down to the ground.

Under the blind rush of pain and love the Mother

no longer saw soldier or executioner; saw nothing but her Son, her agonizing Boy. In a moment she had flung herself in between His jerking, pulling captors and was kneeling beside Him, her arms thrown round His helpless prostrate Figure. I heard, whether spoken by the lips or the soul I know not, the two words: "My Son!" "My Mother!"

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But an uproar ensued. The executioners began to curse and mock, one of them saying: "Woman, what wilt thou here? Hadst thou reared Him better he would not now be in our hands." But in many soldiers I felt some emotion of pity. They drove her away, and she sank, as if dead with pain, down on her knees on a corner-stone between the gate and the wall.

She turned her back to the procession, and her hands came in contact with the upper part of the slanting, green-streaked stone against which she had fallen. Her knees left shallow depressions in the stone, her hands left marks still more flat and hollow. These impressions were faint and dull, like those made by striking a piece of dough. The stone was very hard. I saw how during the episcopate of James the Less it came into the first Catholic Church, the church at the Pool of Bethsaida. I have already said, and I repeat the remark here, that on great and solemn occasions I have often seen such impressions indented by a holy touch into stone. These indentures are the basis for the truth of the words: "A stone would have to feel compassion at this." Or: "That makes an impression." Eternal wisdom did not have to wait for the printing-press in order to transmit to posterity testimonies of its holy mercies.

Pressed upon by the lance-bearing soldiers who walked at the sides of the procession, the two disciples who were now with Our Lady brought her inside the gate which was then closed. Here and there among the deriding rabble I saw the veiled, unsteadily-moving figures of weeping women.

*Jesus Carries His Cross to Calvary.*

Simon of Cyrene Jesus Falls the Third Time.

Advancing along this broader street the procession came to an archway beneath one of the inner walls of the city. Just in front of this archway is a large open place, where three streets merge together. Here Our Lord had again to surmount a stone step, and again He tottered and sank most pitifully to the ground, supporting Himself somewhat upon the stone, while the Cross fell down beside Him. Crowds of well-dressed people now came by on their way to the Temple, and seeing Him lie there unable to rise they cried out compassionately: "Alas! The poor man is dying." Uproar and confusion now prevailed, and the Pharisees at the head of the procession said to the soldiers: "We won't get him there alive in this way, you'll have to find someone to help him carry the cross." Just at this moment a pagan, named Simon of Cyrene, was coming down the most central of the three streets, his three little sons with him. He was a gardener, and was returning from work in the gardens that lie next the eastern wall of the city. Like so many workmen of his kind he came every year at this season to Jerusalem in order to trim the garden hedges. The street was so packed he could not escape, and the soldiers, recognizing him by his clothing as a pagan and a laborer, seized him and dragged him to where Jesus lay, ordering him to help the Galilean carry His Cross. He attempted to refuse, and showed great reluctance, but they compelled him by violence.

His little boys cried and lamented, and some



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aromatic wine, piously resolved to offer Our Lord a refreshing draught on His way to death. In painful suspense she had once already hurried forth to meet the procession, and I had seen her, with her face veiled and leading her little adopted girl by the hand, hastening alongside the procession just when Jesus met His holy Mother. But the ensuing tumult gave her no opportunity to satisfy her holy desire, so she hurried back home to await Our Lord there.

Her face still veiled, and a cloth hanging down from her shoulder, she now stepped out into the greet. The little girl, about nine years old, stood close to her, keeping the vessel of wine hidden behind some overhanging projection. Those foremost in the procession tried in vain to repulse her, she was beside herself with love and compassion, and, with the child who now clung to her garment, she forced her way through the straggling rabble on the outskirts, through the soldiers and executioners in the center, stepped in front of Our Lord, held up to Him the outspread cloth, and cried out so fervently: "Permit me, I beg Thee, to wipe the face of my Lord." Our Lord took the cloth with His left hand, pressed it to His bleeding face, then carried it towards His right hand which curved in over the beam of the Cross, pressed both His hands against it, and gave it back to her with thanks. She pressed her lips to it, and concealed it under her mantle, so that it lay upon her heart. As

Our Savior on His second march of triumph, more sad but also more glorious than the first. This same blessed piece of cloth was destined to drink in the marks of His Passion, to give its compassionate owner the victorious name of 'Veronica,' and to receive the public veneration of the Church.

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she rose to her feet, the little maid timidly raised the vessel of wine up towards her, but the cursing soldiers and executioners did not allow her to give Jesus this refreshment. 'Twas only the surprising suddenness of her brave deed that caused a stand-still of scarcely two minutes, which enabled her to offer the veil to Jesus. The Pharisees on horseback and the executioners, furious at the delay and still. more so at this public ad of veneration for Our Lord, began to strike Him and jerk Him and Veronica fled with the child into the house.

No sooner had she reentered her room and spread the veil on the table, than she sank down unconscious, while the little maid, still holding the vessel of wine, knelt down beside her and whimpered. A friend who entered found her thus, lying like one dead beside the table, whereon he saw the outspread veil with the features of Our Savior impressed upon it, fearful to behold yet wonderfully clear and distinct. He was horrified, brought her back to consciousness, and pointed to the Face of Our Lord. With mingled feelings of sorrow and consolation, she knelt down before the veil, and cried out: "Now I will leave everything for the Lord who has left me this memorial."

This piece of cloth was a strip of fine wool, about three times longer than it was wide. Women generally wore one round the neck, and sometimes a second one down over the shoulder. It was a sign of sorrow and compassion, and when going to meet those who were sad, or weary, or exhausted, or sick, or weeping, it was customary to use it to cleanse and dry their faces. People were accustomed, too, in

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regions where the climate was hot to send such veils to one another as presents. Ever afterwards Veronica kept this veil hanging over her couch. After her death holy women presented it to Our Lady, through whom it came into the possession of the Apostles and the Church.

The Weeping Daughters of Jerusalem.

Fourth and Fifth Fall under the Cross.

When the procession came near the gate in the outer wall of the city the executioners became more violent. Just in front of the gate a big mud puddle had been formed in the rough deep-rutted road. The line of march grew denser, Simon of Cyrene stepped to one side to gain a better foothold, thus giving the Cross a twist, and Jesus succumbed for the fourth time, falling so violently into the filthy puddle that Simon could hardly keep the Cross from falling upon Him. Our Lord's voice was broken yet loud as He lamented: "Alas, alas, O Jerusalem, I have loved thee as a hen gathering her chicks under her wing, and thou castest me so cruelly forth from thy gate!"

Our Lord's suffering was pitiful to behold, but the Pharisees turned to Him with curses: "This peace-disturber hasn't stopped. yet, listen to the loose speeches he still holds," etc. They struck Him, and kicked Him, dragged Him out from the puddle and set Him again on His feet. Their barbarous cruelty fired Simon with bitter wrath, and he cried out: "Unless you stop this brutal conduct, I will throw down the Cross, even though you kill me."

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Just outside the gate, where a northwesterly road branches off to Mount Calvary, a stake good planted in the middle of the main road running weft through the country, and on the stake hung a tablet whereon were projected a series of large white letters that Proclaimed Our Lord's death warrant. Not far from the stake, at the corner between the two roads good a large company of weeping and lamenting women. Some of them were maidens, some of them women with children, who had hurried out from Jerusalem ahead of the procession, others were on their way to the Festival from Bethlehem, Hebron, and other surrounding places, and had joined the waiting group of women from Jerusalem.

On coming in front of them Jesus again fell, not indeed flat on the ground, yet like one unconscious. Lowering his end of the Cross to the ground, Simon came to uphold the sinking frame of the Savior, and Jesus turned so as to lean against Simon for support. This was His fifth fall beneath the cross. At sight of this awful spectacle of suffering the women broke into loud cries of lamentation, and stretched according to Jewish custom their veils out towards Him that He might dry His face from sweat. Jesus turned to them and said: "Ye daughters of Jerusalem"—this expression included people from the daughter-cities of Jerusalem—"ye daughters of Jerusalem, weep not over Me, weep for yourselves and your children. For behold, the time will come when you will say: 'Fall upon us, ye mountains, and ye hills, cover us.' For if in the green wood they do these things, what shall be done in the dry?" Other beautiful words, too, He

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spoke to them, which I have forgotten. One of them was: Their tears would be rewarded, from now on they would walk other paths, etc.

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His Sixth and Seventh Fall, and His Imprisonment.

Again the procession got under way. Northward between the city and Mount Calvary ran a rough path, and up this Jesus under His Cross was half dragged, half driven. Towards the top, at a spot where the serpentine path winds round again to the south, Jesus for the sixth time fell heavily and painfully to the ground. More violently than ever He was driven to His feet, and on up the mountain to the rock of execution, where for the seventh time He fell beneath the Cross.

Simon of Cyrene, himself maltreated and exhausted, felt his soul torn by anger and sympathy. He tried to help Jesus once more to His feet, but the executioners drove him with blows and curses back down by the way he had come. Simon soon after joined the disciples. The boys and assistants who had marched along from the city, being now useless, were likewise driven back. The Pharisees on horseback had ascended the mountain on the west side, where the winding paths were more comfortable. From the top here the eye can see over the walls of the city.

'Twas about a quarter to twelve when Jesus stepped into the enclosure for execution and fell beneath

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the Cross, while Simon was driven away. The executioners pulled at the ropes till He was again on His feet, untied the cords that bound the materials for the Cross, and laid the different pieces just as they came in a pile together. Alas, what an awful spectacle Jesus presented as He stood there preparing for execution: The pale, torn and bloody, sad and suffering Man of Sorrows. Violently they threw Him down amid words of derision, as, for instance: "Down, O king! We must be sure thy throne will fit thee." Yet Our Lord was quite ready to lie down upon His Cross, and had His pitiable condition allowed Him to be quick, He would have been upon it before they threw Him. And now they proceeded to stretch His form out upon the Cross, and to mark off on it the points touched by His hands and feet—the Pharisees meanwhile continuing their mockeries.

This done, they again dragged Him to His feet and led Him bound to a rock-hewn cavity, something like a cellar or cistern in shape, some seventy paces northwards down the mountain. They opened the door, and flung Him in so mercilessly that only for a miracle He had shattered His knees on the floor of stone. I heard His loud clear-sounding cry of pain. They closed the door above Him, set guards there, and returned. I had made the seventy paces with Him, and I seem to have seen, in some higher form of vision, how angel forms kept His knees from shattering, But how soul-lacerating were those sweet tones of lamentation! The very stone yielded and softened at the touch of His sacred knees.

And now began the preparations. In the center

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of the low-walled enclosure was a small round elevation about two feet high, with steps leading up to it—the highest point on Mount Calvary. Into this little hillock of stone they chiseled three holes, corresponding in size to the measurements they had taken of the lower ends of the three crosses. The main beams of the two crosses for the thieves, which were rougher in material and smaller in size than that of Our Lord, were now put into position on the stony summit, one on the right, the other on the left. They were sawed off slantingly on top, and just below the top were afterwards fastened the cross-beams, bound to which by the hands were the thieves still lying there on the verge of the mountain.

But the Cross of Our Savior they placed in such position that it could, after He would be nailed thereto, be easily lifted above the stony hillock and sunk into the hole prepared for it. They mortised in the two arm-pieces right and left, drove wedges under them, nailed fast the standing-block for His feet, bored holes for the nails and Pilate's inscription, dug here and there along the main beam little cavities for the crown of thorns and for the bones in His back, in order that His body might stand rather than hang, thus keeping His hands from tearing through and forcing Him to undergo a longer martyrdom. Into the ground behind the little hill they drove stakes, and upon these they laid a beam, over which were to be led the ropes that would raise the Cross on high—and made many other similar arrangements.

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Our Lady and Her Friends Go to Golgotha.

After meeting her cross-burdened Son, Our Lady found herself in that house by the wayside, surrounded by five friends, Joanna Chusa, Susanna, Salome of Jerusalem, John, and the nephew of Joseph of Arimathea. The door was closed between her and her beloved, sin-burdened Son, but her burning desire to be with Him, to suffer with Him, not to leave Him till the end, gave her a supernatural strength, and the veiled company of holy women hastened away with her to the house of Lazarus near the corner-gate, where they found the other holy women, and some children among them, gathered mournfully round Magdalene and Martha. Now seventeen in number they stepped out upon Our Lord's Way of Sorrow.

I watched them crossing the forum, all earnest and determined, careless of the sneers of the rabble, their veiled forms and modest demeanor commanding respect even in their deepest desolation. At the spot where Jesus had taken up His Cross they knelt down and pressed their lips to the ground, then set out to follow His steps one by one, reverencing every point marked by any special suffering. Our Lady, and others more deeply illuminated, stepped in His every track. She felt and beheld interiorly every detail of His Passion, she counted His every step, and while every look and deed and word was burning its image into her soul, she guided her companions and gave the sign to stop and reverence as well as to proceed to another hallowed spot.

Thus the most touching of all devotions was

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written with Simeon's sword into the Mother's loving heart, was pronounced by her holy lips to her companions who reechoed it down to us. Burned by God into the heart of the Mother, leaping from there into the heart of the children—thus the tradition of the Church is kept alive. And, to one who has had the grace to see it as I have, this method of handing down tradition seems more than any other full of life and holiness. From olden times the Jews had held in veneration all places where holy events had happened to their loved ones. They leave no sacred spot without its memorial stone, before which they often come to pray. And the Way of the Cross arose in like manner—not from any pious afterthought but from the very nature of man and the merciful designs of God over His people, out of the loving heart of the Mother and under the very feet, as it were, of the Son who was first to tread it.

The holy company moved reverently along till they observed Pilate riding at the head of his cavalry and two hundred foot-soldiers back from the gate of the city. To avoid him they turned into the house of Veronica. And here the Face of Jesus on the veil called forth tears of compassion, but also words of thanksgiving for the mercy shown by Our Lord to His faithful friends. They took along with them the vessel of aromatic wine which Veronica had not been able to present to Our Lord. Veronica herself accompanied them, and many other people, not only women but men also, joined them as they passed along, attracted by their touching air of deep sorrow yet calm resignation. The company finally became more numerous

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than had been that of Jesus, if we disregard the mob that had surrounded Him.

Indescribable are the sorrows Our Lady endured when she reached the height and caught sight of the fatal enclosure; Not only did she feel with Him all His pain, she realized likewise so keenly that soon she would be alone on earth. Magdalene was a most pitiful sight: Her soul lacerated, her body tottering, her whole being hurled as it were from one sorrow into another, from brooding silence into loud lament, from benumbment into wringing of hands, from complaints into threats. Her companions had constantly to support her, protect her, admonish her, conceal her.

They ascended the gently rising western slope, separating as they drew near the summit into three divisions which took up positions at varying distances from the round enclosure. The first group, composed of Our Lady, Salome, John, and the daughter of Cleophas, came quite near the round enclosure. The second group was a little farther away. At its center surrounded by Martha, Mary of Heli, Veronica, Joanna Chusa, Susanna, and Mary of Mark, stood Mary Magdalene, unable to contain herself. Another little distance away good the third group in which there were seven persons. A line of friends and sympathizers ran along and united the groups one to another. The Pharisees stood in small bands at different places round the enclosure, and Roman soldiers guarded the five entrances.

What a spectacle for Our Lady! The hill of crucifixion, the awful Cross lying in wait, the hammers, the cords, the fearful nails all ready, and back

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and forth the toiling executioners, half-naked, abominable cursing shapes of evil! The main-beams of the crosses for the two thieves had already been raised, and pegs inserted into the bored holes to serve in climbing. The absence of Jesus kept her suspended in anguish; she knew He was still alive; she longed to see Him; yet she trembled at the thought of beholding the consummation of His agony.

*Jesus Is Stripped of His Garments.*

Four executioners now proceeded the seventy paces northward to the cave where Jesus languished, where He was praying for strength and resigning Himself to God for the sins of His enemies. Blows and jeers and taunts were not wanting as they dragged Him up out of the cave and on up the last steps of His bloody pathway to the Cross. On He came through the staring, mocking mob, through the cold, reserved, watchful soldiers, till He fell into the furious clutches of the executioners within the enclosure.

When the holy women saw Jesus draw near, they got a man to bring the vessel of wine to the executioners in hopes the latter might be induced by money to give the wine to Our Lord. But they did not give it to Him, rather, they drank it afterwards themselves. But something they did give Him to drink. They had there two brown-colored vessels, one containing a mixture of vinegar and gall, the other a mixture of vinegar and myrrh, a kind of wormwood-wine. They filled a brown cup with the latter liquid and held it to His lips. He tasted but would not drink.

Altogether

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there were eighteen executioners within the enclosure. The six who had scourged Him, the four who had led Him with cords, the two who had held up the Cross, the six, finally, who were now to crucify Him. Some of them were busy with Our Lord, others with the slaves, all drinking and carousing. They were small but strong, with foreign faces, bushy hair, and stubby beard, of a dirty grey in color, a set of half-naked, beastly wretches, who sold themselves to the Romans and Jews for coin.

For me the spectacle was still more terrible, because I saw what others did not see, the invisible forces of evil at work. Large and fearful devil-shapes I saw winding in and out among these cruel executioners, handing them what they needed, advising and aiding them in every possible way. The ground was covered with countless ghastly appearances in the form of toads, snakes and many-clawed dragons, while all kinds of ugly poisonous vermin swarmed round and through the enclosure, darkening the air, shooting into the mouths, penetrating into the breasts or alighting on the shoulders of those wretches, and urging them on to evil or words of cursing and mockery. But above Our Lord I saw weeping angels, some small, some large, floating in visions of glory. Likewise above the heads of Our Lady and her friends, compassionating them, consoling, strengthening, supporting, I saw similar floating shapes of angelic glory.

And now the executioners began to strip Our Lord. They tore off the mantle that was flung round the upper part of His body. They removed both

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belts, the outer one to hold the cords of those who had led Him, the inner one for His own garments. They pulled off over His head the white woolen upper-garment (it had a slit in the breast held together with strings), and took the long, narrow neckband from His shoulders. The long brown under-coat, woven by His Mother, could not be drawn over the wide-circling crown of thorns, so they tore the latter from His head, reopening all its painful wounds, then turned the undercoat inside out over His head, drawing it cruelly and derisively over His torn and bleeding scalp.

The trembling frame of the Son of Man now stood exposed: covered with blood, gaping with wounds, marked and streaked and striped with the cutting lash. The short woolen scapular round the upper body, and the cloth round His loins, was all that still protected Him. His drying wounds had closed round the wool of the scapular, especially on His shoulder, where the heavy cross had ground a deep and unutterably painful gorge. And now they seized the scapular and tore it mercilessly away, His swollen, lacerated frame stood out more clearly to view, His shoulder was sawed open to the very bone, and the white fringes of wool clung to the congealed edges of His wounds and to the dry blood on His breast.

When they tore the last covering from His loins, He modestly bent forwards. This movement put Him in danger of falling, so they pushed Him roughly down upon a stone they had rolled to the spot. They clapped the crown of thorns again down upon His

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head, and offered Him a drink from the vessel that held vinegar and gall, but He turned His lips from it in silence.

His Mother's Violent Prayer.

But now, when the executioners seized Him by the arms, and lifted Him up to throw Him down upon the Cross, a loud murmur of indignation went up from His friends at His shameful exposure. The Mother's prayer was full of holy violence. She was on the point of snatching the veil from her own head and rushing in to give it to him as protection, when a man, who had been running at full speed past all the crowds he had overtaken on his road from the gate, now in answer to her prayer burst breathless through the enclosure in among the executioners and gave Our Savior a long piece of cloth wherewith the latter thankfully covered Himself.

This sudden benefactor of Our Savior, sent by God at Our Lady's prayer, had something commanding in his impetuosity. He threatened the executioners with his fist, and said sternly: "Let the Poor Man cover himself." He spoke not a single word to anyone else, and hurried back as fast as he had come. It was Jonadab, the nephew of St. Joseph, the son of the brother to whom after the birth of Christ, Joseph had given in mortgage the one donkey he had left. Jonadab was no decided friend of Jesus, and even today he had kept at a distance, though he closely watched all that happened. The exposure of Jesus for scourging had roused his wrath, and as the hour of crucifixion drew near, while Mary on Calvary was

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crying to God, an irresistible feeling of anguish fell on him and drove him out of the Temple and up the mountain. He was fired with the indignation of Sem at Cham who mocked while his drunken father lay exposed, and he ran, a new Sem, to throw protection round the Savior who was treading the wine-press alone. As the crucifiers were really descendants of Cham, and as Jesus was of his own will pressing out the wine of His redeeming blood, this act of Jonadab's was the fulfillment of a type and deserved for him a reward.

Jesus Is Nailed to the Cross.

And now the lacerated Victim was thrown down upon the Cross. He yielded willingly to His executioners, and they jerked Him into position on His back, seized His right arm, drew His right hand over the hole prepared in the beam, and bound the arm first to the Cross. One of them planted his knee in Our Lord's breast, a second kept His hand from closing, the third fixed the sharp point of a long thick

nail against the thick part of that blessed hand, and

nail began to strike furiously with his iron hammer. Sweet and clear rang out the tones of pain from Our Lord's lips, while His blood leaped forth to redden the arms of His crucifiers. The tendons of His hands were torn loose, and carried by the three-edged nail on through the narrow hole into the cross-beam behind. I counted the hammer-strokes, but in my misery have forgotten the number. Our Lady's tones of compassion were soft and low, outwardly she seemed unconscious, while Magdalene was beside herself with grief.

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Jesus had shuddered at sight of the nails. They were long enough to extend an inch out on each side of a hand which grasped them in the center, and the round cap-shaped head felt, when grasped by the hand, about as broad as a half-dollar piece. The body of the three-edged nail tapered from the size of an ordinary thumb above to that of a little finger below, and ended in a sharp-filed point. When driven through it projected a little distance out from the beam of the Cross.

After nailing fast the right hand, they found that the hole bored for the left hand was too far out, about two inches beyond the finger-tips. So they unloosed His left arm from the beam, tied their ropes tight round the arm, braced their feet against the main beam of the Cross, and pulled violently till the hand was even with the place prepared for it. Jesus moaned while His arms were thus torn from their sockets, His shoulder-blades flattened out, His elbow joints visibly pulled asunder, His breast-bones forcibly expanded and elevated, and His knees drawn convulsively upwards. Again they planted their knees on his breast, tied His arms tight round the beams, and drove the second cruel nail through His left hand, while His sweet clear tones of pain mingled with the heavy blows of the hammer. His arms were drawn so tight and high that they no longer covered the upwards slanting cross-beams, and I could see between His arm-pits and the beams.

All His agony was shared by Our Lady, she was pale as a corpse, and tones of pain fell softly from her lips. The Pharisees spouted their mockeries and

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curses out over the wall where she stood, and those around her led her back a little way to the second group of holy women, where Magdalene, with bloodshot eyes and insane with grief, was tearing her face till it bled.

At about one third of the way up there was fastened to the Cross a projecting block of wood, held in place by a very large nail. This block was meant to serve as support for the feet of Jesus, so He might rather stand than hang. Otherwise His hands would tear through the nails, and His feet could not be nailed fast without breaking. Into this block was bored a hole to receive the nail through His feet, and a little hollow made for His heels. Elsewhere too along the main beam of the Cross were hollowed out some little cavities, in order to let Our Lord suffer longer, to prevent the hands from tearing through and the body from being dragged down by its own weight.

The violent straining of His arms had caused His knees to contract and had drawn His whole body higher than first intended. The executioners tied knots round His knees and forced them back to the beam, but even so His sacred feet would not by far reach the standing block. How the crucifiers cursed! Some were for making new holes for the arms, as it was too difficult to raise the block higher. Others shouted in awful mockery that He did not want to stretch out but they would show Him how. They tied cords to His right leg and dragged it with agonizing violence till His foot reached the block, whereupon they tied His leg tightly to the beam. Under this awful distension

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of His body His chest-bones cracked and He moaned aloud: "My God, My God." As chest and arms were fast bound to the Cross in order to keep the hands from tearing through, the whole lower body seemed to tear loose from the upper, and His ribs to snap off from His breast-bone. O God, what a shuddering spectacle! In the same fearful manner the left foot was dragged down upon the right. They bound it down as tightly as they could, but as it could not be brought to rest firm enough for driving the nail, they took a borer, smaller and more flat-headed than the nails for the hands, and drove it into His instep, somewhat as a shoemaker uses the awl to make way for the needle. This done, they seized the most fearful of the nails, much longer than the others, and drove it with cracking grinding force through the opened instep, of His left foot, down through the right foot into the hole in the block and on into the beam of the Cross. I was looking on from the side of the Cross and saw the one nail go through both feet.

The distension of His body made this nailing of His feet more awful than any suffering He had yet endured. I counted about six and thirty hammer strokes, and mingling with them I heard constantly the moans of my poor Savior. Sweet, clear and pure came His tones of pain, while the mockeries of His furious tormentors sounded dull and cloudy.

Our Lady During the Crucifixion.

Our Lady had again approached the enclosure. The awful dragging and cracking of His body, the sweet tones of pain that came from His lips, again

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transfixed her soul and she sank into the arms of her companions. A tumult arose, Pharisees rode up and cursed, and her friends removed her again. From time to time during the crucifixion, as also during the elevation of the Cross now to follow, cries of compassion and indignation broke from the lips of many, especially women: "Oh, why doesn't fire come from Heaven to devour them!" New jeers and taunts were the only answer to these outbursts of love.

The words that Jesus used to express His awful pain were passages from the Psalms and the Prophets, passages that He was at that moment fulfilling. All along His way to the Cross, and on to the moment of His death, He never ceased calling forth through His agony the inspired words He was consummating. I heard all these passages, pronounced them along with Him, and remembered them whenever I prayed the Psalms. But now I am so crushed and ground to pieces by the agonies of my Bridegroom, that I cannot get them together.—The glorious weeping angels continued to hover round Jesus.

When the crucifixion began, the leader of the Roman guard fastened the title written by Pilate to the peg prepared for it above Our Savior's head, and the soldiers laughed loudly at the words: 'King of the Jews.' This embittered the Pharisees, and some of them took measurements, and rode back to the city to ask Pilate for a new inscription.

By the sun it was about a quarter past twelve. When they set about raising the Cross, a loud burst of trumpets sounded across from the Temple. The Easter lamb was about to be slain.

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Jesus on the Cross.

Elevation of the Cross

The executioners now ran cords through the rings at the rear and drew the head of the Cross in front of the little hillock. These ropes were then thrown across the hillock and over the beam erected on the other side, and upon this as a pulley several of the executioners lifted the Cross on high, while others with pickaxes steadied its course and guided its foot into the hole prepared for it. This done, they pushed the top of the Cross forwards till it stood straight and shot down heavily into its place. The Cross rocked under the blow, Jesus gave a loud cry of agony, the distended weight of the body sagged downwards, the wounds gaped wider, the blood ran more freely, the dislocated joints knocked one against the other. The executioners shook the Cross till it stood firm, then drove five wedges round it into the rock: one in front, one to the right, one to the left, and two behind, where the beam was somewhat round in shape.

'Twas a most awful yet most consoling spectacle to see the Cross rise up in the midst of that vast multitude, waver back and forth and then sink violently into place. The derisive cries of Pharisee and executioner were reinforced by those of the crowds who could not see Him from a distance. But these cruel cries were offset by sounds of love and compassion. The holiest voices on earth, the voice of Mother, of friends, of all who were clean of heart, wafted tones of loving reverential sorrow up to the Eternal Incarnate Word hanging there upon the Cross.

*Jesus on the Cross.*

The hands of all who loved were outstretched in loving fear toward the quivering Bridegroom of souls, as under the hands of sinners He rose in crucified helplessness before their eyes. But when the Cross sank with loud crash into its standing-place, a sudden Oiliness fell on the multitude. Yea, the whole world seemed to be struck by a feeling it had never felt before. Hell itself trembled at the echo of that falling Cross, then reared up in rage and scorn against it But upon the languishing souls in Purgatory and Limbo that echo came like an angel of trembling joy and fulfilled longing, like the knock of the Conqueror at the gates of Redemption. After ages of waiting the Holy Cross is at length planted in the center of the encircling earth, like the Tree of Life in Paradise, and from the wounds of Jesus as from so many fountains stream down upon the ground four rivers of crimson water to sweep the curse from the desolate earth and transform it once more into a fruitful garden of Eden.

In those first moments, while Our Lord hung thus exalted above the earth, while derisive din and clamor was hushed in silent awe, there floated across from the Temple sounds of many trumpets into that Oiliness, meant to announce that sacrificing hand had been laid upon the typical lamb in the Temple, but in reality proclaiming with mysterious solemnity the Exaltation of the True Lamb that stands slain before the throne of God in Heaven. No wonder that under the overwhelming impressiveness of that solemn moment many a hard heart melted and poured itself out in the words of John the Baptist:

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"Behold the Lamb of God, behold Him who taketh away the sins of the world."

The hillock was about a foot and a half high, connected by a slanting pathway with the adjacent ground. When the foot of the Cross stood at the edge of the hole, Our Lord's feet rested about a man's height above the ground, and when it was fastened to its place, His feet were low enough for His friends to kiss and embrace. His face looked to the northwest.

Crucifixion of the Thieves.

The so-called 'thief on the left hand' was the seducer and master of the other, and was older and more wicked than the latter. They are generally called 'Dismas' and 'Gesmas', and as I have forgotten their real names, I will call the good thief Dismas, the other Gesmas. Both had belonged to the robber-band in the frontiers of Egypt in whose dwelling the Holy Family on its flight had once found shelter, and Dismas was the leper lad who at Our Lady's suggestion had been washed in Our Lord's bath and been instantaneously healed. The merciful protection thrown by his mother round the Holy Family had been rewarded by the miraculous cure of her child. Yet that miracle was but a type, now destined to be accomplished in his crucifixion by the cleansing blood of Jesus.

Dismas was a degraded wretch, he did not know Jesus, still he was not stubbornly wicked, and Our

Lord's patience had affected him. At the spot where both lay he was constantly talking to Gesmas about Jesus. "Their treatment of this Galilean," he said, "is

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something awful. He must have done some greater evil with this new law of His than we ever did. But His patience and His power over men is wonderful." "What power has He shown?" retorted Gesmas. "if He were as mighty as they say, He could help us all."

They went on talking in this strain till the Cross of Jesus was raised. Executioners then came and dragged them towards the hillock with the remark that it was now their turn. The work went on hurriedly, for the sun was obscured and there was a movement in nature like the approach of a tempest. Their arms were twisted back over the cross-beams, ropes were run round their wrists, elbows, knees and ankles, and drawn by inserted rods so tight that their muscles began to bleed and their joints to crack. They broke out in fearful howls, but Dismas said while being lifted to his place: "Had you treated us as you have that poor Galilean, you would not need to pull us up there now."

On the spot where the two thieves had been lying some of the executioners had divided the garments of Our Lord into several little bundles, intending to cast lots for them. His mantle was narrower above than below, and was made to fall in folds about Him. At the breast it had two layers, arranged so as to form pockets. This mantle they cut into long strips, which they divided among themselves. The long white garment, tied with strings at the open breast, they likewise cut into strips and divided. His neck-cloth, belt, scapular and loin-cloth, all soaked with His blood, they also distributed. But the brown-colored woven undercoat would be useless

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if cut into pieces, and they fell to quarreling whose it should be. So they began to cast lots for it by throwing bean-shaped stones at a kind of chess-board marked with numbers. But at this moment a messenger arrived from some men who were acting under orders from Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea. On hearing from the messenger that at the foot of the mountain there were people who wished to buy, the executioners hastily gathered Our Lord's garments together, and rushed down to sell them, and thus these sacred relics came into the hands of the Christians.

*Our Lord's Agony on the Cross.*

The violent concussion of the Cross as it plunged into its stony resting-place caused rich streams of blood to flow from Our Lord's thorn-crowned head, and His crucified hands and feet. Ladders were brought, and the executioners climbed up and removed the ropes that had kept His body from tearing loose during the elevation of the Cross. His blood, hitherto hindered in its course by His lying position and the tightly-drawn cords, now began to circulate more rapidly, His agony took on a new and overpowering intensity, His head sank upon His breast and He hung unconscious, like one dead, for seven minutes.

Silence reigned now for a while roundabout. The executioners were busy dividing His garments, foes were exhausted with fury, friends with compassion. And while the distant trumpet tones rose and fell and died away on that sea of silence, I gazed upon my Jesus, my Savior, the Savior of the world, unconscious

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with pain, motionless like one dead. I looked upon Him with intense earnestness and terror and compassion, I felt myself near to death, thought rather of dying than of living. My heart was crushed with bitterness, and love, and sorrow, my head seemed to have gone mad in a prickly nest of thorns, my hands and feet were furnaces red-hot with pain. And quivering through all my veins, and along all my nerves, crossing and recrossing one another in all my members, struggling with one another wherever they met, were a thousand lightning flashes of untold suffering, each the source of new tortures. Yet all this fearful agony was naught but love, doubled and redoubled love, all this quivering fire of pain, did but illumine the night of compassion and consolation wherein the eyes of my soul were riveted to the crucified beauty of the Bridegroom of Souls.

His head, heavy with that awful crown, sending down rivulets of blood into His eyes, His beard, and languishing mouth, was bowed low upon His breast, and could later, under that wide-circling crown, not raise itself without unspeakable suffering. His chest was violently widened out and forced upwards, His shoulder-blades hollow and fearfully distended, his elbows and wrists all but torn from their sockets, His blood streaming down along His arms from the wide-rent wounds in His hands. Beneath the high projecting breast was a deep depression, His body below the ribs so narrow and hollow and thin that it seemed to have disappeared entirely.

Like His arms were also His loins and legs—fearfully strained, the joints almost torn asunder. So

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violently distended were His limbs, so pitifully strained His muscles and lacerated skin, that I could count all His bones, from the feet transfixed by that awful nail, where blood was trickling down along the beam of the Cross, to the head pierced by that heavy crown of thorns. And from head to foot His sacred body was one lacerated mass of wounds, and stripes, and bruises, swollen into bumps of brown, blue and yellow, and flayed into red and bloody blotches. Deeper wounds yawned still wider in that universal distension, and spilled forth blood, that was at first red, but then grew pale and watery, while the holy body grew ever whiter, the red edges of His wounds peeled off, and His flesh seemed pale and bloodless. But fearfully disfigured though it was, that body on the Cross still inspired untold reverence and tenderness. The beautiful Son of the Father, Eternal Love self-sacrificed in time, all shone beautiful, and pure, and holy, out through the body of the Lamb, the body that lay crumbling beneath the crushing sins of men.

Our Lord's body, like that of His Mother, shone by nature with a golden yellow glow on a background of delicate red. His exertions during these last years, and particularly His frequent journeys, had given a deeper tan to His cheeks and nose. His body was beautifully built. His breast and shoulders were broad and high. The muscles of His arms were strong and well-developed, likewise those at His loins. His legs were long, very strong in the calves, a sign of much walking and mountain-climbing. His knees were powerfully developed by long marching and kneeling. His feet were beautiful and strong, callous

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and horny from barefoot walking over rough roads. His hands were beautiful, with long, tapering fingers, neither soft and effeminate, nor yet rough and hard from heavy labor. His neck was well-proportioned and not too large, His forehead high and open, the lineaments of His face sweeping round in beautiful curves, His hair of a reddish brown, not thick or bushy, but parted in a simple line, from which it hung down to His neck, His beard, finally, not long, but tapering on both sides of the line of cleavage along the chin.

Such had been His body. But now most of His hair was torn out while what remained was clotted with blood, His frame was simply wound on wound, His breast seemingly broken in two, with a deep cavity beneath the vaulted chest, His abdomen dragged downwards so violently that here and there His ribs protruded through the lacerated skin. Above the projecting hip-bones His body was drawn so thin that it did not cover the beam of the Cross entirely.

The Cross was somewhat round behind, flat in front, and about as wide as it was thick. Its various pieces of wood were of different colors, some brown, some yellow, and the main beam had the dark color of wood that has long lain in the water.

First Word of Jesus on the Cross.

Fifty Roman soldiers now marched up the hill to replace their companions on guard. The captain of the new band, named Abenadar, was a born Arabian, later on baptized under the name of Ctesiphon. His lieutenant, Cassius by name, some sort of a messenger

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in Pilate's service, was afterwards known as Longinus. With the soldiers rode up likewise another company: twelve Pharisees, twelve Sadducees, twelve Scribes, and a number of the Ancients. Included in this band were those who had gone to ask Pilate for a new title for the Cross. Their efforts had been in vain, Pilate had not even admitted them into his presence, and they were more bitter than ever. They rode round the enclosure, calling Our Lady a bad woman, and drove her away. John led her back to the other women, and Magdalene and Martha held her in their arms.

As these mockers rode round the Cross in front of Jesus, they wagged their heads, and outdid one another in devilish derision: Vah, thou liar! Art thou he who destroyeth the Temple and buildeth it up again in three days?"—"Others he pretended to help, himself he cannot help."—"If thou be the Son of God come down from the Cross."—"If he be the king of Israel, let him come down from the cross and we will believe in him."—"He has trusted in God, let God help him."—The soldiers, too, began to mock, saying: "If thou be the King of the Jews, help thyself."

While Jesus still hung unconscious, Gesmas, the thief on the left, remarked: "His demon has deserted him." One of the soldiers fastened to a reed a sponge dipped in vinegar and held it before the face of Jesus who seemed to sip a little while the mockeries continued. "If thou be the King of the Jews," said the soldier, "save thyself." All this took place in those moments when the former guard was being released by Abenadar's company.

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But Jesus raised his head somewhat and said: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." He went on to pray silently, while Gesmas cried out: "If thou be the Christ save thyself and us." Scorn and derision continued, but the thief on the right was deeply moved by Our Lord's prayer for His enemies. When Our Lady heard the voice of Jesus, her friends could no longer restrain her. She broke into the enclosure, followed by John, Salome and Mary of Cleophas, and the captain did not drive them away.

Dismas on the right was by Our Lord's prayer struck with a ray of light at Mary's approach. He recognized in Jesus and His Mother those who had cured him when a child, and he cried out with a loud and clear voice somewhat as follows: "How dare you blaspheme Him when He is praying for you? He suffers in silent prayer and you blaspheme! He is a prophet, He is our King, He is the Son of God!" This unexpected denunciation from the lips of a dying murderer roused the mockers to tumultuous anger, and they would have stoned the bold penitent on his cross had not Abenadar forestalled them, repulsed them, and restored order and calm.

While Our Lady felt herself new-strengthened by Our Lord's prayer, Gesmas shouted at Jesus: "If thou be the Christ, save thyself and us." But Dismas answered him: "Hast thou no fear of God, though thou art under the same condemnation. And we indeed suffer justly, for we receive the reward of our deeds, but He has done nothing evil. Beware! 'Tis thy last hour! Be converted!" etc. The soul of

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Dismas was full of light and grace, and he confessed to Jesus, saying: "Lord, if thou condemn me, I am served rightly, but do Thou have mercy on me." And Jesus answered: "Thou shalt taste my mercy." And for the next quarter of an hour Dismas felt deep sorrow for his life.

The events I have now been telling were either simultaneous or rapidly successive, all transpiring a few minutes after the elevation of the Cross, between twelve and half-past twelve. But a great change was to come over the souls of most of the spectators, for while the penitent thief was speaking there appeared a great sign in nature which struck the multitude with consternation.

The Sun is Darkened.

Second and Third Word of Jesus on the Cross.

Before ten o'clock that morning, before condemnation had been passed by Pilate, some showers of hail had fallen at various times, while from ten o'clock till twelve the sky had been bright with sunshine. But at noon a foggy dark-red haze began to veil the sun. And about half an hour later—half-past twelve by Jewish time, just at noon by the sun itself—there took place a most wonderful eclipse of the sun. While it was preparing I seemed to be lifted up from the earth altogether. I saw heavenly rings and starry orbits of various kinds circling through and intertwining most wonderfully with one another. The moon I saw at the other side of the earth, and while I gazed, it gave a quick leap, like a ball of fire swaying suspended in the air. Then I was again in Jerusalem, and saw the

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full moon, shining with a pale light, shoot up over Mount Olivet, and rush rapidly from the east till it good before the nebulous sun. The heavens grew quite dark and through them shone the red-glistening stars.

An unknown feeling of terror fell upon man and beast. Cattle roared and fled away, birds sought holes of refuge and dropped down in crowds upon the hills round Mount Calvary, so frightened they would let themselves be captured by the handful. The mockers gradually grew silent, the Pharisees attempted at first to explain the phenomenon, but their attempt fell flat and they too had to yield to an inner feeling of terror. The eyes of the multitude were fastened on the heavens. Many were striking their breasts, wringing their hands, and crying out: "His blood come upon His murderers." Near and far in the frightened multitude many turned towards the Cross, flung themselves upon their knees, and besought pardon from the Crucified One, and Jesus turned His forgiving suffering eyes upon them.

While the darkness grew ever denser, and the multitude continued to gaze at that mysterious sky, the Cross good deserted by all but Our Lord's Mother and friends. Dismas, who had been sunk in deep sorrow, now raised his head humbly and looked full of hope at Jesus, saying: "Lord, send me to a place whence Thou canst come to redeem me; remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." Jesus said to him: "Amen, I say to thee, this day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

Our Lady, Mary of Cleophas, Mary Magdalene  
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and John stood between the crosses of the thieves at the foot of Our Lord's Cross, looking up at Jesus. Her mother love overwhelmed Our Lady and with burning inner prayer she besought her Son to die with Him. Jesus looked upon His Mother with earnest and compassionate eyes, then turned His eyes towards John and said: "Woman, behold thy son: he will be thy son more than if thou hadst given him birth."

He added words in praise of John, saying: "He has ever been faithful and guileless, and has not taken scandal, except the time when his mother wished to exalt him." To John himself He said: "Behold thy Mother." And there beneath the Cross of the dying Redeemer the loving son embraced with reverence the Mother of Jesus now become his own Mother. But this solemn will and testament of her dying Son shook Our Lady's loving soul to its depths, she lost outward consciousness, sank into the arms of the holy women, and was by them led for a while to a resting-place on the wall in front of the Cross, then out of the enclosure to the spot where the other women were gathered.

I do not know whether or not Jesus spoke all these words aloud, but I felt Him saying them when He gave His Mother to be John's Mother and John to be her son. In these contemplations I perceive much that is not written, and with common words I can only tell the least part of what I see. What in vision is so Clear as to be self-understood, it is impossible to make intelligible by words. In looking upon the scene I feel no astonishment on hearing Jesus call His Mother: "Woman." I feel that she is really the

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Woman, the woman who is at this very hour crushing the serpent's head, at this hour when to fulfill the olden prophecy her Son hangs sacrificed upon the Cross. Nor do I wonder that He gave John as son to her who had been hailed by the angel as 'full of grace! For John's name, too, is a name of grace, and there in the light of the Cross the reality corresponds to the name. John had become a child of God, and in him lived Christ Himself.

And when Mary is given as Mother to John, I likewise feel how she is given as Mother to all who receive Him as John did, who believe in His name and become children of God, who are born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. I feel how she, ever the very image of purity, humility and obedience, she who became the Mother of the Eternal Incarnate Word at the moment when she bowed her head before the angel and said: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord"—I feel, I say, how she now, on hearing from the lips of her dying Son that she is to become Mother in spirit of another son, again bows her head in humble submission, and again, amid the agonies of farewell, repeats the words that bind her eyes and soul to us her new children: "Behold the handmaid of the world, be it done to me according to Thy word." There in vision all this seems so simple and self-understood, but here it is so manifold and mysterious that it must rather be felt by the grace of God than expressed in human words. These matters often remind me of the word once spoken to me by my Heavenly Bridegroom: "All these mysteries stand

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written in the hearts of those children of the Church who believe, hope, and love."

Jesus Forsaken.

Fourth Word of Jesus on the Cross.

The multitude had not at first paid much heed to the growing darkness. Their attention had been held by the absorbing scenes on Golgotha: The horrible fury of the crucifiers, their cries and curses at the elevation of the Cross, the howls of the two thieves on being bound to their crosses, the mockeries of the Pharisees as they rode round the enclosure, the succession of changing soldiers, the noisy departure of drunken executioners, and then the denunciation of the penitent Dismas, followed by renewed raging of the Pharisees against him. But the growing darkness made the spectators more earnest' and drew their attention from the Cross. Then it was that Jesus commended His Mother to John, whereupon she was led forth from the enclosure.

A pause of sombre silence now ensued. The waxing darkness terrified the multitude, most of them good gazing at the commotion in the sky, many felt pricks of conscience, struck their breasts, or turned contritely to the Cross. Sympathy gradually united those similarly disposed into groups. The Pharisees, inwardly terrified, gill endeavored to explain the phenomenon away, but their words became ever more feeble and hesitating and finally died away altogether. Now and then an insolent word came from their lips but it was felt to be forced. The sun itself shone pale

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and feeble, like mountains in moonshine, but it was encircled by a red ring, and also the stars twinkled with red light. Birds fell from the sky down upon Mount Calvary and the surrounding vineyards, so gunned with fright that men could grasp them with hands, animals in the neighborhood roared and trembled, the horses and asses of the Pharisees flocked close together and hung their heads. Fog and vapor enveloped the entire neighborhood.

Silence reigned round the Cross, the multitude had turned away, many were fleeing into the city. Our crucified Savior had turned to His Father, and was sending to Him burning prayers of love for His enemies, while a feeling of the deepest abandonment began to creep over Him. He was praying, as usual during His Passion, in the words of the Psalms which He was fulfilling, and as He prayed I saw angel forms hover around Him. But as the darkness increased, and terror weighed down upon the multitude, I saw Jesus hang lonely and forsaken, abandoned by God and man. In that desolation, He suffered all that man can suffer when he is left to himself, poor, naked and alone, crushed and ground by inward tribulation, without a ray of consolation, human or divine, when faith, hope and charity stand forsaken in the desert, without trust in their power, answer to their calls, or light for their eyes, living on themselves and consuming themselves in infinite torture. 'Tis an agony impossible to describe.

In this abyss of desolation Jesus won for us also the power to gain the victory even in the most extreme state of misery and abandonment, even when all



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moments His eye swept onwards to the end of time, and embraced each and every forsaken, agonizing soul, embraced particularly those proud blind souls who think that since He was God He could not have any keen feeling of agony, that He did not suffer as men do, or at least suffered less than other men would.

While I joined in His prayer, and felt what He felt during prayer, I understood Him saying: „Let it be proclaimed that He felt this abandonment more bitterly than any other man ever could, felt it just because His humanity was united to the Divinity, because He was both true God and true man, because as God-Man He could feel in the deepest depths of its bitterness all the lonely desolation ever endured by each and every member of God-abandoned mankind.

And so, in order to give testimony to His forsakenness, and to obtain for all His brethren the right to trustful, childlike expostulation before their Father, Jesus, about three o'clock, cried out in a loud voice: "*Eli, Eli, lamma sabacthani*," that is, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

When this loud cry broke in upon the frightened stillness, the mockers turned again to the Cross. One of them said: "He calleth Elias," while another cried: "Let us see whether Elias comes to take him down." The Mother, too, heard again the voice of the Son, and could no longer be restrained. Again she forced her way in to the Cross, followed by John, Mary of Cleophas, Magdalene and Salome.

Soon after three o'clock it grew lighter. The moon began to pass from in front of the sun, in the

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direction opposite to that it had come. And as the moon sank quickly, as if falling, below the opposite horizon; the sun again appeared, dim and rayless, and enveloped in a red haze. But little by little the sun again sent forth its rays, and the stars disappeared. But though it was still dark and hazy, the growing light gave back to the mockers their old-time triumphant insolence. It was at this moment they cried: "He is calling Elias." But Abenadar commanded them to be quiet.

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Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Word of Jesus on the Cross.

The growing brightness illumined the body of Jesus on the Cross: pale, livid, perishing, more white and bloodless than ever. Whether half-loud, or only in inward prayer perceived by me alone, I know not, but anyhow He said the following words: "I am pressed like the wine, which on this spot was first stamped out of grapes. Blood must be pressed from Me till water comes, and the hulls are trodden white. But never more shall on this spot wine be trodden in the press."

Utterly exhausted, languishing with thirst, His tongue parched, Our Savior said: "I thirst." And to His friends who gazed up at Him so sadly, He added: "Could you not have given Me water to drink?" During the darkness, He meant to say, no one would surely have hindered them. "O Lord," John answered

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sorrowfully, "we did not think of it." And Jesus replied in about these words: "Even my nearest and dearest must forget Me, must offer Me nothing to drink, in order that the Scripture may be fulfilled." Yet this forgetfulness caused Him bitter pain.

But now after His loving remonstrance His friends besought the soldiers, and offered them money, to give Our Lord water to drink. The soldiers would not, but one of them poured gall into vinegar that good there in a vessel made of bark, and dipped a sponge into the mixture. But Abenadar, touched with sympathy for Jesus, took the sponge from the soldier, squeezed out its ugly contents and filled it with pure vinegar. He fastened one end of the sponge round a short piece of hyssop-reed, the other end he attached to the point of his spear, and raised the contrivance to Our Lord's lips, so that through the reed as through a tube Jesus could draw the vinegar from the sponge into His mouth.

Our Savior's hour was now come. He began to wrestle, with death and a cold sweat broke out over His whole body. John good below in front, drying his Mager's feet with his handkerchief. Magdalene was crouched against the back of the Cross, lost in agonizing sorrow. Our Lady good between the Cross of Jesus and that of the good thief, supported in the arms of Mary of Cleophas and Salome, her eyes riveted to the face of her dying Son. Jesus said: "It is consummated," then raised His head and cried with a loud voice: "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit." 'Twas a sweet powerful cry, that penetrated and filled Heaven and earth. When

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the words were ended, He bowed His head and gave up the ghost, and like a luminous shadow I saw His soul sink down near the Cross into the ground and pass on into Limbo. John and the holy women fell face downward to the ground.

Abenadar, the captain, an Arabian by birth, later as disciple known by the name Ctesiphon, was sitting on his horse in the same position he had held since he had given Jesus vinegar to drink, so close that his horse's fore-feet rested on the hillock of crucifixion. He was deeply moved, and gazed long and earnestly, and uninterruptedly into that dying Face under its crown of thorns. The horse's head was sunk in sickening fear, and the rider, his pride broken, tightened not the slackened rein. Then Our Lord spoke those last words so loudly and powerfully, and gave up His spirit with that penetrating cry that resounded through earth, and hell, and Heaven.

Immediately the earth round about trembled, and the rocks burst and yawned wide between Our Lord and the thief on the left. God's testimony to His Son came sweeping through the depths of nature, and nature shuddered in horror. It was consummated—Our Lord's soul had passed from the body. And while all that vast multitude trembled with the reverent and trembling earth, while the keen sword of bereavement transfixed the hearts of friends—at this moment grace fell upon Abenadar. He felt his hard proud soul tremble like the rocks of Calvary—and in that feeling he threw from him his spear, struck with mighty hand his penitent heart, and cried out aloud with the voice of a new-born man: "Blessed be God,

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the Almighty, the God of Abraham and Jacob! This was a just man, truly He is the Son of God!" Swept away by his words many of the soldiers followed his example.

But now that he was a new man, a redeemed man, after rendering public homage to the Son of God, Abenadar would no longer be servant to Our Lord's enemies. He turned his horse's head to his subordinate officer, then called Cassius, and spoke a few words to the soldiers, as also to Cassius, who now bestrode Abenadar's horse and took his place as commander. Abenadar himself hurried down from Calvary and on through the Valley of Gihon till he reached the disciples hiding in the Valley of Hinnom. To them he announced the death of Jesus, and hurried onwards to report to Pilate.

The terror which fell upon those present at the death-cry of Jesus, when the earth shook and Calvary burst open, this terror spread out over entire nature: the veil of the Temple was rent asunder and some of its walls sank, many dead rose from their graves, and mountains and buildings collapsed in many parts of the world.

When Abenadar and many of the soldiers with him cried out in testimony of Our Lord's Divinity, many of the multitude were converted, and even many of the latest to arrive among the Pharisees. Many began to strike their breast and lament, and wandered down from the mountain and through the valley to their homes. Others rent their garments and sprinkled dust on their heads. All were filled with terror and consternation.

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John rose up from where he lay, and several of the holy women, who so far had stood at a distance, now pushed their way into the enclosure, raised from the ground Our Lady and her friends, and led them out of the enclosure in order to console them.

Oh, God, how fearful it had been to watch Our Lord during those last loving moments, when He was paying the last farthing for sinners, commending His soul to His God and His Father, and delivering His body up to death. Behold that shattered vessel of holiness take on the pale cold colors of death, that languished body still quiver in agony, those streams of trickling blood grow ever more dark and distinct. His face is drawn and distended, His cheeks cave in, His nose becomes more narrow and pointed, His chin drops, His blood-closed eyes open half-broken, His thorn-crowned head is raised for the last time, then pressed by the burden of His pain sinks down upon His breast. Then back through the half-open blue lips is seen the bloody tongue, His fingers let go their convulsive grasp of the heads of the nails and straighten out, His hands draw inwards and downwards, His arms stretch their full length, His back falls in against the Cross, and the full weight of His body sinks down upon His crucified feet. Under that weight His knees give way and bend to one side, and His feet twist somewhat round the nails that hold them fast.

Can we wonder that in sight of this awful spectacle Our Lady's hands seemed paralyzed with agony, that her eyes darkened and her ears refused to hear, that a deathly pallor mantled her face, that her feet broke under her and let her sink to the ground?

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And when she was raised by gentle hands, when again she lifted her eyes to the Cross, what a vision met her eyes? That most pure and beautiful body, conceived in her by the Holy Ghost, flesh of her flesh, bone of her bone, the costly shrine formed in her Divinely overshadowed womb—how forlorn and desecrated is it now! Robbed of all its beautiful symmetry, robbed of its indwelling holy soul, thrown on the mercy of material laws which He had created and man had outraged! That, then, is the end of all: Men whom He came to call to life had put Him to death! His slaughtered body hangs ruined and disfigured upon the tree, the once beauteous shrine of charity and truth is shorn of all its loveliness, the noblest of the sons of men swings lifeless between two murderers! O Mother of Jesus, Queen of May", who shall sound the depths of thy agony!

The light of the sun was still hazy and nebulous, the air had been sultry and oppressive when the earth trembled, but afterwards became unpleasantly chilly.

Spite of its awful disfigurement there was about Our Lord's body an air of soul-touching holiness. The two thieves were silent, and Dismas was praying, but their bodies hung down in fearful drunken distortions. Our Lord's friends and relatives sat or stood within the circle of the Cross, sorrowing and lamenting. Many of the holy women had returned into the city.—City and Hill were wrapped in a mantle of sadness, stillness and loneliness.

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The Dead Appear in Jerusalem. Earthquake.

When Jesus with loud cry commended His spirit into the hands of His Heavenly Father, I saw His soul sink luminously into the earth at the foot of the Cross, and with it a shining band of angels, among whom was Gabriel. These angels drove a great multitude of evil spirits from the earth back into the abyss, and Jesus sent many souls from Limbo back to earth, and into their bodies, in order to terrify and warn the unrepentant, and to give testimony to Him before the world.

Jeremias appeared at the altar in the Temple, and there spoke threatening words: The old sacrifice was at an end, the New Sacrifice had begun. Appearances known only to Caiphas and the priests were denied to have occurred, were kept secret, and forbidden to be mentioned under pain of grievous excommunication. But they could not conceal the clamorous noises within the Temple, the doors that sprang open unaided by men, the voice that proclaimed the words: "Let us leave this place." Hereupon I saw angels depart from the Temple.

Annas, in secret Our Lord's most bitter and active enemy, who had long been the guiding hand in the hidden campaign against Jesus and His disciples, who had instructed Our Savior's accusers how best to proceed, was now in the interior chambers of the Temple, fleeing, like one insane with terror, from one nook and comer into another. In a kind of closet surrounded by many of his adherents, I saw him like

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one in convulsions, whimpering and twisting and screaming and writhing. To calm and strengthen the terror-stricken old man, Caiphas threw his arms firmly round him—but all in vain. The sight of the dead come back to life had thrown him into bottomless despair.

Caiphas himself was full of consternation, but the proud, stubborn devil within him repressed every sign of terror. He was ready for the worst, and met the warning portents of God and his own hidden anguish with the brazen brow of insolence and pride. He could not get the terrified priests to continue the sacred ceremonies, but he made them conceal all signs and appearances which the people themselves could not know. He proclaimed, and had other priests proclaim, that all these manifestations of God's anger were due to the adherents of the crucified Galilean who had entered unclean into the Temple.

Superstitious Pilate was bewildered with terror and unable to attend to his duties as governor. The earthquake shook his palace, he felt it rock and swing beneath him as he fled from one room to another. From the outer courtyard he heard the dead upbraid him for his unjust proceedings and his self-contradictory sentence of death. He took them to be the gods of the prophet Jesus, and locked himself into the secret closet where he was wont to burn incense in sacrifice to his own gods, and where he now urged them by promises and vows to render the gods of the Galilean harmless. Herod, too, was beside himself with terror, and ordered his palace to be locked and bolted.

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Joseph of Arimathea Begs Pilate for the Body of Jesus.

I saw Joseph of Arimathea go to Pilate. He had been informed that Jesus was dead, and with Nicodemus had determined to bury Our Lord's body in his own new stone-hewed grave in a garden of his that lay not far from Calvary. Nicodemus made his rounds among the shops to buy linens and spices for the burial, and was soon waiting for Joseph.

Joseph found Pilate in consternation and confusion, but asked Him openly and boldly for permission to take the body of Jesus, the King of the Jews, down from the Cross, as he wished to bury it in his own grave. Pilate's superglititious fear grew still stronger on hearing such a prominent man beg so earnestly for permission to honor the body of one whom Pilate himself had so ignominiously crucified. He felt more keenly than ever the innocence of Jesus, but outwardly he pretended surprise and said: "Is he dead already?"

Abenadar had reached the palace after speaking to the disciples in the caves. Pilate now sent for him, and inquired whether the 'King of the Jews' was already dead. Abenadar narrated the details: Our Lord's last words, His loud cry, His death at three O'clock, the rocking of the earth and the bursting of the rocks. Outwardly Pilate seemed to wonder that Jesus had died so soon, since crucified criminals generally lived longer, but inwardly he felt new terror that the wondrous signs had happened just when Our Lord died. Perhaps it was a desire to make his conduct look less cruel that now led him to write at once a document, saying that he gave the body of the

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'King of the Jews' to Joseph of Arimathea, and that the latter was authorized to take the body from the Cross and bury it.

Joseph left the palace and went to Nicodemus, who had bought a great amount of herbs and spices for the embalming. Joseph too paid a visit to some store and bought another piece of cotton cloth, six cubits long and several cubits wide, very beautiful and well-woven.

Our Lord's Side Is Opened.

Meanwhile sadness and stillness reigned out there on Golgatha. The terrified multitude had dispersed.

Our Lady, John, Magdalene, Mary of Cleophas and Salome sat or stood with heads muffled for sorrow in front of the Cross. Some soldiers were sitting on the low earthen wall, their spears lying near them. While Cassius rode back and forth, the soldiers on the summit talked down to their companions who were farther away. The sky was still overcast, and all nature was in mourning.

Six executioners now appeared, with ladders, shovels and ropes, and three-edged heavy clubs, intended to break the legs of those crucified. When they entered the enclosure, Our Lord's friends drew back a little way. Our Lady's soul was rent with new fear, lest these wretches maltreat even His dead body. And in fact they planted their ladders against the Cross, climbed up, and struck that sacred body, affirming that He merely pretended to be dead. But finding Him all cold and stiff, and seeing John at the request of the holy women appeal to the soldiers,

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they went no further at present, yet did not seem convinced of his death.

They turned from Our Lord to the two thieves, climbed up on the ladders, and began to break their bones. One broke the right arm above and below the elbow, a second did the same on the left arm, and a third, on the legs, both above and below the knee. Gesmas broke into fearful howls and they shattered his breast with three blows of their clubs. Dismas gave a last moan of agony, and died, the first mortal to follow Our Lord to Limbo.

The executioners still seemed in doubt as to Our Lord's death. Their shuddering barbarities towards the thieves made Our Savior's friends still more apprehensive of their return. But Cassius, afterwards called Longinus, whose weak squinting eyes had often called forth the contempt of his companions, was at this moment struck with a sudden impulse of grace. The vile-minded cruelties of the executioners and the anguish of the holy women combined with this sudden impulse of zeal to make him the fulfiller of a prophecy. He lengthened out his spear, which had been shortened by pushing its various parts one back into the other, and fastened the iron point upon it. I saw him turn his horse's head and drive the animal violently up the hillock of crucifixion, taking care to avoid the chasm in the rock. There was scarce room for his horse on top, but he paused between the Cross of Jesus and that of the good thief, to the right of Our Lord's body, seized his spear with both hands, and forced it violently into the hollow distended side and on through entrails and heart till

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the point came forth and opened a slight wound on the left side of Our Savior's breast. As with equal violence the now holy lance was dragged back out of the perforated body, it was followed by a full-flowing stream of blood and water that poured a flood of grace and salvation down into his uplifted face. He sprang from his horse, fell upon his knees, beat his breast, and in sight of all present loudly proclaimed his faith in Jesus.

Our Lady and her companions, their eyes turned constantly towards Jesus, watched with anxiety the sudden procedure of Cassius. When his lance passed into the sacred body, they gave a cry of woe and sprang forward to the Cross. Our Lady felt the blow in every fibre of her being, and sank as if the lance had pierced her own heart, into the supporting arms of her friends, while Cassius fell on his knees, his soul illumined by faith and light, his lips confessing the Lord and proclaiming thanks, while even his belear. eyed bodily vision grew bright and clear.

And now all gathered, with reverential tenderness, round the blood of the Redeemer, which was collecting in a depression in the rock beneath the Cross. It was mixed with water and covered with bubbling foam. By means of some kind of saucers which they had with them, Our Lady, Cassius, John and the holy women dipped moil of this precious liquid into flasks, and absorbed what remained into pieces of cloth.

Cassius was completely transformed. His eyes both of soul and of body had been opened wide and clear, his heart was deeply moved and humbled.

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Struck by the miraculous change in their captain, the soldiers present likewise fell on their knees, beat their breasts and confessed Jesus. 'Twas touching to see the blood and water poured in an abundant stream out from the wide-open right side of Jesus, to see it fall foaming upon a pure clean stone, to see the holy company gather it up so tenderly, while into its sacred foam trickled tears from the eyes of Magdalene and Our Lady. The executioners did not return. They 'had meanwhile got word from Pilate not to touch the body of Jesus, since he had confided it to Joseph of Arimathea. for burial.

The Descent From the Cross.

It was still foggy and dark and gloomy when Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus reached the summit, where they were met by the servants whom they had sent on ahead. The holy women sat before the Cross weeping, while Cassius and several soldiers who had been converted stood at some distance silent and reverent. Joseph and Nicodemus narrated to Our Lady and John all they had done to deliver Jesus from an ignominious death, and heard from them in turn how they had, though with difficulty, hindered the breaking of His limbs and thus the prophecy had been fulfilled. They likewise told the story of the lance-thrust of Cassius. Abenadar, too, had now arrived, and sadly and reverently they set about the loving task of taking down from the Cross and preparing for burial the sacred body of their Lord, their Master, their Redeemer.

*The Descent from the Cross.*

Our Lady and Magdalene sat on the hillock to the right of Our Lord, out towards the cross of Dismas. The other holy women were busy in getting ready the necessary spices, sponges, pieces of cloth and vessels of water. On seeing Abenadar approach, Cassius drew nigh and told his former captain how wonderfully his eyes had been healed. The entire holy company was bathed in a silent atmosphere of sad and earnest tenderness. Now and then, 'tis true, one or the other, without relaxing in vigilance and attention, broke out in burning sighs and lamentations. Magdalene alone had surrendered altogether to grief. Lost in the violence of her emotions she could listen to no suggestion of moderation from anyone.

Nicodemus and Joseph planted their ladders against the rear of the Cross, climbed upon them, passed the broad sheet between Our Lord's body and the Cross, wrapped the sheet round the body, and then bound the body firmly to the Cross by three broad straps which were attached to the sheet. In similar manner they passed pieces of cloth between Our Lord's arms and the cross-beams, wrapped the arms round, and bound them firmly to the beams. Hereupon they placed pegs against the points of the nails behind and drove them out in front. Their blows did not shake Our Lord's hands very much, and the nails fell out easily, because the distended body on the one hand had torn the wounds wide open and on the other was now supported, not by the hands, but by the sheets that bound it.

The lower part of the body, which had sagged down at the knees when He died, was now in a natural

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position, supported by a sheet that was fastened to the cross-beams at the nail-holes for the hands. While Joseph was occupied in driving out the left nail and letting the left arm sink in its bandages gently down beside the body, Nicodemus on his side was similarly engaged in binding to the beam both the right arm and the thorn-crowned head, which was sunken down on the right shoulder. Then he, too, drove out the nail on his side, and let also the right arm sink in its bandages gently down beside the body. Meanwhile, with some exertion, Abenadar had driven the large nail up through the feet. As the nails fell to the ground, Cassius took them up reverently, and laid them together at the feet of Our Lady.

And now they planted their ladders in front, quite close to the sacred body, climbed up again, unloosed the highest straps from the Cross and hung it over one of the hooks attached to the ladders. In the same way they unloosed the other two straps and fastened them to the hooks on the ladder. They then began the descent, moving the straps one by one to a lower hook and then to a still lower, thus letting the sacred body little by little downwards. The centurion Abenadar, standing on a stool, was supporting Our Lords body by clasping it beneath the knees, while Joseph and Nicodemus, held the upper body between them in their arms. Thus step by step, gently and carefully, as though bearing a severely wounded friend, they slowly descended the ladders and laid the martyred body of the Redeemer on the ground.

The whole scene was indescribably sad and beautiful. Every act was marked with caution and

*The Descent from the Cross.*

tenderness, as though they feared to inflict new pain on His dead body. They showered upon the sacred remains the same love and reverence they had shown to the Most Holy One during His life. Every eye was fixed steadily on the sacred body, its every motion was followed with tears, with spontaneous outstretching of hands that signified support and compassion. But all were still and silent, speaking only when cooperation required it, and then briefly and in subdued tones, like men overpowered by reverence at a sacred ceremony in a temple.

The strokes of the hammer in driving out the nails resounded with fresh sorrow in the souls of Our Lady and Magdalene, and of all who had been present at the crucifixion. They could not but recall the fearful nailing to the Cross, and listened again in trembling to His clear, sweet tones of lamentation, and seemed again to be awaiting in sadness His approaching death, though His sacred lips were now silent. As soon as the sacred body reached the ground, the men wrapped it in linen from the hips to the knees, and laid it into the eager outstretched arms of the Dolorous Mother.

Our Lord's Body Prepared for Buried.

Our Lady sat on an outspread coverlet, her back supported by a bundle, which the women seem to have rolled together out of cloaks and mantles, in order to make it somewhat easier for the sorrow-worn Mother to render the last sad service of love to the body of her slaughtered Son. Her right knee was somewhat elevated, and the men laid the body down

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upon the sheet so as to bring Our Lord's head to rest on His Mother's knee. Our Lady's grief is equalled only by her love, now that she can at last hold once more in her arms, lifeless though it be, that dear body during whose long martyrdom she has had to stand by helpless. Here He is at last, right under her eyes, in all His beautiful desolation. Lovingly, dolorously, her lips touch His bloody cheeks, and slowly from wound to wound her eyes glide tenderly over His lacerated form.

In their degree all present shared her grief. Magdalene's face was pressed down on Our Lord's feet. A number of converted soldiers, Cassius at their head, stood reverently at a distance. The other men withdrew to a deeper lying mountain nook, southwest of the summit, to get everything in readiness for embalming the sacred body. All who were ill-disposed to Our Lord had returned into the city, so that those present formed a body-guard round the spot where the last honors were being paid to the sacred remains. While humbly keeping their distance the men were near enough when called upon to render loving service.

The holy women surrounded the body somewhat more closely, offering whenever necessary water flasks, sponges, cloths, ointments and spices, then stepping back reverently to continue their loving vigilance. Among them were Mary of Cleophas, Salome and Veronica. Magdalene was constantly occupied with the holy body itself. Mary of Heli, however, the elder sister of Our Lady, a motherly matron and rather advanced in years, sat some distance

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away on the earthen wall of the enclosure, absorbed in watching the scene. John was constantly at Our Lady's beck and call, and acted as messenger between the women and the men. He assisted in so many different ways, both here with the women, and afterwards with the men. Everything the women needed was ready. I noticed particularly water flasks of leather, which could be opened and laid flat together one on top of another, as also a vessel of water standing over glowing coals. One vessel of pure water after another, one sponge after another, the women offered to Our Lady and Magdalene, receiving back and squeezing into the flasks those already used.

Our Lady's indescribable agony did not make her less strong and courageous. \* Though inundated with sorrow she could not leave that beloved body in such outraged condition, and at once set about her long and loving task.

She opened the crown of thorns from behind, and began carefully, with the assistance of her companions, to loosen it from His head. Some of the thorns had

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\*Every year Sister Catherine was accustomed to follow Our Lord step by step through His Passion. On the evening of Good Friday March 30, 1820 the writer was present when Sister was contemplating the Descent from the Cross. Suddenly she fell into death-like unconsciousness. On recovering, while she continued to suffer severely, she made the following declaration. "When I saw the body of Jesus lain on Mary's lap I said to myself: 'See how strong she is, she does not even fall unconscious.' I was expressing rather surprise than compassion. My guide chided me for my thought at once, and said: 'Feel then for thyself what she felt.' At the same moment a cutting pain passed through me like a sword, throwing me into deathly agony—and I feel the pain still." And she continued to feel it for along time, yea, it passed over into a severe sickness that brought her to the verge of the grave.

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pierced into His head, and had first to be cut away from the crown, as otherwise every attempt to loosen the crown would have widened the wounds. They laid the crown to the nails, while Our Lady took a long, elastic, yellow-colored pair of pincers and drew from Our Lord's head all the piercing points and slivers that still remained, holding them up sadly to be gazed upon by her companions. The thorns were laid with the crown, at least most of them, some may have been kept as memorials.

Our Lord's face was so bloody and disfigured as to be almost unrecognizable, and His dishevelled hair and beard were clotted with blood. Our Lady washed that pitiful head and face, loosened the congealed blood in His hair with a wet sponge. And ever as she proceeded in her work of love, stood out more clearly His awful martyrdom, ever as she passed from wound to wound grew deeper her compassion, and care, and tenderness. Her right hand holding a sponge and its fingers covered with a piece of cloth, she loosened and washed the blood out of the wounds in His head, out of the death-broken eyes, out of the nostrils, out of the ears. With cloth and index finger she cleansed the half-open mouth, the tongue, the teeth and the lips. She parted His hair between the right side and the back of His head and again between the back and the left side, and on both sides brushed it back smooth behind the ears. Her task of cleansing concluded, she kissed His cheek and covered His head.

And now her tender fingers wandered on over His neck, shoulders, breast and back, along His arms

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and down to His blood-stained, lacerated hands. Oh, God, more shuddering than ever is now the desolation of ruin wreaked upon that beautiful frame! Behold that chest with its distended, and distorted bones and joints! That shoulder with its deep-ploughed wound! That breast and back and arms harrowed with scourges and stripes! That little tell-tale wound above His heart to the left, and to the right below that awful gap where the heart-cleaving lance found entrance! On from one to the other glided the cleansing compassionate fingers. Magdalene sometimes stood in front of Our Lady to render aid, but generally lay prostrate at the feet of Jesus, washing them for the [a]ft time rather with her tears than with water, and wiping them with her hair.

Our Lord's head, breast, waist, and limbs were now free from blood and filth, and the holy body lay peacefully in Mary's lap, His bloodless flesh shining bluish white in color, except clotted stripes streaked it brown, or raw-peeled patches tinged it red. Tenderly Our Lady now covered His sacred limbs, and began to anoint His body wound by wound as before. The holy women knelt in succession before her, holding open for her a little box filled with ointment or some similar precious substance. Out of this box Our Lady kept the thumb and fore-finger of her right hand constantly moistened till she had anointed all His wounds. How beautiful to see her take Our Lord's hands into her own left hand, kiss them reverently, and fill those gaping wounds with spicy ointment. The openings in His ears, His nostrils, the lance-wound in His side—all claimed in turn her loving ministrations

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—Magdalene's service was given almost exclusively to Our Lord's sacred feet. Now she dried and anointed them, then moistened them again with her tears, often lying prostrate for long at a time with her face resting on them.

I saw that they did not throw away the water when used but poured it into the leathern flasks. Ofttimes I saw Cassius or some other soldier take the flasks or jars which the women had brought, and go to the well in Gihon to get fresh water. This well was quite near, so near that it could be seen from the Garden of the Sepulchre.

Our Lady Closes Our Lord's Half-broken Eyes.

After anointing all Our Lord's wounds, Our Lady swathed His head, but did not as yet draw down the ligatures over His face. Gently she pressed down the lids over those half-broken eyes, letting her hand rest softly on them for a while. Then she closed His mouth, embraced His sacred body, and let her weeping face sink sadly down upon His. Magdalene's reverence would not let her touch the face of Jesus, her own face rested on His holy feet.

Joseph and Nicodemus had already been waiting for some time, and John now drew near Our Lady to beg her to give the precious body over to them so they might have it embalmed before the Sabbath commenced. Once more, still more tenderly and lovingly, Our Lady embraced the martyred body and spoke touching words of farewell. Then by means of the sheet on which it lay the men lifted the body of

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Jesus out of the lap of His Mother and carried it down to the spot chosen for embalming. Our Lady, who had felt some alleviation of agony in caring for and caressing those beloved remains, now sank back into the depths of sorrow and lay with muffled head resting in the arms of her companions. Magdalene, like one being robbed of her beloved, followed with out-stretched arms the men who were bearing Our Lord away, but turned after a few steps and came back to Our Lady.

When the sacred body had been embalmed, John led Our Lady and the holy women to the spot. Our Lady knelt down at Our Savior's head, took from round her neck beneath her mantle a fine piece of linen, presented to her by Claudia Procles, and laid it under Our Lord's head. With her companions she piled the entire space between head and shoulders and round up to the cheeks with aromatic herbs, filling in all crevices with delicate fibers and fine powder, then wrapped the underlying fine piece of linen round head and shoulders so that they were imbedded in this sweet-scented cushion. Magdalene poured a full flask of fragrant perfume into the wound in the side, and the other holy women put aromatic herbs into the hands and round and beneath His feet. Then with sweet spices the men filled in the arm-pits, overlaid the cavity about the heart, and rounded out every depression of the entire body. Hereupon they crossed the stiffened arms upon the bosom, and fastened the fragrant layers of spices and perfume by wrapping the large white sheet firmly round the body as high as the breast, just as one would swathe a

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child. Then they laid the body upon the six-cubits-long sheet, bought by Joseph, folded one of the lower ends up over the breast, one of the upper ends down over head and shoulders, and wrapped the two sides inwards round the body.

While they knelt thus round the body, weeping and saying farewell, a most touching miracle took place before their eyes. On the outer surface of the sheet that covered it there appeared, reddish-brown in color, the entire figure of the body with all its wounds as if Our Lord was anxious to show His gratitude for their loving care and compassion by letting His picture shine out to them through all its wrappings. Weeping and lamenting they embraced the sacred body and kissed with reverence that wonderful impression. Astonishment made them unwrap the outer sheet once more, and that astonishment grew still deeper when they found all other wrappings as white as ever, and only the outer sheet marked with Our Lord's figure.

Upon the sheet below where Our Lord lay were imprinted the full outlines of His back, while the form of His body in front stood out above. But as here in front several different comers and edges overlay one another, the sheet, in order to show Our Lord's figure, had to be folded just as it had been when wrapped round the body. This picture did not arise naturally from contact with Our Lord's wounds, since these were deeply imbedded in spices and thickly wrapped in bandages. It was a miraculous impression created by the Godhead which remained hypostatically united even to the dead body of the Savior.

## Our Lord's Burial.

The men had a leather-covered bier, and upon this they now laid the sacred body. The body upon the bier reminded me forcibly of the Ark of the Covenant. Nicodemus and Joseph, Abenadar and John, carried the bier, the two fanner in front, the two latter at the rear, lifting it by the projecting ends of two rods. They were followed by Our Lady, Mary of Heli, Magdalene, and Mary of Cleophas, in one group, then by the other group of women who had sat at a distance: Veronica, Joanna of Chusa, Mary of Mark, Salome of Zebedee, Mary Salome, Salome of Jerusalem, Susanna, and finally Anna, a niece of St. Joseph, a daughter of his brother, who had been reared in Jerusalem. Cassius and his soldiers closed the procession. Singing songs in soft, lamenting tones they moved about seven minutes down the valley to the Garden of the Sepulchre.

Opposite the entrance to the sepulchre the women sat down on a bench, while the men carried the body down into the interior, set it on the ground, made with spices an oblong mound about two feet high and spread over it a sheet in such manner that its folds swung down over the sides. Upon this couch they reverently deposited the sacred body, said farewell with loving tears and embraces, and stepped out of the sepulchre. Our Lady now went in to her Son, and I saw her sit down at the head of the couch whereon He lay, and lean weeping over the body of her Child.

While returning home Joseph and Nicodemus

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were met by Peter, James the Greater, and James the Less. All were in tears, but Peter was the most violent in his grief. He embraced the two friends sadly, accused himself bitterly, lamented he had not been present when Our Lord died, and thanked them earnestly for the sepulchre wherein they had buried Him. Heartbroken they separated, going to seek other scattered disciples, having first made an agreement to be admitted into the Supper Room on their arrival.

Later on I saw Our Lady and her company knock and find admittance at the door of the Supper Room. Abenadar, too, was allowed to enter, others came in gradually, till most of the Apostles and disciples were again present. The holy women went apart into the rooms reserved for Our Lady. All partook of a little nourishment and spent then some more minutes in deep sorrow.

'Twas late in the evening when Joseph of Arimathea with some other disciples and women left the Supper Room to go home. Whilst they wandered silently and sadly through the ways of Sion, suddenly, in the neighborhood of the court-house of Caiphas, a band of armed men rushed out of ambush and seized Joseph of Arimathea. His companions fled with a cry of terror, while his captors imprisoned him in a tower that rose out the city wall not far from the courthouse. Caiphas had gotten pagan soldiers to do this work, as pagans did not observe the Sabbath. His plan was to let Joseph starve to death, and to keep silent as to how he had disappeared.

**Another Good Friday Scene.**

**Jonadab's Act of Mercy Rewarded.**

After Presenting Our Lord with the cloth for His loins, Jonadab, the nephew of St. Joseph, hurried from Golgotha back to the Temple. But the sacrifice of the Paschal lamb was interrupted by the darkness, the earthquake, and the appearance of the dead; he hastened to return home where he had little children, a sick mother, and a sick wife. As he hastened along, I saw that a great change had come over his soul. Formerly he had shown little interest in Our Lord's teaching and manner of living, just as his father before him, a step-brother of St. Joseph I think, had manifested no special inclination for Our Savior. But now I saw how, to his great astonishment, Jonadab was met half-way home by his mother, wife and children, all sound and healthy. He could not believe his eyes, they had been quite sick when he left them. I saw how they embraced him and told him in what wonderful manner they had been healed. Shortly after midday a woman of majestic appearance had entered the house and stepped in front of their couches, saying: "Arise, and go to meet Jonadab, he has covered a naked man's exposure." Immediately they had felt a feeling of health all through their sick bodies, and had risen up in renewed strength in order to render due thanks and honor to this wonderful woman. But when they went to set food and drink before her, she disappeared, leaving the whole house bathed in a delicious odor, while they themselves felt fully satisfied and satiated. Reflecting on

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her words they had set out to meet him, let him now say what naked man he had clothed.

Amid tears and laments Jonadab now told the story of the crucifixion of Jesus, said that Jesus, Son of Joseph and Mary, was the Prophet, the Christ, the Holy One of Israel. His words made them all sad, they rent their garments and wept. Yet they blessed God, too, who in return for that simple work of love had granted them such a signal boon. They went on to speak of the great signs of the day in heaven and on earth, and returned home overwhelmed with emotion.

While his wife was telling Jonadab of the wonderful cure, I myself saw in a vision the apparition in her house. Who it was that appeared I do not know for certain, I have a dull feeling that it was Our Lady. I likewise saw how later on Jonadab, after completing his arrangements, joined the community of believers.

While Our Lady, in a deep feeling of thankfulness, was calling down God's blessing on Jonadab and his family, I saw in vision how her prayers were heard, how Jonadab was interiorly illumined by faith in Our Lord, and how his sick family received the blessing in that wonderful apparition.

Guards Stationed at the Sepulchre.

During the night I saw Caiphas and the other Jewish authorities in consultation as to what they should do to offset the tremendous impression made upon the people by the wonderful events of the afternoon. As a result of their deliberation they went to

*Another Good Friday Scene.*

Pilate that very night, told him they had remembered how that seducer had said while he was yet alive that he would rise again on the third day, and requested him to have the sepulchre guarded until that third day, lest the seducer's disciples should steal the body and spread a report that he had risen from the dead and thus the second deception become worse than the first.

But Pilate did not wish to be bothered with the matter further. "You have a guard of your own," he said, "go and guard his grave as you best can." Still he ordered Cassius to accompany the guards, to observe all that would happen, and bring report to himself.

On arriving at the sepulchre the Jewish authorities first made sure that the body was really within, then they stretched a band across the door of the sepulchre and from this another down to the projecting stone below, fastening a crescent-shaped sea] over the spot where the two bands crossed. This done they went back into the city, and the guards took up their positions in front of the outer door of the sepulchre. Sometimes five were on guard, sometimes six, as one or the other had to go into the city for food. Cassius never left his post. Generally he stood or sat in the trench in front of the sealed door, in such attitude that he could see that side of the closed grave where lay the feet of Our Savior. He had already received great interior graces, and now, during these hours of watching, God deigned to grant him many spiritual visions of hidden mysteries. As he was quite unaccustomed to such conditions of soul, this wonderful

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inner illumination made him seem drunk with spiritual joy and unconscious of outward events. 'Twas these long hours of sorrow, gratitude and adoration that completely transformed him into a new man.

The Day before the Resurrection.

Our Lord's Friends on Holy Saturday.

Yesterday evening, when all the men had gathered into the Supper Room, I saw them, about twenty in number, attired in long white garments and girded about the waist. I saw them stand beneath an overhanging lamp to celebrate the Pasch and then sit down to table. Hereupon they separated for the night, some of them going to other dwellings. And today, too, I saw most of them in the Supper Room, each remaining quietly with himself for the most part, though now and then they came together to pray and read, or one or the other went to the door to admit new-comers.

In the house where dwelt Our Lady there was a large assembly-room with many nooks and corners. Several of these, divided off by heavy curtains or partitions, served as bed-rooms. On returning from Golgotha the holy women first replaced all vessels and utensils they had been using, then they gathered for devout and sorrowful prayer round Our Lady in the centre of this large saloon, beneath an overhanging lamp which one of them had lighted. Hereupon they took some little refreshment. A band of new-comers now appeared: Martha, Maroni, Dina and

*The Day before the Resurrection.*

Mara, who had come in from Bethania before the Sabbath, accompanied by Lazarus who was now gone to the Supper Room to join the men. Till a late hour they remained together, mingled their tears as they told or listened how Our Lord had died and been buried. Then Joseph of Arimathea and some other men sent word to the women who were to return to their homes elsewhere in the city, and the two companies broke up for the night. While returning with his band, Joseph, as I have already related, was torn from them near the court-house of Caiphas, was dragged away and imprisoned in the tower.

The women who remained in the assembly-room now separated, each retiring into one of the improvised

row of cells around the large saloon. When within their bedrooms they wrapped a long flowing piece of cloth round the head, and sat for a while in silent grief on the floor, supporting themselves by the blankets rolled up against the wall. Then they rose, unrolled the blankets, laid aside sandals and girdle and some other articles of clothing, enveloped themselves from head to foot as was their custom, and laid themselves down on the outstretched couches for a short period

of sleep. Short, because after midnight they rose again, folded their couches, gathered again beneath the lamp round Our Lady and began to pray with one another alternately.

Our Lady Goes to the Temple.

While Our Lady and her companions were still engaged in this nightly tribute of prayer there came a knock at the door. John was there, with some of

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the disciples. Our Lady and the women drew on their veils and cloaks and followed the disciples to the Temple.

It was just about the time when the grave was sealed, three o'clock in the morning, when Our Lady, the holy women, John, and several disciples reached the Temple. Every year after the eating of the Paschal lamb the Temple was opened at midnight, because next morning sacrifices began very early and many Jews were wont to come there at day-break. But today, by reason of the interrupted festival and the desecration of the holy places, everything was in neglect and disorder, and it seemed to me Our Lady simply intended to bid farewell to the beloved House of God, the spot where she had spent her youth, worshipping towards the Holy of Holies, until she herself bore in her own womb the real Holy of Holies, the real Easter Lamb, slaughtered so cruelly yesterday on the Hill beyond the walls. The Temple, indeed, as usual stood open to the people and illuminated by lamps, even as far in as the court of the priests, which on the day after the Pasch was likewise thrown open to the multitude. But, with the exception of a few guards and servants, the Temple was almost entirely deserted. General disorder and desolation revealed the terrible disturbance of yesterday. The presence of the dead had profaned the Temple, and made it unclean, and ever as I gazed at the sight I could not but ask: "How will they ever remedy the ruin?"

Followed by her companions Our Lady visited every spot made holy by her Son. And at each of

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these sacred spots she threw herself on the ground, pressed her lips to it, shed tender tears, and spoke a few touching words of commemoration. And her companions followed her example.

The devotion of the Jews for places where something they think holy happened is extraordinary. They touch them and kiss them reverently, and throw themselves down on them with their faces to the ground. I never could feel astonishment at this practice. As we know and believe and feel that the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob is a living God, that He dwelt amongst His people in the Temple, His Holy House in Jerusalem, we would rather have reason for astonishment if they did not thus show their reverence. One who believes in a living God, in One who is Father and Savior and Sanctifier of men, His children, such a one cannot wonder that the living God dwells with His living children, and that these children have more love, honor and adoration for their Heavenly Father and all that tells of Him than for earthly parents, friends, teachers, superiors or princes. In the Temple and similar holy places the Jews behaved somewhat as we do before the Blessed Sacrament.

But already among the Jews there were men like those amongst us—men of self-illuminated blindness, who will not adore the living, all-present God but render superstitious worship to the idols of the world. These men have no regard for the words of Jesus: "He that denieth Me before men, him also will I deny before My Father who is in Heaven." These men, whose thoughts, words and deeds

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are an unbroken round of service in honor of the untruthful spirit of the world,—these men, if they have not cast God aside altogether as something external and unreal, at least reject all external worship, distorting the words of Our Savior: "We adore God in spirit and truth." They do not know that the words 'in spirit' mean in the Holy Ghost, that the words 'in truth' mean in the Son, who became man and was born of the Virgin Mary in order to give testimony to the truth, who died for us on the Cross and yet in the Most Blessed Sacrament remains with His Church, the pillar of truth, even unto the consummation of the world.

From one holy spot to another Our Lady led her companions round the sacred precincts of the Temple. She showed them the spot on which she herself had first set foot when presented as a little girl in the Temple, and the rooms on the southern side where she had been reared till her espousals. She led them to where she had been espoused to St. Joseph, where she had offered her little Jesus, where Simeon and Anna had pronounced the prophecy. Here she wept bitterly, feeling the prophecy now accomplished and the sword quivering in her heart. She showed them where she had found the Boy teaching in the Temple, and kissed reverently the chair on which He had sat. She led them likewise to the treasury into which the widow had cast her mite, and to the place where Jesus had pardoned the woman taken in adultery. And when they had poured out on every spot sanctified by Our Lord their tribute of memory, and touch, and tear, and prayer, they left the Temple and returned to

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Mount Sion. Amid many silent tears, and with a feeling of earnest, solemn sadness Our Lady parted from the deserted Temple, whose state of desolation, heightened by contrast with the holiness of the day, gave testimony to the sin of her people. She recalled to mind the time when Jesus wept over the Temple, and the words of prophecy He had once spoken: "Destroy this Temple and in three days I will raise it up." That prophecy, too, was soon to be fulfilled. They had destroyed the Temple of His body, and she felt a great longing for the third day on which the word of eternal Truth was to be accomplished.

From now on till evening I saw the holy women again collected behind closed doors and covered windows in the dark assembly-room illumined only by the light of the overhanging lamp. Now they gathered beneath the lamp to pray with Our Lady, now they retired singly to their partitioned cells, where they either sat down on ash-strewn chests to mourn, or turned their faces to the wall to pray. Before going from their cells to join Our Lady beneath the lamp I saw them always lay their mantles of mourning aside. I likewise saw those delicate of health take some little nourishment, while the others fasted.

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While Our Lady was absorbed in inner prayer, longing so intensely for Jesus, I saw an angel draw nigh and tell her to go forth to the little gate of Nicodemus—the Lord was approaching! Mary's heart thrilled with joy, she folded herself in her mantle,

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and left the holy women without saying a word to anyone about her intention. I saw her hastening all alone towards that small gate in the city wall by which she and her company had reentered from the Garden of the Sepulchre.

It must have been about nine o'clock in the evening when I saw her pursuing her rapid way in the neighborhood of the gate. Suddenly she stood still. Her eyes lighted with joyous expectation as she gazed upwards at the high wall. Then I saw the soul of Jesus, without the stigmata, shining with light, and surrounded by a great multitude of souls, sweep downwards to Mary. Turning to the souls of the patriarchs and pointing to Our Lady, Jesus spoke the words: "Mary, My Mother." And it seemed to me He embraced her and then disappeared. Our Lady sank to her knees, and kissed the spot where He had stood. The marks of her knees and feet remained impressed in the stone, and she felt an indescribable feeling of consolation as she hastened back to the holy women. She found them at a table occupied in preparing ointments and spices. She spoke not a word of what had happened, but her strong sense of consolation gave new strength and confidence to her companions.

Joseph of Arimathea Delivered from Prison.

Soon after the return of Our Lady to the holy women I saw Joseph of Arimathea at prayer in his dungeon. Suddenly the dungeon was flooded with light and I heard his name called. I looked up, and saw the massive stone open and the roof lift itself

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as it were from the wall, while through the opening a luminous figure let down a long strip of cloth and commanded Joseph to climb. I saw Joseph grasp the strip with both hands, brace his feet against one projecting stone after another in the dungeon wall, and thus climb something like double a man's height to the opening in the roof, which closed again as soon as he passed through. When he reached the top I saw that the apparition had disappeared. Whether this liberating figure was Our Lord or only an angel, I know not.

I saw Joseph run unobserved upon the wall till he was near the Supper Room, which lies close to the southern wall round Mount Sion. Here he descended from the wall and knocked. The doors were locked. The disciples had been sore afflicted by Joseph's disappearance. On the news of his capture they concluded he must have been thrown into some deep sewer. So their joy now on opening the door and seeing him enter was as great as it was later on when Peter came to them after his deliverance from prison. Joseph related the apparition that had freed him, at which they felt great joy and consolation and gratitude towards God. They gave him some food, and he fled the same night from Jerusalem to Arimathea. Later on he received word that there was no longer any danger for him, so he returned to Jerusalem.

*The Night Before the Resurrection.*

The fire-pans in front of the sepulchre cast a glaring brightness out into the darkness of night when my contemplating soul drew near to adore the

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sacred body. It lay there unchanged, bathed in glorious light, one angel at the head, another at the feet, both fixed there in silent adoration ever since he had been laid in the grave. Their shining priest-like figures, with their arms crossed on their breasts, reminded me of the Cherubim on the Ark of the Covenant except that I did not see them have wings.

While I gazed in adoring contemplation I seemed to see the soul of Our Lord draw near at the head of the redeemed spirits of the Old Law, enter through the rock into the tomb, and show to His followers the price of their redemption. All bindings and wrappings seemed gripped away in a moment, I saw the sacred body full of wounds, and the indwelling Godhead seemed to reveal before those reverent spirits the fearful martyrdom that had redeemed them. The body was entirely transparent, and its deepest depths of pain and anguish and sorrow lay unveiled. Those redeemed spirits gazed in unutterable reverence, and seemed to tremble and weep with compassion.

Our Lady on the Way of the Cross.

About eleven o'clock that night Our Lady's love and longing would not let her rest indoors. She arose, folded her entire figure in a grey mantle, and went forth alone. "How can she," I thought, "how can the anguished broken-hearted Mother go forth alone at this time, at this hour?" Still I saw her go sadly to the house of Caiphas, and from there to the Palace of Pilate, which lies a long way back into the city. Further still I saw her go, the full length of the Way

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of the Cross, all alone through the desolate greets, stopping at every spot sanctified by some special pain of Jesus. She seemed to be searching for something she had lost. Often she threw herself on her knees, moved her searching hand tenderly over the stones and carried it then to her mouth, as if her fingers had touched the enshrined blood of Jesus and carried some of its fragrance to her caressing lips. Along the whole way she was absorbed in an elevated supernatural state of loving adoration, and all the holy traces of Jesus around her shone clear and luminous to her eye. I followed her the entire distance, and in my own poor way felt what she felt and did what she did.

When in this manner she had come nigh to Calvary, she paused, and I saw appear before her a vision of Our Lord's martyred body. Before Him marched one angel, at either side one of the two adoring angels of the grave, and behind Him a great multitude of redeemed souls. He made no gesture, and looked like a wandering corpse in a stream of light. Yet I heard go forth from Him a voice that announced to His Mother what He had done in Limbo, that He would now rise again to life in a transfigured body, that she should wait for Him at the gone near Calvary where He had fallen, that there He would come to meet her. I saw the apparition of Jesus pass on into the city and Our Lady, mantled and veiled, kneel down to pray at the spot appointed by Jesus. By this time it must have been past twelve o'clock, since Mary had moved but slowly along the Way of the Cross.

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And now I saw Our Lord and His army likewise wander the full length of the Way of the Cross. And as they went the redeemed souls beheld the long course of Our Lord's agony, while the angels in some mysterious manner collected along the way all the scattered portions that had in those long hours been torn from His sacred body. On from one scene to another they glided, through the city and up the mount, till they saw Him nailed to the Cross, and raised on high, and pierced with the lance, and taken down from the Cross, and embalmed for burial. And from the spot where she waited Our Lady's eyes followed with steady gaze of loving adoration the triumphant march of her crucified Son.

And now the eye of contemplation beheld Our Lord's body lie once more in His grave as before, only that all the sacred particles lost during the Passion had now by the angels been mysteriously restored to it. I saw Him just as before: Wrapped in the grave clothes, bathed in glorious light, adored by two angels, one at His feet, the other at His head. How I saw all this I am unable to say. Reason, accustomed to the ordinary course of events, finds the object of those visions too varied and manifold and indescribable. While I actually contemplate, everything is clear, distinct and intelligible, but when I look back now it all becomes so dark and obscure that I cannot give it expression.

The first white streaks of light were creeping across the morning sky, when I saw Magdalene, Mary of Cleophas, Johanna of Chusa and Salome wrap themselves closely in their mantles, and set forth from

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the house of the Last Supper. Concealed beneath their mantles one of them carried a burning light, the others bundles of spices. These spices consisted partly of living flowers to be strewn on the body, partly of the distilled sap and oil of various aromatic substances. The holy women were very timid and afraid when I saw them going towards the little gate of Nicodemus.

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I saw the soul of Jesus descend through the rocks upon His holy body, sweeping down from above in the form of a large figure of luminous splendor, moving between two warlike angels (those in the grave were robed like priests) and surrounded by a multitude of lightsome figures. Down it swept till it reached the body, then bent lovingly over it and melted into it, the encased members began to move, and I saw the living body, shining with the light of the Soul and the Godhead, come forth through the funeral wrappings as if through the wound in the side. It reminded me of Eve rising from the side of Adam. The whole scene shone with light and beauty and brightness.

And now before my contemplating soul a monstrous shape wriggled its way from the depths up till it held the Tomb in its coils. Its infernal rage was aimed at Our Lord, its serpentine tail stood upreared, its dragon-head balanced for battle. Besides this dragon-head I remember it had also a human head. But rising out of Our Lord's hand I saw a slender

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white-colored flag-staff, from which was flung out a floating banneret. And He went near that head of dragon, and struck the serpent-tail three blows with the flag-staff, and at every blow the monger shrivelled and shrank away till finally it disappeared, till the dragon-head was driven into the earth and only the human head remained.

This vision I have often beheld when contemplating the Resurrection. Likewise at Our Lord's conception in His Mother's womb I saw a similar dragon-like serpent lying in wait. It was still more horrible than the serpent in Paradise, of which it always put me in mind. The vision refers, I think, to the prophecy: "The Woman's Seed shall crush the serpent's head." It seemed to me a symbol of the victory over death, for while gazing at the crushing of the dragon's head I could not see the tomb of Our Lord.

But now I saw the shining figure of Our Lord floating through the stony walls. The earth began to quake. Like lightning from heaven a warlike angel swept down to the tomb, rolled the stone away to the right and sat upon it. The concussion roundabout was so great that the fire-pans began to tumble and the flames sprang forth and leaped around. The guards on watch fell gunned at their posts, and lay stiff and distorted as if dead. The extraordinary brightness astonished Cassius, but he gathered himself quickly together, hurried to the tomb, opened the door a little, put in his hand, and found the empty funeral wrappings. He started away to inform Pilate, but lingered for a while in the neighborhood waiting for something

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else. For he had so far noticed only the earthquake, the angel as it rolled away the stone and sat down upon it for a moment, and finally the empty grave—he had not seen Jesus. Partly from him, partly from the guards, the disciples learned all these wonderful events.

But in the very moment when the earth quaked and the angel swept to the tomb, I saw the Risen Lord appear to His Mother at the spot near Calvary where she awaited Him. 'Twas a vision of wondrous beauty and solemnity and brightness. His garment was flung like some great mantle round His transfigured frame, and floated out behind Him, playing gently in the breeze like a smoky trail of blue, gleaming white in the rays of the sun. His wounds shone large and bright, into His hands one might well put his finger. In appearance they reminded me of triangles of equal sides inscribed into a Circle at the center of His hand, from which point rays of light ran out to His fingers. The souls of the patriarchs bent low before the Mother, and Our Lord spoke a word, I forget what, about meeting again. He pointed to His wounds, but as she sank down to kiss His feet, He took her by the hand, raised her to her feet—and disappeared.

The Holy Women at the Tomb.

The holy women were in the neighborhood of the gate of Nicodemus when Our Lord rose from the grave. They noticed nothing of the signs that accompanied His Resurrection. Nor did they know that guards were at the tomb, for on the Sabbath no friend

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had been out there on Calvary and they had themselves spent the day at home in sadness and seclusion. They asked one another anxiously: "Who will roll back for us the large stone from the entrance of the tomb?" In their grief and eagerness to show honor to our Lord's body, this had not occurred to them before. Their intention had been to pour precious ointments upon the body of Jesus and to strew aromatic spices and flowers over it. They were anxious to offer for the body of their Lord and Master the most costly they could get. Salome, a rich lady of Jerusalem, a relative of St Joseph, contributed a great part of these precious ointments. The holy women now decided to put down their spices on the stone of the sepulchre, and mourn there until perchance one of the disciples might come along and roll back the stone. And so they proceeded on their way to the garden.

I saw the guards gill lying on the ground unconscious, and as though in convulsions. The large stone was cast to one side so that the door could now easily be opened. I could see the linen cloths in which the body of Jesus had been wrapped. The larger winding-sheet lay there in the same position as before, containing nothing but the herbs and spices; the bandage which had been wound around the sheet lay on the front edge of the tomb unrolled, as though it had been just stripped off; the cloth which Mary had folded round His sacred head, lay separately to the right, in the same position as when the head had lain in it, except the face covering was turned back.

I now saw the women draw near the garden

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and enter it all together. As anxious and cautious they stepped on into the ante-chamber they saw the two angels of the tomb standing before them in priestly robes, white and shining. One of the angels spoke to them as follows: "Fear not, seek not here the Crucified One, He is alive, He is risen, He is no longer a dweller in the tomb." He showed them the empty tomb, and commanded them to tell the disciples what they had seen and heard. Jesus would go before them into Galilee. He likewise recalled to their minds what Our Savior had told them on a former occasion: "The Son of Man will be delivered into the hands of sinners, He will be crucified, and the third day rise again." The angels then disappeared and the holy women trembling, yet filled with joy, looked at the empty tomb and the linen cloths, and weeping started to return to the city. But they were so overcome by what they had seen and heard, that they walked very slowly and often stopped to look back, hoping that Our Lord might appear to them.

But about ten paces eastward from the rocky tomb, along the slopes of the garden as it ascended towards the city, Magdalene caught a twilight glimpse of a tall, white-clothed figure. Hearing the words: "Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" she thought it must be the gardener. And really the figure had a shovel in its hand, and a flat low hat, something like a strip of bark over the eyes to keep off the sun. It was just like the gardener described in the parable which shortly before His Passion Our Lord had spoken to the women in Bethania. Nor was the figure luminous and shining, it was simply

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that of a man in a long white garment seen through the indistinct twilight.

To the words: "Whom seekest thou," she answered at once: "Sir, if thou hast taken Him away, tell me where, and I will take Him." Even while saying the words, she kept searching where the gardener might have laid her beloved One. Then in His own well-known voice Jesus said to her: "Mary". That voice made her forget all—crucifixion, death and burial. She turned to Him on the instant with her usual greeting: "Raboni" (Master), fell on her knees before Him, and stretched her eager arms to embrace His feet. But Jesus raised His hand in loving refusal and said: "Touch Me not! I have not yet ascended to My Father. But go to My brethren and say to them: I ascend to My Father and your Father, to My God and to your God." With this last word Jesus disappeared.