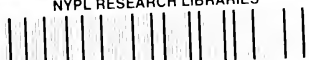


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# THE STORY OF OUR LORD'S LIFE

## TOLD FOR CHILDREN



Mary





THE STORY OF OUR LORD'S LIFE  
TOLD FOR CHILDREN

**Nihil Obstat :**

**T. B. COTTER, P.H.D.**

*Censor Deputatus.*

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*Archbishop of New York.*

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PRAYER TO THE CHILD JESUS. (*Sinkel.*)

THE  
STORY OF OUR LORD'S LIFE  
TOLD FOR CHILDREN

BY  
A CARMELITE NUN

*Mary Josephine ...*



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TO THE DEAR CHILDREN THIS LITTLE  
BOOK IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED, WITH A  
PRAYER THAT THE LESSONS THEY HAVE  
TAUGHT ME, AND THOSE I HAVE TAUGHT  
THEM, MAY NEVER FADE FROM OUR  
MEMORIES.





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## A PLEA FOR OUR LORD AND HIS LITTLE ONES



HERE is nothing too spiritual to appeal to children. They love to hear and to read stories of Angels and of Saints, but most of all, those taken from the Sacred Scriptures. Even the little ones who have not yet learned to read, are able to tell the story over again as the tiny forefinger travels over the pictured page. Stories thus learned are never forgotten. The very words of Holy Writ are retained with a fidelity and a sympathetic understanding truly astonishing.

It is not necessary to simplify the great lessons taught by Our Lord's words and actions. Little by little the young mind will grow to a clearer comprehension of them, and thus to the sweetness of long familiarity will be added the delight of an ever-increasing knowledge. Nor has frequent repetition been avoided. Children never

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tire of old stories, and are always clamoring for true ones.

What, then, can so answer that craving like the life of Our Blessed Lord? The child's love of the marvellous will find delight in His miracles; the child's love of the beautiful will find its ideal in Him Who was the *fairest of the sons of men*, while the child's love and longing for the true will be nourished with the very words of Him Who is *the Way, the Truth, and the Life*.

Must not the result be a gradual moulding of the little heart and mind, a gradual forming of the young character upon that of the Divine Model?

Such has been the end and aim of this little work; however poor and imperfect in its realization, may it still help the dear children to gain a more personal knowledge and love of Our Lord and of His Blessed Mother.







PRAYER TO THE INFANT JESUS. (*Munier.*)

## PRAYER TO THE INFANT JESUS

**O** BLESSED Infant Jesus, Thou art ever saying to me: "Behold thy Model." Thou didst become a little child like me; make me grow daily more like Thee. Help me to learn Thy blessed words that I may speak like Thee; help me to learn Thy holy life that I may live like Thee. Teach me to do Thy holy will. Make Thy thoughts become my thoughts; and Thy ways, my ways. I give Thee my heart, dear little Lord, take and keep it always. Give me grace to know and to love Thee here on earth, for then I shall love and enjoy Thee forever in heaven. *Amen.*

# THE BEGINNING STORY

## AN ALLEGORY

**I**N the beginning, ever so long before time began, there lived a Great King. He was all wise, all good, and all beautiful, so that it seemed as if no one could help loving Him. And He was so powerful that He could do all things that He pleased. So He made a beautiful world, full of all sorts of beautiful things; and from the moment that time began, He ruled over every creature in it. From His great white throne in the midst of light and glory, He looked down with love upon all His subjects, great and small; but the ones He loved the most were the children of men.

Now the sun, moon, and stars, did His bidding; the winds and waves obeyed Him; the lovely flowers bloomed and the green grass grew, because it was His will. The little fishes swam to and fro in the cool waters of the sea, and the little birds floated and sang in the soft summer air, and the little baby lions went roaring through the dense forests seeking their food, because He told them to; and so the Great King was well pleased with them and saw that they

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were good: and *He opened His hand and filled every living creature with blessing.* But alas! there had been a time when some of His subjects had rebelled against Him. A glorious prince of His court had become so proud of the power and beauty which the Great King had given him, that he refused to obey his Lord and Master. "I will not serve," he dared to say. At that very moment, he was driven out of the kingdom with all his followers, and fell into the dreadful dungeon prepared for him. And he became the Great King's arch-enemy, and hated Him and every creature belonging to Him; but most of all the children of men, because they were the most beloved by Him.

Now the arch-enemy was as cruel, and hateful, and hideous, as the Great King was kind and loving and beautiful; but he had cast a terrible spell over the poor children of men which prevented their seeing how fearful he was, and which turned them against their own kind Lord and Master. Then he wove his wicked snares closer and closer about them to drag them down to the place of darkness to which he himself had been banished. The good Great King, filled with pity and love, knew there was but one way in which His rebellious children could escape destruction.

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

He said within Himself: It is because they do not know Me that they do not love and serve Me like good subjects. My great white throne is so high above them and so dazzling in its purity and splendor that they dare not approach Me, nor even lift their eyes to see Me as I am, for no man can look upon My face and live. But I know what I will do. I will send My Only-Begotten Son, *the Figure of My Substance and the Brightness of My Glory*; and knowing Him, they will know Me; and loving Him, they will love Me.

And so He did, for you have learned already that the Great King is Almighty God, and His Only-Begotten Son is our own dear Lord Jesus. And you know that He came on earth to defeat the wicked arch-enemy Satan and save us from the snares of sin; it was He Himself Who told us all about it; it was He Himself Who said: "God so loved the world as to give His Only-Begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him may not perish but may have life everlasting."

O Father of Jesus! Whom He has taught me to call *Our Father*, I shall try to know Thee and love Thee by knowing and loving Thy Divine Son.





THE GREAT KING'S MESSAGE. (*Franz Müller.*)



## THE GREAT KING'S MESSAGE

**L**ONG years ago, there lived in the little village of Nazareth a lovely, lowly maiden, and the maiden's *name was Mary*. She was so sinless, so pure and holy, that God loved her more than anyone else in the whole world. And she loved Him so much that she would often rise in the middle of the night to speak to Him in prayer.

Now ever so long before the Blessed Virgin was born, God had promised that He would send a Saviour, the Messiah, to save His people from their sins. So one midnight, as she was longing and praying for the Saviour to come, suddenly a great shining Archangel named Gabriel, was sent by God from heaven to ask her if she would become the Mother of His Divine Son, *and the Angel said to her:*

“Hail, full of grace: the Lord is with thee.” Then, seeing that the gentle maiden was troubled at his words, he spoke again: “Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found grace with God. Behold, thou shalt bring forth a Son and thou shalt call His name Jesus.”

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Now *Jesus* means Saviour, so the Blessed Virgin knew at once that the Angel was speaking of the Messiah.

“How shall this be done?” she asked. And the Angel, answering, said:

“The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the most High shall overshadow thee: And therefore also the Holy Child which shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God.”

Then Mary remembered that she had often read in God's Holy Book: *A virgin shall conceive and bring forth a Son, and His Name shall be called Emmanuel* (which means, *God with us*). So she answered:

“Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done unto me according to Thy word.”

Then Gabriel told her that the little Jesus should be a great king and have David's throne, and reign forever and ever, because His kingdom should never come to an end. And when he had given all God's message, *the Angel departed from her*.

And Jesus, the Son of God, *came down from heaven from His royal throne* and became a little child for the love of us: *the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us*.





MARY, VIRGIN. (*Ittenbach.*)

## The STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

O glorious Angel Gabriel! help me to repeat each day, with greater love and reverence, thy message of praise to the sweet Mother of God.

### PRAYER TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN

O Sweet Virgin Mary, I love to think of thee when thou wert a little child. Oh pray for me that I may grow like thee, so good and true, so gentle and meek, so loving and pure.

---

### THE BLESSED VIRGIN'S CANTICLE

**N**OT long after the Angel's visit to the Blessed Virgin, she left her home at Nazareth and *went into the hill country with haste into a city of Juda. And she entered into the house of Zachary and of her cousin St. Elizabeth.* Now St. Elizabeth was very old and very holy. As soon, therefore, as she heard Mary's sweet voice and gentle words of greeting, she knew (for the Holy Ghost made her know it) that the humble maiden was the Mother of

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

God. And she was filled with joy and wonder, and *cried out with a loud voice and said*: “Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb. And whence is this to me, that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?” For she knew also that there is no one in heaven or on earth higher and holier than the Mother of God—except God Himself.

Then Mary broke forth into the beautiful song of thanksgiving called the *Magnificat*, which her children love to this day:

My soul doth magnify the Lord:  
And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.  
Because He hath regarded the humility of His hand-  
maid;  
For behold from henceforth all generations shall call me  
blessed.  
Because He that is mighty hath done great things to me:  
And holy is His name.  
And His mercy is from generation unto generation,  
To them that fear Him.  
He hath showed might in His arm:  
He hath scattered the proud in the conceit of their  
heart.  
He hath put down the mighty from their seat,  
He hath exalted the humble.  
He hath filled the hungry with good things:  
And the rich He hath sent empty away.

## The STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

He hath received Israel His servant,  
Being mindful of His mercy.  
As He spoke to our fathers  
To Abraham and His seed forever.

*And Mary abode with her about three months:  
and she returned to her own house, in Nazareth.*

O sweet Virgin Mother! teach me how to  
praise the Lord, for no one has ever praised and  
magnified Him as thou hast done.

---

### THE INN OF BETHLEHEM

**T**HE Blessed Virgin could not long remain in her humble little home; she had to go on another journey, *out of the city of Nazareth into Judea, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem.* For the Emperor Caesar Augustus had made a law that everybody's name in *the whole world should be enrolled* (or written in the Emperor's big book), so that he could count how many subjects he had.

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

*And all went to be enrolled every one in his own city.* Now the Virgin Mary, though very poor, belonged to the royal house and family of King David; and so did St. Joseph. And that was why they had to come all the way from Nazareth to their own city, Bethlehem, the *city of David*.

It was a bleak, cold night in December when at last the two tired travellers reached the little town. As they passed through the narrow streets, bright rays of light shone out from the windows of the houses, but no door was opened to let them in. From house to house they went, humbly asking for shelter, but in vain. At last they came to the inn. Surely here they would find a place where they could rest, for the sweet Virgin Mary was very weary and it was growing late.

But no! the servants roughly told them “there was no room for them in the inn.”

No room for holy St. Joseph, no room for the Mother of God, no room for the little King Jesus, the *son of David*, the Saviour, in *His own city*, in His own world!

*He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not. He came unto His own and His own received Him not.*



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Then St. Joseph remembered that on their way to Bethlehem they had passed a cave where at least they might find shelter from the chill winds and dews of the night. Slowly and wearily they went back until they reached it. No warm fire, no cheery lights greeted them. All was cold and dark. But the rough ground was covered with straw, and in the corner of the cave was a little wooden manger for the ox and the ass to eat out of. And the dumb ox made room for them in his poor stable, and let St. Joseph take away his manger and bring it to the Blessed Mother.

And kneeling beside it she prayed and waited, as the long winter night wore on.

O poor little Jesus! when Thou wast born Thou didst not have any nice house, any pretty cradle. But make my heart a beautiful little palace where Thou canst dwell forever, with Thy Blessed Mother and dear St. Joseph.

## THE GLAD TIDINGS

**T**HAT same night, *while all things were in quiet silence, and the night was in the midst of her course*, some shepherds were keeping watch over their flocks, on the hillsides near the little town of Bethlehem. When lo! *an Angel of the Lord stood by them and the brightness of God shone round about them, and they feared with a great fear and dared not look at the radiant messenger. And the Angel said to them: "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy; . . . for this day is born to you a Saviour who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you: You shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger,"* in a poor little stable at Bethlehem.

And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of other Angels, praising God and singing with joy: *Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will.* Then the bright light faded away, the heavenly music ceased, and the beautiful shining Angels were gone.



THE GLAD TIDINGS. (*Ploekhörst.*)







THE FIRST CHRISTMAS NIGHT. (*Bouguereau.*)

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

O dear Angels! bright messengers of God to man, teach me to sing your song of praise: *Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will.*

---

### THE FIRST CHRISTMAS NIGHT

**A**FTER the Angels had gone back to Heaven, *the shepherds said one to another:* "Let us go over to Bethlehem, and let us see this word that has come to pass, which the Lord has showed to us. And they came with haste; and they found Mary and Joseph, and the Infant lying in the manger," while the ox and the ass stood near and kept Him warm with their breath.

How glad the shepherds were to look upon the Blessed Babe, to kiss His little hands and feet and see Him smile into His Mother's face. And though they were poor and could not offer Him rich gifts, they brought the little lambkins of their flocks and laid them at the feet of the Infant *Good Shepherd*, whose sheep they themselves were. And He smiled upon them also, as if to say: "I know My sheep and Mine know

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Me," while He stretched out His baby hand to bless each one.

Then the happy shepherds went back to their flocks, praising God for all the wonderful things they had heard and seen on that first blessed Christmas night.

O lovely Infant Jesus! I wish that I had been a little shepherd boy that Christmas night, just to have been the first to love and to welcome Thee on earth.

---

### THE CHILD JESUS

**D**EAR little one, look at Me. Learn of Me to be a good child, gentle, loving, and obedient. If thou wilt be happy, keep this commandment: *Honor thy father and thy mother.* Love and obey them, and I will love and reward thee.

#### THE CHILD

Sweet Infant Jesus, teach me to obey. I will watch Thee with Thy Blessed Mother and Fos-







HOLY SIMEON'S PROPHECY.

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ter-father and learn from Thee how to make my dear mother and father happy: Help me to imitate Thy example, for I wish to be like Thee when Thou wast a little child.

---

### HOLY SIMEON'S PROPHECY

**W**HEN the blessed Babe was forty days old, His Mother took Him in her arms to the great Temple of Jerusalem. St. Joseph went with them, carrying two little doves: for it was a law with the Jews, that the first-born son belonged to God, and must be brought to His holy Temple and there given to the Lord; and his parents could not take him away again until they had made an offering for a sacrifice. Rich people often gave a lamb in exchange for their little children, but the Blessed Mother was so poor that she had only two turtle doves with which to buy back her Divine Son.

And behold, there was a man in Jerusalem named Simeon. And he was a prophet. All his life long (and he was very old) he had been wait-

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

ing and praying that he might live to see the Saviour, until at last the Holy Ghost promised him that he should not die *before he had seen the Christ of the Lord.*

When Mary and Joseph came to present the little Lord of the Temple, in the Temple of the Lord, holy Simeon was filled with joy. He took the Divine Child in his arms and blessed God and said:

Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord,  
According to Thy word in peace:  
Because my eyes have seen Thy salvation.

Then he blessed Mary and Joseph; but looking upon the sweet young Mother, so pure and holy, he was moved to prophesy her future in these strange words: "And thy own soul a sword shall pierce, that out of many hearts thoughts may be revealed."

O Mary, my sweet Mother! I am truly sorry for all the sorrow I have caused thy loving heart.

# THE THREE MAGI

## I

### THE WONDERFUL STAR

**A**BOUT the time Our Lord was to be born in Bethlehem, there lived in the East three kings. The first, Gaspar, had a dark face and straight black hair; the second, named Melchior, had a brown face with great flashing eyes; and the third, called Balthazar, who was very old, had a lovely white face and a long silvery white beard. And each king lived in a different country. From the time they were little children they had loved to study the words of good books by day, and the starry heavens by night. And so they had grown to be very wise men, which was much better than being rich powerful kings.

Now in the Holy Book, they had read of a Saviour Who would one day come to save the world. And the Good Book said that a wonderful star would shine out in the sky at the time of His birth. So each night, as they studied, or thought, or prayed, they would look up with

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

longing to the dark blue midnight sky and say in their hearts: Oh! when will the wonderful star appear! At last, one night as they knelt in prayer, a sudden flash lit up the heavens—and the star was there! Its gleaming rays fell straight upon their windows as if beckoning and saying: Arise and follow me. And they knew right away that it must be the Saviour's star.

### II

#### THE WISE MEN'S JOURNEY

THEN each king rose up at once, and told his slaves to bring forth his treasures and prepare for a long journey. And they left their homes, mounted on their stately camels, and with slow, swinging step, travelled across the desert sands until they met. Then on they went together through the burning days, and the cool still nights. At last they reached the great city of Jerusalem. When they passed through the city gates, they asked every one they saw:

“Where is He that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the East, and are come to adore Him.”

Now there was a wicked man called Herod

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reigning in Jerusalem. He was not the true king but a usurper. When he heard whom the noble strangers were seeking he was troubled, for he was afraid that the little new-born King would take the throne away from him. And strange to say, all the people were troubled too, instead of rejoicing that their rightful little King had come to deliver them from the wicked usurper.

Herod called together the scribes and chief priests and asked them where the child was to be born. They said: "In Bethlehem of Juda. For so it is written by the prophet."

Then the crafty, cunning usurper sent for the Wise Men secretly and said to them:

"Go, and diligently inquire after the child, and when you have found Him, bring me word again that I also may come and adore Him."

But in his wicked heart, Herod was plotting to kill the Infant King.

### III

#### THE THREE GIFTS

THE Wise Men said nothing, (which shows how truly wise they were) but left Herod's palace and went their way. *And behold! the*

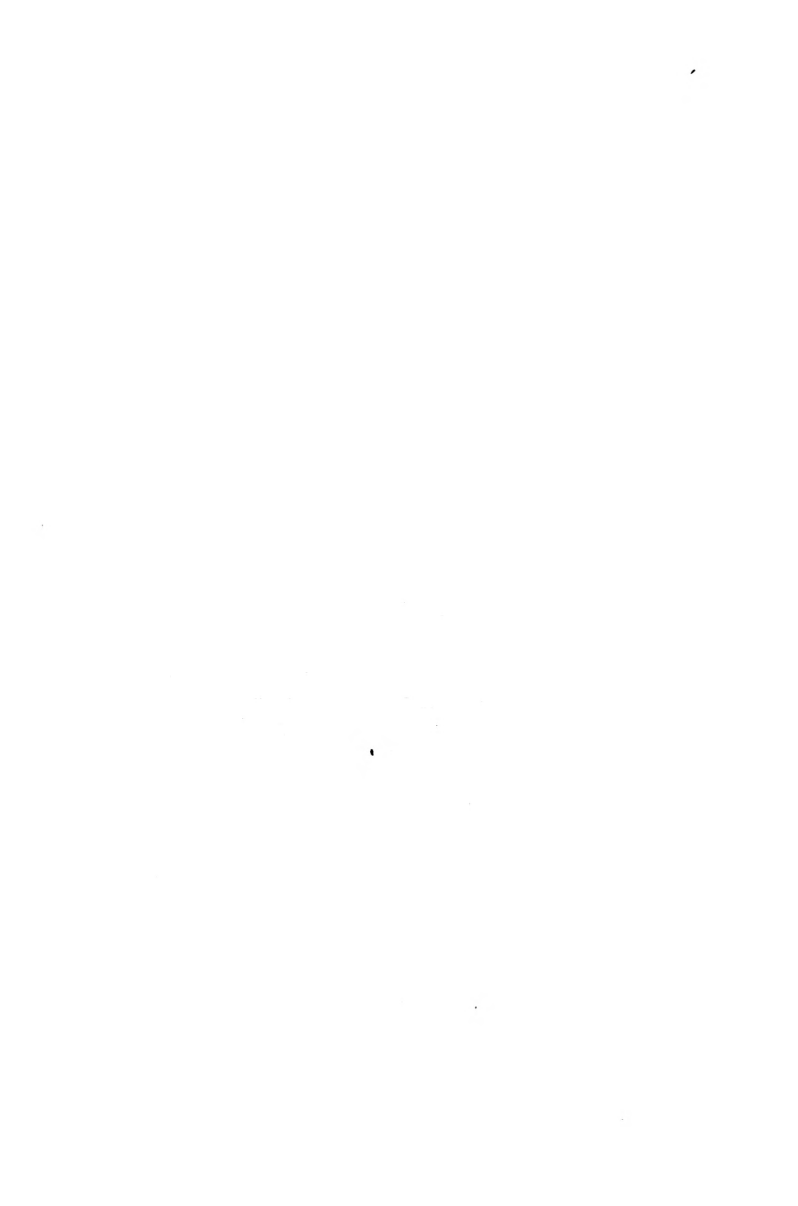
## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

*star which they had seen in the East, went before them; until it came and stood over where the Child was. And seeing the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And entering into the house they found the Child with Mary, His Mother, and falling down they adored Him.*

And though they were kings and brought on their camels all the riches of the East to offer Him, they felt they had no gift rich enough or beautiful enough for that poor little Babe in the manger. For they knew by the wonderful star that He was *the Son of the living God*. Yet because they loved Him—and love must always give—*opening their treasures they offered Him gifts*: gold, because He was their King; incense, because He was their God; and bitter myrrh, because He was going to live a sorrowful life and die a shameful death for love of them and of us.

O lovely Babe of Bethlehem! I, too, love Thee; and though I am only a little child, I have three gifts to offer which I know will please Thee: I give Thee my heart, and my soul, and my life. Oh! keep them forever and ever.  
*Amen.*







THE FLIGHT FROM WICKED KING HEROD.

## THE FLIGHT FROM WICKED KING HEROD

**N**OW before the Magi went back to their own country, they knelt for the blessing of their Little King, Whom they had travelled so far to find. Then they started home by another way, because an Angel of the Lord had warned them in sleep not to return to wicked King Herod. Hardly had they gone, when Almighty God sent the Angel to St. Joseph while he too was sleeping.

“Arise,” said the Angel, “and take the Child and His Mother and fly into Egypt: and be there until I shall tell thee. For it will come to pass that Herod will seek the Child to destroy Him.”

In grief and fear, St. Joseph called the Blessed Mother, and she clasped her Divine Son in her arms, and set out in the night, with St. Joseph leading the way through the darkness. Across the great lonely desert, resting in Mary’s arms, the little Lord of the whole world fled into a strange heathen land. And there the Holy

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

Family dwelt, in poverty and in exile, until at last the Angel came to tell them that they might return to their own dear land of Israel, for wicked King Herod was dead.

O dear little Lord! by Thy sorrowful flight and exile, teach me to flee from the occasions of sin and keep close to Thee in time of temptation.

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### THE BABY MARTYRS

**O**LD King Herod waited and waited for the Wise Men to come back, but all in vain. Then he grew exceeding angry and called fiercely for his soldiers. When they came, with their great sharp swords and long spears, he sent them to all the country round about Bethlehem, with orders to kill every little baby boy under two years of age. For in his wicked heart, he hoped that he should thus kill the true little King. From place to place went the cruel soldiers, snatching the babies out of their cradles, and out of their mother's arms, and

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

slaughtering the little Innocents in spite of tears and lamentations.

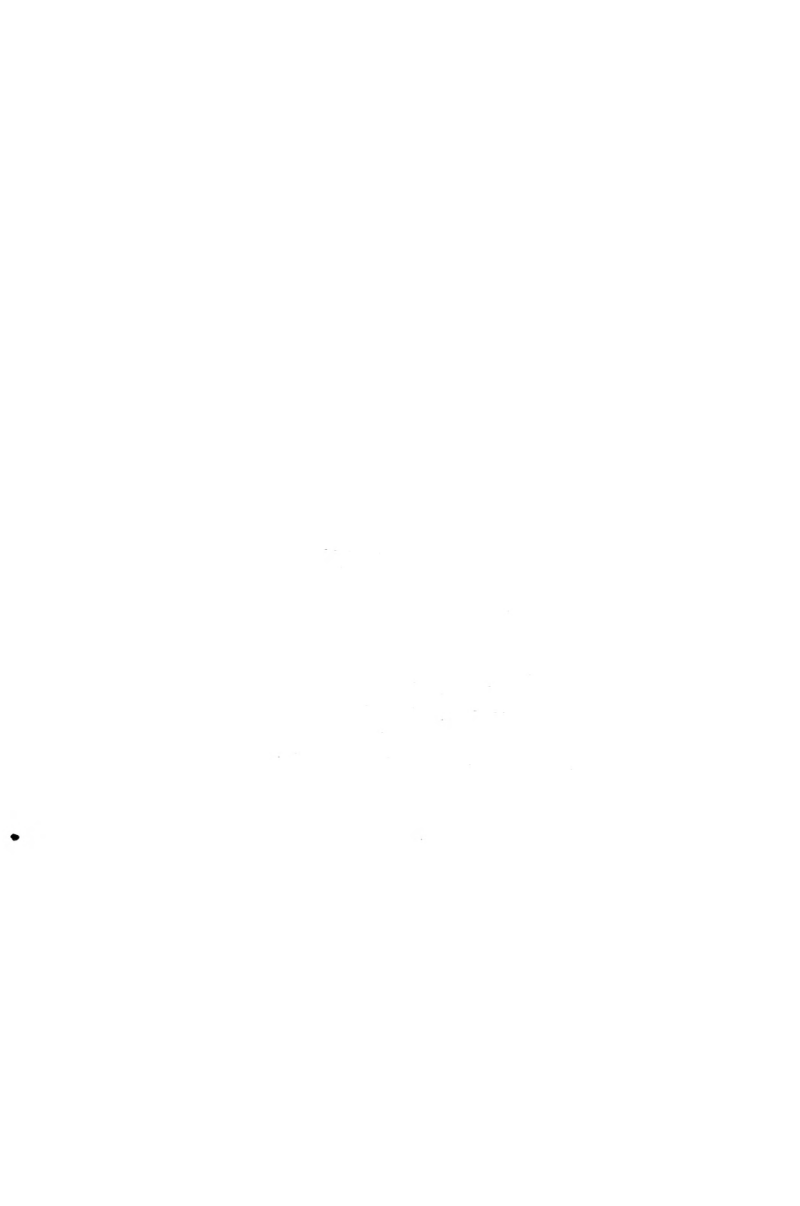
The poor broken-hearted mothers wept and wept, and *refused to be comforted*. They did not know that their little ones were dying to save the Infant Saviour: but now they rejoice in heaven each Christmastide, when their little children—the first glorious martyrs of the Church—hold the place of honor around the crib of the Infant King.

O Blessed Infant Jesus! since I cannot die for Thee like those happy little martyrs, let me live for Thee; to know Thee and love Thee and serve Thee all the days of my life.

## THE LITTLE HOUSE OF NAZARETH

**W**HEN the Holy Family came back from Egypt, they went to live in a poor little village of Galilee, so despised and wretched, that everyone who knew of it said with scorn: "Can anything of good come out of Nazareth?" Our Blessed Lord was to live there until He grew to be a man *that it might be fulfilled which was said by the prophets: that He shall be called a Nazarite.*

It was a very little house, with only three rooms, one, the workshop where St. Joseph worked at his trade, and taught the Child Jesus to hammer nails and plane wood, and to cut the big boards with His little axe or saw. Meanwhile His Blessed Mother watched her Divine Son as He worked, and she saw how *He grew and waxed strong, full of wisdom; and the grace of God was in Him.* Every day, and all day long they toiled, to teach us to love labor and to hate idleness. Did the little *Son of the Carpenter* feel even then the cruel nails pierce His hands and feet? If so, He rejoiced that the very tools He held would one day be turned against Him to work out man's salvation.





THE WONDERFUL LOST CHILD. (*Hofmann.*)



## The STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

O dear Child Jesus! teach me to love work and study for love of Thee, Who didst work and suffer for love of me.

---

### THE WONDERFUL LOST CHILD

**W**HEN the Babe of Bethlehem had grown to be a boy of twelve years old, He went with His Mother and foster father to Jerusalem, to visit the great temple of the Jews. Walking between His parents, each hand clasped in one of theirs, they set out on their journey. Through the fair lands of Galilee, across Samaria, into Judea they went, until at last the Divine Child's eyes could see from afar Jerusalem, the *City of Peace*, and its glorious shining Temple. "To strangers, who were approaching, it appeared at a distance like a mountain covered with snow; for where it was not decorated with plates of gold it was extremely white and glistening."

Now all the city was filled with worshippers, for it was the solemn day of the Pasch. And when the feast was over and it was time to return

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

to Nazareth *the Child Jesus remained in Jerusalem; and His parents knew it not.* They had gone a day's journey thinking He was among their friends and kinsfolk, for they all loved the gentle child and would fain have kept Him with them. *And not finding Him, they returned into Jerusalem, seeking Him.* After three days—oh! what sorrowful days and sleepless nights for His Blessed Mother!—*they found Him in the Temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, hearing them and asking them questions.* Aged men, their hair white with years, great doctors of the law and teachers of the people, listened with reverence to the marvelous child. *And all that heard Him were astonished at His wisdom and His answers.*

*And seeing Him, they wondered. And His Mother said to Him: "Son, why hast Thou done so to us? Behold Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing."*

Never before had the Divine Child caused His Mother a moment's grief, and she did not understand. And he said to them:

"How is it that you sought Me? Did you not know that I must be about the things of My Father?"

Then He went down with them and came to

*The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

Nazareth: *and was subject to them.* And His Mother kept all these words in her heart.

Sweet Mother of God! obtain for me a great love of God's Holy Word, that like thee, I may keep all His words in my heart.

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PRAYER TO THE CHILD JESUS  
AT NAZARETH

THE CHILD

**S**WEET Infant Jesus, how much dost Thou love me?

THE CHILD JESUS

How much do I love thee, little one? Listen, and I will tell thee.

I left my wonderful home in heaven, and came on earth to be always with thee. I said good-by to the bright, beautiful Angels to have thee for My little friend. I gave up My dear Blessed Mother, that she might take thee for her child

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

instead of Me. I have given My Father to be thy Father, and My God to be thy God.

And as I stretch out My arms to thee now, so I stretched them out on the Cross, and let wicked men fasten My hands and feet with nails to the wood, that thou mightst have My Precious Blood to wash away the sins of thy little hands and feet. This much do I love thee. Dost thou love Me?

---

### “THE BEGINNING OF THE END” STORY

**T**HE time had come for Our Lord to give up His Blessed Mother, because He was about to begin the work of teaching and saving souls in His public life. He must make the sacrifice of the one He loved best in the whole world, and of His hidden life with her at Nazareth. What were the thoughts that filled His Sacred Heart as He stood with staff in hand at the door of His humble home and knew that it would shelter Him no more? There He had lived with His dear Mother for well-nigh thirty years, *poor and in labors from His youth*. She felt His arm



THE BEGINNING OF THE END STORY. (*Gebhardt.*)



## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

support her, His love console her, even as the sword of sorrow pierced her soul. For though she would see Him again and follow His sacred footsteps to the very summit of Calvary, He would never again be all her own. Henceforth He must *be about the things of the Father*.

Jesus asked His Mother's blessing: she fell on her knees to bless her Son and her God, and to be blessed in return by Him. Then He was gone!

. . . . .

When she had watched until the green hills shut Him from her loving, longing gaze, she went back into the little empty house—alone. And as she knelt in silent prayer, she knew that it was *the beginning of the end*.

O my Mother! thou didst give up thy Divine Son for love of me, help me to give up all things that would make me lose Him and thee.

## THE KING'S HERALD

**I**N the far-away East, whenever a king's son goes to visit his realm, he sends in advance a herald to announce his coming. Clad in the king's livery, the herald runs ahead of the royal chariot and calls with ringing voice, "Make ready, for the king cometh," or sounds his silver trumpet to let the people know their sovereign is on the way. Then all the king's subjects adorn their houses with garlands of flowers and songs of rejoicing. And with loud cries of "Long live the King," they bring him back to their city in triumphal procession.

So when Our Lord, the *Prince of Peace*, came to visit and to save the world, the Great King, His Father, sent a herald to announce His coming, as it was written in the Holy Book; *Behold I send My Angel before Thy face who shall prepare the way before Thee.* The herald's name was St. John the Baptist, or the *Precursor.* *And he came into all the country about the Jordan preaching the baptism of penance for the remission of sins; and crying out in trumpet tones:*



## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

“Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight His paths. Every valley shall be filled and every mountain and hill shall be brought low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough ways plain: and all flesh shall see the salvation of God.”

When the people saw the great Precursor clothed with *camel's hair and a leathern girdle about his loins, they marveled, and there went out to him all the country of Judea, and all they of Jerusalem, and were baptized by him in the River of Jordan confessing their sins.* And they adorned their souls with the white robes of innocence, and made ready to welcome the Messiah with songs of peace and rejoicing, for they remembered the words of His prophet: “God Himself will come and save you.”

O Jesus! help me to keep the white robe of baptismal innocence always spotless and pure for Thee, my King.

## THE RIVER OF BAPTISM

**T**HEN cometh Jesus from Galilee to the Jordan unto John, to be baptized by him.

But the humble Precursor stayed Him saying: "I ought to be baptized by Thee, and comest Thou to me?" Jesus answered: "Suffer it to be so now," and St. John did His will. *And lo! the heavens were opened, and the Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape as a beautiful white dove upon Him. And a voice came from heaven like a great peal of thunder, saying, This is My beloved Son in whom I am well pleased.*

Then the herald knew his King; the Precursor knew his *Prince of Peace*. And he cried out: "Behold the Lamb of God, behold Him who taketh away the sin of the world. And I knew Him not: but He who sent me to baptize with water, said to me, 'He upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending and remaining upon Him, He it is that baptizeth with the Holy Ghost.' And I saw, and I gave testimony that this is the Son of God."

O Jesus, Son of God! baptize me with the Holy Ghost and with fire, that I may know Thee and love Thee better and better each day.

# THE THREE GREAT VICTORIES

## I

### THE TEMPTATION OF HUNGER

**A**S soon as Our Lord had been baptized by St. John, *He was led by the Spirit into the desert to be tempted by the devil.* For He was about to fight His first great battle with the wicked arch enemy, and the desert was to be the battlefield. It was a gloomy desolate place filled with rocks, where the wild beasts crouched by day, and growled and roared by night. And there all alone, the Prince of Peace waited for the enemy. For forty days He sharpened the sword of fasting and made ready the shield of prayer—the two best weapons for a fight with the devil. Meanwhile the demon was preparing for the attack.

Now Satan, clever as he is, cannot look into the hearts and read the thoughts of men, so he was not sure whether Jesus was indeed the Son of God, or only a great prophet. So he began with his first weapon of sensuality.

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

“ If Thou be the Son of God,” he said, “ command that these stones be made bread.”

Not for Himself would Jesus work a miracle, though He was faint and weak with hunger. So He answered the Evil Spirit in the words of the Holy Book:

“ It is written: Not in bread alone doth man live, but in every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God.”

And Our Lord's first victory was won.

## II

### THE TEMPTATION OF PRIDE

WITH his pointed arrow of pride Satan came back to the attack. Taking Jesus up into the Holy City and setting Him upon the pinnacle of the Temple, he said:

“ If Thou be the Son of God, cast Thyself down; for it is written: That He has given His Angels charge over Thee and in their hands shall they bear Thee up, lest perhaps Thou dash Thy foot against a stone.”

Our Lord answered:

“ It is written again: Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God,” and the second victory was won.

# *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

## III

### THE TEMPTATION OF POWER

THE demon gnashed his teeth with rage, but he did not yet despair. He had still the two terrible snares of ambition and avarice with which he had dragged so many of the children of men down to his dreadful dungeon. So he took Our Lord *up into a very high mountain; and showed Him all the kingdoms of the world, and said to Him:*

“To Thee will I give all this power and the glory of them, for to me they are delivered, and to whom I will, I give them. . . . All these will I give Thee if falling down Thou wilt adore me.”

It was a lie—they were not his to give; the whole world is Our Lord's, and the devil can only give sin and misery, and disease and death. But he is the father of lies and a murderer from the beginning. Then at last Jesus said:

“Begone Satan, for it is written: The Lord thy God thou shalt adore, and Him only shalt thou serve.” And the demon was vanquished for the third time by the Word of God.

Filled with hatred and despair, the devil then left Him *and, behold! Angels came and ministered to Him.*

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

O Jesus, *Prince of Peace!* help me to fight my little battles with the devil, and I shall always win the victory.

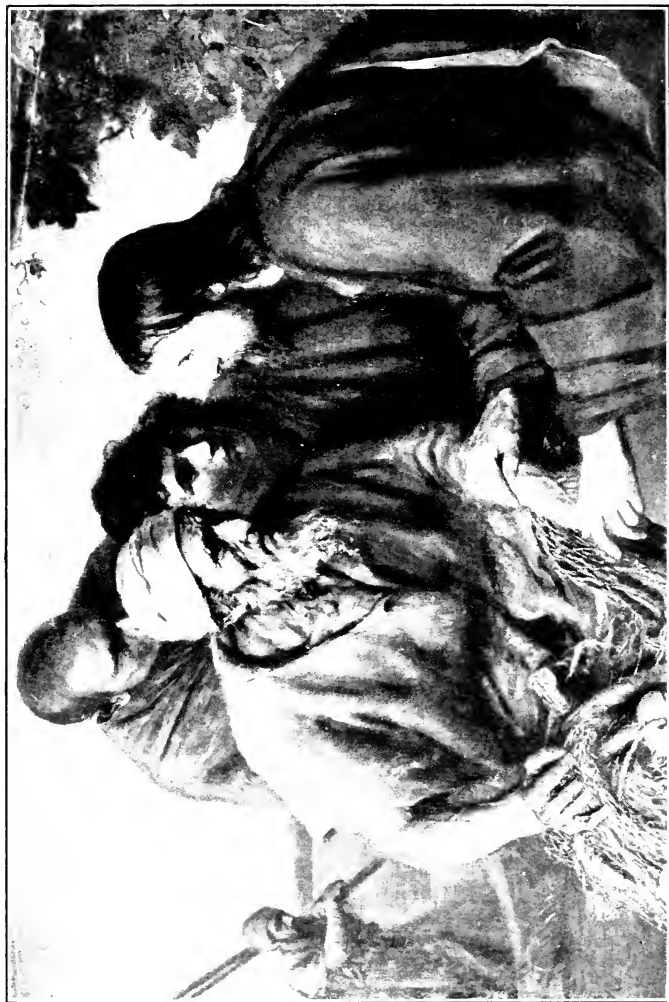
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### THE FIRST DISCIPLES

OUR Lord had begun His public life; but He was still all alone. His great loving heart needed friends. He had left His humble home of Nazareth as well as His glorious home in heaven only that He might be *the friend of publicans and sinners*. And yet He was without friends and without a home. Until one day, walking alone by the Sea of Galilee, He saw two brethren, Simon, who is called Peter, and Andrew, his brother. They were casting a net into the sea (for they were fishermen). As Jesus looked upon the two rough men, poor and ignorant as they were, He loved them, and chose them for His best and dearest friends. So He called them and said to them:

“Come ye after Me, and I will make you to be fishers of men.”

*And immediately, leaving their nets, they followed Him.*



THE FIRST DISCIPLES. (*Zimmermann.*)





## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

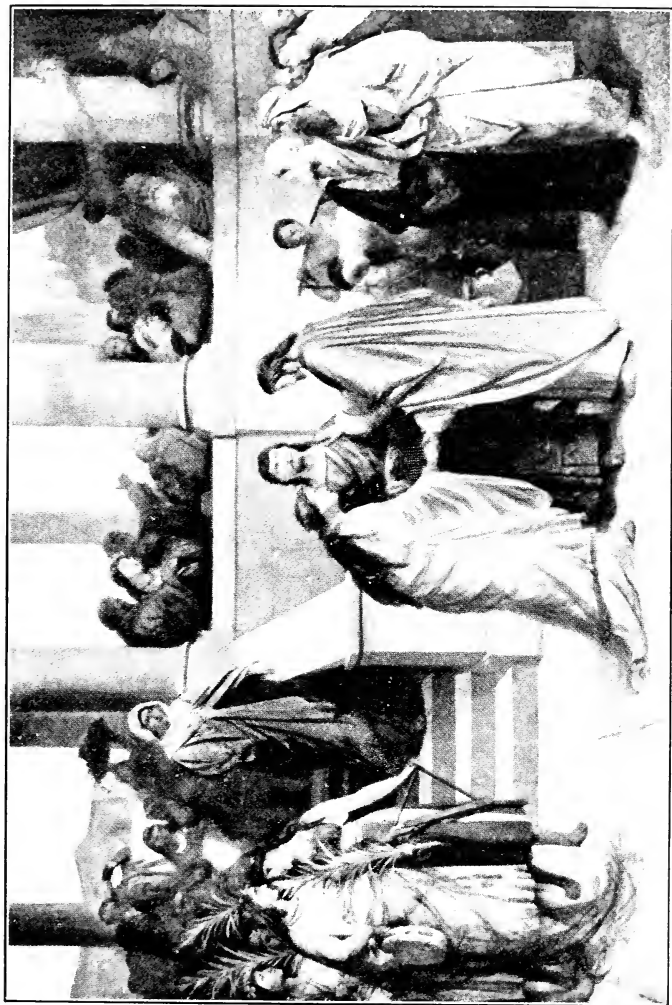
*And going on from thence a little farther, Jesus saw two other brethren. They, too, were fishermen, and they were sitting in a ship with their old father mending their nets. And Jesus loved them as He had loved Peter and Andrew. Forthwith He called them, each by his own name, and James and John jumped out of the boat to go to Him. And leaving their father Zebedee in the ship with his hired men they, too, followed the Master.*

O dear Master! Who hast said, "If any man will be My disciple, let him deny himself . . . and follow Me," help me to say *no* to myself and *yes* to Thee, for I wish to be Thy disciple, now and always.

## THE FIRST MIRACLE

**N**OT far from Nazareth was a little town called Cana of Galilee. One evening, through its narrow streets, there passed a bridal procession. First came a troop of minstrels and singers with their lutes and tambourines, leading the bridegroom. He was clad in splendid garments, and wore upon his head a golden turban, wreathed with myrtle and roses. His friends marched with him holding palm branches and lighted torches. They were bringing back the white-veiled bride to the bridal banquet, and with her the ten virgins, each carrying a lighted lamp in her hand. And when they reached the groom's house the feast began.

*And now the mother of Jesus was there. And Jesus also was invited, and His disciples, to the marriage.* The young bride and groom, though very good, were not rich, and after a little while there was not enough wine for so many guests. Our Blessed Lady soon noticed it, and knew how sorry and ashamed the poor young couple would



THE FIRST MIRACLE.



## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

feel. So she took her Divine Son aside and whispered to Him:

“They have no wine.”

At first He seemed not to heed the unspoken prayer, for He answered:

“Woman, what is it to Me and to thee? My hour is not yet come.”

But as He looked into her sweet face, He read her heart and knew what His Mother wished, even though she did not ask it. And she knew that her Son would always do her will, for her will and His are one. So she said to the waiters:

“Whatever He shall say to you, do ye.”

*Now there were set there six great waterpots of stone, and they were empty. Jesus said to the waiters: “Fill the waterpots with water.” And they filled them up to the brim. Then He said: “Draw out now and carry to the chief steward of the feast.”*

Out gushed the rich red wine, filling the air with its fragrance. *And they carried it.* The chief steward did not know where it came from, but the waiters knew, for they had poured in water and drawn out wine. The chief steward had never tasted such good wine, so in surprise he called the bridegroom and said to him:

“Every man at first setteth forth good wine,

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse. But thou hast kept the good wine until now."

Thus Jesus wrought His first miracle, although His time had not yet come, at the wish of His Blessed Mother.

O sweet Mother of God! say but the word, and thy Divine Son will fill my heart with the wine of His love.

---

## THE HOUSE OF PRAYER

OUR Divine Lord revered the Temple of Jerusalem, because it was His Heavenly Father's house; and His Father had said to all men: "Reverence My sanctuary. I am the Lord."

So one day when He went into the Temple of God and found "them that sold oxen and sheep and doves, and the changers of money sitting," He made "a scourge of little cords, and drove them all out of the Temple. And the

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

money of the changers He poured out and the tables He overthrew." And He said to them:

"My house is the house of prayer, but you have made it a den of thieves."

The Apostles gazed at Him in wonder. Never before had He lifted His hand except to bless and heal the people, and never again would He do so except to teach them the same great lesson: "I am the Lord. Reverence My sanctuary." But a moment after, *there came to Him the blind and the lame in the Temple, and He healed them.* And all the little children came thronging around to watch Him, and they cried out: "Hosanna to the Son of David."

Then the wicked Scribes and Pharisees said to Jesus: "Hearest Thou what these say?" And Jesus answered:

"Yea, have you never read, out of the mouths of infants and of sucklings thou hast perfected praise;" for the loving praise of the little children was dear to His Sacred Heart, and comforted Him in the midst of His sorrow.

O Divine Lord! teach me to love and reverence Thy sanctuary, and always to remember that it is the House of Prayer.

## THE WOMAN AT THE WELL

**I**T was midday. The hot sun was shining down upon the long, dusty road which Our Blessed Lord and His Apostles had traveled to come to Sichar, a city of Samaria. *Now Jacob's Well was there. Jesus, therefore, being wearied with His journey, sat down by the well to rest. But the Apostles went on to the city to buy food for their dear Master. As He waited, tired and thirsty, a woman of Samaria came with her waterpot to draw water. Now Our Lord was thirsting, not so much for the cool waters of Jacob's Well, as for the love of her poor sinful heart. So He said to her with pleading voice:*

“ Give Me to drink.”

The woman answered rudely:

“ How dost Thou, being a Jew, ask of me to drink who am a Samaritan woman? ” For she knew that the Jews despised the Samaritans and would not speak to them. Jesus answered and said to her:

“ If thou didst know the gift of God and who He is that saith to thee, Give Me to drink, thou





THE WOMAN AT THE WELL. (*Ittenbach.*)



## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

perhaps wouldst have asked of Him and He would have given thee living water." The woman said to Him:

"Sir, Thou hast nothing wherein to draw, and the well is deep, from whence then hast Thou living water?"

Our Lord read her heart, He knew how unhappy she was without the waters of divine grace, which alone could quench the thirst of her poor soul. So He said with tender pity:

"Whosoever drinketh of this water, shall thirst again: but He that shall drink of the water that I will give him, shall not thirst for ever. But the water that I will give him shall become in him a fountain of water springing up into life everlasting."

Not knowing that He spoke of His grace, she eagerly said:

"Sir, give me this water, that I may not thirst nor come hither to draw."

Then Jesus began to speak to her of her husband and to fill her heart with sorrow, so that He might forgive her (for He always forgives us as soon as we are sorry). In wonder, the woman cried out:

"Sir, I see that Thou art a prophet . . . I know that the Messiah cometh (who is called

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

Christ), therefore when He is come, He will tell us all things."

She had begun to believe, and to love Our Lord, she who had been so rude to Him in the beginning. And Jesus rewarded her with these wonderful words:

"I am He who am speaking with thee."

Ah, then in her heart she must have said: I believe, Lord; for leaving her waterpot, she hastened into the city saying to all the people whom she met: "Come, and see a man who has told me all things whatsoever I have done. Is not He the Christ?"

While she was gone, the Apostles came back to Our Lord. And offering Him food they said: "Rabbi (which means master), eat." But Our Lord had forgotten His hunger and thirst for joy over this soul, and He said,

"My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, that I may perfect His work."

As He was speaking, the Samaritans came running out of their city to see Him. And they begged Him to tarry with them, so that He stayed with them two whole days. Then many more believed in Him because of His own word. And they said to the woman, who had been Our Lord's Apostle to them: "We now believe, not

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

for thy saying, for we ourselves have heard Him, and we know that this is indeed the Saviour of the world.”

O Rabbi, Master! give me to drink of that *living water*, that I may become Thy little apostle, and bring souls to Thee as did the poor Samaritan woman.

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### THE NAUGHTY LITTLE SHEEP AND THE KIND GOOD SHEPHERD

AN ALLEGORY

**O**NCE upon a time, there was a naughty little sheep which loved to stray away from the other sheep and the fold. It would not hearken to the voice of the Good Shepherd, when He warned them of the wicked wolf, going about like a roaring lion seeking whom it might devour. So, one bright sunny morning, it looked wistfully out to the green fields beyond the fold and said to itself: I will

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

only go a little way, just as far as that bit of green grass, and then I will run home again as fast as I can.

But once it had leaped out of the fold and frisked about in the sunshine, nibbling at the grass (which was not so sweet and fresh as it had looked), the foolish little sheep forgot its good resolutions. It felt tired and thirsty, and gazed longingly at a little brook which seemed not far away. But the waters flowed so swiftly, that the little sheep had to run with it to lap up a few bitter drops.

Suddenly it stopped, and lifted its head as if to listen. Was it some faint echo of the Shepherd's voice, or the bleating of the little lambs safe in the sheepfold? Hark! what was that awful sound? The long keen howl of the wolf came quivering through the air and made the little sheep's heart stand still with fear. Ah! then it knew the danger. Away it fled, trembling and panting; but now on every side great thorn bushes sprang up to seize and hold it as it tried to pass.

Soon it could go no further. It sank exhausted to the ground. And the fearful wolf was coming nearer and nearer, until the poor little sheep could see the glaring eyes and cruel

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

teeth, and feel the hot breath. Then it thought of the Shepherd and the sheepfold, and gave one weak little cry. In an instant, before the wicked wolf could snatch and tear it to pieces, two hands, all torn and bleeding, pushed aside the thorns; and the next moment the little sheep was safe in the Shepherd's arms. In baffled rage the wicked wolf slunk away. And as the Good Shepherd bore His little sheep back to the fold, it heard His voice gently murmuring:

“I am the Good Shepherd, and I know Mine and Mine know Me. As the Father knoweth Me and I know the Father; and I lay down My life for My sheep.”

My kind Good Shepherd! if I should ever wander away from the One True Fold, oh, come to save me, and bring me back.

# PRAYER TO THE GOOD SHEPHERD

## THE GOOD SHEPHERD

“**I** AM the Good Shepherd.”

“The Good Shepherd giveth His life for His sheep. But the hireling, and he that is not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and flieth: and the wolf catcheth, and scattereth the sheep.”

“Behold I Myself will seek My sheep, . . . and will deliver them out of the places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day. I will seek that which was lost: and that which was driven away, I will bring again: and I will bind up that which was broken, and I will strengthen that which was weak, and that which was fat and strong I will preserve.”

“And I will set up one shepherd over them: and he shall feed them, and he shall be their shepherd. And other sheep I have that are not of this Fold: them also must I bring, and they shall hear My voice, and there shall be one Fold and one shepherd.”





PRAYER TO THE GOOD SHEPHERD. (*Plochhörst.*)



## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

### THE LITTLE SHEEP

Lord Thou art my Shepherd: I shall want for nothing. Make me hear Thy voice; call Thy little sheep by name, and lead me in Thy fruitful pastures. Keep me safe in Thy one true Fold, there let me live and die. *Amen.*

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### OUR LORD'S "OWN CITY"

**O**F all the cities of the Holy Land, there was one that Our dear Lord loved best. It was not Bethlehem, the little *City of David*, where He was born; it was not Nazareth, where He had lived as a child and as a youth (for the Nazarites had rejected Him and refused to believe His words and the wonders He had wrought); it was not even beautiful Jerusalem with her splendid Temple, where He was to teach and heal; none of these did He choose for *His own city*; but only Capharnaum of Galilee, for there the people loved Him and believed in Him. And because they believed in Him, He worked many miracles for them.

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

It was at Capharnaum, that one evening after sunset they brought all those who were sick or possessed by devils that He might cure them, until there were so many that it seemed as if the whole city were gathered together at the door. When Our Lord came out to them, with His loving face and tender pitying voice, they thronged about Him, kissing His hands and feet, and the very hem of His garment. All sought to touch Him; poor mothers with their sick children in their arms, and fathers carrying their dying sons, and the lame, the deaf, the blind; even the lepers cried out to Him from afar:

“Jesus, Master! have mercy on us.”

But He, laying His hands on every one of them healed them. *And He cast out devils with His word, while they cried* “Thou art the Son of God,” for the devils knew that He was the Christ.

Jesus, Master! heal me; for I believe “Thou art the Son of God.”

## THE EIGHT BEATITUDES

**O**UR Lord loved to teach the people. In the great Temple of Jerusalem, and in the synagogues, from some little hill top, or in some green meadow, or beside the Sea of Galilee, day after day, He taught them heavenly lessons of virtue, truth, and wisdom.

Now one day it happened that *Jesus coming down from the mountain stood in a plain place surrounded by His disciples and a very great multitude of people from all Judea and Jerusalem and the sea coast both of Tyre and Sidon. Rich and poor, young and old, but most of all, the sick and suffering thronged about Him and sought to touch Him, for virtue went out from Him and healed all.*

And lifting up His eyes, Jesus looked with pity on them. He knew that every one that cometh into this world must strive and suffer a little while here on earth, in order to be happy forever in Heaven. But, because the lessons of pain and sorrow seem very hard to the poor children of men (for the hardest lessons to learn are those we do not understand), Our dear Lord

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

longed to teach us the truth—that poverty and persecution, and grief and pain, are not really evils, but blessings sent from God to bring us to Him. For that is what *beatitude* means, a *blessing, a happiness*. So He said:

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall possess the land.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice: for they shall have their fill.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the clean of heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

And leaving the multitudes in wonder at His teaching, Jesus went back to *His own city*, Capharnaum.

Dear Master! teach me to bear pain and sorrow bravely, remembering that Thou Thyself wilt be my *exceeding great reward*.

## THE CENTURION'S SERVANT

**O**NCE upon a time, there was a noble Roman Centurion. He was clad in shining armor, and had a helmet on his head and a sword at his side, and a big shield and spear whenever he went to war. And he was so brave and strong that all his enemies were afraid of him, and so good and kind that all his servants loved him. Now a Centurion has a hundred soldiers under him, and they must obey and follow him in everything. When he says to a soldier, "Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh: and to his servant, Do this, and he doeth it."

But alas! one day, a servant *who was dear to him, being sick, was ready to die*. The good Centurion had done everything he could to make him well, but all in vain. Just then it happened that Our Lord entered Capharnaum. As soon as the Centurion heard that Jesus was in *His own city*, he came "beseeching Him and saying: Lord, my servant lieth at home sick of the palsy and is grievously tormented."

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

Straightway Jesus answered: "I will come and heal him."

But the Centurion knew that Jesus must be the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, if He could say to Death, Go, and he goeth; and to Life, Come, and he cometh; and to the sun, moon, and stars, and to the winds and the waves: Do this, and they do it. And falling on his knees before Jesus, he cried out:

"Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof, neither did I think myself worthy to come to Thee. . . . Lord, trouble not Thyself; but only say the word and my servant shall be healed."

Then Our Lord marvelled, and was glad: and turning about to the multitude He said:

"Amen, I say to you, I have not found so great faith not even in Israel." But to the good Centurion, He said: "Go, and as thou hast believed, so be it done to thee." *And his servant was healed at the same hour.*

*Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof, but only say the word, and my soul shall be healed.*



## THE WIDOW'S SON

**N**OT long after, it happened that Our Lord left Capharnaum and came to a city called Naim. All His disciples were with Him, and a great multitude of people had followed Him, drawn by the beauty of His face and the sweetness of His words. And behold, as He came nigh to the gates of the city, another great multitude came to meet Him, weeping and wailing as if over the dead. And so indeed it was; for there in the midst of the mourners, a poor mother was following her only son to the grave; *and she was a widow.*

She did not ask Our Lord to help her, perhaps she did not even see Him through her tears, for she was thinking only of her dead son; but Our dear Lord saw her. And when He looked upon her His Sacred Heart was touched with pity: did He think of another Mother who would one day follow her only Son to a lonely tomb outside the gates of Jerusalem?—for His face was full of compassion, and He tenderly said:

“Weep not,” and put His hand on the bier. *And they that carried it stood still, wondering*

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what the great Prophet was going to do. And He spoke to the dead youth saying:

“ Young man, I say to thee, arise.”

Oh, what joy for the poor mother! her son who was dead, *sat up and began to speak*. Then Jesus gave him back to his mother, and all the people in wonder, blessed God and said:

“ A great prophet is risen up among us; and God has visited His people.”

O merciful Lord Jesus! if my soul should ever die the death of mortal sin, in Thy tender pity look upon Thy Mother Mary, who is mine also, and call me back to the life of grace.

## THE PENITENT MAGDALEN

**A**BOUT this time, there lived in Capharnaum a proud Pharisee named Simon. He had heard that Jesus was a great prophet and wished to see Him, so he invited Him to his house. Our poor Lord, Who had no home of His own, *went into the house of the Pharisee and sat down to meat.*

In the midst of the feast, *behold, a woman that was in the city, a sinner, came uninvited, and made her way through the astonished guests straight to the feet of Jesus. She saw no one, she thought of no one but Him. In her hand she bore an alabaster box of precious ointment. Her long hair hung loose about her beautiful sorrowful face and her eyes were full of tears. Falling at His feet, she began to wash His feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head, and kissed His feet, and anointed them with the ointment.*

The haughty Pharisee *who had invited Him, seeing it, spoke within himself, saying: "This man, if He were a prophet, would know surely who and what manner of woman this is that*

*The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

toucheth Him, that she is a sinner." Our Lord read his thoughts, as He had read the heart of the poor penitent, so He answered him saying:

"Simon, I have somewhat to say to thee."

"Master, say it," replied the Pharisee. Then Jesus, pointing to the weeping woman said:

"Dost thou see this woman? I entered thy house, thou gavest Me no water for My feet: but she, with tears hath washed My feet and with her hair hath wiped them. Thou gavest Me no kiss, but she, since she came in, hath not ceased to kiss My feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint, but she with ointment hath anointed My feet. Wherefore I say to thee; Many sins are forgiven her, because she hath loved much."

Then with gentle voice, He said to the poor sinner:

"Thy faith hath made thee safe, go in peace," and all the guests at the banquet, struck with wonder, thought within themselves: "Who is this that forgiveth sins also?" but Magdalen knew Who He was, her Saviour and her God.

O loving Lord! I wish I could love Thee as much as Mary Magdalen did, and be as sorry for my sins.

## OUR LORD'S FIRST STORY

### THE SOWER AND HIS SEED

**O**NE beautiful day, Our Blessed Lord, *going out of the house, sat by the sea-side* with His apostles and disciples. And as He was speaking, the people heard His voice and gathered around Him in great crowds. And others soon hastened out of the different cities unto Him, until He was surrounded by the listening multitudes. There were so many that *they thronged Him*, and at last, *He went up into a ship and sat in the sea, and all the multitude was upon the land by the sea-side*. And He said to them: "Hear ye;" and began to tell them a story. And this was Our Lord's first story:

"The Sower went out to sow his seed. And as he sowed, some fell by the wayside and the birds of the air came and ate it up."

"And other some fell upon stony ground where it had not much earth; and it shot up immediately, because it had no depth of earth:

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

And when the sun was risen it was scorched, and because it had no root, it withered away.”

“ And some fell among thorns and the thorns grew up and choked it, and it yielded no fruit.”

“ And others fell upon good ground and they brought forth fruit, some a hundredfold, some sixtyfold, and some thirtyfold.”

And the people listened and wondered, and then went away. And when Our Lord was alone with His twelve Apostles, they asked Him what the story meant: for every story has a hidden meaning which we must carefully seek.

But as the poor Apostles could not find it, Our Lord found it for them, and He said:

“ The seed is the word of God. And they by the wayside are they that hear; then the devil cometh and taketh the word out of their hearts, lest believing they should be saved. Now they upon the rock, are they, who, when they hear, receive the word with joy: and these have no roots: for they believe for awhile, and in time of temptation they fall away. And that which fell among thorns, are they who have heard, and going their way, are choked with the cares and riches and pleasures of this life, and yield no fruit. But that on the good ground, are they who in a good and a very good heart hearing the

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

word, keep it, and bring forth fruit in patience; the one an hundredfold, and another sixty, and another thirty."

Dear Lord and Master! I understand Thy story and I thank Thee for it. Thou art the Sower; Thy word, the seed; and my soul, the good ground. Oh! make me bring forth a hundredfold!

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### THE TEMPEST CALMED

**A**LL day long, Jesus had been teaching the people and telling them of the kingdom of God, and He was very tired. And it came to pass that when evening was come, *He went into a little ship with His disciples, saying to them: "Let us go over to the other side of the lake." And they launched forth. . . . And when they were sailing, He was in the hinder part of the ship, sleeping upon a pillow. And behold a great tempest arose in the sea, so that the boat was covered with waves, but He was asleep.*

*At last the waves beat into the ship, so that*

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

*the ship was filled* and they were in danger of sinking.

The frightened Apostles could wait no longer; they came and wakened Jesus, crying:

“ Lord, save us, we perish! . . . Master, doth it not concern Thee that we perish? ”

Then, rising up Jesus rebuked the wind, and said to the sea: “ Peace, be still! And the wind ceased; and there was a great calm.” And He said to His Apostles: “ Why are you fearful? have you not faith yet? ” But the disciples wondered exceedingly, and said to one another: “ Who is this, thinkest thou, that both wind and sea obey Him? ”

O my Jesus! *I know Thee Who Thou art, the Holy One of God, the Lord of life and death.*



## THE LITTLE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS

**W**HEN the ship reached the shore, a great multitude of people were gathered together waiting for Our Lord to land. As soon as He stepped on shore, a man made his way through the crowd and fell down at His feet. It was Jairus, a Ruler of the synagogue. At first he could scarcely speak for grief: *for he had an only daughter almost twelve years old, and she was dying.* But when he looked into the pitying eyes of Jesus hope came back to his heart. *And he besought Him much, saying:* “My daughter is at the point of death, come, lay Thy hands upon her, that she may be safe, and may live.”

And Jesus went with him, followed by His disciples and a great multitude of people. As they were on their way, a servant came running from the Ruler's house and said to him: “Thy daughter is dead: why dost thou trouble the Master any farther?” But Our Lord consoled him saying:

“Fear not; believe only, and she shall be safe.”

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

When Jesus was come to the house of the Ruler, He saw the people *weeping and wailing much*. *And going in, He said to them:*

“ Weep not; the maid is not dead, but sleepeth.”

*And they laughed Him to scorn, knowing that she was dead. . . . But He, having put them all out, took the poor father and mother and entered in where the girl was lying. And taking her little cold hand in His, He said to her:*

“ Maiden, arise.”

And her spirit returned, and the color came back to her pale face and warmth to her little hands, and immediately she rose up and walked.

*And they were astonished with a great astonishment, so that all forgot that she might be faint and weak. But Our Lord did not forget, and He commanded that something should be given her to eat.*

Then He charged her parents to “ tell no man what He had done, yet the fame thereof went abroad into all that country.”

O Jesus! Lord of life and death, lay Thy hands upon me that I may be safe, and may live.

## THE LITTLE BOY'S LOAVES AND FISHES

**O**UR Lord had sent the Apostles on their first mission. When they returned, *coming together unto Jesus, they related to Him all things that they had done and taught.* He saw that they were very tired and hungry, for there were many people *coming and going: and they had not so much as time to eat.* So He said to them: "Come apart into a desert place and rest a little." And they all got into the boat with Jesus, and sailed away over the Sea of Galilee, until they came to a lovely desert place where there was much green grass.

Meanwhile the poor people who had been left behind, hearing that Our Lord was gone, *ran flocking thither on foot from all the cities and were there before them.* And Jesus, going out of the boat, saw the great multitude patiently waiting for Him. His Sacred Heart was moved with compassion, *because they were as sheep not having a shepherd, and He began to teach them many things and to heal the sick.*

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And they were so glad to be with Him, that they never once thought how late it was getting, or how far away they were from home, nor remembered that they had not had any dinner or supper.

At last, when the shadows had grown long and *the day was now far spent*, the Apostles came to Jesus and said:

“Lord, send away the multitudes, that going into the towns they may buy themselves food; . . . for this is a desert place, and the hour is now past.”

But Jesus said:

“Give *you* them to eat,” for He wished to see if His Apostles were generous and unselfish. They quickly answered:

“Let us go and buy bread for two hundred pence, and we will give them to eat.”

“How many loaves have you?” asked Our Lord, “go and see.”

Then Andrew, St. Peter's brother, said to Jesus:

“There is a boy here that hath five barley loaves and two fishes: but what are these among so many.” For there were about *five thousand men, besides women and children*.

“Bring them hither to Me,” said Jesus, “and

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make the men sit down." *For He Himself knew what He would do.*

While the people were sitting down *by companies upon the green grass* St. Andrew beckoned to the little boy. He came running up to Our Lord and stood by His side, holding up his basket for Jesus to take out the loaves and fishes one by one. How glad he was to give them to Our Lord, and help Him to feed the hungry people. He watched Him bless the loaves, and break and distribute them to His disciples *to set before the multitude*. And when they had all eaten, and were filled, what was his surprise to hear Our Lord say:

"Gather up the fragments that remain lest they should be lost."

So while the Apostles were taking up *the leavings, twelve full baskets of fragments*, he too filled his little basket, and went his way, the happiest boy in all Galilee.

O Jesus! help me to be generous and unselfish, so that I may help others for love of Thee.

## ST. PETER'S LESSON

**A**FTER Our Lord had fed the multitude, He sent them away, and told His disciples "to go up into the ship, that they might go before Him over the water to Bethsaida." *Then He went up into the mountain to pray. And when it was evening He was there alone.* Suddenly a terrible storm came up, and the boat in the midst of the sea was tossed with the waves. The frightened Apostles pulled at their oars and labored in rowing, but the howling wind blew their little ship hither and thither over the waste of waters, and the great waves came dashing over them, all through the long dark night. Just as they thought the morning would never come, lo! they saw a bright light, and Jesus in the midst of it, walking upon the sea. He came slowly nearer and nearer, and they cried out for fear, for they thought it was a spirit. But their dear Master's voice came over the rushing waters:

"Be of good heart," He said (which means, be brave, be courageous). "It is I, fear not."

No sooner did St. Peter hear the voice he



WALKING ON THE WATERS.





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loved, than his heart grew strong and brave. But alas! he still doubted a little; so he called to Jesus:

“Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come to Thee upon the waters!” And Jesus said:

“Come.”

Then Peter, going down out of the boat, walked on the waters to come to Jesus. But the big black waves surged beneath his feet, and a sudden blast of wind struck him, and poor St. Peter was afraid. And as soon as he began to fear, he began to sink. With a great cry of “Lord, save me,” he stretched out his arms to Jesus. “And immediately Jesus, stretching forth His hand, took hold of him and said to him: O thou of little faith, why didst thou doubt?” St. Peter could not say a word. But he had learned his lesson; he held fast to that blessed hand until Jesus took him up into the boat. Then the wind ceased. And St. Peter and all the other Apostles fell down at Jesus' feet *and adored Him saying*: “Indeed Thou art the Son of God.”

O Lord Jesus! say to me, too, “Be of good heart,” so that I may always be brave and strong, to come to Thee when Thou callest me.

## THE POOR SINNER

**T**HERE is a little mountain covered with olive trees, east of Jerusalem, which is named Mount Olivet. After teaching all the day in the Temple, when evening was come Our Lord used to climb the little mount and spend the long hours of the night in prayer, talking to His Father in Heaven. *And in the early morning He came again into the Temple, and all the people came to Him; and sitting down He taught them.*

Suddenly He heard the sound of angry voices, and of a woman's weeping, and there came before Him a crowd of cruel Scribes and Pharisees, dragging with them a poor sinner. Her hands were tied with rough cords and her face was full of shame and terror. For she knew that these wicked men wanted to kill her, to take her outside the city gates and throw great stones upon her until she would be dead. Casting her down at the feet of Jesus, they said to Him: "Master, Moses in the law commanded us to stone such a one." And they said this, *tempting Him, that they might accuse Him.*

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Our Lord made no answer, *but bowing Himself down, wrote with His finger on the ground. When therefore they continued asking Him, He lifted up Himself, and said to them: "He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone at her." And again stooping down He wrote on the ground.*

And as the Pharisees watched Him writing, all the hideous sins of their past lives rose up before them, and they too were filled with shame and terror. And they began to slink away one by one *beginning with the eldest.*

When they were all gone, and Jesus was alone with the poor sinner He said to her:

"Woman, where are they that accused thee? Hath no man condemned thee?"

"No man, Lord," she answered.

Then Jesus, with pitying voice said:

"Neither will I condemn thee. Go, and sin no more."

O merciful Jesus! make me pitiful like Thee.

## PRAYER TO OUR LORD'S SACRED HEART

OUR LORD

**M**Y child, give Me thy heart. Come to Me, O poor little one, tossed with tempest, without all comfort. Come to Me when thou art naughty or sad. Give Me thy heart, and I will make it good and glad. For I have loved thee with an everlasting love, . . . taking pity on thee. One lesson thou must learn of Me, to be meek and humble of heart. Behold My Heart which has so loved thee.

THE CHILD

O Lord, Thou lovest me so much, how can I love Thee as I ought? I am only a little child. Oh, keep me innocent and undefiled. Let me lean my head upon Thy Sacred Heart, and while I listen to it beating with love for me, make me grow meek and humble, to be like Thee.





THE TWO SISTERS. (*Schonberr.*)

## THE TWO SISTERS

**I**N the little town of Bethania, not far from the great city of Jerusalem, there lived two sisters. One was called Mary and the other Martha. And they had a brother named Lazarus. *Now Jesus loved Martha and her sister Mary and Lazarus,* and He often came to stay with them. For Our Lord had no home of His own. He used to say: "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air nests; but the Son of Man (that was His other name), hath not where to lay His head."

One day when He came to Bethania, Martha received Him into her house. She was so glad to see Our dear Lord that she ran hither and thither, bringing wine and fruit to make a little feast for their Divine Guest. But Mary, sitting down at His feet, forgot everything else, as she listened to His words. Meanwhile, *Martha was busy about much serving.* And because she was busy, she wanted Mary to be busy, too. At last she came and stood before Jesus and said:

"Lord, hast Thou no care that my sister hath left me alone to serve? speak to her therefore, that she may help me."

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But Jesus was not pleased with Martha, because she found fault with her sister. So He gently rebuked her saying:

“Martha, Martha, thou art careful and art troubled about many things. But one thing is necessary. Mary hath chosen the best part, which shall not be taken from her.”

O dear Lord Jesus! when Thou shalt come into my heart to be my guest, make me sit at Thy feet like Mary, and listen in loving silence to Thy words.

---

## OUR LORD'S STORY OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN

**G**OD can see into our hearts and tell just what we are thinking. One day, when a wily lawyer asked Him: “Master, what must I do to possess eternal life?” Our Lord knew that the man was trying to *ensnare Him in his speech*. So He said: “What is written in the law?” The lawyer answered: “Thou shalt love



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the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself." But "who is my neighbor?" the lawyer asked, pretending that he did not know. Then Jesus told him this story:

Once upon a time, *a certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among robbers. They wounded him and stripped him, and went away, leaving him half dead.* Soon after, a Jewish priest came down the same way. He looked at the poor man lying by the roadside covered with blood, *and seeing him, passed by, without trying to help him.* Then a Levite came *near the place and saw him*, but he too passed by. Last of all, a good Samaritan, *being on his journey, came near him; and seeing him was moved with compassion.* Running to him, he *bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine.* Then he put him upon his own beast and walked beside him, until they came to a little inn. He stayed with him all that day and night, to nurse and comfort him. And the next day, when he had to go away, he took out some money and gave it to the innkeeper, saying: "Take care of him and whatsoever thou shalt spend over and above, I at my return will repay thee."

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

When Our Lord came to this part of the story, He turned to the lawyer and asked:

“Which of these three, in thy opinion, was neighbor to him that fell among the robbers?” And the lawyer had to say:

“He that showed mercy to him.” Then Jesus said:

“Go, and do thou in like manner.”

O loving Lord Jesus! teach me to have compassion for all who suffer.

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## OUR LORD'S STORY OF THE PRODIGAL SON

**O**NCE upon a time, a certain man had two sons. The elder son was very good, and always did his father's will; but the younger was a restless, roving boy who would not be content to live at home with his kind old father. So one day, careless of the sorrow he would cause him, he stood before him and said: “Father, give me the portion of substance that falleth to me,” as if he had a right to his father's

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

money, and could not wait until his death to get it.

His father did not reproach him, but calling his elder son, he divided all that he had between them.

*And not many days after*, the thankless son took everything that his father had given him *and went abroad into a far country*. There he lived in feasting and pleasures: but the poor father mourned for his boy, and was always waiting and watching for his return.

At last, when all the money was spent in riotous pleasures, the ungrateful son began to be in want. His faithless friends forsook him, his fine garments became torn and ragged, he had no place to sleep, and nothing to eat. So he went to *one of the citizens of that country*, who made him a swineherd. *And he sent him into his farm to feed swine*. The wretched boy was so hungry that he would fain have eaten the husks the swine had to eat. *And no man gave unto him*.

One day, in the midst of all his misery, the poor son thought within himself: "How many hired servants in my father's house abound with bread, and I here perish with hunger." Then his dear father's face came before his eyes, and

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

his heart was changed and softened by sorrow. And he said to himself:

“ I will arise, and go to my father, and say to him: Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee: I am not worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.”

*And rising up he came to his father.* But the way was long, his feet were bruised and wounded, and he was so weak that he could only go very slowly.

*And when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and was moved with compassion, and running to him fell upon his neck and kissed him. And the son said to him:*

“ Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, I am not now worthy to be called thy son.”

But his father, forgetting all the past, called to his servants:

“ Bring forth quickly the first robe, and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet. And bring hither the fatted calf and kill it and let us eat and make merry: Because this my son was dead and is come to life again: was lost and is found.”

And they began to be merry.

Now the *elder son was in the field working,*

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

*and when he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing: and he called one of the servants and asked what these things meant. And the servant said that his brother had come home and that his father was making a great feast for joy that he was safe. The elder brother was angry and would not go into the house. His father, therefore, coming out, began to entreat him. But he angrily answered: "Behold, for so many years I have served thee and never disobeyed thy commands, and thou hast never made a feast for me to make merry with my friends; but as soon as this thy son is come who hath wickedly wasted his substance, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf."*

Then the patient, loving father said to this ungenerous one:

"Son, thou art always with me, and all that I have is thine. But it was fit that we should make merry and be glad, for this thy brother was dead, and is come to life again; he was lost, and is found."

O God, my Father! I am unworthy to be called Thy child: but take me back and forgive me whenever I may be bad.

## OUR LORD'S STORY OF THE RICH MAN AND THE POOR BEGGAR

ONCE upon a time, *there was a certain rich man* who was so rich that he *was clothed in purple and fine linen, and feasted sumptuously every day*. He had a beautiful house to live in, and servants to wait on him and everything in the world to make him happy: which should have made him good, and kind, and generous, yet he was proud, and selfish, and hard-hearted.

*And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus*. He was so poor that he longed for the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table, *and no one did give him*. Day after day he lay at the rich man's door, full of sores, and no one did help him. The rich man could not bear to look at him; the servants passed by with contempt, and only the dogs came and with their soft tongues licked his sores.

*And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by Angels into heaven*. The rich man was glad to be rid of the sight of him, and the servants rejoiced that he was out of the way, and no one missed him but the dogs.

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

Not long after the rich man, too, died. He had a fine funeral, his beautiful big house was shut up; and everybody wore mourning and said what a good man he had been.

But all the time, *he was buried in hell.*

*And lifting up his eyes when he was in torments,* he saw Lazarus in heaven. And he cried aloud, saying:

“Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, to cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame.” And the answer came:

“Remember that thou didst receive good things in thy lifetime, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted and thou art tormented.”

Oh! if the wretched rich man could then have gone back to earth, how gladly would he have filled his beautiful big house with beggars. He would even have taken the place of Lazarus at his own gate, to lie there covered with sores for thousands of years, if only at the end an Angel of the Lord would come to carry him to heaven.

O dear Lord Jesus! help me not to be afraid of poverty and suffering, and teach me to love and serve the poor.

## THE HAPPY CHILDREN

**O**UR Lord loves little children, and they always love Him. As He was teaching the people one day, some women brought their children to Him, *that He might touch them* (for you know, the touch of His blessed hand gives health and beauty, and joy and virtue). Now the Apostles were afraid that their dear Master might be tired, so they rebuked the poor mothers and wished to send them away.

When Jesus saw what they were doing, He was much displeased and said to them:

“Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not. . . . For the kingdom of heaven is for such.”

Then all the children were glad, and came closer to Our Lord, while He caressed them, and told the grown-up people that unless they became as little children they could never go to heaven with Him.

“See that you despise not one of these little ones,” He said, “for I say to you that their Angels always see the face of My Father in Heaven.”





THE HAPPY CHILDREN. (*Plochhörst.*)







THE POOR YOUNG MAN. (*Hofmann.*)

## The STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

Then *embracing them, and laying His hands upon them, He blessed them, and went forth into the way.*

O dear Lord Jesus! I wish I had been with those happy little children, but bless me too, and make me a good child, for I want to see the face of my Father in heaven.

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### THE POOR YOUNG MAN

**W**HEN Our Lord had blessed the happy little children, *He went forth into the way*, and behold, a young Ruler came *running up, and kneeling before Him, asked Him*: “Good Master, what shall I do that I may have life everlasting?” Jesus answered: “Thou knowest the commandments:

Thou shalt not kill:

Thou shalt not commit adultery:

Thou shalt not steal:

Thou shalt not bear false witness:

Honor thy father and mother: and, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.”

## The STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

The young man said to Him:

“ Master, all these things I have observed from my youth.”

And it was true; this young Ruler had been a good child and a good boy, and now he was a good man. *And Jesus, looking on him, loved him.*

Then Our Lord gave him the greatest proof of love that He can give, the very same proof He had given to Peter and Andrew, and James and John, that day by the sea of Galilee. He called him to be His friend.

“ Come, follow Me,” He said, “ yet one thing is wanting unto thee; sell all whatever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven.”

But alas! the young Ruler was very rich, and he was *struck sad at that saying*, “ sell all . . . and give to the poor!” He loved his earthly treasures so much that he never thought of the treasure in heaven. For one moment he hesitated, looking into Our Lord's loving face, then slowly and sadly he *went away sorrowful*. How different from the way he had come! *running up and kneeling before Our Lord*. And he was never happy afterwards, in spite of all his gold and silver and houses and lands, for to keep the

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

poor paltry riches of this world he had thrown away the greatest treasure on earth and in heaven—the friendship of Jesus.

O Good Master! give me the grace to love and choose Thee before everything else in the world.

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### THE BLIND BEGGAR OF JERICHO

**N**OT far from the great city of Jerusalem is the little city of Jericho. Now it came to pass one day that Jesus went out of Jericho with His disciples, and a very great multitude. As He came near the city gates, a poor blind man named Bartimeus *sat by the wayside begging*. Day after day he sat there in the burning sun, and the driving rain, never seeing the blue sky, or the bright sunshine, or even the people's faces, as he held out his hand for a penny. But though he could not see, he had other blessings left. He could hear, and he could speak.

One day he heard the tramp of many feet and the sound of many voices coming nearer and

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

nearer. *And when he heard the multitude passing by, he asked what this meant. They told him that Jesus of Nazareth was passing by. And they said He was a great prophet Who healed the sick, brought the dead to life, and gave sight to the blind.*

Then poor Bartimeus cried out to Jesus: "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me." Many of the people told him to keep still. But he cried out much more: "O Lord, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me." Until Jesus, standing, commanded him to be brought unto Him. And they called the blind man, saying: "Be of better comfort (be hopeful, be glad); arise, He calleth thee."

Then the poor beggar leaped up and *casting off his garment*, came stumbling and groping to Our Lord. And when he was come near, Jesus asked him: "What wilt thou that I should do to thee?" But he said, "Rabboni (good master, dear master), that I may see."

At once Jesus said: "Receive thy sight; thy faith hath made thee whole." *And immediately he saw.*

He saw Our Lord's beautiful face, so full of love and sweetness, and the wondering faces of all the people, and the sky and sunlight, and the







THE KING'S TRIUMPH. (Deger.)

## The STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

flowers and grass and trees. And oh, how glad he was!

But always his eyes came back to the face of Jesus, more beautiful than everything else, so that he could not bear to look away from Him, *but followed Him in the way, glorifying God.*

O Jesus, Son of Mary! have mercy on me, a little child, who longs to see Thee in Heaven one day.

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## THE KING'S TRIUMPH

**I**T was the last week of Our dear Lord's life, the week of the Pasch, the great festival day of the Jews. And Jesus was going to Jerusalem. *When He was come nigh to Bethania, unto the mount called Olivet, He sent two of His disciples, saying: "Go unto the village and you shall find a colt tied, upon which no man yet hath sat: loose him and bring him hither. And if any man shall say to you, What are you doing? say ye that the Lord hath need of him: and*

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

immediately he will let him go." *The disciples going did as Jesus commanded them, and everything happened just as Our Lord had said. And they brought the colt to Jesus and laid their garments upon him, and made Him sit thereon.*

As soon as the people of Jerusalem heard that Our Lord was coming, they were so glad that *they took branches of palm trees, and went forth in the way: and others cut boughs from the trees, and strewed them in the way, while they began with joy to praise God with a loud voice, for all the mighty works they had seen. Saying: Blessed be the King who cometh in the name of the Lord, peace in heaven and glory on high. And the air resounded with Peace—glory! Peace—glory!* as if the earth were echoing the joy of that first Christmas night, when the morning stars sang together, and the Angels sang: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will."

When at last Our Lord *was come into Jerusalem, the whole city was moved with joy and wonder, and all the strangers who had come to the festival asked: "Who is this? And the people said: This is Jesus the Prophet from Nazareth of Galilee."*

But He, entering into the Temple, *viewed all*

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*things round about, and when now the eventide was come, He went out to Bethania with the twelve Apostles.*

Then the proud, wicked Pharisees gnashed their teeth with rage and said:

“Behold, the whole world is gone after Him.” For the little children still strewed their flowers and sang:

“Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord: Hosanna to the Son of David: Hosanna in the highest!”

O dear Lord Jesus! I too want to sing with the children of Jerusalem, “Hosanna to the Son of David: Hosanna in the highest!”

## THE LAST SUPPER

**I**T was Holy Thursday night in Jerusalem. And Jesus was in the Cenacle, the *large dining room furnished*, where He was to eat the last supper with His dear ones. *And when the hour was come, He sat down, and the twelve Apostles with Him: St. Peter and his brother Andrew; Matthew, the Publican; Thomas, and Philip, and Nathaniel, and all the others, even Judas Iscariot, the traitor. But St. John, the disciple whom Jesus loved best, was leaning his head on Our dear Lord's breast.*

When all things were ready, Jesus rose from supper and laid aside His garments, and having taken a towel, girded Himself. Then He put water into a basin, and began to wash the feet of His disciples, and to wipe them with the towel, wherewith He was girded.

While He washed St. Peter's feet, He looked into his heart, and saw that Peter would deny Him, but afterwards he would be so sorry that he would die for Him. And when He came to St. John and looked into his pure heart, He saw

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

that John would be faithful to Him to the very end. And their true hearts consoled Him. But when He knelt at the feet of Judas and looked into the black heart of the traitor, He saw nothing but love of money, and deceit, and despair; and He knew that Judas was about to betray Him.

*Then after He had washed their feet and taken His garments, being sat down again, He said to them:*

“ Know you what I have done to you? You call me Master, and Lord: and you say well, for so I am. If then I, being your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; you also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example, that as I have done to you, so you do also.”

*When Jesus had said these things, He was troubled in spirit, for He was grieving over Judas. And St. John could feel His Sacred Heart beating—beating,—as if it would break with love and sorrow. At last He spoke:*

“ Amen, I say to you, one of you that eateth with Me shall betray Me.”

Then all the Apostles except Judas began to be sorrowful and to ask Him:

“ Is it I, Lord? Is it I? ” Until even Judas,

*The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

to find out whether Our Lord really knew, also asked:

“Is it I, Rabbi?” And Jesus answered:

“Thou hast said it.”

Now Our Lord loved Judas. He had chosen Him to be one of His friends, just as He had chosen Peter and John. He had taught him for three years, just as He had taught the other Apostles; and He had trusted him to carry the purse and all *the things that were put therein*. But Judas loved money more than his Master; and little by little he had become a thief. And now the devil having put it into his heart to betray his Master, he was about to sell Him for thirty pieces of silver to the cruel Pharisees, who had been looking everywhere for Our Lord to kill Him. Knowing what Judas would do and that nothing would stop him, Our Lord at last let him go, saying:

“That which thou dost, do quickly.”

He therefore went out immediately. *And it was night*. Oh, what a fearful night for Judas!

O Jesus, my dear Lord and Master! let me die rather than ever betray Thee by a mortal sin.







THE APOSTLES' FIRST COMMUNION. (Otto.)

## THE APOSTLES' FIRST COMMUNION

**W**HEN Judas was therefore gone out, Jesus gathered His faithful Apostles around Him as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings. And He said to them :

“ With desire I have desired to eat this Pasch with you before I suffer.”

For He knew that on the next day He was going to lay down His life for them, and before leaving them, He wished to give them a *Sacred Banquet* which they would never forget. He had thought of a wonderful way in which He could still stay with them, though He would be hidden so that they might only see Him with the eyes of faith and love.

So while they were at supper He took bread into His holy and venerable hands, and with His eyes lifted up toward heaven, to God, His Almighty Father, giving thanks, He blessed and broke: and gave to His Disciples and said:

“ TAKE YE AND EAT: THIS IS MY BODY.”

In like manner, after He had supped, taking also this excellent chalice into His holy and ven-

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

*erable hands, and giving thanks, He blessed and gave to His disciples, saying:*

“TAKE AND DRINK YE ALL OF THIS: FOR THIS IS THE CHALICE OF MY BLOOD; THE MYSTERY OF FAITH.”

Then, as the Apostles fell on their knees to receive their First Communion, Jesus gave them His Body and Blood, under the forms and appearances of bread and wine.

Oh! how happy they were! And when they had thanked Him, and told Him how much they loved Him, and begged Him never to go away, Jesus promised that He would stay with them all days, even to the end of the world. There would be one place where they could always find Him, if they would only look for Him with the eyes of faith and love—and that was the Tabernacle.

And so, having taught His Apostles how to say Holy Mass and having given them their First Communion, Jesus said to them:

“As often as ye do these things, ye shall do them in remembrance of Me.”

O Jesus, how can I ever thank Thee! Oh! let me never forget Thee.

## PRAYER TO JESUS KNOCKING AT THE DOOR OF OUR HEARTS

*Behold I stand at the door and knock.*

### THE LORD JESUS

MY child, *behold I stand at the door and knock!* Wilt thou not open thy heart and take Me in? So long a way have I come that I am wearied seeking thee. Open to Me, my little love, my little dove, my innocent one, for my head is full of dew and my locks of the drops of the night.

### THE CHILD

Come Lord Jesus, oh! come and stay with me. Make me watch for Thy coming and listen for Thy footfall. And when at last Thou shalt enter my poor little heart, I will put my two arms round Thee and say, I have found Thee Whom my soul loveth, I will hold Thee and will never let Thee go. Oh! come! do not delay!

## OUR LORD'S STORY OF THE PROUD PHARISEE

**T**HIS is the story Our Lord told to the proud Jews who despised the poor and lowly, and thought themselves better than everybody else.

Once upon a time, *two men went up into the Temple to pray: the one a Pharisee and the other a publican.* Now the Pharisee was a very proud man. He was proud of his money, proud of his learning, and even proud of being a Pharisee.

With haughty glance he made his way past a poor publican, and walked proudly up into the Temple to give alms and make his prayer. There standing in the sight of all men, he *prayed thus with himself:*

“O God, I give thee thanks that I am not as the rest of men, extortioners, unjust, adulterers” (here he stopped to look with contempt at the poor publican), “as is also this publican. *I* fast twice in a week; *I* give tithes of all that *I* possess.”

But while he was remembering all the good things he had ever done, the foolish Pharisee

*The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

(for pride is always folly) had quite forgotten that *God resisteth the proud and giveth His grace to the humble.*

Meanwhile the publican *standing afar off, would not so much as lift up his eyes toward heaven.* For he remembered all his sins and thought himself unworthy to enter the House of God. With contrite heart *he struck his breast saying:*

“ O God, be merciful to me a sinner! ”

Over and over again he made the same prayer, and God, Who resisted the proud Pharisee, gave His grace to the humble publican. For Jesus Himself, in praise of the latter, said to the listening multitudes:

“ I say to you, this man went down into his house justified rather than the other: because everyone that exalteth himself shall be humbled: and he that humbleth himself, shall be exalted.”

O Jesus! meek and humble of heart, make my heart like unto Thine.

## OUR LORD'S STORY OF THE KING'S BANQUET

**O**UR Lord used to tell beautiful stories to the people about His kingdom in heaven and promised to take them there with Him some day, if they were very good. And this was one of the stories:

“The kingdom of heaven is likened to a Great King, who made a marriage for His Son. And He sent His servants to call them that were invited to the marriage: and they would not come.” Again He sent other servants saying: “Tell them that were invited: Behold I have prepared my dinner.” The banquet hall is hung with garlands of flowers, the wedding garment is waiting for you, the musicians are playing sweet music “and all things are ready: come ye to the marriage.”

The King's heralds hurried off with the good tidings, thinking the people would be so glad that they would run all the way to the King's palace in their haste to get there. But no, *they would not come*, no matter what the heralds said.



## The STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

One was going off to his farm, another to buy and sell merchandise, and so with all of them, each went his own way and *would not come*.

Then the Great King said to the heralds:

“The marriage indeed is ready; but they that were invited were not worthy.” So now go into the streets and roads and highways and all the people you shall find “call to the marriage.”

*And His servants, going forth into the ways, gathered together all that they found, both good and bad, until the banquet hall was filled with guests.* Now they all put on the beautiful spotless wedding garment which had been provided, except one man, who sat there in his filthy rags and would not change them. When the King's Son came in to welcome and embrace the guests, what was His sorrow to see there *a man who had not on a wedding garment.* He gently said to him:

“Friend, how camest thou in hither not having on a wedding garment?” Was it not ready and waiting for thee?

*But he was silent, for he had no excuse. Then the King said to the waiters:* “Bind his hands and feet and cast him into exterior darkness. For many are called but few are chosen.”

## The STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

O my Lord and King! help me to keep the wedding garment of my baptismal innocence pure and spotless, until I shall come to the Sacred Banquet of my First Communion.

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### OUR LORD'S STORY OF THE FIVE WISE AND THE FIVE FOOLISH VIRGINS

**T**HE Kingdom of Heaven shall be like to ten virgins, *who taking their lamps went out to meet the Bridegroom and the Bride. And five of them were foolish and five wise.*

Now the foolish virgins, though they took their lamps, forgot to take oil with them; for they never thought of what they were doing, and were always laughing and talking at the wrong time. But the wise virgins who *pondered all these things in their hearts*, took oil in their vessels with the lamps, so as to be ready for the Bridegroom whenever he should come. *And the Bridegroom tarrying, they all slumbered and slept. And at midnight there was a cry made:*

## The STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

“Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye forth to meet Him.”

*Then all the virgins arose and trimmed their lamps.* The wise virgins' lamps were burning brightly, but alas for the foolish virgins! theirs had gone out. So they said to the others:

“Give us of your oil, for our lamps have gone out.”

Now the wise virgins were very sorry, but they were afraid that the Bridegroom might come and find no lights to greet Him, so they answered:

“Lest perhaps there be not enough for us and for you, go you rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves.”

Away went the foolish virgins, one laughing, another crying, and all wasting the precious moments, like the foolish virgins they were. And while they were gone, *the Bridegroom came, and they that were ready went in with Him to the marriage, and the door was shut.*

After a long time, the five foolish virgins came back and knocked and called:

“Lord, Lord, open to us.”

They could see the glimmer of brightly burning lamps in the distance and hear the sweet sounds of wedding music, but the door was still

## The STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

shut. It was too late. And as they wept and mourned over lost time and lost opportunities, the Bridegroom's voice came from afar saying sadly:

“Amen I say to you, I know you not. Watch ye therefore, because you know not the day nor the hour” [that the Bridegroom cometh].

O Lord, dear Lord! help me to ponder all these things in my heart, so that I may never hear Thee say to me, “I know thee not.”

---

### THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE

*WHEN* Jesus had said these things, He went forth with His disciples into the dark night. All was still. They crossed the little brook of Cedron and silently followed Our Lord as He climbed the hill; for He was beginning *to be sorrowful and to be sad.*

When at last they reached the Garden, Jesus said to His Apostles:

“Sit you here, while I go yonder and pray.”

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

And taking with Him Peter and James and John, He went deeper into the shadow of the great olive trees. But even in the darkness they could see His face white with suffering and His eyes glistening with tears as He besought them:

“Stay you here and watch with Me: My soul is sorrowful even unto death.”

For Our dear Lord knew that His Heavenly Father was about to give Him a bitter chalice to drink, to save us from sin and death. He knew that if He was to fill the *chalice of salvation* with His Precious Blood for us, He must first pour it forth in the wine press of the Passion.

And oh, more bitter still, He knew that although He was going to suffer and die for the children of men, they would not love Him in return; they would not try to be good and go with Him to Heaven, but would forsake Him and His Father, to follow the wicked arch-enemy to hell. *And His soul was sorrowful, even unto death.*

So going a little further and kneeling down, He began to pray:

“My Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from Me. Nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt.”

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

Over and over again He made the same prayer. And when it was ended, He rose up and came to His disciples hoping they would comfort Him. But He found them sound asleep, even poor St. Peter, who had boasted that he would follow His Master to prison and to death.

“Simon, sleepest thou?” said Our Lord. “What! couldst thou not watch one hour with Me?”

And going away again, He fell upon His face, praying:

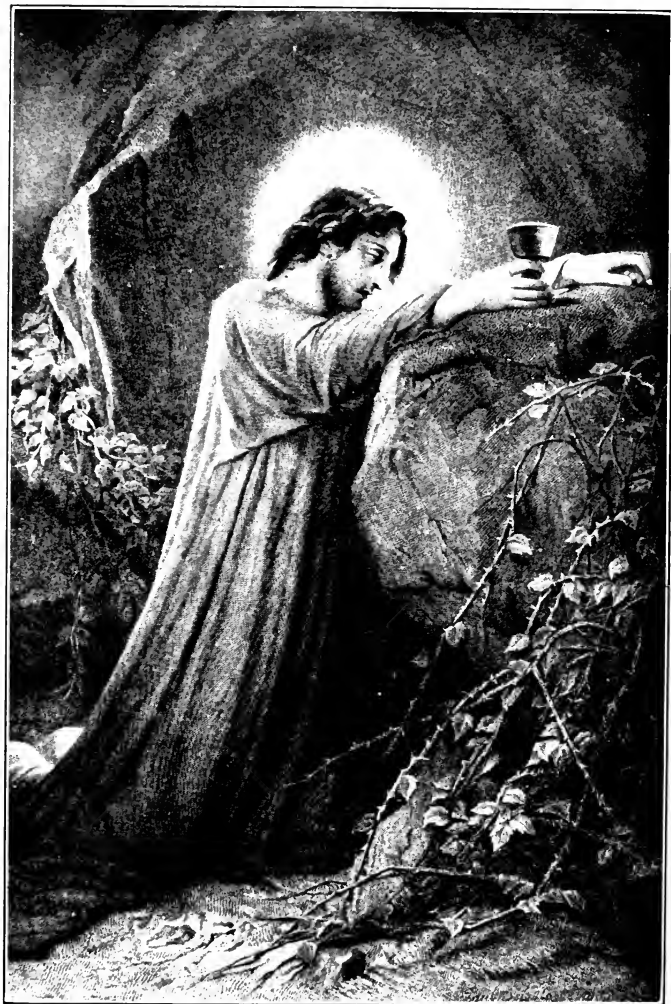
“Abba, Father, all things are possible to Thee, remove this chalice from Me, but not what I will, but what Thou wilt.”

A second time He came to His disciples, longing for one word of sympathy, one look of love. And *He found them again asleep (for their eyes were heavy)*. But looking on them with compassion, Our Lord tried to excuse them saying:

“The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.” *For they knew not what to answer Him.*

O Jesus! *sorrowful unto death* for me, let me watch and grieve with Thee.





THE BITTER CHALICE. (*Delaroche.*)



## THE BITTER CHALICE

**A**ND leaving them for the third time He went away alone. *And when He was gone forward a little, He fell flat on the ground, praying:*

“Father, if this chalice may not pass away, but I must drink it, Thy will be done.”

*And being in an agony, He prayed the longer. Till at each throb of His loving Heart, great drops of blood came trickling down upon the ground.*

At last as Jesus lay prostrate in prayer, the answer came. Light broke through the darkness and *there appeared to Him an Angel from heaven, strengthening Him.* In its hand it bore the bitter chalice, and Jesus knowing His Father's will, took the cup of sorrow and drank it to the dregs.

*Then He cometh to His disciples and saith to them:*

“It is enough: the hour is come: behold the Son of Man shall be betrayed into the hands of sinners. . . . Behold he is at hand that will betray Me. Rise up, let us go.”

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

O my suffering Lord! if a little child can comfort Thee, let me stay and pray with Thee.

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### THE TRAITOR'S KISS

**A**S Jesus spoke, the disciples awoke with a start and sprang to their feet. For behold, a great multitude of *soldiers and servants from the chief priests and the Pharisees* were coming into the garden with swords and clubs. And by the light of the flaring torches, the Apostles saw with horror that *Judas, one of the Twelve, went before them and drew near to Jesus to kiss Him.* For the traitor had agreed with the priests and ancients to deliver up his Master for thirty pieces of silver, and had given the soldiers a sign, saying: "Whomsoever I shall kiss, that is He, hold Him fast. And lead Him away carefully." Then coming to Jesus as if he loved Him, Judas said: "Hail, Rabbi," *and he kissed Him.*

The treacherous kiss pierced Our dear Lord's heart more cruelly than the spear which was soon to pierce it on the cross. But He only said:



THE TRAITOR'S KISS. (Geiger.)



## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

“ Friend, whereto art thou come? ” as if to plead with him: O My friend Judas, O Judas, my friend! wilt thou sell thy own soul and thy Master's life for thirty pieces of silver!

Ah! if even then Judas had thrown his arms around his Master's neck and cried out: Forgive me Lord; or had fallen at His feet saying: Lord, I am sorry; Jesus would have taken him back to His loving Heart and died next day to save him. But alas he would not. And seeing that he had hardened his heart, Our Lord warned him that He knew all, saying:

“ Judas, dost thou betray the Son of Man with a kiss? ”

Judas made no answer. He had forsaken his Lord and Master and, of his own free will, gone over to the wicked arch-enemy forever.

Then turning to the multitude, Jesus said: “ Whom seek ye? ” *They answered Him:* “ Jesus of Nazareth. ” *Jesus said to them:* “ I am He. ” *And Judas also who betrayed Him, stood with them. As soon therefore as He had said to them: I am He, they went backward and fell to the ground.* For Our Lord wished us to know that they could not touch Him without His permission, and that if He let them take Him

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

prisoner, it was only because He loved us, and delivered Himself up for us.

Now all this time poor St. Peter was trying hard to be brave for he really wanted to fight and die for his Master. So having a sword he *drew it and struck the servant of the highpriest, and cut off his right ear.* But Jesus said to him:

“Put up thy sword into the scabbard. . . . Thinkest thou that I cannot ask My Father and He will give Me presently more than twelve legions of Angels. How then shall the Scriptures be fulfilled? . . . The chalice which My Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?”

And putting out His hand, He touched the servant's ear and made it well again.

Then all the servants and soldiers came crowding up to seize and bind Our Lord. But He *said to the chief priests and magistrates of the Temple and the Ancients that were come unto Him:*

“I sat daily with you teaching in the Temple and you laid not hands on Me. But this is your hour, and the power of darkness.”

As He spoke, He held out His Blessed hands, those kind hands which had just healed the servant's ear, and let them bind Him with ropes and chains.

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

*Then His disciples leaving Him, all fled away. And Jesus was left alone in the midst of His enemies.*

O My dear kind Lord and Master! let me die while I am little, rather than live to forsake Thee when I am grown up.

---

### ST. PETER'S FALL

**T**HEN the band of soldiers and the tribunes and the servants of the Jews took Jesus and bound Him, *and they led Him away to the wicked high-priests Annas and Caiphas. And all the Scribes and Ancients assembled together against Him that they might put Him to death.*

Now St. Peter and St. John, though at first they had run away, were watching from a distance to see what the Jews were going to do to their Master. At last St. John's love grew stronger than his fear and he went back to Our Lord. *But Peter followed Him afar off. And when they came to the high priest's house, John went in with Jesus to the court of the High-priest. But Peter stood at the door without.*

## The STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

Then St. John who was waiting and watching for his brother Apostle, *went out and spoke to the portress, and brought in Peter.* Ah, if poor St. Peter had only stayed with the Beloved Disciple, he might never have denied his Lord. But no! *going in, he sat with the servants that he might see the end.* He had forgotten that Jesus had said to him in the garden: "Watch and pray, lest you enter into temptation."

The servant-maid, therefore, who opened the door for St. Peter came and asked him:

"Art thou not one of this man's disciples?"

In surprise and fear he *denied before them all.*

"I am not," he said.

Then *another maid saw him, and she said to them that were there:*

"This man also was with Jesus of Nazareth."

Again he denied with an oath:

"Woman, I know Him not."

The night was dark and chill. The soldiers and servants therefore *stood at a fire of coals because it was cold, and warmed themselves. And with them was Peter also standing, warming himself.*

And after a little while they all began to say to him:

"Surely thou also art one of them: for even



*The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

thy speech doth discover thee. Thou also art a Galilean."

*Then he began to curse and to swear that he knew not the Man. And immediately the cock crew.*

Suddenly there was a stir in the courtyard and all turned to look upon Jesus as the soldiers led Him forth.

*But the Lord turning looked on Peter. And as those eyes of mercy met his, poor St. Peter's heart broke with love and sorrow. Ah! then he remembered the words of Jesus: "Before the cock crew twice, thou wilt deny Me thrice." And going forth he wept bitterly.*

O my dear Lord and Master! if I should ever be so unhappy as to deny Thee before men, give me the tears and sorrow of St. Peter.

## THE UNJUST JUDGE

**N**OW the priests and scribes and ancients were like ravenous wolves thirsting for the blood of Jesus, the *Lamb of God*. And they sought for evidence that they might put Him to death, and found none. Then the high-priest rising up in their midst asked Jesus, saying: "Art Thou the Christ the Son of the blessed God?" *And Jesus said to him: "I am. And you shall see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of the power of God, and coming with the clouds of heaven,"* on the last day.

Then the high-priest pretended to be horrified at Our Lord's answer, and tore his garments, saying to the others:

"You have heard the blasphemy. What think you?" *And they all condemned Him to be guilty of death.*

But much as they wished to kill Him, they dared not do it without the permission of the Roman governor. *So the whole multitude of them, rising up, led Him away to the governor's hall.*

*And it was morning, the first Good Friday morning!* Now the governor's name was

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

Pontius Pilate. He was not a hypocrite like the Scribes and Pharisees, or a traitor like Judas, but he was a coward, and he dared not do right. He might have saved Our dear Lord and have been loved and blessed by everybody forever, but because he was afraid of the Jews, he let them put Jesus to a dreadful death, *even the death of the Cross.*

When therefore Pilate heard the hoarse shouts of the people as they were dragging Jesus to his tribunal, he *went out to them and said:*

“What accusation bring you against this Man?” *They answered and said to him:* “If He were not a malefactor, we would not have given Him up to thee.” And they began to accuse Him in *many things.*

*And Jesus stood before the governor.* His face was pale and worn, His hands were tightly bound, His robe soiled and torn, yet there was in His look such meekness and majesty, such strength and serenity, that *Pilate wondered.* *And when He was accused by the chief priests and ancients He answered nothing;* so that the governor wondered exceedingly.

“Art Thou the King of the Jews?” he said to Our Lord.

Jesus answered meekly: “Thou sayest it.”

## The STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

But " My kingdom is not of this world. If My kingdom were of this world, My servants would certainly strive that I should not be delivered to the Jews: but now My kingdom is not from hence."

Pilate felt in his heart that it was true, so he went out again to the Jews and said: " I find no cause in this Man . . . that I should condemn Him." *For he knew that the chief priests had delivered Him up out of envy.* " You have a custom that I should set a prisoner free at the time of the Pasch. Will you that I release to you the King of the Jews? "

There was then in prison a dreadful robber and murderer named Barabbas. But the whole multitude together cried out: " Not this Man but Barabbas! " " Away with this Man and release unto us Barabbas! "

Pilate was sorry to hear them choose Barabbas, so he *again spoke to them, desiring to release Jesus.*

" What shall I do then with Jesus that is called Christ? "

" Crucify Him, crucify Him," they cried.

" Why, what evil hath He done? " said Pilate. " I find no cause of death in Him. I will chastise Him therefore, and let Him go."

*The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

*But they cried out the more:* "Let Him be crucified;" until Pilate was afraid to resist them any longer.

And taking water, he washed his hands before the people, trying to put all the blame on them saying:

"I am innocent of the blood of this just Man: Look you to it."

And the whole people answering said:

"His blood be upon us and upon our children."

Then the weak governor set the robber free, and delivered Our Lord to the cruel soldiers to be scourged.

O dear Lord Jesus! help me never to be a coward.

## THE KING'S CROWN

**W**HEN the soldiers had scourged Our Lord until He was covered with wounds, they *led Him away into the court of the palace and called together the whole band, and stripping Him, they put a scarlet cloak about Him. And plating a crown of thorns, they put it upon His head, and a reed in His right hand. And bowing the knee before Him, they mocked Him, saying: "Hail, King of the Jews." And spitting upon Him, they took the reed and struck His head. . . . And they gave Him blows. And bowing their knees before Him, they adored Him, not in spirit and in truth, but in cruel mocking sport.*

And all the while Jesus was silent; He knew that His Heavenly Father had laid on Him the punishment of us all, and that He was being *wounded for our iniquities and bruised for our sins.*

At last the brutal soldiers got tired of torturing Our poor Lord, and they took Him back to Pilate. The Roman Governor was touched with pity, as he looked upon that suffering,

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blood-stained face. He hoped that even the Jews would now be satisfied and let Him go.

So he went out to them again, saying: "Behold I bring Him forth to you that you may know that I find no cause in Him." *Jesus therefore came forth wearing the crown of thorns and the purple garment.*

"Behold the Man," said Pilate; "Behold your King." But they gnashed their teeth with rage and yelled:

"Away with Him, away with Him, crucify Him."

And they began to drag together great pieces of wood to make a cross for their Saviour.

"Shall I crucify your King?" asked Pilate.

But the whole people with one voice cried out:

"We have no King but Cæsar."

And still Jesus spoke no word. But looking into those hideous faces, full of hatred and envy, in His heart He was saying:

"O My people, what have I done to thee, or in what have I afflicted thee? Answer Me."

"Because I led thee out of the land of Egypt, thou hast prepared a cross for thy Saviour."

"I went before thee in a pillar of cloud: and thou didst lead Me to the judgment hall of Pilate."

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“ I fed thee with manna through the desert: and thou didst strike Me with blows and scourges.”

“ I gave thee a royal sceptre: and thou didst give My head a crown of thorns.”

“ O my people, what more ought I to do for thee, and have not done it? ”

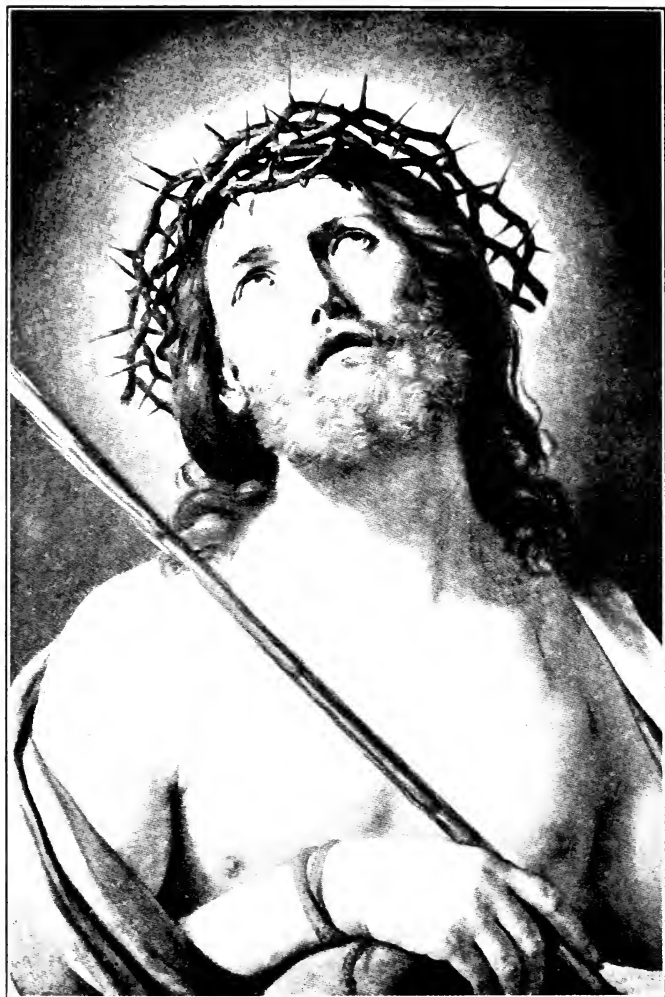
“ One thing more I can do. This day will I die for thee, O my people.”

And then Pilate, *being willing to satisfy the people*, delivered up Jesus to be crucified.

Who is like unto Thee, my King! Let earthly Kings wear crowns of gold, Thou only, *O King of Kings and Lord of Lords*, art crowned with thorns, Jesus, my King.







JESUS CROWNED WITH THORNS. (*Reni.*)

## JESUS CROWNED WITH THORNS

**O** CHILD, *behold the Man, the Man of Sorrows* Who died for thee. See the crown I wear for thee, see the tears I shed for thee. Canst thou bear naught for Me? I give My life for thee. What wilt thou give to Me?

---

## THE WAY OF THE CROSS

**A**ND *bearing His own cross, Our Lord went forth to the place which is called Calvary, the little hill outside the city gates* where He was to lay down His life for His people. *And there were also two other malefactors led with Him to be put to death, the two robbers, Dismas and Gesmas.*

High Priests and Ancients, Scribes and Pharisees, soldiers and servants, thronged about Our Lord, eager to see Him suffer and die. Slowly and painfully He made His way in their midst. His feet were bruised with the stony road, the

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

sharp thorns pierced His Sacred head, and the heavy cross cut a deep wound on His shoulder, but Jesus spoke no word.

Long before He had said to the people: "If any man will be My Disciple, let him take up his cross daily and follow Me." And He knew that there would be times when our little crosses would seem almost too heavy to bear unless we could look upon the one He had borne for love of us.

Suddenly the crowd swayed back and forth. Jesus had fallen beneath the Cross. With blows and curses the executioners dragged Him up by the ropes that bound Him. But faint from fasting and loss of blood, He staggered and fell again a little further on.

When the bloodthirsty Jews saw Him fall the second time, they began to be afraid He would die before they could reach the hill of Calvary and nail Him to the Cross. So *they laid hold of a man named Simon of Cyrene, coming from the country*, and made him help Our Lord carry the Cross.

At first Simon was not willing, for he was a stranger in Jerusalem, and had never heard the word of Jesus or seen His works. But little by little, at the sight of Our Lord's sweetness and





MOTHER OF SORROWS. (Raphael.)

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suffering, his heart was changed and he became a true follower of Christ. And as soon as he began to know and love Our Lord, it was easy to carry the heavy Cross, for Jesus was bearing it with him and whispering to his heart, "My yoke is sweet and My burden is light. Come to Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give rest to your souls."

O poor Lord Jesus! I wish I had been there to help Thee carry Thy heavy Cross. Give me grace to take up my little Cross each day and bear it willingly for love of Thee.

---

### THE MOTHER OF SORROWS

**A**S Our Lord, for the last time, passed through the narrow streets of the city He loved, there followed Him a great multitude of people, and of women who bewailed and lamented. Perhaps there were among them the widow of Naim, mourning that He Who had brought her only son to life should now be led

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to so shameful a death, and the little daughter of Jairus, sobbing her heart out as she looked up into His suffering face, and the mothers whose children He had blessed, shuddering to hear the curses heaped upon Him by the brutal soldiers.

Martha was there weeping and wailing aloud, and Mary Magdalen, her beautiful face all disfigured with tears. And, Oh! one Woman there was above all, through whose sinless soul the sword of grief was now passing, Mary, the Mother of Jesus, the *Mother of Sorrows*. And as the people saw her white, agonized face, they shrank together, whispering one to another:

“His Mother. It is His Mother!”

And the crowd parted to let her come to Him. For one moment Jesus stopped, and Mother and Son looked into each other's eyes.

Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,  
She beheld her tender Child  
All with bloody scourges rent.

Then He passed on.

A moment later she sees Him falter, and Jesus falls the third time. Is that thorn-crowned head lying in the dust, the same which had lain on her breast the first Christmas night in Bethlehem? Is that face covered with blood and spittle, the



## The STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

face of her Child, the most beautiful of the children of men? Are those bound hands the blessed hands which had served her for thirty years at Nazareth? Is that *outcast of the people* her Son, her Jesus, her God!

Yet Mary spoke no word; but in her heart she was saying: "O all ye that pass by the way, attend and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow!"

O Jesus! O Mary! never let me forget how much you have suffered and sorrowed for me.

---

### VERONICA'S VEIL

**W**ITH bowed head and closed eyes, Our Lord meekly went on to Calvary. All at once, a woman broke through the soldiers and made her way to His feet. It was Veronica. In her hand she held a linen towel, and in her heart she was praying: "Turn not away Thy face from me. . . . My heart hath said to Thee. Thy face, O Lord will

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

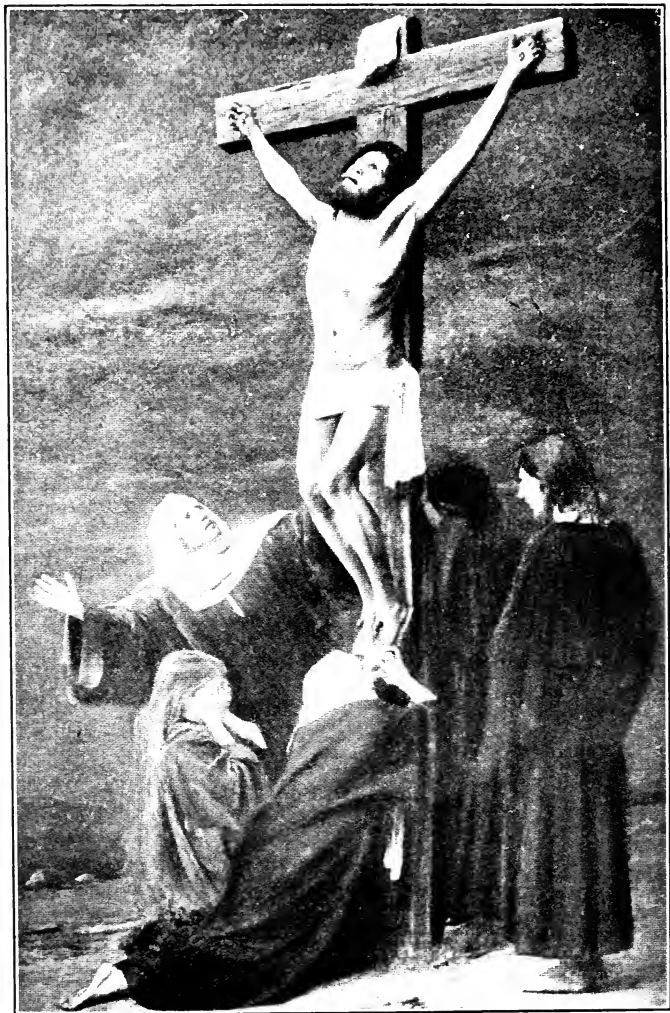
I seek." And lifting the linen veil, she tenderly wiped away the dust and blood and spittle. The soldiers roughly pushed her aside, but not before the eyes of Jesus had met hers in one look of gratitude and love.

The next moment they had gone on and Veronica was alone in the deserted streets. But close to her heart she pressed the veil which had touched His adorable face. And as she kissed it with sighs and tears, there, imprinted upon it, was the face she loved, the face of Jesus.

When at last that awful day was over and Our dear Lord lay in the tomb, Veronica bore the precious relic to His Mother, the *Mother of Sorrows*, and unfolding it before her, she besought her saying:

Let me mingle tears with thee,  
Mourning Him Who died for me,  
All the days that I may live.





CALVARY—THE KING'S THRONE. (*Munkacsy.*)

## CALVARY—THE KING'S THRONE

**I**T was nearly noonday when at last Our Lord climbed the little hill of Calvary and stood upon its summit. Patiently He waited, watching the executioners prepare the Cross for their Saviour, the throne for their King. *And all the people stood beholding*, for never had king such a royal throne, such a glorious crown.

*And they crucified Him there: and the robbers one on the right and the other on the left. And Jesus in the midst.* As the hammers fell, and the long sharp nails tore their way through Our poor Lord's hands and feet, He did not moan or cry out, but the two thieves could hear Him saying over and over again:

“Father, forgive them—Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.”

And Dismas hushed his groans in wonder to listen, but wicked Gesmas only howled and cursed the louder.

When all was done and the three crosses were lifted up in the air, Our Lord could see in the distance His Blessed Mother with St. John, and Mary Magdalen, and the other holy women.

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

They could not come near Him because of the soldiers and the crowd of people, but from afar He could hear the cry of His Mother's heart:

“O my Son, Jesus! O Jesus, my Son! O my Son!”

Now the Romans had *put over His head His cause written, and the writing was:*

I N R I

JESUS OF NAZARETH, KING OF THE JEWS

Everybody could read it, *because the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city.*

And all that passed by jeered at Our Lord, and dared Him to come down from the Cross if He could, and prove that He told the truth.

“Save Thy own self,” they cried. “If Thou be the Son of God, come down from the Cross.”

*And the chief priests with the Scribes and Ancients, mocking, said one to another:* “He saved others; Himself He cannot save: If He be the King of Israel let Him come down from the Cross and we will believe Him. . . . Let God deliver Him if He will, . . . for He said: I am the Son of God.”

Even the Roman soldiers taunted Him calling out with the others:

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“ If Thou be the King of the Jews, save Thyself.”

And nobody believed in Him, nobody loved Him, nobody was sorry for Him.

Suddenly, while they were all mocking and blaspheming, the light died out of the sky and a thick shadow fell like a pall over the little hill! *And the sun was darkened, and there was darkness over the whole earth.* Then the cruel Jews were frightened, and began to hurry away, stumbling and falling through the streets marked with the Precious Blood of Jesus. Even the soldiers were afraid, and went as far from the Cross as they could. But Our dear Lord's Mother and His faithful friends came nearer and nearer until they stood at the foot of His Cross. And as Jesus looked down upon them through a mist of tears and blood, He was glad to suffer and die for the children of men. For He knew that there would be a few who, having loved Him in the world, would love Him *unto the end.*

O poor Lord Jesus! O dear Lord Jesus!  
I believe in Thee, I love Thee, I am sorry for all  
Thou hast suffered for me.

## THE GOOD THIEF

**A**LL the time Our dear Lord was suffering, the two robbers were also hanging in agony on their crosses. Gesmas groaned and cursed aloud, but Dismas kept very still. He heard Our Lord's words when Jesus said: "Behold thy Mother," and he watched Our Lady's face, full of tender pity, turn first towards him and then towards the other poor robber, while he seemed to hear her say: "O Dismas, my son! O my son Gesmas! O my sons!"

And as his eyes met those eyes of mercy he forgot his pain, and his poor sinful heart went out to her with the love of a prodigal son. But Gesmas scowled upon her, and blasphemed her Divine Son, calling out:

"If Thou be the Christ, save Thyself and us."

But Jesus spoke no word.

Then Dismas defended Our Lord and rebuked his companion saying: We are wicked men and deserve to be punished for "we receive the due reward of our deeds, but this Man hath done no evil."

When Jesus heard these words, He turned



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His thorn-crowned head and looking on Dismas, loved him. And the poor thief's eyes were opened, and he knew His King and Saviour. And he made an act of Faith, Hope and Charity, saying:

“ Lord, remember me when Thou shalt come into Thy kingdom.”

That was all—and Our Lord forgave all his sins and promised to take him straight to heaven with Him from the cross.

“ Amen, I say to thee,” Jesus answered, “ this day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise.”

Lord, remember me, too, now that Thou art in Thy Kingdom, and when I die, take me to heaven to be with Thee and Thy Blessed Mother for all eternity.

## OUR LORD'S DYING GIFT

**N**OW *there stood by the cross of Jesus His Mother* with her eyes fixed upon her Divine Son.

Christ above in torment hangs,  
She beneath beholds the pangs  
Of her dying glorious Son.

And Jesus, looking on her, loved her, and thought of her grief when He should be gone. He thought of St. John's loneliness, of Magdalen's anguish. He thought of you and of me and of all the children of men down to the end of the world. What last gift could He leave us to prove that His love was stronger than death?

*Greater love than this hath no man, that a man lay down his life for his friends.* He was giving His life blood drop by drop as it fell from the Cross, to wash away our sins. He had already given His Body to be our daily bread. But there was one great gift more—He could leave us His own dear Mother.

“When Jesus therefore had seen His Mother and the disciple standing whom He loved, He

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

said to His Mother: 'Behold thy Son.' After that, He said to His disciple: 'Behold thy Mother.' And from that hour the disciple took her to his own; " took her to his house and cared for her as a son, took her to his heart and loved her as a mother.

O Jesus! how shall I thank Thee for giving me Thy Mother!

O Mary! I wish I could love Thee as Jesus and John loved thee!

---

## THE DEATH OF JESUS

**F**OR almost three hours Our Lord had hung in agony between heaven and earth, and His Mother had stood at the foot of the Cross with St. John and Mary Magdalen.

All was dark and still, for Jesus, the Son of God, was dying.

Only from time to time there came a low moan from the crucified thieves, or a sigh of love from the white lips of Jesus, as He thought of the

children of men. At last He cried out, "Sitis—I thirst," so loud that even the soldiers heard Him: yet His poor Blessed Mother could not give Him a drop of water to moisten His parched lips!

*Now there was a vessel set there full of vinegar and bitter gall. And one of the soldiers running took a sponge and filled it with vinegar and put it on a reed, and gave Him to drink. But the others mocking, said: "Stay, let us see if Elias will come to take Him down from the cross." For they thought Our Lord was crying for a drink of water, when He was really thirsting still more for the love of every little child who would ever be born into this world. It was as if He said, "I thirst for my children's love, I thirst for my children's souls," and it had made Him cry out in anguish, to think that thousands of poor little ones would never hear His holy name, or learn how He had died to save them.*

When He had taken the bitter drink, He cried out again with a loud voice:

"It is finished . . . Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." And His great, loving Heart, *which had so loved men*, was at last broken by all the ingratitude and cruelty. *Bowing His head*, Jesus, the Son of God, was dead.

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And behold, as soon as He had given up His spirit, *the earth began to tremble and quake and the big rocks were broken into pieces. And the graves were opened and many bodies of the dead arose* and coming out of their tombs appeared to the people in Jerusalem.

Then *all the multitude of the Jews who were come together on Calvary to see Our Lord die, were terrified, and returned striking their breasts.*

But the Roman Centurion *and they that were with him watching Jesus, having seen the earth quake and the things that were done, were sore afraid, saying:*

“Indeed this Man was the Son of God!”

O Jesus, Son of God and Son of the Virgin Mary, I believe in Thee, I hope in Thee, and I love Thee with my whole heart.

## THE NEW TOMB

**A**LL His life Our Lord had been so poor, so poor, that when He was dead, He had not even a tomb to be laid in, just as He had no nice house when He was born, but only a rude stable, with a manger full of rough straw for His little bed.

But *there was in the place where He was crucified a garden: and in the garden a new sepulchre.* It belonged to a good and just man named Joseph of Arimathea and was *his own new monument, which he had hewed out in a rock.* He was so sorry for Our Lord and His poor Blessed Mother that he *went in boldly to Pilate* and asked permission to *take away the body of Jesus.*

*And Pilate gave leave.* Then *Joseph, buying fine linen,* took Our Lord down from the Cross, all covered with blood and wounds, and put Him in His Mother's arms. Did she think of that Christmas night when first she kissed His little hands and feet? and now she was washing away the blood with her tears, and loosening the crown

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

of thorns from His dear head, all wet with the dews of the night of death.

At last when each terrible wound had pierced her soul, she let Joseph and another good man called Nicodemus *wrap Him up in the fine linen* and lay Him in the sepulchre *wherein never yet any man had been laid*. Then they rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulchre and went away.

The next day when the wicked priests and Pharisees heard what had been done, they came together to Pilate and told him that Our Lord had said *while He was yet alive*: “After three days I will rise again.” And they begged Pilate to send his Roman soldiers to guard the tomb, for, said they, “perhaps His disciples may come and steal Him away, and say to the people: He is risen from the dead.”

Then Pilate to get rid of them said:

“You have a guard: go, guard it as you know.”

*And they departing, made the sepulchre sure.* They sealed up the big stone and set the soldiers all around the tomb, so that no one could come near it, and went off quite satisfied, never thinking that Our Lord would rise again as He had promised.

## The STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

O dear faithful Lord! I know that whatever Thou hast promised Thou wilt do. Help me to keep my word when I promise to be good.

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### THE RESURRECTION

**T**HE first Holy Week was over!  
After the night, the day returneth,  
After the storm cometh a calm.

As soon as the first Easter Sunday began to dawn and a faint rosy light to appear in the east, behold there was a great earthquake, just as there had been when Our Lord died. *And an angel of the Lord descended from heaven and coming (to the tomb) rolled back the stone and sat upon it.* For the sepulchre was empty. His face was bright and terrible as lightning, and his garments were white as snow. When the soldiers saw his great flashing wings and dazzling countenance, they fell on the ground like dead men, *for fear of him.* There they lay a long time *struck with terror.* When at last they looked up the Angel was gone; and they could see in



## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

the open tomb that the Body of Jesus was gone too. Then they were still more frightened (were they not fine brave soldiers?) and ran back to the city as fast as they could go, to tell the ancients and chief priests what had happened.

At first the ancients and priests, too, were so terrified that they did not know what to do, but after talking together for a long time, they made a wicked plan. They offered a great sum of money to the soldiers, saying: We will give you this money to keep if you will promise to tell everybody that "His disciples came by night and stole Him away while you were asleep."

Now the soldiers were quite willing to tell a lie so as to get the money, but, because a liar is always a coward, they were afraid the Roman Governor, Pontius Pilate, might know of it. But the high priests said: "And if the governor shall hear of this, we will persuade him and secure you" so that you need not be afraid he will punish you. So the soldiers *taking the money, did as they were taught.* And strange to say all the foolish Jews believed what they said, as they do to this very day, never thinking that if the soldiers had been asleep, they could not know what had happened, and if they had been awake, they had not done their duty and guarded the

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

tomb. In either case they deserved to have a terrible punishment. And God was sure to give it to them, for though they might deceive Pontius Pilate, no one can deceive Him.

O my God! make me brave and true, so that I may dare to do right and always tell the truth.

---

### THE FIRST EASTER SUNDAY

**N**OW *when the Sabbath was past, on the first day of the week* (and the first Easter Sunday) all the Apostles and disciples—except one—were gathered together again in the Cenacle. They had shut the doors tight, and locked and barred them *for fear of the Jews*. And at every noise they were troubled and frightened, thinking that the wicked high priests were coming to take them away and crucify them as they had done to Our Lord Himself.

Suddenly, without a sound or a door opening, *Jesus came and stood in the midst, and said to them: "Peace be to you."* And as He held out

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

His arms to them, they could see the shining wounds in His hands and the glorious wound in His side. At first they thought it was Our Lord's ghost, and were *troubled and frightened, supposing that they saw a spirit*. He said therefore to them again: "Peace be to you; it is I, fear not. Why are you troubled and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? See My hands and feet that it is I Myself; handle, and see: for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as you see Me to have." Then He made them come near and look at His Five Sacred Wounds.

*The disciples therefore were glad when they saw the Lord*, yet they could not believe for very joy and wonder. At last, to prove that He was not a ghost, Our Lord asked: "Have you here anything to eat?" *And they offered Him a piece of broiled fish and a honeycomb. And when He had eaten before them taking the remains He gave to them. And when they too had eaten, He breathed on them; and He said to them:* "Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them: and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." And having thus given them the power to forgive sins in the Sacrament of Confession, He blessed them *and vanished from their sight*.

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

Dear Lord! I thank Thee for the Sacrament of Confession where all my sins are forgiven and washed away in Thy Precious Blood.

---

### OUR LORD'S BEST FRIENDS

**N**OW when Our Lord was crucified, the holy women who had come with Him from Galilee did not run away like the Apostles and disciples. They mourned and wept over Him as He carried His Cross, and stayed near Him on Calvary to the end, and then, when His Sacred Body was taken to the tomb, *following after, they saw the sepulchre* where He was laid.

At last when all was over and His Blessed Mother had gone away with St. John, they too went back sorrowing to their homes. And all that night they spent making sweet perfumes and ointment, with which to anoint the Body of Our Lord. But they could not go to the sepulchre the next day because it was the Sabbath, so they got up very early in the morning after, just as *it began to dawn toward the first day of*



OUR LORD'S BEST FRIENDS. (*Ender.*)



## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

*the week*, and set out before it was light, carrying with them the sweet spices they had prepared.

As they walked along the deserted streets and passed through the gate where Our Lord had borne His Cross only two days before, they were sad and troubled. *And they said to one another: "Who shall roll us back the stone from the door of the sepulchre?" For it was very great*, and so heavy that they could not move it. Still they went on. And behold, as they came nearer, *looking they saw the stone rolled back*. But the tomb was empty.

When Mary Magdalen saw that Our Lord was not there, she did not wait for anything more, but ran back to the Cenacle as fast as she could to tell St. Peter.

While the other holy women were waiting, not knowing what to do, behold *they saw a young man sitting on the right side (of the tomb) clothed with a white robe*. And they knew at once that it was an Angel of the Lord. At first *they were astonished* and a little frightened, but not so much as the soldiers had been, for the Angel was not terrible to them, but only bright and beautiful. As soon as he spoke all their fear vanished, for he said, oh, so kindly:

"Fear not you; for I know that you seek

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

Jesus of Nazareth who was crucified. Why seek you the living with the dead? He is not here, for He is risen, as He said. Come, and see the place where the Lord was laid."

Then he showed them the empty tomb, and said: "Remember how He spoke unto you when He was yet in Galilee, saying: The Son of Man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again. . . . Go, tell His disciples and Peter that He goeth before you into Galilee; there you shall see Him as He told you."

*And then they remembered His words. And they went out quickly from the sepulchre, . . . running to tell His disciples.*

Suddenly, as they were on their way Our Lord Himself came to meet them saying "All hail!" They looked at Him in wonder, for all around His head were shining stars where the cruel thorns had pierced His brow, and from the holes made by the nails in His blessed hands came rays of light; and yet, with all the glory and beauty, He was just the same meek, gentle Lord they had always known and loved, so that they were not one bit afraid of Him. And they fell down at His feet to adore Him. But Jesus said as the Angel had done:



## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

“Fear not, Go, tell my brethren (He meant all the Apostles and disciples) that they go into Galilee, there they shall see Me.”

The holy women were so glad to carry the good news to the poor sorrowing disciples that they hurried to do Our Lord's bidding, full of joy and triumph. And ever as they went, their hearts were singing, O Grave! where is thy victory? O Death! where is thy sting?

O glorious Jesus! I give Thee thanks for Thy great glory. Make me rejoice in Thy joy and triumph.

---

### THE RACE

**W**HILE the holy women were waiting and weeping beside the tomb, Mary Magdalen had already reached the Cenacle, where all the disciples were *mourning and weeping*. She went straight to St. Peter, *saying*:

“They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid Him.”

## The STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

St. Peter immediately *went out and the other disciple (who was St. John) with him and they both ran together* as fast as they could to the sepulchre.

Now St. John, who could run faster than St. Peter, *came first to the sepulchre*. And stooping down, he looked into the tomb and saw that Our Lord was not there; yet he did not go in but waited to let St. Peter enter first, for he knew that St. Peter must always be the leader, because he is the Prince of the Apostles and the Head of the Church.

Then he too *went into the sepulchre and saw the linen cloths lying. And the napkin that had been about His head, not lying with the linen cloths, but apart, wrapped up into one place*. And at last *they believed*. But not knowing what to do, until they should ask Our Blessed Lady, they *went away wondering . . . at that which was come to pass*.

Lord Jesus, teach me to run in the way of thy commandments, and to go to Thy Blessed Mother in every trial and trouble.





THE FAITHFUL MAGDALEN. (*Plochhörst.*)

## THE FAITHFUL MAGDALEN

**N**OW when St. Peter and St. John went to the sepulchre, they ran so fast that poor Mary Magdalen was left behind all breathless and crying. When at last she reached the tomb, the two Apostles had gone away. But she would not go away. *As she was weeping, she stooped down and looked into the sepulchre: and she saw two angels in white, sitting, one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the Body of Jesus had been laid.* They said to her very gently, as if they were sorry to see her cry:

“Woman, why weepest thou?” She answered sobbing:

“Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him.”

As she was speaking Our Lord Himself came up quietly behind her. *And when she had thus said she turned herself back and saw Jesus standing.* But she did not know that it was Jesus, because her tears blinded her, and because Our Lord was hiding Himself to see what she would do. And when He spoke He changed His voice so that she should not know Him, and He asked

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

her just as the Angel had done: "Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" though He knew very well that she was weeping and seeking for Him.

Then poor Mary Magdalen, *thinking it was the gardener*, and that he knew where Our Lord's Body was, cried out beseechingly:

"Sir, if thou hast taken Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him: and I will take Him away." Our Lord could not hide a minute longer, but said in His own real voice which she knew and loved so well:

"Mary."

And now, weeping for joy she threw herself on her knees to kiss His feet, exclaiming:

"Rabboni!" (*which is to say, Master*).

Our Lord said very gently and lovingly:

"Do not touch Me, for I am not yet ascended to My Father; but go to my brethren (He meant all the Apostles and disciples) and say to them: 'I ascend to My Father and to your Father, to My God and to your God.'"

Hard as it was to leave Him, Mary Magdalen was so glad to do His will that she flew back to the Cenacle as if she had wings. She went straight to St. Peter and gave him Our Lord's message word for word, saying:





THE TWO WANDERERS. (*Plochhörst.*)



## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

“ I have seen the Lord, and these things He said to me! ”

But, was it not strange?—the very words of Our Lord Himself *they did not believe*, but everything that the holy women and Mary Magdalen said *seemed to them as idle tales*.

O dear good Master! increase my faith, and make me always quick to believe and glad to receive Thy word.

---

## THE TWO WANDERERS

**T**HE long Saturday was over. But in the Cenacle the disciples were still gathered together in fear and grief, not knowing that Our Lord had risen. At last two of them left the others, and went off into the country to a town called Emmaus.

But as they walked along, they could not keep from speaking of Our Lord, for they still dearly

## The STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

loved Him. So *they talked together of all these things which had happened. And it came to pass that while they talked and reasoned with themselves* a Stranger met them in the road, and *drawing near went with them.*

He had a staff in His hand, like a shepherd's crook; and His garments were so white and shining, and His face so beautiful and loving, how was it that they did not recognize Him? *But their eyes were held so that they should not know Him.*

*And He said to them:* "What are these discourses that you hold with one another as you walk, and are sad?" *And one of them, whose name was Cleophas, answering, said to Him:* "Art Thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast Thou not known the things that have been done there in these days?"

"What things?" asked Jesus (for of course it was the Good Shepherd seeking His two little sheep). *And they said:* "Concerning Jesus of Nazareth, who was a prophet, mighty in work and word before God and all the people."

Then they told Him all about Himself; how the wicked chief priests and princes had condemned Him to death and crucified Him, and how the holy women had seen a vision of Angels

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

who said He was alive. But they added sadly, as if giving up all hope that Our Lord would rise from the dead:

“And now besides all this, to-day is the third day since these things were done.” Then Jesus gently rebuked them:

“O foolish, and slow of heart,” He said, “ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and so to enter into His glory?” And He began to explain all that the prophets had said about Him in the Holy Scriptures, until their minds were opened and they understood the prophecies.

And they began to love this wonderful Stranger, and could not bear to think of His leaving them, though *their eyes were still held that they should not know Him.*

At last, as they *drew nigh to the town whither they were going*, Jesus made believe he would go farther, just to see what they would do. Then they begged and prayed Him to come into their little house, saying:

“Stay with us, because it is towards evening, and the day is now far spent.”

*And He went in with them. And it came to pass whilst He was at table with them, He took bread, and blessed and broke and gave to them.*

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*And their eyes were opened, the eyes of faith and love, and they knew Him, at last, in Holy Communion. And He vanished out of their sight.*

But oh, how different everything seemed then and how happy they were! *And they said one to the other:*

“Was not our heart burning within us, while He spoke in the way, and opened to us the Scriptures?” *And rising up the same hour they went back to Jerusalem, like two good little sheep going back to the fold.*

And they found the Apostles and disciples gathered together in joy and gladness, saying one to another: “The Lord is risen indeed,” for Peter has seen Him and spoken to Him.

Then Cleophas told how Jesus had appeared to them, too, and *what things were done in the way: and how they knew Him in the breaking of bread.*

O Lord Jesus! make my heart burn with love within me, that I too may *know Thee in the breaking of bread*

## ST. THOMAS'S LESSON

**N**OW *Thomas, one of the twelve (Apostles), who is called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came.* Perhaps he had a restless disposition like the poor prodigal son and could not stay in one place for long at a time, or perhaps he had gone away without telling Our Blessed Mother or asking St. Peter's permission, like the Two Wanderers: at all events, he was not with the others when Jesus came.

Yet it was not because he did not love Our Lord as much as the others, for only a little while before when Jesus had said He was going up to Jerusalem to suffer and die, St. Thomas was the very first to cry out: "Let us go and die with Him!" And he loved the Apostles, too, and could not stay long away from them, so as soon as he came back to the Cenacle, they all crowded round him exclaiming: "We have seen the Lord."

Doubting, disappointed, sad at heart, St. Thomas answered obstinately:

"Except I shall see in His hands the print of

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

the nails, and put my finger into the place of the nails, and put my hand into His side, I will not believe."

Now Thomas should have known that St. Peter and the Apostles would not tell him anything that was untrue; so to punish him for his obstinacy, and to teach him the lesson of *faith*, Our Lord left him all the long week lonely and disheartened, when everybody else was full of joy.

At last, *after eight days, again His disciples were within (the Cenacle) and Thomas with them.* He was beginning to learn his lesson. And *Jesus cometh, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said:* "Peace be to you." Then He called Thomas to Him and said gently: "Put in thy finger hither and see My hands, and bring thy hand and put it into My side; and be not faithless but believing." Ah, poor Thomas would never forget *that* lesson! Falling on his knees at Jesus' feet in adoration, *he answered and said to Him:* "My Lord and My God!" And Jesus forgave him, but with loving reproach said:

"Because thou hast seen Me, Thomas, thou hast believed: Blessed are they that have not seen, and have believed."

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My Lord and my God! I firmly believe all the truths that the Holy Catholic Church believes and teaches, because Thou hast revealed them Who canst neither deceive nor be deceived. Lord increase my faith.

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### THE FEAST BY THE SEASHORE

**A***FTER this Jesus showed Himself again to the disciples at the Sea of Tiberias (which is another name for the Sea of Galilee). And he showed Himself after this manner. There were together Simon Peter and Thomas, who is called Didymus, and Nathaniel, who was of Cana in Galilee, and the sons of Zebedee (James and John), and two others of His disciples. They were all sad and silent, for they knew that their dear Master would soon go to Heaven and leave them to struggle and suffer alone.*

At last St. Peter said: "I go a-fishing." *They say to him. We also come with thee. And they went forth and entered into the ship: and that night they caught nothing. Yet all through the*

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

dark night Our Lord was there on the seashore, waiting.

*But when the morning was come, Jesus stood on the shore: yet the disciples knew not that it was Jesus. Jesus therefore said to them: "Children, have you any meat?" They might have known then it was Our Lord. But they didn't, and they answered Him: "No." Then He said to them:*

*"Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and you shall find."*

They obeyed, and as soon as the net fell into the water it was filled with big fishes, so that they could hardly draw it out.

At once St. John recognized his Master, and said to Peter: "It is the Lord." *Simon Peter, when he heard it was the Lord, girt his coat about him and cast himself into the sea, to go to Him. But the other disciples came in the ship (for they were not far from the land) dragging the net with fishes. As soon then as they came to land, they saw hot coals lying, and a fish laid thereon, and bread; for Our dear Lord knew they were hungry, and discouraged, and He had worked a miracle to give them a nice hot breakfast. And He said to them: "Bring hither of the fishes which you have now caught." Simon Peter went*



## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

*up, and drew the net to land, full of great fishes, one hundred and fifty-three. And although there were so many, the net was not broken.*

When everything was ready, Jesus said to them: "Come and dine." They all felt a little shy at first, but Jesus came and took bread and gave it to them, and fish in like manner and none of them dared to ask Him, "Who art Thou?" *knowing it was the Lord.*

O dear Lord! I trust in Thee to give me all I need.

---

### ST. PETER'S FLOCK

**W**HEN therefore they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter:

"Simon, son of John, lovest thou Me more than these?"

St. Peter's heart was burning with love for Our Lord, but remembering that he had denied and forsaken Him in His Passion, he did not dare say that he loved Him more than the other disciples. So he answered only:

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“ Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee.”  
Our Lord did know it, and He said to Peter:

“ Feed My lambs.”

Still He asked him again:

“ Simon, son of John, lovest thou Me?” as if He liked to hear him say it. Again Peter answered simply:

“ Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee.”  
And again Our Lord repeated:

“ Feed My lambs.”

For the third time Our Lord said to Peter:

“ Simon, son of John, lovest Thou Me?”—almost as if He did not believe him. This time poor *Peter was grieved*, and with tears in his eyes he said earnestly:

“ Lord, Thou knowest all things: Thou knowest that I love Thee.”

That was all Our Lord wanted. He had let poor St. Peter make three acts of perfect love to make up for the three denials, so this time He said:

“ Feed my sheep,” and made him chief Pastor of His Church. He had done so once before when He had said: “ Thou art Peter: and upon this rock (for Peter means rock) I will build My Church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give thee the keys of the

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kingdom of heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth it shall be bound also in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven." And that was how St. Peter became the Vicar of Christ, the first Pope of the Holy Roman Catholic Church.

Lord Jesus! Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee.

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## THE LOST PIECE OF MONEY

AN ALLEGORY

**O**NCE upon a time there was a Great King. And He had an only Son, who was also a King. Now the Great King sent His Son into exile to a far-away land; and there He espoused a beautiful Bride. She was so beautiful that she was *without spot or wrinkle*, and whenever the Bridegroom looked upon her (for *He that hath the Bride is the Bridegroom*) His heart was filled with gladness.

But alas! after three and thirty years, the

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Bridegroom had to go back to His Kingdom, to His Father's house, and leave His faithful Spouse still in exile. So He gathered His friends about Him, and told one to watch over her, and then *lifting up His hands, He blessed them and departed from them.* But the Bride laid aside her garments of gladness and her golden crown, and put on the garb of widowhood, and mourned for the Bridegroom day and night, in labor, fasting, and in prayer.

Now before the King's Son had gone away, He had left in her care all His treasures, millions and millions of precious coins. And they were all stamped with the King's image, *made in His image and likeness.* There were great gold coins, and shining silver coins, and big and little coins of copper and lead and every other metal, but one and all bore the King's image, and so His Bride knew them all, down to the tiniest little one, and would not have lost one for the whole wide world.

Now the smallest of all the coins and the one of least value was the groat. One day the little groat rolled away from the other coins of the King's treasures and was lost. But no sooner did the Bride miss it, (and she missed it right away), than she lighted a candle and sought for

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it with loving care, sweeping the house from garret to cellar until she found it. Then she brushed away the dust and kissed the bridegroom's image impressed upon it, and in her joy called together her friends and neighbors, saying:

“Rejoice with me, because I have found the groat which I had lost.”

Now you must have guessed that the Great King is Almighty God, and the Bridegroom, His Son, is Our dear Lord Jesus, Who came on earth into exile and made the Holy Catholic Church, *without spot or wrinkle*, His beautiful Bride. And the treasures He left in her care are the souls of men, each one *made in the image and likeness of God*. And the little lost groat is the soul in sin or error. And when the Church of God has found it and given it the kiss of peace, she calls all the Blessed in heaven, and the just on earth, and the Holy Souls in Purgatory, to rejoice with her, for the Bridegroom's sake, for He Himself has promised: “There shall be joy before the Angels of God upon one sinner doing penance.”

Dearest Lord, I am only a little groat, but never let me be lost.

## THE KING'S GLORY

**T**HE time had come for Our dear Lord to go back to His beautiful home in Heaven. He had labored enough: He had suffered enough. For thirty-three years He had taught the children of men all about the Great King, His Father. He had fought the good fight with the wicked arch enemy and conquered him. He had overcome Sin and Death by dying on the Cross, so that we might not be afraid to die, and now He was going to ascend into Heaven to show us the way, for none of us could enter there until He should go first and open the gates to let us in.

So one beautiful May morning He came among the Apostles and disciples in all the glory of His resurrection. It was in Jerusalem where He had taught and suffered so much. When they had all gathered around Him for the last time on earth, *He said to them:*

“Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature. Teach ye all nations: baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.”



THE KING'S GLORY. (*Biermann.*)





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Then he promised that whenever they should ask anything in His name, He would give it to them, and that nothing should be too hard for them to do in that wonderful Name of Jesus which we must always say with reverence and love. He promised, too, that they should heal the sick and cast out devils, and that if they should take up serpents or drink any deadly thing it should not hurt them. And in order that they could teach all nations, He promised that they should speak every language in the world. But as none of these wonderful things could happen until He should go home to His Father to send the Holy Ghost from Heaven, He made them promise to wait for Him in Jerusalem, saying:

“I send the promise of My Father upon you: but stay you in the City, till you be indued with power from on high.”

Then *He led them out as far as Bethania to the little Mount Olivet. And lifting up His hands, He blessed them. And it came to pass, whilst He blessed them, He departed from them, and was carried up to Heaven.* They watched Him rise higher and higher, until at last a bright cloud floated about Him, and hid Him from their sight. And still they could not move nor speak,

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but kept straining their eyes in the hope of seeing Him once again.

When, behold! two men stood by them in white garments (two glorious Angels) who also said:

“Ye men of Galilee, why stand you looking up into heaven? This Jesus who is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come as you have seen Him going into heaven.” Then they too disappeared.

Slowly the disciples went back to Jerusalem to wait in the Cenacle for the first Pentecost Sunday, the day when the Holy Ghost was to come to them.

O dear Lord Jesus! take my heart and my mind up into Heaven with Thee.

## THE TONGUES OF FIRE

**A**S soon as the *disciples had returned to Jerusalem from the mount that is called Olivet, . . . they went up into an upper room, (the Cenacle) where abode Peter and John, James and Andrew, Philip and Thomas, Bartholomew and Matthew, and the three cousins of Our Lord, Simon, Jude, and James of Alpheus. There were in all about one hundred and twenty disciples. Our Blessed Lady was there, too, with Mary Magdalen and the other holy women, for she was going to teach them how to make their first novena, which is a nine days' prayer for anything we wish for with our whole heart. So all these were persevering with one mind in prayer with the women, and Mary the Mother of Jesus, asking for the Holy Spirit.*

*And when the days of the Pentecost were accomplished they were all together in one place: and suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a mighty wind coming, and it filled the whole house where they were sitting. And while they looked at one another in astonishment, they saw coming down over each one's head a burn-*

## The STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

ing flame, like *parted tongues of fire*, and it sat upon every one of them. And they knew at once that it was the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Love, Who had come to make them wise and brave with His wonderful gifts of Wisdom, Understanding, Counsel, Fortitude, Knowledge, Piety, and Fear of the Lord.

He did not come this time like a beautiful white dove, as He descended upon Our Lord when He was baptized in the Jordan, but He took the form of the fiery tongues, because He was going to make the Apostles speak every language and set the hearts of the children of men on fire with the love of God. For no sooner were they all filled with the Holy Ghost than *they began to speak with divers tongues as the Holy Ghost gave them to speak*. So, strong and fearless, they went out into the streets, or up on the housetops to preach to the people.

*Now there were dwelling at Jerusalem, Jews, devout men out of every nation under heaven. And when this was noised abroad, the multitude came together, and were confounded in mind because that every man heard them speak in his own tongue. And they were all amazed, and wondered, saying:*

Behold, are not all these that speak Galileans?

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

And how have we heard them speak in our own tongues the wonderful works of God. *And they were all astonished and wondered saying one to another: "What meaneth this?"* as they saw St. Peter converting three thousand of the Jews by the burning words of his first sermō

O Holy Ghost, come down upon me with Thy seven gifts, and make me strong in the Faith.

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## THE END STORY

### THE GOOD SHEEP AND THE WICKED GOATS

#### OUR LORD'S LAST STORY

**F**OR almost three years Our Lord had been telling the people His beautiful stories, and they loved them so that they *came early in the morning into the Temple to hear Him: for in the daytime He was teaching in the Temple; but at night, going out, He abode in the Mount that is called Olivet.* Now one night *when He was sitting on Mount Olivet, the disciples came to Him privately and said:*

## The STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

Lord, tell us over again the story about Thy coming at the end of the world.

And He told them the terrible story of the Last Judgment.

One of these days the great Great King will send His Son to judge the world. And when He shall come in His Majesty, all the angels of heaven shall come with Him. *Then shall He sit upon the seat of His majesty: and all the nations shall be gathered together before Him, and He shall separate them one from another, as the shepherd separateth the sheep from the goats.* And He shall set the good sheep on His right hand, but the wicked goats on His left. Then shall the King say to His good sheep:

“Come, ye blessed of My Father, come and possess the beautiful throne and the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry, and you gave me something to eat: I was thirsty, and you gave Me to drink: I was a stranger, and you took Me into your house: I was cold and naked, and you covered me with warm clothing: I was sick, and you visited Me: I was in prison, and you came to cheer and comfort Me.”

Then all the good people (for of course the good sheep are the good people and the wicked

## *The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

goats are the bad ones) will look at Our Lord in astonishment and ask:

“Lord, when did we see Thee hungry, and fed Thee; thirsty, and gave Thee to drink?—And when did we see Thee sick or in prison and came to Thee?”—for truly good people never remember nor speak of the kind things they do.

Then the King will smile lovingly upon them and say:

“Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to Me; for all the homeless children, the hungry beggars, the wretched prisoners, and the poor, and sick, and miserable are all My brothers, and I love them so dearly that whatever you do to them I count as done to Me.”

Then the King will turn to the wicked goats on His left hand, and His face will grow stern, and He will say in an awful voice:

“Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and his (bad) angels. For I was hungry, and you gave Me not to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave Me not to drink; I was a stranger, and you took Me not in; naked, and you covered Me not; sick and in prison, and you did not visit Me.”

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Then all the bad people will try to excuse themselves, saying:

“ Lord, when did we see Thee hungry or thirsty, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not help Thee? ”

Then He shall answer: “ Amen I say to you, as long as you did it not to the poor, and sick, and miserable, neither did you do it to Me.”

And at that very moment all the selfish, unkind people, will fall down, down, down, into the dreadful dungeon of everlasting punishment, but the good, kind, unselfish people, will go up to Heaven with Our Lord and the Angels *into life everlasting*.

O my good, kind, loving Lord, make me good and kind and loving like Thee.



## ACTS BEFORE COMMUNION

### ADORATION AND FAITH

**J**ESUS! Thou art coming,  
Holy as Thou art,  
Thou, the God Who made me,  
To my sinful heart.

Jesus, I believe it  
On Thy only word;  
Kneeling, I adore Thee  
As my King and Lord.

### HUMILITY AND SORROW

WHO am I, my Jesus,  
That Thou com'st to me?  
I have sinned against Thee  
Often grievously.

I am very sorry  
I have caused Thee pain,  
I will never, never  
Wound Thy Heart again.

*The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

CONFIDENCE

PUT Thy kind arms round me  
Feeble as I am;  
Thou art my Good Shepherd,  
I, Thy little lamb.

Since Thou comest, Jesus,  
Now to be my Guest,  
I can trust Thee always,  
Lord for all the rest.

LOVE AND DESIRE

DEAREST Lord, I love Thee,  
With my whole, whole heart:  
Not for what Thou givest,  
But for what Thou art.

Come, oh, come, sweet Saviour!  
Come to me and stay,  
For I want Thee, Jesus,  
More than I can say.

*The* STORY of OUR LORD'S LIFE

OFFERING AND PETITION

AH! what gift or present,  
Jesus, can I bring?  
I have nothing worthy  
Of my God and King.

But Thou art my Shepherd,  
I, Thy little lamb,  
Take myself, dear Jesus,  
All I have and am.

Take my body, Jesus,  
Eyes, and ears, and tongue;  
Never let them, Jesus,  
Help to do Thee wrong.

Take my heart and fill it  
Full of love for Thee;  
All I have I give Thee,  
Give Thyself to me.















