

ing Mother," says Saint Bernard. All that Jesus felt in His Heart, she felt in her own: "*Dolor ejus erat dolor meus quia cor ejus erat cor meum* — His pain was my pain, because His Heart was my heart," says Saint Bridget in her Revelations.

Mary's sorrow was greatly increased by the thought that a large number of human beings would not profit by her Son's sufferings, that a multitude of souls, despising the Blood of the Divine Victim, would be eternally damned. How many souls would escape her maternal and beneficent influence! How many would refuse to hearken to her counsels, her warnings! How many would abuse the graces of conversion! I myself — have I not often saddened my good Mother in heaven by neglecting to increase in my soul that life of grace she obtained for me at the cost of so great sufferings, or even by losing that precious life by mortal sin? Ah! Mary felt all that sorrow.

The indifference of so many souls for Mary has contributed not a little to sadden the Heart of the best of Sons. Jesus bequeaths to us in dying His most precious treasure. He saw a great part of mankind closing their ears to His divine word, refusing to recognize Mary's motherhood. He saw all the sects furiously aiming at depriving Mary of her title, not only of Mother of mankind, but also of Mother of God. He saw those false devotees of all ages who, under the pretence of not stealing away the Saviour's homage blame and condemn every demonstration of love toward His tender Mother. He saw all those romance-writers who, with their odious pen, dare to attack the immaculate purity of the purest of Virgins. He saw my little love for her to whom He gave me as a child. And His Heart swelled with immense sorrow before so great an abuse of the best of His gifts.

Pardon, O Jesus, for those that have so little comprehended the love of Thy ineffable word: "*Behold thy son!*" Pardon for myself, the first of all, who have paid so little attention to the greatest of Thy benefits. Pardon for all the injuries that have wounded the tender heart of our divine Mother. Mercy for the souls that are at this very moment suffering in purgatory for not having loved Mary as they should!

Henceforth, I shall not forget the pains at the price of which Mary brought me forth on Calvary. "*Gemitus matris tue ne obliviscaris* — Forget not the groanings of thy mother," says the Wise Man. I shall love her tenderly. I do not want to spend a single day without making her known and loved.

Pardon, O Mary, all our negligence in thy service! Have compassion on us, and grant that we may become true children, full of love for thee, who art so good, so loving a Mother!

PETITION

"Woman behold thy son!" This divine word, by dilating Mary's heart to infinity, filled it to overflowing with maternal love for every son of Adam.

