

*Third Station.* To the Holy and Sanctifying Spirit, who has chosen me for his temple, by the divine charity which he has poured out in me.

*Fourth Station.* To the blessed Virgin Mary, through whom I have received Jesus Christ, the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

*Fifth Station.* To the Holy Angels who conduct and support me in the way of salvation.

*Sixth Station.* To all the Saints in Heaven, by whose example I am animated and by whose prayers I am assisted.

TO THE ETERNAL FATHER.

I contemplate the Eternal Father creating the world, sending his Son upon the earth, and subjecting this dear Son to death. I recognise in these three great events, the power, the goodness, the infinite justice of my God.

The infinite power of my God in the creation. Who but Omnipotence could have selected this universe amongst an infinity of worlds which he beheld in his divine essence? Who else could have made that which had no existence begin to exist? Who else could have established harmony between all the parts of this immense whole, have given light to the stars, fruitfulness to plants, instinct to animals, or formed substances capable of knowledge, reason, and love?

Infinite goodness of my God, in sending his Divine Word, whom he has united to our nature. The world had been lost; it required a deliverer, a legislator, a model. The Incarnate Word has fulfilled this triple function, and the human race sprung up as if a second time from nothing. Grace revived the soul, the germ of immortality was given to the body. The whole man is renewed, enlivened, deified.

Infinite justice of my God, in the sa-

crifice of his dear Son, the object of his complacency. It was necessary that man should make satisfaction for his sin; this, of himself, he was unable to do. Sin, in its malice, is of a superior order because it outrages an infinite majesty. This divine justice, whose rights surpass all my understanding, hath stricken the Man-God, and the satisfaction is complete, superabundant, and infinite.

O God, infinite in your power, in your goodness, in your justice! who am I that I should meditate upon so many wonders in your presence? You have but spoken, and all the beings that fill this universe started into existence. I do not presume to fathom this abyss of power, this force of operation, which transcends all the conceptions of angels and men. If I should ask Moses, with St. Augustine, to reveal to me more clearly the origin of things, he would reply only as he has written, GOD CREATED EVERYTHING, AND EVERYTHING THAT HE CREATED WAS VERY GOOD. But what affects me, and fills me with a profound respect for your adorable Majesty is, that all these creatures, the work of your hands although far removed from you, because they are finite, are nevertheless in you, and you always in them. The heavens and the earth do not contain you, because you are infinite, but you contain them in your immensity. You are the union of everything in existence, and you exist only in yourself. Yes, my God, even whilst prostrate at your feet, I form some desires of approaching you, you are already within me. Alas! nothing ought to be more familiar to me than the exercise of your holy presence; but my dissipation, my levity, my passions raise up a wall of separation between you and me. This unspeakable mystery of Jesus Christ ought at least, O Lord, to induce me to be united to you. By Jesus Christ, and with Jesus Christ, I have contracted with you an alliance that is entirely divine.