

the way! Why such abasement! Ah! The fact is that these souls created for sanctity are plunged in vice! Created for the divine joys of Thy love, they have scorned them for the most degrading pleasures and have given themselves to Thine enemy, the demon!

O, most loving Heart of my only Love, how Thou must suffer from this unworthy preference.

Oh my God, my dear Jesus, I suffer with Thee, I resent the outrage done Thee! What wounds Thee, wounds me, and the faults of those dear and too unhappy souls, whilst tearing Thy adorable Heart, tears mine also!

But arise, O great God, O mighty God! I venture to offer Thee the feeble support of my consolation and my love. I would like to take Thee in my arms, lift Thee up and enthrone Thee in every heart!

But I conjure Thee, O Omnipotent and all-loving God, do Thou lift up from their abjection these souls created to Thy image and likeness and make them walk in the way of Thy divine Commandments. O, most meek and mighty Heart, strengthen these weak souls in virtue! O Mary, truly strong woman, sustain with thy maternal hand all those that we confide to thee!

Fourth Station.

Jesus, laden with His Cross, has met since the beginning of His Passion only impure and inhuman hearts; now he meets His holy and gentle Mother.

At last, upon Thy way, O my divine Martyr, a flower which by its whiteness and sweet perfume, at least, helped to console Thee for the putrid sight and odour of so many sin-stained souls.