

How Thou sufferest, O my Jesus, on that bed of pain where Thou wert so inhumanly nailed, less by the hands of the executioners than by the crimes of men which Thy immense love wishes to expiate! How dearly Thou payest! how well Thou repair'st, in this condition, the criminal satisfaction and liberties of souls who seek only joy and pleasure!

O my Master, my gentle Sovereign, I beseech Thee by the suffering Thou didst endure during the Crucifixion, by Thy nails and bonds, loose the bonds of iniquity which chain the ill-starred victims of passion to sin! Nail, rivet these poor souls to Thy Cross with sorrow so poignant, repentance so sincere, that nothing may ever detach them from it again. Seeing Thee on Thy cross, let them realize all the horror of sin, and above all, the immensity of Thy love for them!

O My Jesus, Victim of the sins of the world, I desire to be a victim with Thee! Behold me ready to be stretched on any cross Thou pleasest! Here are my hands, my feet, my heart, my whole being, ready to be pierced and nailed to the Cross! But let souls who were created to love Thee, never fasten Thee to it again, O my Love!

O Mother of Love, let my heart be nailed to the Cross with Thine!

Twelfth Station.

Jesus, Life, dies on the Cross with those, to whom He brought life, prepared for Him.

In how many poor souls He is dying at the present moment! How many hearts are Calvaries for Him!

And I, cherished Spouse, should I not do my utmost to snatch Him from death? Could I hear