

friends! How much more painful this fall is than the first!

Oh! how keenly I feel this suffering of Thy Divine Heart, O my sweet Saviour, and how I should like to alleviate it!

Pardon, O my adorable Spouse, pardon for these poor souls! Lift them up a second time. I conjure Thee! Strengthen them in the way of virtue! Make them understand by experience that all pleasure which does not come from Thee is nothing and merits nothing but scorn and contempt!

O sorrowful Heart of my Jesus, let me, by dint of love and affection, console Thee for Thy grief, raise Thee from Thy fall and dress Thy divine wounds!

Eighth Station.

Jesus, Joy of the Heavenly Jerusalem, consoles the women of the terrestrial Jerusalem and teach them to weep profitably.

Daughters of Jerusalem, Daughters of Our Lady of Charity, weep not for me! But weep:

1. For yourselves, your cowardice, your infidelities, your negligence, your faults and your sins, which have brought Me to this pitiable plight!

2. Weep for your children who frequently are not what they should be because you are not always as faithful as My love demands!

Have we heard? Have we understood these words of our Divine Spouse?

Neither let us be content with weeping for His sufferings! Let us, rather, seek not to cause Him any by our faults or even by our deliberate imperfections! Let us weep bitterly, let us generously expiate those which escape us through negligence or frailty; and thereby we will obtain