

veil of Veronica with the sweat, spittle and blood; that is all we require to restore to sin-stained souls their pristine beauty and re-engrave upon them the Divine Likeness!

Sweat: labour, generous and painstaking effort! Spittle: humility, humiliations, a true love of our own abjection! Blood: constant and cutting mortification, sufferings and renunciation, both interior and exterior! "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin!" (Heb. ix., 22).

Everything is good to me, O my God, provided I console Thee by winning souls to Thee! I am willing to endure everything for the salvation of those souls whom Thou confidest to our zeal! Like Veronica, I will brave everything to reach my Beloved. I, too, must wipe His beloved Face! Am I not His Spouse?

O my Jesus, let me be a Veronica, a consolatrix, a victim for Thee! Let me labour to reproduce Thy adorable features in sinning souls! O tender Mother of my Saviour, engrave in my heart the portrait of our Beloved as it is engraven in Thy most pure Heart!

Seventh Station.

Jesus, the strong God Who gives strength to all things, falls a second time beneath the weight of His Cross.

Alas! What sadness, what affliction the Heart of My Jesus again experiences, when these souls, after being washed and purified in His Blood, restored to His love, relapse into their evil habits, stain the robe He has just washed at the cost of so many labours, in the most infectious mire, and so prefer base satisfactions to the chaste pleasures, the pure joys that we experience in the friendship of the most faithful and tender of