

Thomas À Kempis
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Thoughts on Holy Week

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By Thomas À Kempis



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On Calvary after the Crucifixion

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THOUGHTS ON HOLY WEEK

O My Soul

bewail as best thou mayest the most cruel death of the Lord thy God, Who loved thee with so vast a love; think how Jesus died, and of the signs which marked His departure from the world. See how the Holy One and the Just dies, and no man lays it to heart: no one, save His poor sorrowful Mother (who, with a scanty following of her friends, stands weeping at the Cross' foot) realizes Who, and how mighty He was. She indeed has seen her most dearly-loved Son hang there above her, with His Body naked and covered with blood; she has seen Him growing paler and paler; she has seen Him in His agony; she has heard Him crying with a loud voice, as He yielded up the Ghost. What wonder, then, that she was overwhelmed with grief, that the blood left her cheeks, and that her soul fainted within her when her Savior hung before her lifeless on His Cross. Stand thou, then, by Mary's side, and meditate with a sad heart upon the

death of Jesus. Jesus, Who had done no wrong to any man, dies naked and as a slave; nowhere could anyone be found in worse case than His. No one was ever so dear to God, no one was ever more despised of men, than was Jesus of Nazareth, Who was crucified by Jews. See how the world repaid Him for all the mighty works and wonders He had wrought in it. He is put to death as if He were the vilest of robbers; He dies as if He were the poorest of men. The deathbed of Jesus is not of down, but is the hard wood of the Cross: He dies with no house or even roof to cover Him, but in the open air, on a spot loathsome and disgusting; not in a private chamber, but at the place of public execution; not surrounded by His disciples, but between two thieves; not in His Mother's embrace, but nailed to the arms of a lofty Cross. Beneath Him He had not even a bundle of straw; to cover Him He had not even a piece of the cheapest sackcloth. No pillow had He for His Head; but there was given Him instead a wreath of sharp thorns. No shoes had

He for His Feet, or gloves for His Hands; but instead of these, iron nails driven through both Hands and Feet, piercing both flesh and bones. In His supreme need He had not even one attendant; but He had to tolerate instead a loathsome companion, to wit, an impenitent thief, who all the while was blaspheming Him. Comforter not only had He none; but He was forsaken by almost all those who had once been His followers and familiar friends. He could move neither hand nor foot, nor was He able to relieve His pain by turning from side to side. There He hangs nailed fast to His Cross, stretched out till He can be stretched no further, tortured to the limit of endurance, racked in every limb, with no one to care for Him, no one to help Him, no one to comfort Him, heartbroken. His Tongue was all that was left Him free to use; and He used it in praying for His enemies, and in preaching to us from the pulpit of the Cross His seven most wholesome Words against the seven deadly sins. But even His Tongue was not left without its torments; for when

He was athirst it was steeped in gall and vinegar. From the soles of His Feet therefore to the top of His Head, Jesus is overwhelmed in the sea of His Passion; and about the ninth hour He cries out with a loud voice, and dies.

What and how great

must He have been Who with this cry draws His last breath; at Whose passing away both Heaven and Earth mourn; at the sight of Whom death takes to flight; at Whose call the dead return to life; at seeing Whom the gates of death are broken down; Whose presence the devil cannot endure; Whose power none can resist; before Whom Hell trembles; Whom Heaven adores; Whom Angels serve, and Archangels obey; at the brightness of Whose shining Limbo becomes radiant with light, the Saints rejoice, chains fall off, and hosts of captive souls are set free. "Indeed," says the Centurion, "this was the Son of God"; for that blessed man, seeing that Jesus, after so crying out, had breathed His last, understands that the Human Body was indwelt by the in-

visible God, and straightway confesses that He, Whom the Jews had mocked and crucified, was the Son of God. Signs are wrought in Heaven above, and on the earth beneath; the elements wait upon Christ; the sun is darkened at high noon, because it shrinks from seeing Him die; the earth quakes with fear, because it cannot quietly endure the insult offered to God; rocks are rent asunder, and with loud noises compassionate their Creator. The veil of the Temple is rent; the graves also are opened in order that the Resurrection of Christ with many Saints might be shown to be close at hand.

Many there were

who had come together to that sight, and saw the wonderful things that were done, who were pricked in their hearts, and returned smiting their breasts. Retire thou, too, O my soul, into thy inner self; mourn with those who mourn, weep with those who weep for Christ; lest thou be found harder than the rocks, and more faithless than the Jews. Blessed are those tears which are shed

for love of the Crucified. It is a dutiful and a very pleasant thing to weep for so sweet a Lord. It is a great solace to a lover's soul to weep freely in compassionating the loved one. Jesus Himself wept often for the woes of men; and moved by His boundless pity, when tears failed, He shed for us His Blood. Thy Lord Jesus Christ died for thee upon the Cross: henceforth therefore let this world be dead to thee. Learn from the death of Jesus to keep ever in mind thy own death; and strive also to prepare thyself to die, for thou knowest not when thy Lord will come; thou knowest not when thy Maker will call thee hence. Watch and pray always, that so thou mayest be found ready. So act, and so speak, as if this day were to be thy last. Learn to die before death comes, that so when it does come, it may not seem to thee a prison-house, but rather the gate of life. Christ is dead and the prophets are dead; and soon thou, too, must go the way in which thy fathers have gone before thee. But great is the hope, very great the comfort, of those words of Jesus: "He that

believeth in Me, although he be dead, shall live"; and again: "He who heareth My word, and believeth Him that sent Me, hath life everlasting." In this life, then, make Jesus thy Friend, that in the life which is to come thou mayest find mercy at His Hands.

Go also with Jesus and His disciples into the garden near the Mount of Olives; and pray to our Heavenly Father for a good end of thy earthly pilgrimage. Go down upon thy knees with Jesus, fall upon thy face, put thyself into God's Hands, and use those most perfect words of Christ: "Father, not My Will, but Thine be done"; for He knows well, whether to live or to die is best for thy soul's health. In every trial that besets thee go to Jesus, and follow Him as He bears His Cross to the Hill of Calvary. There take thy stand, choose there to end thy life, and there commend thy spirit, too. Put the Passion and the Death of Jesus between thee and the judgment to come, and keep thy eyes ever fixed upon the Crucified. When the devil seeks to terrify thee, invoke the Name of Jesus

and raise the standard of the Holy Cross. If he casts in thy teeth thy past misdeeds and thy many sins, answer him by pleading the infinite merits of Christ.

Call to mind

also the seven Words of Jesus, which He spoke from the Cross for thy instruction.

As soon as He had been raised upon His Cross, He prayed for His enemies, and forgave those who were ill-treating Him; and this He did in order that thou mightest learn to forgive from the heart those who have wronged thee, before thou pleadest for thy own forgiveness.

Next, He promised to the penitent thief the joys of Paradise and this He did in order that thou shouldst not despair by reason of the grievous burden of thy sins; but shouldst, with full trust in His mercy, ask Him to remember thee in the Kingdom of Heaven.

Thirdly, He committed His most blessed Virgin Mother to the chaste John; and this He did in order that thou, in thy agony, shouldst confidently

have recourse to Mary, His most gentle Mother, who is the helper of those who are in need, and shouldst earnestly commend thyself to her, and to the blessed Apostle John, and to all the Saints.

Fourthly, Jesus made it plain that He was left alone in His anguish; and this He did in order that thou, when thou hast a heavy burden of pain to bear, shouldst not be impatient at not at once finding relief from it, but shouldst submit thyself in all things to God's Holy Will and pleasure.

Fifthly, He said: "I thirst," in order that thou shouldst have a burning thirst after God, Who is the Fountain of living water, and shouldst long to depart, and to be with Christ; for this is far better than to prolong thy sojourn upon earth, and to be further exposed to dangers of every kind.

Sixthly, He spoke the Word: "It is finished," in order that thou, when thou perceivest thy last hour to be at hand, shouldst render thanks to God for every good action of thy life, and shouldst pray that thy shortcomings may be supplied by the merits of Christ.

Lastly, with a loud voice He commended His soul into the Father's Hands, in order that at the hour of thy departure from the world thou, too, shouldst not fail to have upon thy tongue, and often to repeat, the words of that blessed commendation, than which thou canst not find anything more sweet to be remembered at the last.

Alas, alas, my Jesus,

fairest of men, the comeliness of Thy pleasant countenance has been marred by the filthy spitting upon Thee of men of unclean lips, and in Thy contest with death Thou hast lost the bloom of Thy beauteous manhood! Alas, my most loving God, all these things have befallen Thee because my sins had to be washed away: it was in order that my soul might be made white, that Thou didst submit Thy Body to be made unsightly; it was to save me from death eternal; that Thou didst taste for a while the most cruel of deaths. O death, what hast thou done? How is it that thou wast not afraid to lay thy

hand upon the Lord's Anointed? What power hadst thou over Him; what crime couldst thou lay to the charge of the Son of God? Thou hast fallen upon Him, and slain Him; but thy victory hast cost thee dear: for in slaying Him thou hast slain thyself; impaled upon the stake of Christ's Divinity, thou hast brought to an end thy cruel reign: and on the descent into Hell of the Soul of Christ thou hast been compelled to set free all the Saints, dead because of Adam's sin, who had so long been held captive by the prince of darkness. As indeed the Prophet had long since foretold: "O death, I will be thy death; O hell, I will be thy sting."

By Thy death, therefore, O Christ, the hope of life is mine once more, and by Thy victory over the prince of death a crown of joy is given me. Abundant indeed, and manifold, was the grace which flowed forth from Thee, when Thou didst die upon the Cross in order that we might live; for original sin is done away, actual sin is forgiven, pardon is extended to all, the sentence is modified, vengeance is stayed, every

debt is wiped out; to no contrite soul is mercy denied; for of Thy Passion the merit is inexhaustible.

Oh the wonder

of the never-to-be-forgotten mystery—man earning salvation through the merits of the Cross, winning a kingdom through its offense; entering into glory through an exacted penalty; brought through death into life everlasting! Thy Passion, therefore, O Lord, is of all things the most sacred; it is for all wounds a sovereign remedy; Thy Cross is the downfall of all who are against us; it is the safeguard of all who trust in Thee; Thy death is the penalty by which all our faults are expiated, it is the foundation of all our virtues. I will rejoice, then, in Thy merits and in the fruits of Thy Passion, and I will ever take comfort from the thought that Thou hast redeemed me; but my love for Thee must ever make me grieve over Thy cruel death. It is love that makes me rejoice with Thee in Thy victory over death; and it is love that makes me bewail Thy having had

to bear such a heavy load of anguish for my sake.

Come then, O faithful soul,

and look upon the pale and careworn features of thy crucified Savior; mark each several limb of Jesus Who is dead, and let the greatness of thy compassion make thine eyes run down with tears. Thy time is well spent, very sacred are thy thoughts, when thou art occupied in contemplating Jesus hanging on the Cross. As a cluster of cypress in the vineyard of Engaddi, so is the thought of the Crucified in the heart of a good man. If, then, thine eye is pitiful, if thou hast in thee aught of the milk of human kindness, lift up the eyes of thy mind to meditate upon God, crucified for thee, hanging dead upon the Cross. There before thee is the Tree of the Cross, upon which hangs thy Salvation; of the devout the Redemption, of unbelievers the laughing-stock. His lifeless, thorn-crowned Head is bowed low upon His sacred Breast. The Eyes of Him from Whose all-seeing Eyes no secret can be hid, are sightless now. The

Ears of Him Who foreknows all things, hear nothing now. He Who gives to flowers the sweetness of their scent, smells nothing now. The sense of taste has gone from Him Who gives to all things that have life their life and food. He Who makes the dumb to speak opens His lips no more. He Who teaches men knowledge is silent now. That Tongue which preached the truth lies useless in His Throat. That Face, which once was brighter than the sun, is now deadly pale. Those Cheeks, which once were fair as a turtledove's, are fair no longer. Those Hands, by which the heavens were spread out, are pierced now with cruel nails. The Knees, so often bent in prayer, hang now limp and powerless. The Legs, which like marble pillars used to support the Body's weight, have now lost all their strength. The Feet, which were so often weary when the Gospel was being preached, are now as tightly fastened to the wood of the Cross as if they were fixed in the stocks. It can be seen that every Limb has been in agony; they are each one covered with wounds

and blood. But His bones are not broken, as are the bones of the thieves: and this is in order that the Scripture might be fulfilled; for He is the true Lamb, prefigured in the Book of the Law, the bones of which were ordered to be kept unbroken. This is my Beloved, O ye daughters of Jerusalem; this is my Friend; and it is to this pass that death has brought Him, in exchange for Whose Death—so precious was He—if I could submit to a thousand deaths, I could make no due return for His love.

O Most Sweet Jesus,

Redeemer of my soul, how can I win to die with Thee upon the Cross; how, at my departure from the body, can I obtain such happiness? Grant, I earnestly beseech Thee, that in this frail body I may so live, so order all my doings and all my affections in accordance with Thy Will, that I may be able to finish my course in a state of grace; and in spite of all the temptations which beset me, may receive at last the crown of joy eternal.

Under the Old Dispensation,

Moses, the Servant of the Lord, smote the rock in the wilderness, and thereout came there forth so plenteous a supply of water that the people and their cattle drank thereof with joy, and no longer murmured. But the brawny soldier Longinus, when he opened Christ's right Side, struck the Rock with his lance so fierce a blow, that thereout Blood and water have never ceased to pour; and our holy Mother the Church has drawn therefrom the Sacraments, by means of which her life is preserved: for as Eve is called the mother of all living, and was formed from her husband Adam's rib, so is the Holy Church militant named the Mother of all the faithful, and she is the new creation from the Side of Christ, her Spouse. O mighty and precious Wound of my Lord, worthy of love art Thou above all wounds; so deep and so wide art Thou that all the faithful may enter by Thee into the Side of Christ; miraculous art Thou in what flows from Thee; most copious in blessings; in time last formed, in glory preëminent.

Of the divine and holy fountain of this Wound whosoever shall drink, or of its love taste but one drop, he shall forget all his evil deeds, shall be cured of the fever of carnal and worldly desires, shall burn with love for the things which are eternal, shall be filled with the joy unspeakable of the Holy Spirit; and this Holy Fountain shall become in him a fountain of living water springing up unto everlasting life.

Go in, go in, my soul,

into the right Side of thy crucified Lord! Enter through that glorious Wound into the most loving Heart of Jesus, pierced with the lance for love of thee, that so in the cleft of that Rock thou mayest take refuge from the tempest of the world. Draw near, O man, to that Heart so exalted, but made so low for thee; to the Heart of God, Who is so far above thee, but Who opens to thee His door! Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; why dost thou stand without? The river of life, the way of salvation, the heavenly storehouse, shedding perfumes all around; all these lie

open to thee. Here is a place of refuge from the face of the enemy who would tempt thee, here is a place in which thou mayest find mercy against the wrath of the judgment to come. Here is a fountain, whence the oil of gladness and of grace shall never cease to flow, wherein sinners may ever find mercy, if only they will come to it with hearts truly penitent and contrite. Here is the wellspring of the river of God, going forth from the midst of Paradise to water the face of the earth, to give the thirsty soul to drink, to wash away sins, to quench the flames of lust, to still the strivings of anger. Do thou, too, then, take from this Fountain of the Savior a cup of love. Take from the Side of Jesus sweet helps for thy life, that henceforth thou mayest live not in thyself, but in Him Who was wounded for thee. Give thy heart to Him, Who has opened His to thee. Enter through the hallowed Wound into the inmost Heart of the Redeemer. He bids thee enter; He asks thee to dwell with Him; His wish is that thou shouldst have but one heart with Him. "My

son," He says to thee, "give Me thy heart." This is all that God asks of thee; give but this, and thou hast offered the gift than which nothing can be more acceptable to Him. Give it, then, to Jesus, and to none else besides: give it to Christ, and not to the world: give thy heart to that Wisdom which will never fail thee, not to that philosophy which is so but in name. He caused His Side to be thrown so widely open, and to be so deeply pierced, in order that the way by which thou mightest, in singleness of heart, do all Beloved should be made plain to thee; in order that thou mightest penetrate into the very Soul of the Son of God, and be made one with Him in true union of heart; that thou mightest center all thy affections upon Him, and mightest draw near to the Heart of thy works to His honor and glory; that thou mightest study to please Him alone, and mightest strive with all thy mind and with all thy strength to serve Him, and Him only.

Thither then

make all the eager loving haste which thou canst make bold to show; kiss the holy Side of Jesus, that so Therefrom thou mayest be sprinkled with water and with Blood. Pull out thy own heart, if thou canst, and place it close to the Heart of Jesus, in order that He may keep it, and rule it, and possess it, so that other things may not get hold of it, and defile it. Open thy heart to Him; commit thyself in full trust to Him; leave to Him thy "I will" and "I won't"; let there be one heart and one mind between thee and God; that so thou mayest think and feel with Him in all things, and mayest know His Holy Will both now and evermore. When without reserve thou shalt have made over thy heart to Jesus, for Him to keep and dwell therein forever, then shall great peace be thine, nor shalt thou be easily put out, or distressed by the troubles of thy daily life.

O Most Pure Jesus,

Who dwellest in the hearts of those who love Thee, and from Whom all good de-

sires do come; O Thou Who hangest upon the Cross before the eyes of all who meditate upon Thy Passion; O Divine treasure-house of all gifts and graces; O Christ my King, Redeemer of the faithful, Who causeth Thy most holy Side to be pierced by the point of a cruel lance; set open for me, I beseech Thee, the door of Thy mercy; suffer me to enter through the gaping Wound of Thy Side into the very recesses of Thy most loving Heart; that so my heart may be set on fire by the touch of Thine, and may be united to Thee by a bond of love so indissoluble, that Thou mayest dwell in me, and I in Thee, and that nothing may ever separate me from Thee. Pierce my heart with the arrow of Thy love, may the soldier's spear pass through my vitals, and penetrate the inmost recesses of my heart, that so, by means of this wholesome wound, my soul may attain perfect health, I may refuse all love but Thine, and out of Thee may nowhere seek for comfort. May my heart be free of access and lie open to Thee alone; may it be estranged from the world, shut to the devil, and

fenced on all sides by the Sign of the Cross to resist temptation of every kind.

Joseph of Arimathea,

and Nicodemus, a Doctor of the Law, came with their servants to the Cross, and having set up ladders against it, mounted one on the right and another on the left, while a third was engaged in loosing Thy Feet. With due reverence and love, they drew from Thy sacred Hands and Feet three precious nails, more precious than burnished gold; and then with the help of their companions, they reverently took hold of Thy most illustrious Body, and modestly and carefully lowered It to the ground.

Blessed and full of pity were ye, who did this act of mercy to the Lord your God, in order to prepare His Body for the grave; ye were careful to show even more faithful devotion to your Friend when He was dead than ye had shown to Him when He was alive. Therefore in Heaven shall ye receive a special reward from God, to Whom ye showed yourselves so faithful upon earth: and without doubt He for Whom ye pre-

pared a burial place upon earth will reward your loving care by preparing for you a happy mansion in Heaven, as on the night before His Death He promised His disciples.

Oh, that to me, too, the least of all God's servants, might have been granted some share in the Burial of my Lord; that in the offices connected with it, some service, however small, might have been assigned to me! How willingly would I have held the ladder at the Cross' foot; or, as I stood below, have handed up the pincers for the drawing of the nails; or even a helping hand to those who were lowering the Sacred Corpse. What happiness would it have been if I could have stood beneath the Cross, so close to it as to have caught in my bosom one of the falling nails, which I might have kept as a memorial of my Lord's Passion, that so, whenever I should look upon it, I might be moved to tears.

I praise and glorify Thee for that longing embrace with which Thy most sorrowful Mother received Thee into her arms, and folded Thee therein,

when with compassionate devotion Thy faithful ones delivered Thee to her, and laid Thee in her Virgin lap. How copious were the tears that then streamed from those eyes, of all eyes the purest; how burning was the flood that then bedewed that face, of all faces the most modest, and fell from Thy Mother's cheeks upon Thy Corpse! How pure were the kisses with which Thy chaste Mother then covered Thy lifeless limbs; how often, and with what anguish, did she examine the prints of Thy Sacred Wounds! How loving were the arms with which she encircled and held the Blessed Fruit of her womb, that Fruit Which she had seen sacrificed upon the Altar of the Cross for the Redemption of mankind! Who is there among the Saints who could tell forth the copiousness of those tears which the tender Mother of Jesus at that time shed, or could understand the full agony of her grief?

Draw near, then,

now my soul, and devoutly kiss the blood-red Wounds of Jesus. As He

hung nailed to the Cross thou couldst not come near to Him for the pressure of the crowd and the height of the Cross; but now He lies before Thee in His weeping Mother's arms, dead and covered with Wounds. Draw near, O sinner, however great thy sinfulness, however much the fear of Hell oppresses thee; for it was for thee that the Lamb was slain; it was for thee that the Victim was offered, Which has taken away the sin of all the world. So loving and merciful is the Lord Jesus, so tender and so sweet is Mary His Mother, that none can depart un-comforted, none go away empty, who with his whole heart shall have asked to be forgiven.

Here, then,

by the Tomb, do thou, O my soul, for a while abide, so as to join the holy women in mourning over the Lord Jesus, Who for thy sake was laid in the grave. Fitting indeed is it that thou shouldst pay thy tribute of grief to Him, at Whose hands thou dost hope one day to receive the reward of joy eternal.

Think how intense was the grief of all Christ's faithful ones, and specially of the holy women, at seeing Jesus taken from them, and laid in a tomb—Christ for love of Whom they had given up all that they had. Whom they had followed hither and thither for so long, to Whom they had so often ministered of their substance, Whom they had loved so tenderly that they could scarce bring themselves to lose His sweet presence for even a short moment; with Whom they longed ever to live and to hold sweet converse, and through Whom they believed that joy everlasting would be theirs. The more intense their love, the more bitter surely will have been their grief.

But what above all rent the hearts of these sorrowing ones was the thought that the hope of their Lord's rising again seemed to be at an end; and that their faith was, so to speak, buried with Jesus in the tomb. It seemed therefore to these poor women that the only comfort left them was to weep over Him Who had been taken from them, or to make ready sweet spices; that so if they

could not bring Him back to life, they might at least, by their faithful service in embalming It, preserve His Body from decay. But, O holy and devoted women, ye who love Christ with an unquenchable love, do not, I pray you, lament overmuch; do not give way to despair; call to mind the words which Jesus Himself spoke to you when He was in Galilee, and wait yet a while for their fulfillment; for after three days He will without doubt rise again. Then quite plainly and with great joy, shall ye again see Him, over Whose burial, with spirits utterly broken and with such sad hearts, ye are now lamenting. Then shall the hearts of all His friends, who so deeply mourn His Death and Burial, be filled with renewed joy; nor will He need this embalmment of yours, for when He rises from the dead He will appear in great glory. He will have put on immortality, and death shall no more have dominion over Him.

Learn thou, too,

O my soul, from the Burial of Jesus to meditate with profit upon the dissolu-

tion of thy own body. Needs must that what from the earth thou didst receive, that to the earth thou must restore: dust thou art and to dust shalt thou return. Upon what then dost thou pride thyself, thou who must soon be mere rottenness, and a thing hidden out of sight in the ground? What seest thou to yearn after in a world, out of which thou must so soon be cast, trodden under foot of men? Whenever then thou lookest upon the graves of the dead, remember that thou, too, wilt soon be with them. There—and thou knowest it well—there is the home appointed for every one that liveth. There, laid low together, content with a mere corner of earth, shall the rich man and the poor man share one bed. There prince and peasant cannot be known the one from the other, and the strong and the weak are upon the same footing. There the miser's wealth will not profit him; nor will the crafty man be helped by all his cunning. There the epicure will be food for worms, and the fop will stink in the nostrils of the passer-by. There the loftiness of men will be bowed down,

and the counsel of the haughty ones will be brought to nought. Remember that nothing mortal can endure forever, and that man, having corrupted his nature by sin, must needs go back to the slime from which he was taken.

Strive so to live in this present world, and so to mortify by the spirits the deeds of the flesh, that when thy body is mouldering in the dust thy soul may be found meet to rest in a home of blessed peace. Spend the Good Friday of this life in painfulness and toil, and thou shalt have a Holy Saturday of rest, and an Easter of joy unspeakable at the resurrection of the just. The stricter therefore thy life in this world, the calmer shall be thy sleep in the tomb; the stronger now thy hold upon the Cross, the greater shall be thy confidence when thou comest into the presence of Christ. The more bitter now thy sorrow for thy sins, the fewer of them will there be to be purged away by the avenging fire.

Bewail then, bewail now thy sins, while the day of grace is thine, while the door of mercy stands open, while

God, with Whom is plenteous Redemption, is ready to accept thy penitence. Bewail also the unhappy condition of the world, and that grievous softness of men, whence it comes that so few true followers of the Crucified are to be found, and that the spiritual fervor of so many soon grows cold.

Henceforth, then, be it thy daily practice to meditate upon Christ Jesus. Him Crucified keep ever before thy eyes; stand ever beneath thy Savior's Cross; in life and in death be with Jesus in the Tomb; that so when Christ, thy life, shall appear, thou, too, mayest rise with Him in glory. Amen.

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