Considerations and Motives to Excite in Our Souls a Lively Sorrow for Our Sins

PART ONE: You Have Deserved Hell

Consider, my soul, how great is the evil which thou hast committed by falling into sin. If God had struck thee dead when thou wert in the state of sin, where wouldst thou be now? That pleasure, that interest, that point of honor, or that revenge, has made thee a child of perdition. Oh, how many souls are burning in Hell for one single mortal sin! And how many hast thou committed? How often hast thou deserved Hell? How long wouldst thou already have been burning in Hell, if Divine mercy had not awaited thy repentance? Ungrateful soul, what is thy conduct with regard to so good a God? This: – Thou makest use of His very mercy to outrage Him. Ah, begin from this moment to bewail thy sins. Descend in spirit into Hell; look at those flames, those torments, and those devils awaiting thee. There thou wouldst now be weeping in despair, if thou hast died in thy sin. My soul, how sayest thou? – What are now thy resolutions, with one tear of repentance thou mayest extinguish those flames, close up the abyss of Hell, and gain Heaven. Oh, how much am I indebted to Thee, my God, for having waited for my repentance even until now, and for having saved me from Hell! How much do I owe Thy loving mercy! Behold, I yield. I detest my sins above every other evil, because by them I have deserved Hell and lost Heaven, but more, far more, because I have offended Thee, my God, my Sovereign and Infinite Good. Nevermore will I commit sin, O my God, nevermore.

PART TWO: You Have Lost Heaven

Consider, my soul, what an inestimable good thou hast lost by sin. Raise thy eyes to Heaven, contemplate that blessed country, where God, the Fountain of all happiness, is possessed forever. Before thou didst fall into sin, Heaven was thy throne, thy inheritance, thy country, thy blessed abode. There was written thy name – there was to be thy place of eternal repose. But no sooner, unhappy soul, didst thou fall into sin, then thou didst forfeit all this happiness, and deserve every evil. Thy name was erased from the Book of Life. Thy God became thy enemy. The Savior was transformed into a Judge, breathing not but vengeance. Mary ceased to love thee as her child. Thou becamest the slave of Satan. Thou didst renounce thy right to eternal glory. Thou didst lose Heaven. Oh, how great, how inconceivable a loss! And that for the sake of a foolish pleasure, – a shameful outburst of anger, or some monetary gratification! Rouse thyself, O my soul, there is yet time to remedy so many losses. By one tear, one sigh, one good confession, God will be appeased. Yes, God will pardon thee, and render thee once more worthy of the glory thou hast lost. O Heaven! Would that I had never lost thee! O sin, would that I had never committed thee! O my God, would that I had never offended Thee! Behold me at Thy feet, penitent and sorrowful. I wish I could efface the evil I have done. I wish I could wash it away in my own blood. I detest my hateful sins. I abhor my guilty pleasures. I renounce creatures. I bitterly bewail having lost a Paradise of delights, but far, far more do I weep and lament for having displeased a God so good, so amiable, so worthy of being loved. My Father and my God, allow me to be reconciled to Thee, now and forever; deprive me of life rather than let me live to offend Thee more. Let me love Thee, or die.

PART THREE: You Have Crucified Jesus Anew

Behold, O my soul, the great evil thou hast done in committing sin. Look at Jesus on that Cross; and look at His torn and mangled limbs; look at the streams of Blood flowing from His Wounds. All that is the work of thy sins. Thy evil thoughts have crowned His head with sharp thorns. Thy immodesty has defiled His face with bruises and spittle. Thy impurity has cruelly scourged Him from head to foot. It is thou who hast inflicted all those wounds, mangled those hands, transfixed those feet, torn that innocent flesh by thy sins. It is thou who hast displayed such wanton cruelty against that adorable Body, sacrificing and drawing forth from it streams of Blood, without one thought of pity, where the gratification of thy unworthy passions was concerned. It is thou who hast drenched that Divine mouth with vinegar, by so many evil words, and so much licentious conversation. It is thou who hast afflicted and grieved that loving Heart by thy hatred, aversions, and rancour

towards thy neighbor. It is thou who hast barbarously pierced that sacred side, when thou didst give entrance into thy heart to that illicit love. It is thou who hast overwhelmed thy Lord with shame and ignominy by thy pride and vanity. It is thou who hast by thy execrable sins put thy Father, thy Creator, and thy God, to a cruel death. It is thou who hast trampled His adorable Blood underfoot each time that thou hast returned to thy sins. Read, cruel soul, read in the Wounds of thy Jesus, the greatness and malice of thy sins. Measure the enormity of thy crimes by the greatness of the torments and sufferings of thy loving Redeemer. My suffering Jesus! How, oh, how could I ever have had the heart thus cruelly to torture Thee? How was it that I did not fall down dead through alarm and horror at the sight of my own impiety? And what evil hast Thou done me, O my sweet Jesus, that I should treat Thee with such horrible inhumanity? Ah, hast thou ever ceased for a moment to love me and load me with blessings? Even on the Cross Thou didst pray for me, invite me to repentance, offer me pardon, and satisfy Divine justice for my sins at the price of Thy own precious life. My Crucified Redeemer! Behold me humbled, penitent, and sorrowful at Thy feet; ah, do not cast that soul which cost Thee so dear into eternal flames. My sweet Jesus! Receive me into Thy tender embraces, hide me in Thy opened side, press me to Thy loving Heart. I confess that it is I who am Thy crucifier, that it is I who have nailed Thee to the Cross, by my sins. I do not deserve pardon for such a shameful impiety. But those Wounds speak for me, that Divine Blood pleads in my behalf, and they obtain mercy for a traitor who deserves it not. Mercy, O my Jesus, mercy and pardon! I detest all my sins from the very bottom of my heart; I hate and abhor them, because they have inflicted on Thee so many sufferings and so painful a death. Wash my soul in Thy precious Blood, let my heart break with sorrow, and make me fully comprehend what mortal sin is – mortal sin, which has put to death the Son of God – that so I may never cease whilst I have life to bewail the great evil which I have done in committing it.

PART FOUR: You have offended God, the Sovereign Good.

Consider, my soul, how, by committing sin, thou hast offended, insulted, and maltreated thy Benefactor, thy Sovereign God – thy God, the fountain of love and infinite goodness. Tell me what evil has thy God ever done thee? In what has He offended thee? Answer me. Why hast thou grieved that loving Heart? Thy God created thee, adopted thee for His child, and redeemed thee by His Blood; He has so often fed thee with His most precious Body, loaded thee with blessings, bestowed on thee so many graces, and prepared Heaven for thy eternal abode. Why hast thou betrayed so amiable a Benefactor? Why hast thou turned thy back upon the best of Fathers? Is this, then, the gratitude, love, and fidelity thou dost owe thy God? Ah, my God! I ought indeed to die from sheer grief at the thought of my monstrous ingratitude. What! Did I proudly turn my back upon Thee, and didst Thou pursue me, inviting, nay, even imploring me to return to thy arms? I hated Thee, and thou didst love me! I rebelliously offended Thee, and Thou, my loving Father, didst continue loading me with benefits! I refused to acknowledge Thee as my God. I wished to hurry on to my own perdition, and Thou didst preserve my life, offer me pardon, and breathe to me in loving accents, "Son, why dost thou fly from Me? What evil have I done thee?" My most beloved God! How, oh, how could I have the heart to offend so good a Father? How could I live so long at a distance from Thee, a rebel to Thee, and Thy enemy? In losing Heaven and meriting Hell, but far greater evil have I done in despising Thee, the Sovereign, Infinite Good! I lament the evil I have done myself; but infinitely more do I lament the displeasure I have caused Thee, my God, who are worthy of all my love. Ah, would that I could cancel the evil I have done, at the expense of every drop of my blood! O God of compassion and of infinite goodness! Since Thou dost so mercifully offer me pardon upon the sole condition of my repentance for having offended Thee, behold me prostrate at Thy feet; I repent with my whole heart and soul of all the offenses I have committed against Thee, my Father, my God, and my Sovereign Good. Now do I began to love Thee with all my strength, above all besides, O God of Love. I renounce every other love, I renounce the world, the devil, and sin, in order to love Thee alone. Nevermore, O my Heavenly Father, nevermore will I renew my offenses against Thee, nevermore will I commit sin. I will ever bewail that unhappy moment in which I offended Thee, my Sovereign Good, and do Thou grant that my tears of repentance may cancel my sins.

An Act of Contrition and Purpose of Amendment

O my Crucified Lord, behold me prostrate at Thy feet with the deepest feelings of humility and confusion, acknowledging myself guilty of so many grievous offenses against Thee. Have mercy, O tender Father, have mercy upon this my soul, which Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious Blood. Have mercy upon this Thy prodigal child, who now returns to Thee weeping and penitent. I acknowledge and confess, O my God, that I am guilty of innumerable faults, and of the malice pertaining to each one of them. I am guilty of having outraged Thy goodness. I have a thousand times deserved Hell, and should be already burning in its flames, had not Thy mercy waited for my repentance. I am deeply penitent, O my God, for having done so much evil to my soul by my shameful sins, but far more do I grieve, and does my heart reproach me, when I reflect that in sinning I have offended Thee, my Sovereign Good. Oh, how dreadful it is to behold my Jesus nailed to a Cross by my hands! O Jesus! Have my sins then rendered Thee the Man of Sorrows? I see those sharp thorns which are the unhappy fruit of my proud and impure thoughts. I see those painful Wounds which my guilty pleasures have inflicted on Thy virginal Body. I see that Heart pierced through and through, in consequence of my sinful affections. Ah, my sweet Jesus! Since Thy mercy has led me to Thy feet, let me here die of grief, let my soul be breathed forth in contrition for such shameful ingratitude. Yes, my Jesus, let this body of sin die, provided only my soul may live. I asked this favor of Thee, through that most precious Blood which flows from thy dying limbs – look at me, O my Jesus, prostrate at the foot of Thy Cross, and already sprinkled with Thy most precious Blood. It is not I who speak to Thee, my beloved Redeemer, but Thy Blood which calls loudly for pity, mercy, and pardon, and implores for me the grace of an unbounded hatred for sin, and that I may die a thousand times rather than ever lose Thy grace again. O my God! O Father of mercies! Look upon Thy Son, crucified and dying for my sake, to make satisfaction for my sins. In His Name, through the merits of His sacred Passion, of His scourging, of His crowning with thorns, of His Blood, and of His death, look at my sinful soul with eyes of compassion and mercy; give me a most sincere and burning contrition for my sins. I repent, O Lord, I repent of them all, and I am grieved above every other evil for having offended Thy infinite Goodness, Thou, my Sovereign Good, Thou, who art a Being of infinite perfection, the Fountain of all good, the Author of all good, the Perfection of all perfection, and infinitely worthy of being loved, obeyed, served, and honored. And I, miserable, vile creature as I am, instead of serving, honoring, obeying, and loving Thee, have outraged, insulted, and abandoned Thee; I have transgressed Thy most holy law to gratify the shameful caprices of my corrupted heart and perverse will. I would willingly die at Thy feet of grief for having offended Thee, my God, and for having been by my sins the guilty cause of the death of Jesus. I am resolved, and firmly propose, by the help of Thy grace, to die a thousand times rather than ever more offend Thee. Yes, O my God, I will fly sin, whatever it may cost me; I will avoid all occasions of sin; I will lead an entirely different life for the future; I will love Thee with my whole heart; I will die rather than offend Thee more. My sweetest Mother, and Queen of Dolours, by those tears which thou didst shed at the foot of the Cross, obtain for me a most lively, sincere, pure sorrow for my sins, that so, when I receive absolution from the Minister of God, I may receive the abundant fruits of the Blood shed by thy Jesus for love of me. Do thou assist me that I may accuse myself of all my sins, detest them all, and thus recover the grace and friendship of my God.

Thank you for your prayers and sacrifices and for visiting http://www.JMJsite.com. *Please share this information and tell others about this website*.