

CONCEPCIÓN CABRERA DE ARMIDA

**TO MY
PRIESTS**

A TRANSLATION OF
A MIS SACREDOTES

Mt. Angel Abbey Library
St. Benedict, Oregon 97373



I PRIESTLY LOVE

"Alas! How I want the souls of my priests – tenderness – consolation. How I want love in priestly souls! How I want to destroy the icy indifference that is shown me in those souls! How I want to banish apathy in their hearts and make them burn with zeal for my glory! How I want to activate the divine life in so many souls of mine who have grown faint! How I want to destroy the indifference which paralyzes the action of God and removes my grace from priests! How I want to make out of each breast a nesting place for the Holy Spirit! How I want to sweep away from My Church and to bring to nothing all that is not pure!

If one could see what I see, what wounds and hurts Me in My Church covered with a cape of hypocrisy, of falsehood, of errors and even in the exercise of duties?

In Mexico My Church needs a blood transfusion; a vigorous summons to many cold hearts.

And why all this? Because of the lack of the Holy Spirit, the world has entered into the very altars, because impurity, alas!, has undermined many hearts.

There were and are hidden sins that demand expiation; indifference in religious and liturgical acts, lukewarmness in My service, convenience and comfort-seeking in the service of souls, much superficiality and little depth, and above all, LITTLE LOVE! It is necessary to repent to enkindle the fire, and this will be done only by the Holy Spirit Himself, for the Word being offered to the Father is crying out for mercy.

I wish that this offering of the Word to the Father be activated in favor of the Church of Mexico through Mary. I wish to give a powerful impulse to this expiatory act, uniting victims to the great Victim to make amends and hasten the triumph of the Church in Mexico. It is necessary that these same priests be moved to this end, because they need to expiate the cause of the actual religious situation.

My Father wants to pardon, the Holy Spirit wants to give peace; but the divine Word made man is the channel through which all graces descend and are obtained.

The reaction will come, but through this means and Mary; and it will be hastened only in the measure that what I ask be done.

May all together offer Me, and, in Union with Me, offer themselves and be hosts with the Host and ask My Father through Mary to cleanse Mexico, to unite the Church and all hearts in charity.

Although God, I do not cease to be human, and the sins – above all those of My priests – make me blush before the offended Divinity. This is a secret, a hidden martyrdom of My human Heart that loves men and priests with heartfelt bonds and a special affection as a tender mother I seek to cover the uncoverable before the gaze of My loving Father.

Most essentially on this point I have such heartfelt bonds like a mother that I want to take upon Myself alone the mud with which alas, those who call themselves mine stain the garments of my Church, the Immaculate Spouse, and to wash in My Blood and conceal with my Whiteness those impurities. Nobody

imagines what shame is Mine; these faults which pierce most deeply my heart full of candid love, that obliges My Father to those punishments which I, as God-Man seek to prevent by renewing my sufferings.

This concealed martyrdom of my heart is almost unknown; the martyrdom of divine-human love, because my human Heart loves with all the qualities of divinized human love.

Do they understand now more profoundly the complaints of My Heart wounded in what it loves Most?

Certainly there is much good in the Church; but nobody knows that the sins of these chosen souls wound my heart to its depth, neither do they know that these sins have cost Me so much. One offense of these souls is for Me like thousands of sins of the common people who have not received that superabundance of gifts! There is no one seeking to understand the torturing delicateness with which I feel their ingratitude..."



II THE GAZE

"Before the consecration of the host at Mass, the priest lifts up his gaze to my Father so as to implore Him, so as to give Him thanks and that is the most cruel moment of my martyrdom in my unworthy priests, more than the transubstantiation which their words effect - words that their lips take as mine. That moment of gazing toward my Father is more painful for Me in having to deal with my Father, to scoff at Him, to have the impudence of gazing at Him with such impure glances. Alas, those gazes cause me to blush, wound me in my inmost being and with shame I come into the hands of the priest without ever refusing myself. But how is my heart to come? – bleeding and more sacrificed than in the sacrifice of Calvary.

Why do they so gaze at my loving Father who gives his Son to them as they tear Him from His innermost being? Why do they repay with ingratitude? Is not this crime of ingratitude like a threat to heaven that cries for punishment and vengeance instead of mercy?

This, this is another of the secret sorrows that pierces my Heart, which sadden the Holy Spirit and find a painful echo in Mary, and draws down justice upon the people.

No eyes are to gaze like that at my Father; eyes that are unclean. No eyes are to dare to gaze to heaven, eyes that hold the dirty crimes of the earth. Those glances are to be pure, chaste, loving, humble, and filled with respect when in such solemn moments are directed to my Father. He gives His Word and receives insult to His sovereignty. He is implored with deceit, with sarcasm, when the least they can do is not be indifferent in that gaze which ought to be suppliant, humble, imploring and pure.

A great part of the punishments that God sends on His people comes from those hidden crimes at the altar, from those sacrilegious masses in which the Lamb comes to be torn apart, not just in the unbloody Sacrifice of the altar but in the sacrifice of my wounded heart. And this happens so frequently!

As much as I want to cover the uncoverable as I would like to deal with men in my love, I am also God as well, I am the Word engendered of the Father to

whom I owe all. I cannot hold back justice, as God, I ought not employ only mercy. I cannot be just a God of mercy. And these are the two martyrdoms of my tenderness, my Father and humankind, God and His justice.

Moreover this arrogant and brazen gaze is My Gaze that the priests take as theirs and this is another offense, among many, in this act of the Mass alone.

I am in the priest who gazes at my Father, who gives anticipatory thanks for the mystery which will take place on the Altar, who implores Him, who glorifies Him. And how pure are they? How holy are they? How are my eyes, their eyes; my hands, their hands; my Body, their body; my Heart their heart!"

When they consecrate they do not say: "This is the Body of Jesus" but they say: "This is My Body – My Blood!" For that reason strictly speaking no one can be lifted up at the altar unless to be transformed into Me; for at least in those important instants for the priest himself, and for the entire world at least then, at that time, alas! in those moments I wish that they would become ME!

Where am I to unburden this terrible weight which oppresses me as God-man, as man-God? Where am I to alleviate my heart by communicating what most grieves me in my priests?; that gaze which as my gaze – and impure – looks at my Father; that gaze when soiled by the world, cold, indifferent, with which they offend His majesty, and His tenderness.

In order to be consoled from this pain I have to offer the divine Word as expiation of those crimes for I alone, the God-man, am able to expiate the sins of men. I am the offended in my Father and at the same time the pardon of my Father, I am at the same time the victim and the expiation. These sacrilegious priests at the moment of the Mass make me represent the sin in them, (this is horrible for Me) and at the same time the pure victim who redeems and saves.

I bear the sins of all the faithful because of my merciful will; but I have to carry those souls at that time whom I love more and in whom the Gifts of the Holy Spirit were wasted and in those instants in which heaven opens itself. What ingratitude!

In those moments of the Mass, I am yearning to renew the Sacrifice of Calvary on behalf of the world. How my Heart beats anxiously for that instant to arrive! How late it is getting for me to immolate myself and to offer myself outright to my Father to expiate the millions of sins in all the centuries!

But, alas, is it too much to ask a handful of chosen souls that pure hands touch me?; that clean hearts offer me?; that chaste eyes gaze at my Father?

Every sin pains me, and more so in my priests. But I hate that vice of impurity from whence many other vices arise because it goes against the light which is God, against the same candor, innocence, limpidness and purity which I am.

For that reason, to come to the altar I require that angelic virtue."



III THE PAINS OF JESUS IN MASSES

"It is a martyrdom for Me that the holy Sacrifice of the Mass is not celebrated with fervor.

This cruel sword of my Martyrdom is more common than appears. Not always gazing at my Father at Mass, they look with soiled eyes but yes, with icy indifference, with routine and distractions, with the lack of devotion, spiritless,

with the thoughts absorbed in things, mundane and human preoccupations that are not Me.

To wipe out these stains the offering of the Word will suffice, always the victim for mankind.

I suffer doubly in these gazes, because the offense to my Father and the punishments which priests accumulate upon themselves and upon the area which their duties encompass, hurts me; the sins of the priest reach, even there.

The sins of those who are mine have repercussions; they have consequences in the souls which surround them and many others. Because of this a sin of my priest takes on greater proportions than a sin of the faithful, because of the reflection of the Trinity in them and because of the anointing of the Holy Spirit which consecrated them for heaven.

Those soiled gazes offend Me, the Father and the Holy Spirit. I, in the priest, am identified with him, I am the same God, who offends God ... what shall I feel as God and as man? The transformation of Me into the priest is terrible. The priest would be transformed into Me and not Me made into him; but I am transformed into him, in the sense that I become him, in that moment of the gaze and the Consecration, I am at the same time the offended and the offender of my very Self, in my Divinity, one with the Father, and this is horrible.

Where is it made clear that God offends God? Since this happens that the priest commits a sacrilege in the Mass, in that gaze of which I have been speaking with the transformation into Me which – worthy or unworthy –, is carried out in those solemn moments and make God – THEY IN ME – an offense to God – I IN THEM – .

This tremendous crime is committed so frequently such that nobody imagines it, and my priests neither consider it nor look at the consequences. So that in the Mass two crucifixions are represented for ME: that of the Altar, the mystical which reproduces that of Calvary; and the real (on the part of priests) who Crucify Me with greater cruelty and oblige me to be the same self, the splendor of the Father, and the one who slings mud upon my Father, upon the Holy Spirit, and upon the Divinity, one in three divine Persons.

There is another derivation of my martyrdom in Mass. In the consecrated Host I am there with my Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity. But strictly speaking also the priest holds a place there as consecrated and TRANSFORMED INTO ME AND I IN HIM. We are two in one.

I said; "TAKE AND EAT ALL OF THIS, FOR THIS IS MY BODY," and even for the communion of all the Faithful they receive me at My disappearing into Me, the priest. But what am I doing? I absorb him into Me with a second purpose. Not only to offer myself to my Father in the sacrifice of the altar but also to give myself to souls.

Perhaps one could understand how I feel when something soiled is transformed into Me? Can one understand the immense pain of my Heart, of my lily-white soul to absorb in my heart, in my chalice, the filthiness and the blackness of a soiled priestly soul?

Obviously my Blood was shed in the Sacrifice of the Altar for the sake of pardoning all sins, which is a wave of redeeming Blood in order to wash away the crimes of the world; but when this Blood has to begin to wash away the crimes, the offenses of the priest, IN PLACE OF THAT, THE BLOOD OF THE PRIEST UNITED TO MINE AND ONE SOLE REALITY WITH MINE, BLOTS OUT THE CRIMES OF THE WORLD....! This is horrible for my Heart of love.

At the time of ordaining they are good and yet afterwards they become evil. But there are always in the depth of certain souls not so holy tendencies that they must recognize.

And "How?" in many ways, but mostly with prayer, and the supernatural light of the Holy Spirit. And in case of doubt, it is better to have nothing than to have a disastrous and terrible future."



XII CONCERNING SCANDAL AND HIDDEN SINS

"And the sins of scandal of my priest, what immensity they encompass! What glory they remove from me and to how deep an extent they pierce my Heart!

The radius those sins of scandal of my priests encompasses is incalculable for man; and only in eternity in the vision of that great light will they come to see the almost infinite evil that they produce with those innumerable sins. And I say innumerable because a sin of priestly scandal is multiplied and extends to generations.

Who believes this! The hidden sins distress me more than the secret wrongs which I alone see because they come directly, maliciously to attack my predilection, my confidence, and my wounded love of election. These hidden sins which nobody sees are what injure my lily-white soul more; the sins that throw more mud against the Divinity.

Do they know why? Because they attack the faith, blind hope and kill charity.

The priests attack Me with those sins in faith because they sin as if they do not believe in my presence, essence, and power; they sin directly against the attributes of the Trinity.

They sin against the Father who sees all that; against Me, the Word made flesh, while making me blush as God-Man; and they sin against the Holy Spirit, while engaged in bad behavior in the darkness and hiding, with their self-assurance, while taking no account in sinning and having no concern in denying the holy anointing with which they have been consecrated.

They sin against the Trinity but in an incalculable radius for mankind, as I indicate the general points but the particulars of each point of these embrace worlds of malice, of betrayal, of ingratitude without number.

What are the hidden sins of priests?

There exist hidden sins of many classes which priests commit and they rejoice in them against Me.

These sins soil so deeply! And they prick Me, the Whiteness without equal, so intimately!

These sins even more than any others, are only erased with much of My Blood, because they are deserving of much vengeance from an offended God. These sins are what pleases Satan more, what he seeks with infernal greed, what he throws with cynicism at my Face because he knows that these are the ones that offend my light, my clarity, my brightness, and my whiteness more.

He, Satan, the king of darkness wallows complacently in the gloomy darkness of his being, and is pleased in knocking down souls, and more so the chosen

ones who are my priests into the mud of these evil darknesses, of these opacities hidden from the world but very evident for Me.

The priestly souls console me for those hidden sins with love and integrity.

But what I want to say is that those horrendous hidden sins necessitate special expiation; torrents, not only drops of the Blood of a God and Man for wiping them away.

It is clear that only one drop of my Blood is equal, has equal power, as torrents of that same Blood, for the divine virtue which is in Me, God and Man, by reason of the divine unity which extends its influence even to My Most Holy Humanity; but it is a manner of explaining in human language the expiatory power that these hidden crimes of my priests necessitate in those who call themselves mine."



XIII THE ABUSE IN THE CONFESSIONALS

"The other more important point, in which my Heart suffers, is in the confessionals.

Many confessionals serve for infamous commerce and for activating bad passions. Many base crimes, and many unholy appointments are covered with the holy with what ought to be untouchable and atrocities of horrible consequences are reconciled for the Church and for souls.

The confessionals are also taken as instruments for human caring, for mutual praise, souls are sustained who seek a confessor and not me in them; they soil this sacred place.

But my greatest pain, in this purifying and holy Sacrament, is when soiled, unworthy priests take to the most Holy Trinity sins to be absolved and by that Power, conferred on the priest, wipes away those confessed sins with the due dispositions; but in the soiled priest who absolves, the horrible doubled mortal sin remains.

The unworthy priest who represents me, sins while taking on the sacred; and abuses the sacrament, in that sense of taking the power which is conferred to him on lips, on hands, and in a soiled heart.

This is the other torture, among many, which I suffer in my Church, which I support in silence without withdrawing my power; the power wholly God!, how is He to pardon the priest those sins, who represents me.

The unworthy priest opens heaven to souls and it is closed to him; he pardons in my blessed Name who does not ask pardon from heaven.

He abuses my trust and if this is a crime even dealt with in human affairs, then what would it be with the divine, of what cost Me, my Blood and life?

Each Sacrament cost me my Blood and life, and in each absolution, the priest takes Blood, the Blood of the Lamb, to wipe away sins. But that impure hands touch my Blood, is horrifying to me.

I am silent; and I obey while working and fulfilling my word to the Church; and I leave the management to the unworthy hands of my priest, of brazen hearts of ministers become permissive through and through.

How does one counsel purity who has none; prodigality who is greedy, patience who is angered, humility who is proud etc.?



XCH
ON THE
CROSS

"If my priests are Me, they will be what I was on earth; the Light of the world to guide souls to heaven; the Path to lead them to the Truth; the Life which saves them, the Salt of the earth, etc.

If they are other Me's, they will work greater prodigies than I. But the infallible manner of attracting and gaining souls, will be WHEN THEY ARE CRUCIFIED to the world and to sensual appetites; when they love sorrow and voluntarily accept, without restriction, the will of my Father in whatever immolation. Only the voice of blood converts: and I awaited the triumph, I announced it; but it was not realized except when souls saw me on the cross.

Even as I was crucified, I reigned: even as I was Victim, I attracted; even as I gave my life for souls, I saved them. And the consequences of this is that, if priests are other Me's, they ought to go up to Calvary to bear fruit in souls; that if they want to give me hearts, they ought to be crucified first, and show themselves to be my resemblance on Calvary to souls.

This is the secure path for the conquest of souls, the apostolate of the Cross, ON THE CROSS, this is the fruitful apostolate, what is exerted about whatever cross, sacrificed willingly on it. This is the apostolate that nothing resists, which nothing breaks down, which always triumphs, because sorrow divinizes it, because the cross is fruitful, because I saved the world, and I drew all toward Me nailed on it.

If priests want to resemble me, if they want to be Me, if they want to give me souls that would glorify Me, let them already know the secure path to attract all souls to the supernatural and the divine.

A sacrificed priest always saves: a priest must be crucified. But in this being crucified, glorifies the Father; gains pardon for the enemies, realizes admirable conversions and will arrive at the highest Sanctity. My priests willingly sacrificed will stand out, above all in the highest union with my beloved Father and in the sublime abandonment to His most holy will.

All the riches, all the communicable treasures for souls, priests will obtain who are immolated through their love for the Father and for souls on top of their crosses. And their confidence will be purified in sacrifice, because their love will be purified.

But it is very sad for Me to say it, and more to feel it. Not all my priests love the cross, not all willingly climb the height of their calvaries, and this is the secret for the little fruit of their apostolate with souls and of the little attraction that they exercise in their environs, because a soul never ignores the voice crying out to it from the cross, hearts never resist the calling of a voluntary martyr, of a crucified priest.

I communicate to transformed priests my attributes, my virtues, my ideals and the divine fortitude of which I gave proofs. But I need their cooperation, their will, their transformation into Me. And from here are born those heroisms incompatible with human weakness, with the natural tendency of man who rejects sorrow; they are born, I say, from union with Me, of the love for souls which I communicate to priests in their transformation into Me.

Let my priest consider and meditate how my apostolate on earth does not have all the power and the fruitfulness until the voice of my blood, on top of the cross, is made to be heard in the whole universe. I preached, I battled, I performed miracles, I instructed, but with very scanty fruit. But I SUFFERED, I SACRIFICED myself, I revealed myself to the world on top of the cross, and I attracted all toward Me, as I had prophesied.

It is fitting that the Son of God would suffer, I say, because only blood redeems, reconciles, unites; because it is the sign of the covenant and salvation. Here on the cross is combined all sentiment, all hope, all pardon, all mercy; because here is the love that trusts and is abandoned.

Ah! I am hungry and thirsty for sacrificed priests! The most intense thirst that I experienced on the cross was not a material thirst, but an ardent thirst for my priests transformed into Me crucified; immolated in Me, and by Me, saving souls.

These souls, the dream of my life, were not able to be saved by themselves, they needed instruments, masters and guides! I on the cross won or purchased my Church here – the reward of my sorrows –, and to see it born from my side, I also asked the Father, in my ardent thirst, which He would give me the holy elements for completing her, for perfecting her. And I asked Him for holy priests, pure priests; but with more intensity during my agony, for priests CRUCIFIED, priests enamored with sacrifice who would not take into account their martyrdom and even their life, if that was for saving souls.

I asked for apostles, but apostles of the cross and crucified, to be OTHER ME's, attracting toward the Church the entire universe to save it.

Perhaps the deviation of many souls, the little or false piety of others and even the disasters of many, will they not be bound to the sanctity of the priest, to his sacrifice, to his generosity in sorrow, to the rejection of the cross of the priest?

If priests are destined to represent me SUCH AS I AM; if they ought to be other Me's, in their transformation into Me, and therefore, they ought to attract souls to where I attract them, that is to say, to the Cross; will they be exempt from guilt if they have not completed this capital condition of my life while being sacrificed in union with Me? Many do not even have the shame for so little love for sacrifice and even more, by their manifesting rejection of the cross and in it, of the divine will?

Will not perfection perhaps be tied to the attractive and holy magnet which the priest might produce for his surroundings, and perhaps the salvation of some one or of some souls, if he would have allowed himself to be crucified?

I do not want scruples that detain and hold up my priests; but yes holy reflections which result in practical intentions, and a new life of transformation into Me in lukewarm priests.

For this reason I want to urge – to remove those hidden but real deficiencies and TO PREVENT OTHERS – the transformation of priests into ME.

Fear for calvaries! Why? If I am with all in the midst of the tribulation; if I soften and facilitate it all with heavenly graciousness, with fortitude in hearts and even with joy in the spirit. Then, why fear?

1. The Word depends on the Father by His origin, in as much as He is engendered by the Father; but not with a dependency which implies inferiority. (Editor's note)

Let my priests scale the calvaries in which they renounce themselves, and they will have peace, and they will be happy, and they will abound in joy, because they will resemble Me, their Model, their Master, their Mirror, their Jesus! And from my side and more, IN ME and WITHIN ME he will end all fear and all disturbances, which I never use unfairly the powers of the soul and I know how to measure and proportion the calvaries. But heaven is purchased with sorrow and graces for souls with sufferings.

Certainly when I said on the cross: "All is finished," the work of redemption and of salvation of souls was finished; but one has to take into account my PRIESTS, OTHER ME'S, my priest in Me, their Head. They also will be heads of the mystical body with Me and the first who will associate their sorrows with mine to continue the Passion on earth, to follow crucified ON TOP OF IT with Me, to attract souls and thousands of worlds, if there were such and save them.

It is necessary to meditate a great deal here, much to expiate, much to reform; but also I promise that there will be many triumphs in my priests, much generosity which already glorifies Me and my Father; and which will destroy sensuality – which also has infected many priests – and they will dethrone Satan. The Cross will then reign and my priests with Me on it.

If they are to come after Me, it is necessary to deny oneself and carry the cross to be other same ME'S, to win and purchase graces for souls, it is necessary not only to carry this cross but to be nailed on top of it."



XCIII ADMONITIONS

"A defect of many of my priests which brings very deep consequences, very extensive in opposition to Me, is THAT OF NOT TAKING IN the circumstances in many cases. The virtue of foresight is of great necessity in those who have obligations over souls.

It is not necessary to seek to measure in a narrow mold of a harsh criteria as regards others; and generally, those who are exacting with others are less so with themselves; they do not have the same proportion for giving and receiving and are narrow in their judgments, in which there is very often pride.

Prudence! and how often many of my priests have need of this cardinal virtue! And how easy it is for many characters to go to extremes, and to ask of souls what they are not able to give, they butt in where THEY OUGHT NOT, they try to have all, give the same measure and insist in measuring them with the same yardstick.

Priests ought to take into account the circumstances of each family, of each region, of each social class, of each soul.

In touching on the faith, on doctrine, on the Gospel, they ought not compromise nor take away so much as a tittle for human respect, nor culpable compliances; but within divine prudence they ought to weigh, measure and modify their criteria in what is lawful, so that they do not go to extremes which damages the Church and casts out souls from her bosom.

I touch on this point, because there is more, MUCH MORE than what is believed, and only I can measure the consequences which exteriorly and interiorly are lamented in the Church and in the field of souls. They seem trifles but

are not so; they seem to be things of little importance, and they have it and a lot of it.

For example; when they do not follow, for a little reason or for caprice, the orders of the superiors, and they prolong the Mass on all the days of precept, more from having commanded it or suggested it. A motive out of which the faithful themselves go. They are tired and lose the fruit of sacrifice.

When they are not punctual for masses of obligation and they are themselves hearing confessions or keeping them waiting, while the people wait now without devotion and even with anger; and in the same way, the tardiness in the exercise of the ministry.

How much responsibility the priests have who do not consider the circumstances, who do not take into account persons – the employees, the servants, for example – who mark their time and who depart before fulfilling the precept!

In all these disasters, besides burdening the culpable priest with many of these faults, I am principally the offended one, and worldly murmuring falls over my Church and her Pastors.

If it were possible to make my priests see the extension that these faults have which seem very little and are not!

All this comes from not weighing the general and particular circumstances, by not taking on what is surrounding them, by caprices or erroneous criteria and BY THE LACK OF OBEDIENCE to the orders of the superiors.

From this – from the tardiness in the exercise of the ministry in many of my priests – there would be much to say, and I want them perfect. It will be pleasing to Me that they will study these points and they will amend them. It is clear that I do not ask that the faithful govern the priests; but I require from priests that they may see, and measure and weigh the circumstances and procure, with punctuality, accuracy and CHARITY, not giving occasion for the detrimental suffering of my Church, nor for the failures in respect to themselves.

How many faults there are on these points and on many others, in which some priests abuse their authority, making baptisms, confessions, communions, etc. wait indefinitely; with which the poor people suffer more that what is believed and of what is known!

These trifles, when appearing, are of much importance in the exercise of ministry, in the fulfilling of the daily duties of the priest.

What of the many times I might speak about the laziness, the culpable forgetfulness, the very slight illnesses, the fear of inconveniences etc., etc., they allow the sick to die, losing perhaps their souls? This is terrible for my Heart. And the inertia on this point, in which zeal for my own glory has died or it is very lukewarm, saddens me profoundly.

Priests know very well that souls are my delirium, which they ought to protect them with painstaking care and save them. With how much more reason when souls call out to them and they are in danger! For a priest who gave his life for his duty, I give him the crown of martyrs. It is clear that imprudence does not exit, but yes, SACRIFICES; yes, prudent zeal; yes, love, love, love! And lukewarmness and tardiness are not love when it is a concern for souls; it is not love for Me when self-love, egoism, convenience, pastimes and even soft-living on many occasions are excelling.

There is much confusion born of self-love between the divine prudence and worldly prudence. The first is a virtue; the second is a vice, a defect, egoism, love of self, etc., etc. And it is necessary to be careful and to classify very clearly what prudence guides them, what course they ought to follow, there are many decep-