Jesus Cries for Souls Who Move Far Away from Him

Matthew 15:8

This people honoureth me with their lips: but their heart is far from me.

From the Twenty-Four Hours of the Passion
Twenty –First Hour

My Love, I feel I am dying; I too want to cry out with You: "Souls, souls!" I will not detach myself from this Cross, from these wounds, so that I may ask for souls. And if You want, I will descend into the hearts of creatures, I will surround them with your pains, so that they may not escape me. And if it were possible, I would like to place myself at the gate of hell, to make the souls who are destined to go there, draw back, and to conduct them to your Heart. But You agonize and remain silent, and I cry over your nearing death. O my Jesus, I compassionate You, I press your Heart tightly to mine, I kiss It, and I look at It with all the tenderness I am capable of; and to give You a greater relief, I make the divine tenderness my own, and with it I intend to compassionate You, change my heart into rivers of sweetness and pour it into Yours, to soothe the bitterness You feel because of the loss of souls. This cry of yours, O my Jesus is, alas, painful; more than the abandonment of the Father, it is the loss of the souls who move far away from You that makes this painful lament escape from your Heart! O my Jesus, increase grace in everyone, that no one may be lost; and may my reparation be for the good of those souls who should be lost, that they may not be lost.