

For the First Friday of January and for the Feast of the Sacred Heart

"Behold this Heart which has so loved men! . . .

My children, contemplate It weighed down with opprobrium in this divine Host . . . Listen to the throbbing of Its love . . . Behold the flames of charity which devour It. Here is My Heart all inflamed with love . . . for you . . . and for you alone. And not being able to restrain any longer the burning desires which consume It, It has willed to be delivered up even to those who with the cruel sword -- the sword of the blackest ingratitude have pierced that Heart through and through. In thus confiding to you My Heart, I am making the supreme sacrifice for the salvation of the world.

Behold this Heart, beloved apostles, I give it to you in exchange for your wretched and un-grateful hearts! . . . O, if you knew the thirst of love, of infinite love which consumes Me in the Sacrament of the holy Altar!

Until now I have often been a King in a vast desert, . . . a Monarch too often forsaken . . . nay . . . ignored . . . But behold the hour marked by Providence for My victory has arrived. I come now as conqueror, . . . and in spite of Satan and his satellites I will vanquish the world by the omnipotence of My adorable Heart. Will you pay homage to it, My friends? . . . O, then stretch forth your hands . . . Open wide your hearts to receive the supreme gift of My redemptive mercy . . . Remember that I came on earth and that I returned to Paray to enkindle the fire of holy love, that living fire which will beget a life of sanctity and sacrifice . . . And what would I but that it be enkindled? . . .

Fix your eyes on the Wound of My Side . . . Through this divine opening contemplate the Heart which has loved you unto the unspeakable abasements of Bethlehem . . . even to the renouncement and humiliations of Nazareth . . . nay more . . . to the agony of a Calvary of shame and of woe . . . Yes, My children, it is this same Heart which, ceasing to beat on Calvary, never ceases to love you. Behold It is all yours in the holy Eucharist -- the inextinguishable burning bush of the holy Altar.

Alas! . . . My love . . . My great love is not loved! . . .

That is why, sorrowful unto death, I again experience the pangs of the agony I suffered in reaping the harvest of thorns brought forth by My dearly loved vineyard. O souls devoted to reparation, during this Holy Hour draw out the thorns encircling My Heart! . . . It is an hour of happiness for you, but above all an hour of glory for Me, Captive-God, ever offering My love, yet awaiting and demanding yours in return!

I die of love! . . . Come near and sustain Me in My mystic agony . . . I have been enduring it on the holy Altar for you for twenty centuries. Will you this evening be angels of consolation to me for one hour?

Ah! You do not know how ardently I love you! . . . But too well I know what little love I receive in return from my favored children.

Alas! the world wilfully ignores all My goodness . . . It will have none of My tender caresses . . . It abuses My mercies.

Behold, wherefore My soul is sorrowful unto death. Come . . . See, here is the Heart which has never ceased loving you . . . Hasten eagerly, for I wish to confide It to you as a pledge of resurrection.

Come, and in exchange for this Divine Heart give Me yours, consecrate to Me your souls, your entire life, with your joys, and your sufferings. Give Me all... ! I am craving only your love: "Love Me and I will forgive you!" . . .

I await this word of love from you . . . You will say it to Me this very moment, . . . and in accepting the incomparable gift of My Heart you will acknowledge Me as your King of Love!"

(Pause)

(We are certainly very unworthy of such a gift, but since it is His boundless mercy which offers it to us, let us accept it with all gratitude and humility for our own sanctification and for His glory.)

Souls: Lord Jesus, our hearts are too poor; we dare not offer them to Thee; . . . But they are Thine, take them, but in exchange, give us Thy adorable Heart forever!

(Aloud) All: Give us Thy adorable Heart forever! . .

In the name of the Virgin Mary, O Jesus, give us Thy Heart in our hours of fervor when we feel the desire to love Thee and suffer as the Saints did . . .

All: Give us Thy adorable Heart forever! . .

In the name of Saint John, the Beloved, give us, O Jesus, Thy Heart in hours of peace when we enjoy the sweet calm of an innocent or a pardoned conscience . . .

All: Give us Thy adorable Heart forever! . .

In the name of Thy friends of Bethany, give us, O Jesus, Thy Heart in hours of care and pain when our souls feel the tortures of affliction! . . .

All: Give us Thy adorable Heart forever! . .

All: Give us Thy adorable Heart forever! . .

In the name of the penitent Magdalen and of the compassionate women of Jerusalem give us, O Jesus, Thy Heart in our hours of human weakness and when touched by the grace of repentance! . . .

All: Give us Thy adorable Heart forever! . .

In the name of Holy Church, give us, O Jesus, Thy Heart d

In the name of the privileged Apostles of Tabor and Gethsemane, give us, O Jesus, Thy Heart in our moments of joy and our hours of agony! . . .

pl'uring those hours of combat when the tribute of our zeal and of our sacrifices are asked of us! . . .

All: Give us Thy adorable Heart forever! . .

In the names of Saint Bernard, Saint Augustine, Saint Francis de Sales, Saint Mechtilde, and Saint Gertrude, happy forerunners of this admirable devotion, give us, O Jesus, Thy Heart, to make good resolutions when Thou wilt demand greater fervor from us! . . .

All: Give us Thy adorable Heart forever! . .

In the name of Thy spouse and first Apostle, Margaret Mary, give us, O Jesus, Thy Heart, in every moment of life and especially in the agony of death! . . .

All: Give us Thy adorable Heart forever! . .

O, yes! Jesus, give us Thy Heart as a source of life, as an oasis of rest, as a foretaste of Heaven . . . In spite of our unworthinsss may It be ours, O Jesus, with all Its treasures of light, of peace, and of strength, for in this divine sanctuary we wish to learn to love Thee, . . . to glorify Thee . . . Jesus, Thou hast already given us the Cross, . . . Thou hast given us Thy Mother, . . . Thou hast given us Thy Blood. O, give us then the paradise of Thy Heart for time and for eternity! . . .

Having It we desire nothing more either in Heaven or on earth.

(Pause or hymn)

(Let us ask for fidelity, for generosity in order to make some return for this incomparable gift from our Savior . . . Implore Him to give us during this Holy Hour greater light to appreciate the loveliness and infinite bounty of a God, Who offers us the source of His own life . . . to communicate new life to us . . . Let us humble ourselves . . . Let us love Him Who has loved us so much...Listen to His voice...)

Jesus: You call Me Master and Lord and you say well, for so I am... But listen, I am happy to have become the slave of man here in the Tabernacle out of love for ungrateful man . . . Has it ever occurred to you that in calling you to My Altar . . . in eagerly soliciting your love . . . in confiding to you the treasure of My Heart, . . . in seeking you, little flowers of the fields, arid sands of the desert, I, Lord of Heaven and Master of earth, I sought My delights, I looked for consolation? . . . And why? Ah! . . . Because I love you, my little ones, with such a great love that I have made you, in a way, necessary to Myself so that without you My Heart suffers.

O, yes, believe Me . . . Without you, who have so often forgotten Me, . . . without you, who have oftentimes preferred the vanities of earth to Me, . . . without you, the prodigal children of My Heart, I, Jesus, could not live after having tasted your love, were it only the love of one faithful soul! . . . Ah! I must see you in Heaven in the eternal companionship of men redeemed by My Blood so that My glory there be complete! . . . Do not forget this, for the most beautiful jewels in your Savior's crown must be the ransomed souls of His brothers . . . Ah! You have cost Me so much! . . .

Acknowledge it during this Holy Hour, at least you, My privileged, My spoiled children . . . Admit it to Me this evening, for since the world refuses to believe that I have loved it and still love it to this extent, I need to hear you say it. Therefore, for My consolation, for My triumph of love, for My rightful glory . . . tell Me, yes, tell Me that you accept the gift of My Heart.

Affirm that you accept this treasure of paradise that you accept it because you are determined to render Me this testimony of faith in My love; . . . because you firmly believe that I, God of the Tabernacle, have created the heart of man, your heart, to make it a living Tabernacle, the garden of My delights . . . Even though I am God from all eternity, My Heart needs you in time!

Come, My faithful friends, draw close to My Heart, for I am sorrowful . . . I am wounded by love . . . Do not tarry . . . I languish with the desire of finding a shelter of exquisite tenderness, of ardent faith and of burning charity in all your souls . . . Thrill with joy, for it is I. It is Jesus Who says to you: I hunger for you!

Speak to Me now . . . Open, open wide your souls to receive Me; above all, tell Me that you really love Me . . . that you love Me with a love beyond measure!

(We have come to speak to Him, to open to Him our souls, and to give Him those souls aglow with love . . . What an admission Jesus has made! . . . telling us that He needs us! begging for our love which is His due! . . . Let us answer Him by an ardent profession of love, for it is our heart which needs Him.)

Souls: O Jesus, beholding Thee so approachable and so good, unlike the Apostle who cried: Depart from us, because we are sinful men, we run to Thee in order that the sweet bonds of intimacy which unite Thy Heart and ours may be strengthened.

Come, Jesus, come and be refreshed, taking delight in our hearts, when those who rule over others scorn Thy Law and curse Thy Name. Remember that we are Thine, that we are consecrated to the glory of Thy divine Heart! . . .

Come, Jesus, come and be refreshed, taking delight in our hearts, when the multitudes led by satanic powers profane Thy sanctuaries and clamor for Thy Blood. Remember that we are Thine, that we are consecrated to the glory of Thy divine Heart! . . .

Come, Jesus, come and be refreshed, taking delight in our hearts, when the deceitful and worldly wise, whose pride Thou hast patiently but firmly condemned, grieve Thee by the insults and outrages they heap upon Thy Holy Church. Remember that we are Thine, that we are consecrated to the glory of Thy divine Heart.

Come, Jesus, come and be refreshed, taking delight in our hearts, when thousands of Christians, unmindful of Thy adorable Person, wound Thee cruelly by the sword of their indifference . . . Remember that we are Thine . . . Turn on us Thy sad and suppliant glance . . . Do not forget that we are Thy children, consecrated forever to the glory of Thy divine Heart! . . .

On the altar of our sacrifice, we will chant to Thy glory: Honor to Thy Sacred Heart, O beloved Master! Thy Kingdom come! . . .

(If you feel remorse for some secret fault, for a relapse into sin, especially for a lack of generosity, which, as you know, grievously wounds our Lord, ask His pardon . . . He knows all . . . but He wants a protestation of love and repentance from you . . . Let not discouragement weary you; come back to listen to the words of our sweet Master.)

Jesus: My greatest desire, My little ones, is to see you relish My Life . . . I have given it to you by My Blood, and I wish you to live it . . . I give it to you as the source of new life in giving you My Heart. I wish to live in you because you need Me to calm your troubled conscience, to sustain you in your weakness, to confirm your resolutions.

Come, you the elect of My Eucharist . . . I alone am Your Strength!

(Slowly with unction)

Delight in My Life; . . . I give it to you, in giving you My Heart. I give it to you for that moment when you must endure the brunt of violent temptations . . . Do not lose heart; do not yield to the suggestions of the enemy of your salvation . . . Be strong; keep yourselves in My grace; . . . do not forsake Me lest you would be alone in the strife. Remain united to Me so that you may keep your soul in peace . . . Come, you the elect of My Eucharist . . . I alone am your Victory!

Delight in My Life; . . . I give it to you in giving you My Heart. I give it to you for that moment when, bowed down under the weight of sin, your wretchedness will reproach you; for that moment when the threat of My justice will overwhelm you like the crushing burden of a revengeful mountain. Rise up again, do not without hope weep over that guilty fall! Come . . . come all, the needy, the infirm, the sinner . . . Be forever Mine, children of My great mercy! . . . Come, be the elect of My Eucharist . . . I am the Pardon of God . . . I alone am Love!

Delight in My Life; . . . I give it to you in giving you My Heart. I give it to you for that moment when you feel the thick cloud of sadness and the bitterness of grief weighing on your heart . . . Life is sad and full of uncertainty. Curse it not, nevertheless, nor lose the precious treasure of your tears . . . groan not in the dangerous and dark path of isolation. Come . . . O, come . . . delay not . . . be the elect of My Eucharist . . . I am the balm that heals all wounds . . . I am the great Consoler . . . I am your Jesus!

(He gives us His Heart, not only to seek for

Himself consolation in us . . . but above all to strengthen us, to infuse new life into us, and to give us fresh proofs of His great mercy . . . Let us thank Him . . . Let us implore Him to leave us His Heart as a pledge of love during life, at the hour of death, and for eternity.)

(Pause)

Souls: Thank Thee, Lord Jesus, for the tender mercy with which to ward off from us great evil, Thou offerest us the sovereign remedy of Thine Own Heart. Thank Thee, Jesus, for the delicate yet incomprehensible interest which Thou takest in our concerns when Thou shouldst have been unmindful of them as a just punishment for our own neglect and for all our many offenses . . . Thank Thee, O thank Thee a thousand times, gentle and kind Jesus of the Tabernacle! . . .

And now, Lord, as evidence of sincere and lively gratitude on the part of the favored ones here present, and in reparation for our ingratitude and for that of our fellow men, we wish during this Holy Hour with all the anxious solicitude of burning love to concern ourselves with Thy dearest and most sacred interests . . .

Adorable Master, there are so many conspirators who plot deicide by blasphemy and the public and social negation of Thy divine Kingship! . . .

Alas, O Jesus, numerous also are those compromisers who condemn Thee by their hypocritical silence, those who disdain to pronounce Thy Name, or what is still more wounding, those who pretend not even to know Thee!

They do not consider Thee worthy, Lord, of even a passing glance, but . . . they strike Thy adorable Face . . . Thou art not only an Unknown . . . the phantom of a legend of the past . . . But they have the audacity to disregard Thee, in order to safeguard, say they, liberty of conscience and social peace, for reasons of justice and for the welfare of civilized nations on the march towards progress . . . Thou art condemned to banishment and death . . .

That shall not be, O King of Love, a thousand times no! Rather with Thee they will crucify us also! . . . Adorable Jesus, behold this phalanx of friends drawing its ranks closer around our threatened Master Who presides over this Cenacle . . . Vivified by the fire of a new Pentecost--that of the divine Eucharist, we protest against this legal deicide of our apostate day.

Fired with ardent zeal for the glory of Thy cause, we proclaim Thee in the face of Thy enemies, Conqueror of Light and King of Love! . . .

And since Thou art Conqueror and King by divine right . . . since Thou art a faithful God, we will not leave here until Thou hast again promised us Thy victory . . . that victory already promised to armies whose battlecry is: "Thy Kingdom come, O Heart of Jesus!"

O, yes, Jesus-Savior, Thou wilt reign over us and Thou alone Jesus Crucified! . . .

Draw near, sweetest Master, and here among Thine own, surrounded by Thy children, receive from their hands the crown of royalty . . . a crown which those who are nothing but dust, yet consider themselves powerful, would snatch from Thee, because recognizing the depths of Thy humility, they believe they can insult Thee from their pretended heights!

Advance triumphant in this fervent gathering of true brothers . . . Efface not the wounds of Thy hands and of Thy feet . . . Adorn not, embellish not Thy Head already so beautiful, empurpled by Thy Blood . . . Ah! above all, close not . . .

leave wide open the deep and celestial Wound in Thy breast . . . Thus, O bloody King, clothed with this purple of love and with the tunic of opprobrium . . . without transfiguring Thyself, O Jesus . . . just as Thou wert, the same Jesus of that appalling night of Holy Thursday, present Thyself, come and receive the Hosanna of this guard of honor which keeps vigil for the glory of Christ Jesus, its King! . . .

All: Hail, the Heart of Jesus our King!

Kings and rulers may trample under foot the tables of Thy laws, but while they fall from their thrones into the tomb of oblivion, we, Thy subjects, will continue to acclaim Thee:

All: Hail, the Heart of Jesus our King!

Lawmakers will say that Thy Gospel is a drawback, and that it is a duty to discard it in favor of progress . . . but while they disappear into the tomb of oblivion, we, Thy adorers, will continue to acclaim Thee:

All: Hail, the Heart of Jesus our King!

The proud, the worldly, the unworthy rich, may decree that Thy moral law is for bygone ages, that Thy complete refusal to compromise kills liberty of conscience . . . but while they are lost in the tomb of oblivion, we, Thy children, will continue to acclaim Thee:

All: Hail, the Heart of Jesus our King!

Those athirst for honors and riches, who sell to the nations a false greatness and a misleading liberty, will fall against the rock of Calvary and of Thy Church; . . . and while they go down annihilated into the tomb of oblivion, we, Thy apostles, will continue to acclaim Thee:

All: Hail, the Heart of Jesus our King!

The heralds of a materialistic civilization, aloof from God and in opposition to the Gospel, will one day die, poisoned by their false doctrines . . . and while cursed by their own children, they sleep in the tomb of oblivion, we, Thy consolers, will continue to acclaim Thee:

All: Hail, the Heart of Jesus our King!

The Pharisees, the proud, the impure, will have grown old planning the ruin, a thousand times decreed, of Thy Church . . . and baffled, will lose themselves in the tomb of oblivion . . . But we, Thy ransomed ones, will continue to acclaim Thee:

All: Hail, the Heart of Jesus our King!

O, yes, honor to His Sacred Heart! . . . And while Lucifer, angel of darkness, retreating from firesides, schools, and societies, will bury himself, eternally chained, in the abyss, . . . we, Thy friends, will continue to acclaim Thee forever and ever:

All: Hail, the Heart of Jesus our King!

Honor to Thy Sacred Heart in the triumph of Thy Eucharist and of Thy Church! . . . Love and glory forever to Thy Sacred Heart! . . .

(Pause or hymn)

Lord, we have to say farewell to Thee . . . but, in leaving Thee, we confide Thee to the Angels who will adore Thee in our place . . . and to Thy Immaculate Mother who will sing Thy praises in the name of her children . . .

We are going, Jesus, but we leave Thee our hearts plunged in the depths of Thy Sacred Side . . . Before parting, Lord, permit us on this evening, more beautiful than the most radiant of dawns, . . . permit us one last prayer, . . . Jesus our Savior . . . Jesus our Brother, . . . Jesus our Friend; . . . remember those wretched ones who are not here, and who, sad to say, regret it not, for they live in the byways of a guilty life of sin . . . O God, annihilated by love . . . they have abandoned Thee . . .

(Slowly with unction)

Thou art so sweet, Eucharistic Jesus! Shine with a light triumphant over so many blind ones who wish not to see the marvels of Thy love nor to recognize that Thou art the only . . . the true Way . . . Grant this miracle of light through love for Thy Immaculate Mother and for the glory of Thy Sacred Heart! . . .

Thou art so tender, Eucharistic Jesus! Give to the multitude of misguided ones that peace they vainly seek in the joys of a seductive world . . . a world which, singing, sells them tears and death . . . Be their hope! . . . Grant this miracle of tenderness out of love for Thy Immaculate Mother and for the glory of Thy Sacred Heart! . . .

Thou art so compassionate, Eucharistic Jesus! Satisfy this thirst for love, for boundless love, which has caused the loss of so many prodigals . . . They suffer, they languish far from Thy Altar, the only source of happiness . . . Lead them near Thee . . . that they may recognize that Thou and Thou alone, O Jesus, art Peace and Love! . . . Grant this miracle of pity for love of Thy Immaculate Mother and the glory of Thy Sacred Heart! . . .

Thou art so loving, Eucharistic Jesus! Dry the tears of despair shed by those who, bearing painfully the shocking deceptions of life without the help of Thy grace, have poisoned their existence. Far from the joys of the earthly paradise, farther still from the eternal Paradise, they are plunged, these unhappy ones, into an abyss of endless suffering . . . Bend down even to these unfortunates, O Jesu-Hostia . . . Seek them, go to meet them, . . . speak to them those loving words that thrill the earth and make torrents, infinite oceans of inexpressible jubilation break forth in the eternal domains . . . Grant this miracle of love for Thy Immaculate Mother, for the glory of Thy Sacred Heart!

What have I, Lord Jesus, that Thou has not given me?

What do I know, that Thou hast not taught me?

What can I do, if Thou dost not help me?

And what am I, if not united to Thee?

Pardon . . . O! pardon my faults that have so wounded Thee.

Thou hast created me without any merit of mine,

Thou hast redeemed me without my co-operation . . .

Thou hast done much in creating me,

And still more in redeeming me,

Wilt Thou be less powerful

Or less generous in forgiving me?

For all the Blood Thou hast shed

And the cruel death Thou hast suffered

Were not for the profit of the Angels who adore Thee,

But to my benefit and that of the sinners who implore Thee.

If I have then denied Thee, let me praise Thee.

If I have outraged Thee, let me love Thee.

If I have offended Thee, let me serve Thee.

For, to live without loving Thee,

And to love without suffering for Thee,

O Jesus, . . . that would be death without Thee.

(Pause)

(Mention here those in whose conversion you are particularly interested.)

And now, Lord, keep us in the depths of Thy Sacred Heart, there where Thou hast kept the treasure of Thy Mother's tears . . . and do not allow creatures to carry us away, Jesus, by forcing us from this regained Eden . . .

Call us to Thee, meek and patient Jesus, in our hours of dangerous hesitation between the world and Thy rights, command us to come to Thee . . .

And since through Thy immeasurable mercy we have received the grace of knowing more intimately the sweet charms of the Heart of Jesus our Brother, our Savior-Friend, the King of Love, . . . of knowing Thee, the God of charity, we wish to dwell in Thy Heart for ever . . . Therefore, adorable Master, write without delay at this very moment while we adore Thee in this sweet Tabernacle, write our names for time and eternity in Thy Sacred Heart! . . .

Lord, with a sweet violence keep us, Thy children, Thy intimate friends within the heavenly prison of Thy Sacred Side. It is there we ask to live in adoration and love . . . It is there that we would live and die singing eternally the glory and the ineffable mercy of Thine adorable Heart! . . . Thy Kingdom Come! . . .

A Pater and an Ave for the agonising and for sinners.

A Pater and an Ave for the world-wide triumph of the Sacred Heart, especially by daily Communion, by the Holy Hour, and the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in families.

A Pater and an Ave for the particular intentions of all present.

A Pater and an Ave for our country.

Lord Jesus, we have been able to watch one hour with Thee at Gethsemane, and we would be happy to stay chained to Thy Tabernacle forever if Thou wouldst consent . . . We leave Thee, taking away peace, great peace, divine consolations, and new life, . . . but also and above all with the satisfaction of having given Thee, our Master so ardently loved, consoling proofs of faith, and of the love which makes the reparation that Thou didst ask for with tears of Thy confidante, Margaret Mary . . .

Harken, Lord Jesus, so kind and sweet, to our last prayer:

Triumph, agonizing Heart of Jesus . . . Be the perseverance in innocence and faith of children who receive Thee in Holy Communion . . . Be their Friend! . . .

Triumph, agonizing Heart of Jesus . . . Be the consolation of the heads of Christian homes. Be their Life! . . .

Triumph, agonizing Heart of Jesus . . . Be the love of the multitude who suffer . . . of the poor who toil . . . He their King! . . .

Triumph, agonizing Heart of Jesus . . . Be relief and sweetness to the afflicted . . . to souls plunged in desolation . . . Be their Brother! . . .

Triumph, agonizing Heart of Jesus . . . Be the strength of tempted souls . . . of the feeble. Be their Victory! . . .

Triumph, agonizing Heart of Jesus . . . Be the fervor and constancy of the lukewarm . . . Be their Love! . . .

Triumph, agonizing Heart of Jesus . . . Be the center of the militant life of the Church . . .

Be its triumphant Labarum! . . .

Triumph, agonizing Heart of Jesus . . . Be the ardent and victorious zeal of Thine Apostles. Be their Master! . . .

Triumph, agonizing Heart of Jesus . . . In the Eucharist be the holiness and the anticipated Heaven of souls . . .
Be their Paradise of love. Be their All! . . .

And while awaiting the eternal happy day when we will sing Thy glories, let us, sweetest Master, suffer, love, and die in the heavenly Wound of Thy Side, murmuring in that Wound of Thy loving Heart, this word of triumph: Thy Kingdom come!

Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Most Pure Heart of Mary

I give and consecrate to the Sacred Heart of Our Lord Jesus Christ my person and my life, my actions, afflictions, and sufferings, no longer wishing to use any part of my being except to honor, love, and glorify Him. It is my irrevocable intention to be all His and to do all for His love, renouncing with all my heart anything that might displease Him.

I take Thee therefore, O Sacred Heart, for the only Object of my love, the Protector of my life, the Pledge of my salvation, the Remedy for my frailty and inconstancy, the Atonement for all the faults of my life, and my sure Refuge at the hour of death.

Be my justification, most kind Heart, with God the Father and avert from me the darts of His just wrath. O Heart of Love, I place all my trust in Thee, for I fear all from my malice and weakness but I hope all from Thy goodness! Destroy in me all that may displease or resist Thee. May Thy pure love imprint Thee so deeply in my heart that I may never be able to forget Thee or be separated from Thee. I implore Thee, by all Thy goodness, that my name may be written in Thee, O Sacred Heart, for I wish all my happiness and glory to consist in living and dying as Thy friend and Thine apostle!

And thou, O Heart of Mary, closely and inseparably united to the Heart of Jesus, my desire is to see thee occupy after Jesus, your Son, the first place in my heart which, from now on, I give and consecrate to thee. Thou wilt always be the object of my veneration, my love, and my confidence. I will strive to conform my feelings and affections to thine, and the continual effort of my life will be to imitate thy virtues.

O blessed Mother, deign to open thy heart to me, and to receive me there in the company of thy true children and faithful servants! Obtain for me the grace I need to imitate thy admirable heart as thou, thyself, hast imitated the Heart of Jesus. Rescue me from dangers, console me in my griefs, teach me to draw profit, as I should, from the good things and the evils of this life; protect me always, especially at the hour of death.

O Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, I consecrate myself to Thy service! Grant that now and always I may be Thy faithful child! Amen.

Five times, in honor of the Five Wounds of our Savior: Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy Kingdom come!

Three times: Immaculate Heart of Mary, pray for us!

Once: Saint Joseph, pray for us!

Saint Margaret Mary, pray for us!

Holy Hour

For the First Friday of February

O! What happy solitude one enjoys near the Holy Tabernacle! . . . How well the soul rests in the shadow of the Beloved Whom she adores, . . . flooded in the light of Him Who is the Light . . .

Putting aside the world with its vanities, illusions and deceptions, let us rest close, very close to the divine Reality, Jesus, . . . in the very intimacy of His Sacred Heart, that Paradise of delights . . . The sweet Master is there . . . barely a step away . . . He is calling us . . . With boundless confidence pray Him to turn His Eyes from our faults and during this Holy Hour, to open wide to us the Divine Wound in His Side . . . Let us enter there without fear, for it is the source whose virtue ransoms poor sinners, sanctifies the just . . . sweetens the great sorrows of life and drives away the fear of death.

(Pause)

(Ask Him to accept this Holy Hour as a prayer of reparation for all our families.)

Heaven in amazement interrupts its canticle of glory, and the Angels are filled with emotion when they see Jesus Christ, their King, weep through love, over guilty man! Those tears were not lost . . . Mary collected them and this evening she presents them set as a crown of pearls around this divine Host which claims the grateful adoration of the faithful friends of her Divine Son . . .

O, if each tear of Jesus had been repaid by a soul! . . . and if each groan had had as a living echo the conquest of one family forever! . . . However, there is still time for Him to enter into possession of this ungrateful world which He came to save . . . O, the principal grace, obtained through this Holy Hour, must be to hasten the triumph of His adorable Heart!

(Let us then do a holy violence to our Master's Heart in order that He hasten the promised advent of His Kingdom by the pressing and decisive victory of His Love . . . Let us speak to Him without delay and with all the fervor of our souls!)

Beloved Jesus, drawn to Thee by the piercing cry of Thy Heart, moved to pity by Thy loneliness, and above all, thirsting for the coming of Thy Kingdom behold us, beloved Master agonizing in Gethsemane, saddened by Thy sadness unto death, and forgetting the world in retaliation for its forgetfulness of its most lovable Savior . . .

Yes, behold us here, Lord, such as Thou knowest us in our great moral wretchedness: weak in faith, infirm and faltering in mind, . . . prone to the inevitable anxieties of existence disillusioned with life and with ourselves . . . behold us, weighed down with profound grief. Stretch forth to us, O Jesus, a helping hand!

Notwithstanding these failings, and wishing to be worthy of the title of faithful friends, we ask of Thee this evening for our share of anguish and of suffering in the grief and anguish of Thy Heart. In order to taste it, Jesus, in all its bitterness, and also in order to place the balm of sweet consolation in Thy divine Side during this Holy Hour, open to us, Lord, this precious, inebriating Wound . . . Open it, and fortified by its power we promise Thee that in the battle for Thy cause we will give Thee immense glory in the social triumph of Thy Sacred Heart . . . O, hasten, Jesus! . . . and by the cruel agony in the Garden of Olives, delay no longer the coming of Thy Reign of Love! . . .

(Let us make some reflections on the loneliness and the suffering of Gethsemane and the Tabernacle . . .)

Pious souls, enter in spirit this garden filled with traitorous shadows for our Lord. Ah! Let an act of living faith encourage and enlighten us . . . The same Jesus of Nazareth Whom we see falling to the ground under the weight of indescribable agony in the Garden of Olives is there in the Host, mute, still, a Victim, but always Redeemer by love . . .

Let us surprise Him, if you will, in His Eucharistic agony, for we have more right there than the Angels . . .

Contemplate our Lord in mystical agony! He suffers, sad unto death, and O grief! He suffers always alone!

His enemies conspire against Him; the indifferent, all taken up with their common interests, have neither love nor time for Jesus; . . . His friends, His favorite apostles, with rare exceptions, are weary of the battle; . . . many are asleep while the Master waits saddened and outcast for betrayal and death! . . .

Not so with you, pious souls, who come during this hour to share the bitterness of His solitude . . . Soothe it by a canticle the sweetness of which will make Him forget the ingratitude of men . . .

(Make an act of solemn thanksgiving to the Lord, and while kneeling, bless Him with fervor for the inexhaustible bounty of His rejected love.)

For the gratuitous and inestimable gift of faith:

(Aloud)

All: Infinite gratitude to Thy most lovable Heart! . . .

For the treasure of grace and the virtue of hope which shows us Heaven, the end of this life's tribulations . . .

All: Infinite gratitude to Thy most lovable Heart! . . .

For the saving Ark of Thy Church, persecuted, but always victorious . . .

All: Infinite gratitude to Thy most lovable Heart! . . .

For the incomprehensible mercy with which Thou dost pardon all sin through the Sacraments of Baptism and Penance . . .

All: Infinite gratitude to Thy most lovable Heart! . . .

For the tenderness that Thou dost lavish on suffering souls who praise Thee in their trials and crosses . . .

All: Infinite gratitude to Thy most lovable Heart! . . .

For the marvelous devices of Thy love in the conversion of the most hardened sinners . . .

All: Infinite gratitude to Thy most lovable Heart! . . .

For the blessings of peace or trials, of sickness or health, of riches or poverty, often misunderstood, by which Thou dost ransom innumerable souls . . .

All: Infinite gratitude to Thy most lovable Heart! . . .

For the signal benefits Thou dost accord so many ingrates who misuse their position, their fortune, their talents, which they owe to Thee alone . . .

All: Infinite gratitude to Thy most lovable Heart! . . .

For the wonderful privilege granted us on Calvary, when Thou, Jesus gavest us Thine own Mother as our Mother and she adopted us as her beloved children . . .

All: Infinite gratitude to Thy most lovable Heart! . . .

For Thy Holy Eucharist, for Thy captivity and Thy companionship imbued with all delights, promised us until the consummation of the world . . .

All: Infinite gratitude to Thy most lovable Heart! . . .

Finally, Jesus, for this un hoped-for Paradise which Thou hast revealed to us through Thy servant, Margaret Mary . . . for the wondrous, incomprehensible gift of Thy Sacred Heart . . .

All: Infinite gratitude to Thy most lovable Heart! . . .

(Meditate a few moments on the captivity of our Lord on Holy Thursday and on that which continues through the centuries in the divine Eucharist . . .)

Consideration: You have often read this phrase: "Jesus a Captive, Jesus the Prisoner of Love in the holy Tabernacle!" These simple words contain one of the greatest mysteries of the Catholic belief. Do you ever meditate on them? . . . Let us do so this evening! . . .

With eyes illumined by the light of a strong faith, look through the grating . . . pierce the walls of this Tabernacle: Jesus is the gentle Prisoner, vanquished, chained there by His own Heart . . .

It was Holy Thursday, twenty centuries ago, that towards the middle of the night, He allowed Himself to be led, bound, from the Garden of the Agony to the dungeon to which He was condemned by a wicked judge . . . And that night of ignominy and horror, of deadly loneliness caused by the abandonment of all those who loved His Heart, . . . yes, that night is prolonged in all the Tabernacles of the world . . .

Blasphemy, denials, indifference, impurity, pride, sacrilege . . . all the outcries of deicides, and all the torrent of vileness and ignominy have the awful privilege of reaching Jesus' feet, of rising to His face and profaning it as it was profaned by Judas' kiss.

And Jesus Christ does not go away! . . . He is love's captive, betrayed by His own Heart . . . He is there, crushed by the outrages of men . . . He is there, seated on the criminal's bench . . . He has committed a great crime, the sublime crime of loving man with divine passion.

And see how man repays Him—by neglect and loneliness! . . .

Souls: O most lovable Captive, shackle also these souls who wish to share Thy prison's solitude! . . . They ask that their captivity, like Thine, be eternal . . . They beg Thee to give them as a prison during their life and at death the fathomless abyss of Thy wounded Side . . . Yes, immerse us all in Thy Heart, as hostages for the great sinners, for those who deny Thy Eucharist, for those who blaspheme Thy Cross. We would have them saved for the glory of Thy Name . . . Redeem them, Jesus in the Eucharist, especially the torturers of this Golgotha where Thou livest to pardon their sins! . . .

Divine Savior of souls, completely covered with confusion, I prostrate myself in Thy presence, and as I fix my glance on the lonely Tabernacle and see the neglect in which Thou art left by so many ransomed souls, I feel my heart oppressed.

But since with so much goodness Thou dost permit me during this Holy Hour to unite my tears to those Thou didst shed, I pray Thee,

Jesus, for those who do not pray . . . I bless Thee for those who curse Thee . . . and with all the ardor of my soul I praise and adore Thee in union with the universal prayer which rises from all the sanctuaries of the world.

Accept, Lord, the cry of expiation which sincere sorrow draws from our grieved and repentant souls: we ask pardon of Thee . . .

For our sins, for those of our relatives and friends, . . .

(Aloud)

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

For infidelities and sacrileges,

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

For blasphemies and the profanation of Sunday,

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

For licentiousness and public scandals,

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

For those who corrupt childhood and youth,

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

For deliberate disobedience to Thy holy Church,

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

For the crimes of families, for the faults of parents and children,

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

For criminal attempts against the Sovereign Pontiff,

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

For disturbers of peace in Christian society,

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

For abuse of the Sacraments and outrages to Thy Holy Eucharist,

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

For vile attacks by the press and for the machinations of secret societies,

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

Finally, Jesus, for the good who falter and for the sinners who resist grace,

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

(Pause or hymn)

(Meditate on the condemnation of Jesus and on the ignominy that He endured when He was treated as a madman, a mystery of love and suffering which is perpetuated in the Sacrament of the Altar.)

We have kept silence a moment and there is silence in the depths of this poor Tabernacle . . . Alas! The world, by the hateful cries of its own sins, has gone on and will go on proclaiming the condemnation of the Prisoner of Love . . . If it consents to free Him, it is only to exhibit Him as a fool and then to drag Him to the desert of human forgetfulness . . . and from there to the atrocious death of the Cross! . . . Draw near your sweet Jesus; see Him as at the moment when Pilate presented Him to the infuriated people . . . The God-Man in the Eucharist wishes to complain to you His friends. Listen to Him with faith, with fervor, as did John the Beloved when he heard the anguished throbbing of this Heart, torn by suffering, transpierced by love . . . Speak to us, Master!

(Slowly and impressively)

Voice of Jesus: Well-beloved soul, look at My countenance. Judgment pronounced by one of My creatures has marked it for death . . . My love is infinite; . . . yours is very lukewarm . . . Have you not also passed that sentence against Me? . . .

Look at My hands bound by those who love unrestrained liberty . . . Have you not also had now and then your hours of license and sin? . . . Have you not also forged these chains for Me? .

Look at Me clothed in the white garment of fools. I have loved the world so much that it has accused Me of madness . . . In very deed I suffered from the folly of love on Calvary . . . I am still possessed by that love in the Host on the Altar . . . Have you never blushed at the redeeming madness of Jesus? Have you, too, not wounded Me by human respect? . . .

See how grossly insulted I am because I wished to give peace to the world . . . See how forsaken I am! . . . I am the shame of the wise, the scandal of the powerful, the laughing-stock of the crowd, the scapegoat of rulers, . . . but if they weep over their offenses I pardon them all, I am Jesus! . . . Tell Me, have not you, too, been unfaithful? . . . Have you not wounded Me? Have you not forsaken Me? . . . Have you always followed Me during My passion? . . . Answer Me . . . I wish to give you in this Holy Hour the kiss of peace and pardon . . . Answer Me . . .

(Reflectingly, with great impressiveness)

What have I, Lord Jesus, that Thou hast not given me?

What do I know, that Thou hast not taught me?

What can I do, if Thou dost not help me?

And what am I, if not united to Thee?

Pardon . . . O! pardon my faults that have so wounded Thee.

Thou hast created me without any merit of mine,

Thou hast redeemed me without my cooperation . . .

Thou hast done much in creating me,

And still more in redeeming me,

Wilt Thou be less powerful

Or less generous in forgiving me?

For all the Blood Thou hast shed

And the cruel death Thou hast suffered

Were not for the profit of the Angels who adore Thee,

But to my benefit and that of the sinners who implore Thee.

If I have then denied Thee, let me praise Thee.

If I have outraged Thee, let me love Thee.

If I have offended Thee, let me serve Thee.

For, to live without loving Thee,

And to love without suffering for Thee,

O Jesus . . . that would be death without Thee.

(Pause)

(Consider the loneliness of Good Friday continued in the Tabernacle.)

How gloomy must have been the twilight of Good Friday on Calvary and in the Holy Sepulchre—there on Golgotha's mount the stains of divine Blood trampled underfoot with hatred; farther down in the cave of the tomb dreary silence, the icy cold of the unfeeling rock and of death .

Christians, . . . contemplate Golgotha; behold it—the Altar! . . . Look once more; see this Tabernacle. Is it not the Holy Sepulchre? . . .

How good it is to find this sublime argument, proving for us that Jesus remains our Victim of love! . . . The tempest of denial and blasphemy howls outside . . . By a moment of prayer we try to make reparation for those outrages . . . But in a few seconds this Holy Hour will be ended . . . and the doors of this temple closed, and Jesus will remain alone with the Angels, for love of whom this mysterious tomb was not dug. And in the silence of this mystic sepulchre the good Master will wait, hoping that the dawn will bring Him the echo of a loving word from men, His brothers! . . .

Ah! If we could penetrate the secrets of the Heart of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament! . . . His is a life of incessant prayer, a life of perpetual immolation for His ungrateful children! The thought of us besets His mind and makes His Heart beat . . . Let Him tell us Himself . . .

(Reflectingly) The Voice of Jesus: My little ones, bitter anguish crushes My Heart . . . I come to you, wounded and weeping, inconsolable over the irreparable misfortune of a cherished soul . . . I come from afar, the Wound in My Side reopened, bleeding . . . I have just been scornfully driven away from the deathbed of an unhappy man in his agony . . . He spurned Me, saying he was an upright man and pretending he had no need of his Savior! . . . He said with presumption that he died easy in mind, but far from Me . . .

The wretched being . . . O the ingrate! He did not allow Me to clasp him in My arms to tell him that I, his offended God, pardoned him . . . He died without a glance at My Cross, without blessing My Wounds . . . With his last breath he repulsed Me! . . . O piercing grief! . . . and yet I had loved him so much . . . I had shed all my Blood for him, . . . and he gave Me neither his last glance nor the last throb of his heart . . .

You who love Me, bind up this cruel Wound. Make amends to Me, console Me by praying for the agonizing! . . .

Pray for the agonizing.

Come nearer Me; let Me feel the burning love of your faithful souls . . . My Soul is bathed in the cold dew of night from waiting for so many of your brothers . . .

Another pang: I waited in vain for some one to offer Me hospitality . . . at least the hospitality one never refuses the poorest pilgrim . . . I rapped on the door . . . I offered divine peace. Ah! I knew how much they needed it . . . And here I am, returning with My treasures . . . All I met with was a bitter refusal, . . . and yet, that soul, that beloved family, which is suffering so horribly, would have relished My peace . . . Peace! It exists . . . and so does happiness, consolation, and love wherever My Heart sheds its light and radiates its mercy . . .

(Pause)

My children, offer Me your love and your fervent prayers . . . give Me the holocaust of your generous sacrifices in order to conquer so many souls who struggle against the outpouring tenderness of My Heart which pleads without truce or rest . . . Count, if you can, the bloody thorns of My Crown . . .

Perhaps you will find there the well-beloved name of some one from your own family circle. How many consolations and thoughtful kindnesses have been rejected by these, dear to your heart and Mine! . . . Perhaps they are not wicked, . . . but they live forgetful of Me, carried away by the cares and the pleasures of the world.

Pray, faithful souls, pray all together that the patience and infinite mercy of My Heart triumph over their resistance, and that one day I may win a great victory here in My Eucharist, where My love awaits them . . .

I thirst with a burning thirst to see Myself surrounded in this Host by a happy and numerous phalanx of returned prodigals, of lost sheep who have been found, of sons converted by the sweetness of My reproaches, by My tears, and by the choice graces promised and granted through the Holy Hour and through the fervent celebration of First Fridays . . .

Why are you waiting? . . . Ask, dear apostles, ask with faith, for the God of Love Who is here, has willed His captivity on the Altar only to give

happiness to the world . . . Knock with perfect confidence, knock again on the Wound in My Side, and the doors of My Heart will open wide to you . . .

Demand, insist, My children, for I wish to be Jesus in carrying out My promises to you . . .

(Pause)

Souls: O good Jesus, plunged in the consideration of Thy sorrows, and confounded at the sight of Thy loneliness and Thy great sadness, I have forgotten while absorbed in Thee my own petitions and the urgent needs of my poor soul . . .

Thou knowest already, Lord, the great weakness and the most secret wounds of Thy servant. My afflicted family hopes also during this Holy Hour for a special blessing from Thy agonizing Heart . . . I do not ask Thee, Jesus, to take suffering away from me if it is Thy Will that it should benefit me . . . do not dry the source of my

tears . . . All that I ask is that Thou wouldst draw near my dear ones to teach them the science of suffering while loving Thee, with their eyes fixed on Thy divine face, and their sorrowing souls immersed in the cruel anguish of Thy Soul.

Above all, Lord Jesus, make my home truly a Nazareth . . . and the faithful Bethany of Thy Sacred Heart!

And now, beloved Master, let me remind Thee of my dear ones who are gone. Remember in this Host the treasures of our hearth which death has taken from us . . . our King and our Friend, bless the departed of our family and give them now Thy Heaven's eternal rest . . .

You know, Jesus, how much we have suffered from these heart-rending separations, but seeing Thee in agony out of love for us, we have in spite of our tears and with holy resignation said from the depths of our heart, "Thy Will be done!" . . . O Jesus, faithful Friend of Bethany, do not forget our cherished dead!

(Pray for the Dead)

Remember also, adorable Nazarene, those who are orphans in their hearts, I mean those who have always lived deprived of affection and tenderness and who, alas, are so numerous! . . .

Remember, Lord, those whom creatures always forget in the hour of rejoicing . . . Thou greatest of kings, Who never forgettest anyone, remember those whom the proud world disdainfully forgets.

Remember the forsaken, the despised who thirst after justice, Thy justice, . . . who thirst ardently for love, Thy love, Jesus . . . Ah! Thou knowest by bitter experience, Lord, how piercing and painful is the wound received from an ungrateful brother . . . Take pity on them all, Jesus, in Thy infinite mercy! . . .

(Pause)

There is much more I would ask of Thee, Jesus, because my poverty is great! . . . But I am certain that Thou wilt see to all my needs, Thou Who watchest lovingly over the little flowers of the field and the birds of heaven! . . . I wish to close this Holy Hour forgetting myself, so that my last prayer will bring Thee the consuming desire, the passionate ambition of my soul for the triumph and the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart . . .

Thy mercy, Lord, is not enough for us . . . Thy interests are ours; we want Thy Kingdom to come! . . . So we demand of Thee, Jesus, that Thou wouldst carry out for us the promises Thou hast made to Thy confidante, Margaret Mary, in favor of those souls who adore Thee in the indescribable beauty, the ineffable tenderness, the incomprehensible love of Thy Sacred Heart.

Accordingly we ask Thee with Holy Church, we beg Thee by Thy Virgin Mother, we demand for the inviolable honor of Thy Name that Thou wouldst establish, that Thou wouldst hasten the Reign of Thy Divine Heart! . . .

(Aloud)

All: Triumph by the reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

Hasten, Jesus, to reign soon, before Satan and the world wrest consciences from Thee and in Thy absence profane all states of life! . . .

All: Triumph by the reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

"Sacred Heart of Jesus, protect our families." (300 days indulgence)

Come forth, Jesus, and triumph in homes, reigning there by the unalterable peace promised those who have received Thee singing, "Hosanna!"

All: Triumph by the reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

Do not delay, beloved Master, for a great many homes suffer from bitterness and evils that Thou hast promised to cure . . .

All: Triumph by the reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

Come, because Thou art omnipotent, because Thou art the God of life's battles . . . Come, showing us Thy lacerated Side as a pledge of heavenly hope in the agony of death! . . .

All: Triumph by the reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

May Thou Thyself be the end promised to our labors, Thou alone the inspiration and reward of all our undertakings . . .

All: Triumph by the reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

And do not forget that it was especially for sinners, Thy favored ones, that Thou hast revealed the inexhaustible tenderness of Thy love . . .

All: Triumph by the reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

Good Master, there are so many lukewarm, so many indifferent whom Thou shouldst set on fire with love by this admirable devotion. . . .

All: Triumph by the reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

"Here is the source of life," Thou sayest, in showing us Thy transpierced Side; . . . therefore, Jesus, let us draw from It the fervor, the holiness to which we aspire . . .

All: Triumph by the reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

According to Thy request, Thy image has been enthroned in many homes . . . In the name of those families, I beg Thee to continue to reign there as most beloved Sovereign! . . .

All: Triumph by the reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

Give words of fire, and persuasion, irresistible, victorious, to those priests who love Thee and who extol Thee as did John, the Beloved Apostle . . .

All: Triumph by the reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

And for those who teach this sublime devotion, for those who proclaim its ineffable wonders, keep a place in Thy Heart, O Jesus, very near to where Thy Mother's name is written! . . .

All: Triumph by the reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

And finally, Lord Jesus, give to us the Heaven of Thy Heart, to us who have shared Thy agony during the Holy Hour; and by this hour of consolation . . . by First Friday Celebrations, fulfill in us Thy unfulfilling promise . . . We ask this of Thee at the decisive hour of death . . .

All: That Thou mayest triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

(Pause or hymn)

We must leave Thee, Jesus. This hour, a thousand times sweet and holy, during which we have enjoyed Thy ineffable companionship, is ending . . . O come with us into the intimacy of our home, where Thou wilt be the Spouse, the Father, the Brother, the Friend, the King of our

family . . . Come, . . . but before leaving Thy sanctuary, let us make Thee a last entreaty: hearken to it, good Jesus!

(Slowly and reflectingly)

When the Angels of the Sanctuary are blessing Thee in the most holy Host and I am in my agony, may their praises be mine . . . Lord, remember then this poor servant of Thy Divine Heart.

When loving souls on earth acclaim Thee . . . and I am in my agony, . . . may their compassion and their tears be mine . . . Remember then this prodigal conquered by Thy Divine Heart!

When priests, virgins of the temple, and Thine apostles, proclaim Thee their Sovereign, preach Thee to souls and enthrone Thee in the world and I am in my agony, . . . let their zeal and their ardor be mine . . . Remember then the apostle of Thy Divine Heart! . . .

When Thy Church, praying and lamenting before the altar is with Thee redeeming the guilty world . . . and I am in my agony, . . . her sacrifice and prayer will be mine . . .

Remember then the faithful friend of Thy Divine Heart! . . .

When during the Holy Hour Thy chosen souls, by loving, suffering and atoning make Thee forget perfidy and betrayals . . . and I am in my agony, . . . their intimacy with Thee and their consolations will be mine . . . Remember then this altar and this victim of Thy Divine Heart! . . .

When Thy heavenly Mother adores Thee in the Holy Eucharist, thus making reparation for the innumerable crimes of earth . . . and I am in my agony, . . . her adoration will be mine . . . Remember then the child of Thy Divine Heart! . . .

Or rather, Lord, forget me if Thou dost wish, provided that at the hour of my death, Thou wilt forget me forever in the Wound of Thy most lovable Heart! . . .

(Pause)

What have I, Lord Jesus, that Thou hast not given me? . . . Strip me of all, even of Thine own gifts, but set me afire with the ardent love of Thy Divine Heart! . . .

what do I know that Thou hast not taught me? . . . May I forget all human and earthly science if I but know Thee better, O Divine Heart! . . .

What can I do without Thy help? . . . and what am I unless united to Thee . . . Unite me to Thee then, by an everlasting bond . . . I renounce even the delights of Thy love, that I may completely possess that other Paradise, Thy sweetest Heart!

And there, bury, O yes, bury the faults which I have committed against Thee . . . and avenge Thyself, while wounding with a dart of burning charity that one who has so offended Thee . . .

And if I have denied Thee, let me acknowledge Thee in the Eucharist where Thou art hidden . . .

If I have offended Thee, let me serve Thee in an everlasting slavery of eternal love, . . . for it is rather death than life not to spend oneself in loving and making loved Thy sweet, compassionate Heart, so forsaken! . . .

Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy Kingdom come! . . .

A Pater and an Ave for the agonising and for sinners.

A Pater and an Ave for the world-wide triumph of the Sacred Heart, especially by daily Communion, the Holy Hour, and the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in families.

A Pater and an Ave for the particular intentions of all present.

A Pater and an Ave for our country.

Act of Consecration of the Human Race to the Sacred Heart of Jesus

(Leo XIII)

Most sweet Jesus, Redeemer of the human race, look down upon us, humbly prostrate before Thy altar. We are Thine and Thine we wish to be; but to be more surely united with Thee, behold each one of us freely consecrates himself today to Thy most Sacred Heart. Many indeed have never known Thee; many, too, despising Thy precepts, have rejected Thee. Have mercy on them all, most merciful Jesus, and draw them to Thy Sacred Heart. Be Thou King, O Lord, not only of the faithful who have never forsaken Thee, but also of the prodigal children who have abandoned Thee: grant that they may quickly return to their Father's house, lest they die of wretchedness and hunger. Be Thou King of those who are deceived by erroneous opinions, or whom discord keeps aloof, and call them back to the harbor of truth and unity of faith, so that soon there

may be but one flock and one Shepherd. Be Thou King also of all those who sit in the ancient superstition of the Gentiles, and refuse not Thou to deliver them out of darkness into the light and kingdom of God. Grant, O Lord, to Thy Church, assurance of freedom and immunity from harm; give peace and order to all nations, and make the earth resound from pole to pole with one cry: Praise to the Divine Heart that wrought our salvation; to It be glory and honor forever. Amen.

Five times, in honor of the Five Wounds of our Savior: Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy Kingdom come!

Three times: Immaculate Heart of Mary, pray for us!

Once: Saint Joseph, pray for us!

Saint Margaret Mary, pray for us!

Holy Hour

For the First Friday of March

and for the Feast of the Immaculate Heart of Mary

Eucharistic Jesus, we adore Thee in union with the nine choirs of Angels who chant Thy praises in Paradise . . .

Jesus in the Eucharist, we bless Thee in union with the Seraphim and Saints who adore Thee in the solitude of the Eucharistic sanctuary . . .

Jesus in the Eucharist, we glorify Thee, above all, in union with Mary Immaculate, Queen of Heaven, and, at the same time, Sovereign of this earthly paradise, Thy Tabernacle . . . We offer Thee, through her, the homage of boundless love and fervent reparation . . . Yes, adorable Jesus, it is in union with her that we come today to sing Thy infinite mercies; with her we wish to weep over Thy mystic agony in the Tabernacle, forsaken by the ingratitude of so many!

Desiring to transform Thy Via Dolorosa into a glorious highway of divine victories, we will strew the hill of Calvary with the immortal glories of Mary Immaculate and with the flowers of our consoling love.

During this Holy Hour, in filial union with the Immaculate Heart of Mary, we wish to convert Thy Calvary into a Tabor and to make of it a glorious throne for Thy adorable Heart . . .

Beloved Jesus, notwithstanding twenty centuries of Thy nearness and intimacy, we have not as yet penetrated, as we should have, the mystery of love in Thy divine Eucharist . . . Oh, in reparation for this lack of understanding, we offer Mary's intimacy, her adoration, and the ecstasy of love of her maternal Heart . . .

Adorable Jesus, we owe Thee yet another apology. We feel remorse for not loving Thee with the burning charity with which we should repay Thy love . . . Notwithstanding Thy generosity and Thine ineffable tenderness, our love is still far too measured . . . O Jesus, forgive us and, as compensation for our guilty coldness, accept as ours—for are we not her children?—the glowing love of our Blessed Mother on the day of her Annunciation.

Jesus-Hostia! Love of our love and Life of our life, turn away Thine adorable Eyes from our failings and our lukewarmness; turn them away from the forgetfulness of our good resolutions, from the weakness that prevents us from keeping our repeated promises to become better—to become saints . . . For love of Mary, Thy Mother and ours, pardon us, Jesus! . . . As reparation for our coldness, we offer Thee the Immaculate Heart of Mary; take It, accept It as the most perfect adoration on our part.

And, Jesus, because Thou hast not forgotten Mary's maternal care, in her honor and also to give testimony of Thy filial gratitude and to glorify the Queen of Nazareth, we pray Thee, O King of Love, to forget all our failings and our numerous violations of Thy Law . . . During this Holy Hour we come to weep over our faults and those of our guilty brethren and we offer our tears in the chalice of Mary's Immaculate Heart.

O Jesus, Thou wilt not refuse these tears, thus presented! . . . By them, and above all through the Blessed Virgin Mary's tears, we dare to implore of Thee a promise: that henceforward Thou wilt reign over our souls and over our families through a greater intensity of faith and love, of humility and purity. We ask it, O Lord, by the love and martyrdom of Mary's Sorrowful Heart!

(Pause)

(And now, tell Jesus that you love Him with a great love, and that you wish to love Him still more in exchange for His Adorable Heart which claims yours. But because your spiritual poverty is so great, offer Him the incomparable and heavenly gift of Mary's Heart . . . Ask her to obtain for us the grace of graces, the grace to love with a flaming love the Heart of Her Son, Jesus, and by our burning zeal to make It loved everywhere . . .)

Voice of Mary: Certainly, no one more than Mary has the right to speak of the intimate sentiments of the Heart of Jesus, and nobody better than she, as co-redemptrix, can tell us of the agony of her own Immaculate Heart. Let us listen to her with filial love: "My little children, I became the Mother of Fair Love the very moment the Angel of the Annunciation visited me . . . And since that time I have wished that all souls might be aglow with the flames that devoured my soul. From that sublime and blessed hour of March twenty-fifth, when Jesus' Heart and mine were united by the bonds of the same blood and the same life, I have thought of you who call me your Mother, and rightly, for so I am.

(Very slowly and brokenly) "Children, if you had seen your Mother, bathing with her burning tears the cheeks of Jesus, as He lay sleeping in His Crib at Bethlehem! If you had heard me singing as I rocked Him in my arms! . . . And all the while my Heart divined and foresaw the crime of deicide, which, until the end of time, would transpierce by sin's dart, the Heart of my Child, Your Savior!

"Ah! . . . but then I, His Mother, raised Him in my arms and I offered Him to the Father for the salvation of our ungrateful children . . .

(Very slowly and reflectingly) "Oh! . . . how I kissed those little hands which caressed me, even then making amends for the wounds by my kisses!

How my lips clung to His feet in a rapture of love to make up in advance for the hurt of the nails . . . How often I anointed His divine Brow with the unction of my tears . . . Ah! how many times my head, obsessed and tortured by the vision of Calvary, my lips, burning with an insatiable thirst for love, have I found rest and all I craved for in the Sacred Side, my own Heaven . . . There, on His Heart, a garden of delightful bitternesses, we both, Jesus and I, vowed to love and suffer together for the resurrection of prodigals, for the salvation of numerous apostates from the Cross and from the Altar" . . .

(Brief pause)

Consideration: Contemplate Jesus lying in His Crib, wrapped in the might of divine peace and redemptive suffering . . . Mary, kneeling, enraptured, in ecstasy, watches over the Child, over the Eternal One. She meditates on another Bethlehem, on quite another Crib, a crib of apparent repose, but of real and perpetual immolation, the Altar! . . .

Looking ahead through the centuries to come, the loving Queen, the sorrowing Virgin contemplates this lasting Bethlehem, indestructible through the ages, where this same adorable Child will be born thousands of times upon the Altar. She sees Him placed, like a mild Prisoner, between the walls of a humble and silent Tabernacle . . . Glancing down at her sleeping Child, she beholds this same Jesus—her God—humbled even more in each ciborium . . . than He is in the manger.

The vision of Bethlehem has become reality . . . On every altar Jesus-Hostia seems to sleep, and Mary still continues to guard this Eucharistic crib from which Jesus constantly watches over us.

(Pause)

Souls: Yes, Jesus, we believe that close to the golden ciborium which holds Thee captive, is Thy Mother; and it is she, it is her Heart which gives us Thine in the adorable Host . . . Bless her, Jesus, in our name, since Thou owest to her the great joy of having realized Thy vehement desire to dwell, and to find Thy delights with the children of men . . .

O Jesus, with the Angels of the Sanctuary sing to Thy beloved Mother . . . In union with the Angels of Paradise sing her praises, O King! But, above all, divine Master, with us Thy brothers, with the exiles, who like Thee, call her their Mother, sing her glory, O Lord! . . .

Oh! Thou canst not refuse anything to this Queen, Thy Mother. Therefore, in her name, we ask the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart through the Holy Eucharist. Thou canst not permit that Mary's expectation, also ours, should be vain . . . Prove to us once more that she is all-powerful when the interests of Thy glory are in question.

Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, reign over the afflicted; become their great Consoler through this consecrated daily Bread, the Gift of the Queen of Sorrows . . .

Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, reign over children, the very little ones, through this consecrated daily Bread, Gift of the Queen of Virgins. Be the germ and the divine preservative of their perfect innocence and naive candor . . .

Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, reign over the poor and the outcast, through this consecrated daily Bread, the Gift of the humble Queen of Bethlehem's shepherds. Be their supernatural relief in the innumerable sufferings they endure.

Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, reign over priests, and through this consecrated daily Bread, the Gift of the Queen of the Cenacle, be the sacred fire of their sacerdotal holiness and of their burning zeal! . . .

Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, reign over the families of Bethany, and through this consecrated daily Bread, Gift of the Queen of Nazareth, be the sun of a vivid faith that will enlighten victoriously the souls of parents and children.

Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, reign over Thy Church; inspire the Catholic Episcopate and especially the Sovereign Pontiff, Thy Vicar, and through this consecrated daily Bread, Gift of Mary Mediatrix, become their Pentecost of consuming fire! . . .

Most lovable Jesus, adorable Infant-God of the Bethlehem of our Tabernacles, repay the eager care, the kisses of infinite tenderness, the outbursts of glowing love of the Heart of Mary praying and suffering beside the poor and cold little Crib. Recompense Thy Immaculate Mother by crowning her brow with the triumphs and glories of Thy Eucharistic Heart in the Sacrament of Thy Love! . . .

(Pause)

Mary's Plaints: Mary's plaintive voice is that of a mother whose heart is cruelly wounded and who asks pity and consolation of her faithful children . . . Alas! they have to make up for the bitter guile which has been her portion from so many prodigals—unnatural children of whom she is the most loving mother . . . ingrates, who smother her Immaculate Heart with grief. Never forget that Nazareth's divine story is not ancient history, the history of two thousand years ago. Oh, no! Nazareth still lives. It is the marvelous story of the sorrows interlaced with thorns that unite the Hearts of Son and Mother by indissoluble bonds.

Listen! the Queen of Martyrs will tell us of her sorrows: "My children, meditate on this beautiful and touching lesson: A foreign and hostile country, an idolatrous people, opened the doors to the Infant-God, a fugitive in Egypt. It offered a peaceful refuge to my Son. I dared to think that the sun tempered its heat, because the sands were less burning under our footsteps, and the pitying oasis of the desert offered us cool springs and a rest that was refused us by the ungrateful Nazarenes! . . ."

"Let me tell you, my children, of the deep wound made in the Heart of Thy God by the envious rancor of those whom He loved as His own . . . Even there, in His fatherland, there, where they should have hailed Him with palms in their hands, they plotted against Jesus with anger in their souls, they wished to stone Him, to bury Him, yes, to bury Him and His glory!"

"What bitter tears we then wept together, Jesus and I! But they were fruitful tears, ransoming the infidelities of our own people the insulting, haughty scorn of Nazareth—Nazareth, the never to be forgotten sanctuary of the most sublime memories!"

"While I was in exile the Angel of solitude was a compassionate companion, but at home our fellow countrymen plaited for both of us our first crown of thorns . . . My dear consolers, there in Nazareth where the divine Child played, and I watched Him grow as a Youth of enchanting grace and beauty, there where I often contemplated Him among the flowers of the hillside, there where, while echoing the angelic choirs, I sang His divine Beauty, yes, even there, I had to hear curses against Him! . . . And there my broken Heart atoned with its tears for the denial which so cruelly outraged the sweet Redeemer!"

"Ah! but our grief became a thousand times more piercing at the thought that in the course of centuries, a great army of unhappy children, of proud and renegade Christians will ignore, in their turn, in the very bosom of the Israel of the Church, the Lord's Law of Grace and Truth . . . I saw them, new Nazarenes, much more guilty than the others, fleeing from the Shepherd's fold, . . . far in mind and heart from their Father's House! . . .

You, my little ones, younger brothers of Jesus, my First-born, you, who have come this evening to His adorable Heart, draw near Him, make up for His abandonment, console this divine Outcast. And that your reparation may be perfect, take my Heart, all its love, all its tenderness, all its immolations, and present it to Him, on His altar as your own offering . . . He will take it as a holocaust of perfect reparation . . . And, now,

I your Queen, ask of you an intimate, ardent prayer . . . Begin it, and the Immaculate Heart of your Mother will unite itself to your hearts."

Say this prayer in union with Mary

(Slowly and reflectingly)

Souls: Jesus of Nazareth, come back from exile, come back as a conqueror and, bound by chains of love, remain with us, for Thou must be our King! . . .

The world does not want Thee. In our times it utters the cry of deicide which wounds Thee, and it rejects Thee with Satanic pride . . . But we pray Thee, Jesus, do not go away! Return victoriously from exile; and bound by chains of love, stay with us, for Thou must be our King! . . .

Turn Thy gaze from those who curse Thy Name and deny Thy Gospel, and look down on us, Thine intimates . . . Penetrate our hearts; read them, for they take an oath of loyalty to Thee today . . . Because of us, Thy friends, we pray Thee, Jesus, do not go away! Return victoriously from exile, and bound by chains of love, stay with us, for Thou must be our King! . . .

If Thou goest away, Lord, what will become of the world without Thee, Who art its peace, without Thee, Jesus, Who art its Heaven? Oh, then, how it will lament in vain over the chains imposed on it in just punishment! How it will regret having banished Him Who is the Author and the guarantee of its holy liberty! . . . Forgive, Lord, those unhappy ones who offended Thee by this great sin; forgive them, for they knew not what they did. We pray Thee, do not go away, return victoriously from exile, and bound by chains of love, stay with us, for Thou must be our King! . . .

Fortunately, Lord, the very ones who, like the faithless Nazarenes, have put Thee out of Thine own Kingdom and Thine own House, will one day miss the life-giving warmth which is found only in Thy Sacred Heart, the only Heart that can redeem and that always pardons . . . Ah! then they will remember, and it is never too late, that Thou art the one Master who has sowed Truth, the only Judge who has taught Justice, the only King who has been prodigal of infinite mercy . . . Oh, then, how many guilty ones will turn their gaze on Thee, and, with tears in their souls and eyes, will urge Thee to come back! . . . Return victoriously from exile, we pray Thee; do not go away but bound by chains of love, stay with us, for Thou must be our King! . . . Thou wilt never leave us again; Thou will remain with us forever, Beloved Master . . . Therefore in the name of all the ingrates of earth and also of the friends Thou dost see before Thee, we implore the gift of Thine adorable Heart . . .

(Aloud) All: Entrust to us Thy Heart, O Jesus!

Good Master, there are many sick souls. There are very many, too, who waver through weakness between the yawning abysses of sin and hell. In their name and ours, Lord, we cry to Thee: "Entrust to us Thy Heart, O Jesus!"

All: Entrust to us Thy Heart, O Jesus!

Good Master, we are thinking of poor souls in their agony, especially of those who insulted Thee during their lives, of those who forgot Thee during long years and wounded Thy Heart so cruelly . . . Have pity on them, yes, have pity on those unfortunates who need Thy boundless mercy so much . . . In their name and ours, we cry to Thee: "Entrust to us Thy Heart, O Jesus!"

All: Entrust to us Thy Heart, O Jesus!

Good Master, imploringly, we draw near to Thy Tabernacle thinking of so many fathers who have often forgotten their duties toward Thee; thinking, also, of so many poor mothers who suffer anguish because they fear for the eternal destiny of their husbands or their children. In their name and ours, Lord, we cry to Thee: "Entrust to us Thy Heart, O Jesus!"

All: Entrust to us Thy Heart, O Jesus!

Good Master, drawn by Thine infinite mercy and filled with firm confidence, we come without hesitation to ask Thee for those great miracles, those wonders of grace, promised to Thy consolers in the Holy Hour and Thine intimates in daily and frequent Communion. We come to implore Thy victory of love in the striking conversion of many great sinners. In their name and ours, Lord, we cry to Thee: "Entrust to us Thy Heart, O Jesus!"

All: Entrust to us Thy Heart, O Jesus!

Good Master, it is Thy Immaculate Mother who, this evening, leads us to Thee, and it is she, herself, who inspires a very special supplication for Thy friends, for Thine apostles, for priests, and for all consecrated souls who have given Thee their solemn promise to become saints . . . In their name and ours, Lord, we cry to Thee: "Entrust to us Thy Heart, O Jesus!"

All: Entrust to us Thy Heart, O Jesus!

Good Master, listen, finally, to our supreme prayer. We ask Thee for the glorious, worldwide triumph of Thy divine Heart in Holy Church, through the Eucharist, through the Gospel, and through Thy Vicar, the Pope. Cast a look of mercy on children and on those who govern, on the rich and the poor, on the powerful and the weak, on Christians, on heretics, and pagans. Reign over all, Jesus, over all without exception! In their name and in ours, Lord, we cry to Thee: "Entrust to us Thy Heart, O Jesus!"

All: Entrust to us Thy Heart, O Jesus!

Yes, King of Love, entrust Thy Heart to us without delay in the name and for the love of Mary's Heart!

(Pause)

Mary's Teachings: A Holy Hour should be a meditation on love, leading us to the knowledge of Jesus Christ, Who is the Source of love. Who could better guide us there than His holy Mother, the sweet Virgin Mary? Today we are living hours of heavy darkness, of religious ignorance and brazen sin; therefore, let us give an attentive ear to the grave lessons of our lovable Queen. It is she, most certainly, who can point out the treacherous ambushes of this world, she who crossed it carrying, safe and sound, in the ark of her arms and her maternal Heart, Jesus, her Son. O listen to her!

"Children begotten of my love and my sorrows, harken to your Mother: in reality there is only one grave evil, an evil with eternal consequences; that is to lose Jesus, for His Heart is the never-failing source of all life. To possess that Heart is already to possess Paradise.

I, His Mother, know from experience, for I lost Him for three days at Jerusalem and I suffered then inexpressible agony . . . Jesus gone . . . to live without Him . . . not to see or enjoy Him, no longer to possess Him, oh, what atrocious torment! . . . After having delighted in Him and pressed Him to my Heart, after having given Him all my soul in a thousand and one kisses of immense tenderness! . . . Yet there is still something more cruel . . . Draw near, my children, let me unveil to you, as much as words can express the rendings of my maternal soul, the supreme farewell of the Mother and her Son on the evening of Holy Thursday . . .

"Draw very near to contemplate and share my sorrow, like to no other sorrow, when at the first glimmer of Good Friday I had the frightful vision of His flagellation and of the opprobrium with which they had covered Him . . . Vision of blood and thorns, cries of blasphemy and hatred, cries of death . . . that was the heartbreaking scene that God, the Father, allowed to be placed before my eyes, the most sorrowful of Mothers."

"O my little ones, God grant that you may never taste the deadly bitterness of this chalice that of crucifying, of losing by mortal sin, Jesus, that heavenly treasure of Life which my maternal Heart has entrusted to you."

"O, especially you, happy souls, who have kept intact your innocence, spare your most lovable Jesus that first hour of revolt, of deadly pleasure. Turn away your lips, refuse to drink the first drop of the first mortal sin!

"But, if, alas, you have already soiled the beauty of your soul, I beg you not to delay in washing away with your tears, the insult with which you have covered the adorable Face of Jesus . . . Oh, then search for Him at once, hasten to His Feet; embrace them lovingly, promising Him loyalty and trust!"

"And you, mothers of a Christian home which should be the Lord's blessed sanctuary, listen to this sorrowful Mother: be watchful and loving, that the spouse and the children who have been confided to you may never lose by your negligence or lukewarmness, the friendship of my Son, your King. Live in such a way that, by your fervor, He may reign over them all! . . . Yes, that all may be His: father, mother, children, thoroughly His in time, His in eternity. May He dwell with them in hours of anguish, may He dwell with them in the springtime of Christian joy! . . .

Jesus in the Eucharist is here listening to us: let us speak to Him ourselves.

Souls: Jesus, under Mary's protection and sustained by Thy grace we will be faithful to Thee in life and in death. But knowing our great weakness we beg Thee, adorable Savior, to bind us very closely to Thyself by Thine infinite mercy . . .

(Slowly and reflectingly)

Heart of Jesus, draw near us when the unleashed hurricane of temptation, like a famished lion, prowls around our souls to make them hell's prey. Do not abandon us then, Lord. Oh, do not let us abandon Thee, Jesus!

Heart of Jesus, draw near us in the hour when great weakness threatens our hearts of clay, so easily seduced by human love. Do not abandon us then, Lord. Oh, do not let us abandon Thee, Jesus!

Heart of Jesus, draw near us when grave misfortunes distill a hopelessness into the soul, parch its virtue, overwhelm it, and make it ill with a mortal disease . . . Do not abandon us then, Lord. Oh, do not let us abandon Thee, Jesus!

Heart of Jesus, draw near to us in the hour of great desolation, when friends of a day make a void round us, when this isolation from creatures, who know not how to live as Thee, embitters our heart. Do not abandon us then, Lord . . . Oh, do not permit that we abandon Thee, Jesus!

Heart of Jesus, draw near to us; come down even into the abyss where our frequent relapses throw us . . . Draw near us especially in those hours of great discouragement caused by the sight of our immense weakness . . . We feel so reluctant when Thou demandest sacrifice! Do not abandon us then, Lord. Oh, do not let us abandon Thee, O Jesus!

We implore Thee, Lord, for love of the Blessed Virgin Mary, to stay beside us, to watch over us in the fragile bark of our heart, so weak when storms arise . . . Remember then our love!

(Aloud)

All: Sacred Heart of Jesus, we place our trust in Thee!

Be our hope in the hour of bitterness,

Be our hope in the hour of moral exhaustion,

All: Sacred Heart of Jesus, we place our trust in Thee!

Be our hope in the hour of faltering suspense,

Be our hope in the hour of lassitude and when weariness affects the heart,

All: Sacred Heart of Jesus, we place our trust in Thee!

Be our hope in the hour when conscience seems to forget grave duties.

Be our hope in the hour of discouragement in the service of Thy cause,

All: Sacred Heart of Jesus, we place our trust in Thee!

Be our hope in the hour of great frailty and lamentable falls,

Be our hope in the hour of poignant doubts and dangerous illusions,

All: Sacred Heart of Jesus, we place our trust in Thee!

Be our hope in the hour of illness,

Be our hope in the decisive, final hour of our last agony,

All: Sacred Heart of Jesus, we place our trust in Thee!

O Jesus, only Love of our life, supreme Love of our loves, we place, once for all, our existence and our tribulations as well as the assured hope of a promised Heaven in Thy Heart, the source of infinite mercy! . . .

(Pause)

Mary's unutterable Sorrows: The inner passion of Mary was bitter and deeper than the water of the ocean. If the tears shed by her soul, Virgin, Mother, and Martyr, could be transformed into light, they would form a constellation of splendid suns. Let her tell us herself. Queen of Martyrs, holy Mary, speak:

"My sorrows are ineffable because they did not have their origin in my own Heart . . . It is the Heart of Jesus that poured into my heart the ocean of torment that broke forth in His . . . Thus it is the infinite sorrow of a God who is my Son that causes the suffering which tortures me beyond measure . . ."

"And it could not be otherwise when I saw Him bathed in His Blood, surfeited with opprobrium, loaded down with curses, trampled underfoot by the proud, soiled by the mire of the highway, He who is at the same time my Son and my Lord, my God and my All! . . ."

"Ah, it was not only on Good Friday, Calvary's hour, that I saw Him on the Via Dolorosa, crushed and sad, His Soul disconsolate . . . Alas! no! . . . Enlightened from above I saw another Via Dolorosa perpetuated across the centuries, and on it My Jesus bending under the burden of a living cross, the cross of all human' treachery.

"Yes, I have seen Him afar, down the ages, long after His mortal Life and Passion. I have seen Him dragged along by a vile mob, as on Good Friday, His divine Sovereignty ignored, His Majesty mocked at, His Head crowned with thorns, and that adorable Face, whose beauty enraptures Heaven in ecstasy, sacrilegiously profaned by the crowd's spittle . . .

"Still more, my children: I saw my Jesus on the steep slope that leads to this perpetual Golgotha; I saw Him followed and surrounded by the great army of hypocrites and of the impure, traitors and blasphemers . . . And all, with rage in their soul and with the gall of hatred on their lips, insulted Him while He suppressed His moans to bless them and forgot His agony to pardon them . . .

"My children, drain the chalice of my passion: O what a sorrow! I saw Him in thousands of forsaken tabernacles . . . searching from the depths of this prison of love, searching with His glance for a friend, a brother, a faithful consoler, an ardent spouse, a devoted apostle . . . And how often, alas, His eyes and His Heart have found nothing but silence and the forgetfulness of human hearts, have encountered nothing but coldness of souls!

"Oh, the great Wound in His Heart is then reopened, deep and bleeding . . . Oh, if His Calvary had at least brought returns! . . . Ah! I have seen Him die, and die uselessly for a great number of wretched beings, guilty persons, and of children who had become renegades to the Cross, to the Altar, and to His Law! . . .

"You, at least, the friends who, like the faithful and valiant Veronica, come this evening to bring a veil of purity and love, you who have known Him more intimately, come, approach together; borne on the arms of His Mother, climb up to His open Side, and with your soul afire place therein a burning kiss . . . Come, let us weep together over so many ingratitude; come, my children, let us unite our hearts to love Him in place of an iniquitous world which tearing itself away from Him by blackest ingratitude puts Him to death" . . .

(Pause)

Consideration: Never forget this: the horrible story of Holy Thursday night and of the Way of the Cross is renewed repeatedly . . . Our forefathers without doubt went before us to Calvary, the executioners of Jerusalem had indeed their large share of responsibility, but following them we have finished their criminal work.

We must then atone and if necessary wash out in blood the personal affront which is our own sin. Offer Jesus-Hostia a prayer of glowing reparation.

Souls: Remember, Lord, that Thou hast come that we might have life and have it abundantly. Relying on Thy words, we come sweetest Jesus,

to beg of Thee in the name of Mary Immaculate and of Thy compassionate Heart, that at the hour of death Thou wilt be our Savior and not our Judge.

(Aloud)

All: Be our Savior and not our Judge.

Sweetest Jesus, remember that Thou hast said that Thou hast come to look for the lost sheep of Israel. Ah, do not abandon them in the brambles of the road to perdition! In the name of Mary Immaculate and of Thy compassionate Heart we beg of Thee at the hour of death to be our Savior and not our Judge.

All: Be our Savior and not our Judge.

Sweetest Jesus, remember that Thou hast promised to celebrate in the Home of Thy Heavenly Father the glorious feast of Mercy at the return of the prodigal, whom the angels greet with exultation and canticles. In the name of Mary Immaculate and of Thy compassionate Heart we beg of Thee at the hour of death to be our Savior and not our Judge.

All: Be our Savior and not our Judge.

Sweetest Jesus, remember the invitation given Thee by your enemies, the publicans; remember the condescension with which Thou didst accept to eat at their table in order to win them by the power of Thy speech, always inspiring hope, and full of pity . . . In the name of Mary Immaculate and of Thy compassionate Heart, we beg of Thee at the hour of death to be our Savior and not our Judge.

All: Be our Savior and not our Judge.

Sweetest Jesus, remember the delicate partiality of Thy Heart toward those lying in the lowest depth of the abyss; remember Magdalen, the Samaritan woman, the Good Thief, and a great many more sinners who drained every drop of the chalice of Thy mercies . . . In the name of Mary Immaculate and of Thy compassionate Heart, we beg of Thee at the hour of death to be our Savior and not our Judge.

All: Be our Savior and not our Judge.

And finally, sweetest Jesus, remember that in Thy redemptive immolation on the altar of sacrifice, Thou didst deliver Thyself to death for the ransom of guilty man; remember also that when dying Thou didst appoint Paradise as Thy meeting place with the thousand-times blessed thief, who had sweetened Thine agony and won his Heaven by a word of humble repentance . . . In the name of Mary Immaculate and of Thy compassionate Heart, we beg of Thee at the hour of death to be our Savior and not our Judge.

All: Be our Savior and not our Judge.

So may it be, Jesus, especially for all those who, faithful to Thy demands, have rendered Thee a homage of consolation and of public amends by the Communion of reparation and by this great and fruitful prayer, the Holy Hour . . . In them and in their families carry out generously Thy promises of boundless mercy!

(Pause)

Triumphs of Jesus and His Mother's glories—The Sun of glory which shone resplendently one day on the broken tomb, opened by its power, illumines with brilliance the Cross, the Church, the Tabernacle, and above all, casts its splendor on His Mother, the Blessed Virgin Mary . . .

Now the crucified Savior's triumph is before all an inward and mysterious victory, an interior and secret victory like the action of grace on souls . . . But this victory is, at the same time, Mary's glorification. Yes, the Blessed Virgin, whose Immaculate Heart has shared so intimately the anguish of her Son, must also participate in the ineffable gladness of His glory and triumph.

(Brief silence)

Let us end this Holy Hour then by a prayer of praise, the Hosanna of an immense joy.

Souls: Adorable Jesus, Thy hour has come, the hour when Thine altar is to be the Tabor of Thy glory. Thou didst promise this to Margaret Mary when Thou didst disclose to her the secrets of Thy Sacred Heart which wills to reign, and Thou art divinely faithful to Thy word.

Thy Vicar, the Pope, and the clergy of the whole world, burning with a new, irresistible zeal . . . Thy Holy Eucharist kindling a fire of love never hitherto seen . . . the practice of the Holy Hour and the Enthronement of Thine Adorable Heart in families, transforming them into so many sanctuaries of Thy love . . . all, in a language of fire assures us, Jesus, that the Labarum of Thine adorable Heart advances conquering, irresistible, winning back this world which shed Thy Blood . . . Advance O King of Love, from victory to victory establishing Thy Reign over individuals and society! . . . It is especially in the arms of Mary that we find Thee sweet and easy of access . . . that is why, in the name of her Immaculate Heart, we implore Thy victory of love . . .

Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thou knowest all, Thou knowest that we love Thee; forgive us then and pour forth over the whole world those wonderful promised graces by which Thou dost encourage and strengthen this sublime devotion: Thy Kingdom come!

All: Thy Kingdom come!

Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thou knowest all, Thou knowest that we love Thee; forgive us and diffuse to the ends of the earth the fruitful breath of Christian regeneration that Thou Thyself dost offer to souls in love with Thine infinite love: Thy Kingdom come!

All: Thy Kingdom come!

Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thou knowest all,

Thou knowest that we love Thee; forgive us and establish the Kingdom of Thine infinite tenderness over homes, over the happy families who acknowledge that they have received in Thine adorable Heart with Thy peace a foretaste of Paradise: Thy Kingdom come!

All: Thy Kingdom come!

Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thou knowest all, Thou knowest that we love Thee; forgive and encourage us; inflame Thine Apostles who desire but one glory, that of seeing Thee crowned by a diadem of souls conquered by Thine infinite love: Thy Kingdom come!

All: Thy Kingdom come!

Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thou knowest all, Thou knowest that we love Thee; forgive us, and in homage to Thy Mother, bless and confirm the work of Thine Apostles with that promised virtue which will give them the power to enthrone Thee victoriously wherever they find a soul or a family in need of Thy great mercy: Thy Kingdom come!

All: Thy Kingdom come!

Oh, yes, Lord Jesus, establish Thy Reign of love over homes, schools and parishes . . . over peoples and their rulers; reign, reign by Thy Sacred Heart . . . We implore Thee, Jesus, by the tears and for the honor of the Queen Immaculate, spread over the Church and the world the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart: Thy Kingdom come!

A Pater and an Ave for those in their agony and for sinners.

A Pater and an Ave for the world-wide triumph of the Sacred Heart, especially by daily Communion, the Holy Hour, and the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in families.

A Pater and an Ave for the particular intentions of all present.

A Pater and an Ave for our country.

Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Most Pure Heart of Mary

I give and consecrate to the Sacred Heart of our Lord Jesus Christ, my person and my life, my actions, griefs, and sufferings, wishing no longer to use any part of my being except to honor, love, and glorify Him. It is my irrevocable intention to be all His, and to do all for

His love, renouncing with all my heart anything that might displease Him.

I take Thee, therefore, O Sacred Heart, for the only object of my love, the protector of my life, the pledge of my salvation, the cure for my weakness and fickleness, the reparation for all the faults of my life, and my assured refuge at the hour of death.

O kindest of Hearts, be my justification before God and Father and avert from me the darts of His just wrath! I place all my trust in Thee, O Heart of love, for I fear all from my malice and weakness but I hope all from Thy goodness. Therefore destroy in me all that may displease or resist Thee. May Thy pure love imprint Thee so deeply in my heart that I may never be able to forget Thee or be separated from Thee. I implore Thee, by all Thy goodness, that my name may be written in Thy Sacred Heart, for I wish all my happiness and glory to consist in living and dying as Thy slave.

And you, O Heart of Mary, closely and inseparably united to the Heart of Jesus! After Jesus, your Son, I wish you to occupy the first place in my heart, which from now on gives and consecrates itself to you. You will always be the object of my veneration, my love, and my trust. I will strive to conform my feelings and affection to yours, and the constant effort of my life will be to imitate your virtues.

O blessed Mother, deign to open your heart to me, and to receive me there in the company of your true children and faithful servants. Obtain for me the grace I need to imitate your admirable Heart as you yourself have imitated the Heart of Jesus. Rescue me from dangers, console me in my griefs, teach me to draw profit as I should from the good and evil of this life; protect me always and especially at the hour of death!

O Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, I consecrate myself to Thy service! Grant that now and always I may be Thy faithful child. Amen.

Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy Kingdom come. (5 times)

Immaculate Heart of Mary, pray for us, (3 times)

Saint Joseph, pray for us.

Saint Margaret Mary, pray for us.

Holy Hour

For the First Friday of April

During a silent hour of interior prayer like this, Jesus in the Eucharist confided the ardent desires of His Sacred Heart to His disciple and first apostle, Margaret Mary . . . O, what a moment when the earth heard once more the suppliant voice that had resounded on Samaria's plains and on the mountains of Galilee; a moment when it listened to the God-Man's voice reverberating, ardent, lamenting, and begging our love as at Gethsemane and on Calvary! . . .

Yes, on that night at Paray-le-Monial, a night glorious and radiant, He asked us for our love, but offered us in return not only the treasures already given . . . O, no! . . . He offered us a gift more beautiful than the heavens . . . Heaven itself, the source of the redemptive treasures of Calvary . . . He gave us forever His adorable Heart!

Let us sing: "Hosanna in the heights of Heaven . . . Hosanna!" For henceforth the Heart of Jesus is all ours!

And you, the poor, the sick, the sad, the weak, sing too: "Hosanna, Hosanna on this sinful earth!" . . . The Heart of Jesus belongs to us mortals. It is ours for life . . . It will be ours beyond the shadows of death! . . . Hosanna!

Let us pray, my brethren! . . . and if we truly love Jesus, let us ask Him in great outbursts of faith and of boundless love that He disclose to us, during this Holy Hour the providential designs of His Sacred Heart . . .

Lord, only Thy loyal and intimate friends are here present . . . Reveal to us, then, as Thou didst to Thy favored Confidante, Thy vehement desires and the wonderous power of divine conquest that Thou hast willed to attach to this sublime devotion . . .

Speak, O Master, what dost thou ask in order to reclaim with authority Thy Sovereign right, to exact as King the realization of Thy plans? . . . Thou Who dost read to the innermost recesses of the heart, behold the souls of Thy friends athirst for Thy words . . . Thou hast honored us with the vocation of consolers of Thy Sacred Heart. We therefore wish to offer Thee in each of our hearts a bed of fragrant flowers, where Thou mayest rest Thy bleeding Head. Yes, accept us as a consolation; accept our arms stretched out to Thee in Thine agony as a feeble support, just as Thou didst accept at Gethsemane strength from the Angel . . .

Jesus, look at us this evening more lovingly than Thou didst look at Veronica, for in offering our reparation we offer Thee something richer than a veil, we offer Thee our souls.

We are alone with Thee, Lord Jesus, Thy tried and faithful friends, those on whom Thou canst henceforward depend in the hour of agony. Open Thy Divine Lips, beloved Master; speak, Jesus, for all those who surround now the Golgotha of Thine altar come to implore the grace, the honor . . . still more than that, the unmerited reward of carrying in Thy place, like loving Cyrenians, the gibbet of Thy Cross.

Heart of Jesus, in this moment of intimate confidence tell us of Thy promise to extend Thy spiritual Kingdom . . . Tell us of Thy wish to be enthroned in our rebel world . . . Order us to die for Thy cause and Thy love, and we will die! . . . Speak to us through the Wound in Thy Divine Side, that especially during the last three centuries is conquering the world by tenderness and mercy . . . Let creatures keep silence . . . but Thou, O Jesus, in the Eucharist, speak and we will live!

(Pause)

(Ask of Him the great grace of hearing His Divine Voice.)

Jesus: Draw near, beloved soul. It is I, be not afraid! Do you see? I have despoiled Myself of the splendor of Majesty which would have made you tremble. Look at Me! . . . I come to you poorer than yourself . . . I come alone . . . stripped of all . . . I have only kept the glory of My Wounds, and no other treasure but My Heart which has loved you so much . . .

Look at Me closely . . . the Nazarene Who was born in a stable, the Child of common folk, Who comes to meet you . . . I was the humble, poor craftsman in the workshop of Joseph, the carpenter . . . I have gone barefoot, and I have known the uncertainty of what the morrow would bring; I have known all the disappointments of

the poor, and I have endured all that out of love for the humble . . . O, I wish to reign over them! I am by birth and My own choice their Sovereign . . . Yes, I wish the poor, the workmen, and all those who labor, to accept the benign and consoling kingdom of My divine Heart . . . I long to see them at My Feet completely conquered by My Crib and My Cross . . . I claim for Myself, as My chosen heritage, the multitude who weep, who suffer hunger for truth and thirst for justice. O, the happy day will come when I shall at last see them kneeling and singing to Me their faith, their hope, their love! . . .

You, My intimate friends, make ready for Me this great Easter; make ready the throne and the crown for the glorious day . . . Implore this grace here before the altar; pray without ceasing to obtain it . . . O, bring back to Me those souls which have been stolen from Me by the renegades who by their malignant efforts strive to rob me forever! Make the poor come unto me; enthrone Me in their homes, for I am Jesus, the divine Poor One of Nazareth, their Friend.

(Pause)

Souls: Yes, Jesus, Thou wilt reign over the poor. The people won by the goodness of Thy Sacred Heart will proclaim Thee their King! Receive the prayer, which at Thy demand will immediately echo in the depths of Thy silent Tabernacle . . .

By the tears Thou didst shed in the humble grotto of Bethlehem . . .

(Aloud)

All: Reign, Heart of Jesus, over Thy friends, the poor! . . .

By the tears Thou didst shed in secret in much loved Nazareth . . .

All: Reign, Heart of Jesus, over Thy friends, the poor! . . .

By the tears Thou didst shed at the death of Thy friend Lazarus . . .

All: Reign, Heart of Jesus, over Thy friends, the poor! . . .

By the tears wrung from Thee by the ruin of Thy people and of Thine ungrateful fatherland . . .

All: Reign, Heart of Jesus, over Thy friends, the poor! . . .

By the tears of blood which wet the thousand-times blessed Garden of Gethsemane . . .

All: Reign, Heart of Jesus, over Thy friends, the poor! . . .

By the bitter tears the treason of Judas made Thee shed . . .

All: Reign, Heart of Jesus, over Thy friends, the poor! . . .

By Thy tears of deep sadness over Peter's thrice-repeated denial and the abandonment by Thine Apostles . . .

All: Reign, Heart of Jesus, over Thy friends, the poor! . . .

By the tears of desolation Thou didst weep in seeing Thy Mother's Heart crushed by sorrow on the way to Calvary . . .

All: Reign, Heart of Jesus, over Thy friends, the poor! . . .

By the last tears Thou didst shed in bidding farewell to earth and especially to the poor, Thy friends . . .

All: Reign, Heart of Jesus, over Thy friends, the poor! . . .

(Pause)

Jesus: Cherished souls, My Heart blesses you for the consolation you have just given Me by your ardent supplications! . . .

Yes, I will triumph, for I am King . . . I came to save the world, ruling over it by the love of My Heart . . . Like a stormy sea this ungrateful world rejects Me with rage . . . In My bark, the Church, I cross the centuries, offering

men calm, liberty, peace . . . Alas! the tempest redoubles its fury . . . There are rulers who desire the shipwreck of the Church, the ark of salvation . . . There are many rich, learned, powerful, who, following the example of the iniquitous Sanhedrin of Jerusalem, plot against Me, working to destroy my Priesthood and to ruin My Church . . . My Vicar is persecuted Sovereignty is almost everywhere officially ignored . . . The hurricane of hate has scattered My Apostles and My friends . . . This hate has dared to profane many sanctuaries of retreat and prayer and has trampled underfoot My Rights and My Law! . . . Nevertheless, I am and I remain King, because I am Jesus, the Son of the living God! . . .

Ah, you who truly love the glory of My Name, at least you, My friends, ask Heaven for the victory of Holy Church . . . Do not forget that her anguish is Mine . . . Those who outrage her outrage Me and wound My divine heart! . . .

(Pause)

Souls: Lord, we have heard the outcry of blasphemies against Thee and Thy Holy Church. We have also heard the cry of sorrow wrung from Thy Heart by the ingratitude of nations who owe their culture and liberty to Thy holy Gospel . . . and by the ingratitude of the powerful who, nevertheless, derive from Thee alone all their authority . . .

Pardon, O scorned King; overwhelm and convert Thy enemies . . . We ask this with all our heart:

By the poverty and forlornness of Thy wondrous birth . . .

All: Divine Heart, triumph in Thy Church! . . .

By Thy flight into Egypt and the sufferings of Thy exile, under the persecution of implacable enemies . . .

All: Divine Heart, triumph in Thy Church! . . .

By so many years spent in Thy obscure and dearly-loved workshop of Nazareth . . .

All: Divine Heart, triumph in Thy Church! . . .

By Thy life of retirement, prayer, and penance during the forty days passed in the solitude of the desert . . .

All: Divine Heart, triumph in Thy Church! . . .

By the suffering which the contempt of Israel's doctors of the law caused Thee, and the gross insults with which they received Thy Gospel of light . . .

All: Divine Heart, triumph in Thy Church! . . .

By the piercing wound of ingratitude made by so many men who had been loaded by Thee with blessings and favored with striking miracles . . .

All: Divine Heart, triumph in Thy Church! . . .

By Thy sorrow caused by the incomprehensible blindness of Thy people, who in return for Thy favors demanded the death of the Cross for Thee . . .

All: Divine Heart, triumph in Thy Church! . . .

(Pause)

Jesus: Fervent souls, if sad and persecuted I could at least find shelter in the warmth of the family hearth in the home! Alas! this sanctuary will fall in ruins if Satan and the world succeed in driving Me from it, I who am the Life of Love! O! ask Lazarus, ask Martha, ask Mary, My friends of Bethany if there is an evil not cured, a sorrow not sweetened, a wound not healed . . . when I, Jesus, establish My Kingdom of love in a home which adores and loves Me! . . .

Fathers, dragging on a wearisome life darkened by the weight of anxieties and responsibilities, let Me enter your home . . . I am the Sun of peace and strength; I am the soul of a new life . . .

Mothers heavily burdened . . . who suffer for yourselves and your children; afflicted mothers, like My own sweetest Mother . . . why do you not invite Me to bless the dawn and the twilight, the peace and tribulation, the joys and tears of your beloved home?

You, the privileged witnesses of the mystic agony of My Heart in the Tabernacle, know that your apostolate could open to Me the doors of the homes which are often so criminally closed before Me . . . Watch and pray that My family and social rights may be acknowledged . . . Ask that in spite of Satan, My Heart may triumph and rule the family.

(Brief pause)

Souls: Jesus, adorable Pilgrim, wandering in search of love, stay, but not on the threshold of our homes: Thy Hair and garments are damp with the dew of night . . . Come in . . . Be in spirit and truth the King of our families who love Thee. Yes, Jesus our Spouse, Jesus our Brother, Jesus our Friend . . . Come! Reign in all our homes . . . we implore Thee! . . .

By the filial love Thou dost bear Thy blessed Mother, by the tender cares and the vigils of her Immaculate Heart . . .

All: Triumph in families, O King of Love! . . .

By the affection Thou didst show the humble carpenter whom Thou callest Thy father, and by the holy intimacy in which Thou hast lived with him . . .

All: Triumph in families, O King of Love! . . .

By the love of predilection which bound Thy Heart to that of John, the Apostle of Thine ineffable confidences . . .

All: Triumph in families, O King of Love! . . .

By the sympathy Thou hast always shown for the little ones of the flock, the children, Thy very faithful friends .

All: Triumph in families, O King of Love! . . .

By that enviable and delightful friendship of Bethany, where only one unbearable suffering—Thy absence—was dreaded . . .

All: Triumph in families, O King of Love! . . .

By the delicate kindness Thou didst show at the marriage of Cana and by Thy tenderness to penitent Magdalen . . .

All: Triumph in families, O King of Love! . . .

By the deference Thou didst show Zaccheus and Simon the Pharisee . . . And, finally by the thirst for justice that Thou didst create in the soul of the happy Samaritan woman . . .

All: Triumph in families, O King of Love! . . .

(Pause)

Jesus: Since you came to console Me, do not end this Holy Hour without recalling here at My Feet those favorites of My merciful Heart, the fallen, the prodigals, those astray from the sheepfold . . . Numberless they pass before this Host which veils Me from your eyes! . . . How they march by, the haughty who insult My annihilation! the blasphemers, who cover Me with opprobrium! the apostates and the impious, who come up to Me with the gall of sarcasm on their lips! . . . Alas! How great the legion of ingrates, of those who make Me suffer by their icy indifference! . . . Who can count them? I see them from My Tabernacle; among them, too, are those My one-time friends . . . traitors and disloyal ones . . . And there are also children! Listen to Me, mothers! Yes, there are children who betray the Heart of Jesus, their great Friend!

My Soul is sorrowful unto death at the loss of so many poor sinners . . . O, at this very hour, many are in their agony . . . Therefore, you My apostles, fall on your knees and by a fervent prayer shut the doors of Hell, and

open to them the Heaven of My Heart which awaits them with Its pardon and Its infinite mercies . . . , Save them! . . . They are souls that belong to Me . . . I entrust their salvation to you! . . .

(Pause)

Souls: Thank Thee, good Jesus, for letting us share Thy concern over these strayed souls. We will cherish them as our treasure; we will love them for the tears they have cost Thee . . . They must not be lost forever so long as the divine Wound in Thy Heart is not closed . . . Ah, that Wound the source of pardon must, like Heaven, remain open! . . . Receive, then, in Thy never-failing goodness, this prayer, which we offer Thee through the Sorrowful Heart of Mary, in favor of wretched sinners . . . and, above all, Jesus, forget not those of our own homes . . .

All: Convert the sinners, O Sacred Heart! . . .

By Thy Hands pierced because they blessed and pardoned us . . .

All: Convert the sinners, O Sacred Heart! . . .

By Thy divine Feet pierced through and through because they left on earth, prints of peace and mercy . . .

All: Convert the sinners, O Sacred Heart! . . .

By Thy Lips which spoke the language of mercy and felt a burning thirst for our sickly souls . . .

All: Convert the sinners, O Sacred Heart! . . .

By Thy divine Eyes, illuminated with the light of Paradise, which shed so many tears to wash away our faults and obliterate them forever . . .

All: Convert the sinners, O Sacred Heart! . . .

By Thy Sacred Body which became one living wound to give life to a world transgressing Thy divine Law . . .

All: Convert the sinners, O Sacred Heart! . . .

By Thy pierced Side in which we wish to take refuge during life, at the hour of death, and for all eternity . . .

All: Convert the sinners, O Sacred Heart! . . .

(Pause)

Jesus: Do not go away from My Tabernacle, friends of My Sacred Heart, for I wish to repeat an ever poignant complaint, I mean the bleeding Wound that a sin of yours made in My Side . . . Ah, a Wound cruel above all, because made by the good who call themselves My friends . . . O, how they stab Me to the Heart in measuring out to Me their love!

Ah, if you knew the tears of anguish that I weep when the children of My own household treat Me with indifferent courtesy and respectful coldness like a distinguished foreigner . . . They dare to act in that manner toward the God of love, the merciful Savior Who invites them to sit daily at the banquet of all bounty and all graces . . . It is a whole army, thousands of souls who would now be saints if they had plunged generously into the abyss of My Heart. Alas, how little My love is understood and how badly repaid by them.

All these souls belong to Me by right, by the most sacred of rights, but lukewarmness halts them and paralyzes the flight of their hearts . . . They are beautiful souls, but they do not vibrate to the interests of My glory. For want of generosity they lack zeal in their love . . . They see Me weep on the Cross, but through lack of meditation and prayer they have no source of tears to weep with Me . . . They see Me bound and alone in My Eucharistic prison, but My solitude does not appeal to their hearts; on the contrary, it bores them, and they can not find a word of tenderness for the hidden God of the altar . . . How unhappy are those poor souls! A glacial cold kills them and wounds Me at the same time . . . And not knowing what to say to their Prisoner of Love . . . they go off and, like the Apostles, leave Me alone with My agony and My angels . . .

But you others, athirst for My glory, you like Veronica atone this evening for the cruel Wound made in My Heart by the lack of delicacy, of generosity, and of zeal in so many of My own children . . .

To dispel the sadness which they cause, sing Me hymns of ardent, reparatory love . . . Because of you I wish to forget the offenses of My spoiled children . . . Look once more at this wide, deep Wound, made by those of My own household . . .

You who burn with a heavenly flame of love and zeal, have pity on Me, your Jesus, because I search everywhere for faithful souls and apostles in whom to confide but do not find them. Do you know why? It is because I preach, redeem, and sanctify souls on the cross. Now the greater number of My friends hold this Cross in horror; ah! but you who love Me sincerely, afford Me great consolation by your fervor, your spirit of sacrifice, and by your desire for holiness . . .

(Pause)

Souls: Lord Jesus, I have also been one of the lukewarm keeping at a distance from Thy Heart for fear of sacrifice . . . I also have been afraid of the holy demands of Thy love and tenderness . . . I feared I might be caught in the net of Thy love . . . and I fled at the thought of falling into Thine Arms and of being obliged to give myself up forever and without reserve to Thine irresistibly conquering Heart . . . O, Jesus, forgive that cowardice!

Forgive, too, and forget that guilty apathy, that lack of generous love, that irresolution in sacrifice, of so many of Thy friends whom Thou hast destined for sanctity and great glory . . . Forgive us, Jesus, and triumph, sanctifying the just!

By Thy first words of tenderness which in Thy babyhood made Thy Mother smile with happiness . . .

(Aloud)

All: Heart of Jesus, reign, sanctifying the just! . . .

By Thy words of promise in the Sermon on the Mount . . .

All: Heart of Jesus, reign, sanctifying the just! . . .

By Thy words of consolation and sweet intimacy spoken to Thy dear friends and disciples . . .

All: Heart of Jesus, reign, sanctifying the just! . . .

By Thy words of zeal which linked to Thee the twelve Apostles, future foundation and hope of Thy Church . . .

All: Heart of Jesus, reign, sanctifying the just! . . .

By Thy words of ineffable blessing for childhood, always so dear to Thy Heart . . .

All: Heart of Jesus, reign, sanctifying the just! . . .

By Thy words of charity and hope heard by the sick, the afflicted, and the poor . . .

All: Heart of Jesus, reign, sanctifying the just! . . .

By Thine incomparable promises for earth's unfortunate, humble, and forlorn . . .

All: Heart of Jesus, reign, sanctifying the just! . . .

By Thy words of farewell, words of infinite sweetness in leaving Thine own, Holy Thursday evening . . .

All: Heart of Jesus, reign, sanctifying the just! . . .

By Thy seven last words spoken on Calvary to bequeath Thy Spirit to us and to give us Thy Mother . . .

All: Heart of Jesus, reign, sanctifying the just! . . .

(Pause)

Jesus: I am come to cast fire on the earth; and what will I but that it be kindled . . . That you may realize My design, look and see here in this Host, the Heart which has so loved men, loved them unto the perpetual sacrifice of the altar, of the Eucharist! . . . For you I have chained Myself to the earth . . . But earth has

relegated Me to quite another captivity . . . that of indifference, disdain, and cruel neglect! . . . O in that prison I suffer from deathly cold . . . Where are those whom I have ransomed? . . . Where are the souls I have consoled and delivered from death? . . . Where are those whom I fed with miraculous bread in the desert? . . . What has become of the blind souls, the leprous hearts cured in the miraculous pool of My transpierced Heart? . . . Ah, lament with Me, you My friends, who have come to interrupt by your praises the sorrowful silence of this My prison . . . I am your Prisoner and you have come to visit Me! . . . O do not leave Me any more, make Me the Captive of your loving hearts! . . . And then going into the world make known to it My love and the abandonment in which I am left . . . Bring it here . . . let it come to Me, this unhappy world, so needy and eager for consolation . . . Lead souls to Me; excite in them the thirst for Holy Communion!

Preach My Eucharist, and glorify the Host in which I, the same Jesus of Nazareth, of Bethany, and of Calvary live! . . . Come to Me, in this Sacrament; honor Me under the Eucharistic veils . . . Love . . . and make Love beloved!

(Pause)

Souls: O Jesus in the Eucharist, our only ambition is to draw souls, many souls, to Thy Tabernacle . . . and that we may inspire them with such a love that they will seek eternal shelter in Thy Sacred Heart. To this end, we place in the Immaculate Heart of Mary, a prayer which will sweeten the bitterness of Thy prison. Harken to us, Jesus in the Eucharist:

By the ineffable love which made Thee endure the outrages in the Garden of Gethsemane and the perfidious kiss of Judas who betrayed Thee . . .

(Aloud)

All: Heart of Jesus, reign by the Holy Eucharist! . . .

By Thy meekness when Thou didst receive the cruel blow which profaned the beauty of Thine adorable Face . . .

All: Heart of Jesus, reign by the Holy Eucharist! . . .

By Thine infinite patience under the ruthless mockery and the cutting irony, of which Thou wert the object the entire night of Holy Thursday . . .

All: Heart of Jesus, reign by the Holy Eucharist! . . .

By Thine admirable sweetness in the ignominy of the scourging, a punishment reserved for slaves, to which Pilate's cowardice condemned Thee . . .

All: Heart of Jesus, reign by the Holy Eucharist! . . .

By Thine adorable silence under the awful outrage inflicted on Thy divine Person when clothed and treated as a madman . . .

All: Heart of Jesus, reign by the Holy Eucharist! . . .

By Thine incomprehensible humility when Thou didst submit to the odious affront of being compared to the vilest criminal, who was preferred to Thee by the mob . . .

All: Heart of Jesus, reign by the Holy Eucharist! . . .

By the excess of Thy supreme charity which made Thee accept the gall of our Ingratitude presented to Thy dying Lips . . .

All: Heart of Jesus, reign by the Holy Eucharist! . . .

(Brief pause)

Lord, in spite of Satan and his agents, Thou wilt reign by Thy divine Heart; yes, Thou wilt reign according to Thy promise.

The people will be Thine; Thou wilt dominate them by Thy scepter of meekness and mercy, and in calm or storm, they will not cease to hail Thee and proclaim Thee their King . . . Hasten, Jesus, the hour of triumph promised by Thine all-loving Heart! . . .

Lord, Thou wilt reign glorified by Thy Holy Church . . . She will place on Thy Brow a diadem of souls and Thou wilt be exalted above all the powers of Heaven, of earth, and of the abyss . . . Hasten, Jesus, the hour of triumph promised by Thine all-loving Heart!

Lord, Thou wilt reign, praised and blessed by the homes founded by Thy sufferings and sanctified by Thy Mother. Thou wilt be enthroned there as King; Thou wilt remain as a Friend in return for Thy tender caresses. Hasten, Jesus, the hour of triumph promised by Thine all-loving Heart!

Lord, Thou wilt reign, by drawing to the source of Life, to Thy Heart, hardened sinners who refuse Thee the tribute of their repentance and adoration . . . Thou wilt break their chains and give them liberty in making them the happy captives of Thy love . . . Hasten, Jesus, the hour of triumph promised by Thine all-loving heart! . . .

Lord, Thou wilt reign in the Host; Thou wilt conquer by Thy radiant Tabernacle; Thou wilt dominate the earth by the lovable omnipotence of the Holy Eucharist . . . Yes, thanks to the Holy Eucharist, Thou wilt draw to Thyself, anew, men whom Thou didst conquer, loving them unto blood, unto the death of the Cross, unto the extremity of Thy Eucharistic Immolation . . . Hasten, Jesus, the hour of triumph promised by Thine all-loving Heart!

Final Act of Consecration

Beloved Jesus, the divine flame Thou didst come to bring to earth is kindled in our souls so that they know not how to desire or to ask for any good other than Thy glory in the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart.

Thou didst say, Lord Jesus, to Saint Margaret Mary that this merciful revelation is the supreme and last effort for our redemption.

So, relying on Thy words, we come to Thine altar in quest of lessons of eternal life. We draw near Thine adorable Heart, eager to drink the water promised to the Samaritan woman, the divine water which will regenerate the world.

O, be the King of so many ingrates who look on Thee as the dethroned Sovereign of their unhappy souls. Take back and confirm Thine empire over them, Jesus, by the scepter of pardon.

Reign over the apostates who, renewing the outrage of Holy Thursday evening, call Thee King in derision, and who, mocking and scornful, pretend to abolish Thy divine Kingdom . . .

Give them back the light of their lost faith, and, Jesus, Friend that Thou art, revenge Thyself for their offenses by pardoning their betrayals.

Be King, O Jesus, of those crowds, who from sordid interests and the bribes from numerous modern Sanhedrists who despise Thee, have rioted and urged an insurrection against Thee. Calm with a gesture of pity this furious ocean of perverted and bewildered souls . . . Reconquer through Thy Gospel Thine empire over the people; regain once more the hearts of these unfortunates; make a glorious conquest of them by Thine all-loving Heart!

Be the King of so many virtuous and good souls but often, alas, too timid, lukewarm, apathetic, and mean in their love, because they fear to exaggerate the debt of charity that they above all owe Thee.

Melt the ice in those hearts. Rouse the many careless Christians from the fatal sleep in which they are indulging while the world hurries to judge Thee and struggles to see Thee condemned . . .

Be the King of families . . . in all the splendor of Thy glory, in all the munificence of Thy love. Animate the life of those homes, their life of work, of love and of suffering. Repay thus, Lord, the place of honor, the spiritual throne which the piety of these families has offered Thee . . .

Finally, be the King, the real King of the Tabernacle! . . . O Jesus, the time has come when a vibrant, world-wide hymn, a hymn of families, of societies, of nations, but above all a hymn of love, interrupting the silence of

Thy Eucharistic prayer, will be sung to Thee on earth from pole to pole: "Praise to the divine Heart which has wrought our salvation! . . . To It, alone, be glory and honor forever and ever! . . . Thy Kingdom come! . . ."

A Pater and an Ave for the agonizing and for sinners.

A Pater and an Ave for the world-wide triumph of the Sacred Heart, especially by daily Communion, the Holy Hour, and the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in families.

A Pater and an Ave for the particular intentions of all present.

A Pater and an Ave for our country.

Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy Kingdom come! (5 times)

Immaculate Heart of Mary, pray for us. (3 times)

Saint Joseph, pray for us.

Saint Margaret Mary, pray for us.

Holy Hour

For the First Friday of May

We adore Thee and we bless Thee, Jesus in the Eucharist, because by the all-powerful graces of Thy Sacred Heart Thou dost perfect the redemption of the world.

Save us, Lord, we perish; save us as Thou hast promised Thy confidante, Margaret Mary; save us for the honor of Thy Immaculate Mother.

(Kneeling and with great interior recollection, ask Jesus for Light to know His Divine Heart and to work for Its glory!)

(Pause)

Jesus Speaks in Confidence: It is not you who have chosen Me . . . but it is I Who have chosen you. It is I alone who chose and selected you from a thousand others to participate, during this Holy Hour in the intimacy, and in the confidences, in the love, and the special graces that I have reserved for you in My divine Heart. Draw near, then, without the least fear; stretch forth your arms to Me; take away the thorns from My crown of sorrow and offer Me your tenderest consolation for I feel in agony from love and sorrow . . . Come nearer still; do not linger . . . I have loved you so much . . . ah! so much!

If today, close to the King of Angels, you have the happiness to partake of the delicious Supper of My Charity . . . if you warm yourself in the fire of My Heart, it is because I have preferred you, gratuitously indeed, to many others . . . O yes, you who are present here, you are truly Mine! And if yesterday you were but servants, from today on I consider you My children and My friends . . . Come then, and in the shadow of this new Gethsemane . . . share generously with Me the bread of My sorrows . . .

Because tears are not shed in heaven, and because angels know not sadness, it is to you that I must open My Soul, for I long to disclose to you in great intimacy the secret source of My tears . . . Whether you can always sound the depths of this abyss of divine anguish matters little, for in your own heart is there not, also, a fiber that seems to remain unknown until it is revealed to you through a new storm that makes it vibrate? Remember, your pangs are but the pangs of a poor creature! . . . I am the Man-God!

The angelic spirits came to support Me in the garden of the agony . . . But you are much nearer than the Angels to the abyss of My desolations . . . you can drink long draughts of the torrent of My tears; you are allowed to join Me in My Passion and to mitigate it by sharing My sorrows . . .

But once here at My Feet, as My sweet consolers, forget the world, its lies, and its vain dreams, to lament with a Captive God who awaited you this evening to let you participate in this crucified love, which on the Cross gave peace and life to the world.

(Pause)

Souls: Lord Jesus, that I may see . . . let me taste the bitterness of Thine infinite sadness give me the grace to penetrate by living faith into Thy sorrowful Soul . . .

O Divine Sufferer, although I am a sinner, permit me, in Thy goodness, to bring my soul during this holy hour near to the chalice of Gethsemane; let me quench my thirst in the source of Thy love—in Thy Heart! . . . I thirst! I thirst for Thee, Jesus in the Eucharist!

(Brief pause)

Voice from the Tabernacle: You know Me, My little ones, because you listen to My words of eternal life . . . and in knowing Me you also know My Father, because I am the Way which leads to Him! But consider that there are millions of your brothers created to adore Me and redeemed to bless Me who hurl against Heaven this cry of blasphemy: "There is no God." That cry of hatred, the echo of Lucifer's rebellion, rises to My throne of peace, to My altar of clemency . . . Those very ones who deny Me are living the life I have given them . . . they move and have their being in the ocean of My goodness; but, they expel Me by their words and repulse Me by their works . . . I alone do not

exist for them . . . My Name troubles them . . . Though My yoke is soft, it frightens them . . . My Calvary exasperates them . . . unhappy wretched ones, they blaspheme Me! . . .

(Brief pause)

They seek peace . . . what peace can they have who do not adore, who do not hope, who do not love Me, I Who am Life? . . . See with what indifference they treat Me . . . how they hold Me aloof in all the events of their life! . . . There are many homes where I have no part in the mothers' tenderness, in the fathers' cares, in the children's affections . . .

They completely exclude Me as an intruder from the family joys . . . Even when death comes knocking at their doors, these families refuse Me so much as a vague remembrance in their mourning . . . they forget Me entirely in their undertakings, in their plans, in their anxieties, and in their many misfortunes . . . Can you believe this, My beloved ones? In the minds and hearts of thousands of men, I, their Creator and Redeemer, occupy less space than the birds and flowers of their dwellings . . .

Ah! This is the way I am repaid by the world, the world for whose love I delivered Myself to the death of the Cross, and, even more, to the immolation of the Eucharist.

(Recite, aloud, with ardent faith, THE CREDO, in solemn reparation for the denial of God and Jesus by so many unbelievers.)

(Pause)

For centuries I have borne in My Heart a dolorous Calvary and My Soul has been drenched in tears . . . How many souls are there that have been redeemed by My Blood, yet definitely lost! . . . Although destined to be consumed in the fires of My Love they have already fallen by thousands into other terrible and avenging flames. Yet they belonged to Me! . . . Listen to them. From the depths of hell they curse the Crib of Bethlehem, My poverty, and My appeals to the world . . . They curse the blood-stained Cross imprinted on their conscience . . . They curse My Church which offered them the treasures of Redemption . . . They curse My Eucharist, they who would have spent eternity in bliss if they had been nourished by the Bread of im-mortality, in the Blessed Sacrament . . . Ah, how many of those reprobates at times came as you to prostrate themselves at My feet . . . and afterwards . . . yielding to the world they chose for themselves their Hell . . .

I called them constantly . . . I ran after them until I was breathless . . . I embraced them with the tenderness of a God . . . but one day they broke their golden chains, they pulled themselves violently away from My embrace, and in their mad frenzy, chose a moment's gratification at the price of endless woe! . . .

At this very moment they curse Me with a curse that will now be eternal! . . . And, sorrow of sorrows, they were Mine! . . . It was especially because of them, at the sight of their irrevocable loss, that My soul was rent in the Garden of Gethsemane, for they were all My children! . . .

They were mine, these innumerable legions of souls, condemned to undergo the torment of the divine avenging wrath . . . And to think that I have pressed them here, on My Breast, against My Heart . . . to the very brink of the abyss of My Love . . . Alas, another abyss has claimed them forever! . . . Where are those cherished souls today? . . . Ah, they are tears of fire wrung forever from My Eyes! Poor creatures, exiled forever from their Fatherland, from their Creator's Kingdom . . . Unhappy children eternally banished from the heavenly family! . . . Behind them the gates of hell have closed with a crash—never to be reopened . . .

Look, beloved souls! From the intensity of this unspeakable anguish, the Wound in My Heart is open and will remain open . . . yes, open, that you who love Me may find there superabundant life, a Heaven . . . Life eternal! . . .

(Pause)

Souls: I kiss Thy pierced Hands, Jesus, and by Thine agony in the Garden of Olives, I ask Thee to save the consolors of Thy Heart from the flames of Hell . . .

I kiss Thy pierced Feet, Jesus, and by Thine agony in the Garden of Olives, I ask Thee to save the friends of Thy Heart from eternal damnation . . .

I kiss Thine open Side, Jesus, and by Thine agony in the Garden of Olives I ask Thee to save the apostles of Thy Heart from eternal damnation . . .

(Brief pause)

The Master's Voice: Do you know the easiest way to final damnation? . . . It is the path of ingratitude . . . the path taken by those who wrong a God of Love . . .

Often recall, My children, that My Name is Jesus, which means Savior, for above all I wish to be merciful and to bring mercy . . . That you may strengthen your trust when you feel the sting of those miseries which may cause your eternal loss, keep Jesus before your eyes always, Jesus who came for those who need healing, strength, and peace . . . especially for those who need pardon, limitless mercy, and much, O! very much love . . .

I am this Jesus! . . . To these leprous souls I show the marvelous well of My Heart which cures all evil because it pardons all . . . because it always pardons . . . O, I have never refused forgiveness to any one who asked Me for it with humble contrition . . . never!

And because My goodness is infinite, because I await the prodigal with unvarying patience . . . because, when he comes back, I forget his wanderings . . . because I welcome with rejoicing the sheep who return all covered with blood to My fold, yes, that is why so many heap up the measure of their ingratitude, and condemn themselves by abusing the absolution which I give them . . . Enter not, My children, on this path of black ingratitude, but weep over the blindness of so many of your brothers who, it seems, offend Me, precisely because I am for them Goodness itself, a most benign Jesus! . . .

(Let us ask His pardon for the misuse of His mercy and especially for the abuse of the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist, saying to Him from the depths of our souls)

What have I, Lord Jesus, that Thou hast not given me?

What do I know, that Thou hast not taught me?

What can I do, if Thou dost not help me?

And what am I, if not united to Thee?

Pardon . . . O! pardon my faults that have so wounded Thee!

Thou hast created me without any merit of mine.

Thou hast redeemed me without my cooperation.

Thou hast done much in creating me,

And still more in redeeming me.

Wilt Thou be less powerful or less generous in forgiving me?

For all the Blood Thou hast shed

And the cruel death Thou hast suffered, were not for the profit of the Angels who praise Thee,

But to my benefit and that of the sinners who implore Thee . . .

If I have then denied Thee, let me praise Thee,

If I have outraged Thee, let me love Thee.

If I have offended Thee, let me serve Thee.

For to live without loving Thee,

And to love without suffering for Thee,

O Jesus, that would be death without Thee.

(Pause)

Jesus: I have still another loving confidence to disclose to you . . . Listen to it with filial affection for I wish to speak of My sweet Mother . . .

The dear remembrance of Mary was never absent from My Heart . . . Her very name made it throb with joy and filled it with tenderness in My many hours of solitude and agony . . . How I thought of her in that hour of Gethsemane. I saw her even then weeping bitterly over the death of her Son and her God and of so many of her adopted sons . . . Sorrow filled to overflowing My bitter chalice . . . And what shall I say to you of the time when, bound to the pillar, I saw that the torturers, in scourging My flesh, also scourged the flesh of the Immaculate Virgin who had given Me a mortal body that I might become your Brother . . . And while those tormentors splashed the prison walls with My Blood, I saw down through the centuries those iniquitous men who would offer outrages to My Mother by refusing her the prerogative of her divine maternity, striking thus by the same blow the Son and the Mother . . . And I saw others, who, while entirely neglecting Mary would pretend to adore Me, thus wounding to the quick her Son's Heart . . .

Yes, Mary is your incomparable Mother . . . Love her fervently and make her loved by making Me loved . . . Do you want to give Me great consolation? . . . Then during this Holy Hour unite all My tears to those of My sweetest Mother, and offer them as a ransom for many dear sinners!

(Ask pardon of our Savior Jesus for the sorrow caused Him by so many Catholics who are indifferent to His Mother . . . By so many dissenters and Protestants who refuse her love, since they ignore or deny the dignity and prerogatives of the Blessed Virgin Mary.)

(Brief pause)

And now, favored children, whose names are written in My divine Heart, it is your turn to speak in confidence . . . Speak to Me in words coming from the depths of your souls, which are already so closely united to Mine by bonds of sacrifice and love.

If you have sorrows, confide them to Me . . . If you feel the weariness of life and, perhaps, at the same time are in terror of death, tell Me about it . . . Above all tell Me of your just and holy ambition to see Me consoled . . . of your ardent desire to contemplate Me, enthroned as King, acknowledged as King of Love in the mercy of My Sacred Heart and in the full exercise of My inviolable rights. Speak! Your God listens to you . . .

Souls: Lord Jesus, in our turn we bring Thee a very sweet complaint, the complaint of a heart that loves Thee . . . Listen to us, good Master and King of Glory! . . .

Behold us before Thee, truly laden with the weight of Thy gifts, and overwhelmed by Thy graces, while Thou, Divine Benefactor, art exhausted, agonizing . . . crushed under the cross of our iniquities . . . Ah, Lord, it is not right that Thou shouldst give to the guilty the precious burden of Thy bounty and the delicious nectar of Thy tenderness, and keep for Thyself the bitter dregs of the chalice of agony . . . and the gall of neglect and countless treasons! . . . O, no! . . . If, during this Holy Hour, Thou dost look on us as Thy friends, Jesus in the Eucharist, share with us Thine overwhelming sorrow . . . And although we do not deserve it, we insist that Thou deignest to accept us as Cyrenians of atoning love on that desolate and sorrowful Way that leads to Calvary . . . And because we have at least a sacred right to it . . . and because Thy love urges us on, we accept this glorious share of bitterness, not only with simple resignation as just expiation of our faults and our brothers' sins, but with supernatural joy and deep gratitude.

Yes, Lord, we thank Thee for the thorns Thou hast strewn on our path in a mysterious design of mercy.

O, good Jesus, Thou wilt know how to appreciate this expression of faith, for Thou dost not ignore the fact that our poor nature instinctively revolts against the sufferings of illness . . . of ingratitude . . . of poverty . . . of neglect by creatures . . . of weariness of living . . . of calumny . . . of sadness and constant suspense. This evening we are speaking to Jesus of Nazareth, the meek Son of Mary and our Brother, whose Heart of flesh . . . O, delightful and divine weakness . . . wished to feel all the lack of strength inherent in human nature . . .

We bless Thee in particular, Lord, for those daily disappointments that detach us from creatures and draw us more closely to Thee! . . . Ah! . . . Jesus, how often dost Thou let us make advances to creatures where our heart finds a momentary passing consolation in their lawful affection; then, in designs of Thy wisdom which we

do not always at once understand, Thou dost break those ties and rend our souls . . . How great and good Thou art in Thy love! Thou dost prove it by a divine jealousy which wants the whole of our poor heart! . . .

Thank Thee a thousand times, Lord, for Thy divine and lovable austerity! . . . And, as Thou dost break man's heart for Thy glory in sanctifying him, so also, irresistible Sovereign, dost Thou act toward Thy children when, in trying them by illness, Thou dost draw from their bodily suffering the health of their soul . . . In this way Thou dost transform material ruin into a splendid supernatural fortune of faith . . . And from hunger and misfortune Thou bringest forth Resurrection and Life! . . .

Therefore be a thousand times blessed, always provident Heart, so kind and willing to help, whose merciful power knows how to draw from our desolation torrents of peace, ineffable sweetness, and celestial delights . . .

Divine Lord agonizing in Gethsemane, we bless and praise Thee for the trials and tribulations by which Thou hast willed to associate us with the glories of Thy Calvary . . .

Thorns of the Heart of Jesus, plait the royal crown to encircle our hearts too!

Tortures and agony of the Heart of Jesus, divinely quench our intemperate thirst for earthly affection and happiness! . . .

Cross, pain, and fires of the Heart of Jesus, crucify our sensuality and our pride! . . .

Bleeding Wound in the Heart of Jesus, let us enter the enclosed garden of the agony of our sweet Savior . . . the sanctuary of fair love . . . the altar of the most sublime holiness!

(Pause)

The terrifying anathema of divine Justice, which snatches from Thy love forever so many unfaithful souls, wounds Thy Heart, beloved Savior . . . it wounds ours, too, because we ardently desire to glorify Thee, to see Thy Name hallowed and Thy precious Blood make the universe fruitful in the sanctification of the just and in the conversion of sinners.

How happy we should be if, during this Holy Hour, our prayer of reparation, prevent, were it one soul from falling into Hell! . . . Receive this prayer, O Lord, and save the great number of souls who are on the brink of the abyss.

All: Convert them, Jesus, by Thy divine Heart!

Convert the proud, the unbelievers who deny the existence of God, Creator of heaven and earth and of all things . . .

All: Convert them, Jesus, by Thy divine Heart!

Convert those unfortunates who deny the marvel of Thine Incarnation and who do not wish to acknowledge Thee our Brother by Thy human nature . . .

All: Convert them, Jesus, by Thy divine Heart!

Convert all those who, by spreading these denials, make them the password to combat Thy Gospel and Thy sovereign rights . . .

All: Convert them, Jesus, by Thy divine Heart!

Convert the blind, who, seduced by these insidious doctrines, apostatize and deny Thy love . . .

All: Convert them, Jesus, by Thy divine Heart!

Convert those who, with infernal rage, undermine Christian institutions; those who have sworn Thy ruin in that of Thy Holy Church . . .

All: Convert them, Jesus, by Thy divine Heart!

Convert those who, out of hatred for Thine adorable Person, work to make Thy Cross vanish from the conscience of the child, from the soul of the people, and from the heart of the family . . .

All: Convert them, Jesus, by Thy divine Heart!

Convert those who, under cloak of science, and with forms of hypocritical delicacy, work to eliminate Thee without violence from every walk of life . . .

All: Convert them, Jesus, by Thy divine Heart!

Convert those who, by deplorable ignorance, pay no heed to Thy words, and live in apparent tranquillity far from all faith and the inspirations of grace . . .

All: Convert them, Jesus, by Thy divine Heart!

Finally, Jesus, convert those thousands of souls who, in far-off lands, live, act, and appear to rest peacefully in the shadow of paganism, heresy, and death.

All: Convert them, Jesus, by Thy divine Heart!

(Pause)

Thou hast entrusted the Virgin's Immaculate Heart to us, Jesus, that we might make up for the sorrow caused Thee and Thy heavenly Mother by those pretended Christians who outrage Thee by rejecting Thy last word to Saint John on Calvary: "Son, behold thy Mother!"

Lord, overcome with confusion by Thy goodness, we accept the gift; and in gratitude for this celestial gift and also in reparation for the sin of these ingrates we offer Thee the sufferings, cares, tears, and prayers of all the Christian mothers who adore Thee on earth and with joy proclaim Mary as their beloved Queen . . .

Good Master, Thou knowest the abyss of faithful love in the heroic souls of mothers . . . Thou knowest their worth . . . how they pray, with what power they love . . . how they suffer . . .

By the remembrance of Mary Immaculate . . . by the tears Thou didst shed in seeing her weep over Thine absence and over the ignominy of Thy sorrowful Passion . . . we pray Thee, Jesus, to listen to the supplications of mothers who help Thee to save souls by suffering for them at Thy bleeding Feet . . . See with what ardent faith they implore the salvation of their families. Harken to those who acclaim Thee their beloved King at their children's cradle and their husband's tomb. By those tears and prayers they ask Thee for the decisive victory of Thy Sacred Heart . . . They confide to that divine Ark all the treasures of their love . . .

Alas! There are too many who have reason to fear for the Christian future of their children those who already suffer from the sad consequences of the first downfall . . . Very many with tears in their eyes perceive also that worldly gatherings, dangerous friendships, and frivolous reading dull the consciences and endanger the eternal salvation of their children . . .

Good Jesus, Thou hast confided to them the souls of their husbands and children; they have laid them with trusting love on the altar of Thy Sacred Heart . . . King of Mercy, during this Holy Hour remember Thy Blessed Mother as Thou certainly didst remember her in the Garden of Gethsemane . . . and in gratitude for her tenderness, as reward for her sublime virtues, and as compensation for her sorrows save the home, O! save the Christian family . . .

Lord, if the prayer of a single mother had the power to touch Thy Heart and obtain the resurrection of her child, may the supplications of so many sorrowing mothers obtain during this hour of exceptional grace the salvation . . . still more, the sanctification of the family sanctuary which Thou Thyself dost claim as Thy throne, O King of Love!

(Let us ask this grace with all the fervor of our souls.)

(Pause)

Most lovable Prisoner of the altar, Thou hast asked for the Holy Hour and hast wished it to be the great reparatory prayer to Thy suffering love . . . Behold us, Lord, vanquished by Thy love! . . . All, all have come eagerly to implore the coming of Thy Reign . . . What art Thou waiting for, Jesus, before presenting Thyself as showing us Thy Wounded Side as a pledge of Thine irresistible love has already struck? . . . But, Eucharistic

Jesus, before Thou dost re-enter the sweet shadow of Thy sacramental prison . . . permit us to cry out with a note of victory, a note which will be the prelude to the triumph of Thy love:

(Aloud)

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

Hasten, Jesus! Reign quickly before Satan and the world wrest consciences from Thee, and in Thine absence defile all states of life! . . .

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

Come forth, Jesus, and triumph in homes; reign there by the unalterable peace promised those who received Thee while chanting Hosanna! . . .

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

Do not delay, beloved Master, for a great many homes suffer from evils and bitterness that Thou hast promised to cure . . .

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

Come, because Thou art omnipotent, because Thou art the God of the battles of life . . . Come, showing us Thy Wounded Side as a pledge of celestial hope in the agony of death! . . .

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

May Thou Thyself be the reward promised to our labors, Thou alone the Inspirer and the Recompense of all our undertakings . . .

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

Do not forget that it is especially for Thy favored ones, the sinners, that Thou hast revealed the inexhaustible tenderness of Thy love . . .

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

Good Master, there are so many lukewarm and so many indifferent whose love Thou shouldst enkindle by this admirable devotion . . .

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

"Behold the source of Life," Thou sayest, showing us Thy transpierced Side . . . therefore, Jesus, let us draw from it the fervor, the holiness to which we aspire . . .

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

As Thou hast asked, Thine image has been enthroned in many homes . . . In their name, I entreat Thee to continue to reign there as beloved Sovereign! . . .

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

Give words of fire and a persuasion, irresistible, victorious, to those priests who love Thee and who preach Thee as did John the Beloved . . .

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

And for those who teach this sublime devotion, for those who publish its ineffable wonders, keep Jesus, a place in Thy Heart very near to where Thy Mother's name is written! . . .

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

And finally, Lord Jesus, give the Heaven of Thy Heart to us who have shared Thine Agony during the Holy Hour; and by this hour of consolation . . . by First Friday Communions, fulfill in us Thine infallible promise . . . we ask Thee at the decisive hour of death . . .

All: That Thou triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

(Pause or hymn)

Lord Jesus, by Thy grace we have been able to watch an hour with Thee at Gethsemane, and we would be happy to stay forever chained to Thy Tabernacle . . . We leave Thee now carrying away with us great peace, divine consolations, and new life . . . Above all we leave with the satisfaction of having given Thee, Master so ardently loved, the consoling testimony of reparation, of faith, and of love that with tears Thou didst ask of Thy confidante, Margaret Mary . . .

Lord Jesus, so good and kind, listen to our last prayer:

Agonizing Heart of Jesus, triumph . . . and preserve in faith and innocence the children who receive Thee in Communion . . . Be their Friend! . . .

Agonizing Heart of Jesus, triumph . . . and be the consolation of parents and of Christian homes . . . Be their Life! . . .

Agonizing Heart of Jesus, triumph . . . and be the love of the multitude who suffer . . . of the poor who labor . . . Be their King! . . .

Agonizing Heart of Jesus, triumph . . . and be the consolation and sweetness of the afflicted, of souls plunged in desolation . . . Be their Brother! . . .

Agonizing Heart of Jesus, triumph . . . and be the strength of tempted souls . . . of the weak. Be their Victory! . . .

Agonizing Heart of Jesus, triumph . . . and be the fervor and constancy of the lukewarm . . . Be their Love! . . .

Agonizing Heart of Jesus, triumph . . . and be the heart of the militant life of the Church . . . Be

its conquering *Labarum!* (triumphant standard.)

Agonizing Heart of Jesus, triumph . . . and be the ardent and victorious zeal of Thy apostles. Be their Master! . . .

Agonizing Heart of Jesus, triumph . . . and in the Eucharist be the Holiness and Heaven of souls . . . Be their Paradise of love . . . be their All! . . .

And, sweetest Master, awaiting the happy day when we will sing Thy glories, let us suffer, love and die in the heavenly Wound in Thy loving Heart, murmuring these words of triumph: Thy Kingdom Come! . . .

Final Act of Consecration

(Saint Margaret Mary's)

O Jesus, infinite love, I wish to consecrate myself to Thee with all the fervor of my soul. I offer Thee all my being on the altar of Thy Heart where Thou dost sacrifice Thyself for love of me. I offer Thee my body which I will respect because it is the temple in which Thou dwellest; my soul, which I will cultivate as a garden where Thou mayest come to take Thy rest; my senses, which I will guard because they are the doors by which the tempter comes in; the powers of my soul, which I will open to the inspirations of grace; my thoughts, which will no longer fasten themselves on worldly illusions; my desires, which will reach toward the happiness of Heaven; my virtues, which will flourish under the shadow of Thy protection; my passions, which I will submit to the yoke of Thy commandments; my very sins, which I will detest as long as my heart is capable of hatred and which I will unceasingly weep over as long as I have tears to weep . . . My heart from today on wishes to be all Thine, all Thine, forever, without fault or lukewarmness as Thou, divine Heart, hast wished to be mine . . . I will serve Thee for those who offend Thee; I will love Thee for those who hate Thee; I will pray, I will suffer, and I will sacrifice myself for all those who blaspheme Thee. Thou who dost penetrate the inmost recesses of the heart and know the sincerity of my desires, accord me grace which gives to the weak, all-powerful strength. Give me victory in the battle of life, and place on my brow, one day, an immortal crown in the dwelling of Thy glory . . . Thou wilt be my reward, and the Wound in Thy most lovable Heart will be my eternal Paradise! . . .

Thy Kingdom Come! . . .

A Pater and an Ave for the agonizing and for sinners.

A Pater and an Ave for the world-wide triumph of the Sacred Heart, especially by daily Communion, the Holy Hour, and the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in families.

A Pater and an Ave for the particular intentions of all present.

A Pater and an Ave for our country.

Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy Kingdom come! (5 times)

Immaculate Heart of Mary, pray for us. (3 times)

Saint Joseph, pray for us.

Saint Margaret Mary, pray for us.

Holy Hour

For the First Friday in June specially dedicated to those who suffer

We adore Thee, Eucharistic God and we bless Thee, Redeemer of the world . . . We love Thee, Jesus, in the sublime beauty of Thy agonizing Heart . . . Thou alone art great! . . . Thou alone art holy, O God, in the humiliation of the divine Host! . . . Thou only art most high, O God, hidden in the unbloody sacrifice of this altar! . . .

Glory to Thee, God, King of Heaven, but willing to live in the Gethsemane of a humble Tabernacle . . . Glory to Thee, Eucharistic Jesus, in the celestial heights, the abode of Angels . . . Praise to Thee on earth, the abode of men!

O Lord, in the name of these exiles, Thy brothers, and especially in the name of all those who suffer with love and faith, kneeling before Thee, we adore the tears, the solitude, the anguish, the weariness, all the bitterness, all the agony of Thy Sacred Heart . . . We believe, Jesus, that Thou art the Christ, the God-Man of redeeming sorrows.

In your own name and in the name of those who suffer, offer this Holy Hour to the agonizing Heart of Jesus, and in union with Him, as a homage of resignation and love.

(Pause)

(Slowly and with brief intervals of silence)

Souls: O Jesus, we have been irresistibly drawn by the conquering power of Thy love and Thy tears toward the abyss of Thy Heart! . . . Oh, the celestial beauty of Thy sadness! . . . A Heaven of consolation and glory for all of us! . . . What an impenetrable mystery and what ineffable solace to be able to say to ourselves that Thou, too, Jesus, hast wept! What divine eloquence in Thine all-loving words, which came from Thy trembling Lips and stifled Thy sobs, words of peace which soared from the depths of Thy Soul, sorrowful unto death . . .

And now, Lord, we are here, calm and serene, laying at Thy Feet the loving offering not only of our own afflictions, but also the sorrows of so many unfortunate and suffering souls who adore Thee . . . O Jesus, how well Thou knowest this ocean of sorrows whose bitter floods submerged Thy most holy Soul . . .

First, adorable Master, we will mention those who suffer from poverty or from the cruel sting of illness . . .

Even here, during this Holy Hour, Lord, among those who have come to watch with Thee, or among their dear ones, there are perhaps some sick . . . there are certainly some poor . . . Oh, with what great pity Thou hast always looked on the infirm! . . . With what delicate tenderness Thy kind Eyes searched out the leper, the paralyzed, . . . the wounded, and the blind, to cure them all with a smile and a loving blessing! . . . And if these invalids or suffering ones could not come to Thee, . . . Thou didst go to them. Thou didst make a path for Thyself through the crowd . . . Thou didst arrange for a blessed meeting by passing near the roadside where they lay . . . Oh, then, . . . Thou didst look at them as only Thou canst look; . . . Thou didst give them Thy Hand . . . and Thy Heart completed the miracle. They arose with their bodies cured and their souls healed! . . .

But today, there are more poor than sick . . . There are many who work hard and endure painful privations; many without bread, without shelter, without solace, without remedies to give relief . . . But what can we tell Thee that Thou dost not already know about the sufferings of the poor, Thou the poor Nazarene, so winning in Thy destitution! . . . Yes, Thou hast suffered hunger; . . . but above all, Thou hast had to bear the haughty scorn and contempt that the world shows those who have neither house nor land nor money . . . Did not Thy accusers ask, "What can He know? . . . What can He claim in Israel? . . . What can one from Nazareth pretend to be? . . . one signalized as the son of a humble carpenter." . . .

Recall, Jesus, this evening that humiliation, and cast Thine Eyes on so many poor who sigh, on so many sick who suffer . . . During this Holy Hour we dare to ask that Thou bestowest on those poor and sick the gift of Thy peace and the sweet consolation of Thy blessing, which scatters in profusion miracles of tenderness . . . Jesus, reward their resignation which honors Thee . . . And if it be for Thy greater glory, deign to grant relief to the sick, the infirm, the poor, and the needy . . . Thou, Who with loving care watchest over the flowers of the

field and the birds of the mountain-side . . . bless with special tenderness, from this divine Host, all the afflicted for whom we beg the living waters and the treasures of Thine adorable Heart . . .

(Pause) (Slowly and brokenly)

Remember also, beloved Master, those who suffer from disheartening opposition and humiliating reverses . . .

Lord, with what loving and wise Providence, dost Thou often permit that our plans vanish like smoke . . . and to our great surprise, that after much care and work, we reap only piercing, cruel thorns . . . How many vexations and disappointments dost Thou permit for each of our human hopes . . . Thou alone knowest the reason for the innumerable mishaps that steadily try the family . . . Thou dost not prevent them because they are really for our good . . . Thou dost not stop the torrent which will carry away the sacred walls of the home . . . Doing violence to Thy compassionate Heart, as Thou didst with the woman of Canaan, Thou keepest silence in Thy Tabernacle when we are threatened by a misfortune, which will, however, in a mysterious way, bring about the salvation of those whom we love . . . Thou dost see us weep; Oh! yes, Thou takest part in all our chagrin; and, although invisible, Thou art very close to us in those black and agonizing hours, hours of Gethsemane, through which all men must go . . . Remembering Thine own agony, Thou drawest near us; and even if we do not always feel Thy sweet divine embrace, yet, we know that Thou art clasping us in Thine adorable Arms . . .

Yes, Jesus, by happy experience, we know the tenderness of Thy Heart; that is why we hold without hesitation that, in the midst of the bitterest mortifications of our lives, that Heart beats with love of us . . . Accept, Lord, these sufferings in loving reparation for Thy mortal vision in the Garden of Olives, and sustain on Thy Heart the hearts of those who suffer.

(Aloud)

All: Sustain on Thy Heart, O Jesus, the hearts of those who suffer!

Beloved Master, many on beds of suffering await the visit of the Heavenly Physician.

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All: Sustain on Thy Heart, O Jesus, the hearts of those who suffer!

Many sick children, Lord, have lost their mothers . . . Many homeless old people will die without any care other than that of Thine infinite mercy.

All: Sustain on Thy Heart, O Jesus, the hearts of those who suffer!

Many of Thy poor have already suffered for long years, having neither human help nor hope!

All: Sustain on Thy Heart, O Jesus, the hearts of those who suffer!

Enter, Master, the huts and garrets where misery reigns, . . . under the roofs where poor mothers agonize, with no witnesses other than their little children who suffer from hunger . . .

All: Sustain on Thy Heart, O Jesus, the hearts of those who suffer!

With the sweet light that shines from Thy wounded Heart, enlighten and console those homes which in the past knew abundance but now bear want in silence . . .

All: Sustain on Thy Heart, O Jesus, the hearts of those who suffer!

Be especially merciful, Jesus, to those who suffer from the injustice of man . . . and to numerous others who have seen their plans for riches and comfort vanish in a day . . .

All: Sustain on Thy Heart, O Jesus, the hearts of those who suffer!

Lord, Thou art not unaware of the innumerable persons and families who suffer from continual insecurity . . .

All: Sustain on Thy Heart, O Jesus, the hearts of those who suffer!

In the perpetual conflict of opposing interests, in the inevitable vexations caused by business and the natural aspirations of life, which are never satisfied . . .

All: Sustain on Thy Heart, O Jesus, the hearts of those who suffer!

Thou hast suffered, Jesus, from the absence of all human solace; have pity, then, on so many poor, sick, and disillusioned hearts, who ask for a moment at least of truce and rest . . .

All: Sustain on Thy Heart, O Jesus, the hearts of those who suffer!

(Brief pause)

Voice of Jesus: You spoke truly: When

suffering detaches you from earth I am very near you . . . The cross will always be the bloodstained bridge which united your afflicted, deluded hearts to my Agonizing Heart! . . .

Behold Me, My loved ones . . . I have hearkened to your prayer for the sick, the poor, and for those attacked by human opposition . . . At this very moment how many graces have fallen on them all from My throne of mercy where I guard their lives of labor and weariness . . .

Continue to speak to Me of all that pains you and makes you sad . . . My Heart claims these confidences . . . Your sufferings touch It to the quick . . . Draw near, then, My children, and while bound together in the same anguish and enduring the same suffering, let us weep together.

Come nearer to Me and pour forth your souls into My divine Heart.

(Pause or hymn)

Souls: Thine isolation, the icy silence and the solitude which surround Thy forlorn Tabernacle accuse the world of the sin most keenly felt by Thy Heart—the sin of ingratitude.

(Reflectingly)

To love, O Jesus, as only Thou lovest and not to be loved in return! . . . to bless and be cursed in return . . . to scatter favors freely and be repaid by forgetfulness or insults! . . . Behold, sweet Savior, the very bitter bread of Thy voluntary exile in the midst of us; . . . behold the price of Thy sublime captivity in the Tabernacle! In this way Thy Gethsemane is prolonged through the centuries . . . Ah, in reparation, we insist on having our share in it.

O Jesus, Thou didst say: "The disciple is not greater than his Master, nor the servant than his Lord." That is why we, too, are sometimes invited to taste of the chalice of ingratitude . . . We accept it, O Lord, for love of Thee and only for Thee, because this drink is more bitter than death . . .

Have pity, good Master, on those who succumb at this moment under the weight of such suffering . . .

Have pity on those homes where once dwelt the hopes and joys of the family but which today are desolate because children have become the cross, yes, even the crown of thorns to their parents.

Have pity on unhappy wives, wearied from grieving over faults which wound their hearts . . .

Have pity on so many loyal, devoted, and humble souls who have been betrayed in their friendships, jeered at and deceived in their own homes, and wounded by those who have begged their charity and their favors . . . The world pays at first with words and smiles, . . . and then with disloyalty and treachery.

Because we love Thee, Jesus in the Eucharist, only because we love Thee, we thank Thee for this chalice of bitterness, and we ask Thee to pardon those who open the wound in Thy loving Heart—that same deep wound which we ourselves have opened by our own ingratitude . . .

(Brief pause) (Slowly and reflectingly)

O good Jesus, have pity on those who suffer from solitude and abandonment! . . .

How many times, beloved Master, after having preached the marvels of Thy love, after having multiplied Thy miracles in the presence of enraptured crowds, hast Thou seen those multitudes go away from Thee with distrust and with indifference in their souls. And Thou didst remain alone, solitary, and forsaken as Thou dost here in the holy Tabernacle where Thy children forsake Thee . . . Only Thy Father can measure the intensity of Thy suffering in that sorrowful desertion.

Thou knowest, Jesus, that there are many, very many, who have never tasted a tender love—orphans of life. They wander about in the desert of the world; . . . always homesick for the warmth of a fireside, . . . they live without affection and with bitterness in their hearts! . . .

Gethsemane and Calvary recall to Thee, most lovable Jesus, the anguish of solitude . . . Oh, how terrible it is to call and to cry out and feel that our voice is lost in silence! . . . To weep, to suffer, . . . to implore, . . . to love, . . . and to feel that one remains alone, always alone! . . . No one has known awful desolation but Thou, O Jesus . . .

Then, . . . from the depths of the soul which suffers thus, rises something of the appalling anguish which Thou, beloved Savior, hast felt in Thine agony on Holy Thursday: weariness unto death, repugnance, and the disappointments of life! . . . Then, alas, the poor human heart feels itself overcome . . .

These outcasts need Thee, Lord, in this moment of supreme distress; . . . they need Thee, agonizing Heart of Jesus; . . . If Thou dost not come to their rescue, their despairing souls will cry out for death! . . . But Thou wilt come to us, as we ourselves have come to Thee this evening to share with Thee this hour of solitary agony! . . .

And to all who must one day suffer from loneliness and the abandonment of brethren, . . .

(Aloud)

All: Give us the companionship and the shelter of Thy Sacred Heart.

If Thou sometimes dost try us by permitting that our own dear ones forget us, . . .

All: Give us the companionship and the shelter of Thy Sacred Heart.

When age and infirmities isolate us by breaking the ties which we believed would always last, . . .

All: Give us the companionship and the shelter of Thy Sacred Heart.

Perhaps some day poverty may visit our home, —a home which is also Thine; and our friends may leave us then; . . . O Jesus, do not abandon

us in such an hour of trial, . . . for that hour we now place our trust in Thee alone! . . .

All: Give us the companionship and the shelter of Thy Sacred Heart.

Misfortune follows our every step: if one day it overtakes us and we are forsaken by those we love, . . .

All: Give us the companionship and the shelter of Thy Sacred Heart.

Human injustice is so great! . . . If Thou dost permit that one day it scourge us, forsake us not then, Lord Jesus! . . .

All: Give us the companionship and the shelter of Thy Sacred Heart.

If even those we greatly love abandon us, . . . in that hour of cruel ingratitude, oh! come then, Jesus, for Thou art our only hope.

All: Give us the companionship and the shelter of Thy Sacred Heart.

If those who demanded our affection and sacrifices should one day hate us, as Thou, good Jesus, hast been hated, . . .

All: Give us the companionship and the shelter of Thy Sacred Heart.

The calumny of Thine enemies covered Thy divine Countenance with opprobrium . . . When it brands our brow and humiliates us, do not forsake us; come to us, gentle Master, always calumniated.

All: Give us the companionship and the shelter of Thy Sacred Heart.

And in the hours of deathlike silence when we find ourselves alone, all alone, submerged by the forgetfulness and cruel indifference of creatures, . . .

All: Give us the companionship and the shelter of Thy Sacred Heart.

(Brief pause)

Voice of the Master: In your hours of solitude and torture, never will you be far from My Heart which loves you, . . . yes, which loves you infinitely because you love It . . . and because you suffer . . . If, when I was alone and forgotten, you came to Me, if you consoled Me when I was saddened by those who called themselves Mine, if you have often broken the ice of indifference which surrounds My solitary prison, . . . how could I prefer even the song of the angels to the appeal of your souls in sorrow? . . . Your souls need to rest on My Heart for solace! . . . Here is this Heart, infinitely compassionate toward your wounds; take It; It is all yours! . . . I, alone, have power to repay with divine generosity, so be not afraid! I know how to heal the deepest wounds. Come; . . . do not hesitate . . . oh, yes, come! Only I know to what extent solitude and ingratitude crush the soul. Come! . . . Come weep with Me and you will be consoled! . . .

(Pause)

Voice of the Souls: Jesus, on our altars Thou dost bear a name which lifts up our hearts when we are overcome. Thou art there the Host, the Victim . . .

(Very slowly and reflectingly)

Here, in the Host, Thou art ignored and forgotten even by Thine own . . . Thou hast dwelt among us for so many centuries, wishing to permeate our lives, . . . and still we misunderstand Thee! . . . Thou art always the One Who is loved but at a distance only . . . Thou art almost a stranger in the midst of Thy children . . . That is why Thou didst tell Thy servant Margaret Mary, that the greatest of Thy sorrows is not to be known in Thine own house by those who are Thine . . .

(Brief pause)

We thank Thee, beloved Master, when Thou dost make us taste the bitterness of Thy chalice; we thank Thee . . . Our hearts are cruelly hurt, O Jesus, when the good and even those dearest to us wound us . . . Sometimes they condemn us in Thy Name, from motives which they believe to be sincere and zealous . . . Ah it is so human to misjudge others! . . . But Thou, Who knowest all, Thou dost permit this, that we may place our trust in Thee alone . . . Thou dost permit it, also that we may repair, by this keen suffering, for the lack of tenderness by which even we who are consecrated to Thy glory have saddened Thy Heart . . . We thank Thee, then, we thank Thee for those wounds opened in our souls by Thy gentle and loving Hand . . .

We thank Thee, too, for that other inevitable ordeal—death; . . . it rends without pity all mortals, . . . cold and inexorable it tears from us all those Thou Thyself hast confided to our love . . . Recall Thy sadness, Jesus, as Thou didst draw near the house in Bethany where Thy friend, Lazarus, no longer awaited Thee; . . . Happily, Jesus, the source of those tears Thou didst shed over the death of the friend of Thy Heart is not yet dried up . . . Yes, Thy divinely beautiful Eyes still seem wet with the tears of the Man-God who wished to love with all the emotions and tenderness as well as with all the weakness of our heart of flesh . . . And this, Jesus, is Thou, Thou Thyself present in the Host, Whom we adore here, on our knees . . . Look at us from the depths of the Tabernacle, and look at those who no longer walk with us along the way; they were like the very fibers of our heart . . . Now they are gone from us; . . . they have left us . . . What separation is as cruel as the separation of death! . . .

Thou didst weep at the tomb of Lazarus though Thou didst know Thou wert about to raise him from the dead . . . Likewise, in spite of the lively faith with which we accept the crosses Thou didst send us, Thou dost allow our souls to be lacerated when we see our dear ones leave, never to return . . . When we have loved deeply, these wounds can be soothed, but as Thou well knowest, Jesus, they can never be healed completely! . . . Jesus, come to fill the empty place which pitiless death has made, with Thy permission, in our

hearts and homes. Come to give calm and resignation to us who survive that we may pray at their grave . . . Come, Master, let us pray together for our dead so dearly loved . . . May the brightness of Thy eternal light shine forever on them . . . May they rest in peace . . . in the Heaven of Thy Heart! . . .

(Very slowly and with pauses)

Before ending this Holy Hour, we ask Thee, Jesus, to visit the most intimate recesses of our souls, the depths of the abyss of our sorrows and miseries . . . Thou alone knowest us, Jesus, Thou alone . . . Penetrate our souls like a ray of light with Thy sweet and profound glance . . . It will never shock or break the frail crystal of our poor hearts . . . Enter still further, even into the heart's last depths; . . . descend to the abysses where the secret sorrows kept for Thee alone lie hidden . . . Touch with Thy healing Hands these wounds, so long bleeding yet unknown to others . . . No one has seen them; and it is better they should be hidden, for no one but Thou wouldst understand them . . .

That is why, O adorable Savior, in the midst of certain keen sufferings, we do not weep for we do not want the world to see our tears—that the world would not always understand.

What a relief then it is to talk to Thee like this . . . to talk freely to Thee, Who in Thy Sacramental Life art made to drink infinite bitternesses that no one can or ever will be able to understand . . . Only Thou, Master, canst know all, all . . . Cast a look into the very depths of our souls, . . . but a look of pity . . . It was at Gethsemane, under the violent oppression of Thy Heart, that sprang forth the fountain of Tears, which flowed not from Thine Eyes, but coursed through Thy Veins as a torrent, bursting forth in a Sweat of Blood.

(Pause)r

(Slowly and with short pauses)

To be silent when one feels himself dying in a hidden, interior agony, to be silent then is to die twice . . . That sorrow Thou hast also known, O Divine Sufferer of Olivet . . . The forebodings of mothers, . . . the well-founded unexpected separation of souls, . . . the dark fears, . . . the apprehension of fathers . . . the anguish, disappointments, anxieties of priests, the many overwhelming pains of good souls who keep intact for Thee alone, O Jesus-Hostia, the virginal beauty of their sufferings, . . . all form part of those, mysterious sorrows!

The Holy Hour is the hour of confidences . . . and of consolations . . . If we have opened our sorrowful souls to Thee, Jesus, it is less to complain than to offer Thee as the richest of our treasures those of our most secret griefs and all those bitternesses which have no name in earthly language . . . Accept them, Lord, from the hand of the Queen of Sorrows for the triumph of Thy love.

(Aloud)

All: Sacred Heart, sanctify all our sorrows!

Yes, Jesus, sanctify the opposition which we endure from the good, . . . and the suffering caused us by the frequent injustice of men.

All: Sacred Heart, sanctify all our sorrows!

Accept the mortifications that come to us from those from whom we least expect it, . . . and which cause such sharp disappointments.

All: Sacred Heart, sanctify all our sorrows!

Accept, Lord, as a bouquet of myrrh, the remembrance of our beloved dead . . . Bless them, for they left us only in answer to Thy divine call.

All: Sacred Heart, sanctify all our sorrows!

Accept the tears of resignation we have shed on the tombs of those dear to us . . . Remember particularly little orphans and families in mourning . . .

All: Sacred Heart, sanctify all our sorrows!

Come, dearest Savior, to make up for the loss of the prodigals who have gone from their homes . . . They have left an empty place that only Thou canst fill . . .

All: Sacred Heart, sanctify all our sorrow!

See, Lord, the hidden thorns in our souls,—accept these thousand unknown sufferings which no human pity would know how to console . . .

All: Sacred Heart, sanctify all our sorrow!

Accept the anxiety of mothers, . . . the devotedness of fathers, . . . the apparently thankless and often sterile efforts of so many priests . . . Jesus, take without reserve our sorrowful souls, for they are Thine alone.

All: Sacred Heart, sanctify all our sorrow!

(Pause)

Voice of the Master: Children of My love, how sweet and consoling this hour has been, this hour during which you have shown Me the deep hurts which torture your soul, . . . while I have let you penetrate the ever-bleeding Wound of My Sacred Heart . . . Ah! what a happy similarity of suffering! . . . How we resemble each other when we mourn on earth the bitter afflictions of earth! . . . That is how Gethsemane becomes for you, as well as for Me, a sanctuary of prayer and of perpetual redemption . . . Oh! let us love each other as brothers in suffering . . . Let us love each other, O My friends, that our hearts may meet on the sorrowful way . . . Let us love each other, O My little children, in the Cross! . . .

(Slowly and with short pauses)

Come to Me . . . all you who suffer from poverty and from illness . . . Hasten! . . . Lay down at My Feet the burden of all your afflictions, and I will comfort you in the depths of My Heart which loves you.

Come to Me . . . all you who suffer opposition from creatures, . . . you who have felt the injustice of men, . . . you who have undergone reverses of fortune, sorrowful family trials . . . come to Me, and I will give you solace in the sanctuary of My Heart which loves you!

Come to Me . . . you who weep over the ingratitude of your friends, and, yes, sometimes even over the ingratitude of members of your own family . . . Do not tarry, . . . for this pain overwhelms and freezes the soul; . . . come, and I will warm you in the flames of love of My divine Heart!

Come unto Me, you who drag on a dull intolerable existence, . . . you who live in boredom and isolation, . . . you, the forgotten ones, come to Me . . . You who still in the dawn of life feel the weariness of exile, . . . throw yourselves into My Arms, and I will give you solace in the garden of My Heart which loves you!

Come to Me, you who are despised, scorned and misunderstood even by good men, . . . you whose efforts to further My glory are blamed; come, My friends, and I will console you by refreshing you in the chalice of My Heart which loves you.

Come unto Me, you who are in mourning, who weep the loss of a son, a mother, a spouse, a brother; . . . come, without delay, to My Tabernacle, all you whose dwelling has been marked by the cross of death and tears . . . Come, and I will give you solace in the ineffable peace of My Heart which loves you.

Come, lift up your hearts, for time is only a passing shadow, . . . and Heaven is eternal; come, you who thirst for love and justice; . . . I am your God, and for you I have suffered the horrors of the most cruel Agony . . .

Arise then with courage and take the living Bread, My Eucharist to fortify you in the struggle; come and I will reward you in the Paradise of My Heart which loves you! . . .

(Pause)

Soul: What have I, Lord Jesus, that Thou hast not given me, . . . including the treasure of my tears? . . .

What do I know, that Thou hast not taught me, . . . above all the science of suffering with love? . . .

What can I do if Thou dost not help me . . . when I weep . . . and Thou art in agony?

What am I if I am not united to Thee in Thy Calvary and in my sufferings?

Jesus, because of Thy Cross and my crosses, forgive my faults which have wounded Thee so much . . .

For Thou hast created me when I had not merited it,

And in spite of my indifference to Thy Passion, Thou hast redeemed me without my co-operation . . .

Thou hast done much in creating me,

Still more in redeeming me,

Thou wilt not be less powerful or less generous in forgiving me . . .

For all the Blood Thou didst shed

And the cruel death that Thou didst endure

Are not for the Angels who adore Thee in joy,

But for me and other sinners who expiate, lamenting . . .

If I have denied Thee, let me acknowledge Thee, . . . in all the beauty of Thine Agony;

If I have offended Thee, let me serve Thee, suffering for the exaltation and triumph of Thy Sacred Heart . . .
Thy Kingdom Come!

Act of Consecration

Divine Lord agonizing in Gethsemane, Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, deign to unite Thy Precious Blood and Thy Sufferings to the afflictions of the children of Thy Heart . . . Accept, bless, and lighten our crosses . . . Draw from them immense glory for Thyself, and also cause them to be a means of salvation for many souls perverted by the pleasures of the world . . .

Call near to Thee, and love with special tenderness those who have no one to love them. Heal those wounds which ungrateful children and disloyal friends cause by their indifference. Thou Who livest so near to the source of our tears, make them less bitter and sanctify them by the miraculous virtue of Thy Cross . . . Divine Prisoner of the Tabernacle, . . . visit the disconsolate by a ray of Thy Light, visit those maltreated by life, . . . those beguiled by delusive and sinful pleasures . . . Gather up those outcasts, whose beauty of soul is often unknown or scorned . . .

Teach us the science of suffering in peace and faith, and accord us the precious and very rare gift of knowing how to console. Give to our sufferings a divine, irresistible strength which will draw our poor wounded hearts to the abyss of Thy pierced Heart. In that Heaven we wish to live, suffering for Thy cause and Thy love. There we would draw out Thy thorns to make them the diadem of our own glory . . .

Be King of the world, Thou God-Man of Sorrows! . . . Dominate this world and be victorious over it, healing the wounds opened by the lack of pity and the injustice of men.

O ineffably kind Master, Jesus, the Divine Consoler of all tears, come, when suffering envelops us! Come without delay for our sorrows are great . . . They would become insupportable because our courage is so feeble when we weep far from Thee! . . .

Adorable Nazarene, do not refuse us the thorns of the Via Dolorosa nor the desolation of the desert, but we also cry out imploringly for Thine adorable Presence, a Glance from Thy Divine Eyes, a blessing from Thy Hand stained with blood . . . We do not pray Thee to send us an angel to sustain us in our hours of agony; it is Thee we call for, Lord, only Thee, . . . for Thou, Jesus our Brother, hast given us the sacred right to ask Thee to mingle Thy Tears with our tears . . .

Give us peace in our tribulations, give us strength, and, if Thou wilt, give us consolation in the chalice of Thine agonizing Heart . . . By Thy Cross and our crosses, may Thy Kingdom come!

A Pater and an Ave for the agonising and for sinners.

A Pater and an Ave for the universal triumph of the Sacred Heart, especially by daily Communion, the Holy Hour, and the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in families.

A Pater and an Ave for the particular intentions of all present.

A Pater and an Ave for our country.

Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy Kingdom come! (5 times)

Immaculate Heart of Mary, pray for us. (3 times)

Saint Joseph, pray for us.

Saint Margaret Mary, pray for us.

Holy Hour

In Reparation for Public and Official Outrages to Our Lord Jesus Christ and for the First Friday of July

(Slowly)

How blessed and really happy were the unhappy ones in Judea who met Jesus at the turn of a narrow path and for a moment found themselves alone with Him! . . . How privileged were those fortunate sufferers of Naim, of Jerusalem, and of Bethany, who on meeting Jesus were free to pray and to weep on His Divine Heart! . . . It is thus, O Jesus of Nazareth—our Jesus of the Tabernacle—it is thus, we have met Thee during this Holy Hour . . .

Look at us, adorable Master, and Thou wilt recognize among us the same happy and blessed unfortunate ones of Palestine . . . Yes, like those of Judea and Galilee and Samaria we also have confidently sought a meeting . . . But less interested in our own concerns than were they, we come this evening for Thy sake and glory. Here at Thy Feet in the shadow of this altar we come to reflect on the great interests of Thy social reign.

We are here, Lord, only because of Thee, only for the defense of Thy cause, O Jesus! . . . We hasten to Thee because outcries of rage and blasphemy warn us that Thy enemies give themselves no respite in carrying out their determination to drive Thee from souls and to exile Thee from society.

And if the hour of Calvary is come again, if Thou must suffer, if Thou must agonize, if Thou must die, behold King of Love this little flock who asks the favor of suffering for the cause of and by the side of its Shepherd. Thou hast said to Thy confidante, Margaret Mary, with deep sorrow in Thy soul: "I need victim souls to share My agony." Do as Thou wilt with us, Lord . . . we all love Thee . . . We love Thee ardently.

(Pause)

Rend the veil of Thy sacred Side, O well-beloved Jesus, and permit us entrance to the Holy of Holies of Thy adorable Heart . . . Permit Thy children to contemplate there during this Holy Hour the outrages of Thy Passion . . . and the cruelty of that sentence passed on Thee by the very ones whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy Blood . . . From Thy Tabernacle give us light to follow step by step that sorrowful way which began on the dark night of Gethsemane only to finish on the last day of the world . . .

Despite our unworthiness permit Thy consolers to share Thy chalice of opprobrium and agony. Give us, lovable Prisoner of the Altar, one sole favor, one unique right: to love Thee in the ignominy of Thy Cross and to unite ourselves to Thine agony through Holy Mass and the Holy Hour . . . And, finally, and above all, give us the right and favor to love Thee dearly unto death . . . O yes, the right and privilege to die while loving intensely Thy Eucharistic Heart . . .

(Ask for light and love to contemplate Jesus Christ in the Mysterious Sacrifice of the Eucharist)

(Pause)

Jesus: Beloved soul, here in the Host where you see Me, I live silent, mute, perpetually boundless before the modern Herods. Do you not hear, rising to Heaven, the insolent questioning which they make Me undergo, I Who am sovereign Power, Truth, and the sole Master of the world? I keep silence for love of you, for you whom I save by enduring the ignominious condemnation of the rulers of the world, judges of men but never of My doctrine . . . They seek authority and use it against Me, . . . and behold Me perpetually the Victim of their abuse of power. For them, thrones; for Me, the prisoner's bench . . . for them, the golden scepter; for Me, always the reed of mockery! . . . for them, a retinue which applauds and flatters them; for Me, jeering cohorts and executioners! . . . For them, diadems and homage . . . for Me, the crown of thorns! . . . For Me, forgetfulness, always forgetfulness! . . .

And if at times those worldly powers evoke, in spite of themselves, the remembrance of My Sovereignty, My Name alone is enough to cause a tempest of hatred, of legal persecution, and of blasphemy to break forth . . . Thus am I judged and condemned by the world which lives only by Me . . . I keep silence because in the Holy Eucharist I am the incarnation of a merciful love . . . but this revolt against My Sovereignty, this ignoring of My

Majesty in the laws which rule nations is a direct outrage against Me, the Almighty Who dwells among men, reduced to nothingness in the Sacrament of Love . . . Is not this wrong, a real defiance of the Eucharistic God . . . an insult to Him Who speaks to you from the depths of His Tabernacle which often indeed becomes Pilate's Praetorium? Here, consoling soul, meek and humble, I bear the affronts of slaves and the contempt of the vilest of men . . . I am taken out of this prison, only when earthly tribunals order Me to be scourged, and then to be shown, covered with blood, to the angry mob.

O how consoled My Divine Heart feels by your reparation . . . The ardent love of My own makes up for the scoffing of the powerful. You who are rich make reparation for that insult by your humility; you who are poor, by your resignation . . . From here, from My Tabernacle, I bless you, My very faithful friends. Speak, then, My children. Ask miracles, you, the elect of My Heart . . . Speak, I am the King of infinite mercy.

(Pause)

Souls: Lord Jesus, Thy Soul touched by our fidelity offers us Thy miracles and Thy pardon. Deign then to shower Thy graces of light and of strength on the powerful, on rulers who, associated to Thine authority, have above all others an urgent need of Thy light. They need it so much for themselves and their people that they may know Thee, Jesus, and may proclaim that they accept Thy redeeming Sovereignty, the only source of peace and salvation.

In reparation for the affronts which Thou hast suffered before the iniquitous Herod, and for those Thou endurest, often, alas, in the palaces of the great of this world . . .

(Aloud)

All: Heart of Jesus, fulfill Thy promises of victory!

In the assemblies where laws are made and in the tribunals of human justice so subject to error . . .

All: Heart of Jesus, fulfill Thy promises of victory!

In the timid, unsteady and changeable conscience of those who preside over the destiny of nations . . .

All: Heart of Jesus, fulfill Thy promises of victory!

In the councils of so many rulers expressly chosen in hateful opposition to Thy Gospel and the Church . . .

All: Heart of Jesus, fulfill Thy promises of victory!

In popular seditions, exploited to outrage Thy redemptive doctrine, and to repudiate Thy rights . . .

All: Heart of Jesus, fulfill Thy promises of victory!

In the Satanic plots made in secret for the ruin of Thy priesthood and Catholic institutions . . .

All: Heart of Jesus, fulfill Thy promises of victory!

In the foolhardy security, apathy, and indolence of so many Christians who would gladly be faithful to Thee if they could disregard Calvary . . .

All: Heart of Jesus, fulfill Thy promises of victory!

In the unrestrained ambition for wealth and high rank which leads many to scorn Thy Blood and risk the eternal damnation of their souls . . .

All: Heart of Jesus, fulfill Thy promises of victory!

(Pause or hymn)

Jesus: I am Sanctity itself. Acknowledge it while kneeling here before this Host: Heaven proclaims it also, and unites during this Holy Hour with your humble adoration . . . Yes, I am Holiness; nevertheless the malefactor Barabbas was preferred to Me! . . . Alas! how often that impious choice is repeated out of hatred, disdain, forgetfulness . . . If you knew how cruelly that insult wounds My Heart! . . . and yet, I, the God of humility, dwell in the Tabernacle . . . The vain world cannot understand that abasement . . .

See how proud souls eager for vain glory pass before My altar, ambitioning the esteem and the applause of men . . . They pass by preferring a fleeting honor to My love . . . Relegated to the shadow of My sanctuary from whence I utter these words: Learn of Me that I am humble and poor . . . O! Yes, I am poor because I have renounced the wealth of the world to open the treasures of the eternal Paradise to you . . . I have become the poorest of the poor; I have become out of love a Beggar . . . and, that is why I am despised by the world which makes a god of gold and all that glitters . . . To the world I am a nobody, because, born in a stable, I lived in the obscurity of Nazareth; I died in the destitution of Calvary; and because I continue to live in these annihilations in My Eucharist. I am a rejected pauper . . . and the miserable, vain goods of this world are preferred to Me.

(Brief pause)

Behold Me covered with wounds . . . My Hands which beckon and bless are transpierced. My Feet are lacerated . . . My Brow bruised, My Lips livid . . . My Eyes blinded by Blood . . . My Side opened by a deep Wound. How men shudder at the sight of a God, bloodstained and crushed by sorrow . . . These men who would have the delights of an anticipated Eden in this exile . . . My love for you has brought Me to this condition. It is there I also expiate the thirst for pleasure and amusement that devours the modern world . . .

From the Tabernacle I constantly offer you peace and happiness but through sacrifice and by the Cross . . . Ah! Where are My friends, My faithful ones, My disciples? . . . Where are they? . . . They have gone away . . . They have left Me to look for pleasure. They have preferred sin to Me . . . Barabbas, the lowest of mankind, triumphs in the world upheld by the proud, the licentious . . . Barabbas triumphs, applauded and seconded by those who corrupt childhood, debase the people, and poison the press . . . Barabbas triumphs, exalted by all those who, ambitious to reach power, blaspheme Me, preferring worldly honors to Me, their Lord and Master.

And I, your Jesus, I am held chained by love, I remain alone in My Tabernacle, abandoned by the good, denied by the weak, forgotten by the greater number, condemned by unworthy rulers, and scourged by the mobs raised up against Me . . . I loved My own above all things, even unto death, and those of My household preferred dust . . . the mire of the road, to Me . . .

Consider and see, you My friends, if there be a sorrow greater and like unto My sorrow! . . .

(Pause)

Souls: Thou hast given us the example, Jesus . . . Thou desirest Thy disciples following in Thy train to renounce themselves and to carry lovingly the redemptive cross . . . We ask that grace of Thee during this Holy Hour, through the ardent charity of Mary, Mother of Sorrows. We supplicate Thee by the fervor of Margaret Mary to grant that we may love and accept a mortified life for the triumph of Thy Heart in the Holy Eucharist, and to obtain the conversion of poor sinners . . .

Listen, Jesus in the Host, while we offer Thee the great prayer of Gethsemane, which is the prayer of Thy annihilation on the altar, deign to hear it in Thy sweet and condescending Heart.

(Slowly and with Pauses)

We love Thee, O Jesus; grant us the grace to deem it an honor to be rejected by the world for the sake of Thine ignored Heart.

We love Thee, O Jesus; grant us the grace to deem it a happiness to be humiliated for the sake of Thy despised Heart! . . .

We love Thee, O Jesus; grant us the grace to deem it a privilege to be disregarded for the sake of Thy outraged Heart.

We love Thee, O Jesus; grant us the grace to deem it an honor to be scoffed at for the sake of Thine afflicted Heart.

We love Thee, O Jesus; grant us the grace to deem it an honor to be despised for the glory of Thy Divine Heart.

We love Thee, O Jesus; grant us the grace to deem it a favor to be insulted, for the triumph of Thy bruised Heart.

We love Thee, O Jesus; grant us the grace to deem it a favor to be forgotten in order to console Thy Sacred Heart.

We love Thee, O Jesus; grant us the grace to deem it a favor to be one day persecuted, for the sake of Thy Wounded Heart.

We love Thee, O Jesus; grant us the grace to regard it a delicious bitterness to be calumniated for the reign of Thy Sacred Heart.

We love Thee, O Jesus; grant us the grace to consider it a glory to be betrayed in a holocaust of reparation close to Thine immolated Heart.

We love Thee, O Jesus; grant us the grace to consider it a favor to be hated in union with Thine agonizing Heart! . . .

We love Thee, O Jesus; grant us the grace of choosing as a real privilege to be condemned by the world as a homage of reparation to Thine ignored Sacred Heart.

O! we entreat Thee to grant that we may receive lovingly our rightful share of the outrages and agony of Thy Eucharistic Heart.

Be consoled, well-beloved Master; each one of us wishes Thee to hear a word of humility and confidence, solemnly declaring that Thou art his sole wealth and his only hope . . .

What have I, Lord Jesus, that Thou hast not given me?

What do I know, that Thou hast not taught me?

What can I do, if Thou dost not help me?

And what am I, if not united to Thee?

Pardon . . . O! pardon my faults that have so wounded Thee!

Thou hast created me without any merit of mine.

Thou hast redeemed me without my cooperation.

Thou hast done much in creating me,

And still more in redeeming me.

Wilt Thou be less powerful or less generous in forgiving me?

For all the Blood Thou hast shed and the cruel death Thou hast suffered

Were not for the profit of the Angels who adore Thee,

But to my benefit and that of the sinners who implore Thee . . .

If I have then denied Thee, let me praise Thee,

If I have outraged Thee, let me love Thee.

If I have offended Thee, let me serve Thee.

For to live without loving Thee,

And to love without suffering for Thee,

O Jesus, that would be death without Thee.

(Pause)

Jesus: Since all here present are My intimate friends, let Me open to you My Heart, so bitterly grieved. It suffers from a Wound so deep that it penetrates even to the very depths of the soul . . .

Israel, the people of My Heart . . . yes, Israel asked for My condemnation . . . it has exacted My death . . . it has prepared for Me the Cross of Calvary! . . . Israel, for whom I have scourged Egypt, has scourged Me . . . I have broken its chains and Israel has enchained the Hands of her Savior . . . I have given her manna in the desert, and she has woven for Me a crown of thorns . . . I brought forth water from the rock to appease her thirst, and Israel has added gall of perfidy to the burning thirst of My agony . . . I came down from Heaven, and wished to dwell with her, in the midst of the desert, in the mysterious Ark . . . How many times have I not sheltered them under My wings . . . And behold Me wounded unto death by Israel!

Why are My people bent on stripping Me of My Sovereignty? Why do they continue to cast lots for My garments, and scatter to the wind of derision My Gospel of love and consolation?

See how the multitudes agitate, murmuring against My Law . . . See how whole nations carried away by pride have broken the sacred unity of My doctrine, have torn the seamless tunic of My Church!

My Heart breaks, hearing today, as of old in Pilate's atrium, the clamor of so many nations, races, societies, who, amidst an angry crowd, point to Me and cry: "We will not have this Nazarene reign over our people."

(Brief pause)

My Vicar is perpetually the victim of the jeers of this maddened throng! . . . He is My representative, My visible face on earth . . . In his person I continue to be buffeted by those who insult My Church. . . The blow of a sacrilegious Malchus is particularly painful to Me; woe to him who places his hand on the Pontiff, the holy anointed one of My Father! . . .

Stay the avenging Arm of God . . . Intercede for them during this Holy Hour in union with My outraged Heart. I wish during this hour of grace to have mercy on them . . .

Yes, for the apostasy of so many nations, for so many societies who publicly affirm their unbelief, for the shameless affronts to My Vicar, for the crafty, legalized hate shown My priesthood, for the iniquitous tolerance and favors enjoyed by all the modern imitators of those who were My enemies during My lifetime, for these innumerable sins, for the populace and cohorts who struck Me . . . with one voice and with one soul ask pardon, ask mercy . . .

Souls: Prisoner of Love, Jesus in the Holy Eucharist, let our prayer reach Thee as incense of adoration and reparation which we offer Thee by the hands of Mary Immaculate . . .

Litany of the Sacred Heart

Lord, have mercy on us.

Christ, have mercy on us.

Lord, have mercy on us.

Christ, hear us.

Christ, graciously hear us.

God, the Father of heaven, *

Have mercy on us.

God, the Son, Redeemer of the world,

God the Holy Ghost,

Holy Trinity, one God,

Heart of Jesus, Son of the Eternal Father,

Heart of Jesus, formed by the Holy Ghost in the womb of the Virgin Mother,

Heart of Jesus, substantially united to the Word of God,
Heart of Jesus, of infinite majesty,
Heart of Jesus, sacred temple of God,
Heart of Jesus, tabernacle of the Most High,
Heart of Jesus, house of God and gate of heaven,
Heart of Jesus, burning furnace of charity,
Heart of Jesus, abode of justice and love,
Heart of Jesus, full of goodness and love,
Heart of Jesus, abyss of all virtues,
Heart of Jesus, most worthy of all praise,
Heart of Jesus, King and center of all hearts,
Heart of Jesus, in Whom are all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge,
Heart of Jesus, in Whom dwells the fullness of the Divinity,
Heart of Jesus, in Whom the Father was well pleased,
Heart of Jesus, of whose fullness we have all received,
Heart of Jesus, desire of the everlasting hills,
Heart of Jesus, patient and most merciful,
Heart of Jesus, enriching all who invoke Thee,
Heart of Jesus, fountain of life and holiness,
Heart of Jesus, propitiation for our sins,
Heart of Jesus, loaded down with opprobrium,
Heart of Jesus, bruised for our offenses,
Heart of Jesus, obedient unto death,
Heart of Jesus, pierced with a lance,
Heart of Jesus, source of all consolation,
Heart of Jesus, our life and resurrection,
Heart of Jesus, our peace and reconciliation,
Heart of Jesus, Victim for sin,
Heart of Jesus, salvation of those who trust in Thee,
Heart of Jesus, hope of those who die in Thee,
Heart of Jesus, delight of all the saints,
Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world,
Spare us, O Lord,
Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world,
Graciously hear us, O Lord,

Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world,

Have mercy on us, O Lord.

V. Jesus, meek and humble of heart,

R. Make our hearts like unto Thine.

Let us pray

O Almighty and Eternal God, look upon the Heart of Thy dearly beloved Son, and upon the praise and satisfaction He offers Thee in the name of sinners and for those who seek Thy mercy, do Thou graciously grant pardon, in the name of the same Jesus Christ, Thy Son, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, world without end. Amen.

(Pause)

Jesus: The Holy Eucharist is the marvelous consummation of My love for men, but, O! men in return, have consummated the work of their ingratitude in despising and even in outraging My love in the Holy Sacrament.

Where were you, My children, when on Calvary I suffered a loneliness more cruel than that of My tomb?

Where were you, friends of My Heart, when in My agony, My Eyes clouded by My last tears, I saw only the enraged faces of My executioners? Where were you? . . .

And, when thinking of you, My elect, in My soul's infinite agony, I had thirsted for - your sympathy, why were My burning Lips wet with the gall of absence . . . of forgetfulness . . . of cowardice . . . of lukewarmness . . . coming even from those who had been the privileged guests at My intimate and family banquet. You know well that this story is not only of twenty centuries ago; contemplate Me in this Host, and tell Me if ingratitude is not the bitter daily bread of this God Who has made Himself man's nourishment. When then, and how have I vexed you for the length of time I have been voluntary Prisoner that you should seal the door of My prison as if it were an old, empty sepulcher?

O, come and surround Me; draw near My Feet, I wish to feel you close to Me in the mystic agony of My Heart in the Holy Sacrament . . .

Longed-for hour, happy hour, this holy hour during which your God recovers His heritage, the price of His Blood! . . .

I bless you because when I was hungry you left your repose to come and break the bread of charity with Me . . . I look on you more than ever as My own because when I was thirsty, you gave Me your compassion and your tears . . . I press you to My Heart because when I was wounded and sad in the loneliness of My prison, you came to offer Me delightful companionship . . .

Verily, verily, I say unto you, your names will be written forever in letters of fire and blood in the inmost recesses of My Heart . . . a Heart vehemently in love with yours.

Rest on My Heart, My little children, as I rest on yours, chosen children of My love.

(Pause)

Souls: Master, we have come, not to rest but to suffer with Thee, to share Thy chalice, to atone for our faults, and above all to ask for the Reign of Thy Divine Heart!

That is why we will not leave Thee, Jesus, until Thou hast promised to stay with us in the intimacy of our souls, and until we have confided to Thee our ardent desires, the only desire of Thy consolers and friends . . . the desire to see Thee reign, to see Thee come forth Victor through Thy Sacred Heart. Reveal Thyself we conjure Thee to Thy humble apostles, because their only happiness is that of possessing Thee and witnessing the advancement of Thy Reign, the only thing capable of appeasing the ineffable ardor which inflames them.

Come, then, O most lovable Jesus, in midst of the afflictions and trials of life . . .

All: Come! . . . We thirst for Thine adorable Heart.

In earth's perishable and misleading affections . . .

All: Come! . . . We thirst for Thine adorable Heart.

In the disillusionments of earthly friendship and in the frailty of human love . . .

All: Come! . . . We thirst for Thine adorable Heart.

In the brilliant allurements of vanity and in the numerous perils of the way . . .

All: Come! . . . We thirst for Thine adorable Heart.

In the pure and legitimate joys of the families who adore Thee . . .

All: Come! . . . We thirst for Thine adorable Heart.

In the seductive temptations of fickle fortune . . .

All: Come! . . . We thirst for Thine adorable Heart.

In the hours when we have peace of conscience, in the moments of salutary remorse . . .

All: Come! . . . We thirst for Thine adorable Heart.

In the tribulations of those dear to us, when without being able to offer help we see those we love suffer . . .

All: Come! . . . We thirst for Thine adorable Heart.

In the weariness of exile because of the betrayals of human love . . .

All: Come! . . . We thirst for Thine adorable Heart.

In unceasing opposition, in our days of insecurity and bitter lassitude . . .

All: Come! . . . We thirst for Thine adorable Heart.

In the moment of temptation and in the hour of our departure from this earth and from the Hidden God, Jesus-Hostia, and in our last Communion received as Viaticum . . .

All: Come! . . . We thirst for Thine adorable Heart.

(Pause or hymn)

Souls: When we see Thee Jesus so near and so benign, rather than exclaiming with the Apostle: Depart from us, Lord, because we are sinful men, we would, on the contrary, run to meet Thee, to shorten the distance and to strengthen the loving intimacy between Thy Heart and ours . . .

Come, Jesus, come to rest and enjoy all the love of our hearts when the proud rulers of the earth curse Thy Law and Thy Name . . . Remember that we are Thine . . . that we are consecrated to the glory of Thy Divine Heart . . .

Come, Jesus, come to rest and enjoy all the love of our hearts, when the multitudes gathered by Lucifer and his satellites besiege Thy sanctuary and cry out for Thy Blood . . . Remember that we are Thine . . . that we are consecrated to the glory of Thy Divine Heart . . .

Come, Jesus, come to rest and enjoy all the love of our hearts, when thousands of Christians, unmindful of Thine adorable Person thrust the icy dagger of calm indifference into Thy thrice Holy Heart . . . Remember then that we are Thine . . . that we are consecrated to the glory of Thy Divine Heart . . .

Come, Jesus, come to rest and enjoy all the love of our hearts, when so many good and virtuous persons measure out with avarice their tenderness to Thee when they begrudgingly give Thee their confidence . . . and refuse Thee the consolation Thou awaitest from their sacrifices and their holiness . . . Remember then that we are Thine . . . that we are consecrated to the glory of Thy Divine Heart . . .

Come, Jesus, come to rest and enjoy all the love of our hearts, when Thou shalt be oppressed by the disloyalty or wounded by the indifference of elect souls, who, by vocation, should be entirely Thine by being saints . . . Then, more than ever, in that hour of supreme desolation, remember that we are Thine . . . turn on us Thy saddened and suppliant Eyes . . . do not forget that these children are consecrated forever to the glory of Thy Divine Heart.

On the altar of our sacrifice and to Thy glory we wish to sing: All honor to Thy Sacred Heart . . . Thy Kingdom come! . . .

(Slowly)

Thou art, O Jesus, the hidden God . . . O! hide then I conjure Thee, in my soul and I myself having become like a consecrated particle, let us remain eternally united the one to the other as in Holy Communion, as here in the Holy Hour, Thou dwelling in my poor heart . . . and I lost forever in the abyss of sorrow, in the heavenly sanctuary of Thy Sacred Heart . . . Thy Kingdom come to us!

A Pater and an Ave for the agonising and for sinners.

A Pater and an Ave for the universal triumph of the Sacred Heart, especially by daily Communion, the Holy Hour, and the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in families.

A Pater and an Ave for the particular intentions of all present.

A Pater and an Ave for our country.

Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy Kingdom Come! (5 times)

Immaculate Heart of Mary, pray for us. (3 times)

Saint Joseph, pray for us.

Saint Margaret Mary, pray for us.

Holy Hour

For the First Friday of August

Commentary on the Seven Last Words

The Agony of Calvary and the Agony of the Tabernacle

Behold, here within a step of us in this divine Host is Jesus. Let us place ourselves in His presence, because it is really He, the merciful God of Calvary . . . On the Golgotha of the altar He continues the Redemption of the world, of this ungrateful world which ignores Him . . . Let us approach in all confidence and gather with sentiments of faith and love the last supreme words of our divine Master, . . . the testament of His agonizing Heart . . .

Let us make with a real lively faith a fervent act of adoration.

(Pause)

"Having arrived at the summit of the mountain they crucified Jesus between two thieves." O how beautiful heaven must be if Calvary appears to us so resplendent in the purple of the Blood of Jesus, in the gloom of the death of the Savior . . . Behold, . . . the veil of the mystery which hides from us Jesus Christ, Beauty Uncreated, the Holy of Holies, is torn away in proportion as our faith increases. May that faith be great, . . . immense, . . . and with our eyes full of this divine light, let us fix them on the altar, which, by a marvel of divine love remains always the Golgotha, the mountain of great expiation. But because Jesus is there, let us lift up our eyes without fear and fix them with delight on this Host. Oh! yes, let us do it without fear because Jesus is there . . .

You Angels, who surround the Tabernacle, mourn in silence because it is not given to you as to us to disturb the mystic agony of the Well-Beloved . . . This right belongs only to those who can speak to Him in the language of tears and of a broken heart.

Let us draw close to gather the last words of our dying Jesus; let us hasten because we must receive His last sigh . . . Let us climb Calvary. The Mother of Sorrows awaits us there . . .

The repentant Magdalen attracts us and gives us great confidence . . . Let us pray beside Saint John, the faithful friend of the agonizing Master. Behold your God! . . . Look at Him nailed to a cross! . . . Contemplate Him with immense love! . . .

Alas! The words of the Prophet were only too true—from the sole of His Foot unto the top of His Head there is no soundness in His adorable Body . . . His divine Brow anointed by Mary's kisses is torn by thorns . . . His Lips burn with thirst; those Lips, a smile from which evokes the dawn of heavenly peace in afflicted souls . . . His Mouth now livid, brought sweet nectar to heal all wounds . . . And those Eyes from whose depths came the first glimmer of hope for unhappy culprits, are now veiled with a cloud of blood . . .

Read, oh, read on the pierced Hands and transpierced Feet, written in His Blood, the wonderful story of so many prodigals, prizes and conquests of the Heart of the Good Shepherd, Who without respite pursued them. Let us read again, . . . and we shall certainly find all the history of our great faults and that of the great and divine mercies in these Wounds. Oh, gift, as immense as it is little appreciated, that of pardon, which His pity grants us! . . .

Listen to the agonizing Master, Who now wishes to renew for us all the absolution of His Mercy . . . He moans as He lifts His divine Head . . . He contemplates with a look of infinite mercy this perverse world which is putting Him to death . . . and permitting His Heart to speak in the Host which we adore, He cries out in a voice which is a sob of divine grief and pity:

I. "Father, Forgive Them, For They Know Not What They Do."

(Slowly)

"Father, do not look at the thorns of My crown, for they are only the natural, bitter fruit of this unfortunate earth . . . I have searched for them, for these thorns, Father; oh, pardon the human pride that produced them . . . Pardon also the great number who will ignore the mission which Thou hast confided to Me."

"Forgive My infuriated executioners. Ah, pardon also the cowardice of My friends . . . Father, forgive the faults of the powerful, the responsible ones, . . . but pardon also the faults of the humble and of the poor. Do not punish inexorably, O Father, . . . because creatures are but dust and the abyss of darkness. Forgive parents and children; . . . so numerous are the pitfalls which border the road of My little children. Forget their great, oh, their very great weaknesses, but pardon also their treacheries. Oh, yes, pardon these souls because they are all My sheep . . . Yes, they all belong to Me . . . Ah, do not strike them, Father, have pity on them, for they know not what they do."

(Pause)

Souls: And now, Jesus Crucified, let me unite my prayer to Thine, Divine Savior of souls. Covered with confusion, I prostrate myself in Thy presence and, fixing my eyes on the lonely Tabernacle, I feel my heart saddened by the neglect shown Thee by so many redeemed souls . . .

But since with such great goodness Thou dost allow me during this Holy Hour to unite my tears with those Thou hast shed, I pray to Thee Jesus, for those who do not pray . . . I bless Thee for those who curse Thee, . . . and with

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all my soul I praise and adore Thee in union with the universal prayer that rises from all the sanctuaries of the world.

Accept, Lord, the cry of expiation from our afflicted, repentant souls: they ask Thy pardon! For our sins, for those of our relatives and friends.

(Aloud)

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

For infidelity and profanation of holy days, . . .

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

For impurity and public scandals, . . .

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

For those who corrupt childhood and mislead youth, . . .

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

For deliberate disobedience to Holy Mother Church, . . .

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

For the crimes in homes and for the faults of parents and children, . . .

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

For attacks, committed against the Roman Pontiff, . . .

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

For the disturbers of the peace and Christian society, . . .

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

For the abuses of the Sacraments and outrages against the Holy Eucharist, . . .

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

For cowardly attacks of the press and for the machinations of secret societies, . . .

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

And finally, Jesus, for the just who waver and for obstinate sinners who resist grace, . . .

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

(Pause or hymn)

II. How amiable is the Heart of Jesus! How sweet it is during this Holy Hour to talk to Him while bathing His bloodstained Feet with our tears of repentance.

We have hardly asked grace for sinners when immediately comes the echo of His benign voice resounding in our ears as a hymn of peace, which makes us feel as if Heaven were drawing near us . . .

The good thief spoke in the name of all the fallen . . . We, who must die, soon, perhaps, let us listen to the answer of our very gracious Redeemer: **"This day thou shalt be with Me in paradise."** Repentance has already opened the heaven of My heart to you . . . Wait, Christian soul, for the blessed moment when this life's dream will fade away and with penitents and angels you will sing the mercies of your God . . .

"Sinful souls who grieve, take refuge in My Wounds, opened by your faults; . . . do not fear, . . . it is never too late to have recourse to My infinite mercy . . . You also wish to tell Me of your brothers who are struggling and in agony . . . Speak! . . . I wish to be victim for all; I am your Brother, . . . I am Jesus."

(Slowly and brokenly)

Heart of Jesus, infinitely sweet to unfortunate sinners, it is a sinner who implores Thee . . .

Heart of Jesus, divinely amiable with the poor, it is a beggar who awaits and asks that Thou open Thy door to him.

Heart of Jesus, health of the infirm, behold a sick man who visits Thee.

Heart of Jesus, luminous path for those who have gone astray, it is a prodigal who is looking for Thee. . . . He comes from afar. . . .

Heart of Jesus, ineffably gentle to those who weep, it is a wretched soul who knocks on Thy Tabernacle door. . . .

Heart of Jesus, the only Faithful Friend of man, an ungrateful friend is here, weeping at Thy Feet. . . .

Heart of Jesus, divine quietude and only repose in the uncertainties of the world, a very feeble soul and one who struggles, calls Thee to his aid. . . .

Heart of Jesus, inextinguishable Fire of love, it is a very poor soul, but one of good will who wishes to be rekindled in the ardor of Thy love. . . .

Heart of Jesus agonizing, hope of the dying, remember those who in this very hour are struggling with death. . . .

Promise them, O Jesus, as to the dying repentant thief, that in dying on Thy Heart, they will live forever with Thee in that incomparable Paradise. . . . Have pity on the agonizing! . . . Send them the Angel of Gethsemane and bring to their lips, which can no longer call on Thee, the chalice of Thy compassionate Heart. . . .

O Jesus, be their Jesus. . . . Above all be close to the dying who are most forsaken. . . .

(Pray for the dying)

III. Mary is there, . . . standing, leaning on the Cross, her eyes fixed on her Divine Son in agony. . . . She, who, of old was surrounded by angels, who with dove-like tones lulled this same Jesus, then a Child, asleep in her arms. . . . Oh, those happy, peaceful days of Bethlehem quickly passed by! . . . The thirty years of unforgettable sojourn at Nazareth vanished like an ecstasy. . . . It was only yesterday, . . . this same Victim of

love, the Child Jesus, pressed firmly in His Mother's arms, asked her for a crust of bread. His Hair, fragrant then with Mary's kisses, is dyed now with the God-Man's Blood. . . . Ah! . . . But He is always the same Jesus, . . . truly the Son of Mary . . . He loves His Mother with a love stronger than death. . . . In His last hour He will speak to the Virgin Mother to make her a supreme legacy. . . . Loving souls, let us listen on our knees to the testament of Jesus Crucified: "**Woman, behold thy son!** . . .

and all your sons! . . . I bequeath all men to you, because you have saved them by your tears. I confide them to you, for the blood I received from you is the price I paid in exchange for them. And you, John, My Apostle, My friend of predilection: Behold thy mother! Love her for Me; console her in My absence; take her home with you! . . . From now on she will be the Mother of all, the Mother of all those who suffer, the consolatrix of all suffering souls. . . ."

"Compassionate souls who surround Me on the Calvary of this altar, Mary is your Mother and she is also My Mother: Remember that after the holy hour of loving Redemption we are brothers forever. . . ."

(Pause)

Souls: In my poverty what have I to offer Thee, good Jesus, in return for the sacred gift of Thy Mother? . . . I will receive her with all the love of my soul and will shelter her under my poor roof which Thou Thyself hast not scorned. And in gratitude I offer Thee, through her virginal hands, the sorrows of those who suffer united to Thy Cross.

In the name of Mary most sorrowful, I pray Thee to visit those souls in their trials, to aid them in their insecurity, to enlighten them in their doubts. . . . Oh! yes, through Mary, the Virgin Martyr, I conjure Thee to sweeten the tears of so many mothers in grief, especially of those who weep inconsolably over the death of a son. . . .

Above all we implore Thy pity for those mothers who suffer mortal anguish over the eternal salvation of their children. And since the Heart of Mary Immaculate is Thy altar of predilection, permit us, Jesus, to offer Thee their ardent and solemn thanksgiving in reparation for the ingratitude of men. . . . Through Thy sweet Mother, in union with her Immaculate Heart, we thank Thee, beloved Savior:

(Slowly and with brief pauses)

For the gratuitous and inestimable gift of faith,

(Aloud)

All: Infinite gratitude to Thy loving Heart.

For the treasure of grace and for the virtue of hope in that Heaven which is the end of this life's sorrows, . . .

All: Infinite gratitude to Thy loving Heart.

For Thy Church, the Ark of Salvation, persecuted but always victorious, . . .

All: Infinite gratitude to Thy loving Heart.

For the incomprehensible mercy with which Thou dost pardon all sins in the Sacraments of Baptism and Penance, . . .

All: Infinite gratitude to Thy loving Heart.

For the tenderness Thou dost lavish on sorrowing souls who bless Thee in their pains and in the Cross, . . .

All: Infinite gratitude to Thy loving Heart.

For the holy ingenuity of Thy charity in bringing about the wonderful conversion of the most hardhearted sinners, . . .

All: Infinite gratitude to Thy loving Heart.

By the gifts, often misunderstood, of peace or trial, of sickness or health, of riches or poverty, which Thou dost make use of in redeeming so many souls, . . .

All: Infinite gratitude to Thy loving Heart.

For the signal benefits which Thou didst accord so many ingrates, who neglect and abuse their station in life, their fortune and their talents, which they owe to Thee alone, Jesus, . . .

All: Infinite gratitude to Thy loving Heart.

For the signal benefits and the confidence Thou hast placed in us by entrusting to us the care and the honor of Thy Mother and of her Immaculate Heart! . . .

All: Infinite gratitude to Thy loving Heart.

For Thy Most Holy Eucharist, for Thy captivity, and Thy companionship, replete with all delights, promised us until the consummation of the world, . . .

All: Infinite gratitude to Thy loving Heart.

And, finally, for the unhopd-for Paradise Thou hast offered to us through Thy servant, Margaret Mary, . . . for the wonderful, incomprehensible gift of Thy Sacred Heart, . . .

All: Infinite gratitude to Thy loving Heart.

IV. In order to remain peaceful and to follow resignedly the dolorous journey of life, let us think of Jesus. . . . How much more cruel was His Martyrdom on the Cross. . . . What more agonizing than the loneliness of the Crucified Master abandoned by those very ones who had partaken of the glorious banquet of His love, of His beauty, and of His marvels! . . . Where are they now?

But there is a thought much more piercing still to His Soul overflowing with opprobrium. . . .

He Himself will reveal it to us in that cry of infinite anguish which escapes from His oppressed Breast when He is about to die: "**My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?**" "O Father, I came amongst those Thou commandest Me to redeem; they did not receive Me, and they erected a Cross for their own Savior. . . . O Father, let Thy Will be done and not Mine! . . . In exchange for Thy abandonment I entreat Thee to save all those Thou hast confided to Me. May they be one with Me in My wounded Heart, as Thou and I are One in love. . . ."

"O Father, how bitter is this chalice! . . . My Heart breaks, tortured in this infinite desolation. . . . Father, why hast Thou forsaken Me? . . ."

(Pause)

Souls: Good Shepherd, I can guess the grief which wrings from Thee this cry of unspeakable bitterness: . . . it is the eternal death of the impious, lost because he turned away from Thee. . . . Ah! they are numerous who are about to be eternally lost—those who are submerged in the abyss of darkness, without faith, without love, without hope! Remember them, Jesus! . . . Thou Who didst suffer so much from the abandonment of Thy Heavenly Father, do not turn away from them, Blessed Redeemer! I pray to Thee for them with all the ardor of my soul, for those of the household who have lost the faith, for those who corrupt education and the press, for those who hate Thy Name, for those who persecute Thy Church, for so many unfortunate ones who curse Thy Cross and Thine Altar! . . . I implore Thee, O Jesus, to draw them to Thee, to forgive them in Thy goodness and by the agony of Thine adorable Heart! . . .

(Pray for the conversion of the impious)

(Pause or hymn Parce Domine)

V. Why is there, today, this unusual movement of hate against Jesus Christ, the meek Lamb put to death on Calvary? . . . Why this rage of the people, the official blasphemy of the powerful, and the fury of the learned to obliterate His Name from the face of the earth? Grieve, fervent souls, behold His implacable enemies, busy preparing the bitter drink, with the gall of all ingratitude and all treason, to offer it to the Savior. . . . And

with all that, after twenty centuries of ignominy it is always the same words which fall from His divine Lips. He exposes to us His aching Soul. With an immense love, let us listen and reflect there near the Host: "**Sitio!**" . . . "**I thirst.**" . . . Burning thirst to feel Myself loved, ardent thirst to live your life of suffering, intense thirst to give you peace, happiness. . . . and then an eternal Heaven! . . . I thirst for your souls, I thirst for your tears; . . . weep on My Breast. Souls who come to console Me, give Me to drink; and to repay you, I will open in My Side the never failing source of life. . . . Love Me! I thirst! . . .

(Pause)

Souls: Jesus, we also, weary from crossing the desert, thirst for those Living Waters that Thou didst promise us: We thirst for Thee, . . . that thirst will never be completely assuaged until the coming of Thy Kingdom in the triumph of Thy loving Heart. . . . It does not suffice us to implore Thy Mercy, O Divine Redeemer. Thy interests are our interests. We all long for Thy Reign. We pray Thee then, Jesus, to carry out the promises Thou didst make to Thy confidante, Margaret Mary, in favor of those souls who adore Thee in the inexpressible beauty, the ineffable tenderness, the incomprehensible love of Thy Sacred Heart.

So we ask Thee with Holy Church, we entreat Thee by Thy Virgin Mother, we beg Thee for the inviolable honor of Thy Name, that Thou hasten to establish the Reign of Thy loving Heart.

(Aloud)

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy loving Heart.

Hasten, Jesus! yes, come quickly, before Satan and the world wrest consciences from Thee and in Thy absence profane all states of life. . . .

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy loving Heart.

Advance, Jesus, and triumph in homes. Reign in them by the unchanging peace promised those, who chanting Hosannas, have received Thee.

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy loving Heart.

Make no delay, beloved Master, for many households suffer evils and bitternesses that Thou hast promised to cure. . . .

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy loving Heart.

Come, . . . because Thou art omnipotent, Thou, God of the battles of life; come, show Thy wounded Side as a pledge of celestial hope in the agony of death. . . .

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy loving Heart.

Be Thyself the Reward promised our labors; Thou alone, be the inspiration and recompense of all our undertakings. . . .

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy loving Heart.

And Thy favored ones—I mean the sinners—do not forget that for them, above all, Thou hast revealed the inexhaustible tenderness of Thy love. . . .

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy loving Heart.

Good Master, there are so many lukewarm, so many indifferent whom Thou wilt have to inflame by this admirable devotion. . . .

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy loving Heart.

"Behold, here is the source of Life," Thou didst say, showing us Thy transpierced Side. Let us then draw from It the fervor, the sanctity to which we aspire. . . .

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy loving Heart.

According to Thy request, Thy image has been enthroned in many homes; . . . in the name of those homes we beg Thee to continue to reign there, as the loved Master and only Sovereign. . . .

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy loving Heart.

Give words of fire, an irresistible, victorious persuasion to those priests who like John, the beloved Apostle, love Thee and preach Thee. . . .

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy loving Heart.

And for those who propagate this sublime devotion, for those who publish its ineffable wonders, reserve in Thy Heart a place near which Thy Mother's name is engraved. . . .

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy loving Heart.

And finally, Jesus, give the Heaven of Thy Heart to us who have shared Thine agony during this Holy Hour. . . . By this hour of consolation, by the First Friday Reparatory Communion, fulfill in us Thine infallible promise; and at the decisive hour of death:

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy loving Heart.

(Pause or hymn)

VI. "My peace be with you, souls dear to My Heart; I thirsted and you quenched My thirst in giving Me your consolations.

Now that I have confided to your zeal the honor of My Name, I can exclaim: "**It is consummated.**" If there be anything lacking to My Passion, complete, O Father, my work of Redemption from the inexhaustible mercy of My Heart. . . . I have kept, Father, those Thou hast given Me, and now I return them to Thee; . . . if any one be lost it is not for lack of merciful love. . . . Oh, no, I ask Thee, by My Cross and My tenderness, to increase the number of the elect, of the saints of My Church. . . . Consummate the work of Thy crucified Son, by glorifying Me in those who on earth have drunk My redeeming Blood. . . . I return My Soul and the souls of the redeemed to Thee, but I pray Thee, Father, to give them My Heart that It may be the inheritance of sinners, of the poor, and of all those who long to live in the intimacy of My love. . . ."

(Pause)

Souls: You have said, Jesus, that Thy Heart belongs to us. Then consummate Thy work by Thy Heart, sanctifying all those who are firmly resolved to follow Thee in the way of Sacrifice. Increase our faith, enliven our hope, and do not permit us to die without having given the measure of love which Thou dost expect from us.

Complete Thy work, Jesus, in the social triumph of Thy Holy Church; . . . abase the powers that oppress her; . . . disperse by a divine breath the hosts of hypocrites, the proud and ungodly, and all the enemies who assault her with fury; . . . speak, God of Light, and, as at Gethsemane, the children of darkness, of error, and of perverse doctrines, will fall backward. . . .

Speak, God of Love, and Thy Vicar will be exalted and, then, Thy work consummated, the sweet and irresistible power of Thy victorious Heart will be acclaimed from pole to pole.

Lord, consummate Thy work by alleviating the terrible torments of Purgatory; . . . have pity, O Jesus, and hasten the deliverance of the souls who suffer in just expiation of their sins. Shorten the time especially for those who this evening hope to see the dew of our prayers fall into the flames of Purgatory—namely, our relatives, benefactors, and friends to whom we owe the solace of our intercession . . . Remember our dearly loved dead, most benign Jesus . . . Thou hast taken them from us . . . May Thy Will be done and blessed be Thy Name! . . . Give them eternal rest, O Lord, do not forget them. . . .

(Ask for the triumph of the Heart of Jesus in the Church Militant and in Purgatory)

(Pause)

VII. Nature in mourning is covered with darkness during the Holy Hour of the first Good Friday. The chants of the heavenly Jerusalem are interrupted, . . . The entire Court of Heaven stoops, and kneeling before the Victim of Golgotha, it waits in order to receive the last throb of the Heart of the Man-God. . . .

Fervent loving souls, we are truly at the summit of Calvary; it is the Holy Hour! . . . A loud Voice resounds in the heights, a Voice that says: "Father, into Thy Hands I commend My Spirit." And bending His lacerated Head, Jesus Crucified dies of love. . . . It is His Heart which has brought Him to death for us . . . All glory to His loving Heart which gave us life! . . .

(Pause)

O Jesus, supreme Lover of those who love Thee, accept from the hands of the Mother of Sorrows the offering of my whole being, of my life! . . . I no longer belong to myself, Lord, I am all thine—and forever! . . . And in this gift I wish to forget myself, to be consecrated to the triumph of Thy Divine Heart . . . Accept me, Jesus, and listen now to my last prayer. . . .

(Slowly, with pauses)

When the angels of the sanctuary will bless Thee in the thrice holy Eucharist, . . . and I, I will be in my agony; . . . their praises will be mine; . . . remember the poor servant of Thy Divine Heart. . . .

When just souls on earth glowing with love will praise and cry to Thee, . . . and I . . . I will be in my agony, . . . their sorrows and tears will be mine; remember the prodigal conquered by Thy Divine Heart. . . .

When Thy priests, Thy virgins of the temple, and Thine apostles will proclaim Thee their Sovereign, will preach Thee to souls and enthrone Thee in the world, . . . and I . . . I will be in my agony; . . . their zeal and their fervor will be mine; . . . remember the apostle of Thy Divine Heart. . . .

When Thy Church, praying and repairing before the altar, will aid Thee in redeeming the world, . . . and I . . . I will be in my agony; her sacrifice and prayer will be mine; . . . remember the faithful friend of Thy Divine Heart. . . .

When, during the Holy Hour, Thy favored friends, in loving, suffering and reparation, will make Thee forget sacrileges and treasons, . . . and I . . . I will be in my agony; . . . their intimacy with Thee and their holocausts will be mine; . . . remember this altar and this victim of Thy Divine Heart. . . .

When Thy Blessed Mother adores Thee in the Holy Eucharist, thus making reparation for earth's countless crimes, . . . and I . . . I will be in my agony; . . . her adoration will be mine, . . . remember the child of Thy Divine Heart. . . . But no, Lord, . . . rather forget me, if Thou wish, provided that at the hour of my death Thou dost forget me forever in the Wound of Thy Sacred Heart.

(Pause)

What have I, Lord, that Thou hast not given me? . . .

Despoil me of all, even of Thy own gifts, but enkindle in me the flames of Thy Sacred Heart.

What do I know that Thou hast not taught me? . . . Oh, would that I might forget all human and earthly science, but that I might love Thee more and more, O Divine Heart! . . .

What can I do, if Thou dost not help me? And what am I, if not united to Thee? . . . Unite me to Thee, then, by a bond stronger than death. . . . I renounce all the delights of Thy love, in order to completely possess that other Paradise—Thy loving Heart. . . .

And there, bury, oh! yes, bury the faults which I have committed against Thee . . . and punish me and avenge Thyself, while wounding with a dart of burning charity that one who has so offended Thee! . . .

And if I have denied Thee, let me acknowledge Thee in the Eucharist where Thou art hidden. . . .

If I have offended Thee, let me serve Thee in an everlasting slavery of eternal love, . . . for it is rather death than life not to spend oneself in loving and making loved Thy sweet, compassionate Heart, so forsaken! . . . Thy Kingdom come!

Act of Consecration of the Human Race to the Sacred Heart of Jesus

(Leo XIII)

Most sweet Jesus, Redeemer of the human race, look down upon us, humbly prostrate before Thy altar. We are Thine and Thine we wish to be; but to be more surely united with Thee, behold each one of us freely consecrates himself to-day to Thy most Sacred Heart. Many indeed have never known Thee; many, too, despising Thy precepts, have rejected Thee. Have mercy on them all, most merciful Jesus, and draw them to Thy Sacred Heart. Be Thou King, O Lord, not only of the faithful who have never forsaken Thee, but also of the prodigal children who have abandoned Thee: grant that they may quickly return to their Father's house, lest they die of wretchedness and hunger. Be Thou King of those who are deceived by erroneous opinions, or whom discord keeps aloof, and call them back to the harbor of truth and unity of faith, so that soon there may be but one flock and one Shepherd. Be Thou King also of all those who sit in the ancient superstition of the Gentiles, and refuse not to deliver them out of darkness into the light and kingdom of God. Grant, O Lord, to Thy Church, assurance of freedom and immunity from harm; give peace and order to all nations, and make the earth resound from pole to pole with one cry: Praise to the Divine Heart that wrought our salvation; to it be glory and honor for ever. Amen.

A Pater and an Ave for the agonizing and for sinners.

A Pater and an Ave for the universal triumph of the Sacred Heart, especially by daily Communion, the Holy Hour and the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in families.

A Pater and an Ave for the particular intentions of all present.

A Pater and an Ave for our country.

Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy Kingdom come! (5 times)

Immaculate Heart of Mary, pray for us. (3 times)

Saint Joseph, pray for us.

Saint Margaret Mary, pray for us.

Holy Hour

For the First Friday of September and for Holy Thursday

Holy Thursday is approaching its end . . . Already the first shadows of twilight are darkening the sky. Behold! the anguish of an inexpressible sorrow invades the Heart of Jesus. Why this inward shuddering? . . .

The Savior, the adorable Nazarene, Jesus, was the Son of Man . . . As such He had a Mother, unique in her tenderness, incomparably lovely, divinely holy and beautiful . . . A single glance from Mary, and above all a throb of her maternal heart meant more to Jesus than all the angelic concerts . . . far more than the perfumed breezes of earth and the splendors of skies . . . Mary was for Jesus a smile of complacency of the Eternal Father . . . And Jesus had to leave this Mother for love of us ungrateful ones! . . .

O! Holy Thursday, a day never to be forgotten because of the Master's supreme farewells . . . Who will tell us of this wonderful and mysterious scene over which the Evangelists have thrown a veil of silence? With loving reverence for the Son and Mother, let us represent to ourselves, with hearts deeply moved, the farewell scene, which must have taken place at Bethany.

His hour has come . . . It seems probable that Jesus, the Son of God and also the Son of Man, asked His Mother's consent to die, as He had already asked her consent to become Incarnate, her child . . . His voice broken by sobs and His royal, Divine Head leaning on His Mother's heart, Jesus entrusts to her the sheep that will be brought back to the fold by His death. Remembering the crib at Bethlehem, Mary holds Him in her arms, while her eyes, miraculously enlightened, look on tomorrow's Calvary where the Queen of love will become the Queen of Sorrows . . . She weeps and with her precious tears she anoints the adorable Head of the Redeemer . . . Yes, she weeps as a mother, but more than that, she weeps as co-redemptrix! She offered to the Eternal Father the Divine Victim, the Lamb without spot . . . She weeps, and with her tears she blesses the world, whose salvation, begun with her sublime Fiat, pronounced in the happy little house of Nazareth, must be consummated tomorrow on a gibbet of ignominy and of blood . . .

O! then in the clearness of that ominous light she sees not only the drama of Calvary but also the adorable designs of the Most High . . . She then embraces her Son with an inexpressible love . . . and before the cruel thorns pierce His Forehead she imprints thereon a kiss in the name of all those in heaven who adore Jesus, for He is their God . . . She kisses Him again in the name of those on earth, for the Son of Mary is also its Divine King . . . And kissing the Forehead of her Jesus, she places there, as on the holiest of altars, the holiest of oblations—the Fiat, a Fiat crushing for the Mother, but sovereign in its redemptive power . . .

Night has come . . . Jesus confides His desolate Mother to His faithful friends of Bethany and to His Angels . . . Then He withdraws, His soul bathed in an agony, a thousand times more piercing and more bitter than death itself . . .

(Pause)

Souls: O, Eucharistic Jesus, may the hour and the day in which we recall to Thee the beginnings of Thy Passion, in the anguish endured by Thy Adorable Heart when sacrificing Thy divine Mother, be propitious to this sinful world . . . It is not only because Thou art God, O Sweet Savior, but because Thou art the Man-God, the Son of Mary, that Thou didst understand and feel the profound bitterness of earthly separations, . . . the grief occasioned by absence, farewells, and above all by death . . . And it is precisely for this reason, because Thou art Jesus, that we come to place our hearts in this first Wound of Thine, an open Wound, made by leaving Thy incomparable Mother.

O, she was truly the Mother of Sorrows . . . She suffered then, as no other Mother has suffered . . . See in her, O Jesus, so many mothers, so many wives, so many souls who weep today before Thy Tabernacle because of the absence of their loved ones . . . How many amongst them will come alone tomorrow and prostrate themselves before Thy Bloody Cross? . . . Yes, they will come alone because misfortune, and, alas, often the loss of faith, has

drawn far from home and from Thy Sanctuary, a son, a brother or a husband. They have wandered far away, Jesus, but Thou hast not rejected them, no, a thousand times no; Thou hast not rejected them from the Tabernacle of Thy Heart which is the Resurrection of those who have fallen! . . .

See, Lord, so many afflicted mothers, so many Christian parents, so many desolate brothers who have come this evening into this new Gethsemane to shed tears into the chalice of Thy adorable Heart, to weep over the grief of separation . . . and also to ask for peace through the triumph of Thy love in their homes, peace by the return of the prodigals, peace of resignation in sorrows occasioned by death . . .

We consent willingly, O Master, to suffer near Thee, provided that our loved ones belong to Thee, that they may all adore Thee and love Thee as they did on the happy day of their First Communion . . .

Jesus, sweet Nazarene, remember the sorrows of Mary at the moment of Thy farewell on Holy Thursday . . . Do not forget that when embracing Thee for the last time in her arms Thy Mother begged Thee to watch in Thy Eucharist with a special tenderness over afflicted mothers and over all their absent ones! . . .

(Pause)

(Ask the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary by their mutual affliction of Holy Thursday to cure the many moral miseries which desolate homes. On that day Jesus gave us His Heart in the Holy Eucharist and He knows not how to refuse us this grace.)

His Heart broken, His Head bathed with the tears of His Divine Mother, Jesus climbs the Mount of Sion and arrives with His disciples at the room in which He is to celebrate the Last Supper . . . Love has wounded Him . . . And Jesus, having always loved us with an unbounded love at this sublime hour loved us to excess. Look, in the delirium, in the foolishness of His love, He makes Himself our Bread . . . He delivers Himself to us, inert, abased in the Holy Eucharist, even to the consummation of the world . . .

O Jesus, love has conquered Thee! Hail the love of Thy Heart which beats for us in the Host! Live forever! . . .

(Pause)

In reflecting on the gift par excellence of the Heart of Jesus—the Divine Eucharist, marvellous invention of His tenderness — a spontaneous cry breaks forth from our souls, "May the Heart of Jesus in the Holy Sacrament of the Altar live forever!" . . . But, alas, such is not the cry of the world, heir to the hardness of a people who committed deicide and even heir to the perfidy of the traitor Judas.

Behold Him, this God, in the Sacred Host! forgotten by thousands of men whom He has ransomed . . . Behold Him Who has made, for Himself, the prison of the Tabernacle . . . Who has invented the Heaven of the Eucharist and see His people repay His love by forgetfulness . . . They abandon Him in His Holy Ark!

Contemplate Him, consoling souls, and see Him abandoned in the obscurity of His prison, He, the God Who is the Beatitude of the elect. He calls . . . and His voice is lost in the desert . . . He implores . . . and His prayer vanishes in the silence . . . He complains . . . and His groaning is often deadened by the noisy laughter of His ungrateful children completely forgetful of the divine Captive of the Tabernacle! . . .

And to think that the Man-God had foreseen all these insults, had tasted the indescribable bitterness of them, while He consecrated for the first time the Eucharistic Bread on Holy Thursday, yet His Heart did not hesitate, . . . And now it is He Who awaits you . . . Who sees you, faithful souls, pouring out before His altar a prayer of consolation and of triumph.

Let us recite this prayer together as a reparation for this outrageous forgetfulness toward Him. Let us ask for victory for the Heart of Jesus in the Eucharist.

Souls: Uniting ourselves to the ardent faith of Peter and to the fervor which animated the soul of John when they received Holy Communion from Thy Divine Hands, we beg Thee, Eucharistic Jesus, to excite in souls an ardent desire for Holy Communion.

We beg of Thee this favor by the First Communion Thou hast distributed to Thy Apostles, in the Mystic Supper of Holy Thursday, . . .

All: Reign, O Divine Heart, through daily Communion!

By the protestations of the love and fidelity of Thy disciples when Thou didst confide to them the Treasure of Treasures, Thy Sacred Heart, . . .

All: Reign, O Divine Heart, through daily Communion!

By the wonderful powers conferred on the Apostles and by the institution of the Priesthood, which will perpetuate the Eucharistic Mysteries,

All: Reign, O Divine Heart, through daily Communion!

By the uninterrupted holocaust of the Cenacle and of the Cross in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, . . .

All: Reign, O Divine Heart, through daily Communion!

By the inexhaustible largess of Thy Divine Heart and the splendid victories accorded to Thy Church through the Holy Sacrament of the altar, . . .

All: Reign, O Divine Heart, through daily Communion!

By the unceasing marvels of sanctification

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produced by the frequent and daily reception of the Sacramental Manna, . . .

All: Reign, O Divine Heart, through daily Communion!

By Thy real and permanent Presence for twenty centuries in all the Tabernacles of the earth, notwithstanding neglect, disdain, and sacrilege, . . .

All: Reign, O Divine Heart, through daily Communion!

By the divine Wisdom of Thy Church, which, with a holy and loving insistence, invites the faithful to a frequent and daily reception of the Adorable Eucharist, . . .

All: Reign, O Divine Heart, through daily Communion!

By the love of a divine and exquisite tenderness which has opened the shelter of Thy Eucharistic Heart and of the Holy Tabernacle to all little ones of a society stamped with decay, . . .

All: Reign, O Divine Heart, through daily Communion!

(Pause or hymn)

(Ask with special fervor this evening for the triumph of the Sacred Heart by daily Communion.)

CONSIDERATION: O prodigy of humility! the God of heaven, the Sovereign Lord of earth has made Himself the slave of men; He Who gives life annihilates Himself; He Who has broken our chains binds Himself, and He remains, by an incomprehensible love, always a prisoner ever since the first Holy Thursday! . . .

He descends from the hill of Sion and plunges into the solitude of Gethsemane . . . There, falling on His knees, He prays . . . His agony commences . . . At this moment a weight of sorrow presses upon His Heart and crushes It. In the midst of all this anguish, He cries out, sobbing, "O Father, strike Me, but save men . . . pardon them for I love them." . . .

His anguish increases. He sees passing before His Eyes His executioners, blasphemers, insultors of His Cross, the deniers of His Gospel and of His love . . . and He repeats: "I love them, O My Father, pardon them!" . . .

He sees passing in review the apostates, the renegades, who cast at His Feet the things they adore; . . . then the multitude of lukewarm souls—men who fear to confess Christ, those who are ashamed of their King and Savior, and He cries out with grief: "I love them, O My Father . . . pardon them!"

Then are presented to His Mind the army of wicked men, without conscience; . . . an innumerable crowd of revellers who profane their souls in the shameful misuse of their passions . . . then the persecutors of the Church, those who have enriched themselves by lying, . . . the seducers of the people, the hypocrites, the

proud: . . . all these pass by, and the Divine One in agony repeats: "I love them, O My Father, I beseech pardon for them!" . . .

Then come the mediocre and unfaithful priests, worldly parents, responsible for the loss of their children's souls, . . . families with all their sins, . . . societies with all their orgies, . . . peoples and rulers with their insulting rebellions. Before His Eyes pass by all those who insult the Pontiff, His Vicar, . . . and Jesus immersed in this profound sea of filth, dishonor and agony, His voice quivering with grief utters again; "Yes, O My Father, I love them, I love them. Pardon all these guilty ones!"

And finally, like thousands of arrows, sacrilegiously striking His Face and transpiercing His Heart, the names of the damned have come, that innumerable legion of reprobates, who, marked with His Blood and redeemed by His death, nevertheless choose for themselves eternal death and malediction! . . . O! then this Divine Heart breaks under the oppression of an infinite sorrow, His veins burst open with violent grief. Jesus staggers . . . an instant after, His Features livid, His Hair disheveled, His whole Body trembling and covered with blood, He falls on His Face to the ground and utters a cry: "Father, I have come into this world to accomplish Thy Will! . . . If it be possible let this chalice pass from Me, but not My Will but Thine be done!" . . .

He was still prostrate on the ground when the names of each one of us, yes, our own names resounded in the depths of His agonizing Heart . . . In that Holy Hour **He saw us, all of us here present**, bringing to Him a sweet consolation. He saw us come with the Angel to strengthen Him . . . He felt that we were sustaining His fainting Body between our arms, against our hearts. He felt that we were comforting Him by our sacrifices, our tenderness, and our love . . . Since then He continues to regard us through His tears and from the depths of His Prison, as His friends, as the confidants of His grief-stricken Heart, for it is this same Heart which beats here in the mysterious tomb of His altar.

Let us keep silence and let the beatings of this adorable Heart speak to us of Its secret sorrows, Its requests for love, and Its desires to triumph over all! . . .

(Pause)

(Consecrate yourselves to His Sacred Heart in this Holy Hour, a thousand times blessed, and pledge to Him an eternal love in the Holy Eucharist.)

Night had come, it was getting late! . . . "Let us go," said Jesus, awakening His disciples! "Let us go! He who is about to betray Me is here." . . . For an instant His Heart shuddered, cruelly tortured at the sight of Judas, the traitor. He had loved him so much! . . . He had chosen him from amongst thousands! . . . He had made him His apostle and His priest! . . . And this unhappy man for a few pieces of silver comes to deliver up his Master! . . . Judas stretches out his arms to Him, O perfidious treason, and the apostate approaching Jesus, kisses that adorable Face which had lately received the kiss of His Immaculate Mother! . . . Profoundly moved, but with infinite sweetness, Jesus said to him: "My friend, you betray the Son of Man with a kiss." . . .

Alas, that word of ignominious reproach has come down through centuries . . . for there are always traitors who live only to deliver up Jesus . . . This class of men, who live on the Blood of Christ, who divide His tunic and traffic with His Gospel, exist everywhere . . . And the Lord Jesus because He is good and eternal is patient and silent in His Tabernacle, which will one day be a witness of their promises and the accusing proof of their treasons . . .

They kiss Him! those so numerous alas! who deliver Him up to obtain an office which they believe honorable and to obtain vile riches so ardently coveted.

They kiss Him and perfidiously deliver Him up, those unfortunates, who say that they are shocked at His saving doctrine when in reality it is the holiness of His morals and of His law which drives them away from Him . . .

They kiss and deliver Him up, these cowards so numerous, who fear the doctors of the law and the Pharisees who struggle against God because He condemns their hypocrisy and their baseness . . .

These Judases behave towards Jesus with a refined cruelty. They approach Him with the appearance of respect, and betray Him, because say they it is a duty they owe society, an honesty of conscience, a point of honor, and a loyal conviction! . . .

Souls: They believe no longer in Thee, Jesus. They say they are disillusioned with Thee, and yet Thou art the only Truth which never changes, the only Way which never leads astray, and the only Life which never dies. O, during this Holy Hour, we pray Thee, forget forever and pardon the bloody outrages of all those who have sat at Thy Banquet, who were Thy friends, even Thy confidants, and who afterwards preferred to Thee the husks of the earth . . .

(Out loud)

All: Agonizing Heart of Jesus, pardon traitors!

By the immense grief which wounds Thy Heart on seeing the base treason of the unfaithful apostle who delivered Thee up by his traitorous kiss, . . .

All: Agonizing Heart of Jesus, pardon traitors!

By the sorrowful agony caused Thee by the shameful flight of the disciples who had sworn to love Thee until death, . . .

All: Agonizing Heart of Jesus, pardon traitors!

By the bitterness which Thou hast felt at the triple denial of Peter . . . by the humble tears which he shed in atonement for his presumption and his deplorable weakness, . . .

All: Agonizing Heart of Jesus, pardon traitors!

By the frightful deception which the blindness of Thy people caused Thee when after having acclaimed Thy Name, they enthusiastically applauded Thy executioners and furiously demanded Thy Blood, . . .

All: Agonizing Heart of Jesus, pardon traitors!

By the affliction which Thou hast felt at the ingratitude of so many sick whom Thou hadst cured, and of all those who though favored with Thy miracles nevertheless joined the decide mob, . . .

All: Agonizing Heart of Jesus, pardon traitors!

By Thy burning tears, shed on hearing the curse of mothers whose children Thou hadst blessed, and by the grief which the outrages of these very children caused Thee, . . .

All: Agonizing Heart of Jesus, pardon traitors!

By the deep Wound made in Thy Heart by the despair of Judas, doubting Thy ineffable mercy, . . .

All: Agonizing Heart of Jesus, pardon traitors!

By the grief inflicted upon Thee because of the innumerable defections foreseen at Gethsemane, which in the course of ages were to rend the seamless robe of Thy Church, . . .

All: Agonizing Heart of Jesus, pardon traitors!

By the mortal agony caused Thee by the public apostasy of some ministers of the altar, and by the groans forced from Thee by these unfortunate Judases whose blasphemies transpierced Thy Heart as the thrust of a lance, . . .

All: Agonizing Heart of Jesus, pardon traitors!

(Make honorable amends to Jesus for so many treasons provoked by lukewarmness and base interests.)

(Pause or hymn)

"Whom seek You?" says Jesus to the soldiers, hiding and controlling with a Divine Majesty His immense sorrow . . . "Jesus of Nazareth," respond in a single voice these men thirsting for His Blood . . .

Quickly the dear Master advances towards them, presents to them His Hands, bows His Head and lets Himself be bound like a criminal . . . And, Prisoner of men, His creatures, He delivers up to them His Heart anew!

And you, fervent souls, Whom seek you this evening in the Gethsemane of the Tabernacle? Whom?

Souls: We have come to see Thee, Jesus of Nazareth! . . . It is already the hour of the power of darkness, the hour of loneliness and of sin . . . That is why we have chosen the moment of Thy supreme weakness, O Divine Lord, Agonizing One of the altar, to speak to Thee heart to heart and to hold during this Holy Hour the place of John, the Beloved, and that of the angels . . .

Yes, Thou art for us O Jesus, Prisoner of the Tabernacle and Prisoner of our souls . . . By the Eucharist Thou art in our power and we shall make use of it, Jesus, to prove to Thee our love, not to be Thy executioners as perhaps we have been more than once!

Let us approach Thy prison. Permit us to kiss Thy chains, to bless the walls which keep Thee among us. Let us shed tears of love while meditating on the sublime and incomprehensible captivity of the Son of the Living God . . .

Here, there is no traitor to deliver Thee up . . . O, no! The great divine jailer of this Prison of Love is Thine own amiable Heart. Permit us then to take from Thee at this moment all the bitterness of Thy captivity by our humble adoration . . . At the threshold of Thy Prison be pleased, O Jesus, to receive the prayer of Thy faithful and loving children!

In all the Tabernacles of the earth, in all the consecrated Hosts of the entire world, . . .

All: Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, we adore Thee!

In those Tabernacles entirely abandoned in distant lands or where for months at a time Thou art forgotten under the dust of the altar, . . .

All: Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, we adore Thee!

In those innumerable churches where the Eucharistic abasement of Thy Divine Majesty is offended by irreverence, . . .

All: Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, we adore Thee!

On the floor of the Sanctuary, in the dust of the road, and especially where sacrilegious hands have profaned a consecrated Host, . . .

All: Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, we adore Thee!

On the lips of one who receives Thee as did Judas with heart soiled by sin, . . .

All: Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, we adore Thee!

In the splendor and the pomp which Holy Mother Church displays in her public cult, in order to honor the Sacrament of Thy Love, . . .

All: Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, we adore Thee!

In the happy solitude of monasteries, in the hearts of Thy spouses who chant their hymn of virginal love to the Immolated Lamb, . . .

All: Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, we adore Thee!

In union with all Thy friends who by perpetual adoration endeavor to repair the offenses committed against Thee in the Sacred Host, . . .

All: Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, we adore Thee!

With all the associates of the Holy Hour who, faithful to Thy appeal, come to visit Thee and to accompany Thee to the Gethsemane of the altar, . . .

All: Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, we adore Thee!

In the breast of the dying who have called on Thine aid . . . in the agonizing hearts which grow faint under the embrace of death, . . .

All: Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, we adore Thee!

(Pause or hymn)

No night has ever known such frightful sorrows as the night of the first Holy Thursday. Fervent souls, in order to picture again this sorrowful scene, such as it happened twenty centuries ago . . . fix your eyes on Jesus, seated on the bench of the accused . . . Behold Him, again guilty . . . guilty of an infinite love! . . . His Eyes are blinded by tears shed over the cowardice of the good—of those who are His friends . . . He is there in this Tabernacle, perpetual object of disdain of the would-be wise and powerful ones of the earth . . . He continues to be derided by those who in their hearts fear Him even in His apparent inertness and in His Sacramental silence. "Thou, Who hast raised the dead," unbelief says to Him, "come forth if Thou canst from this tomb."

"If Thou art a King," say the rulers, "if it is true that Thou art the Living God in the Host, tell who it is that struck Thee!" . . . And they strike Him by sacrilegious laws, they profane His temples, they insult the gentleness of His Heart, which is silent and which always waits the hour to pardon . . .

Ah! but it is especially the sin of arrogance and of pride which outrages Him in the very sweet humility of His Tabernacle . . . It is the revolt of Lucifer, renewed in human pride which is the most bitter dreg of His chalice . . .

O Jesus, today, Thou hast the right to expect us to console Thee by our humility. O, yes, receive a thousand times, Eucharistic Jesus, this reparation of love for the sacrilegious profanation of Thy Person during that night of Holy Thursday, perpetually renewed.

(Slowly and with Pauses)

We love Thee, O Jesus; grant us the grace to deem it an honor to be rejected by the world for the sake of Thine ignored Heart.

We love Thee, O Jesus; grant us the grace to deem it a happiness to be humiliated for the sake of Thy despised Heart! . . .

We love Thee, O Jesus; grant us the grace to deem it a privilege to be disregarded for the sake of Thy outraged Heart.

We love Thee, O Jesus; grant us the grace to deem it an honor to be scoffed at for the sake of Thine afflicted Heart.

We love Thee, O Jesus; grant us the grace to deem it an honor to be despised for the glory of Thy Divine Heart.

We love Thee, O Jesus; grant us the grace to deem it a favor to be insulted, for the triumph of Thy bruised Heart.

We love Thee, O Jesus; grant us the grace to deem it a favor to be forgotten in order to console Thy Sacred Heart.

We love Thee, O Jesus; grant us the grace to deem it a favor to be one day persecuted, for the sake of Thy wounded Heart.

We love Thee, O Jesus; grant us the grace to regard it a delicious bitterness to be calumniated for the reign of Thy Sacred Heart.

We love Thee, O Jesus; grant us the grace to consider it a glory to be betrayed in a holocaust of reparation close to Thine immolated Heart.

We love Thee, O Jesus; grant us the grace to consider it a favor to be hated in union with Thine agonizing Heart! . . .

We love Thee, O Jesus; grant us the grace of choosing as a real privilege to be condemned by the world as a homage of reparation to Thine ignored Sacred Heart.

we entreat Thee to grant that we may receive lovingly our rightful share of the outrages and agony of Thy Eucharistic Heart.

Be consoled, well-beloved Master; each one of us wishes Thee to hear a word of humility and confidence, solemnly declaring that Thou art his sole wealth and his only hope . . .

(Brief pause)

Holy Thursday was but the dawn of that long series of centuries of love and agony during which our Eucharistic Jesus, is and will remain the captive and guest of our hearts . . . Holy Thursday, that is to say Gethsemane and the Supper Room, will be perpetuated even to the end of time to glorify Jesus. Yes, the Holy Sacrifice and the Holy Sacrament will be our Heaven here below until the last Host will be consumed in the heart of the last dying person . . .

But the Heart of Jesus, Sun of love, will pierce one day and tear away the veil which hides Him from our eyes in the Sanctuary of His Sacred Breast and in the mystery of His Eucharist . . .

Not being able to contain the ardors of Its Charity, this Heart speaks to us through the opening of Its Wound with the language of love, revealing Itself to Margaret Mary in all the magnificence of Its love . . . O, it is He, the Divine Nazarene, The Master of Judea ardently loving souls . . . It is He, Jesus the Pontiff of the Last Supper, the victorious Captive of Gethsemane, the adorable Sufferer on Golgotha . . . It is really He Who appears to the ravished gaze of His confidant, He Who shows her His Heart surrounded with flames and says to her: "Behold the Heart which has so loved men! . . . I cannot contain any longer the love with which I am consumed for them . . . I am come to ask them love for Love, life for Life, heart for Heart . . . I am sad, they forget Me . . . they outrage Me! I desire to be consoled. I ask that a solemn reparation be given Me by the establishment of a great feast in honor of My Divine Heart . . . I claim for It a triumphal homage, a triumphant cult, for It is by My Heart that I shall reign . . ."

"Come, keep Me company in reparatory adoration . . . Come, convert the world by the Holy Hour . . . O come, above all, to communicate fervently! . . . Come! I thirst to be adored and beloved in the Holy Sacrament of the Altar.

Win for Me souls, many souls . . . introduce Me then into their homes. Bring Me near to hearts which suffer, near to the death bed of hardened sinners, and you will see then the glory and the wonders of My love."

"Take and receive My Divine Heart. I give It to you in the Holy Eucharist. It belongs to you . . . Let It be yours entirely . . . Love this Divine Heart. O love It and permit It to reign by love."

Thus spoke Jesus at Paray-le-Monial, and He continues through the Wound in His side to speak the same language . . . He awaits an answer before closing this Holy Hour, this blissful hour, foreshadowing that of a blessed eternity.

(Pause)

Souls: Angel of Gethsemane, St. John, St. Margaret Mary and you happy adorers of the Cenacle, watch and pray with us. And thou especially, Mary Immaculate, Queen of Love, place our last prayer, not only at the Feet of Jesus, but also in the blessed Wound of His Side . . .

Lord Jesus, Thou hast said that Thou art King. Thou hast come into this world to reign through love . . . It is to reign that Thou hast established the perpetual sacrifice of the Altar. It is to reign that Thou hast revealed the treasures and the desires of Thy Divine Heart . . .

No, it is not in vain, O Jesus, that Thou hast promised to enkindle by It a fire of love in this miserable world . . . Accomplish now Thy promises and establish soon the reign of Thy Sacred Heart.

(Aloud)

All: Triumph by the reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

Hasten, Jesus, to reign before Satan and the world wrest consciences from Thee, and in Thy absence defile all states of life! . . .

All: Triumph by the reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

Come forth, Jesus, and triumph in homes; reign there by the unalterable peace promised those who, while chanting Hosanna received Thee!

All: Triumph by the reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

Do not delay, beloved Master, for a great many homes suffer from evils and bitterness that Thou hast promised to heal . . .

All: Triumph by the reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

Come because Thou art omnipotent, because Thou art the God of the battles of life . . . Come, showing us Thy Wounded Side as a pledge of celestial hope in the agony of death! . . .

All: Triumph by the reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

May Thou Thyself be the reward promised to our labors, Thou alone the Inspirer and the Recompense of all our undertakings . . .

All: Triumph by the reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

Do not forget that it is for Thy favored ones, sinners especially, that Thou hast revealed the inexhaustible tenderness of Thy love . . .

All: Triumph by the reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

Good Master, there are so many lukewarm and so many indifferent whose love Thou shouldst enkindle by this admirable devotion . . .

All: Triumph by the reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

"Behold the source of Life," Thou has said, showing us Thy transpierced Side: . . . therefore, Jesus, let us draw from It the fervor, the holiness to which we aspire . . .

All: Triumph by the reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

As Thou hast asked, Thy image has been enthroned in many homes . . . In their name I entreat Thee to continue to reign there as beloved Sovereign! . . .

All: Triumph by the reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

Give words of fire . . . give an irresistible and victorious eloquence to those priests who love Thee and who preach Thee as did John the Beloved . . .

All: Triumph by the reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

And, Jesus, for those who teach this sublime devotion, for those who publish its ineffable wonders, reserve a place in Thy Heart very near to where Thy Mother's name is found engraved . . .

All: Triumph by the reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

And finally, Lord Jesus, give the Heaven of Thy Heart to us who have shared Thy Agony during the Holy Hour; and by this hour of consolation . . . by First Friday Communions, fulfill in us Thy infallible promise . . . We ask Thee at the decisive hour of death:

All: That Thou wilt triumph by the reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

(Pause or hymn)

And now sweetly reclining on Thy Sacred Breast, permit us to tell Thee speaking heart to heart:

We bless and love Thee, Jesus, for all those who hate Thee.

We bless and love Thee for all those who blaspheme Thee.

We bless and love Thee for all those who profane Thy Sacred Body by sacrilege.

We bless and love Thee for all those who deny Thy Presence in this adorable Sacrament.

We bless and love Thee for all the indifferent who forget Thee.

We bless and love Thee for all those who abuse Thy grace.

We bless and love Thee in this Holy Eucharist with the Heart of Thy Virgin Mother, and with the charity of all the elect.

If we have ever denied Thee, forgive us, Sacramental God! . . . and, in reparation, let us acknowledge Thee in the Tabernacle where Thou art a Living God!

If we have offended Thee through frailty or malice, permit us to serve Thee in the eternal slavery of an eternal love, for to live without loving Thee or to love, without suffering to make Thy Heart better known and better loved, O! Jesus . . . that would be to die!

Thy Kingdom come!

Final Act of Consecration

O Jesus, Hosanna! Hosanna to Thee! in reparation for the millions of creatures who know not of Thy Real Presence on our altars. In their name we adore Thee, Lord, and we desire to love Thee with a love stronger than death! . . .

O Jesus, Hosanna! Hosanna! in reparation for those who believing in this sublime mystery, live without communicating, disdain the Eucharistic Manna. In their name we adore Thee, Lord, and we desire to love Thee with a love stronger than death! . . .

O Jesus, Hosanna! Hosanna! in reparation for those who believe in the Holy Eucharist but who nevertheless profane It by horrible sacrileges. In their name we adore Thee, Lord, and we desire to love Thee with a love stronger than death! . . .

O Jesus, Hosanna! Hosanna! in reparation for those who by culpable tepidity remain away from Thy Holy Table and who receive Thee rarely through a servile fear which offends Thee. In their name we adore Thee, Lord, and we desire to love Thee with a love stronger than death! . . .

O Jesus, Hosanna! Hosanna! in reparation for so many good and pious persons, for so many priests who could become great saints, if they would devote themselves generously to the Holy Eucharist, if they would only consecrate themselves without reserve to the Sacrifice and the Sacrament of Love . . . In their name we adore Thee, Lord, and we wish to love Thee with a love stronger than death! . . .

O Jesus, reveal to us the wonders of Thy Heart in the Holy Eucharist. Come, O hidden God,

O Conqueror. Come, winning society over to the altar and Thy Holy Table, winning it soul by soul, family by family, until the whole world cries out in a transport of joy:

"Praised be the Heart of Jesus in His redeeming Eucharist! . . . To Him, and to Him alone on the altars, be glory and honor forever and ever! . . ."

Thy Kingdom come!

A Pater and an Ave for the agonizing and for sinners.

A Pater and an Ave for the universal triumph of the Sacred Heart, especially by daily Communion, the Holy Hour, and the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in families.

A Pater and an Ave for the particular intentions of all present.

A Pater and an Ave for our country.

Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy Kingdom come! (5 times)

Immaculate Heart of Mary, pray for us! (3 times)

Saint Joseph, pray for us!

Saint Margaret Mary, pray for us!

Holy Hour

For the First Friday of October

Oh! the blissful nearness of the Lord Jesus to our poor and wretched souls . . . bringing about a wonderful condescension which makes this hour thrice holy! . . . The ever-open wound in His side speaks to Him of this earth and gently constrains Him to hear at the same time as the heavenly choirs the prayers and sighs that arise from our land of exile.

Behold Him, the King of Love, as He abases Himself and advances this evening with the step of a giant toward the abyss of our nothingness, His Heart parched by the burning thirst for our souls. Oh, let us also rush toward the abyss of His Heart and let Him forever keep us there. Lord Jesus, make us understand and taste the ineffable gift of Thy Divine Heart. . . .

(Pause)

Ask Him for the great light of faith to know and an ardent charity to love in order to make others know and love the Sacred Heart.

Gethsemane, the garden of the mortal agony of the Master, has not yet disappeared . . . It is mystically perpetuated in each tabernacle on the earth . . . Yes, Jesus, the Adorable Master, is there . . . in that Divine Host. His Eucharistic Heart feels the exhaustion of a supreme agony and of a Love burning to such an extent that He is no longer able to contain it. His Soul, says He, is sorrowful unto death. O ineffable mercy! He longingly desires to find a loving reparation while resting in our hearts and while confiding to us in that moment of intimacy the double treasure of sorrow and of love which overflows from His adorable Heart.

This earth where we adore Him this evening is truly a holy ground. And, if we doubt it, look there . . . in the tabernacle. Indeed . . . it is certainly He, it is truly Jesus, the obedient Youth of Nazareth Who awaits us . . . Yes, it is Jesus, the same compassionate Master of Tiberias Who looks upon us . . . Behold Him very near us, it is Jesus, the sweet Friend of Bethany Who smiles at us . . . Look, within a step of us, is the same Crucified Savior! . . . Oh yes! that same Jesus of Gethsemane . . . and the same Adorable Victim of Calvary . . . extends to us His Arms and His Heart.

O night more radiant and more beautiful than the most beautiful of dawns . . . night of ineffable peace . . . St. John and St. Margaret Mary seem to approach in order to share and enjoy with us the secret which the King confides to His friends, when, to repay and return their confidence, He deigns to repose His Heart on theirs.

(Pause)

(Tell Jesus at this moment that you love Him with all the ardor of your souls, with that penitent love that He Himself wishes.)

Alone, heart to heart, with Jesus! . . . What a moment of Paradise! . . . Alone with Him, sharing the solitude of His agony! . . . But listen, it would seem that a furious storm roars not far away . . . Yes, it is the hurricane let loose against the Victim Jesus always persecuted! The echo of the centuries breaks through the grating of His prison, the horrible blasphemy of His country's deicide: "Away with Him! . . . He ought to die! . . . Crucify Him!" Ah! what is the evil which has been done us by this God, bathed in His own blood? . . .

Pious souls, who desire to console Jesus, see Him, during this Holy Hour, coming in quest of love. Behold Him bent under the weight of His cross . . . and He bears His soul torn and tattered . . . Look, He comes to repose here! Behold how He walks through the centuries, the dolorous way which appears to have no end . . .

See, He comes to us pressing always the infamous gibbet against His Heart! . . . What immense love! . . . What infinite love! . . . What boundless agony oppresses Him! . . . Oh, observe how the beauty of His eyes, formerly resplendent, is now surpassed, absorbed by the beauty of His bloody tears! . . .

Behold He finally arrives! . . . He is very near to us . . . See Him . . . It seems that His veins have exhausted their treasure on the way. Oh! but His Heart is always full of life and of love overflowing . . .

Oh, if we could only comprehend the gift of the nearness of God, the incomparable grace of having for the companion of our exile Jesus, Prisoner of the Tabernacle! He is so near that when, presently, He blesses us, the shadow of His divine Hand will hover over us! . . .

(Pause)

And what does He seek? . . . A truce to His sorrows . . . and for that He begs the love of His well-beloved, our hearts . . . Let Him then rest Himself—a thousand times, yes! . . . Let Him pour all His soul into ours who love Him with a burning love of reparation . . .

The Angels of the Sanctuary bend low in their adoration, listening to a sad and mysterious harmony. It is like an echo of the agony and the prayer of Gethsemane. It is the moaning of Golgotha in the salutary renewal of the unbloody Sacrifice of the altar . . .

From the depths of the Tabernacle His lips, wet with the gall of our ingratitude, call by name, while blessing them, all those who during this Holy Hour have come to weep over those who disregard His Mercies. How great, oh, how immense is the sorrow that torments Him! . . .

But greater still, infinitely stronger, is the love which tortures Him! . . .

What condescension on the part of our Savior coming to confide to us His sorrows! He desires ardently, while disclosing to us the sentiments of His Soul, to be appeased by us for the cruel deceptions which are caused by those who are said to be His disciples, upon whom He has showered favors, and who afterwards abandon Him. More faithful than were Peter, James, and John to the privilege of that hour at Gethsemane, let us follow Him into the garden of the agony; let us listen to Him since He desires to speak to us through the Divine Wound of His most loving Heart.

(Longer pause)

Ask with fervor and humility for the grace of hearing the Voice of the Savior who pleads and complains.

(Slowly)

The Voice of the Master: For a long time I have waited for you here in the Host, well-beloved soul, to tell you of the love which consumes Me . . . I bless you because you have at last taken pity on your imprisoned Godlunged in bitter loneliness . . . I have thirsted to possess you . . . My love has now triumphed. Acknowledge it yourself . . . Tell me that My Heart has conquered yours . . . Assure Me now that you really love Me . . . that you also are athirst for Me with devouring thirst . . . Far from My Side, you who are but dust and nothingness, have often sought pleasure and enjoyment . . . while I, your God, to save you, left the Angels, left Heaven, and after thirty-three years of suffering I died as a criminal on a scaffold . . . Despite that, you broke one day the bonds that united you to Me . . . and freed yourself from My arms which upheld you, and you preferred to Me the deadly attraction of sin . . . Do you remember?

Alas! How could you love such a sad liberty! See how I, on the contrary, have forged chains on earth in order to bind Me to your ungrateful heart . . . Behold Me, your Prisoner of Love! . . . Where is your gratitude? . . . And yet I forgive you, but from now on and forever be Mine . . . entirely Mine in a spirit of gratitude and reparation . . .

Child so dearly loved, look at Me, betrayed and alone . . . alone and blasphemed . . . alone arfd mocked in derision . . . alone and always abandoned . . . How cruel to Me is this neglect and especially the forgetfulness of My own; how the cowardice and indifference of those who call themselves My friends grieve Me! . . .

Behold this Heart which has loved men so much and which is loved so little in return!

Is there a sorrow like unto My sorrow? . . .

My soul is sorrowful even unto death . . .

Draw near, privileged child, place yourself near the Wound of My Side, and in loving reparation tell Me that you love Me with all your heart, with all your soul, and with all your strength . . . I have thirsted for your love, for your sacrifices, for your consolations . . . I have ardently longed for your happiness . . . Yes, allow Me to make you happy! . . .

(Brokenly and very slowly)

How often by My grace I have appealed to' your conscience, and you have disregarded My voice? . . . Do you remember? . . . That silence was disdain but I forgive it . . .

I knocked at the door of your soul for weeks, months, long years; . . . I begged you fo open it to Me . . . and you repulsed Me . . . Do you remember? . . . I forgive that cruel disloyalty against your God . . .

Rejected everywhere, I begged consolation and a shelter in your heart . . . Out of human respect, or lack of abnegation, or lukewarmness, you have refused Me . . . Do you remember? I forget that insult . . .

When you were lavishly pouring out all your affection, I asked a morsel of it . . . Creatures always arrive in time for a share . . . They are never wanting in the attraction to make themselves beloved . . . I, your Savior, I alone arrive too late and remain forgotten and My tenderness ignored . . . Why have you wounded Me so? . . . In what have I offended you? . . . Answer me!

(Brief pause) (To be read brokenly)

Eagerly desiring to console the sick and the afflicted, I sought refuge in these places, which are the homes and official abodes of the suffering and of all human miseries. I boldly entered into these asylums because I am God, the Consoler of all miseries, and only I have the secret power to console . . . And here I am, driven away ignominiously from hundreds of hospitals, from the bedsides of the old and from the cradles of orphans . . . What evil has been done by My compassion and tenderness? . . . Oh you, My privileged children, love Me in order to repair an affront so cruel! . . . Love Me with a great love . . . I am your Jesus! . . .

I thirsted for pure hearts and the innocence of childhood . . . I sought their sincere and simple affection in order to soothe the Calvary of My disappointments, recalling the days of My unforgotten Nazareth, when I also was a Child at the side of Mary . . . Oh, sorrow! I have been driven from this abode of innocence I have been exiled from the school!

O consoling soul, listen how those called learned by the world deny and curse Me . . . What evil have I done your children? . . . O you, at least you, love Me . . . love Me very much for I am your Jesus! . . .

I ardently desired to make you happy in giving you true peace, the peace that is unknown to the world. That is why I begged you to accept Me as one of the intimates of your home . . . I wished to take the first place in your home and to be called its well-beloved Father, its adored King, its inseparable Brother, . . . and the home has repulsed Me . . . But I will not go away. Ah, no! I will wait for sorrow to open its door to Me; that of My Heart never closes . . . I am Jesus, the Peace and Sunshine of families. Do not remove from My brow the crown of thorns; I do- not ask you that. Leave it bloodstained and cruel; but in My Mother's name I ask the hospitality of love in your homes. Allow Me your King to reign over your hearth. Love Me as the intimate Friend of the family; I am its life . . . Love Me much, because I am your Jesus!

(Long pause or hymn)

And now, speak to Me, most happy soul; speak with intimate confidence, to your God, Who is nothing but love . . . I am here, benign and meek, Jesus of Nazareth . . . What could I refuse you in this Holy Hour, when you have come to share My abandonment and My agony! . . .

Here is this Heart which has loved you so tenderly. I confide It to you, . . . because I can no longer restrain the ardors of My love for you . . . Speak to Me, for I am your Brother. Adore Me, for I am your God . . . Console Me with all the love of your soul . . . I am your Jesus!

(Pause)

While many of His friends are asleep, and while many unfortunates sin, let us draw near and speak in sweet intimacy to His Heart which awaits us.

(Slowly)

Soul: What have I, Lord Jesus, that Thou hast not given me?

What do I know, that Thou hast not taught me ?

What can I do, if Thou dost not help me?

And what am I, if not united to Thee?

Pardon . . . Oh! pardon my faults that have so wounded Thee.

Thou hast created me without any merit of mine,

Thou hast redeemed me without my co-operation.

Thou hast done much in creating me, And still more in redeeming me.

Wilt Thou be less powerful or less generous in forgiving me?

For all the blood Thou hast shed And the cruel death Thou hast suffered Were not for the profit of the Angels who praise Thee,

But to my benefit and that of the sinners who implore Thee . . .

If I have then denied Thee, let me praise Thee;

If I have outraged Thee, let me love Thee;

If I have offended Thee, let me serve Thee;

For to live without loving Thee,

And to love without suffering for Thee,

O Jesus, that would be death without Thee.

(Brief pause)

"How good it is to be here!" as my head calmly rests against Thy Breast, where I may discern without difficulty a heaven—Thy Heart scarcely veiled. It is there, ah yes, it is there the place of my eternal rest. It is that Blessed Tabernacle in which I listen to Thy life-giving words and to Thy requests demanding love and immolation. Cease suffering, O Master, and listen to my soul's canticle, anxious to unite itself to Thee in an endless embrace. Listen to me, Jesus, my Brother!

(Slowly)

Heart of Jesus, infinitely kind to unhappy sinners, a sinner is speaking to Thee.

Heart of Jesus, most loving to the poor, behold a beggar who waits for Thee; open to him the door.

Heart of Jesus, health of the infirm, a sick man visits Thee.

Heart of Jesus, the Way for those who have gone astray, a prodigal is looking for Thee.

Heart of Jesus, ineffably gentle to those who weep, a wretched- soul knocks on Thy Tabernacle door.

Heart of Jesus, man's truest Friend, an ungrateful friend is here, weeping at Thy Feet.

Heart of Jesus, tranquillity in earth's uncertainties, a weak and struggling soul in combat calls on Thee for help.

Heart of Jesus, inextinguishable blaze of love, a soul poor but of good will asks to warm itself at the fires of Thy charity.

Agonizing Heart of Jesus, hope of the dying, "memento," remember those who are struggling with death in this very hour . . . promise them, Jesus, that dying on Thy Heart, like the good thief they will be with Thee forever in Paradise. Have pity on the dying . . . send them the angel of Gethsemane, and wet their lips, which can no longer call on Thee, with the chalice of Thy compassionate Heart . . . Jesus, O be a Jesus to the dying who are most forsaken!

(Pause)

Thy tender Mother heard that consoling word fall from Thy Divine Lips: "I have come for the weak, for those who have gone astray, . . . for the lost sheep of Israel."

Thy Virgin Mother has kept for the benefit of sinners, with zealous care the treasure of Thy Tears and Thy Adorable Blood. In union then with Her, good and merciful, Refuge of sinners and of the fallen, I pray for those who have offended Thee, and I repeat with Thee "Pardon them, they know not what they do . . ." The world condemns them inexorably; but Thou, O Jesus, Who knowest human weakness, and Thou Who readest the innermost thoughts of these unhappy souls, have pity, be patient, and let fall on them the words of pardon! . . . I implore Thee, for the glory of Thy Most Holy Eucharist, forgiveness for poor sinners . . . Pardon them, Jesus, and write their names now in the Book of Life, in Thy Adorable Heart . . .

Divine Savior of souls, covered with confusion I prostrate myself before Thy Presence, and looking at the lonely Tabernacle, I feel my heart weighed down at the sight of the neglect to which Thou hast been relegated by those Thou hast redeemed.

But since, with such great goodness, Thou allowest me, during this Holy Hour, to unite my tears with those Thou hast shed, I pray to Thee, Jesus, for those who do not pray, . . . I bless Thee for those who curse Thee, . . . and with all my soul I praise and adore Thee in union with the universal prayer that rises from all the altars of the world.

Accept, Lord, the cry of expiation that sincere sorrow wrests from our repentant souls. We ask Thy pardon.

For our sins, for those of our relatives and friends,

(Aloud) All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

For infidelity and profanation of holy days, . . .

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

For impurity and public scandals, . . .

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

For those who corrupt childhood and mislead youth, . . .

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

For deliberate disobedience to Holy Church, . . .

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

For the crimes in homes and for the faults of parents and children, . . .

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

For attacks on the Roman Pontiff, . . .

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

For those who work to overthrow Christian social order, . . .

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

For abuses of the Sacraments and outrages against the Holy Eucharist, . . .

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

For cowardly attacks of the press and for the machinations of secret societies, . . .

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

And, finally, Jesus, for the just who waver and for obstinate sinners who resist grace, . . .

All: Pardon, Divine Heart!

(Pause)

Thy Mercy is not enough for us, Lord . . . Thy Interests are ours, we desire Thy Reign. We pray Thee then, good Jesus, to fulfill for us the promises Thou hast made Thy confidante, Margaret Mary, in favor of souls who adore Thee in the unspeakable beauty, in the ineffable tenderness, and in the incomprehensible love of Thy Sacred Heart.

Also, we ask with Holy Church, we supplicate Thee by Thy Virgin Mother, we urge Thee for the inviolable honor of Thy Name, to hasten and to establish the reign of Thy loving Heart. (Aloud)

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

Yes, Jesus, hasten to reign before Satan and the world wrest consciences from Thee and profane in Thy absence all states of life . . .

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

Come, victorious Jesus, come and triumph in homes, reigning in them by the unchanging peace promised to those who have received Thee with hosannas . . .

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

Do not delay, beloved Master, because many households suffer from afflictions and bitterness that Thou hast promised to cure . . .

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

Come, . . . because Thou art omnipotent, God of the battles of life; come, showing us Thy wounded side, as celestial hope in the death agony . . .

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

Be Thyself the promised reward of our labors; Thou alone, the inspiration and the recompense of all our undertakings.

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

And Thy favored ones, I mean sinners, do not forget that for them above all Thou hast revealed the unwearied tenderness of Thy love . . .

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

Alas! There are so many lukewarm, Master, so many indifferent who should become ardent by this admirable devotion! . . .

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

"Here is life," Thou hast told us, showing us Thy transpierced Breast; permit us, then, to draw from It the fervor, the sanctity to which we aspire . . .

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

At Thy request, Thine image has been enthroned in many families . . . In their name we implore Thee to continue to be forever their beloved Sovereign . . .

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

Give words of fire and persuasion, irresistible and victorious, to those priests who love Thee and preach Thee like John, the Beloved Apostle.

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

And for those who teach this sublime devotion for those who proclaim its ineffable wonders, keep a place in Thy Heart near that on which Thy Mother's name is written.

All: Triumph by the Reign of Thy Sacred Heart!

And finally, Lord Jesus, give the Heaven of Thy Heart to us who have shared Thine agony in the Holy Hour; and by this hour of consolation, by First Fridays, Communions, accomplish in us Thine infallible promise . . . We pray Thee that in the decisive hour of death:

All: Thou wilt triumph by the Reign of Thy loving Heart'.

Ask Jesus to fulfill His promises of victory, that He may reign in souls and in society.

There are in my family, O good Jesus,
many deep and many secret troubles . . .

If Thou really reigned over my dear ones,
if Thou wert served and adored with all the
fervor which Thou dost merit, ah, they would not
experience so many and such bitter sorrows! . . .

Oh come, please come, faithful Friend of Bethany, because he whom Thou lovest is sick. When Thou art present, pain grows sweet, and thy side thorns themselves distill a balm which appeases and sanctifies sorrow. Come, then, Friend of Bethany, come without delay . . . Hasten, because we are saddened by the absence of some of our dear ones—father, mother, and brothers, . . . we have lived together at the foot of the same Cross . . . And one day Thy adorable and divine Will severed one after another of these bonds in dispersing from the hearth its members so much loved.

Shelter under the sanctifying shadow of the Cross our absent beloved ones . . . Oh, sweet Jesus, show Thyself the tender Friend of Bethany, and come home without delay . . . because one whom Thou lovest is sick, is sad, is absent, come!

Tell Him of the dear ones of your home, of the prodigals in whom, you are interested,

Master, Brother, adorable Friend, beloved Jesus, have mercy also on my dear ones who are dead, who have followed Thee to eternity . . . They sleep in peace because they loved Thee and because Thou art infinite Goodness . . . But, in parting, they have left sadness and mourning in our souls . . . However, under these tombs and among the thorns of sorrow germinates a divine life. We know there is no separation nor real death for those who live in Thy Heart, the Source of true life . . .

I ask Thee then, O Jesus, by Thy merciful Heart, to give peace to our dear departed ones. And to us, who are left weeping in this valley of tears, grant entire resignation to Thy Holy Will, detachment from the things of earth, and love of suffering which will unite us eternally to Thee.

Here name for Jesus your dearly loved, never-to-be-forgotten dead.

(Pause)

Lord Jesus, do not yet close Thy Heart, because I wish to plead particularly for those who suffer, for those who seek Thee with eyes half-blind from weeping . . . for those who have been mortally wounded by misfortune, grief, disappointments, poverty, illness, or their own weaknesses . . . Thou knowest by bitter experience, O most amiable Nazarene, how sharp the thorns are along the way . . . Then console those in tribulation; have pity on those who suffer . . . and dare not approach Thee in their trials.

Ask Him for the balm that strengthens in suffering.

Jesus, I have not spoken of myself because I have entrusted myself blindly and without reserve to Thy Divine Heart . . . Thou Who dost love me so much and Who alone dost understand me, wilt surely not wish to forget me. Oh, no, Thou wilt also requite my loving abandon!

O Jesus, listen to my last prayer in this Holy Hour. I unite it to that of Thy Eucharistic Heart . . . Graciously bend down toward me and deign to hear me favorably.

(Slowly and with pauses)

When the Angels of the Sanctuary are blessing Thee in the Most Holy Host and I am in my agony . . . may their praises be mine . . . Lord, remember then this poor servant of Thy Divine Heart.

When fervent souls on earth, on fire with love, acclaim Thee, . . . and I am in my agony, . . . may their compassion and their tears be mine. Remember then this prodigal conquered by Thy divine Heart!

When priests, virgins of the temple, and Thy apostles, proclaim Thee their Sovereign, preach Thee to souls and enthrone Thee in the world and I am in my agony, . . . let their zeal and their ardor be mine . . . Remember then the apostle of Thy Divine Heart! . . .

When Thy Church, praying and lamenting
before the altar, works with Thee in redeeming
the world, . . . and I am in my agony, . . . Her
sacrifice and prayer will be mine . . . Remember
then the faithful friend of Thy Divine Heart! . . .

When, during the Holy Hour Thine elect souls
by loving, suffering, and atoning make Thee
forget perfidy and betrayals . . . and I am in my
agony . . . their intimacy with Thee and their
consolations will be mine . . . Remember then this
altar and this victim of Thy Divine Heart! . . .

When Thy heavenly Mother adores Thee in
the Holy Eucharist, thus making reparation for
% the innumerable crimes of earth . . . and I am
in my agony . . . her adoration will be mine.

Remember then the child of Thy Divine
Heart! . . .

Or rather, Lord, forget me if Thou wishest, provided that at the hour of my death, Thou wilt
forget me forever in the wound of Thy most lovable Heart! . . .

(Pause)

What have I, Lord Jesus, that Thou hast not given me? . . . Strip me of all, even of Thine own gifts, but set me
"afire with the ardent love of Thy Divine Heart! . . .

What do I know that Thou hast not taught me? . . . May I forget all human and earthly science if I but know
Thee better, O Divine Heart! . . .

What can I do without Thy help? . . . and what am I unless united to Thee? . . . Unite me to Thee, then, by an
everlasting bond . . . I renounce even the delights of Thy love, that I may completely possess that other
Paradise, Thy sweetest Heart!

And bury there the faults I have committed against Thee . . . and avenge Thyself, wounding with a dart of
burning charity that one who has so offended Thee! . . .

And if I have denied Thee, let me acknowledge Thee in the Eucharist where Thou art hidden . . .

If I have offended Thee, let me serve Thee in an everlasting slavery of eternal love, . . . for it is

death than life not to spend oneself in loving and making loved Thy sweet, compassionate Heart, so forsaken! . . . Thy Kingdom come!

Act of Consecration of the Human Race to the Sacred Heart of Jesus

(Leo XIII)

Most sweet Jesus, Redeemer of the human race, look down upon us, humbly prostrate before Thy altar. We are Thine and Thine we wish to be; but to be more surely united with Thee, behold each one of us freely consecrates himself to-day to Thy most Sacred Heart. Many indeed have never known Thee; many, too, despising Thy precepts, have rejected Thee. Have mercy on them all, most merciful Jesus, and draw them to Thy Sacred Heart. Be Thou King, O Lord, not only of the faithful who have never forsaken Thee, but also of the prodigal children who have abandoned Thee; grant that they may quickly return to their Father's house, lest they die of wretchedness and hunger. Be Thou King of those who are deceived by erroneous opinions, or whom discord keeps aloof, and call them back to the harbor of truth and unity of faith, so that soon there may be but one flock and one Shepherd. Be Thou King also of all those who sit in the ancient superstition of the Gentiles, and refuse not to deliver them out of darkness into the light and kingdom of God. Grant, O Lord, to Thy Church, assurance of freedom and immunity from harm; give peace and order to all nations, and make "the earth resound from pole to pole with one cry: Praise to the Divine Heart that wrought our salvation; to It be glory and honor for ever. Amen.

A Pater and an Ave for the agonizing and for sinners.

A Pater and an Ave for the universal triumph of the Sacred Heart, especially by daily Communion, the Holy Hour, and the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in families.

A Pater and an Ave for the particular intentions of all present.

A Pater and an Ave for our country.

Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy Kingdom come .

(5 times)

Immaculate Heart of Mary, pray for us!

(3 times)

Saint Joseph, pray for us!

Saint Margaret Mary, pray for us!

Holy Hour

For the Feast of Christ the King, the last Sunday in October, and also for special occasions, social crises, and threats or attacks against the Divine Kingship of Christ.

(Note. A part of this Holy Hour was preached for the first time on the initial celebration of the Feast of Christ the King, in the Cathedral at Madrid, before a gathering of three thousand men.

It is published here in the form of a meditation. But many portions of it, in fact entire pages from it, could be successfully quoted by a preacher extolling Christ's Social Reign and His Divine Kingship over individuals, societies and nations.)

The King's Holy Hour

What a sublime and providential reparation was the institution of the Feast of Christ the King! Twenty centuries ago an unjust ruler, his heart filled with fear, and mockery in the gesture, said to the howling mob in front of his tribunal in Jerusalem: "Behold your King!"

exposing Christ the King to their fury and insults.

Twenty centuries later the High Priest of the New Israel, addressing the Catholic world, repeats in his turn, "Behold your King," but

in a tone of triumph, adoration and love, as he shows us Jesus Christ, Son of the living God.

And each of us, Lord Jesus, Thy children and faithful subjects, our hearts filled with joy and adoration, unite with more than two hundred million Catholics, our brethren, to say with the Holy Father from the bottom of our heart: "HAIL, KING!" Thou art truly the King of Glory, O Christ Jesus!

(All repeat aloud the following invocations) "HAIL, KING!" Thou art the one and only Liberator, O Christ Jesus!

"HAIL, KING!" Thou art the Anointed of the Heavenly Father, O Christ Jesus! "HAIL, KING!" -Thou hast received the re-

bellious earth as Thy heritage, O Christ Jesus!

"HAIL, KING!" The Heavens are Thy Throne, O Christ Jesus!

"HAIL, KING!" Souls are Thy Crown, O Christ Jesus!

"HAIL, KING!" Mercy is Thy Scepter, O Christ Jesus!

"HAIL, KING!" Thy royal purple is Thy Blood, O Christ Jesus!

"HAIL, KING!" Thou wilt reign forever and ever, O Christ Jesus!

Through Thee, O Christ Jesus, kings reign and rulers administer justice to the people, through Thee alone, O Christ the King!

Through Thee authority is lawful and lawgivers impose laws upon society, through Thee only, O Christ the King!

Through Thee and in Thy Service it is noble to submit and to obey, but for Thy Sake only, O Christ the King!

Hence, united in faith and love with the Roman Pontiff, we acknowledge Thee, King of Kings; we bless Thee, we praise Thee, we love Thee, Jesus. And, prostrate before Thee, we conjure Thee by Thine Infinite Goodness to recall to our minds when this splendid feast has passed that Thou art in very truth the absolute Monarch before whom "every knee should bow, in heaven, on earth, and under the earth."

(All repeat aloud five times)

"CHRIST CONQUERS, CHRIST REIGNS, CHRIST COMMANDS!"

He must reign in souls, in the family, in society, in nations, by the victorious power of His Heart!

In view of the blind fury of the enemies of Christ of all classes, the mighty and the lowly, who have gathered together against Christ the King, working with hatred and satanic skill to dethrone Him, this Feast was indispensable. On one side was the army controlled by an impious Sanhedrim, on the other, the vast army of worldly Christians whose timidity and human respect far outweigh their faith. The attack of the Left and the apathy of the Right led to a terrible social upheaval everywhere, which was the well merited chastisement of Justice for the decide of some and the weakness and guilty silence of others . . . Did I say upheaval? Yes, you have but to look around you; one may truly say that the physical phenomena that accompanied the death of our Divine King on Good Friday is renewed in the moral order among the great apostate nations. They think that they are rich, free and glorious; they have decreed the banishment of the Lord Jesus, His death by law, His proscription from public life.

And behold! The Sun of Truth is at once obscured from their eyes; a thick fog, dense with error and falsehood descends upon them like a winding sheet . . . Do you not feel the earth quaking beneath your feet? Do you not perceive that the people, their passions and evil inclinations let loose, threaten the very nations that have trampled on God's Law? A volcano of hate has erupted, inundating the earth with the infernal fire of discord, revolt, and anarchy. The infamous decides did not even taste of the banquet they had prepared to celebrate the death of the Messiah. Behold! The artificial sun of their earthly ideals, the sun of their impure pleasures, the sun of their boasted greatness, of their licentious liberty is veiled already in fratricidal blood, the legitimate first-fruit of their crimes and national apostacy.

They have forsaken Thee, O Jesus; they have denied Thy Holy Name and Thy Gospel; they have ignored Thy Sovereign Rights, and they are now terrified at the eclipse of all peace, of all real greatness, of all freedom, for those who wove a crown of thorns for Thy Divine Head wove for themselves, at the same time, a crown of woe. The only King of Peace, of Truth, of Justice is Thou, Jesus, the King of Love!

As the Holy Father declares, this Feast deals a deadly blow to the accursed heresy which claims that Thou art King only in the secrecy of men's consciences or, at most, in the intimacy of the family circle, or in a heart to heart colloquy before the Tabernacle.

Those who wish to make Thee a silent, ridiculous King, are blind and guilty, O Jesus . . . They forbid Thee to meddle in the life of society, still more in public life . . . If Thou dost, they threaten to forbid public worship and to close Thy Churches, because Thou dost disturb order and mix Thyself up in secular affairs and politics, which are none of Thy business . . . Thou art not of this world, they cry, let us live our social and political life as we please . . . And if these peace conditions do not suit Thee, King Jesus, "Away with Thee", we shall drive Thee out, we shall exile Thee in disgrace, get back to Thy Paradise!

On our part, King of Kings, we say with Thy Vicar on Earth: "Anathema to those who believe peace of conscience, peace in families, peace in society or peace among nations can exist without Thee, Prince of Peace, divorced from Thea, King of Justice, in opposition to Thy Law, King of Love and Truth."

The only King by His Own personal, innate, absolute right is Thou, Lord Jesus!

This is why, in union with the Pope and Holy Mother Church, we say in a spirit of loving and solemn social reparation, Lord: It is urgent, we wish Thee to reign, O Jesus!

All: It is urgent! We wish Thee to reign, O Jesus!

Many Presidents, Princes, and Kings have made an alliance with the powers of darkness against Thy Throne and Thy Gospel, O Jesus; many impious governments have withdrawn the cornerstone of Thine Adorable Person and the foundation of Thy Divine Law from their national edifice . . . O meek King, stay Thy Hand; defer the sentence that Justice demands, for the sake of the friends of Thy Heart and the apostles of Thy Kingship, show mercy and by a vengeance of Love extend to all these unfortunates the benefit of Thy social reign; reign, triumph, rule, O Christ the King!

All: It is urgent, we wish Thee to reign, O Jesus!

What a sad, distressing story, Lord, is that of predestined nations, redeemed by Thy Precious Blood! . . . Their legal representatives in law-making bodies have struck Thy Name out of public documents, and Thy Gospel, which had been everywhere regarded as the charter of nobility, of civilization, and of Christian liberty is now consigned to the library as a mere manuscript . . . Modern legislation so-called has been invented to root out of the conscience of the people the memory of Thy benefits, and of Thy Divine intervention through the Church . . . O meek King, stay Thy Hand; defer the sentence that Justice demands, for the sake of the friends of Thy Heart and the apostles of Thy Kingship, show mercy and by a vengeance of Love, extend to all these unfortunates the benefits of Thy social reign; reign, triumph, rule, O Christ the King!

AH: It is urgent, we wish Thee to reign, O Jesus!

The one Lawgiver Whose right is absolute is Thou, O Jesus! This is no longer recognized, alas! People are too civilized, too modern, to admit it. Hence, it comes that the very persons whom Thou hast charged to enforce the Divine Law by just, wise, Christian laws, those who call themselves legislators have passed laws against Thee, have declared that Thou dost not exist, that Thy Gospel is a myth, that Thy Church is a tyrant not to be tolerated by the modern conscience. Then displaying cynical hypocrisy, in order to set the people free, to make them happy and independent, in the name of national welfare, they ignore all Thy rights and break all Thy Laws! . . . O meek King, stay Thy Hand; defer the sentence that Justice demands, for the sake of the friends of Thy Heart and the apostles of Thy Kingship, show mercy and by a vengeance of Love, extend to these unfortunates the benefits of Thy social reign; reign, triumph, rule, O Christ the King!

All: It is urgent, we wish Thee to reign, O Jesus!

The proud sect that persecuted Thee from the beginning of Thine apostolate for fear of its downfall, and which provoked Thine anathema, is entrenched in many intellectual centers; and, in the name of philosophy, science and law, systematically sets Thee aside, denies Thy claim to be the Light and the Truth, and even pretends that Thy Spirit is the enemy of true intellectual culture, that Thou dost hinder freedom of thought, prevent the mind from soaring aloft, and that Christian faith is the absurd negation of reason.

This is why Thou art banished from the schools; this is why they insult Thee and speak ill of Thee in many universities and seats of higher learning. This is why they organize impious youth movements and mobilize the young into godless armies who will attack Thee later on . . . O meek King! Stay Thy Hand; defer the sentence that Justice demands, for the sake of the friends of Thy Heart and the apostles of Thy Kingship, show mercy and take a vengeance of Love; extend to all these unfortunates the benefit of Thy social reign; reign, triumph, rule O Christ the King!

All: It is urgent, we wish Thee to reign, O Jesus!

Modern society, especially the class that by position of wealth should give example and draw the poor and the lowly to Thee, has broken the sacred bonds that united it to Thee, O Jesus! . . . Alas! Suffering from a fever for pleasure and the dizziness of frivolity, it wastes time, youth, money, and everything in whims, vanity, and shows often not only harmful but scandalous. And, with unheard of inconsistency, it justifies this sinful conduct and will not acknowledge that it has gone astray or is running risks. In addition to this, O height of irony, it declares that it does not wish to offend Thee, Jesus. It would like to see Thee tolerate the state of paganism and refined sensuality in which it lives and wallows, at least by Thy silence . . . O meek King! Stay Thy Hand; defer the sentence Justice demands, for the sake of the friends of Thy Heart and the apostles of Thy Kingship, show mercy and by a vengeance' of Love, extend to all these unfortunates the benefit of Thy social reign; reign, triumph, rule, O Christ the King!

All: It is urgent, we wish Thee to reign, O Jesus!

The line of judges who condemned Thee, Lord, is not extinct; it is perpetuated in the modern sanhedrins of Masonic lodges and other dens of darkness and revolution that plot night and day with satanic ferocity against Thine Adorable Person . . . Ah! How skillful and united they are in their efforts to dethrone Thee; how crafty, rich, and powerful when it comes to casting lots for Thy Robe, Thy Scepter, and Thy Crown . . . Moreover, how often these unjust judges are supported and encouraged by public officials; they even, O Jesus, receive like Judas their thirty pieces of silver to pay for their treason and enmity . . . O meek King! Stay Thy Hand; defer the sentence that Justice demands, for the sake of the friends of Thy Heart and the apostles of Thy Kingdom, show mercy and by a vengeance of Love, extend to all these unfortunates the benefit of Thy social reign; reign, triumph, rule, O Christ the King!

All; It is urgent, we wish Thee to reign, O Jesus!

There is something sadder still, a more heartrending story in the record of human ingratitude

It is the revolt, the insults, the angry abuse heaped upon Thee by the crowds that followed Thee to the mountains and in the desert, those for whom Thou didst work the miracle of the multiplication of the loaves . . . These poor people are not, by any means, altogether bad, but they are led astray; they are easily deceived; they are turned from following Thee; they are perverted; they are snatched from Thy love, from Thy Law! . . . Alas! This is too often successful; and behold, Jesus, Thou art driven out of poor homes, of slums, and the houses of working-men, with hatred; the great majority of men whose life is a struggle for existence, no longer want Thee, King of Nazareth, the Great and only Friend of the lowly and the poor, the one Liberator of the people . . . O meek King, stay Thy Hand; defer the sentence that Justice demands, and for the sake of the friends of Thy Heart and the apostles of Thy Kingship, show mercy and by a vengeance of Love, extend to all these unfortunates the benefits of Thy social reign; reign, triumph, rule, O Christ the King!

All: It is argent, we wish Thee to reign, O Jesus!

(A moment of silent, fervent prayer for the tyrants, the persecutors, and the Church, always persecuted in her priests, her faithful, and her works.)

If the ungrateful world, penetrated with sorrow, would listen to us a moment . . . O! If it would unite with our praise from pole to pole! Alas! It rejects the King of Love, but we will save it in spite of itself. In the meantime we know that our voices find an echo in Heaven which compensates for the coldness of our brethren . . . The Heavenly Father Who has sent us His Son, the King Whom we acclaim, and the Holy Ghost Who anointed Him Eternal King, hear us and bless us. Above all, our King's Sacred Heart is thrilled with joy and gratitude by this manifestation . . . He knows that we would willingly die to add the precious Jewel of one soul more to His royal diadem by prayer and sacrifice. Harken now, for the King of Love is about to speak to His Guard of Honor.

Jesus: "Filioli", my little children. You know that I am King . . . That in order to prove that I am the King of Love, I was born among men . . . I came down from Heaven on purpose to reconquer the world, the inheritance of My glory.

But My heritage did not wish to acknowledge My rights; it might, perhaps, accept Me, if I confined My Divine authority to the intimate sanctuary of souls . . . This is the reason I am consoled and won by your affections when I hear you with ardent and even audacious faith proclaim My social reign. I recognize My children by their voice; they speak My language in unison, with My Vicar; then I know you belong to Me, you are indeed Mine and I can count upon you.

In consequence I want you to make Me a solemn promise this evening. I claim it from you as My Guard of Honor—so listen to Your King . . . Answer Me in all sincerity: Will this splendid and beautiful Feast be a one-day solemnity without a morrow or will it be rather a living homage to My Royalty, a renewal of Christian fervor? Shall I henceforth be more your King and Master than formerly, a Master more revered, a Lawgiver more strictly obeyed? After this grand feast, may I count on more earnest and practical fidelity? Is it a covenant, a compact, a pledge of loyalty between Me, your King, and you, My children? . . .

Will gratitude for My Kingship incline minds and hearts to My Law and My Heart?

This is what I, your King, demand: Will you recognize My Divine Kingship, when your conscience and the Church forbid you in My Name to go to pagan and profane movies and unwholesome plays, where My friends too often scourge Me by their presence and their conduct? Oh! Answer Me.

All: We renounce the vanities of the world. Thou shalt reign, O Christ the King!

Jesus: Will you recognize My Divine Kingship, when your conscience and the Church, in My Name, forbid immodest suggestive fashions ; and will you obey, despising the ridicule of the frivolous and worldly with Christian courage? Answer Me.

All: We renounce worldly vanities. Thou shalt reign, O Christ the King!

Jesus: Will you recognize My Divine Kingship, when your conscience and the Church, in My Name, forbid social functions, amusements, or pleasures that are full of danger, and close to an abyss covered with flowers? . . . Will you obey when those in authority warn you that your purity is endangered, that your heart may be perverted? Answer Me.

All: We renounce worldly vanities. Thou shalt reign, O Christ the King!

Jesus: Will you recognize My Divine Kingship, when your conscience and the Church, in My Name, forbid pride of life, unbridled luxury, and the desire to attract attention and to outshine others that excites class hatred and fosters sensuality—will you obey them? Answer Me!

All: We renounce worldly vanities. Thou shalt reign, O Christ the King!

O, yes, beloved Lord Jesus, laying one hand on the Altar of Sacrifice, we promise, loyally and solemnly, to keep Thy Commandments . . . We shall not acclaim Thy Kingship today and outrage It tomorrow, nor belie It by the scandal of a light, frivolous life . . . We do not wish the shame of proclaiming here, in church, that Thou art our King and giving our affirmation the lie a little later by our dress in the street, by our bad conduct at home, and • by our world-liness in society. We hail Thee as our King, but without weaving a crown of thorns for Thy Divine Head by our ingratitude and disloyalty.

(Here make a thoroughly sincere promise to eliminate from your social life everything, absolutely everything, contrary to the Divine Law and the Rights of the King Whom you have just chosen . . . Christ or Barabbas; one cannot dress immodestly, go to any show or read any book indiscriminately when one is a Catholic. Let us promise to be more than ever consistent; let us make our conduct conform with our convictions. The only Judge is Jesus Christ.)

Heaven always bends down to share our Feasts, it surrounds our Altars with its adoration, it takes in our Christian joys. Today, as on no other Feast, the Heavenly Jerusalem unites with the Church Militant to render homage to the King of Glory . . .

Then, let the heavens open, let the clouds be rent asunder and allow the nine choirs of Angels to come down in triumph! . . . Let the legions of saints, martyrs, confessors, and virgins also come! . . . Let the Apostles and Evangelists descend! . . . Above all, let the Queen of Fair Love whose Heart was the first Throne of the King Jesus come!

Then in the presence of the whole heavenly court, kneeling in adoration before the Eucharistic Throne we may say: Bend down, ye Heavens, earth invites you to join her in homage and adoration to Christ the King. Angels of Paradise, exult, sing His Divine Kingship!

All: Sing to your God and our God, sing to Christ the King!

Bend down, ye Heavens, earth invites you to join her in homage and adoration to Christ the King; Archangels of Paradise, exult, sing His Divine Kingship!

All: Sing to your God and our God, sing to Christ the King!

Bend down, ye Heavens, earth invites you to join her in homage and adoration to Christ the King; Archangels of Paradise, exult, sing His Divine Kingship!

All: Sing to your God and our God, sing to Christ the King!

Bend down, ye Heavens, earth invites you to join her in homage and adoration to Christ the King; Principalities of Paradise, exult, sing His Divine Kingship!

All: Sing to your God and our God, sing to Christ the King!

Bend down, ye Heavens, earth invites you to join her in homage and adoration to Christ the King; Virtues of Paradise, exult, sing His Divine Kingship!

All: Sing to your God and our God, sing to Christ the King!

Bend down, ye Heavens, earth invites you to join her in homage and adoration to Christ the King; Powers of Paradise, exult, sing His Divine Kingship!

All: Sing to your God and our God, sing to Christ the King!

Bend down, ye Heavens, earth invites you to join her in homage and adoration to Christ the King; Dominations of Paradise, exult, sing His Divine Kingship!

All: Sing to your God and our God, sing to Christ the King!

Bend down, ye Heavens, earth invites you to join her in homage and adoration to Christ the King; Thrones of Paradise, exult, sing His Divine Kingship!

All: Sing to your God and our God, sing to Christ the King!

Bend down, ye Heavens, earth invites you to join her in homage and adoration to Christ the King; Cherubim of Paradise, exult, sing His Divine Kingship!

All: Sing to your God and our God, sing to Christ the King!

Bend down, ye Heavens, earth invites you to join her in homage and adoration to Christ the King; Seraphim of Paradise, exult, sing His Divine Kingship!

All: Sing to your God and our God, sing to Christ the King!

Bend down, ye Heavens, earth invites you to join her in homage and adoration to Christ the King; Apostles and Evangelists of Paradise, exult, sing His Divine Kingship!

All: Sing to your God and our God, sing to Christ the King!

Bend down, ye Heavens, earth invites you to join her in homage and adoration to Christ the King; Confessors, Virgins • and Martyrs of Paradise, exult, sing His Divine Kingship!

All: Sing to your God and our God, sing to Christ the King!

Bend down, ye Heavens, earth invites you to join her in homage and adoration to Christ the King; Immaculate Mother, Empress of Paradise, exult, sing His Divine Kingship! All: Sing to your God and our God, sing to Christ the King!

In truth "The Lamb that was slain is worthy to receive power and divinity, and wisdom and strength, • and honor and glory, and benediction. To Him be glory and power forever and ever."

All: Amen! Hosanna! His Kingdom come!

"To Him alone be glory and power forever and ever!"

All: Amen! Hosanna! His Kingdom come!

"To Him alone be glory and power forever and ever!"

All: Amen! Hosanna! His Kingdom come!

(Ask the King of Love in a short but very fervent prayer for the grace of complete detachment from the goods and vanities of this world in order to merit one day to renew these praises to the King of Glory in Heaven in union with the Heavenly Court.)

(Silent prayer)

Without any merit, rather, far from what we deserve, on account of the sin of Adam, Heaven opened and the Word of God descended to take possession of this earth, to make it the footstool of His Throne, once He had conquered by His Blood. Then, raised upon the tree of the Cross, clad in the purple of His Blood, crowned with a diadem of pain, He proclaimed His right of conquest and declared Himself Lord and King through His mercy . . . All power is given to Him in Heaven and on earth.

Souls: Kin? of Love, behold us at Thy Feet, bringing as a gift of love and peace, the tribute of our homage and adoration in union with our Holy Mother the Church in Heaven and on earth . . . We ought to love Thee more than the Angels do, O Jesus, because Calvary has purchased for us redemption and immortal glory. We call Thee the King of Love, for Thou hast conquered by Love and Mercy, but Thou art not yet altogether the King of Love, not the beloved King that Thou oughtest to be, because Thou art not as much loved as Thou dost desire or deserve to be.

Forgive us for the indifference and the coldness of our hearts!

Forgive us for our excessive love of creatures!

Forgive and forget, O crucified King, our forgetfulness of Thee!

Forgive the stinginess of our love for Thee!

Forgive our prodigality to creatures!

"Be Thou King, O Lord, not only of the faithful who have never forsaken Thee, but also of the prodigal children who have abandoned Thee." Look upon them with eyes full of merciful tears, above all on the prodigals especially dear to us, entwined round the very fibres of our hearts, cherished children of our family, who unmindful of Thy Golden Scepter, O King, live between two yawning abysses—their weakness and their eternity. "Grant that they may quickly return to their Father's house lest they die of wretchedness and hunger." . . . Prove again that Thou art all-powerful, O King of Love, and touch them with the Scepter of Thy Mercy.

(Repeat three times for their conversion) All: We love Thee, Jesus, because Thou art Jesus!

"Be Thou King, O Jesus, of those who are deceived by erroneous opinions or whom discord keeps aloof" from the Church. These unfortunates are as sheep without a shepherd or as rudderless boats adrift on the sea; have mercy on them according to Thy great mercy! Many are good at heart, and ignorant rather than guilty, but have been carried away by false doctrines . . . "Call them back to the harbor of truth and unity of faith so that soon there may be but one flock and one Shepherd" . . . Prove again that Thou art all-powerful, O King of Love, and touch them with Thy Scepter of Mercy!

All: We- love Thee, Jesus, because Thou art Jesus',

"Be Thou King, O Jesus, of all those who are involved in the darkness of idolatry or of Islamism;" Lord, Lord, they are as numerous as the sands of the desert; remember that all, all without exception, are Thy creatures and Thy children and owe Thee allegiance. Prove again that Thou art all-powerful, O King of Love, and touch them with Thy Scepter of Mercy!

All: We love Thee, Jesus, because Thou art Jesus!

Jesus of Nazareth, be King "of the children of that race once Thy chosen people. Of old they called down on themselves the Blood of the Savior; may It now descend upon them a laver of redemption and of life." . . . On Calvary Thou didst forgive those who crucified Thee, pleading in their behalf, "They know not what they do." Forgive Thine other executioners who are still more guilty for they have made their First Communion, studied their catechism, and received Thy graces from their early childhood. They no longer recognize Thee, Lord, but have betrayed Thee for a creature, for wealth or for honor. Look on these unfortunates, cast on them that penetrating, winning, and compassionate glance that melted the heart of Peter . . . Prove again that Thou art all-powerful, O King of Love, and touch them with Thy Scepter of Mercy!

All: We love Thee, Jesus, because Thou art Jesus!

Raised on the Cross, the Throne of infinite mercy, Jesus Crucified again repeats in behalf of all these sinners: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

All: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

* HAIL OUR KING! . . . We hail Thee, we acclaim Thee, we adore Thee, King crucified through love! We kiss with immense tenderness the tree of the Cross whereon Thou dost draw all men to Thy conquering Heart . . . Hail, King of Love!

HAIL OUR KING! . . . We hail Thee, we acclaim Thee, we adore Thee, King crucified through love! We kiss with immense tenderness Thy bloody diadem that we would render a thousand times more glorious by setting in the place of each thorn thousands of souls converted by Thy conquering Heart! . . . Hail, King, of Love!

HAIL OUR KING! . . . We hail Thee, we acclaim Thee, we adore Thee, King crucified through love . . . We kiss with immense tenderness the purple of Thy Blood, that royal mantle which envelopes Thy shoulders; and Thy whole Body becomes one living Wound to heal the leprosy of our sins, and wash them in the piscina of Thy conquering Heart! . . . Hail, King of Love!

Lord Jesus, neither the Angels clad in the light of glory nor Solomon in all the splendor of earthly majesty, were ever more beautiful, more magnificent, more attractive in grace or in beauty, than Thou, Jesus, King Crucified and Ruler of Nations . . . Thou dost ravish hearts, Thou dost captivate the world and vanquish it by the sweet, irresistible splendor of those five suns which are Thy Five Adorable Wounds, O King of Kings! . . . They will be that banquet of light and heavenly beauty that will fill us with overflowing joy which Thou Thyself hast prepared for Thy friends and apostles in the eternal Kingdom which will never end . . . Hail, King of Love! Hail, our King!

(Short pause for quiet prayer) ®

Jesus proclaimed Himself "King of Hearts" on Calvary and in taking possession of the world, redeemed on Good Friday, He declared the opening of a new, a Divine era, the era of His Reign! His ascension into Heaven did not leave us orphans, for on Holy Thursday evening, before His death, He built the palace whence He intended to rule over Christian society. This palace, indestructible of its nature, is the Tabernacle. From this home of Nazareth, a poor and silent dwelling, Jesus in the Sacred Host governs the world and draws it to Himself. In order to transform it by His Scepter of charity this King only asks for love, much more love, and the Church, His authorized interpreter, asks especially that the Holy Eucharist should enter more into our lives—it asks greater Eucharistic fervor at the Holy Table, in the family, in Catholic education, everywhere . . . The audience chamber is always open where the King awaits us with eager Heart and outstretched Arms, and all His children are invited, absolutely all without exception . . . Alas! The guests are very numerous but those who hunger after Jesus in the Holy Eucharist are few. Speak Thyself, Divine King and Prisoner, speak!

Jesus: You, My children, My little ones and My friends, are My Crown and My glory rather than the planets and the stars. Your hearts form My favorite Throne rather than the wings of Angels and Cherubim. Your souls purpled with My Blood are palaces that I prefer to the immensity of space.

Yet, in spite of this you will not come! . . . If you only realized how deeply My Heart suffers when looking around Me. I easily count some faithful, fervent friends, but looking in the streets or business marts, *and into the centers of trade or pleasure . . . and of sin, I find crowds everywhere, great crowds feverish, eager for everything, absolutely everything, but for My Adorable Person; they find time and take an interest in all except the glory of the solitary forsaken King dwelling in the Tabernacle! I invite you, I beg you to come and eat at My Table; in exchange for this Bread I guarantee you peace and eternal life . . . and you will not come! . . .

I promise you consolations, the lights and torrents of grace for you and your home as a reward for your visits and your love—in exchange for your heart. But I wait in vain, you do not come.

Oh! Answer Me, what more can I do after Calvary and the Tabernacle, what can I do more, what invention, what miracle to make you more intimately Mine in this Sacrament of My Love? I have exhausted My treasures, My tears, and My tenderness to prove to you by palpable evidence the Divine folly of My love, and . . . those who understand are indeed few; fewer still are those who are absorbed by the thought of this mystery . . . So many are madly in love with the world and its fatal vanities . . . so few are in love with My Altar!

After this Feast of My Kingship, after your hymns and your applause, come to My Holy Table to prove that I am really your King of Love! You have invited the choirs of Angels to unite with you in blessing, praising, and

exalting My Divine Kingship . . . But are you convinced that one Holy Communion, especially a very fervent Holy Communion, gives Me much more glory than their Heavenly concert? . . . O, come, I hunger, for your peace; . . . I long to consume you, to be in turn consumed by your hearts. Make Me reign through the Holy Eucharist. 8B

If the beautiful Feast of Christ the King does not sensibly increase Eucharistic fervor, it will be but a passing novelty—touching indeed, but without serious and lasting effects in souls and families. The applause will die away and next day the mighty King will be despoiled of His Crown and Scepter, leaving Him a mock throne and the dungeon of Holy Thursday . . . But, thanks to His apostles, this will not happen to our King of Love! Promise Him this at once with your whole heart.

Souls: Thou art often called the lonely King, the condemned King of the Tabernacle, O Jesus! Alas! The truth in this title brands us with the blackest ingratitude . . . Yes, Lord, Thou hast been forsaken, Thou wilt be so no longer . . . Thy true title will be King of Love, because Thou art not only very loving, but also much loved. Deign to listen, Jesus in the Holy Eucharist, to the expression of our sorrow, our loving reparation, and the promise of our fervor in the future.

King, lonely and forsaken, in great and beautiful churches, with what grief, Jesus, Thou dost see the endless procession of sightseers, going to and fro, unmindful of Thy Real Presence, while they admire marbles, sculpture, architectural lines and recall historical memories. They do not bestow a glance, much less a prayer, on the silent Prisoner of the Tabernacle . . . Oh, how lonely, how very lonely, Thou art, Jesus! And how cold it must be around Thee in these edifices which are masterpieces of art! We adore Thee, we proclaim Thee King of Love in them, in reparation for this abandonment.

All: Forgive us, Jesus! . . . May Thy Kingdom come!

King, lonely and forsaken in so many of the churches of great cities, with what sadness Thou dost contemplate from the Tabernacle eager crowds milling round rich stores—crowds that devote the morning to business and the evening to dangerous, worldly amusements—above all, alas! to sinful pleasures! Oh! how lonely, how very lonely Thou art, Jesus, and how cold it must be around Thee in these churches, almost empty on week days. We adore Thee, we proclaim Thee King of Love in them, in reparation for this abandonment!

All: Forgive us, Jesus! . . . May Thy Kingdom come!

King, solitary and forsaken, Thou dost live forgotten in the churches of huge commercial cities, populous and wealthy, occupied with the ever-increasing rush of business. While the small minority of Thy children render Thee the homage of faith exacted by the Church of Catholics, the vast majority, alas! allow themselves to be absorbed and overrun by temporal interests. Oh! how lonely Thou art, Jesus, and how cold, how very cold it must be around Thee in those churches where a small Tabernacle and Ciborium suffice, because few approach the Holy Table impelled by love . . . We adore Thee, we proclaim Thee King of Love in such churches in reparation for this abandonment!

All: Forgive us, Jesus! . . . May Thy Kingdom come!

King, solitary and forsaken, in many churches of small country districts, too often slumbering in the lethargy of profound religious ignorance, Thou dost look with distress on those vegetating souls who are satisfied with their earthly existence and live in the torpor of death.

The church is small, yet it is too large even on feast days. Formerly it was a center of parish life and radiated fervor, but today it has lost its meaning for the villagers . . . O! how lonely, how very lonely, Thou art, Jesus, and how cold it is around Thee in those country churches, where the Sanctuary Lamp, with sad and dying flame, is the symbol of waning faith and of love already extinct . . . We adore Thee, we proclaim Thee King of Love in such churches in reparation for this abandonment!

All: Forgive us, Jesus! . . . May Thy Kingdom come!

King, solitary and forsaken, in the numerous churches of those demoralized populations which have been dechristianized by impious, secular education, Thou dost see the people become more and more distrustful of the Church and filled with hatred of everything that savors of religion. How few men, Lord, dare to hear Mass timidly on Sunday and make their Easter duty! Alas! they die quietly without thinking of sending for a priest . . . Oh! how lonely, how very lonely, Thou art, Jesus, and how cold it is around Thee in the churches of

populations who live and die far from Thee, and who seem even to bear a grudge against their God and Savior . . . poor churches where the administration of the Sacraments—Baptism, as well as Matrimony and the Holy Eucharist—becomes rarer and rarer! . . . We adore Thee, we acclaim Thee in them, King of Love, in reparation for this abandonment.

All: Forgive us, Jesus! . . . May Thy Kingdom come!

In order to make up to Thee, Lord Jesus, and to console Thee for the guilty abandonment of those who, while still acknowledging Thee in the bottom of their hearts as their King, offend and crucify Thee by disobeying Thy Laws, we consider it a privilege to say to Thee, with great enthusiasm, interpreting the intention of Thy Vicar on earth: Hail, King of Glory, publicly acclaimed in the solemn meetings of International Eucharistic Congresses, borne as a Conqueror beneath triumphal arches, amid the applause and ardent prayers of thousands of Thy subjects, adored, blessed, praised a thousand times in the sincere spontaneous enthusiasm of these great Eucharistic gatherings; Oh! enkindle, Jesus, the flame of these marvelous Congresses; and, at their close, when Thou dost pass in triumph through avenues and public squares, bless the crowds and tell them that Thou art indeed their King and wish to be honored as such, especially in the Sacrament of Thy Love.

All: Hosanna to Our King in the Sacred Host. Hosanna to the Son of David!

King of the universe, Eucharistic devotions in a wonderful diversity of forms and a providential variety of shades, radiating the Love of Thy Sacred Heart, are already numerous and spread abroad the knowledge of God's greatest gift to man, the Holy Eucharist! Thanks, thanks, Blessed Lord, but if possible multiply yet more these works full of redeeming power, and make them, by their vitality, a fiery net to catch souls capable of making Thee still better known and loved, even as moths are attracted by a candle flame. O! In these Eucharistic works, as in so many fiery chariots, drive through the ungrateful world, telling people in all lands that Thou art their King and wish to be honored as such, especially in the Sacrament of Thy Love!

All: Hosanna to Our King in the Sacred Host. Hosanna to the Son of David!

King of the world, through Thine infinite mercy Congregations and Religious Orders devoted to reparation and to adoration of the Blessed Sacrament are innumerable. We thank Thee for this inestimable benefit. These Orders are a rock upon which Thy Throne rests here below . . . We beseech Thee, O Jesus, that all Communities that practice reparation may be worthy of their sublime vocation by their fervor and interior life, and that by an increase of generous love they may themselves be the most divine of reparations; and finally that by the overflow of their love and zeal, they may cause Thee to be loved even unto folly in the adorable Eucharist. O! Through them speak to the nations, telling them in winning and persuasive words that Thou art their King and wish to be honored as such, especially in the Sacrament of Thy Love!

All: Hosanna to Our King in the Sacred Host. Hosanna to the Son of David!

King of the world, at any cost, Thy love must become new blood, a fiery sap to rejuvenate modern society which Thou wishest to recast in the crucible of Thine Adorable Heart . . . To this end we must have families devoted to the Holy Eucharist; give them to us! Help us, if necessary, by a miracle; help us to turn the hearts of parents and children towards Thine Adorable Flesh and Blood, that Thou mayest become their soul, their life, the living tradition of their homes, O Jesus! Thou knowest, Dear Lord, that this is the infallible secret of Thy Social Reign! These families already exist, here and there, nurseries of a new Eucharistic society. Deign to multiply them, O Jesus, and through these Bethanies may it resound from pole to pole that Thou art Our King and that Thou wishest to be honored as King, especially in the Sacrament of Thy Love!

All: Hosanna to Our King in the Sacred Host. Hosanna to the Son of David!

(Promise your Sacramental Lord that you will never, never omit one Mass or one Communion through your own fault for want of love. Promise also to carry on this campaign around you, above all in the families of the Sacred Heart.)

We have declared in the preceding prayer that the family conquered by Our Lord, and imbued with His Spirit, is the foundation of the Social Reign of the Heart of Jesus. Indeed, it was by a family plebiscite, by the enthronement of the King of Love in the family circle, that the Catholic world was prepared for the Feast of Christ the King. It was because many thousands of families had accepted the Enthronement and had actually

set the King with honor on the living Throne of the family—the origin and cell of society and the nation—that the Holy Father proclaimed Christ King throughout the universe within twenty years.

In consequence, before the end of this Holy Hour, let us implore God in intense and earnest prayer that these families of the King of Love may speedily bring about His victory in society and in our country.

Souls: King and Creator, King and Savior of Nazareth, King and Friend of Bethany, it is necessary, it is urgent that Thou shouldst reign; that families be animated by Thy Spirit so that they may become living tabernacles, sacred tents in which Thou dwellest in our midst in this desert . . . Thou knowest, good Master, with what eagerness and zeal Thine apostles strive to transform these homes, whether rich or poor, into real Bethanies for Thine Adorable Heart. With the assistance of Thy grace and Thy mercy the great work has gone forward, and considerable ground has been won for Thee, in spite of resistance; Thy Heart has done all the work, may It be blessed and glorified a thousandfold. And now listen to us, Adorable King.

By the tears of Mary, our Immaculate Queen, by the piercing anguish of this Mother of Sorrows, by her secret martyrdom of love, reign, O King of Love, in those families, alas! so numerous, who are Catholic by baptism and hold to a few religious practices, but lead futile, unreal lives, and seek their happiness far from Thy Heart . . . Those families are unhappy, profoundly unhappy . . . Having forsaken the Spirit of the Gospel and forgotten Thy Law, they trust in wealth and worldly vanity rather than in Thy Divine fidelity . . . Wean them from the world! Through Mary Immaculate, save them in Thine Adorable Heart!

All: Through Mary Immaculate, save them

in Thine Adorable Heart! By the tears of Mary, the Immaculate Queen, by the piercing anguish of this Mother of Sorrows, by her secret martyrdom of love, reign, O King of Love, in those families, who, while keeping the Catholic faith, fear Thee and look upon Thee as a severe Master; they serve Thee like slaves rather than children, trembling and groaning beneath Thy yoke. They do not love Thee dearly; they do not trust Thy Heart; they consider tender piety, Eucharistic fervor and intimacy with Thee, exaggeration of fancy . . . Lord, have compassion on these families that have never enjoyed the sunshine of Thy Heart, warm them with the fire of Thy Love, and through Mary Immaculate, save them in Thine Adorable Heart!

All: Through Mary Immaculate, save them in Thine Adorable Heart!

By the tears of Mary, our Immaculate Queen, by the piercing anguish of this Mother of Sorrows, by her secret martyrdom of love, reign, O King of Love, in those households where a sinner, a dying soul lies—perhaps he is already dead to Thy grace. He is a Lazarus, but a Lazarus who fears to rise, a Lazarus afraid of Thy mercy, who feels quite comfortable in his tomb . . . He says he lives at peace and is respected without frequenting the Sacraments; that he can pray to God in secret without the intervention of the Church; that he can even die in peace without a priest . . . Jesus, he is in need of a great miracle, and we beseech Thee to perform it in Thy unbounded mercy . . . Prove again that Thou art Jesus, and, through Mary Immaculate, save us in Thine Adorable Heart!

All: Through Mary Immaculate, save us in Thine Adorable Heart!

By the tears of Mary, our Immaculate Queen, by the piercing anguish of this Mother of Sorrows, by her secret martyrdom of love, reign, O King of Love, in those families who are afflicted with a heavy cross, and who drag it without hope or love, instead of kissing it with gratitude. Take compassion, Jesus, good Jesus, on the households tried by moral suffering, disunion or bereavement . . . How often to these trials is added sickness, want of means, or even acute distress, especially if the family is large and the children suffer from hunger and cold, while the parents are unable to relieve them . . . They weep in silence . . . Enter these homes, tender Master, and abide there in the exquisite delicacy of Thy Heart, with Thy smile and Thy words of sympathy and hope . . . They are waiting for Thee; extend Thine Arms to them. And through Mary Immaculate, save them in Thine Adorable Heart!

All: Through Mary Immaculate, save them in Thine Adorable Heart!

By the tears of Mary, our Immaculate Queen, by the piercing anguish of this Mother of Sorrows, by her secret martyrdom of love, reign, O King of Love, in those families who are wholly Thine and seek no other glory but that of loving, serving, and possessing Thee . . .

How fair in Thine Eyes, Dear Master, are these families where Thou dost find rest, where Thou dost feel at home, where each heart is an oasis of reparation for Thee, their King, in exile everywhere else . . . These families are Thy diadem, and, in spite of inevitable crosses, Thou art their anticipated Heaven . . . Bless still more these homes whose only law is to love Thee and to do Thy Holy Will always and in all things, and who long to suffer for Thee and offer Thee souls . . . Lavish Thy favors on them, multiply these happy Bethanias, and through Mary Immaculate, save them in Thine Adorable Heart!

All: Through Mary Immaculate, save them in Thine Adorable Heart!

Jesus, King and Creator, King and Friend of Bethany, by enthroning Thee in our homes with honor and solemnity we have voted publicly and socially for the Feast of Christ the King, by recognizing it in an eloquent and spontaneous manner; allow us to vote once more, and to exact by gentle violence that Thy rights be also recognized by the great commonwealth, our country and nation, as well as by its small units of families . . . Thou art, O Jesus, the King of all nations . . . In consequence we must bring it about that Thou wilt become once more the King of this land, which must be conquered by Thy Heart and won over to Thy Spirit.

This is why, O Jesus, in presence of the Immaculate Queen and of the Angels, adoring Thee in this Sacred Heart, in the presence of Heaven and also of the ungrateful and rebellious earth, we acknowledge Thee, O Jesus, as our only Lord and Master, the only source of authority, of virtue, of justice and of beauty . . .

This is why, kneeling at Thy Feet, in the spirit of social reparation, we protest: We recognize no social order without God or opposed to God. Thou art the Founder of all social order, O Jesus!

All: Thou art the Founder of all social order, O Jesus!

We recognize no law of progress without God or opposed to God; Thine is the Law of true progress, O Jesus!

All: Thine is the Law of true progress, O Jesus!

We recognize no Utopias of civilization without God or opposed to God; Thy Gospel is the principle of civilization, O Jesus!

All: Thy Gospel is the principal of civilization, O Jesus!

We recognize no justice without God or opposed to God. Thou art the substantial Justice, O Jesus!

All: Thou art the substantial Justice, O Jesus!

We recognize no brotherhood without God or opposed to God; Thine is the true brotherhood, O Jesus!

All: Thine is the true brotherhood, O Jesus!

We recognize no truth without God or opposed to God. Thou art substantial Truth, O Jesus!

All: Thou art substantial Truth, O Jesus!

We recognize no love without God or opposed to God. Thou art uncreated *Love, O Jesus!

All: Thou art uncreated Love, O Jesus! (Three times)

It is impossible to emphasize too strongly the Holy Father's idea in instituting the Feast of Christ the King! There must be no mistake; it does not merely restate what has already been declared—that Jesus is the King of souls and consciences; we must everywhere insist, more than ever in our day—that He is likewise, whether we like it or not, the King of Majesty, the Supreme Lawgiver and Master of human society and of rulers, no matter who they may be. Without Him or in opposition to Him no laws and no public or private rights exist—hence, all anti-christian legislation is impious and null, for one cannot conceive of a law which is in contradiction to the Author of society and the Master of the whole human race.

Iniquitous lawgivers and rulers but emulate the crime of Pilate, heightened by high treason, a sin of divine Use majeste—But let us express our feelings and voice our patriotism in a prayer for our country.

Soul/: Lord Jesus, in concluding this Holy Hour, a solemn homage to Thy Divine Kingship, we wish by our faith and prayers, this evening to evoke the name and presence of the great kings whose heroic faith in the midst

of court life and on the throne, undoubtedly prepared in former centuries for the liturgical feast of Thy Divine Kingship . . .

O! Send them forth; let these holy kings surround the Eucharistic Throne that, here below, where these crowned heads waged the great battle of virtue they may join us in honoring the power of Thy merciful Scepter, and the wisdom, beauty, and extent of Thy Social Reign.

Descend then from Paradise, holy kings of the Church! Hasten from your thrones in Heaven to bring, like the Magi, to this God annihilated in the Sacred Host, the homage of your praise, your adoration, and your love.

Through St. Edward, Through St. Casimir, Through St. Canute, Through St. Henry, Through St. Stephen, Through St. Wenceslaus, Through St. Hermenegild, Through St. Ferdinand, Through St. Louis, Through St. Clotilde, Through St. Radegundes, Through St. Bathildes, Through St. Elizabeth, Through St. Margaret,

(All repeat) O Christ, King of Kings, save our country!

And thou, Queen of earth and Empress of Heaven, Immaculate Virgin, God's well-Beloved, the dawn which goes before the noontide glory, the victory of the King of Kings, Virgin thrice holy, Mary, Help of Christians! Prepare our salvation, O! prepare the ways of the Lord Jesus! . . . That through thee, Immaculate Queen of Lourdes and Fatima, most glorious and most humble Queen of Loretto, through thee, Queen of the Church, the Sun of Truth and Justice, thy Jesus may inspire public institutions and laws of the state. Obtain, O Mary, that our country may one day become the prop of the immortal throne of Christ, the King! (All stand before the altar for the last prayer)

Souls: Draw near, most sweet Master, and here in the midst of Thy children receive from their hands the diadem which those who are mere dust and call themselves all-powerful wish to snatch from Thee, because in the abasement of Thy humility they imagine that they can insult Thee from their lofty position!

Advance in triumph through this fervent meeting of Thy brethren. Do not hide the Wounds in Thy Hands and Thy Feet . . . Do not adorn Thy Head already embellished with the royal purple of Thy Blood . . . Above all, do not close the deep Wound of Thy Side, but open It wide. And thus, bloody King, clad in love's purple and the tunic of opprobrium . . . not transfigured, Jesus, but as Thou wert on the frightful night of Holy Thursday and the Ecce Homo of Good Friday, present Thyself to the eyes of our faith.

Come to receive the Hosannas of Thy Guard of Honor, keeping vigil for the glory of the Heart of Jesus, its King!

All: Hail, Immortal King, Heart of Jesus!

Kings and rulers may trample the tables of Thy Law underfoot in their fury — but while they hurl from their thrones into the oblivion of the tomb, we, Thy subjects, will continue to pray:

All: Hail, Immortal King, Heart of Jesus!

Lawgivers may say that Thy Gospel is out of date, and that it is their duty to abolish it in behalf of progress, but, while they sink into the oblivion of the tomb, we, Thy adorers, will continue to pray:

All: Hail, Immortal King, Heart of Jesus!

The proud, the hardhearted rich, the worldlings may decree that Thy ethics belong to a by-gone age, and that Thy demands destroy liberty of conscience; . . . but while they mingle their dust in the darkness and oblivion of the tomb, we, Thy children, will continue to pray:

All: Hail, Immortal King, Heart of Jesus!

Ambitious seekers after honor and wealth, who lead the peoples astray with their false ideas of greatness and deceitful liberty, will strike against the rack of Calvary and Thy Church; . . . and, while ground to powder they sink into the oblivion of the tomb, we, Thine apostles, will continue to pray:

All: Hail, Immortal King, Heart of Jesus!

The heralds of a materialistic civilization, estranged from God and opposed to His Gospel, will die one day, poisoned by their own false doctrines; . . . and while they go down into the tomb of oblivion, cursed by their own children, we, Thy consolers, will continue to pray:

All: Hail, Immortal King, Heart of Jesus!

The Pharisees, the haughty, the libertines will grow old, plotting the destruction of Thy Church, and sink, defeated, into eternal oblivion; . . . But we, Thy redeemed, will continue to pray:

All: Hail, Immortal King, Heart of Jesus!

Yes, Hail to the Immortal King! . . . While Lucifer, the angel of darkness, driven out of the home, the school, and society, is cast headlong, forever chained, into the bottomless pit, we, Thy friends, will continue to pray throughout eternity:

All: Hail, Immortal King, Heart of Jesus!

May He reign in the triumph of the Holy Eucharist and of His Church! May His Sacred Heart reign forever!

Now, before we bid Thee good night this evening, brighter than the highest dawn, deign to accept, O King of Glory, Beloved Jesus, one last ovation from Thy Guard of Honor: Hail, royal Crown of Thorns of my God and my King! All: Christ conquers, Christ reigns, Christ commands! May His Kingdom come!

Hail, Scepter of a reed, Scepter of my God and my King!

All: Christ conquers, Christ reigns, Christ commands! May His Kingdom come!

Hail, mantle of royal purple, purpled with the Blood of my God and my King! All: Christ conquers, Christ reigns, Christ commands! May His Kingdom come!

Hail, Holy Cross, bloody throne of my God and my King!

All: Christ conquers, Christ reigns, Christ commands! May His Kingdom come!

Let us repeat five times, in Honor of the Five Wounds, in the name and behalf of our country, as a supreme homage of loving reparation and of social adoration: -Sacred Heart of Jesus, may Thy Kingdom come!

All: Sacred Heart of Jesus, may Thy Kingdom come!

8 Act of Consecration to Christ the King

O sweet Savior and Redeemer of mankind, Jesus Christ, Who in the impenetrable designs of Thine Infinite wisdom bearest with the audacity of the impious and sufferest the violence of the wicked, reserving to Thyself the sovereign right of judging the impious man and his perverse works, turn Thy merciful regard upon Thy children, who in the blindness of their hearts have turned from Thee in rebellion. With the eyes of a Father, and with the power of the sovereign King of the universe, stretch forth Thy Hand to bless and regenerate modern society, which is rebelliously turning its back upon Thee, the King of kings and Lord of lords. Be moved to compassion for Thy people, whom Thou hast purchased with Thy Blood, regenerated with Thy grace, and exalted with Thy love. Thou hast given them true liberty, Thou hast called them to the inheritance of Thy Father, Thou hast numbered them among Thy brethren; but in the delirium of their rebellion they have preferred the slavery of Satan, and live in abject misery, without joy, without hope.

O My Lord Jesus Christ, King of Eternal Glory, Restorer of all things in heaven and on earth, Supreme Omnipotence, Who with infinite wisdom reunitest at Thy Feet things scattered and dispersed; enlighten the kings of the earth, the rulers of nations; instill Thy spirit into all civil institutions, into every form of government, into laws and armies; grant that all the powers of earth may recognize in Thee the majesty of the Eternal God, the source from which all authority is derived; illuminate the nations that they may understand that Thou art the origin of rights and duties, that it is through Thee that the kings of the earth rule, and that it is to Thee that kings and people alike owe obedience. O most Sweet Jesus, Who hast deigned to descend into this valley of tears, and to dwell with us, suffering and dying for the salvation of us sinners, and Who in an excess of charity hast set

up Thy abode in the midst of men, hidden under the sacramental Species, and Who in the fullness of the Godhead, corporeally present in our tabernacles, makest Thyself the food and life of our souls; O, receive the humble but sincere and profound homage of our hearts, offered in reparation for the falling away of the rebellious. We firmly believe in Thee and all that the faith infused into our hearts by the Holy Spirit has revealed to us about Thee. We see in Thee the beginning and the end of all existing things; we adore Thee as the one true God; we wish to live only for Thee and in Thy service. Do Thou, O Lord, save our brethren, reunite the scattered members of modern society gone astray, that we as brethren may together be one with Thee, as Thou art one with Thy Father in Heaven. May Thy Will be done by all and in everything. May Thy Majesty shine forth on the throne of Thy earthly dominion, and may the world confess Thee to be the true Son of God, through Whom all things were created. Amen.

Holy Hour

For the First Friday of November

ECCE HOMO! . . . Behold the Man of Sorrows, our Savior Jesus, behind the veil of this fragile Host! . . . Kneeling, let us adore Him in the sweet and winning majesty of this mystery. If He is there, it is solely for love of us, since in heaven there are millions of angels to serve Him.

Behold Him with eyes of faith! . . . He comes near to our souls and unveils Himself to us in the same manner as He revealed Himself to His servant, St. Margaret Mary, despoiled of His glory, without pomp, without diadem, as an outcast and as one persecuted . . . His Soul plunged in agony, His Eyes bathed in tears . . .

He is seeking a peaceful garden where He may pray in His agony. He comes to confide to us His secrets of immense love and of infinite sorrow . . .

Be silent, brethren, and in the stillness of your soul forget the world. Leave for an instant the petty interests of earth and listen to the Lord Jesus during this Holy Hour . . . Contemplate Him in pain, covered with Blood, under the figure of the Ecce Homo as He appeared at Paray-le-Monial to her who was His messenger, in order to demand from His friends a loving reparation.

O good Jesus, at the beginning of this Holy Hour, permit us to kiss, with childlike love and with heavenly rapture, the precious Wound in Thy Side; and allow us to entrust to Thee in this kiss our whole soul to be lost in the innermost depths of Thy agonizing Heart!

(Tell Jesus of the particular intentions you wish to pray for during this Holy Hour)

(Silence—pause)

Jesus: My children, will you offer in your hearts a loving refuge, a faithful shelter to your God ever beset by the hurricane of sin? . . . You do not see My Body torn to pieces it is true, yet I have not ceased being scourged . . . You do not perceive My countenance bathed in tears, yet the cruel thorns, however invisible, are pressed still more deeply into My Head . . . You have not before your eyes the scene of My excessive anguish, My agony in the garden, but alas! the inexpressible bitterness of that agony ever fills to overflowing the chalice of My abandoned Heart! Sin permits no respite from suffering . . . Iniquity, like an impetuous torrent, inundates the earth to destroy the fruits of the redemption and to cause the ruin of souls purchased at the cost of My Blood . . . And yet, what could I have done for My people that I have not done? . . . By the immolation of My Body, of My Soul, of My Heart, and by the holocaust of Calvary, perpetuated in the Eucharistic Sacrifice, have I not consummated the work of My love? . . . And despite all that, as an infernal breath, sin penetrates consciences and extinguishes in them the life of love, which is My life.

O you, My friends, open to Me without delay the loving refuge of your hearts . . . Shelter Me from the cold, murky night of sin which envelopes the world . . . Stretch forth your arms to Me like children toward their father . . .

Oh, it is not the memory of Calvary that wounds Me . . . But the sins of each day; as a thousand arrows they pierce my desolate soul! . . . Oh, give to your outraged Savior a tender and loving refuge in your compassionate souls . . .

Souls: Jesus, King of our Altars and Sovereign of souls, come and establish Thy royal authority in our hearts . . . Be not the guest of a day, but our Father and our Brother . . . be not a pilgrim, but a consoling Redeemer and ever-blessed Lord . . . Come! . . . and if sin is unceasing, the homage of our humble reparation will be still more constant . . .

Open Thy prison, Eucharistic Lord, and may the angels who surround Thy poor tabernacle unite with the loyal friends of the Holy Eucharist in saying:

(Aloud)

All: Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thou wilt reign!

In spite of the desperate efforts of hell which seek at any cost to bring about the eternal loss of souls . . .

All: Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thou wilt reign!

In spite of human frailty which leads so many toward the brink of eternal ruin . .

All: Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thou wilt reign!

In spite of the fury of the enemies of Thy moral law, uncompromising because divine, and of Thy dogmas, immutable because eternal . . .

All: Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thou wilt reign!

In spite of the attacks of misguided reasoning and the vain wisdom of the world which proudly flaunts itself, endeavoring to destroy Thy altars . . .

All: Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thou wilt reign!

In spite of the shameful license which many lax Christians would wish to set up as the natural law of conscience . . .

All: Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thou wilt reign!

In spite of the conspiracies which day and night are plotted against the Church, the home and the child . . .

All: Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thou wilt reign!

In spite of the sacrilegious legality with which they endeavor to justify the numerous crimes against the Divine Majesty . . .

All: Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thou wilt reign!

In spite of the violent attacks of the press, of legislators, and of propagandists who conspire against Thy glory and Thy social reign . . .

All: Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thou wilt reign!

(Pray with all the fervor of your soul for the reign of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.)

Jesus: Tell Me why it is, My beloved confidants, that the children of darkness are often more prudent and courageous than you, the children of My sorrow and My light . . . See My enemies, perpetually occupied in isolating Me in the Tabernacle and even in overthrowing My altars . . . They give themselves no rest in their desire to destroy My Church, to oppose and ruin My Priesthood, and to make Me disappear from the consciences of men . . . And you . . . who are My own, what have you done? . . . How is it that you were not generous enough to watch an hour with Me while I was in My agony? . . . How can you sleep so calmly with your Savior agonizing and the enemy rabble coming to seize Him? . . . Is it thus that you prove your love for your parents, your brothers, and your intimate friends? . . . Is it not then toward Me alone that you lack a tender and devoted love? . . .

You promised Me generosity . . . I accepted and blessed your good will . . . but soon your courage weakened and you forgot Me . . . I have pardoned your frequent wanderings, and you, My own, always at My side, you live in the tranquillity of a sluggish indifference which cruelly wounds Me. A dull sleep of unconcern, apathy, and of egoism engulfs your souls . . . Awaken from this tepidity . . . Rise up, for the enemy draws near with insults for your God . . . with chains of servitude and death for you . . . Profit by this hour so favorable for a sincere conversion . . .

Your Shepherd is about to be struck. Do not abandon Him, My little flock, but follow Him courageously, even to Calvary, if needs be! . . .

(Pause)

Souls: What have I, O Crucified Savior, that Thou hast not given Me? . . .

Strengthen me, Jesus, that without wavering I may follow Thee in the sweet exactions of Thy grace and Thy love . . .

What can I do if Thou dost not help me?

What am I if I am not united to Thee? And because I know my nothingness and weakness. I entreat Thee not to withdraw Thy Hand from me. Do not allow me to stay away, even for a day, from Thy Tabernacle . . .

Forgive the faults which have so wounded Thee . . . My frailties are so numerous . . . Oh! pardon them and forget all! . . .

Because the Blood Thou hast shed and the bitter death Thou hast endured are not for the benefit of the angels who adore Thee, but for my benefit and for those so tepid and lax in the exercise of Thy love, who forget and offend Thee . . . therefore, Jesus, while renewing during this Holy Hour my fervent resolutions in Thy service, permit me to address Thee with all the ardor of my soul:

If I have denied Thee, permit me to love Thee . . .

If I have injured Thee, let me bless Thee . . .

If I have offended Thee, let me serve Thee . . .

For to live without serving Thee, or to work without glorifying Thee, and not to spend oneself to hasten the reign of Thy Heart, O Jesus, that would be to die without Thee! . . .

(Confess your lukewarmness to Jesus and ask Him for a persevering fervor.)

Jesus: Faithful souls, you are not very many to watch with Me during this Holy Hour . . . But your love is great and sincere, it is true. Alas! immense and fathomless is the ocean of crime and perfidy which at this hour fills My Soul with a deadly sadness . . . What an abyss of sin . . . what disorder in the human whirlwind which passes before My Eyes this very hour!

Infernal scenes . . . glimpses of sensuality in the theater where the scenes which renew My scourging are applauded . . . If you but knew how My Soul is harrowed by the errors and abuses of modern civilization . . . Among the festivities multiplied in the world, how many become for Me, your Father and your Savior, a Praetorium and a Calvary . . .

Only you, My children of reparation, can understand somewhat My constant suffering on this cross raised by those of My own household! Before Me pass again great cities . . . proud as Nineveh . . . depraved as Babylon . . . where My doctrine is treated as intolerable exaggeration.

Listen to the clamor which rises from thousands of gatherings—from halls, banquets, ballrooms, and theaters, like slimy surf, to insult the sanctity of My Gospel . . .

You, at least, My consolers, who have penetrated into My sorrow, put balm on My Wounds, stifle the infernal voices by fervent and reparatory prayer . . .

Souls: O beloved Master, send down on those unfortunates who spend their life in sensual pleasure, plunged madly into the material and passing joys, send down without delay not the avenging flames of Divine Justice, but the fire of Thy merciful Love which purifies, which pardons and which saves . . .

For the many who squander their money and youth in the dissipation of worldly pleasures which offend Thee . . .

(Aloud) All: My Jesus, mercy!

For those who traffic in public sins, in the depravity of morals and the perversion of consciences . . .

All: My Jesus, mercy!

For perverters, who through the press and bad literature, enrich themselves while leading souls to eternal damnation . . .

All: My Jesus, mercy!

For those who make a real sacrilegious profession of exciting evil passion through corrupt theaters, licentious shows, and the profanation of art . . .

All: My Jesus, mercy!

For those weak souls who, in defiance of Thy Law and the remorse of conscience, cooperate in the social scandal of luxury, of immoral fashions and the indecent stage . . .

All: My Jesus, mercy!

For the great number of those who falsifying their conscience and their Christian sense, see no grave danger in the social revolt against Thy Holy Commandments . . .

All: My Jesus, mercy!

For those who by their position, Jesus, should spare Thee the bitterness of these insults and who are not opposed to them through timidity or because they wish selfish transactions with the world . . .

All: My Jesus, mercy!

(Let us make reparation for the public and social sins in the entire world which offend our Lord Jesus.)

Jesus: O My people, inheritance of My Heart, what have I done to you? . . . or how have I grieved you? . . . Answer Me? . . . From this Host where I reside, I contemplate you night and day . . . O tribe of Israel, object of My exquisite tenderness, little flock which has sworn to Me everlasting fidelity . . . Yes, from here, from this altar, I look on those whom I have loved with predilection, those whom I have called to the banquet of My love and of My glory . . . Alas! how many even among My faithful ones make My tears flow as did My city, the ungrateful Jerusalem . . . How many who yesterday were the intimate friends of My Heart are today ingrates in My regard! . . .

How many for the sake of vanity and pleasure abuse the talents which I had showered upon them to help them do good and become saints! All were destined to sit on the glorious thrones among the princes of My heavenly Kingdom . . . The crowns which they lose by their ingratitude will be given to the numerous repentant sinners who have heard the appeal from My Heart in its agony . . .

To forget this offense so cruel, to sweeten the chalice of human ingratitude, I have requested from My servant, Margaret Mary, the loving companionship and the atonement of the Holy Hour. During this Holy Hour the tears I shed because of the desertion of My flock and the flight of My children are changed into tears of blessings and of love for sinners.

I thirst for consolations . . . You at least,

My adorers, weep with My priests between the vestibule and the altar, weep over the ungrateful children of My own household.

(Pause or hymn)

Souls: Divine Savior Jesus, deign to cast a look of mercy on Thy children, who, united in the same sentiments of mercy, faith, and love, come to deplore at Thy Feet their infidelities and those of poor sinners, their brothers!

May we by the unanimous and solemn promises, which we are going to make, touch Thy Divine Heart to obtain mercy for ourselves, for the unfortunate and sinful world, and for those who have not the happiness of loving Thee . . .

Yes, from now on we all promise it . . .

For the neglect and ingratitude of men . . .

All: We will console Thee, O Lord.

For Thy abandonment in the Holy Tabernacle . . .

All: We will console Thee, O Lord.

For the offenses of sinners . . .

All: We will console Thee, O Lord.

For the hatred of the impious . . .

All: We will console Thee, O Lord.

For the blasphemies cast against Thee . . .

All: We will console Thee, O Lord.

For the insults to Thy Divinity . . .

All: We will console Thee, O Lord.

For the sacrileges committed in the profanation of Thy Sacrament of Love . . .

All: We will console Thee, O Lord.

For acts of immodesty and irreverence committed in Thy Adorable Presence . . .

All: We will console Thee, O Lord.

For the betrayals of which Thou art the Adorable Victim . . .

All: We will console Thee, O Lord.

For the coldness of the greater number of Thy children . . .

All: We will console Thee, O Lord.

For the disdain shown the advances of Thy love . . .

All: We will console Thee, O Lord.

For the infidelity of those who would call Thee Friend . . .

All: We will console Thee, O Lord.

For our resistance to Thy graces . . .

All: We will console Thee, O Lord.

For our own infidelities . . .

All: We will console Thee, O Lord.

For the incomprehensible hardness of our hearts . . .

All: We will console Thee, O Lord.

For our slowness in loving Thee . . .

All: We will console Thee, O Lord.

For our cowardice in Thy holy service . . .

All: We will console Thee, O Lord.

For the bitter sorrow caused Thee by the loss of souls . . .

All: We will console Thee, O Lord.

For Thy long waiting at the doors of our hearts . . .

All: We will console Thee, O Lord.

For the bitter scorn with which Thou art repulsed . . .

All: We will console Thee, O Lord.

For Thy sighs of love . . .

All: We will console Thee, O Lord.

For Thy tears of love . . .

All: We will console Thee, O Lord.

For Thy captivity of love . . .

All: We will console Thee, O Lord.

For Thy martyrdom of love . . .

All: We will console Thee, O Lord.

O Jesus, Our Divine Savior, Thou Who hast allowed to escape from Thy Heart this sad plaint "I have sought for those who would comfort Me, and have found none," deign to accept the humble tribute of our consolation, and assist us so powerfully with the help of Thy Divine grace, that in the future, fleeing more and more from everything that might displease Thee, we may prove ourselves in all circumstances Thy very loyal and devoted children. We ask it from Thee through Thy Sacred Heart, O Thou Who being God with the Father and Holy Spirit, livest and reignest for ever and ever.

(Ask pardon for the ingrates who are so numerous)

Jesus: You know, victim souls, that I am perpetually crucified by those very ones whom I have come to redeem . . .

Alas! They are in truth very many, the powerful ones, the learned, those in high places voluntarily blind, who by their conduct repeat those words of My accusers to Pilate, "If this Nazarene were not a malefactor, we would not have delivered Him up to thee."

The haughty who wish no check over their intelligence and heart re-echo this same blasphemy. They find for themselves judges who have the audacity to declare Me foolish, and they treat Me as the vilest of men . . . Because for them I am a malefactor, they deliver Me up to the rabble, O bitter mockery, to safeguard the national interest . . . Because they consider Me a malefactor, the press scourges Me . . . the rulers and legislators, like Pilate, wash their hands and abuse their authority. They condemn Me to exile and to the Cross under the cover of a so-called legality . . .

Behold the great crime of today, My children, to insult Me while invoking against Me reason, culture, and law; to proscribe Me under the pretext that the national honor and law are incompatible with My rights! . . . I continue to be for the great number as you see, vermis et non homo, "a worm of the earth and not a man" . . . much less a Master and a God!

O you, My very faithful friends, muffle with your praises the shouts of the multitude which assails My throne and wishes in mockery to draw lots for My royal mantle . . . O you, acknowledge Me and bless Me with love! . . .

Souls: Draw near, sweetest Master, and here among Thy children receive from their hands the crown of royalty . . . which those who are nothing but dust would snatch from Thee because recognizing the depths of Thy humility, they believe they can insult Thee from their pretended heights!

Advance triumphant in this fervent gathering of true brothers . . . Efface not the Wounds of Thy Hands and of Thy Feet . . . Adorn not, embellish not Thy Head already so beautiful, empurpled by Thy Blood . . . Ah! above all, close not . . . leave wide open the deep and celestial Wound in Thy Breast . . . Thus, O bloody King, clothed with this purple of love and with the tunic of opprobrium . . . without transfiguring Thyself, Jesus . . . just as Thou wert, the same Jesus of that appalling night of Holy Thursday, present Thyself to the eyes of our faith; come and receive the Hosanna of this guard of honor which keeps vigil for the glory of Jesus Christ, its King!

All: Hail, the Heart of Jesus, our King!

Kings and rulers may trample under foot the tables of Thy laws, but while they fall from their thrones into the tomb of oblivion, we, Thy subjects, will continue to acclaim Thee . . .

All: Hail, the Heart of Jesus, our King!

Lawmakers will say that Thy Gospel is a drawback, and that it is a duty to discard it in favor of progress . . . but while they disappear into the tomb of oblivion, we, Thy adorers, will continue to acclaim Thee . . .

All: Hail, the Heart of Jesus, our King!

The proud, the worldly, the unworthy rich, may decree that Thy moral law is for bygone ages, that Thy refusal to compromise kills liberty of conscience . . . but while they are lost in the tomb of oblivion we, Thy children, will continue to acclaim Thee . . .

All: Hail, the Heart of Jesus, our King!

Those athirst for honors and riches who sell to the nations a false greatness and a misleading liberty, will fall against the rock of Calvary and of Thy Church . . . but while they go down annihilated into the tomb of oblivion, we, Thy apostles, will continue to acclaim Thee . . .

All: Hail, the Heart of Jesus, our King!

The heralds of a materialistic civilization, aloof from God and in opposition to the Gospel, will one day die, poisoned by their false doctrines . . . and while cursed by their own children they sleep in the tomb of oblivion, we, Thy consolers, will continue to acclaim Thee . . .

All: Hail, the Heart of Jesus, our King!

The Pharisees, the proud, the impure, will have grown old planning the ruin, a thousand times decreed, of Thy Church . . . and baffled, will lose themselves in the tomb of oblivion . . . while we, Thy ransomed ones, will continue to acclaim Thee . . .

All: Hail, the Heart of Jesus, our King!

Oh, yes, love, honor, and glory to His Sacred Heart! And while Lucifer, angel of darkness, retreating from firesides, schools, and societies, will bury himself, eternally chained, in the eternal abyss . . . we, Thy friends, will continue to acclaim Thee forever and ever . . .

All: Hail, the Heart of Jesus, our King!

Love, honor, and glory to Thine Adorable Heart in the triumph of Thy Eucharist and of Thy Church! . . . Honor forever to Thy Sacred Heart! . . .

(Silence)

Jesus: I have loved Thee to excess, even unto Calvary . . .

Arriving at that summit, I obeyed in silence and stretched Myself on the infamous gibbet . . .

Since that time the crucifixion is constantly renewed in My Eucharist where I am at the mercy of other executioners—the sacrilegious— and these, they know what they are doing.

If they do not believe in My Real Presence in the Divine Host, then why outrage this consecrated Bread? . . .

But if these unfortunate ones believe that I truly reside in the Tabernacle, why do they criminally desecrate the God of Love and Mercy on the holy altar? . . . Ah, yes! Why? . . . Because hatred is a reality.

For a few pieces of vile money how many communicate as Judas and deliver Me by a kiss into the hands of My very deadly enemies! . . . In infernal dens where they conspire in secret against Me I have been pierced by the deicide's dagger . . . My tears have wet the roads where the heirs of Judas, the profaners have trampled Me under foot since Holy Thursday. Sacrilegious fires have burned churches and My Tabernacle in order to reduce to ashes the consecrated Species when My Heart willed to remain in the Eucharist where I live to embrace the whole world in a fire of saving charity . . . Ah, how many times unhappy wretches, coveting the

golden ciborium wherein I reside, have broken into that prison where Love holds Me . . . and have flung Me into the dust without a consecrated stone on which to lay My bleeding Head! . . .

That vision of horror profoundly rent My Heart in the anguish of Gethsemane . . . You who pass by, consider and see if there is a sorrow like unto Mine! . . .

(Let us make a most fervent, loving reparation for the horrible sacrileges which wound the Divine Prisoner of the Altar. Let us ask His pardon for our offenses. Let us praise Him for those who ignore Him or hate Him.)

(Pause)

Souls: Hosanna! glory to God in the highest!—glory, benediction and love to Thee, Eucharistic Lord! Yes, glory to Thee in the incomprehensible annihilation of the Sacrament of Thy Love!

Let the Angels chant Thy praise, because Thou art, O God of the Tabernacle, the beatitude of Paradise!

Let the heavens and the earth, the seas, the mountains and the snow, the fields and the flowers, and the whole universe, O Jesus-Hostia, chant Thy praises in exulting voices! . . .

Let the birds and the breezes praise Thee, O sweet Prisoner . . . Let the storms of nature and those of the human soul chant Thy glory . . . Let the joyous beats of the human heart and its sobs exalt Thy greatness, O Divine Captive of the Altar! . . .

Glory to Thee in the highest, yes, benediction and love to Thee in the incomprehensible annihilation of Thy Adorable Eucharist! . . .

(Brief pause)

Jesus: Do not leave Me, privileged children, without having heard the complaints of a sorrow that only fervent friends and faithful hearts like yours can feel in all its bitterness . . .

The profanation of the Tabernacle is not the only nor the greatest crime against My love and My Kingship; there is another tabernacle more precious to Me and which knowingly rejects its Savior: it is the human heart! . . . Even so, have I not loved it to excess! . . .

How Christians profane it with the poison of a pagan love! . . . That heart should be the chalice of all My consolations, . . . the altar on which should burn as a pure incense the Christian and chaste love enjoined by My Gospel . . . I have placed all My tears in that chalice to purify it . . . I have shed all My Blood in order to strengthen it . . . I have offered the ardent flames of My Heart to satisfy its irresistible longing to love and be loved . . . And, strange to say, this infinite gift does not suffice . . . Behold! the human heart still seeks creatures . . . it leaves Me for them . . . It forgets Me in the delirium of pleasure which is neither love, nor peace, nor life as it imagined it to be . . . That is why so many wretched ones with broken hearts suffer an insatiable hunger which incites and delivers them up to their shameful passions . . .

O you who have so much need of love . . . Come, come to Me . . . I am the King of Love Who keeps for Himself the thorns and offers you the flowers of true joys . . . Will you come and quench your thirst . . . you who burn with the fever of being loved to folly? . . . Come, for My Heart is the source of living water which springs forth unto life eternal, come, but in return, give Me your heart . . .

(Pause)

Souls: Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, exercise Thy rights over us, Thy friends, making reparation . . . Command us, Master . . . do not ask, do not solicit us as a beggar . . . but with loving sovereignty take all that is ours . . . to Thee it belongs . . . If our hearts are poor Thou wilt know how to enrich them . . . We offer them to Thee in the Immaculate Heart of Thy sweet Mother and by the hands of Thy servant, Margaret Mary, we supplicate Thee to hasten the reign of Thy Divine Heart . . . Reject not these miserable hearts of ours because they were once defiled by sin. Thou hast pardoned us and Thy mercies are without repentance! . . .

The persecuted Church and its august Head, the Sovereign Pontiff, our families, sinners, the souls of the just, the souls in Purgatory, all, yes all of us expect from Thy omnipotence torrents of grace promised to the prayer of the Holy Hour, source of consolation for Thee, Lord, and of miracles of mercy for the world . . .

Remember us also who, like the Angel of Gethsemane, have come to Thee in Thy mystic agony. Deign to take in hand our interests, our troubles, our hopes; and watch over our whole lives which we place in the Wound opened by the soldier in Thy Sacred Side. And now Lord receive our farewell prayer: Agonizing Heart of Jesus, our souls confide to Thee all their trials!

Loving Heart of Jesus, these mothers confide to Thee their husbands and their children, the treasures of their homes . . .

Amiable Heart of Jesus, these poor exiles confide to Thee their future with all its insecurity . . .

Sweetest Heart of Jesus, these prodigal children confide to Thee their weakness and their sin and repentance . . .

Benign Heart of Jesus, Thy friends confide to Thee the peace and salvation of their families . . .

Compassionate Heart of Jesus, tormented souls confide to Thee their interior pangs of conscience . . .

Humble Heart of Jesus, these adorers confide to Thee their ardent desires for the triumph of Thy love in the Holy Sacrament . . .

Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, the world troubled by the presence of death finds refuge there where a blessed lance uncovered for us the source of life . . . Keep us there for all eternity . . .

Come, O Jesus, be our Friend in the deep sadness of our exile here below . . .

Come, O Jesus, be our Brother in the chaste joys of Christian love . . .

Come, O Jesus, be our King in the temptations and storms which trouble souls and society . . . From the height of Thy Eucharistic Throne calm the tempest. Render serene our darkened sky by causing to shine the Sun of peace and of tenderness, that is, Thy Heart all-powerful in its love.

Final Supplication of St. Margaret Mary to the Sacred Heart of Jesus

Hide us, O sweet Savior, in the Wound of Thy Side, burning hearth of pure love. There we shall be safe.

We choose Thy Heart in which to dwell, with the firm confidence that It will be our strength in the fight against evil, the support which will sustain our weakness, our guide and our light in darkness, the repairer of all our faults, the sanctification of our intentions and of our acts. We wish to act in union with Thee and to offer Thee our actions so that they will be a continual preparation for the reception of Thy Sacrament of Love.

To give Thee honor in Thy state of Victim in this mystery of faith we come also to offer ourselves as hosts—begging Thee to be the sacrificing Priest-Thyself and to immolate us on the Altar of Thy Sacred Heart.

But as we are indeed unworthy, we pray Thee, Lord Jesus, to purify us and to consume us as a perfect holocaust of love in the flames of Thy Sacred Heart, in order that we may obtain a new life and be able to say in all sincerity, "We are nothing of ourselves; living or dead, Jesus is our All." Our will is to belong entirely and eternally to His Divine Heart!

May Thy Kingdom come!

A Pater and an Ave for the agonizing and for sinners.

A Pater and an Ave for the universal triumph of the Sacred Heart, especially by daily Communion, the Holy Hour, and the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in families.

A Pater and an Ave for the particular intentions of all present.

A Pater and an Ave for our country.

Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy Kingdom come! (5 times)

Immaculate Heart of Mary, pray for us! (3 times)

Saint Joseph, pray for us.

Saint Margaret Mary, pray for us.

Holy Hour

For the First Friday of December

The Five Principal Requests of the Sacred Heart to Saint Margaret Mary

You have come to look for Jesus . . . Behold Him in this divine Host. It is He . . . It is truly Jesus! . . .

It was there, in the Tabernacle, that His handmaiden, Margaret Mary, saw Him; . . . it was from the Host that she heard the voice of Jesus, His plaints and the sobs of His Eucharistic Heart rent by the torments of love and of human ingratitude . . .

You have come to look for Him? . . . Do not doubt that you have really found Him . . . Behold Him! It is indeed He, the God of an infinite tenderness, the merciful Lord of Gethsemane and of Paray-le-Monial . . . It is Jesus!

Let us in company with Margaret Mary, the chosen one of the Sacred Heart, visit the humble and mysterious chapel of the great revelations. With head bowed down and soul overflowing with heavenly fervor, let us adore our Lord Who wishes to talk to us during this Holy Hour about the sorrows, the desires, and the victories of His Divine Heart . . .

You have come to see Him and to talk intimately with Him . . . Behold Him! . . . It is truly Jesus, Jesus Himself ! . . .

(Pause)

(On this first Friday of the month, let us beseech Him to forgive us our faults, our infidelities and our lukewarmness; but, at the same time, let us thank Him, in union with Mary, for the countless graces and favors, which His Loving Heart has showered upon us.)

I. Our Lord asks for frequent

Communion in a spirit of reparation

Jesus: Lift up your eyes, My children, and look at Me though you are covered with confusion because of your sins. Look upon Me . . . do not fear, for I am Jesus . . . Jesus, the God of charity, Who forgives you because He loves you.

Come to My Holy Table; I am cold and I wish to feel the warmth of your love. Come to communicate fervently and frequently in the name of so many Christians, who, alas, never receive this Holy Sacrament! If you knew the immense desolation which fills My Soul when, stretching forth My Hands like a beggar, I ask the ingrate and the indifferent for their hearts which they refuse Me! . . .

Ah! how often in the evening I come back to My Tabernacle alone with My sorrow after having been repulsed by thousands of creatures! . . .

But My Heart, the Heart of the Good Shepherd, never wearies of men, is never disillusioned with men . . . In spite of their rebuffs, I renew My appeals to them, I insist, I implore . . . Sometimes at nightfall, My Feet are bleeding, . . . but My Love has succeeded in winning at last the heart of a child, of a pauper, who accepts a place at My Eucharistic Banquet . . .

Dearly loved souls, this indifference wounds Me cruelly . . . Who can number those who spend a long life without ever tasting the delights of Holy Communion! . . . And yet the Sacred

Host is man's glorious and exclusive heritage, his anticipated Heaven! . . .

I thirst for love!

I have a burning thirst to be loved in this Sacrament of Love and I find so few who, according to My desire, try to quench My Thirst, by making Me some return.

I have an infinite thirst to give Myself to souls, to all souls, in My Eucharist!

Come, My chosen friends, receive Me to atone in a spirit of loving reparation . . . repair by your fervor the absence of the many who ignore this heavenly gift. Give Me that which so many ingrates refuse Me: the holy kiss of a fervent Communion; keep Me as the habitual Guest of your hearts to make up for the innumerable Christians who, absorbed by the world, forget that in the Tabernacle resides their Savior and their God under the appearances of the Eucharistic manna . . .

I wish to be for your spiritual life an element more necessary than air and blood are for your natural life . . . I, your Jesus in the Holy Eucharist, wish to be your soul itself . . . the life of your life . . .

I am the living Bread, the heavenly food of your soul. By Holy Communion I live in you and you in Me, in order to be one with you until the indissoluble union of eternal life.

Come to Me without more delay . . . fly to My altar and promise Me the consolation of frequent Communion of reparation.

Will you be insensible to My love and My plaints? . . . Answer Me, My children . . . Answer Me that you give Me your hearts!

(Pause)

(God anxiously awaits our answer. Give it to Him wholeheartedly.)*

Souls: As the hart panteth after the fountains of water, so we, the faithful friends of Thy Heart, run to Thee . . . O never-failing Source! O Life divine! . . . O ineffable Paradise! O Eucharistic Jesus! . . . O Lord, these are not empty words which we address to Thee during this Holy Hour, but a solemn promise to live by the Eucharist and to atone for the ingratitude of so many Christians who never approach the Holy Table . . .

Be touched by this resolution and from Thy Altar deign to accept our prayer, gracious Prisoner of the Tabernacle.

Come . . . we adore Thee, Jesus, in this Sacrament, divine Lover of our hearts.

(All together, aloud) All: Kindle in us an ardent thirst for the

Holy Eucharist.

Come . . . we adore Thee, Jesus, in this Sacrament of Love. All: Kindle in us an ardent thirst for the

Holy Eucharist.

Come . . . we adore Thee, Jesus, in this Sacrament of infinite sweetness. All: Kindle in us an ardent thirst for the

Holy Eucharist.

Come . . . we adore Thee, Jesus, in this Sacrament, the very source of all holiness. All: Kindle in us an ardent thirst for the

Holy Eucharist.

Come . . . we adore Thee, Jesus, in this Sacrament divine. All: Kindle in us an ardent thirst for the

Holy Eucharist.

Come . . . we adore Thee, Jesus, in this Sacrament, source of ineffable consolation.

All: Kindle in us an ardent thirst for the Holy Eucharist.

Come . . . we adore Thee, Jesus, in this Sacrament, source of supernatural hope.

All: Kindle in us an ardent thirst for the Holy Eucharist.

Come . . . we adore Thee, Jesus, in this Sacrament, pledge of everlasting life.

All: Kindle in us an ardent thirst for the Holy Eucharist.

Come . . . we adore Thee, Jesus, in this Sacrament of infinite graciousness.

All: Kindle in us an ardent thirst for the Holy Eucharist.

Come . . . we adore Thee, Jesus, in this Sacrament, unfailing source of peace.

All: Kindle in us an ardent thirst for the Holy Eucharist.

Come . . . we adore Thee, Jesus, in this Sacrament which gives a light that will never be extinguished.

All: Kindle in us an ardent thirst for the Holy Eucharist.

Come . . . we adore Thee, Jesus, in this Sacrament containing all celestial delights.

All: Kindle in us an ardent thirst for the Holy Eucharist.

Come . . . we adore Thee, Jesus, in this Sacrament, pledge of unfading glory.

All: Kindle in us an ardent thirst for the Holy Eucharist.

(Pause)

(Let us not forget that what we came to tell Jesus is not a word of passing enthusiasm, but a firm resolution, a serious promise to go to Holy Communion very often in the spirit of reparation.)

(Pause or hymn)

II. The celebration of the First Friday of each month

Jesus: Your generous love consoles Me . . . I feel comforted by your promise . . .

Listen, My beloved children, to another desire of your Lord and your God . . . I ask that the First Friday of each month be especially devoted to consoling Me . . . I wish to feel you nearer my Divine Heart that day, and to shower you

Mystery of faith and love, center and fountain of Christian life

in the graces I reserve for the most faithful souls, for My best friends.

Let this day of love, reparation, and consolation be consecrated to Me with special tenderness. Celebrate it by praising Me with particular fervor. Oh, you, who understand Me better than the world does, come to Communion each first Friday. Come, with love like that of the Seraphim, to visit Me in the Holy Eucharist . . . Take the place of John, My beloved disciple. Speak to Me in the language of Margaret Mary, My happy confidante.

Then, silent and recollected, your head on My Heart, your soul warmed by the flames of My charity, tell Me all that troubles and interests you; name to Me those dear to you, those who are faithful to Me, and also those who grieve Me.

Confide in Me your great desires for holiness, your ambitions for My glory. Expose to Me your miseries and pains; lay before Me your weaknesses and open up to Me your entire soul . . .

The First Friday will be until the end of time a day of grace, a day of mercy . . . Take full advantage of it, My friends, for the benefit of your dear home, and for sinners.

this day pray especially for My priests and apostles, intercede for them . . . that they may become saints and may sanctify the souls I have confided to them . . .

And now listen to My words. They will be the pledge of an infinite reward to you.

"I promise thee, in the exceeding great mercy of My heart, that Its all-powerful love will grant to all those who will receive Holy Communion on nine consecutive first Fridays of the month, the graces of final repentance, of not dying in My disfavor and without receiving the Sacraments, and that My Divine Heart will become their assured refuge at the last moment."

My beloved, what response do you make to this promise, which, one would say, exhausts My almighty power, by giving you My Divine Heart for time and eternity? . . .

(Pause)

(Although even in Heaven it will be impossible to acknowledge worthily so many benefits, nevertheless let us try to begin here below our eternal thanksgiving by a humble and fervent prayer.)

Souls: O Jesus, not content with opening to us the treasures of Thy Merciful Heart, Thou dost promise us, as a reward, on fulfillment of the obligation we have of loving Thee, the gift of Thy very Self, the possession of heaven, because Thou art God . . . But what can we poor mortals offer Thee in exchange for Thy bounty and how can we thank Thee for having freely loved us . . . unto the folly of the Cross, and the Eucharist! . . . Oh, that we but had at this moment, the virginal love of John, the ardent and generous faith of Peter, the tears of Magdalen, the spirit of immolation of Margaret Mary, but above all, the Immaculate Heart of Thy Mother, with its incomparable riches so as to satisfy Thee and to die now at Thy Feet, consumed by burning love!

Lord, we promise Thee from now on that the first Friday of the month, which Thou Thyself hast chosen as a day of reparation, shall from the break of day until the close thereof be given to Thee.

In every throb of our hearts, Thou wilt find, Jesus, a word, a sigh, a new outburst, to tell Thee our love, our gratitude, and our immense desire to console Thee . . .

In return, beloved Master, we ask Thee for a grace, only one . . . that Thou dost continue to forgive us, despite the countless and continual weaknesses of our will so sickly and so frail.

Have pity on us, Lord! . . . O Merciful Heart of Jesus, do not weary of us!

(Aloud, together)

All: Heart of Jesus, do not weary of us!

When we call Thee, O Jesus, because we feel our heart weaken and our love for Thee growing cold . . .

All: Heart of Jesus, do not weary of us!

When we call Thee, O Jesus, in the inevitable temptations and when our faith weakens and wavers . . .

All: Heart of Jesus, do not weary of us!

When we call Thee, O Jesus, in the exhaustion caused by a life of struggle and incessant sacrifice . . .

All: Heart of Jesus, do not weary of us!

When we call Thee, O Jesus, in the despondency occasioned by deceptions as painful as they are unforeseen . . .

All: Heart of Jesus, do not weary of us!

When we call Thee, O Jesus, in hours of perplexity, in the anguish of painful doubt . . .

All: Heart of Jesus, do not weary of us!

When we call Thee, O Jesus, to our homes to soothe and heal those intimate worries and misfortunes that no one but Thou canst cure . . .

All: Heart of Jesus, do not weary of us!

When we call Thee, O Jesus, as the Good Samaritan, to the bedside of a sick soul who needs Thy great mercy . . .

All: Heart of Jesus, do not weary of us!

When finally we call Thee, O Jesus, in our last hour to give us our last embrace in Holy Communion, . . . Oh! come without delay, in order to bring us life eternal . . .

All: Heart of Jesus, do not weary of us!

(Brief pause)

Lord Jesus, in response to Thy request, we wish to pray for Thy beloved priests, for those who minister at Thy altar and for Thy apostles. Give them, Adorable Savior, the light of a most vivid faith . . . And grant them the gift of loving Thee with a burning charity and also grant them the treasure of a humility, which will stand any test . . . Kindle in them, 'O Jesus, immense desires of being saints really holy, and a passionate zeal for Thy glory . . . And, Jesus, since the harvest is so great, increase the number of truly holy reapers in the field of Thy Church, and send workers according to Thine Own Heart into Thy Vineyard . . .

(Pray for the Sovereign Pontiff. Offer the good works of the first Friday, especially for the sanctification of priests . . .

May Jesus deign to reveal to us His desires, and may His Voice, which enraptures the angels of the sanctuary, teach us the way which leads to His Sacred Heart . . .)

(Pause)

III. The Holy Hour

Jesus: All of you are particularly dear to Me because you have responded to My call . . . Know that the love and compassion of your souls were a delicious and sweet consolation to Me in My hour of agony in Gethsemane . . . My Heart, bruised by sorrow, discerned you then in the shadows of the Garden of Olives . . . you were there very close to Me.

You love Me . . . Oh, yes! I know it. You love Me more than many others. And because you give evidence of more fidelity than the greater number of your brethren, you have a better right to My confidence . . . I asked the Holy Hour of My spouse, Margaret Mary, as much to appease My Father's rigor by imploring mercy for sinners, as also to sweeten the bitter abandonment by My Apostles, whose lack of generosity forced Me to reproach them for not having been able to watch one hour with Me . . .

What consolation to see you here after the example of Margaret Mary, sharing in all the horrors, the abandonments and the tortures of My Agonizing Heart!

Dear friends, mount this guard of honor with an ardent charity, in a spirit of reparation to hasten the coming of My Reign, and to obtain the conversion of unfortunate sinners. Pray, watch with Me. Do not abandon Me at the moment when I must taste the bitter chalice of My Passion. I will not ask for help from the heavenly legions. It is you I wish as witnesses of My Agony. I wish that those whom I have redeemed by My Blood be here to gather these precious drops which flow from My Veins . . . I wish to be supported, not by an angel, but by My very faithful friends . . . My wounded, agonizing Heart, source of My Tears is this Heart of your Savior and your Brother . . . your inheritance, yes, really yours, that shall never be taken away from you!

"Behold, the hour is at hand when the Son of man shall be betrayed." Make Him then your Captive, and the Royal Prisoner of your homes. Is it not with this purpose that you surround Me now close to this altar? Draw then very near, I am Jesus of Nazareth . . . Here are My Feet, here are My Hands, I deliver Them to you, bind Them with the fetters of a very great love, but above all, take My Sacred Heart that It may be forever the Prisoner of yours.

Jesus: And now, My consolers, what more would you have? . . . What do you ask of Me? . . .

(Aloud, together)

All: To love and glorify Thy Sacred Heart!

Jesus: But are you forgetting your earthly interests? . . . What do you wish from Me as a supreme reward? . . . Speak, command!

All: To love and glorify Thy Sacred Heart!

Jesus: What? Do you not desire some temporal blessings of fortune or health? Speak!

What do you ask in exchange for this Holy Hour?

All: To love and glorify Thy Sacred Heart!

Jesus: My dearly loved children, your generosity touches Me deeply . . . Do not fear; tell Me what I can give you, what treasures can I heap upon you for your generous forgetfulness of self?

All: To love and glorify Thy Sacred Heart!

Jesus: Dear souls, that is the language of saints . . . You have overwhelmed Me, by speaking thus . . . But tell Me without more delay what do you long for?

All: To love and glorify Thy Sacred Heart!

Jesus: By answering Me thus you abandon yourself without reserve to My Will . . . You enrapture entirely My Heart; command then, disclose your most secret wishes to It . . . What are they?

All: To love and glorify Thy Sacred Heart!

Jesus: But amidst the trials and bitterness of life . . . with its deceptions from the fleeting love of creatures, do you ask no relief or consolation of Me? . . . What soothing balm do you wish Me to give you?

All: To love and glorify Thy Sacred Heart!

Jesus: And for this great desire to love Me, for this insatiable thirst to glorify Me, what anticipated reward do you claim during this life? . . .

All: To love and glorify Thy Sacred Heart!

Jesus: I looked for those who would comfort Me and I have found them in spirit and truth . . . But, for the hour of your agony, when you are already taking leave of earth, what do you ask of Me for having by this Holy Hour consoled your God in His Agony?

All: To love and glorify Thy Sacred Heart!

(Promise the Sacred Heart to continue all during your life the beautiful practice of the Holy Hour and to spread this devotion so fruitful for salvation.)

IV. The devotion to the Sacred Heart

Jesus: My little children, enemies without number surround you . . . The storm rages furiously about you; it rises from the infernal abyss where My Name is cursed and where those who would not accept the help of My grace in the struggle are cast for all eternity . . . The satanic fury stirs up a deadly hurricane which seeks the destruction of souls . . . but fear not; I have conquered the world and hell. Remain in peace . . . Behold I have prepared a sign, a standard of victory which will insure the world's happiness! . . . It is My adorable Heart! . . . Fall on your knees and trembling with immense love, accept It . . . receive It with holy joy . . . Then adore It, yes, adore It with the most profound gratitude, for It is the Heart of your God and Savior, Who has loved you unto folly.

I speak to you now with the beats of My Heart, which offers only pardon and mercy . . . It is with groans that It begs you to love Him above everything on earth and in heaven.

By the thorns which pierce My Head, by the Cross which consummates My martyrdom, and especially by the deep and bleeding Wound of My Side, I conjure you to procure for My Sacred Heart an immense glory . . . to make It better known, to make It far better loved by so many unfortunate souls who have need of that miraculous source of resurrection and of life.

(Slowly and with pauses)

Come, you the banished from an earthly paradise who look for quiet and happiness . . . fear not, enter into the Wound of My Side. There you will find consolation and hope, reserved for you by a God Who is all love . . .

Come, you, the unfortunate ones of life, so numerous in the world . . . Come, you who are very often deceived by the wealth and esteem of men . . . Fear not, enter into the Wound of My Side; you will find there in the midst of the world's trials, light, rest and unknown delight.

Come, come quickly, O you whose soul has found only bitterness in the poisoned pleasures of earth . . . Enter at the dawn of youth or at the evening of life. Do not delay; enter into the Wound of My Side even if it be the eleventh hour, and you will find there a Paradise of eternal peace, a happiness without end . . .

Yes, come all . . . Longinus with the lance opened the doors of My loving Heart . . . I have widened this redeeming Wound . . . and I eagerly call the just and the sinners, the ingrates, and the afflicted, and I offer them all, in this divine Wound, an abode of ineffable peace . . . He who consecrates himself to the love and the glory of My Sacred Heart . . . will have life superabundant, eternal!

(Pause)

Souls: Have pity, sweet Jesus! . . . Remember Thou hast promised victory to the armies which combat under the Labarum of Thy Sacred Heart! . . .

(Aloud, together)

All: Remember Thy promises, O Divine Heart!

Have pity, sweet Jesus! . . . Remember Thou hast promised peace to the homes which lovingly enthrone the image of Thy Sacred Heart . . .

All: Remember Thy promises, O Divine Heart!

Have pity, sweet Jesus! . . . Remember Thou hast promised to convert the most hardened sinners by the mysterious strength of Thy Sacred Heart . . .

All: Remember Thy promises, O Divine Heart!

Have pity, sweet Jesus! . . . Remember Thou hast promised to soothe the pains of afflicted souls who demand the consolations of Thy Sacred Heart.

All: Remember Thy promises, O Divine Heart!

Have pity, sweet Jesus! . . . Remember Thou hast promised to melt the ice of religious indifference by enkindling the world with ardor of Thy Sacred Heart . . .

All: Remember Thy promises, O Divine Heart!

Have pity, sweet Jesus! . . . Remember, above all, that Thou hast promised that Thy friends, consolers and the apostles of Thy Sacred Heart shall sleep forever in Thy Arms in a calm and holy death . . .

All: Remember Thy promises, O Divine Heart!

(Recommend now to the Heart of Jesus your most intimate intentions.)

(Pause or hymn)

V. The institution of a most solemn feast in honor of the Sacred Heart

Jesus: Do you know, My beloved children, why I am drawn to you with such a marvelous effusion of tenderness? Listen to Me! . . .

I love you so passionately, because I am in a sense your debtor by being the Eldest of Mankind . . . by being Jesus, Son of Mary and your Brother . . . Your immense wretchedness, your utter helplessness, your unhappiness without remedy . . . in fine the vast abyss of your nothingness and of your innumerable miseries attracts the infinite abyss of My mercy. It is because of you and for you then, that I have created a Heart, a wounded Heart like yours, which bears the bloody testimony of your redemption, so that you may believe in My love and that you may give Me yours too!

It is My wish, then, that this alliance of My mercy and your weakness should have a magnificent, mystic wedding day, a day of celestial rejoicing, the prelude of our eternal union . . .

That is why I have asked that the first Friday after the octave of Corpus Christi should become a special, very solemn feast to honor My Sacred Heart.

I wish that this day, called the classical day of My Divine Heart, be the great feast of those who suffer, who live near Me in the shadow of the Tabernacle, of pardoned sinners, the feast par excellence of My infinite Mercy.

Come to Me on this feast, My little ones: Come, the poor, the afflicted, come, the abandoned, the neglected, the sinners . . . Come that you may celebrate with Me the mysteries of My love, My Incarnation, My sorrowful Passion and My ever-abiding presence in the Blessed Sacrament; come that you may receive on this feast the promised fruits of peace, mercy and salvation.

You, My children, celebrate with great splendor this Passover of My mercies. May it be a great feast in your souls by very intimate union with My Divine Heart. Receive Me very fervently in holy Communion that day as a reparation to make up for the indignities of which My Heart has been the object ever since It has been exposed on the altars . . .

Let it be also a feast of grateful joy in your homes, where you must acclaim Me the victorious King Who has triumphed over your families by His tenderness and meekness . . . a glorious feast in the Parishes and Communities, a universal feast in the Church to exalt forever, from generation to generation, the inexhaustible tenderness of My most loving Heart.

(Promise the Sacred Heart to celebrate with holy joy this feast as a family feast, at the foot of the altar and in your homes)

(Pause)

Lord, Jesus, let us sing a hymn of thanksgiving, a hymn which the angels themselves do not know how to intone because they have never sinned, because they have never tasted Thy merciful forgiveness or the ineffable delights of the Holy Eucharist—the food of mortals . . . We, Thy pardoned ones, whose eyes have been bathed in tears of sorrow and gratitude, we who have need of Thy presence in order to persevere on the road of life, we wish to address to Thee as an ardent petition, the prayer of the disciples on the way to Emmaus: Heart of Jesus, "Stay with us."

(Aloud, together)

All: Heart of Jesus, stay with us!

Thank Thee, O Lord, in the name of many ransomed sinners . . . And when our slackness and temptations would draw Thee from our feeble and powerless souls . . . Good Master, do not leave us!

All: Heart of Jesus, stay with us!

Thank Thee, O Lord, in the name of the many sorrowful Thou hast consoled . . . And when, in Thy name and for Thy glory, sorrow visits and tortures our souls . . . Good Master, do not leave us!

All: Heart of Jesus, stay with us!

Thank Thee, O Lord, in the name of the many souls who have been strengthened by hope in Thee . . . And when the hardships of life weary us grievously . . . Good Master, stay with us!

All: Heart of Jesus, stay with us!

Thank Thee, O Lord, in the name of the many who have been deceived, but who now, happily, have been enlightened by Thy grace . . . And when ingratitude rends our souls and detaches us from creatures . . . Master, do not leave us!

All: Heart of Jesus, stay with us!

Thank Thee, O Lord, in the name of the many fallen and miserable souls now regenerated by Thy merciful love . . . And when through frailty we would be exposed to the awful death of sin . . . Master, do not leave us!

All: Heart of Jesus, stay with us!

Yes, thank Thee, O Lord, for the many dying saved at the eleventh hour . . . And when agony warns us that the hour of inexorable justice draws near, O Redeemer and Master, do not leave us!

All: Heart of Jesus, stay with us!

Yes, stay with us in that moment of supreme agony when all the disillusionments of earth vanish before the dazzling splendor of the infallible Tribunal from which there is no appeal . Jesus at that terrible hour be near to us . . . give us strength to call upon Thee and to remind Thee of Thy promises . . . give us courage to ask Thee to read our decisive sentence in that book of life, where Thou hast written our names . . . Oh! sentence us with the benignity and tenderness of Thy merciful Heart! . . . Thy Kingdom come! . . .

(Invocations for the Last Agony)

O Divine Sufferer of Gethsemane, Eucharistic Jesus, here are the faithful witnesses of Thy mortal agony in the Garden of Olives who come to ask the supreme grace promised to the consoler and apostles of Thine afflicted Heart...

Lord, we do not pray Thee for health, fortune, or a long life. No, but we entreat Thee that in the supreme struggle of our agony Thou mayest stretch forth Thine arms to us . . . Oh! show us then the burning Wound in Thy Side and permit us, O sweet Jesus, when dying, to breathe forth our last sigh of praise, of love, and of atonement in the heavenly Wound of Thy Sacred Heart . . .

In that hour when our childhood, our youth, our whole life with all its failings comes before our mind, remember Thy promises, beloved Jesus, show us the burning Wound in Thy Side . . . Oh! reveal Thy Heart to us to calm our agonizing hearts . . . When in that decisive moment we will wish to grasp an anchor of salvation and to embrace Thy Cross and to beg for pardon . . . when groaning we will call Mary to our aid and stammer Thy name . . . ah! . . . though our lips will not be able to pronounce it, Thou, Jesus, Who didst offer Thy life for our lives, Thou who embraced us at the table of Communion, Thou who didst smile on us because we consoled Thee in the Holy Hour . . . draw then near to us, most sweet Savior, and pointing out to us the Wound of Thy Side . . . reveal Thy tender Heart to us to calm our agonizing hearts . . .

Recall, Jesus, in that decisive hour, how much we wished to love Thee and remember not our tepidity . . . and recall how much we prayed and worked to save souls and remember not our sins . . . recall our efforts to have Thee enthroned as King of love and remember not our ingratitude . . . Oh! . . . recall that Thou hast written our names where they can never be effaced! . . .

We do not ask Thee for the joys of earth, nor for the flattery of false glory or of human love . . . We implore Thee that in our agony's mortal anguish Thou deignst to show us the burning Wound in Thine open Side, O Jesus, and to let us breathe forth our last as a supreme prayer of love, of adoration, and atonement in the heavenly Wound of Thy Sacred Heart!

Now and at the hour of our death: Thy Kingdom Come! . . .

A Pater and an Ave for the agonizing and for sinners.

A Pater and an Ave for the universal triumph of the Sacred Heart, especially by daily Communion, the Holy Hour and the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in families.

A Pater and an Ave for the particular intentions of those present.

A Pater and an Ave for our country.

Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy Kingdom come! (5 times)

Immaculate Heart of Mary, pray for us. (3 times)

Saint Joseph, pray for us.

Saint Margaret Mary, pray for us.
