

Sacred Heart



Holy Hour

XV - For the Apostles of the Sacred Heart

XV - Holy Hour - For the Apostles of the Sacred Heart who, by suffering, prayer, the Holy Eucharist and love, spread and strengthen Its Social Reign. - Especially dedicated to Contemplative Communities.

Thou hast called us, Jesus, in Thy immense Mercy to share the glory of the preachers and missionaries of Thy adorable Heart . . . We thank Thee! . . .

Thou wishest that on our part and known only to Thee we also should be fishers of souls and of families for Thee, Jesus, Who art the King of Love . . . We thank Thee! . . .

In Thy Name, invested with Thy power, and believing with a firm faith in Thy love and Thy promises, we will let down our nets in the dark of night . . . Because of Thy fidelity, we are certain that one day those nets will break under the weight of the promised miraculous draught of fishes . . . We have no need, Good Master, to see the miracle with our own eyes . . . We firmly believe that the miracle will take place, because Thou art Jesus, because we are living in the providential hour of Thy adorable Heart, . . . because Thou hast promised that miracle of love, Thy reign in souls, to Thy confidante Margaret Mary; she became in Thy Hands, not by words, but by prayer, suffering, and love, a docile instrument of Thy admirable designs.

Like her, we must also preach by our intimate apostolate the glory of Thy merciful Heart. Oh! grant us then, Lord, the inestimable grace of enrolling us in that army, which battles in our day to hasten the victory of Thy Divine Heart over souls, families, societies, and nations.

Through Mary, the Queen of the Cenacle, we entreat Thee, Jesus, to multiply those who pray as did Moses, and to uphold their suppliant arms until the apostle-soldiers of the plains have enthroned Thy victorious standard in families and nations.

Behold the praying army! Behold the legion of Cyrenian apostles! Behold the ciboriums filled with Thy hosts, who await from Thee, King of the Tabernacle, the supreme lesson of the apostolate! . . . Thy glory is in question, Lord; speak, then, and give us light and fire from Thy Sacred Heart! . . .



Let us ask the grace to relish and penetrate the sublime teachings of such exceptional interest for the Reign of His Sacred Heart, that our Lord wishes to give us during this

Holy Hour. Let us say in silence a fervent prayer.

Jesus: Lift up your eyes and see: the harvest is white, completely ripe. It awaits the harvesters . . . But, children, do not imagine that the apostolate belongs exclusively to the sowers and reapers. What is, in effect, an apostle if not a chalice filled to overflowing with My Blood and My Life, and pouring out on the world that overflow from his burning heart?

Come you also into My vineyard, and ask during this Holy Hour that I may find many other apostles like you, apostles leading the silent, interior life . . .

Oh! brilliant preachers are not lacking to Me. But what use is their high-sounding speech if it be not animated by Me, the Word. It is that Word alone, the Word made flesh, not noisy eloquence, Who conquers souls . . .

Those souls who love Me with a great love, with an ardent, passionate love, of necessity radiate that love, and I Myself spread it far from them, indeed, very far.

Souls consecrated to Me really preach and work as apostles only to the extent to which they have deeply enthroned Me in their own inner life . . .

They give themselves to Me . . . and through them, I, in My turn, give Myself to souls ... But I keep jealously the secret of their mysterious fecundity. It is a revelation of glory I reserve for them for Heaven's days of glory . . .

I. The apostolate of "prayers" breaks the ground, opens the furrow, engenders vocations, converts sinners.

Do you know who ploughs the furrow and prepares the field for the seed? Those souls who pray in union with My Sacred Heart! . . .

Oh! what splendid workers they are! . . . They clear the ground . . . Sometimes they buy new and precious fields by their fervent prayers . . . Although My angels are instrumental in these miracles, yet there are interior souls, prayerful souls, who call them forth to work the wonders.

There are too many who talk and act more than they pray! . . . You have experienced it, so I come to repeat to you the great, the sublime lesson of Nazareth . . .

In the humble little house at Nazareth, by My Mother's side I preached for thirty long years! In that sanctuary of silence in union with Mary I prepared My public apostolate and My miracles.

At Nazareth I chose My Apostles and laid the foundation of My Church . . . In Nazareth, praying constantly to My Father, I made ready the Passover of the Last Supper and that of My glory, through My saints, My martyrs, and My apostles . . .

I wish this great truth to be the daily and substantial food in houses of prayer and retreat, the daily bread of souls consecrated to Me.

My friends of Bethany, those families whose homes are sanctuaries of My Divine Heart, should also feed on this substantial bread. I have a right to expect that these Bethanies of My love, following My example, understand and exercise this apostolate of Nazareth.

Pray, then, My children, you the friends of My Sacred Heart, . . . pray that all, absolutely all, may become My apostles, the precursors of a victory which you will have prepared.

Pray, . . . pray very much because the efforts of this apostolate begets in the families of My love, other great apostles who, eventually, will glorify My Heart.

Pray with unbounded confidence, pray without ceasing for your supplications will fall like a Pentecost of fire, inflaming the lukewarm and reanimating the indifferent . . . Oh, and much more! Your fervent and constant prayer will break the hardest rock,—the hardened hearts of great sinners . . . You will not always see this miracle . . . So as to multiply the redemptive power of their prayers, especially in favour of wanderers and prodigals, I conceal the success of this apostolate from those who exercise it.

Pray with unconquerable faith; pray with Me. Save a world which, having no longer need of prophets, languishes and dies for lack of praying apostles . . . Ask My Father to send these indispensable labourers into My vineyard . . . Redouble your sighs and supplications so as to obtain these fiery apostles . . . There lies the universe; . . . conquer it by the invincible power of your prayers and your interior life, uniting yourself in the seclusion of your homes and at the foot of the Tabernacle with My unceasing prayer to My Father.

Pray with the faith and love that moves mountains, and I will be given the glory that is My due, . . . glory that depends on you and which I confide as a sacred deposit to your zeal . . .



(Brief pause)

Souls: Lord Jesus, how Thou hast strengthened our souls athirst for Thy glory by the sublime lesson Thou hast just given us.

Thou knowest well, Master, our intense desire to serve in the crusade for the fulfilment of Thy merciful designs . . . Until now we have envied the happiness of the active workers in Thy vineyard, those giants of the exterior apostolate, those great sowers of love, who, more fortunate than ourselves, traverse the world like a hurricane of divine fire . . . Thou bringest us delicious peace this evening by assuring us that, even though we

find ourselves unable to act exteriorly, we can—even more than that—we ought to count ourselves among the best apostles of the Cenacle! . . .

Oh! be a thousand times blessed, Heart of Jesus, and in gratitude for this signal favour, accept our first offering of the apostolate through prayer . . . Hear us, answer us, adorable Son of Mary, Queen of the Apostles.

Jesus of Nazareth, already Saviour of the world in the womb of the Virgin Mother . . . deign to accept as an ardent prayer of the apostolate our desires, our heart-beats, our secret thoughts, all our inner life which Thou alone dost penetrate! Take it all, King of Love, but in exchange: Thy Kingdom come on earth as it is in Heaven!

All: Thy Kingdom come on earth as it is in Heaven! . . .

Jesus of Nazareth, already our Saviour from the crib on Christmas night in the arms of Mary, accept as an ardent prayer of the apostolate, the smiles and the tears of children, their kisses of love, the first-fruits of their prayers uttered while on their mother's knees . . . Accept this nectar, O King of Love, from the lips of these little Benjamins, but in exchange: May Thy Kingdom come on earth as it is in Heaven.

All: Thy Kingdom come on earth as it is in Heaven! . . .

Jesus of Nazareth, already our Liberator in the workshop of Thy adopted father, accept as an ardent prayer of the apostolate our daily life, the labours and the cares of our family life . . . Accept, O King of Love, in union with the Queen of Nazareth, Thy Holy Mother, the little joys, the successes without brilliancy, the little details which are the dust of the ordinary way of existence; accept all that is beautiful in the simplicity and the poverty of each day of our life, and in exchange: Thy Kingdom come on earth as it is in Heaven.

All: Thy Kingdom come on earth as it is in Heaven! . . .

(Brief pause)

Let us ratify our offering by a silent and fervent prayer.

II. The apostolate of suffering. — It waters the seed with the blood of the soul. It accomplishes the work of preachers and of missionaries.

No one, better than St. Margaret Mary, can reveal the beauty and power of immolation and of suffering for the Reign of the Heart of Jesus.

The adorable Master Himself taught her this science all divine. It was He Who instructed His messenger on the merit and the practical application of this apostolate through the Cross. This is the characteristic apostolate of the devotion to the Sacred Heart.

Let us listen to the Saint with the emotion that she felt when she heard Jesus; the voice of the Confidante will be only the faithful echo of the voice of the Master.

Words of St. Margaret Mary.—You call me . . . And the King of Love sends me to you, the intimate friends and the apostles of His Heart, to repeat to you, my brothers in the

love and the glory of the Heart of Jesus, what His Mercy taught me, His humble disciple . . . Oh! if you knew the glory with which this King has covered me for all eternity, because He has deigned to cast His look upon His poor little servant.

Yes, He Who is great has made me great. He has lifted me up from the very dust to make of me the instrument of His merciful designs. In exchange for His adorable Heart, I gave Him mine to fashion according to His liking, in order to establish and extend His reign of love in the world . . . In His goodness He accepted the offering of my heart with its boundless desires, He accepted my love and my whole life . . . And do you know what the Saviour then did to make me docile, fruitful, and powerful in the mission He wished to confide to Me? . . . He inspired me at the same time with a burning thirst for the Cross and with a love of immolating myself—of suffering, of living, while dying of love in order to make known and loved the Lover.

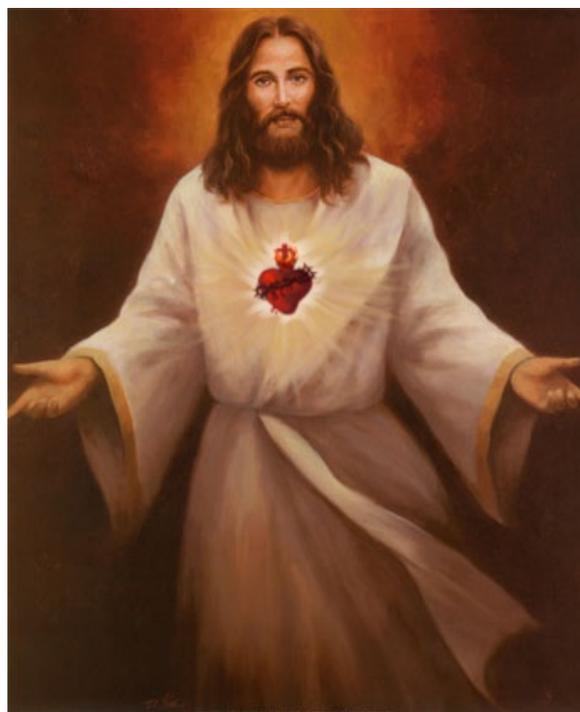
From that moment, until my last breath, all my work of the apostolate was concentrated in the joyful, spontaneous and grateful acceptance of the crosses He sent me . . .

The lines which I sometimes had to write, asking for the homage of love which His adorable Heart implored, were eloquent and victorious— and will be so in the future—only because I wrote them with the blood of my soul and in the martyrdom of my crucified heart! . . .

In that same way, in spite of Satan and his satellites, you also, Apostles of the Heart of Jesus, will work for the victory of the King of Love, for Him, Who has chosen you to consummate the initial mission that was confided to me . . . And if I, called by His grace to be the first apostle of the devotion of the Heart of Jesus, laboured through pain and suffering, so also you, the happy precursors of His Social Reign, must follow the gospel which He himself preached on Calvary and in Paray . . .

It is necessary that you know how to suffer while loving and to sing while suffering for the glory of Jesus' Heart! . . . Oh! how He desired to be baptised with the baptism of blood, . . . to be lifted up on the Cross, this King of Love, in order to draw all to His Heart! . . .

Let Him then draw you today from His Gethsemane to His Calvary! . . . Do not fear, do not tremble, do not hesitate. He, Who gives the desire, gives also the superabundant grace to accomplish it . . .



Come, then, to the Tabernacle with your bodily sufferings . . . Bring to the King of Love the misery and the treasure of your illnesses. Place this offering in the wound in

His Heart, and say to Him with peace, zeal, and love; "I accept, Lord, the glory of suffering for love, . . . and the honour of being a particle of the Redeeming Host that Thou art, Jesus . . . But, in return, cure sick souls, . . . and, in exchange for our Calvary, ascend the Thabor of Thy glory, Jesus."

All: Ascend the Thabor of Thy glory, Jesus.

Come to the Tabernacle with the tortures of your soul . . . Offer as a rich treasure your ignorance, your dark hours, and your doubts. Place this offering in the wound of His Heart, and say to Him with peace, zeal and love, "I accept, Lord, the glory of suffering for love, and the honour of being a particle of the Redeeming Host that Thou art, Jesus . . . But, in return, cure the many who are spiritually blind . . . Give them Thy saving light, . . . and, in exchange for our Calvary, ascend the Thabor of Thy glory, Jesus."

All: Ascend the Thabor of Thy glory, Jesus.

Come to the Tabernacle with the sufferings of your heart . . . Bring to the King of Love the misery and the treasure of your sadness, your troubles, and your agonies . . . Place this offering in the wound of His Heart and say to Him with peace, zeal and love, "I accept, Lord, the glory of suffering for love, and the honour of being a particle of the Redeeming Host that Thou art, Jesus, . . . but in return, heal the many wandering, perverted hearts, that are dying far from Thee . . . and in exchange for our Calvary, ascend the Thabor of Thy glory, Jesus."

All: Ascend the Thabor of Thy glory, Jesus.

Come to the Tabernacle with your family sufferings . . . Bring to the King of Love the misery and the treasure of the cruel deceptions, the material and moral preoccupations, all your sorrow or grief for deaths . . . Place this offering in the wound of Jesus' Heart, and say to Him with peace, zeal and love, "I accept, Lord, the glory of suffering for love, . . . and the honour of being a particle of the Redeeming Host that Thou art, Jesus, . . . but, in return bring the prodigals back home, bless families in tribulation, and in exchange for our Calvary, ascend the Thabor of Thy glory, Jesus."

All: Ascend the Thabor of Thy glory, Jesus.

(Brief silence)

In the eternal glory of Jesus' Heart, I remain still more than at Paray-le-Monial, His Confidante, His messenger, His apostle . . . Listen to the voice of Margaret Mary, your sister in the same vocation:

Sing, you, the sick, you whose hearts are wounded; sow love by the apostolate of suffering! . . .

Sing, you, the afflicted, the tried, the dejected because of tribulation; sow love by the apostolate of suffering.

Sing, you, the great and the little, who secretly fight an interior battle and are exposed to the assaults of hell or of man: sow love by the apostolate of suffering.

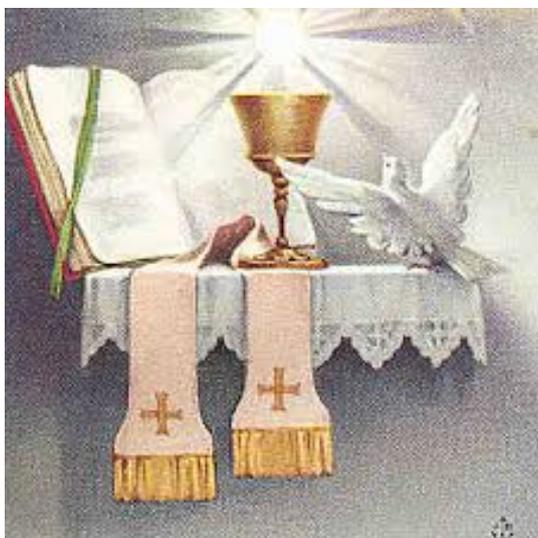
Sing, you unfortunate ones, who have been struck by material reverses or losses: sow love by the apostolate of suffering.

Sing, oh, sing, consecrated souls who, wishing to be fervent, groan under temptations, aridity, and coldness of heart: sow, sow love by the apostolate, strong as the Cross, fruitful as charity: sow the divine fire by the apostolate of suffering!

Yes, Jesus will reign, His Heart will triumph by the Cross and by the ardent love of His crucified apostles! .

(An appropriate hymn)

III. Apostolate through the Holy Eucharist.— It multiplies the radiating power of the apostles who preach.—Secret power of expansion.



Before that last day when we will see Thee, O Jesus, coming on the clouds of heaven to judge the living and the dead, and carrying Thy Cross which will accuse the guilty, we wish to contemplate Thee in the brilliancy of another majesty, that of Thy infinite compassion.

Without tearing away the veils of the Eucharistic Mystery, appear radiating to the eyes of our Faith. Oh! show Thyself, do not delay; come again, O King of Love, in the majesty of Thy victorious mercy . . .

And as St. Margaret Mary saw Thee on a First Friday with the monstrance of Thy Heart glowing on Thy Breast, in the same manner come from Thy altar throne into the midst of Thy children; open the tabernacle and advance as an irresistible conqueror, victorious through Thy Divine Eucharist . . .

It was from the tabernacle that the great revelations and promises were made to Thy Confidante, Margaret Mary; and it is toward the same tabernacle that the interests of souls, families, and societies should converge—drawn thereto by the appeals of Thy Sacred Heart.

Jesus-Hostia, restore Thy Kingdom, the Israel of the New Law, the spiritual Kingdom of souls and societies, Thy Heritage in time and for eternity.

Jesus—Hostia, we know that Thy Kingdom is not of this world. But here below Thou wert the Eldest Brother of the family. In the tabernacle tent Thou still remainest with us amid the desert sands of this life . . . So it is only just and right that Thou shouldst reign over this world, which belongs to Thee by the same title as Paradise itself, Thy Heavenly Father's dwelling-place.

While awaiting Thy coming to pass the final sentence on the living and dead, come forth O Jesus in the Eucharist, . . . come forth as King of Love, and pass sentence of resurrection and of life on those dead who can still find, through the victory of Thy Sacred Heart, immortal life . . .

The Church wills it; She urges us to demand the triumph of Thy cause by the triumph of the Holy Eucharist . . .

Hearken then, through the grating of Thy prison of Love, to the spontaneous, unanimous cry of the elite of Thy friends, who come in the name of all the souls and of all the Eucharistic undertakings of the entire world to cause Thee by a sweet and holy violence, to hasten the hour of salvation, the hour of Thy supreme victory here below . . .

Hear us, Our Lord and Our King!

Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, extend Thy Reign by the Holy Masses of Thy priests, by the perpetual Sacrifice offered throughout the entire world . . . Let not a drop of Thy Precious Blood be lost. And by this sublime prayer, the delight of Thy Church, sanctify Thy priests, the heralds and dispensers of Thy love! King of Love, reign by sanctifying Thy priests!

All: King of Love, reign by sanctifying Thy priests!

Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, extend Thy reign by the frequent and very fervent Communion of those millions of chosen souls who, in the cloister or in the world, have vowed to belong only to Thee . . .

Oh! Make of each one a burning bush which Thou wilt consume in the flames of Thy charity. And by those flames, increase the virtue, the supernatural beauty of these spouses . . .

All: King of Love, reign by sanctifying Thy spouses!

Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, extend Thy Reign through the fervent Communion of so many predestined souls, pure and loving, who while living in the midst of worldly society, praise Thee and serve Thee with admirable fidelity . . . They wish to unite themselves still more perfectly to Thee . . .

Oh! Make of these valiant souls instruments of Thy glory; multiply their number; increase the faith of these loyal friends . . . King of Love, reign by sanctifying Thy friends! . .

All: King of Love, reign by sanctifying Thy friends!

Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, extend Thy Reign by the fervent Communion of the army of crucified souls, of suffering hearts . . . Thou knowest how numerous they are, . . . those souls who love Thee because Thou hast crucified them. They know that Thou hast sent them these crosses for their good and for Thy glory. Thou dost find these souls in families, Thy Bethanias-Thou dost find them also, Jesus, in cloisters, in hospitals, and in garrets . . .

Oh! how these victim-souls cling to Thee, the Victim of Love . . . and yet, they wish to love Thee much more . . . Take them all for Thyself; make them strong, Lord, and scatter that fire far . . . and still farther . . . Bless these victim-souls and heap upon them Thy choicest graces.

All: King of Love, reign by sanctifying victim-souls!

Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, extend Thy reign by the fervent Communion of children, Thy great friends . . . These little ones, these spoiled ones, enroll themselves by the thousands in the army of apostles of Thy, adorable Heart . Come again among them, Jesus, . . . come into these homes, . . . come near them in their cradle and visit them in the school . . .

Smile on these fragrant flowers. Bless them with a benediction which rejoices Mary, their Mother and Thine . . . Keep for Thyself their caresses, their kisses, the springtime beauty of these lilies . . . Ravish their hearts . . . Make them, Lord, Thy little soldiers, Thy great friends and apostles . . .

All: King of Love, reign by sanctifying Thy child apostles!

Let us promise ardent love to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the Holy Eucharist, and offer Him this love for the extension of the reign of His Sacred Heart.

(Here sing a hymn to the Heart of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.)

IV. The apostolate of love.—It intensifies the work of active apostles. It assures the permanence of the harvest fruit.

It is written, good Master: "How beautiful are the feet of the messengers of peace, of the messengers of good!" But, Lord Jesus, King of Love, are not those ardent hearts still more beautiful who, unable to traverse the world with a torch in their hand, confide to Mary, the Queen of Love, the burning torch of their own souls!



All cannot preach, Lord, . . . all cannot work, alas, all cannot communicate as often as they desire, . . . all cannot suffer constantly; Thou dost not even permit it, Jesus! But all can love Thee . . . all can increase and develop this divine flame in each sigh of happiness or pain . . . All can love Thee above all and always—in the church and in the homes, that is to say, in daily life and in death . . .

Yes, all, little and great, rich and poor, in the world and in the cloister, in moments of joy and along the sorrowful way, . . . all of us everywhere can love Thee . . .

Oh, what an immense gift! . . . and that depends only on ourselves, . . . on nothing but ourselves . . .

Troubles and joys come and go at Thy pleasure . . . The manifestations of our faith, our retreats, prayers, penances, works, often do not depend on our ardent desires . . . But no one, not even Thou, God of love, can hinder us from loving Thy all-loving Heart!

Thou playest with us, because we belong to Thee! . . . But Thou canst not prevent us from loving Thee either in life or in death. On the contrary, when Thou seemest to go away from us, when Thou seemest to abandon us to our own great weakness in the desert or on the battlefield; it is then above all that Thou art nearest to our hearts, and it is then, also, that we can love Thee better!

Death, cruel and pitiless, will come, Lord, cutting at the root with icy hand all the power of man . . .

But even and especially then, while definitely yielding up to Thee the gift of life, we will offer Thee a supreme holocaust of our love! . . . To die thus is the culminating grace; it is to fix us forever in the Heart of God, infinite Love! . . .

Magnificat! . . . Our souls praise Thee, bless Thee, thank Thee, Lord, for having given such heavenly, immortal, and victorious power to our poor, weak hearts of clay . . .

And now, adorable Master, hast Thou not a last word to say, a last lesson to give this legion of intimate apostles? . . .

Speak to us, for who can teach us to be apostles of love if not Thou, King of Love? . . . Confide to us the secret communing between Thy Heart and John's as Thou didst say farewell at the Last Supper . . .

Let there be such profound recollection that our souls may hear the throbbings of the Heart of Jesus.

Jesus: "Sitio! . . ." I thirst; give Me love to drink, all the love I claim from the apostles of My Heart . . .

Never forget that the true apostle must be the lover, radiating love . . . But to radiate, to communicate itself to others, this love must be strong, boundless, almost infinite, and it must nourish itself in My adorable Heart . . .

Ah! If it were only understood in consecrated homes devoted to retreat, prayer, and good works, and also in the families where My Heart reigns, that one single, poor, ignorant, little soul on fire with love, preaches better and does more for My glory and spreads and advances My Reign more than a whole army of active workers, who busy themselves about many things, but who love Me with nothing but common love!

The world would go to its ruin, in spite of the activity of the good, if I had no sanctuaries chosen souls, who have understood the beauty and the redeeming power of the mission of Mary of Nazareth and Mary of Bethany . . . Their part is, and always will be, the better part, both for themselves and for Me, and also for the souls to be redeemed by their love .

I prepare and multiply this legion of fire to arrest, on the way leading to destruction, a world growing cold. It is charity, and only charity, that saves, redeems and sanctifies . . .

An act of burning love from a hidden soul is equal to a mission.

And who cannot love-thus among My friends who have received the secrets of My Sacred Heart? . . .

I know that all cannot be active workers for My glory, for I have distributed with wisdom the gifts and the vocations . . . That is My secret . . .

But My Heart belongs to all through love, and I expect, I claim in return from all, immense love because love is the first, the simplest, and the most fruitful of apostolate! .

..



"Sitio! . . ." "I thirst! . . ." Give Me to drink of the love of your hearts, you, the little and the poor; you, the sick, the helpless, and the sad; you, the tempted, the sorely tried; you the richly endowed with My graces, . . . all of you, the spoiled children of My tenderness, on whom I have heaped the gifts of My loving Heart; be instructed in the meaning of My Gospel.

All: May we die of love, O Jesus! . . . We love Thee, Jesus, because Thou art Jesus!

"Sitio! . . ." "I thirst! . . ." Give Me to drink of all the love of your hearts, in order to convert and transform those unhappy souls who live by hate, who see in Me the tyrant they would dethrone from souls and altars . . .

All: May we die of love, O Jesus! ; . . We love Thee, Jesus, because Thou art Jesus!

"Sitio! . . ." "I thirst! . . ." Give Me to drink of all the love of your hearts, in order to pay for the many who, having received much from My mercy, have wasted and lost all those great treasures, and live today in misery, dying of hunger! . . .

All: May we die of love, O Jesus! . . . We love Thee, Jesus, because Thou art Jesus!

"Sitio! . . ." "I thirst! . . ." Give Me to drink of all the love of your hearts, in order to attract those whom I have endowed with hearts of gold, with hearts capable of loving nobly and generously, but who have made an idolatrous offering of these riches to creatures, leaving Me with empty hands and sorrow in My Soul . . .

All: May we die of love, O Jesus! . . . We love Thee, Jesus, because Thou art Jesus!

"Sitio! . . ." "I thirst! . . ." Give Me to drink of all the love of your hearts, in order to

conquer those who have abandoned Me because of their crosses, who have denied Me because of their trials and sufferings, and who have failed to recognize Me on Calvary . . . They would gladly rejoice in My glory but refuse to taste My bitter chalice! . . .

All: May we die of love, O Jesus! . . . We love Thee, Jesus, because Thou art Jesus!

"Satio! . . ." "I thirst! . . ." Give Me to 'drink of all the love of your hearts, in order to bring souls near Me and to win those who remain far from Me because of fear, those who shut their eyes to the ineffable beauty of My infinite love, seeing in Me only an awful Judge, and a Master spreading consternation . . .

All: May we die of love, O Jesus! . . . We love Thee, Jesus, because Thou art Jesus!

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 intention for all present.

A Pater and an Ave for our country.

A Pater and an Ave and a Gloria for the Pope.

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.

(Appropriate hymn)

