

# Sacred Heart



# Holy Hour

**VI Holy Hour for the First Friday of May**

## VI 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 honour 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 fibre 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 immortality, 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 Saviour, 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 marvellous well of My Heart which cures all evil because it pardons all . . . because it always pardons . . . O, I have never refused forgiveness to anyone 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 Saviour 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, favoured 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 Saviour . . . 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 Saviour . . . 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. Hearken 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 fervour 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 labours, 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 favoured 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 fervour, 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 fervour 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 fervour 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.

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.

