

Rabbori





Virginia Rice
from

Sister M. Lenore



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R A B B O N I

Heart to Heart

Before

The Tabernacle

BY J. S. E.

TWENTY-THIRD THOUSAND

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1920

Tribute of Love
to
My Children
With Whom I Have Traveled
the
Beautiful Road of Life.

NIHIL OBSTAT:

Franciscus J. Beckmann, S.T.D.,

DIE 15. APRILIS 1920. CENSOR DEPUTATUS

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URSULINE NUNS
EAST MCMILLAN ST.
CINCINNATI, O.

Foreword.

HERE, dear reader, is another charming devotional work from the heart and the pen of the author of the "Spiritual Pastels." I am sure it will appeal to you and to many a soul, hungry and athirst after justice, as much, if not more, than did the "Pastels."

The little book has been christened "Rabboni, Heart to Heart Before the Tabernacle," because its every page speaks heart to heart with Him, Who from His Altar is forever pleading: "Come to Me, and I will refresh you."

There are many souls, who yearn for more fervor in their visits to the Blessed Sacrament and in their Communions. This "fire of an ardent desire," as a holy writer calls fervor, needs constant kindling. "Rabboni," dear reader, will set the smoldering flame aglow and keep it burning. You will find in it something for every mood of your mind and every feeling of your heart. It will inspire you and aid you to plead more humbly, to beg more confidently, to be more grateful and patient and resigned and charitable, like your Divine Master, and you will arise and go forth from His Presence, saying, while your heart burns with you, "Be glad, O my soul, and give thanks to God for so noble a gift and so singular a solace left to me in this vale of tears."

JOSEPH M. WOODS, S.J.

Woodstock College.

St. Joseph's Day,

March 19, 1920.

Visits to the
Blessed Sacrament.



My Cherished Rabboni.

MY cherished Rabboni, it is sweet to kneel here in Thy presence. It is a joy to know that Thy dear Eyes are resting upon me,—that no part of my soul is hidden from Thee,—that every aspiration, every longing, every desire is known to Thee.

What dost Thou think of my soul, my darling Lord?

Does it reflect a little of Thy beauty?

Does it seem to be ridding itself of the marks of sin?

Is there anything to which I cling that prevents Thy grace from working freely therein?

There are times when I think I am rather free from scar and stain, that my battles have left but glory in their train; and then again as I kneel at Thy dear Feet, sweet Lord, a consciousness of Thy great purity pours in upon me and my poor bedraggled soul looks as though no ray of light had ever broken in upon it, as though my cher-

ished Rabboni had never taken shelter within its gloomy depths.

How long it takes, beloved Lord, to polish and refine this dwelling place of my beloved King!

But even this, sweet Lord, cannot make me sad, for I know that Thou art working daily in my soul.—I know that each time Thou comest to my soul, Thou takest away some defect and doth purify me of some stain.—I know too the day will come when I shall be pure and pleasing in Thy sight.

I long so to be a storehouse from which others may draw the strength and encouragement to reach Thee.

I yearn to be filled with peace so full, that it may overflow into the hearts of others.

I pray that every one who comes near me may be attracted to Thee, my cherished Rabboni.

I know there is much to be given away, my darling Lord, before Peace takes up her abode in the soul,—I know

that I must not reach out in desire for those things which destroy peace,—I know that I must not seek honor, praise, consideration, preference, but that I must bend all my energy to *give* honor, praise, consideration, and preference to others.

My dear King, I am willing to give up every thing,—I am willing to sacrifice every satisfaction to win Peace.—I am willing to give up my will in every circumstance to purchase Peace.—I want to empty my heart of every self-seeking in order that peace and love and strength may enter.

O my cherished Rabboni, let me be Thy little servant giving out these precious gifts to all whom Thou sendest along my pathway. Let me overflow with Peace,—overflow into the troubled hearts of others. Let me pour love into the sad and lonely hearts in the world. Let me strengthen the weak wills and steady the steps of Thy wayward children.

O dearest King, take me and use me as Thou wilt. Give me nothing that

this world treasures. Pay no heed to the dryness of my poor timid nature, but let me be Thy tool,—Thy lowly, humble tool,—happy to be used by my cherished Rabboni in His fashioning of souls for His Mansion of eternal joy and peace unending.



My Tender and Forgiving Lord.

(Confession.)

Tender Lord, art Thou willing that I should kneel before Thee ere I make my way to beg absolution of Thy Priest?

I want to thank Thee, sweet forgiving Lord, for Thy powerful grace that has shone so brightly upon my soul, revealing to me stains long since forgotten,—wounds of years gone by, which, though confessed and forgiven, have left their mark behind.

I scarce know what words to utter to my darling, tender Lord, for while I grieve for having caused Thee pain, I long to fly to Thee in love and confidence.

It may be, sweet Lord, that my soul is not scarred with crime and vice, great shame if it were, but are not my infidelities, my coldness and my resistance to grace as painful in Thy sight on a soul so steeped in grace, as are the mortal wounds on the soul of an ignorant, pitiful sinner?

My soul, darling Lord, my soul, flooded with light and inundated with

grace, is weighed down and heavy with the vapors of the world, nauseated and bewildered with its incessant whirl.

Insensible to Thy sweet influence, deaf to the pleadings of Thy Voice, heedless of Thy constant knocking at my heart, indifferent to Thy appeal, I turn from Thee day after day, my tender Christ, nor do I hasten to return; but Thou, in Thy exquisite mercy, comest to me and I hear Thee whisper to my soul:—"Come to me, all ye, who are weary and heavily laden and I will refresh you."

Beloved Lord, forgive me. I grieve for having pained Thee, because I love Thee who art so good, so true, so patient.

Thou hast waited for me time and time again, on the roadside of life and I have passed Thee by. Thou hast whispered to me in the midst of the pleasures of the world, Thou hast called to me through the din of merry voices and I have not listened,—I have not heeded, but rushed on madly, bowing and paying court to the votaries of fashion and of mirth.

I cast myself into Thy dear sacred Arms and beg Thee to take from me my load of infidelities. Cleanse me from my sins, beloved Lord, and heal me of my wounds.

Let Thy tender Hand rest upon my breast, sweet Saviour, and quiet the passions that surge therein. Place Thy Finger as a seal upon my lips that I may utter naught that may offend Thee, my beloved King.

Oh! Why have I ever pained Thee? Why have I not loved Thee always and served Thee with all the strength and nobility of my heart?

I love Thee now, my dearest Lord. Take my heart. It is Thine. May it never pain Thee more. May it never stray from Thee. May it never seek repose outside of Thee.

Were it to happen, dearest King, that I should think to find rest and peace away from Thee,—were I to look for contentment outside of Thee, let me drink of bitterness and sorrow until driven back to Thee, my King, my Lord, my tender and forgiving Friend.

Kind Guardian of My Soul.

Lord Jesus, divine Guardian of my soul, teach me to pray every hour of my life. Teach me to keep myself united to Thee at every step I take.

My days are full of social duties and my nights are passed amid the lights of fashion and the glare of worldly glory.

It seems an empty life, sweet Lord. It weighs heavily upon my heart at times. It wearies me with its incessant call, and its empty laughter sickens me and I would wish to bury myself in some secluded corner where blooms the flower of peace, and where truth and sincerity sweeten the air with their precious fragrance.

But, my King, my Lord, this cannot be. I cannot run away. I must stay at my post and listen to the monotonous jingle of empty words, and smile and laugh at the tinsel pageantry as it passes and repasses before my weary eyes.

Dearest Lord, is there not some way, while steeped in the sea of the world, that I can weave into my life an eternal value that will be to Thee a token of my love, a proof of my desire to live closely bound to Thee while threading my way through this maze of unsteady lights, my lips pressed to the empty cups of pleasure?

Divine Lord, there must be some way by which I can love Thee with all my heart,—by which I can exult in the presence of my Master in my soul and still stand at my post amid all the light and dazzle of the world.

Dear Lord, it must be so, else how could I have this ever eager longing to possess Thee, to serve Thee, to live for Thee while forming a part of the great procession of seekers after pleasure.

Since it must be that I tarry yet a while amid this froth and bubble, teach me, my cherished Lord, how to bring to this whirl of social gayeties, the fragrance of Heaven and the influence of the King of Heaven.

I wish to play well my part. I wish so to move in the circle of society, as to gain, at every moment, Thy approval, my divine and loving Lord.

While seated at the bountiful tables of the Rich, help me to keep my heart lifted above the natural satisfaction of the moment.

While striving that my dress should be in keeping with my station, grant that it may never offend Thee in the slightest degree, dearest Lord, and that I may sacrifice anything that might wound modesty.

While mingling with the everyday chatter of the card table and the incessant rush to the theatre, help me never to let fall a word to mar charity nor the exquisite beauty of Purity.

As I go my rounds from one distraction to another, let me whisper, from time to time, my Lord, a word of love to Thee, so that my life, dressed as it is in the garb of worldliness, may prove to be a life lived in the supernatural, full of power for good and strong in its purpose of sanctity.

Teach me, beloved Lord, to be good gracefully. Let my striving after Thee be so well-tempered that my efforts may not jar on others.

May my life be so pure and so upright that Thou wilt take up Thy abode within me, beautifying my actions, sweetening my words, ennobling my thoughts so that I may attract many souls to Thee,—so that I may help others, weary of the emptiness of worldly fame and shallow glory, to seek Thee as their strength and comfort and, while burning incense at these tawdry shrines, to murmur unceasingly Thy name, divinest Lord, and to become daily more and more, Thy true disciples, Thy ardent admirers, Thy loyal slaves.



Divine Healer of My Soul.

Divine Healer of my soul, dear Physician, tender Father, look upon my wounds, my scars, my seared and ulcered soul.

Lord Jesus, wilt Thou heal me?

I am troubled with many ills,—my miseries are great,—my weakness sad to look upon.

I wonder, dearest Lord, that I venture to come so close to Thee! Even nearer would I draw, lower would I bend beside Thee, for, dearest Lord, it is only the touch of Thy dear Hand that can soothe my open wounds,—only the sound of Thy dear Voice that can fill my soul with courage,—only the love of Thy dear Heart that can reassure and make my life abound in joy and peace and eager striving after good.

Tender Healer of my soul, Thou knowest how weak I am. Thou hast seen my many falls. Thou knowest, too, that when with certain persons I

fear to acknowledge Thee, lest they think me prudish and unworldly. Thou knowest well, dear Guardian of my soul, how often Thy sweet and gentle voice has called to me and I have paid no heed; Thy kind face has chided me and I have turned away my eyes; Thou hast asked for shelter, stood expectant at the door of my heart, but I have been busy with other quests and there was no room for Thee, my Lord.

Lord Jesus, I am weary of it all—wearied of the struggle to keep in touch with Thee and yet not displease the world;—wearied striving to silence the longing of my heart for the stable things of life;—wearied of the endless demands of the world and the emptiness of its promise.

Beloved Healer of my soul, give me strength to battle with this never-ceasing, all-enduring array of difficulties that meet me at every step. Give me light to see that all that glitters is not gold, the grace to understand that there is but one thing necessary,—my salvation; and that every sacrifice no matter how painful, is as dross com-

pared with the reward in store for me and that nothing on earth can satisfy my heart.

Grant me to realize that no joy here can be complete, no pleasure give full contentment, no honor quench the thirst of my soul for the imperishable glory of Heaven.

Let me turn my steps towards Thee, sweet Lord, before age has crept upon me. Let me not wait until the vase is shattered, the flower withered and its fragrance spent upon the desert air. No, beloved Lord,—no. Accept now the offering of my life, surrounded by its pleasures and cares, its joys and sorrows, its hopes and disappointments.

Let nothing prevent me from keeping my heart lifted to Thee, so that, in the midst of all the distractions of life, I may move on towards Thee, my divine Healer, my loved Physician, my tender Father. May I also draw others to the feet of Him who is the Way, the Truth, the Life and Joy Eternal.

*My Friend, My Counsellor,
My King.*

My divine Lord, I adore Thee here before me in the Tabernacle, I love Thee and know that Thou lovest me and art pleased that I have come to speak to Thee.

I love to come and kneel at Thy Sacred Feet. I love to tell Thee how much I long to resemble Thee in Thy kindness and goodness and truth.

Dearest Lord, grant that I may love Thee with a love that will keep me ever mindful of the higher things of life,—with a love that will make me go about my duties with a cheerfulness and graciousness that will bring joy to the hearts of others,—with a love that will help me to carry my cross with nobility and dignity, as one would carry some precious treasure.

Grant, my dearest Friend, that I may find comfort in drawing near to Thee,—that each time my heart rests near Thine, it may become more tender, more patient, more generous.

Sweet King, grant that some of Thy beautiful spirit may penetrate into the very marrow of my bones,—that my thoughts may become broad and noble,—my words pure and gentle,—my actions, dignified and gracious,—my aspirations, Godward,—my will strong and determined.

Dear Counsellor of my soul, make known to me just what Thou wouldst have me do and say and think, so that each day I may become better,—each day less selfish,—each day more like to the Heart of my Friend, my Counsellor, and my King.

O my own sweet Lord; change me; work in me; take from me all that pains Thee,—all that is a disappointment to Thee,—all that keeps me from becoming the strong and noble woman that I long to be.

Take my heart, my King, my gracious Lord, and give me Thine that I, like Thee, may go about doing good and making others happy. Work so freely in me, divine Master, that Thy Presence in me may attract others to follow after Thee and may they find virtue

the most engrossing interest in life, and the practice of goodness a source of joy and satisfaction.

Good-bye, my divine and cherished King, I am going out into the world now. I wonder will anyone feel that I come from Thee? That I have been close, quite close to Sanctity? That I have been speaking to the greatest and tenderest of Friends? That I have been listening to the kindest and wisest of Counsellors?

I do hope some one will feel it, dearest Lord. I should be disappointed did I know that I had none of the fragrance of the Tabernacle about me,—for Thou knowest, divinest Lord, that I want people to know that I am Thy little slave, Thy willing tool, Thy servant, and Thy child. But, sweet Master, how can they know this unless there be some mark upon me, unless something in me makes them think of Thee?

I shall begin by being kind to every one, so kind that those who see me will wonder where I learned it and will watch and find that I come daily to

visit Thee, my King, and they will guess the secret, and will come to Thee themselves. Then I shall be Thy little conquerer too, conquering souls and leading them gently to Thy Feet.

Good-bye once more, my tender, loving Lord, I shall come to Thee again tomorrow. Now I am going out to work for Thee by thinking of Thee, loving Thee, and smiling for Thee, my tender Friend, my patient Counsellor, my great and wondrous King.



My Beloved Guide and Master.

(Retreat—First Day.)

“Come and rest awhile, my child,—away from the noise and tumult of the world.—Come and rest with Me. Alone together let us talk over the needs of your dear soul, the aspirations of your heart.”

’Tis thus I hear Thee speak, my dearest Guide and Master, from out the depths of Thy much-loved Tabernacle.

Prostrate before Thee, my cherished Guide, I humbly beg the grace to pass these few days of prayer, in all reverence, recollection and love.

Divine Master, throw upon my heart the search-light of Thy all-seeing Eye that I may know the weaknesses that have made my life imperfect in Thy sight,—that I may see the spots of leprosy that so disfigure me and the ravages of the worm of pride that have gnawed into the fabric of my soul.

What has been the influence of others upon me? What has been my influence upon them?

As I look back over my life, I see it full of pleasures, sprinkled here and there, with gayeties and frivolities of every kind;—or perhaps laden with disappointments, worries, sorrows, and annoyances. A full life indeed!

In Thine Eyes has it been full, beloved Master? This is the point,—This is the *only* point worthy of consideration.

Have these pleasures, these social duties, with which my days are well-nigh full,—have they so weighed down my heart as to make it difficult for me to lift it to higher things? Have they so dulled my mind as to make me blind to my greater duties? Have they so vitiated my taste as to leave me no relish for Holy Communion?

Or if my life has felt the pressure of the Cross, if trials have beset my path, have these burdens embittered me? Have they weakened me? Have they led me to seek comfort in more distraction, in the pleasures of the world?

The world can never sweeten the bitterness of the Cross. The world

can never smooth the edge of trial. I know all this, dearest Master, yet when the sorrow weighs on me I turn for help to the paltry things of life.

What will it matter, a few years hence, whether or no I have been popular,—whether or no I have eked out of life all the pleasure it could give? But it will matter if through the pleasure and through the pain, I have kept my soul untouched by sin and pleasing in Thy sight, my cherished Lord.

Lay Thy Hand upon my head, dearest Master, and bless my Retreat. Give me the grace to drive from my mind all thought of the world. Let me spend these days retired, alone with Thee. Silent, too, that I may hear Thy Voice and listen to Thy dear Will in my regard.

Beloved Guide and cherished Master, help me to realize the responsibilities of life,—*my* responsibilities. Make me understand that I have a great work to do and that it is not by chance that I am here in this world. I am here for the sole purpose of becoming good,—

good as Thou dost understand goodness, not as the votaries of the world would have it.

It is not by chance that I am here for this Rétreat. It is a time of tremendous obligation as well as of tremendous grace, of deep-searching light, and of strength to do the right, no matter what the cost.

Let it then be to me, divinest Guide, a lifelong good, the opening to a life of holiness and of familiar knowledge of the Master of light and love and unending peace.



My Life, My Light, My Strength.

(Retreat—Second Day.)

Beloved Lord, this is the second day of my Retreat. If the first has not been so well spent as I should have wished, nor so silent as I had promised it should be, I shall strive that today may be better.

I beg of Thee, true Life of my soul, to penetrate my heart with Thy light. Let me feel Thy Presence. Let me feel the *need* I have of Thee.

Grant that things of the world may not have so great a hold on me,—that they may not blind me to the real value of life.

Although I am not worldly to any great extent,—although I receive Thee, sweet Lord, quite frequently in Holy Communion and am faithful to the requirements of the Church,—although I see nothing in my heart that startles or affrights me—still I know for all that, my life, my *inner* life, my *true* life, the life that counts in Thy sight, may

be very shallow, very shabby, empty of the things of real worth.

I realize, divine Master, that no matter how crowded with human affairs my days may be,—no matter how many social wheels I turn, unless I live a life of prayer, earnestly striving to grow daily better, more kind and more thoughtful of others; unless I accept the difficulties of every day life with patience and carry my cross with a cheerful and loving heart; unless I do this, my life is of very little worth.

Teach me, beloved Strength of my soul, to have recourse to prayer in every event of life. Let me feel the *need* of the Blessed Sacrament. When my heart is sad, or wounded,—or I am worried, disappointed, or perhaps chafing under some unkindness, draw me to Thee, tender Master. Make me realize that at such times Thy strength alone can be of any help to me.

If my lips cannot utter a syllable, let me at least kneel in silence before Thee.

What need hast Thou, kind Light of my soul, what need hast Thou, that I should *tell* Thee that I suffer? Thou

knowest the pains hidden from all the world, the annoyances that I must bear alone, heartaches that checker my entire life, the endless chafing that robs life of its glow, and weighs heavily upon my untempered heart.

Teach me, beloved Lord, to profit by the suffering that comes across my path. Let me so use it that it may mellow me, not harden and embitter me,—that it may make me patient, not irritable,—broad in my forgiveness, not narrow, haughty, and overbearing.

Bless then this second day, dearest Master. Grant that I may better understand myself and what Thou expectest of me.

Let my day be one of more serious thought and reflection,—an opening out of a broader, more unselfish life, a life more in touch with Thine, sweet Lord, so that from now on every thought, word, and act may be rich in good to my own soul, may overflow into the souls of others and may give pleasure to my beloved King who is my Life, my Light, my Strength, and my everlasting Joy.

Tender Shepherd of My Soul.

(Retreat—Third Day.)

The time is drawing to a close, tender Shepherd of my soul, when I no longer may pass the day with Thee. I must go out into the world and take up the same duties. I shall meet the same people and I shall perhaps be thrown in the same occasions wherein before I fell.

Now what am I going to do, dear Shepherd? Will I battle for awhile and then fall exhausted by the way-side?

Through these days of quiet, peaceful thought, have I not learned to know Thee better, dearest Shepherd, to understand the true meaning of Life?

Do I not realize that it is an effort to be good,—that it is a struggle, a constant struggle to prevent myself from being drawn into the mighty world-current surging about me?

When the ideals of my associates fall below those Thou hast given me, divine

Lord, shall I hold back and tremble to face their sneer, their cold and piercing gaze? Or will the thought of Thee, sweet Shepherd, be my strength and steady me to be true to my King?

It is very hard, divine Lord, but I can hear Thy reassuring Voice with its promise of victory.

Divine Shepherd of my soul, I have a deep longing to be good, but a great fear of the pressure of external things and at times I lose sight of Thy beautiful Face which today is a charm to me. Today I have an ardent desire to lead an entirely new life, a high supernatural life. I feel today as though no cloud, no hardship, no suffering could deter me from being good.

“If the skies are dark and low,
And the waves run fast and free.
Oh! what to me are the clouds?
What are the waves to me?
Out on the offing there
A form in light I see.”

Grant, beloved Lord, that all through the coming years Thy beautiful Form may stand out before me, no matter how great be the storms that rage in

my bosom,—no matter how thick and dense be the fogs that close in about me.

“Stand, my beautiful Lord,
So that Thy Face I see.

That its smile and Thine outstretched Arms
My beacon light may be.

And what to me shall be foaming wave
But foothold to come to Thee.

“All through the coming years,
Call, keep calling to me

And clamp the trust in my heart

That shall steady my steps to Thee,

Then catch me up in Thine Arms at last

And bear me where I would be.”

Bless then, tender Shepherd of my soul, this last day of my Retreat. Let me pass it in close union with Thee. Let it be a day of preparation for Thy coming tomorrow in Holy Communion. I want my heart to be swept and garnished for the coming of my Lord.

Touch then my heart with Thy never-failing grace that every passion may be silenced that others may behold Thee in me and may there be nothing of myself remaining.

Holy Communion



I WISH TO GIVE MYSELF TO YOU IN
THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

Preparation for Holy Communion.

My dearly beloved Lord, behold me in Thy presence, my heart yearning to be worthy to receive Thee tomorrow.

Some time ago I came to Thee poor and weak and sickly, blind of soul, with spots of leprosy upon me. What am I today? Have I changed any since I last clasped Thee to my heart? Have I begun to show the influence of Thy Presence, my beloved Lord? Am I stronger since I last feasted on the Bread of Angels?

Have I been kinder in my words, more forbearing in my dealings with others? Can I kneel here before Thee, my beloved Lord,—before Thee who knowest every emotion of my heart, who knowest how hard I am in my judgments, how full of bitterness and sarcasm? Can I kneel before Thee, my dearest Lord, and feel that I am worthy to receive Thee?

Art Thou willing to come to my heart, —Thou who art so pure, so good, so

true,—to me who am so weak, so scarred, so besmirched and marred?

Oh, change me, my beloved Lord!—
Change my heart, dearest Saviour,
and make it a power for good.

Take away from me all that is a
cause of pain to Thee,—all that keeps
Thy grace from working freely in my
soul.

I am ready to conquer myself. I
long to do much for Thee, but I give
way so easily and then become dis-
couraged.

But, dearest Lord, stay by me.
When Thou seest me weak and tot-
tering, remember what I say tonight.

I offer myself to Thee that Thou
mayest mould me, that Thou mayest
impress upon me the greatness there
is in virtue, the joy of self-conquest and
the happiness of being all in all to
others.

Receive me then, my Jesus, as Thy
child. I love Thee and wish to learn
to know Thee better, day by day, that
I may resemble Thee ever more and
more.

Thanksgiving After Holy Communion.

Dearest Saviour, beloved of my soul,
Thou art clasped within my poor but
loving heart.

I adore Thee my King, my Friend,
my Lord.

I love Thee with all the ardor of my
soul and I thank Thee for accepting
the shelter of my wayward heart.

My Saviour, I do not realize the
greatness of Thy Gift to me but I love
Thee oh! so deeply and wish that I
did love Thee more, that I might be
transformed in Thee and Thou in me;
that I might catch Thy sweet and
gentle ways and imitate Thy beautiful
treatment of others.

Would that my life in the midst of
the world showed that I had come in
contact with Thee, my Jesus; that,
like the woman in the Gospel, I had
been cured of all my miseries by the
touch of Thy garment.

Oh! my sweet Lord, I have done
more than this poor woman. I have

held Thee in my arms in Holy Communion. Nay more, Thou hast come into my heart and made of my poor weak body a shelter for Thine own.

Why then am I not more like the Guest who rests within my bosom? Why do I not borrow His ways and throw aside all that savors of myself? Why do I not fling aside my sharp and cutting manners and clothe myself with Thy sweet and gentle ways?

I know that with Thy grace I can so change myself as to make this heart of mine a power for good, a force to urge to higher thoughts, to nobler words, to stronger actions, those who come under my influence. I not only know that I may do this, but that I must do it if I wish to fulfill my mission in the world.

If I thought frequently of this, how different would I be? If I realized the times unnumbered that Thou dost stand at my heart-door knocking for admittance,—begging for permission to make me worthy to join Thee, my beloved Lord, in Thy quest for souls,—if I realized this, how different

I would be! My actions then would be full of gentleness, of kindness, of sympathy, and of unselfishness. They would be a living, visible proof that Thy yoke is sweet and Thy burden light.

Oh! then take my heart, my Jesus. Transform it into Thine, prune and cut as Thou seest fit. Hold me near to Thee, Lord, that I may not wander back into my selfish ways.

O my own dear Lord, lay Thy hand in blessing upon me that I may be strong and valiant and firm in my resolve to be good.

Grant that amid all the pleasures that await me, one Voice may whisper in my ear, one Hand guide me on my way, one Face be ever before my eyes, —Thy Face, my own dear Lord, Thy sweet, kind Face, a Beacon Light in all my doubts, & solace in my pains, a joy forever.

Preparation for Holy Communion.

Tonight I bring my heart to Thee, my dearest Jesus, to Thee I dedicate it. Unformed and weak and timid I place it at Thy feet. Oh! lift it up, my dearest Lord; take it to Thyself and form it. Make it strong to do the good Thou askest of me. Make it bold to resist the wrong, courageous to ignore the criticism of those about me.

O my own dear Lord, let this year be full of progress, full of merit, full of good. Let me be faithful to the inspirations that come to me at every moment. Let me listen to Thy sweet Voice that bids me keep back the impatient word, the unkind look, the selfish act.

I beg of Thee to grant that I may cause no pain to any one. Let my days be one long chaplet of cheerful, loving kindness. Let no word of mine, no act, however small, wound the heart of any one.

Teach me, my dearest Lord, to know Thee, to understand Thee. Let

me, each day, sacrifice something of my ways, so that Thy beautiful characteristics may be gradually stamped upon me. - May Thy charming ways become my ways; Thy sweet and gentle words my words; Thy pure and noble thoughts, my thoughts; Thy kind and tender acts, my acts, so that all in me may bear, little by little, a stronger likeness to the One who in my heart will rest tomorrow morn, my Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Let all in me bring joy and peace and happiness to others. May no one be less good for having come within my influence. May no one be less pure, less true, less kind, less noble for having been a fellow-traveler in our journey towards Eternal life.

Good-night, my dearest Jesus. Bless me before I go. Lay Thy tender hand upon me, Thy child, who longs to be like unto her Lord. Come to my heart tomorrow and fill it with Thy grace. Take away all that looks like sin, that I may never pain Thee more, my own sweet Lord.

I love Thee now, but oh! do Thou increase my love so that all I do, or think, or say, may bear the mark of my Lord, my Friend, my All.

Thanksgiving After Holy Communion.

Dearest Jesus, once again I find myself alone with Thee,—heart to heart with my God, my Saviour, and my King.

What can I say to Thee that Thou mayest know that I am happy in Thy presence, happy in the love Thou bearest me, longing to make some return for all Thy goodness to me who am so cowardly and so ungenerous towards Thee, my dearest Lord?

What can I do to show Thee that I love Thee? What sacrifice can I make to prove to Thee that I wish to resemble Thee? I hear Thy dear sweet Voice reply:—"Be perfect."

This is much to ask of one so weak as I, my Lord, and yet I know that if Thou dost ask, Thou dost also give

Thy grace, Thy love, Thy never-failing light that shines forever upon the Model I have chosen to imitate in all its beauty and strength.

Let my life be one long study of this Face so pure and good,—one continuous effort to reproduce in my soul the likeness of Him who loves me with a tender, merciful love.

Grant that I may keep my eyes so fixed upon Thee, my dearest Lord, that Thy sweet expression may become mine,—Thy beautiful sentiments may creep into my soul,—Thy tenderness, Thy charity may shine in all my actions so, like Thee, I may “go around doing good.”

This is my resolve,—to grow like to Thee, my Lord. And when the days seem hard and trials difficult to bear, I shall remember, sweet Lord, that I pledged my word to Thee, that my life should be one constant, loving effort to become like Thee in thought and word and deed.

Preparation for Holy Communion.

My dearest Lord, truly present before me in the Tabernacle, I adore Thee and I offer to Thee my heart poor and miserable as it is, that Thou mayest guide it and watch over it.

How many times in the past I have knelt here before Thee, speaking words of love, of gratitude, of amendment.

Have I really loved Thee, my dearest Lord, or have my actions belied my heart?

Have words merely trembled on my lips speaking of love, and adoration when my heart was filled with passions of every kind?

Have I shown by word and deed that my Confidant and Guide was a Prince, a King,—nay, the Prince of princes, the King of kings, my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ?

Or has my life been a striking contrast with that of my Model?

Could I take this heart of mine and lay it near to the Lonely Watcher in

the Tabernacle and find in it a reflex of His Sacred Heart?

Have I been generous, thoughtful of others?

Has my heart nourished bitter feelings?

Have I given vent to cutting remarks, unkind insinuations, unjust criticisms, while each remark, each insinuation and every criticism brought me a degree lower in beauty of soul, goodness of heart and resemblance to Thee, my Lord?

Have I been faithful to the whisperings of grace bidding me show no resentment for an unkindness?

Have I been ungrateful and haughty when corrected?

Do I find myself after my Confessions and Communions, better, nobler, truer?

How much I might do, did I fix my eyes on Thee, my dearest Lord!

Will the future be a reflex of the past or an era in my life of renewed strength and of greater sacrifice of self?

It is sad to think that I, who have come in contact,—in such intimate contact, with the Noblest, the Truest, the Best, should find myself so below the mark.

Would that I might be generous enough to follow Thee, my dearest Lord.

Is my life to be spent in vain wishes?

Shall I, on my death-bed, find myself so distant from the goal of my desires? Or shall I let Thee work now in my heart, so that when Thou comest to meet me, Thou mayest find me waiting, my lamp trimmed, and on my brow the victor's crown, and in my heart the peace and happiness which this world cannot give, but which Thou alone canst bestow on those who follow Thee?

Oh! my own sweet Lord, bless Thy child. Bless me that I may not wander from Thee, that I may be strong and valiant, firm in my resolve to do good.

Good night, my Lord, I thank Thee for Thy goodness to me, who, though

so anxious to please Thee, am yet so weak.

May I love Thee ever more and more. Through all life's troubles may my heart be ever faithful to Thine.

Thanksgiving After Holy Communion.

Yes, my dear and loving Saviour, I adore Thee here within my breast. In this poor weak heart of mine, I hold the Friend, the best and dearest. Here beneath my folded hands is He, who by His touch and by His word cured all diseases of soul and body.

I thank Thee, O my loving Lord, for visiting me.

I would ask that Thou shouldst rest with me forever, that Thou shouldst make of my heart a dwelling place, a shelter from the coldness and indifference of the world.

Do Thou prepare it for Thy coming. Take from it all that can mar the happiness of Thy dwelling. Give me

the Peace of which the Angels sang to those of good-will.

Give me light to see Thee that I may study Thee in every detail of Thy beautiful life,—patience with all about me,—the sick, the irritable, the fault-finding, the exacting, the rude and vulgar.

Let me be sweet and gentle in the events of life, — in disappointments, thoughtlessness of others, insincerity of those I trusted, unfaithfulness of those on whom I relied.

Give me Thy fidelity to duty, no matter what the cost.

Teach me, my dearest Lord, to put myself aside, to think of the happiness of others, to hide my little pains and heartaches, so that I may be the only one to suffer from them.

Make me strong, my own dear Lord, that I may be a solace and a comfort to those around me, that I may bring help to those in need, sympathy to the suffering heart, happiness to those in sorrow, peace in trouble, and strength and comfort to the weak.

How happy should I be, my dearest Lord, could I bring souls to know Thee more intimately, to serve Thee more faithfully, and to love Thee more ardently.

Give me this favor, my own dear Lord, that I may grow to be more like Thee, that my heart may resemble Thine in its beautiful kindness; that each day may bring me closer to Thee, my dearest Friend, my King, my Lord,—to Thee, whom I love with all my heart and whom I wish to serve cheerfully and lovingly and faithfully forever.



Preparation for Holy Communion.

My Jesus, I love Thee. I feel that Thou art here present, looking at me,—knowing just how much my soul needs Thee, how weak it is, how often it purposes to do well, how it longs to resemble Thee in all,—in its sweetness to every one, in its thoughtfulness of others, its forgetfulness of self.

But, O my sweet Jesus, all this is so very hard.

If Thou dost not take me by the hand and make me do it, I fear I shall be imperfect all my life. Still Thou knowest, dearest Lord, how strong is my desire to please Thee, how sincerely I wish to be good, charitable, constant, unremitting in my thought of others, so as to give Thee pleasure, my King, at every moment of my life.

While Thou wert on earth, Thou wert always helping others,—helping the sick, comforting those in sorrow, speaking tenderly to those in pain, noticing those who were unnoticed by others.

Why do I not do this? Why do I not give myself to all? Why do I so dislike to be disturbed, when I am doing something to my taste?

O dearest Lord, dost Thou ever become discouraged with me? Shall I ever be of any use to others?

When Thou comest to me tomorrow, do please change me. Show me what I most need. Thou knowest that I love Thee and that I am willing to do anything for Thee. Do not fear to ask what costs. I may hesitate, I may draw back, I may even refuse, but in the end I will do it, I will submit.

Accept then my poor, weak heart. Transform it, cut it, burn it, shape it as Thou wilt. It is Thine and it shall be Thine for all Eternity.

Thanksgiving After Holy Communion.

My dearest Lord, I adore Thee resting here within my poor, weak heart. What can I say to Thee, my Jesus? How can I ever tell Thee of the

longing that I have to love Thee and to give my heart to Thee? What have I done that Thou shouldst be so good to me, so generous, so merciful?

My Jesus, let me linger near Thee. Let me hear Thy gentle Voice. Let me feel Thy Presence in my soul, for I need Thy influence to make me true to Thee. I need Thy grace to keep my heart in touch with Thine,—to keep it lifted up above the earthly charms that might allure and tarnish it.

O my divine Master, give me strength to resist the evil, power to do the good that Thou wouldst have me do. Teach me to realize that my great aim in life must be to become better, to grow daily more unselfish, more kind, more patient, more noble, more upright, and more just.

Help me to see things in their true light, to judge of things as Thou dost judge them,—justly, kindly, mercifully.

Grant me the grace, my dearest Lord, to seek Thee in my pains and troubles; in doubts and perplexities to turn my heart to Thee. Let me feel

the strength hidden in the Tabernacle, the peace and quiet of the soul that draws near to Thee. Draw me to Thee to pour out my soul's secrets at Thy Feet, to seek comfort in my sorrows, solace in my pains, sympathy in disappointments, light in doubts, and strength to do my duty, no matter what be the obstacles.

O my sweetest Lord, take this heart of mine and change it, transform it into a heart worthy of Thee, filled with the desire to resemble Thee, to live a truly noble life, a supernatural life—a heart determined to bring sunshine into other lives, to live for others, to bear much for the sake of others.

Thou seest how much I need Thee, my dearest Lord. Away from Thee I can do nothing, for life is hard at times and there is much that Thou alone canst smooth and soften.

Bless me, my Lord, before I go and give me strength to show Thee that I love Thee, and let my heart, for at least today, resemble Thine.

Preparation for Holy Communion.

Dearest Jesus, behold me once again prostrate at Thy Feet,—loving Thee as I did before, wishing to love Thee more each day, longing to come in contact with Thy Sacred Heart, begging that I may become so familiar with Thy dear Voice that I may be ever faithful to Thy loved Will.

Yes, my dearest Lord, I truly wish to learn to love Thee, to imitate Thee in Thy greatness, to pass over the many little things that are better left unnoticed. May I learn to imitate Thee in Thy gentleness and sweetness, that nothing in my conduct may jar on others, nothing may hurt them, nothing may cause them pain.

May my life, like Thine, dear Lord, tend to sweeten the lives of others, to spread sunshine everywhere, that no word nor action of mine may cast a shadow on their pathway.

Did I but think of this more often, how many sharp words would be silenced, how much more kindness in

my actions, how much sweeter the expression of my countenance, how much kinder every thought.

O dearest Jesus, tomorrow I shall receive Thee into my heart. I shall hold Thee for whom I am longing, for whom I am willing to make any sacrifice that shall make me pleasing to the King of my heart, my soul's supreme Delight.

Tell me, dear Lord, the secret of Thy goodness. Help me to see my many faults and the way to correct them.

I love Thee, yes, I love Thee, my divine Lord, with all the ardor of my soul. May my whole life be one long act of love and gratitude to Thee, who art of all friends the Best and Dearest, my King, my God, my All.

Thanksgiving After Holy Communion.

Prostrate at Thy sacred Feet, my King, my Lord, I offer Thee my heart with all the love of which it is capable,—with deepest gratitude for all the great

favors of the Retreat, with all the good resolves Thou hast prompted me to make.

I thank Thee, my own dear Lord, for coming to me this morning. My heart seems too full to speak,—too full of the real true joy of the Saints.

Why this joy,—this happiness? Because I have come close to Thee, my dearest Lord,—to Thee the Fountain of all real, true joy,—the Source of all good.

How sweet Thou must be, my dearest Lord, if here on earth Thou fillest with delight those who strive to please Thee.

What can I do, my Saviour, to prove to Thee my love?

Could I take my heart and hide it in the Tabernacle, away from all that tempts it,—could I lay it at Thy sacred Feet, apart from the clamor and din of the world, how sweet 'twould be! how easy to serve Thee!

But I must go out again into the midst of much that lures me, where even strong hearts may sometimes waver, but where this frail, weak heart of mine is sure to go astray, unless

Thou, my Lord, doth hold me fast in
Thy strong Arms.

How sad it seems, that while telling
Thee that I love Thee, I should fear
all the while to be unfaithful to Thee.
Surely this is not love, but flattery.

O Jesus, my Lord, listen while I tell
Thee what my heart yearns after.
One only desire have I,—to serve Thee
perfectly, to prove to Thee my love by
fidelity in just those things in which I
have been so weak,—in those things
against which Thy kind Voice has
warned me during my Retreat.

O my Jesus, when again the moment
comes and I feel weak and wavering,
do Thou speak to me,—speak loud;
dear Lord,—let me hear Thy warning
call. Oh! surely then I will come
back to Thee,—I will turn my face from
the things that charm, to look at Thee
my Lord, my Friend, my All-in-all,
Surely with Thy sweet Face again in
sight, I cannot waver. My heart is
cold and hard betimes, but not so cold
that Thy sweet Presence cannot warm
it, nor so hard as to be unconscious of
the pressure of Thy dear Hand upon it

I tarry long, my own dear Lord, but I needs must say still one more word to thee . . . Bless me Lord! Press Thy lips upon my brow, that I may ever think of Thee Put Thy Arms about me, that I may stand firm against all shocks . . . Let me look once more upon Thy beautiful Face, that I may recall it when the days are dark and gloomy Then, oh! then, let me hear Thy tender Voice as it whispers to my heart,—“Canst Thou not bear it just a few years more? Canst thou not watch with Me a little longer? Canst thou not resist for a life’s short span, in order that I may give thee the happiness without alloy, which I have prepared for those who fight and conquer?”

O my Jesus, may I never refuse Thee anything Thou askest. May I ever give all and may my heart be ever ready to receive Thee, so that on the grand Reckoning Day when I shall stand face to face with my Lord and God and Judge, He may not be a stranger to me, but my Friend for Life Eternal.

Preparation for Holy Communion.

Let me kneel quite close to Thee, my dearest Lord,—look up into Thy sacred Face, and read therein the secret of Thy loveliness.

Let me realize within my heart that Thou art truly present here before me. . . . I can hear Thee say,—“My Child, fear not! It is I.”

Who art Thou, dear Lord? My Friend? Ah! yes, dear Lord, I need a word from Thy kind Heart,—a word of love that I may know that, in spite of all my faults, Thou lovest me with a very tender love;—that though I should become not one whit better, Thou dost still love me.

Why art Thou here, my Lord? To strengthen me? Ah! yes, I know. I am so weak,—so changeable, so frail. I mean so well, sweet Lord . . . I mean to be strong, and firm when lo! another's look, another's vexing word, some ill-success, some tiny cut is great enough to shatter all my strength.

Why art Thou here, sweet Lord?
To enlighten me? Ah! well I know
that I am blind,—I do not see what
keeps me back from Thee,—I do not
see that I seek myself, not Thee in all
I do,—that I am cold and hard and
oftentimes I judge unkindly of those
about me, and am narrow in my
thoughts of them.

And Thou, my dear and loving Lord,
wert always kind,—wert ever pure and
true.

Ah! come to me tomorrow morn . . .
Touch my heart with Thy dear Hand
and make it true and good like Thine.
. . . Make me eager to grow better
every day. Give me an earnest long-
ing to be helpful to all with whom I
come in contact.

O Jesus, dearest Lord! make Thy
child good, and sweet, and noble, that
she may bring others to Thy sacred
Feet.

Good night, my own dear Lord,—
Lay Thy tender Hand upon my head
and bless me. Touch my heart with
Thy never-failing Grace, that every
passion may be silenced, every evil

inclination weakened . . . Come to me tomorrow morn that I may be lost in Thee,—that others may see Thee in me, and nothing of myself remaining.

Ah! dearest Lord, help me each day to grow like Thee, so that when my heart is all transformed in Thine, Thou wilt bid me lay aside my work and wilt take me to Thy Home for all Eternity.

Thanksgiving After Holy Communion.

This is indeed, my beautiful Lord, one of the happiest days of my life.

My heart is emptied of so much which heretofore prevented me from knowing how sweet it is to love Thee, to hold Thee in my heart, to be, as it were, the Tabernacle of the Living God.

No words of mine can half express the joy that wells up in my heart, nor the love and gratitude with which it is filled for Thee, my Lord, my God, my All.

May I be ever faithful to the graces of today. I ardently wish to become truly holy.

I long to be of some lasting good to those round about me. I realize today, better than ever before, the need I have of Thee, my Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

I know that unless I come in touch with Thee, through Holy Communion, kneel at Thy Feet and become filled with Thy Spirit, I can do nothing for Eternity.

Unless my words come from a heart that "from time to time, goes out from the haunts of men" and mounts to Thy Throne, they will not be warm with the ardor of Thy love and therefore will fail to burn into men's lives and hearts.

Unless I come from "the Audience Chamber" of my King, I cannot give His message to the world.

Unless I banish idle and frivolous thoughts and purposes in order to listen to the Voice of my King, I shall

never speak words of weight that are to move the wills of others.

How easy it has been for me during these days to kneel before Thee, here, my dearest Lord, listening to Thy Voice, receiving Thy sweet message.

Oh! Grant that I may carry Thee out into the world, that I may bring to the hearts of others, Thy beautiful message of Love.

How sad to think there may be sad hearts I can console, weak spirits I can strengthen, timid souls I can make brave, heavy burdens I can lift from the hearts of others, yet, in this labor of love for the Master, I may be found wanting, because I will not conquer myself, will not move aside from the crowd to pass some moments with Thee, my Lord, in the Tabernacle of Thy Love.

Give me strength to be faithful to Thy Will . . . Lay Thy Hand in blessing on Thy child who leaves Thee now for a little space to carry to the world the joy and happiness she feels today.

Preparation for Holy Communion.

(Christmas.)

Sweet Jesus, come to me tomorrow morn,—come to me to prepare my heart for Thy Birth on Christmas Day.

To Whom better can I go for preparation than to Thee? Who better knows, than Thou, what is necessary for Thy coming?

I can see Thee, dearest Lord, begging shelter from heart to heart, that Thou mayest be born therein. Over the still, silent air come the oft-repeated words:—"There is no room for Thee." No room for Thee, sweet Lord! Why, my loving Saviour? Because blinded by pride, they cannot recognize the Guest who begs admittance? Ah! yes, I understand, my Lord.

Again to other hearts Thou goest. I hear Thee lift the latch and beg a corner for the night . . . But, no; they are over-crowded and bid Thee take refuge upon the hillside within some desolate, forsaken stable, lately abandoned by the beasts.

Ah! dear Saviour, did they but know what they have lost, did they but recognize the gentle King who humbly pleads for help, would they not empty their hearts of the crowd of guests that leave no room for Thee?

My heart yearns to offer Thee some compensation but I have not anything worth presenting to my King. How could I venture to offer Thee my poor and dingy hut? As thus I stand urged on by love and yet withheld I see Thee turning down the lane that leads to my poor dwelling-place.

Sweet Saviour, dost Thou really mean to enter in? I have nothing to offer Thee, my divinest Guest. There is but one poor room with some old, faded tapestry upon the walls, with here and there, a remnant of old-time splendor,—splendor that was wont to charm Thee ere the breath of the World tarnished it and the worm of Pleasure had destroyed its brightness and its glow.

But see! Thy Hand is upon the latch! . . . Thou liftest it! Lo! it resisteth not! . . .

Come, my own sweet Guest, and enter in Would that I had a place more worthy of my Lord, a resting place for my great King, some solace for the weary, aching Heart of the sorrowful Traveler who has no place whereon to rest His care-worn Head.

Beloved King, sweet Saviour, what can I do for Thee? Dear Lord, I shall love Thee forever more.

Behold my little hut, sweet Lord,—my poor unfurnished heart seems all aglow! . . . What transformation this! . . . Its poverty and wretchedness are lost to view and in their place is my great and loving Guest, my Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Ah! never leave me more, my Lord. Surely Heaven must be very near. Stand forever at my hut-door, sweet Presence of my Saviour, to bid the weary, wayward, footsore traveler enter, that through my heart many may be led to Thee, the dearest, truest, kindest Friend in all the world.

Thanksgiving After Holy Communion.

(Christmas.)

O Heart of Jesus, truly present in my poor heart, I thank Thee for coming to me this morning and while my heart seems so cold, my Faith tells me that Thou art resting here as Thou didst rest near the Well of Samaria long years ago, and I hear the same sweet whisper to my soul,—“My Child, give me to drink.”

Give Thee to drink, my dearest Lord! . . . What shall I give to Thee? . . . 'Tis nearly Christmas time and so busy am I with the thought of friends who expect from me that I scarce have taken note of the Lonely Watcher who rests by my heart-well and whispers to my soul,—“My Child, give Me to drink.”

How can I look upon Thy pure, sweet Face and not feel grieved that, amidst all the hurry and bustle of this gay, unheeding world, I am wont to

pass Thee by unrecognized and seem to care so little what gift Thou dost receive.

Ah! dearest Lord, how loud soever be the din of voices, the clatter to and fro of hurrying steps, the mad elation of worldly pleasure or the deadening weight of luxury and ease,—Thy sweet and gentle Voice still whispers,—“My Child, give Me thy heart.”

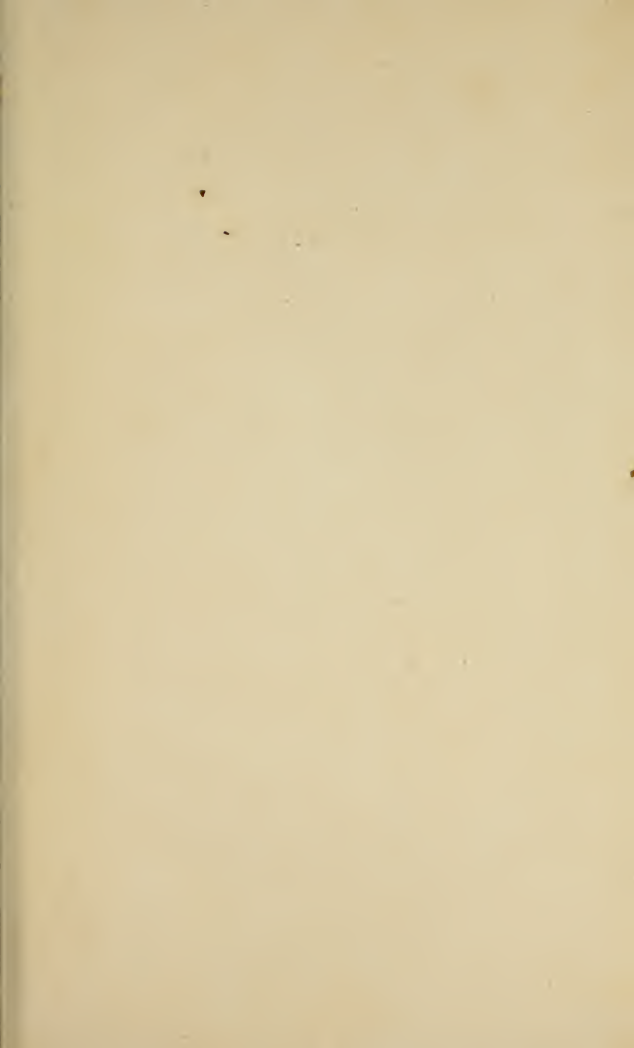
And so I pause a moment on the roadside of my busy life, to turn my eyes to gaze upon the Face of Him, who asks me for my heart and in a moment, of fervor and joy, I say,—“Yes, Lord, take it, it is Thine.” When lo! it resisteth me! What chains are these that prevent my heart from lying prostrate at Thy Feet? I, who find it so easy to do my will at all times,—to gratify myself in every way,—who have but to wish for something and, be it ever so difficult to obtain, devise some plan by which it comes within my grasp. How this heart to which I have given everything it craved, refuses me in this one request I make,—it will not obey and give itself to Thee, my Lord!

Oh! I beg Thee, my God, to break away the ties that bind it. Tear up the roots that cling to earthly things. Lift my heart above the mire and scum of this world's fascinations and give it a yearning after Thee, sweet Lord,—so strong a yearning that nothing of this world may lure it from Thee.

Bless me, dearest Lord . . . Take my heart ragged and torn and bleeding and place it close to Thee, that it may be transformed,—that its every beat may be an act of adoration and of love.



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