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*Thoughts on
His Life and Lessons*

J. E. MOFFATT, S.J.

Minute Meditations—Series VII

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His Life and Lessons*

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By

J. E. MOFFATT, S.J.

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TO
MY FATHER AND MOTHER
AT HOME
WITH GOD

FOREWORD

It is an uncontested truth that we are inevitably affected for good or for ill by those with whom we habitually associate. If my companion's heart is noble and his conduct always worthy of praise, I shall unquestionably be blessedly influenced by frequent contact with him and gradually grow unto his likeness. If, unhappily, I find myself the constant associate of one whose life has been contaminated by the base things of the world, I too shall soon have caught the dread contagion and share with him his ugly malady.

If this be true of our everyday relations with our fellow men, no less true is it of our spiritual relations with Christ Jesus. We cannot live long in close intimacy with Him without in some degree taking on His likeness. To study the details of His conduct, to ponder the words that fall from His lips, to con over the lessons He teaches — this will inevitably, little by little, effect in me that which is the holy

ambition of every worthy Christian, a transformation into "Another Christ."

That this little volume of THOUGHTS ON HIS LIFE AND LESSONS, the seventh in the series of "Minute Meditations," may aid some souls to attain this blessed transformation is the prayerful hope of the Author.

May the Adorable Master for whose love these simple thoughts have been collected bless them with His holy unction and grant abundant grace to those who use them.

J. E. M.

Feast of the Purification, 1938

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WHAT IS MEDITATION?

Meditation, in a broad use of the term, means simply a serious reflection on any subject. All of us do this constantly in the commonplaces of daily life. As a form of prayer, meditation is a serious reflection on some religious truth or event for the purpose of exciting in us sentiments of contrition, humility, faith, hope, and love, and to move our will to form good resolutions for the bettering of our lives.

WHERE AND WHEN TO MEDITATE

We can meditate, as St. Alphonsus tells us, in every place — at home or elsewhere, even when walking and at our work. How many there are who, not having any better opportunity, raise their hearts to God and apply their minds to mental prayer without leaving their occupation. He who seeks God will find Him everywhere and at all times.

HOW TO PROCEED

First: At the beginning make an act of the presence of God and adore His Divine Majesty. Thus: "O my God, I firmly believe that Thou art present and I adore Thee with all my heart."

Second: Make an offering of your meditation to God. Thus: "O my God, I offer this meditation for Thy greater honor and glory and for the good of my soul."

Third: Fix in your imagination some picture appropriate to the meditation you are about to make. *In the meditations in this booklet you will represent to yourself our Blessed Lord or our Blessed Mother, as the subject matter of each meditation will suggest.* This picture in your imagination will help to recall your thoughts to the subject of your meditation should you become distracted, as also to remind you of it during the day.

Fourth: Ask for the special grace you wish to gain through the meditation.

Thus: "O my God, through this meditation deign to grant me the grace of . . ." The grace will vary with the subjects of your meditation. For example, if you are about to meditate on the patience of Jesus, you will ask for the virtue of patience; if your meditation is on the charity of Christ, you will ask for the virtue of charity, and so on. Through the meditations in this booklet you will wish to gain the grace of a greater knowledge and love of Jesus in order that you may follow Him more faithfully. You may also ask for some special grace.

Fifth: Read the meditation carefully, fixing its principal thought deeply in your mind. Those who can afford more time for meditation should read very slowly and pause after every few words, dwelling upon their meaning, eliciting acts of love, sorrow, repentance, desire, and so on, and making practical resolutions. Persons whose time is too limited to make this leisurely prayer will strive to accomplish the same results during

their "Minute Meditations" throughout the day.

Sixth: Lift up your heart in prayer to God, to our Blessed Mother, or to the saints, using your own words or choosing a brief ejaculation that you may recall during the day.

Thoughts on
His Life and Lessons

THE MASTER'S LIFE STORY

THREE years had Peter spent in intimate companionship with Jesus. Three precious years had seen him seldom long out of sight or hearing of Him who had won his heart's strong affection. Day after day had he walked by His side along the dusty roads and through the fields. Day after day had he sat at His feet to harken to His words of wisdom. He had been with Him in the halls of the mighty and in the hovels of the wretched and lowly. He had witnessed His dealings with those who loved Him dearly and with those whose hearts were bitter in their hatred. Surely if anyone had reason to know the Master it was Peter. And it was Peter who, at the end, told the story of his Master's life in the brief, meaningful sentence: "He went about doing good."

"He went about doing good." Such was the sweet life story of Jesus. Such, too, are the lives of those goodly folk

whose love of the Master has transformed them into His likeness. No mere avoidance of evil can satisfy these noble hearts; positive good in rich abundance is ever found in the wake of their passing. From dawn of day till dark they wend their way of kindly-doing. Now it is a soothing word to one whose heart is sorely bruised, or a smile of generous encouragement to light a life that has been clouded darkly. Now a helping hand is offered to sustain a fellow toiler along life's weary journey or a bit of another's burden is unselfishly borne lest it crush him utterly.

Thus they go their kindly way, these lovable imitators of the lovable Master — everywhere, always doing good. And what a blessing is their presence! But am I of their number?

O Sweetest Heart of Jesus, I implore that I may ever love Thee more and more.

AT THE PORTAL

I DID not know that it could be so sweet to die." So spoke the dying lips of the venerated priest of God to those who stood about to comfort him as life's flickering flame grew every moment fainter. Long years had this veteran son of the Soldier-Saint Ignatius battled bravely for the cause of his Captain Christ, and now that taps were sounding at the close of life's toilsome day his priestly heart was glad with an unexpected gladness.

"I did not know that it could be so sweet to die." Blessed sentiment to well spontaneously from the dying heart on the threshold of eternity! Blessed, indeed, but possible to him alone whose life has merited so sweet a closing.

There will be sweetness in life's latest hour if from dawn till dusk of life's brief day each thought and word and work shall have been nicely attuned to the ultimate purpose of our earthly tarrying.

There will be joy in the thought of meeting God when we are nearing our journey's end if all along the way we shall have demeaned ourselves as those who know that earth is but a testing place to prove our worthiness of dwelling eternally in our Father's home.

Yes, it will be sweet, indeed, to die, but only if the sweetness of dying has been purchased by sweetness of living. If in a reeking world of sin I shall have kept my heart's sweet purity untainted; if sweetness in all my words and ways shall have brought something of the sweetness of Christ into my life, then will I, too, be able to say with the holy priest of God as he was setting forth on his eternal journey: "I did not know that it could be so sweet to die." Could I say that now if this were the hour of my dying?

O Sweetest Heart of Jesus, I implore that I may ever love Thee more and more.

A SERIOUS PRAYER

IT IS the hour of the Morning Sacrifice. God's vested priest, with voice hushed to reverent stillness, prays before the Holy of Holies. Thrice has the silvery tongue of the Sanctus Bell echoed through the holy place its blessed warning of the quick approach of the sacred moment when the re-enactment of the Miracle of Love shall bring God once again upon the altar.

Swift fly the moments. Eagerly Christ's minister expects the coming of his Maker. But ere he bows him down to breathe the awful words that shall change bread into his Creator, he pauses and prays pleadingly a prayer that well may make us also pause and ponder. "Grant," he pleads, "that we may be rescued from eternal damnation and counted within the fold of Thine elect."

"That we may be rescued from eternal damnation." Oh, that is a frighteningly serious prayer, is it not? Eternal damna-

tion! A sickening, horrifying thought, and yet a possibility for me! From life's early dawning till our latest dying breath we are never far from the brink of the bottomless abyss. Forces of surpassing vastness spend themselves for our unending ruin. Hell's mighty hordes are ever grimly massed for the attack upon our soul. Skulking fiends of darkness lurk at every turning of life's pathway, and Satan's cunning emissaries plot and plan and treacherously lay snares for our destruction.

Yes, eternal damnation is a grimly horrifying possibility. Life has its joys, indeed, and the heart of man should blend in harmonious chorus with the blessedness about him, yet in the midst of his exulting joyfulness it will be right healthful to pause betimes and, with God's priestly minister, humbly pray the prayer: Grant, O Lord, that we may be rescued from eternal damnation and counted within the fold of Thine elect.

O Sweetest Heart of Jesus, . . .

THIRST

THIRST can be a very dreadful trial when it is great and there is naught wherewith to stay its seething ardors. Out on the scorching desert sands, or in the maddening clutch of a fever bed, what tragic horrors follow in the wake of the dread specter!

That is the physical thirst that tortures the body. But there is another thirst, the thirst of the spirit, and it can be no less terrible. There is within the heart of man an innate craving for happiness, a burning thirst that knows no quenching, and tragic it is, indeed, when the questing soul loses the way that leads to the Oasis in life's desert.

Some there are who seek to slake the thirsting of their spirit at the stagnant pools of earth's vapid amusements, or who drink deep draughts from the deadly cup of the world's empty honors. But the fever raging in their soul grows ever fiercer as they drink the deeper. Or some

there are who press their lips to the luring founts of creature-love or sip from the poisoned springs of forbidden pleasures. Yet is there no surcease of the burning thirst that tortures their spirit. Ah, no, indeed! For the heart of man has God for its end, and vain it is to seek to replace Him with creature substitutes.

Life's sorry wrecks that strew earth's every highway like bleaching bones upon a desert waste, all tell the tragic story of thirst-maddened souls frantically seeking, and never finding, the one sweet Oasis whence they may "draw waters with joy from the fountains of the Saviour."

And all the while, in accents sweetly alluring, comes the voice of the Master gently inviting: "If any man thirst let him come to Me and drink."

O Sweetest Heart of Jesus, I implore that I may ever love Thee more and more.

LONELY SUFFERING

TO SUFFER at all is a thing from which our nature shrinks instinctively. But to suffer alone, ah! that is to make the suffering doubly to be dreaded. Companionship in my hour of trial is a very precious boon. When sorrow has come to harrow my soul or when ills of body shackle my tortured limbs to a bed of pain, how good beyond all telling, to find by my side a friend to pour the balm of his strong affection upon the wound that gnaws at my heart or, by his comforting presence, hearten my failing courage to bear my physical sufferings.

Yes, friendly companionship is a precious thing in the hour of suffering. But what of those other hours when we must suffer alone? What of those hours when the anguish of my soul lies hidden in such secret closets that even my dearest earthly friend is utterly excluded from its sharing? What of those hours when the forms that pass my bed of pain are

stranger forms and the eyes that look upon my suffering are unkindled with the light of friendly sympathy? What then? Ah, then, if I would bear my suffering in Christian wise, then must I go in spirit to the moonlit Olive Garden and kneel by the side of the loneliest of all lonely sufferers, Christ Jesus. He who bore in awful solitude the horrors of Gethsemane's midnight agony — the soul-torturing and the crushing physical pain, will understand full well my lonely suffering and, by His loving sympathy, soothe the hurts that sear my spirit or shore me up to bear in manful wise the fierce ardors of the relentless fever or the cruel agony of tingling nerves.

Yes, life will have its suffering, for such is our lot here below, yet there will be sweetness mingled with the cup of bitterness whose dregs I must drain if only I drink it with Jesus as He drinks, in lonely abandonment, Gethsemane's chalice of untellable woe.

O Sweetest Heart of Jesus, . . .

NOT I, BUT CHRIST

I LIVE now, not I, but Christ liveth in me." A strong statement, that, yet true on the lips of St. Paul who had made himself so thoroughly one with Christ by perfect charity.

"Christ liveth in me." Would those words on my lips have as true a ring as when they were spoken by the Great Apostle?

"Christ liveth in me." In the attitude I bear toward life, in my estimation of values, the worth I set on the good things of time as measured up against the things of eternity, would anyone knowing me intimately, judge that "Christ liveth in me"?

The thoughts that habitually form the subject of my musings, the images that linger on the screen of my imagination, my hopes and plans and aspirations — are they always such as one would expect to find in him in whom "Christ liveth"?

And when I come and go amongst my

fellow men, be it out where the milling masses toil for daily bread or be it amongst the precious ones who gather with me about the family hearth, with stranger folk or with the dear ones who are a very part of my life, is all my conduct in every detail such as to make quite clearly manifest that the noble, gentle, kindly Christ liveth in me?

“Christ liveth in me.” Looks through my eyes? Or would He withdraw blushing from things my eyes are not afraid to rest upon? Listens with my ears? Or would He turn aside from much in which I find delight? Speaks with my lips? Or would He not very, very often be still where I bandy words about in thoughtless, sometimes merciless wise?

“Christ liveth in me.” Could I honestly say that? I wonder.

O Sweetest Heart of Jesus, I implore that I may ever love Thee more and more.

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL

WRITTEN by the finger of God on a table of stone, nor yet less lastingly graved on the fleshy tablet of each human heart, we read the everlasting Law of rightful regard for others' goods: "Thou shalt not steal."

"Thou shalt not steal." By God's good grace we know full well that we would never dream of aught so base as filching from the treasures of our fellow men. That were too mean a thing for one who bears the Christian name and we would never stain our soul with such shameful perfidy. That which another holds as rightfully his own we will respect unflinchingly.

So we tell ourselves, indeed, and yet I wonder if a bit of honest self-examining would not reveal a deal of ugly pilfering? The heaped-up gold and precious stones that others hoard and hold — that would I never touch; but treasures richer far beyond compare, what of my attitude to-

ward them? What of my fellow man's fair name, his goodly standing in the circle of his friends, that priceless jewel which, by the poisoned word maliciously let fall or by the cruel insinuation, I despoil him of? What of the wealth of God-given joy that floods his heart and sends him blithely on a path that else were thickly strewn with thorns — am I not guilty of reaching thieving hands to others' goods when by my unkind ways I bring sorrow into his life? Or am I not stealing shamefully when I withhold from him the love he has a sacred right to share and I as stern a duty to bestow on him?

“Thou shalt not steal.” No thief am I who fain would steal my neighbor's purse, ah, no, but what does my conscience tell me of the safety of his more precious treasures from my pilfering?

O Sweetest Heart of Jesus, I implore that I may ever love Thee more and more.

WHEN LOVE IS REAL

THE sufferings of one whom I love are no more painful to him than they are painful to me. Be it a trial of serious moment that weighs him down or a passing shadow that dims the sunshine of joy in his life, I cannot but be deeply affected by his affliction if my friendship be true.

Thus it is ever between earthly friends and thus, too, is it between the Gentle Master and those who really love Him. To these it is no matter of indifference that the tender Heart of Jesus is made to bleed by His ungrateful children. No, if He is saddened by the thoughtlessness of those whose minds are seldom raised to Him throughout the livelong day, then will these ardent lovers of Jesus strive to comfort His sadness by keeping His memory ever bright as the brief hours wing their swift flight to the closing of life's day. If others find the dim solitude of His sanctuary home an unlovely tarrying

place and leave the lonely Prisoner of the tabernacle to count off the weary hours all alone, then will those whose hearts are really warm with love for the Gentle Master encroach generously upon their hours of rest or play to wear away the step of His home by frequent calling upon Him. If Jesus, their Friend, is ruthlessly expelled from His lawful throne in countless human hearts and a rival of creature love set up in His stead, then will His devoted lovers strive to make repair by ridding their own hearts utterly of every attachment to earthly vanity to prove the loyalty of their devotion.

Oh, yes, to those who really love our Lord His sufferings are ever a matter of deep concern. Could I call myself a real lover of Christ judged by that standard?

O Sweetest Heart of Jesus, I implore that I may ever love Thee more and more.

SEEING THE MASTER

THEY had obeyed the Stranger's command, had the weary Apostles after their fruitless night of toil on the lake, and the miraculous draught of fishes had been their rich compensation. With feverish ardor they tugged at the nets and filled the boat well nigh to sinking. Yet in the midst of the general excitement, one, John, the Virgin Disciple, could not withdraw his gaze from the form of the Stranger who stood on the shore kindly intent on their happy labors. Scarce could he believe it, yet — yes, now he was certain! Then stooping to Peter, he whispered excitedly: "It is the Master."

A beautiful scene, and not without profit might we tarry upon it. Seven there were in the little boat that eventful morning yet one only, the Virgin Disciple, saw through the Stranger's disguise and discovered the Master. "Blessed," Jesus had said long ago, "are the pure of heart for they shall see God."

How true it is! All of us who know aught of the loveliness of Jesus long to see more of Him, long for closer familiarity with His adorable Person. We, too, like His dear sainted ones whom we contemplate with holy envy, would know the joy that comes of walking through life hand clasped in hand with Christ Jesus.

Ah, yes! But do we forget that to see Jesus clearly there must be naught to blur our spiritual vision? that to experience the sweetness of His love there must be naught to vitiate our taste for food so precious? that to enjoy the privilege of familiar intimacy with the Gentle Master there must be no rival stealing our heart's affection?

Is that, perchance, why Jesus is still somewhat of a Stranger to me? Something to think on, surely!

O Sweetest Heart of Jesus, I implore that I may ever love Thee more and more.

IT IS THE MASTER

IT IS the Master." John knew it must be He whose simple command, as simply obeyed, had wrought such a marvelous miracle. Their own efforts, laborious, night-long, had left their nets empty; surely, then, it must be the Master to whom was due their belated success.

"It is the Master." If only we, too, like the Beloved Disciple, would ever give credit where credit is due! If only we, too, in humble simplicity would ever see in the happy event of our cherished endeavors the hand of the Master! Yet how often we fail to do so! When by some preventing grace of God our stupid clumsiness has not spoiled utterly the task set for our doing, how quick we are to take the glory to ourselves, magnifying out of all proportions the microscopic worth that escaped our awkwardness, and all the while forgetting that "it is the Master" who has saved the work from ugly ruin.

Oh, yes, indeed, it is a needful lesson

to learn if I would not be shamefully mean in pilfering from God the glory that is His due. If it be that I am possessed of gifts of mind and heart that set me a bit apart from my less favored companions, if strength and grace of body be mine, if wisdom to plan and power to do are numbered amongst my endowments, then must I bear myself in humble wise, mindful that "it is the Master" to whom belong these treasures of which I am but the custodian. To hold them as my own were ugly arrogance. And yet, if I am honest with myself, must I not admit that over and over again I seem to forget completely my native nothingness and deal with God's property quite highhandedly?

What says my conscience?

O Sweetest Heart of Jesus, I implore that I may ever love Thee more and more.

COME

WHERE He stood, calmly poised upon the angry waters, facing the little boat as it struggled in the clutches of the raging tempest. Peter believed it was the Master whose familiar voice through the roar of the storm spoke words of encouragement, yet would he have undeniable proof. "If it be Thou," he cried in the excess of his boundless trust that the Master's command could effect the impossible, "If it be Thou, bid me come to Thee walking upon the water." And the Master said: "Come."

"Come." To us also, over and over again, the same Gentle Master speaks a like invitation. Over and over again in the depths of our soul we hear the whispered urge to draw closer to Jesus — to leave the ways of ordinary goodness and take the path that leads to sanctity. But have we always the goodly ardor that sent Peter over the side of the boat at least to attempt the seeming impossible?

“Come.” But the winds are strong and the waves dash high and we fear to step forth on the treacherous waters. Jesus stands there and we long to be near Him, but we shrink from braving the obstacles.

To come close to the Master — to reach holiness — will call for manly self-conquering. My ugly pride and stupid vanity must needs be ruthlessly trampled upon, and there must be a deal of pitiless violence done to my sensual nature. Worldly ways and worldly views must go, and there must be a fearless acceptance of the “hard sayings” that nature shrinks from — mortification of my vagrant senses, a bit of penance now and then, and much, much more of prayer must run through the skein of my life.

Hard? Yes, but the Master says: “Come!” Can I refuse at least to try?

O Sweetest Heart of Jesus, I implore that I may ever love Thee more and more.

WITH CHRIST

WITH Christ I am nailed to the cross." Thus did St. Paul tell the story of his life of hardship, and as with him, so too with most of us, life is not all sunshine. How often the clouds of suffering wrap us round and the way we have to tread becomes a painful "Way of the Cross" leading ever to another Calvary where some new cross holds forth stark arms to embrace us!

Today the ruthless sundering, by death or infidelity, of bonds that bound me close to one who meant the very world to me, has left me crushed and broken. Or, perchance, my reputation has been shamefully defamed by lips that copiously distill the bitterness of an unloving heart. Failure, too, when I have put my very best into a work I longed to do for God, or cold indifference from one for whom I have unstintingly spent myself—just such as these, and many, many other trials that gall and vex, make life a series

of oft-repeated crucifixions and I find myself wretchedly pining away upon a cross of unavoidable human woe.

Yes, much of life must be a crucifixion. And yet it need not be the very dreadful thing I am so prone to make it. Indeed, if only with the wisdom of the Great Apostle I would frequently remind myself that WITH CHRIST I AM NAILED TO THE CROSS, then would life's painful places become its most precious portions. Nailed to the cross WITH CHRIST! Ah! That makes all the difference in the world!

Be it sickness of body that pinions me upon a bed of suffering or sickness of soul that grips me in crushing embrace, whatsoever form the trial may take, yet will my strong sustaining comfort be that, WITH CHRIST I am nailed to the cross.

O Sweetest Heart of Jesus, I implore that I may ever love Thee more and more.

BETRAYED

IT WAS in the courtyard of the High Priest's house. Peter, who had followed the Master "afar off," stood warming himself at the fire in the midst of a group of soldiers and servants. The company was hostile and he carefully strove to conceal his identity. But his efforts were futile. That he was one of the Master's disciples was increasingly evident. Twice had he boldly denied the charge, foresworn all acquaintance with Jesus. Then came one whose well-tuned ear had caught the telltale accent of the Galilean and with firm assurance flung the accusation full in the face of the cringing Apostle: "Thou also art one of them for even thy speech doth betray thee."

"Thy speech doth betray thee." How true it is! And, when I pause to think of it, what a matter for prayerful reflection!

Peter's speech betrayed him as a close

companion of Jesus. Would my speech bear like witness to my relationship with the Gentle Master? Does every word that falls from my lips bespeak a life deeply dyed with His lovable spirit? Would anyone hearing me speak know quite certainly that I am walking the way of life hand in hand with Christ Jesus?

“Thy speech doth betray thee.” What does my speech betray of me when the character of a fellow man is the theme of my discoursing? What does my speech betray when the speech of another has dug a painful wound in my soul or when a cruel injustice has set my injured nature clamoring for a righting of the wrong?

In hours of suffering of body or spirit, when the nerves are all atingle and the soul is quite crushed, in disappointment and failure, or in the dangerous hour of success, what does my speech betray? A close companion of Jesus? Does it? I wonder?

O Sweetest Heart of Jesus, . . .

OBLIGED

TO THOSE who do me favors I freely own myself obliged. A kindness done calls for a kindness in return. A thoughtful act that proves my friend's unselfish love must be repaid in kind. He who has made me share his goods or who has given of his strength to shore me up when the burdens of life were crushing me down may rightfully hope to find me by his side to lend a helping hand in his hour of need. That is just the ordinary way with Christian folk and to act otherwise were to degrade myself in shameful wise.

Yes, such is our way of dealing with our creature friends, but with our Divine Friend, Christ Jesus, we seem to forget all the canons of good breeding.

Who, of all the dear ones whom I call my friends, has done a hundredth part as much for me as has the "Son of God who loved me and delivered Himself for me"? And yet how little obliged

to Him I seem to feel, at least if my ordinary conduct may be taken as an expression of my attitude toward Him! All that I am and all that I have He has given to me — body and soul and life itself. Faith, too, and the wonderful Sacraments, and countless personal gifts, but supremest of all, His very Self immolated for me on Calvary's shameful tree! All this has He done for me, and yet I seem so little concerned to make Him a fitting return!

A trifling service, a petty gift from an earthly friend, and I am all astir to prove my gratitude. But, though Jesus gave me His life, died in torments for me, yet can I find it in my heart to turn my back when He asks a bit of service of me.

Strange friend, am I not?

O Sweetest Heart of Jesus, I implore that I may ever love Thee more and more.

TRANSFORMATION

IT WAS on the summit of Tabor. Thither had the Divine Master led the favored three, Peter, James, and John, that in the vision of His glorious Transfiguration they might lay up a store of strength to sustain them in the tragic hour of His shame. "And as He prayed He was transfigured, and His face did shine as the sun and His garments became white as snow." Thus the Evangelist describes the glorious scene.

"As He prayed He was transfigured." Ah, yes, "AS HE PRAYED"! Surely we can never exaggerate the transforming power of prayer. And yet how many, even of those whose aspirations reach out to holiness, sadly underestimate its priceless worth! Laboriously they toil at the painful task of shaping themselves unto godliness. With merciless zeal they probe and examine and analyze, subjecting each hidden corner of their soul to microscopic scrutiny. Learned works of sainted lore

are diligently searched, and complicated plans of life are drawn up by which they hope to reach the summit of the mount of sanctity. Yet how often the returns from their painful toil fall sadly short of their fond expectations! And why? May it not be because they quite forget that, "*as He prayed* He was transfigured"?

"As He prayed." Not, indeed, that there must be no toil in our soul's sanctifying, but that with the toil there must be more of prayer, more childlike pleading with the Gentle Master who alone holds the key to the treasure house of holiness, more frequent basking in the light and warmth of His sweet presence, more close companioning with Him from whom goes forth contagiously the precious atmosphere of holiness.

Yes, "*as He prayed* He was transfigured." So was it with Jesus. So shall it be with me if only I submit myself to prayer's transforming influence.

O Sweetest Heart of Jesus, I implore that I may ever love Thee more and more.

CHARITY IS PATIENT

ST. PAUL had sounded the meaning of Charity to its deepest depths. And one of his findings is that "Charity is patient."

I like to think that I am charitable. But I wonder if the quality of my charity, my love of God and my neighbor, would not suffer a bit by comparison with the sterling quality of that described by St. Paul when he tells me: "Charity is patient"?

Let me apply the test. "Charity is patient." What of my patience, my ability, and my willingness to endure the painful things that come to me from God or from my fellow men? When I hold pleading hands to my Father in Heaven and urgently beg His favor for my temporal or for my eternal interests and He keeps me waiting—what of my patience then? Then, too, am I not often childishly petulant with Him when He deems it best to let me grow by slow degrees unto the stature of true likeness

to Him rather than, by a miracle of grace, to make me a saint in a day? And when I tell Him the story of my sufferings of body or soul, or the story of the sufferings of those who are dear to me, and He seems a bit tardy in lifting a burden He sees to be a sanctifying thing, do I not often pout like a spoiled child and show the lack of patient charity in my heart?

And with my neighbor? When his peculiarities ride roughshod over my sensitive soul, or when, perchance, he shrinks not from laying the cutting lash of ridicule or criticism or injustice mercilessly across my life—in such hours of trial, what of my charity? How does it bear the test applied by St. Paul: “Charity is patient”?

O Sweetest Heart of Jesus, I implore that I may ever love Thee more and more.

CHARITY IS KIND

CHARITY is kind." Ah, yes, indeed, if that which bears the stamp of charity be not a shameful counterfeit, it will be run through and through with that God-like quality of kindness.

"Charity is kind." Not merely in a negative sense whereby I refrain from doing aught to pain or vex my fellow men; not merely in the cutting remark withheld or the deliberate cruelty avoided — that there must be, indeed, but if charity be real there must be, too, a positive kindness reaching to its every nook and cranny just as the precious perfume, when the alabaster box had been broken, filled all the house with its delicious aroma.

"Charity is kind." If I be truly charitable then would the thoughts of my neighbor that lie hidden in the secret closets of my mind be a distinct source of joy and comfort were it given him to read my intimate appreciation of his worth.

“Charity is kind.” Not only in thought, but there will be also the largess of kindly words unstintingly dispensed as I journey the highways of life. And, oh, what a precious gem is a kindly word! A tiny thing, yet like a ray of golden sunlight it will penetrate the gloom that enshrouds a sorrowing soul and bring joy and gladness where the darkness and sadness of death have held tyrannical sway.

“Charity is kind.” In words, yes, but more in deed! Strange charity that, or better, no charity at all, which finds its duty done with the offering of the honeyed word or highly polished phrase. Ah, no! True charity will prove its sterling worth in kindly deeds—in deeds that cost in the doing.

Such is the charity of which St. Paul speaks, such is the charity of Christ Jesus. Can I honestly say: Such, too, is mine?

O Sweetest Heart of Jesus, I implore that I may ever love Thee more and more.

WHOLEHEARTED

THOU shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart." A serious command; indeed, on the testimony of Jesus Himself, the "greatest and first" of all God's commands. And yet I wonder how many of us observe its behest with anything approaching perfection.

"With thy whole heart." Oh, we love the good God, of course we do. Not to do so were to brand ourselves as utterly renegade to our most sacred obligation. But is that love *wholehearted* as God demands that it should be?

"With thy whole heart." Literally giving Him every nook and corner of it; suffering no rivals to a love that He, with right divine, demands all for Himself. Is it really thus that I love God, my Father? Oh, would that it were so! And yet does not my conscience blushing bear damaging witness against me?

"With thy whole heart." If so, then would there surely be more diligent pre-

occupation, in true wholehearted lover wise, with the memory of my God throughout my waking hours, with the things that make for His good pleasure, with the things that further His glory. Then would there be less shameful negligence in fulfilling His personal requests, less disregard of His precious gifts of grace, less weariness in His presence when I meet Him in prayer, less eagerness to leave Him to give myself to my creature friends.

“With thy whole heart.” Oh, no, indeed, I dare not claim as mine so perfect a love of my heavenly Father. A little love, yes, enough to save me from completely forfeiting His friendship, but such a shabby, weighed and measured thing, such a paltry, petty portion of a heart which, if given wholly, were all too small to give to Him who, being God, yet gives Himself to me.

Strange lover, am I not!

O Sweetest Heart of Jesus, I implore that I may ever love Thee more and more.

EXILED

OUT over the unfriendly desert sands in dead of night they flee away — Mary and Joseph and their Baby Boy. Strange, piteous sight! The fragile Maiden-Mother, the helpless newborn Babe, and Joseph, the Just Man, with frightened eyes leading their fugitive way through the gloom with hastening steps into an unknown foreign land! Strange sight, indeed, yet stranger still its tragic cause — a tyrant's jealous hate that would do death to our loving Lord whose coming to this sinful world was the painful purchase price of life eternal for mankind!

That was shameful treatment for the Gentle Master and the thought of it awakens just indignation in our soul. Yes, but were it not well for us to pause and examine ourselves to see if there is not at times something quite as shameful in our own treatment of Jesus?

Herod's cruelty exiled Jesus from His native land; yes, but is it less cruel on

our part or less painful to the Gentle Master to exile Him from the sanctuary of our heart? And yet what else am I guilty of when by sin I open that heart of mine to His archenemy Satan?

Or if, perchance, by God's good grace, I would not be guilty of ought so wicked as that, if Jesus is not an utter outcast from my heart, still must I not confess that my treatment of our Lord must make Him often feel far from welcome in His chosen home? Must not the shabby way I meet His requests, the listless indifference I manifest in His cherished interests, my lack of eagerness to have Him make my heart His home, and my undisguised weariness of His company — must not all this make Jesus feel quite like a stranger in this heart of mine?

Not quite like Herod, indeed, yet certainly shamefully unloving toward Jesus!

O Sweetest Heart of Jesus, I implore that I may ever love Thee more and more.

TOWARD EVENING

STAY with us because it is toward evening and the day is now far spent." A happy thought, that, of the two disciples as they walked by the side of the Stranger on the highroad to Emmaus. A happy thought, indeed, that kindly invitation, and richly was it rewarded when they recognized the Stranger in the Breaking of the Bread.

"Stay with us." Well for us, too, will it be to make that invitation our own and, as we travel the highroad of life, pleadingly whisper it over and over again into the ear of the Gentle Master: Stay with us, Lord!

"It is toward evening." Ah, yes, life's day is nearing its close. It is even now far spent. Soon the shadows of death's dark night will close in about us. Well for us then will it be, in life's latest hour, if along the way we shall have kept the Gentle Master as our constant Companion. Well for us will it be if by close com-

panioning with Him we shall have grown unto His likeness — shall have come to think His thoughts, to speak His language, to view life's joys and sorrows, to estimate life's worth and meaning according to His standards!

"It is toward evening and the day is now far spent." Yes, for life's evening hours press close upon the steps of life's earliest dawning. Scarce have we entered on the journey than the end is reached and the portals of eternity loom before us. And as we stand trembling on the threshold of that vast uncharted region, how we shall need the presence of Christ Jesus to guide our faltering steps aright and see us safely through a pass which none may venture unattended.

Then, let us often pray the prayer: Stay with us, Lord, for it is toward evening!

O Sweetest Heart of Jesus, I implore that I may ever love Thee more and more.

LONELINESS

LONELINESS can be a very painful trial. How eagerly the patient pinioned to a bed of suffering listens for the distant footfall that bespeaks the coming of a friend who will break the lonely solitude and help him speed the dragging hours! To find oneself abandoned by the very ones whose close companionship had once made life's weary pilgrimage a sweet and blessed thing is a grievous test of our courage and well it is if we are not utterly unmanned by it.

To be lovingly remembered when distance separates us from those whose hearts have been bound close to ours by bonds of warm affection is a quite natural longing, and there is little more crushingly bitter to bear than the sad awakening to the truth that we have been forgotten and that other loves have gradually replaced our own.

So is it with ourselves, and so, too, is it with Jesus, our dearest Friend. "Re-

member Me and visit Me” is the pleading cry that rises from the depths of His wounded Heart, and is it not sadly strange that there should be need for such a pitiful plaint? Strange is it not that we could forget our dearest, sweetest Friend, that Friend whose love for us is so immeasurably vast that death itself was not too great a sacrifice for Him when He would prove to us its vastness?

“Remember Me.” And yet, perhaps, we let the hours pass without so much as a thought of Him!

“And visit Me.” And swiftly we pass His door without pausing even for a momentary chat with Him!

Full faithfully we keep fresh the memory of our creature friends; right frequently we travel the path that leads to their door; but as for Jesus, our Friend Divine — well, is it not shamefully different?

O Sweetest Heart of Jesus, I implore that I may ever love Thee more and more.

THE ACCEPTABLE TIME

NOW is the acceptable time." What wisdom in the words! Procrastination is a disastrous thing even in the ordinary walks of daily life, but in the spiritual life it can be an irreparable catastrophe.

How swiftly life's precious minutes speed by to lose themselves in an endless eternity! And each precious minute as it wings its fleeting way goes richly laden with golden opportunities of wondrous worth. And is it not greatly to be feared that for some of us at least many of those golden opportunities are lost irretrievably because of our procrastinating spirit?

Oh, yes, indeed, we tell ourselves, we will begin that life of greater holiness, that life of generosity with God, that life of otherworldliness and mortification and prayer. We will, yes, but like the young man of the Gospel who would go first and bury his father and then come and follow Jesus, so, too, we plead for delay — we ask God to wait. Tomorrow, yes,

we promise it, tomorrow shall see us setting bravely, boldly forth on the glorious quest for sanctity.

Tomorrow! Fatal word! Tomorrow, then again tomorrow, and all the while, with lightning speed, the precious *present* which alone holds possibility for actual accomplishment, flashes by bearing away forever graces that, if used, would have made saints of us!

“Now is the acceptable time.” Oh, let us learn the wisdom of the word and in the *living present* use the precious graces for whose using the morrow will be all too late.

“Now is the acceptable time.” The acceptable time to cleanse my soul of the stains of sin, to speak the pardoning word, to repair the injury done, to set aright my every account with God and man.

“Now is the acceptable time.” Oh, let us seize upon that precious *now* lest tomorrow be a time of bitter, useless regretting.

O Sweetest Heart of Jesus, . . .

GRATITUDE

SWIFTLY, yet reverently, the Sacred Mysteries proceed. In the still hush of the crimson dawn Christ's anointed minister, with loving awe, tabernacles in his breast the Body of Him who has come into his trembling hands at his whispered command and now, with thirsting soul, he is about to purple his lips from the golden cup that chalices the Blood of his God. Yet a moment he pauses. A mighty tide of grateful love floods over his soul. A sweetly piercing pain forces from his inmost spirit a cry of eager, ardent longing to render to God a fitting return for all His boundless giving. "What shall I render unto the Lord," comes the prayerful sigh of his soul, "for all He has rendered unto me?"

What shall I render? What return shall I make? Oh, that is a goodly question to ask, a goodly question not only for God's vested priest as he gazes out over the immeasurable reaches of God's in-

finite giving, no, but a goodly question for each of us whatsoever be our rank or station.

Ingratitude is such an ugly thing, and yet most of us are so ungrateful. With grasping hand we take God's gifts yet seldom think to tell Him: Thank You. Life, and the dear ones to whom under God we owe it, all the blessed ones of the family hearth and the loving friends whose worth no weight of gold could ever equal; all the joyful things of life, and the sad things, too, that help so to my sanctifying, and then the greatest, grandest Gift of all—Jesus Himself as my Redeemer, Jesus as my sweet Companion on life's journey, Jesus as the Eucharistic nourishment of my soul—for all the limitless giving of His infinite bounty, what return shall I make?

O Sweetest Heart of Jesus, I implore that I may ever love Thee more and more.

A SAD COMPLAINT

O MY people, what have I done to thee or wherein have I molested thee? Answer thou Me." Strange, pitiful cry of the Heavenly Father wounded by the waywardness of His rebellious children! Strange, indeed, yet stranger still that same sad lament on the lips of the Gentle Master!

"What have I done to thee? Wherein have I molested thee?" Our Friend Divine, our Heavenly Benefactor, kind, with more than a father's strong kindness, loving, with more than a mother's tender love, prodigal in His bountiful giving even to the last drop of His own life's blood—and yet His very children treat Him as if He were a tyrant who by wanton cruelty has deserved their hatred!

And myself? True, I may not have to accuse myself of anything so wicked as that. I love our Lord, of course I do, and yet I cannot deny that He has ample

cause to address to me that heartbroken query: "What have I done to thee?"

With creature friends I take such care to give no cause for pain, but with Jesus—well, at times I just seem not to care. His precious love I set at naught to take a creature's love instead. His gifts, unstintingly bestowed, I grasp with scarce a word of thanks—at times I even use those very gifts to wound Him. The promises I sometimes make, I break at will, and even shrink not from an utter disregard of His commands. His company I seldom seek, and when I do I am so very rude. And when He comes to visit me I act almost as if He were a nuisance in my life.

Ah! Worthy indeed am I of that sad complaint: What have I done to thee? And what shall I answer?

O Sweetest Heart of Jesus, I implore that I may ever love Thee more and more.

MAGNIFYING GOD

MY SOUL doth magnify the Lord." Soft fell the words from Mother Mary's lips as she stood within the shelter of Elizabeth's home and harkened to her cousin's eager cry of praise. It was no empty flattery, but true appreciation of the little Maiden-Mother's God-wrought blessedness that stirred the saintly matron's soul. And Mary's sweet humility did not deny her precious blessedness but, in simple, self-effacing wise, gave the glory to Him to whom the glory was due: "My soul," she said, "doth magnify the Lord." How true it was! With what resplendent brilliancy did Mary's soul reflect the image of her Maker! How beautifully in her did God's own beauty find expression!

"My soul doth magnify the Lord." Can I quite honestly say the same? Oh, not indeed with all the beauteous depth of meaning with which Mother Mary said the words; that I know full well could

never be, and yet God does expect a deal of glory from me, too. Indeed my life in every least detail should "magnify the Lord," should be a praise of Him from whom I came. But is it truly so? Has God much reason to be proud of me? Am I really a credit to my Heavenly Father?

"My soul doth magnify the Lord." As He looks down upon His handiwork does He see His own fair image reproduced quite perfectly in the object of His fashioning? My secret thoughts and plans, my hiddenmost desires, the words that fall so freely from my lips, my every action, the way I deal with God and with my fellow men — could I, in view of all as seen by God's unerring eye and as my conscience bears unfailing witness, could I unblushingly make Mother Mary's words my own and say: My soul doth magnify the Lord? Could I? I wonder.

O Sweetest Heart of Jesus, I implore that I may ever love Thee more and more.

PROPHECY

ALL generations shall call me blessed." No vain self-magnifying, that, on Mother Mary's part, but humble prophecy of what the future held for her through God's great goodness and to His own glory. And how perfectly the little village Maid's prophetic words have been fulfilled! Age follows age as the vast procession of earth's weary voyagers ever presses on its ceaseless way, but as generation yields to generation, with unfailing constancy the hymn of praise to Nazareth's Maiden-Mother wakens echoes that ring unendingly to tell of Mary's blessedness.

"All generations shall call me blessed." I would not, indeed, yield to dreams of future earthly glory. That were ugly vanity, and stupid beyond all telling in such as I, and yet the fact remains that there should be ever in my life such godliness that, with just reason, future generations might hold my name in benediction.

As I wend my steps along life's devious highways I should scatter such abundant largess of Christlike kindness in words and ways that when I shall have passed beyond the veil there will remain behind in the hearts of those with whom I have companioned a precious inspiration to noble living awakened by my passing.

Life's every day and each day's least detail should be so thoroughly run through and through with saintliness that the memory of me, when I shall have gone home to God, will quite inevitably lift men's minds from earth's sordid vanities and fix their hearts on heaven's priceless treasures.

"All generations shall call me blessed." So has it been with Mother Mary, so, too, in real though lesser measure, with those sainted folk who have molded their lives on that of the sweet Maid of Nazareth, so should it be with me. What does my present conduct promise?

O Sweetest Heart of Jesus, . . .

BEING EXTREME

A COMMON and all too often devastating experience that must be expected by all who strive manfully in the spiritual life is that of being considered extreme. Well-meaning people often prove themselves thoroughgoing agents of Satan by their uncalled-for solicitude lest their fellow men go beyond bounds in their service of God. A bit more than ordinary in the matter of prayer or penance, a trifling self-denial in some legitimate indulgence to nature, greater recollection and less ugly worldliness, and a hue and cry is raised against the horrors of fanaticism in things religious, and the dread disaster wrought by spiritual extremists is graphically portrayed. And too often the frightened victim of the assault abandons his precious beginnings which, persevered in, would have led him to glorious heights on the mount of sanctity, and takes the much-lauded "middle course" to shameful mediocrity.

Indeed, there must be prudence in my efforts for sanctification, but it must be supernatural prudence, the prudence of the saints, and not the human prudence of the worldling that makes for a life of laxity. There must be moderation, too, and I must remember what St. Paul says about a "reasonable service," indeed I must, but I must not, as in effect the tempter would have me do, allow my "reasonable service," my moderation, to degenerate into slothfully following the line of least resistance, or pampering, in cowardly wise, my sensual nature.

Prudence indeed! Moderation surely! And yet I must not forget that there never was a saint who was not an "extremist" in a very glorious sense, because there never was nor could be a saint who did not model his life on that of the Divine Extremist, Christ Jesus. And, in view of Calvary, He was a bit extreme, was He not?

O Sweetest Heart of Jesus, I implore that I may ever love Thee more and more.

THE CHARITY OF CHRIST

THE charity of Christ urgeth us." A blessed confession, that, of St. Paul, and well it were for each of us if we could truthfully say the same of ourselves.

The charity of Christ urgeth us—drives us on! Yes, so should it be with all of us; so it is in very deed with those generous friends of the Gentle Master who have come to know the sweet lovableness of His adorable person. We meet them along the way of life and there is about them a blessed something that tells us of a mighty, overmastering urge driving them ever up and on to the glorious heights where saints are made. In the early dawn their hurrying footsteps past our door tell of the loving urge in their heart to greet their God at break of day in His earthly home before they set their hands to duty's round of toil. And as the weary hours are counted off, the calm serenity of their ways, their patient endurance of the petty annoyances that fret

and gall, remind us of the sweetly impelling force of Christ's strong love that rules their lives.

We see them, too, under the spell of that inward urge, setting aside all thought of self, in a world where self is God, and spending themselves without counting the cost to ransom the souls of their fellow men. In life's golden hours, when the world smiles sweetly and opens wide alluring arms, we see these ardent lovers of Christ turning their back upon earth's fairest offers to follow the urge of Christ's strong love in a life of cloistered prayer or priestly toil.

Oh, yes, the charity of Christ is a mighty urge to noble deeds in those who yield to its sweetly powerful impulse. Am I of that number?

O Sweetest Heart of Jesus, I implore that I may ever love Thee more and more.

PRAYERFUL PONDERING

IT WAS in the temple court. Mary stood anxiously questioning her Boy whose "Father's business" had caused Him to deal with her so strangely. There were words of explanation from the lips of Jesus in answer to His Mother's plaintive query, but they were words that shrouded a depth of hidden meaning and, in thoughtful, prayerful wise, Mary, as St. Luke tells us, "kept all these words in her heart."

A goodly lesson for us! Prayerful pondering is a very needful thing in our lives. "With desolation is the world made desolate because no man thinketh in his heart." Such is the lament of God's Holy Spirit. And how true it is! If the millions that throng the highways of the world, spurning eternal riches, make the petty baubles of time, the empty honors and pleasures of earth the only object of their seeking and rush in fickle blindness to the bottomless abyss, it is because men

think not in their heart and therefore live in guilty ignorance of life's true purpose. If, with sanctity in reach of all, only the exceptional few acquire more than mediocre goodness, is it not because too many, even of those who make profession of seeking the better things of God, fail to delve, by prayerful pondering, into the hidden treasures of God's great truths where the secrets of sanctity are found?

If the horror of sin is weak in my soul, if the thought of God's eternal prison house and the rigor of His judgment leaves me but little affected; if I can hear unmoved the sweet love story of God's tenderness to man — Bethlehem and Calvary and the Eucharistic Mystery of Love — what reason shall I assign for my dangerously unhealthy condition save that, unlike Mother Mary, I do not "keep all these words in my heart"?

O Sweetest Heart of Jesus, I implore that I may ever love Thee more and more.

HOMeward BOUND

QUEN though the way be painful the thought that home lies at our journey's end renders the weariness bearable. We quite forget the uphill straining, and the rough paths that bruise our feet are but passingly noted in the all-absorbing joy of pressing swiftly onward toward the goal of our questing. Storms may beat fiercely about us and murky darkness shroud the way we must tread, but ever through the gloom we catch the welcoming glow of the home fires warmly blazing, and above the shriek of the storm are heard the sweetly familiar tones of the voices of loved ones whose presence makes home a haven of happiness. And so we press bravely, happily on — because we are going home.

As it is with us when there is question of returning to the home of our earthly sojourning, so, too, is it for those happy folk who see life in its true meaning, as a journey to their home in heaven.

For such as they the trials that would make wreckage of other souls are of but trivial moment, and sufferings that crush utterly other hearts hold for them scant terrors. Disappointments come, as come they must, when hopes long cherished fade and plans for goodly deeds for God and man are thwarted by the very ones who should hold forth a generous hand to aid. Sharp words from bitter tongues cut ugly gashes in the soul, and stark injustice with its tyrant tread leaves havoc in its trail.

Yes, there are trials aplenty to gall and fret and, if it could be, overwhelm the weary pilgrim on his way, but to him who reads aright life's meaning these are but trifling incidents that do but emphasize, by contrast, the sweetness of the thought that: Soon we will be home.

O Sweetest Heart of Jesus, I implore that I may ever love Thee more and more.

TO JESUS IN THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

Dear Jesus, present in the Sacrament of the Altar, be forever thanked and praised. Love, worthy of all celestial and terrestrial love, who, out of infinite love for me, ungrateful sinner, didst assume our human nature, didst shed Thy most precious blood in the cruel scourging, and didst expire on a shameful cross for our eternal welfare! Now, illumined with lively faith, with the outpouring of my whole soul and the fervor of my heart, I humbly beseech Thee, through the infinite merits of Thy painful sufferings, give me strength and courage to destroy every evil passion which sways my heart, to bless Thee in my greatest afflictions, to glorify Thee by the exact fulfillment of all my duties, supremely to hate all sin, and thus to become a saint.

(Indulgence of 100 days, once a day. Pius IX, Jan. 1, 1866.)

OFFERING FOR THE DYING

My God, I offer Thee all the Masses which are being celebrated today throughout the world, for sinners who are in their agony and who are to die this day. May the precious blood of Jesus, their Redeemer, obtain mercy for them.

(Indulgence of 300 days each time. Pius X, Dec. 18, 1907.)

PRAYER TO THE SACRED HEART

O most Sacred Heart of Jesus, pour down Thy blessings abundantly upon Thy Church, upon the Supreme Pontiff, and upon all the clergy. Give perseverance to the just, convert sinners, enlighten unbelievers, bless our parents, friends, and benefactors. Help the dying, free the souls in purgatory, and extend over all hearts the sweet empire of Thy love. Amen.

(Indulgence of 300 days, once a day. Pius X, June 16, 1906.)

INDULGENCED ASPIRATIONS

All for Thee, Most Sacred Heart of Jesus.

(Indulgence of 300 days each time. Pius X, Nov. 26, 1908.)

Divine Heart of Jesus, convert sinners, save the dying, deliver the holy souls from Purgatory.

(Indulgence of 300 days each time. Pius X, Nov. 6, 1906.)

My Jesus, mercy!

(Indulgence of 100 days each time. Pius IX, Sept. 24, 1846.)

Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy Kingdom come!

(Indulgence of 300 days each time. Pius X, May 4, 1906.)

Sweet Heart of my Jesus, make me love Thee ever more and more.

(Indulgence of 300 days each time. Pius IX, Nov. 26, 1876.)

Mary sorrowing, Mother of all Christians, pray for us.

(Indulgence of 300 days each time. Pius X, June 27, 1906.)

Sweet Heart of Mary, be my salvation.

(Indulgence of 300 days each time. Pius IX,
Sept. 30, 1852.)

Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, pray
for us.

(Indulgence of 100 days each time. Pius X,
July 9, 1904.)

Mary our Hope, have pity on us.

(Indulgence of 300 days each time. Pius X,
Jan. 8, 1906.)

Jesus! Mary!

(Indulgence of 300 days each time. Pius X,
Oct. 10, 1904.)

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