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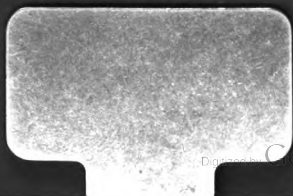
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# Elevations to the heart of Jesus

François Doyotte



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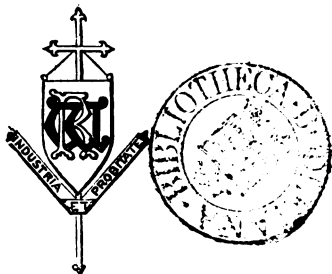




ELEVATIONS  
TO THE  
HEART OF JESUS.

BY  
F. F. DOYOTTE,  
OF THE COMPANY OF JESUS.

All by love, nothing by force."—S. FRANÇOIS DE SALES.



LONDON :  
R. WASHBOURNE, 18 PATERNOSTER ROW.  
1875.

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**TO THE**  
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**BY**  
**F. F. DOYOTTE,**  
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All by Lane, London, 1875.



LONDON:  
18 PATERNOSTER ROW,  
1875.



**TO THE SACRED HEART!**

**To  
ENGLAND!**

## Dedication

### TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

---

OH Sacred Heart of Jesus! I offer Thee this little book, that it may be wholly Thine. I have written it loving Thee, in order to love Thee better and to make Thee more beloved. Receive it, accept it, bless it, dispose of it. Dispose also of my heart, and of the hearts of all those who may read it. Grant to all the grace to know Thee better and to remain ever faithful to Thy love.

And Thou, blessed daughter and chosen disciple of the Master's Heart, obtain for us that we may love Jesus Christ as Thou didst, in humility, in suffering, and in the unity of His Heart.

Paray-le-Monial, at the shrine of the Blessed Margaret Mary, June 12th, 1872.

F. DOYOTTE,  
*Priest.*



## Approbation

### OF THE FIRST EDITION.

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Let me begin by thanking you for your kind attention in giving me the first enjoyment of your book, by sending me the manuscript.

I have read it with the interest it deserves, and I may even tell you that it has, more than once, supplied me with the subject of my meditation. I believe that by its soundness and elevation of thought and sentiment, and by the spirit of faith that breathes throughout it, your little work will tend to the edification of pious souls and bear fruit among them.

Pray accept, with my best wishes for the diffusion of your book, the assurance of my affectionate and sincere regard.

TR. A. V. JANDEL,  
General of the Order of Preaching Friars.

Corbara, June 12, 1872.

1880

1881

1882

## PREFACE TO THE ENGLISH TRANSLATION.

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It was in France that our Lord manifested His Heart, but it was to England that He sent the first announcement of this revelation and of the benefits that would spring from it.

The devotion to the Sacred Heart was as yet unknown amongst us, and, concealed in the shadow of the cloister, had only met with obstacles, when it had already taken possession of the country of Great Britain, and in London, in the Chapel Royal of St. James', words of fire were heard, accents straight from the Heart of Jesus, echoes as it were, of the revelations of Paray-le-Monial.\*

\* Sermons of Father Claude de la Colombière, preacher and chaplain to the Duchess of York.

Very soon, indeed, these words were condemned, and the utterance of them was proscribed. To the loving advances of the Heart of Jesus Protestant England replied by violence and persecution. She seized the preachers of the faith, the apostles of love, and delivering them up to torture and death, casting them into prison or driving them into exile, she suddenly arrested the religious movement of the seventeenth century, which had filled the Church with hope, and which might, even then, have brought back the whole nation to the faith and worship of former days.

Doubtless the hour had not yet arrived, and God had but designed to prepare souls, and to scatter, in England and in France, some sparks of His love, the germs and promise of a better future.

The whirlwind came; it passed violent and terrible over the soil of France and the Church in England: but, even in the midst of the tempest, beneath the fury of the most turbulent passions, the fire was not arrested, the violence

of the storm compressed its flame, but did not extinguish it ; it smouldered beneath the ruins as under ashes.

During the worst days of the religious persecution in England and the most terrible period of the French Revolution, the Sacred Heart had its adorers and friends.

And now, after the lapse of three centuries, surviving the fury of hatred and the scoffs of impiety, these long suppressed, scattered fires of love break forth afresh beneath the breath of God, the hidden germs spring everywhere into life, the two nations assemble by a common impulse. Souls, hitherto isolated and unknown to one another, the souls devoted to the Sacred Heart, have come from all parts of England ; they are a large company, and they sing in the face of heaven and before all the earth, the hymn of faith, of mercy and of reparation.

Yesterday we saw them at Paray-le-Monial, as at a place of meeting appointed two centuries ago by the Blessed Margaret-Mary and Father de la Colombière, and to-morrow, after fresh



storms perhaps, they will be at Montmartre, to sing with France, on the day of resurrection, the song of triumph and of victorious love.

Therefore, uniting England and France in the same thought, and the same love of the Divine Heart, I desire to dedicate to our brethren in Great Britain this faithful translation of my book, and I repeat :

TO THE SACRED HEART !

AND

TO ENGLAND !

F. DOYOTTE.

S. J.

Paris, by the tomb of our victims of the 24th and 26th of May, 1871, May 1st, 1875.



## INTRODUCTION.

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THESE pages have no pretension to rank among the numerous treatises we already possess on the Devotion to the Sacred Heart. They were not intended for publication, but were undertaken at the request of a Christian friend, and dictated by a little love for our Lord. They are given in the simplicity of their original intention, as private meditations, Elevations to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Before presenting them to the reader, it may be useful to recall briefly the true idea of the Sacred Heart, and to explain in a few words

the object, nature, and order of the following meditations.

The Heart of Jesus is His inner life. A superficial glance at the life of Jesus Christ only enables us to perceive that which is external. We may grasp it as a whole, distinguish its details, even appreciate, to a certain extent, its grandeur and sublimity, but we cannot penetrate and understand it.

Beneath the actions which make up the life of our Lord, beneath the miracles that cast such a glory round it, there are hidden mysteries that dry theology cannot discover, and a secret virtue that mere formal piety is powerless to imagine.

Underneath this magnificent exterior, full as it is of divine grandeur, which, even to the unbeliever, makes the life of Jesus stand out unparalleled, there is, for the devout Christian who considers it with the eye of faith, an inner, private, mysterious life, entirely hidden in the Heart. There, in the secrets of the Heart, in the depths of that hidden life, the public life

of our Lord and His exterior actions take their root, their inspiration, their efficacy, and their merit.

Jesus lived in His Heart before revealing and manifesting His life to the world. In His Heart He consummated all the mysteries of His life, conceived its miracles, and practised its virtues. If, therefore, we would understand the mysteries and the teaching of the Gospel, we must descend into the Heart of Jesus to study them, for there we shall find all theology, all piety, and all morality. Every dogma, every doctrine, and all spiritual life, are eminently, essentially, and completely contained in the Heart of Jesus.

The study of the Sacred Heart is not therefore unimportant and accessory; it is the base of religious instruction, and the foundation of Catholic doctrine. The Heart of Jesus is a divine school of theology, the best and only one where holiness can be learnt. May students frequent it, and masters draw from it their inspirations.

How then can the worship of the Heart of Jesus, the Devotion to the Sacred Heart, be called new or useless? Is it not an essential part of Christianity? Did not Saint Paul sum up all religion and spiritual life in these words: "Let that mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus:" that is, imitate in yourselves the virtues, the sentiments, the mysteries, and the life of Jesus. "Sentite in vobis quod est in Christo Jesu."

The services of the Church would be but empty forms, its ceremonies and ritual a mere outward show, if religion, worship, and devotion were not founded on the very life and Heart of Jesus.

Let us not then regard as accessory that which is primary and essential. The knowledge and worship of the Heart of Jesus are the very object of the Gospel and of the Apostolic teaching; there is nothing more solid in Christian dogma or morality; there is no truer piety, and there is nothing more ancient in the Church.

It may be said that the devotion to the Heart of Jesus is as old as Christianity. Our Lord Himself was its author, and the first to practise it were Mary the Mother of Jesus, and John, the beloved disciple. This great antiquity is incontestably proved by various circumstances in the life of our Saviour, and by the carefully preserved tradition of the Church.

Indeed, this devotion to the inner life of Jesus was better known and practised in the beginning than it was afterwards, and if, in these later times, our Lord Himself revealed it to the Blessed Nun of Paray-le-Monial, He did so in order to revive the almost extinguished fervour of the Christians of our days, and to rouse in them the ancient spirit and the zeal of the first centuries.

To combat Protestantism, which is the direct negation of the spirit and inner life of Christianity, to defeat the powerful machinations of Jansenism, which chills the heart of man by giving it false notions of love and of the supernatural, a new effusion of the Spirit of God,

and, as it were, a second manifestation to the whole world of the life and love of Jesus, were needed. They were especially needed on the eve of the great and universal outbreak of the false naturalism of modern times, which seems as if it were to be the last and most formidable negation of man's intelligence.

It was necessary to remove the veil from rites and symbols, and display to the Protestant the real and only source of salvation and life: it was necessary to show to the false mystic, in the Master's Heart, the divine economy of the supernatural order, the harmony of liberty and grace, the nature and efficacy of love; but above all, it was necessary to provide a remedy for these latter days, a remedy that would be powerful to combat the philosophical, practical, and religious naturalism that lays hold alike of souls and societies, and threatens to destroy everything in its universal grasp.

Saint Gertrude, asking the beloved disciple, who had appeared to her, why he had written nothing about the mysteries of the adorable

Heart of our Saviour, Saint John replied: "I was charged to write to the Church, in its infancy, the Gospel of the Uncreated Word of God the Father: God reserved for these last times the full revelation of the sweetness of the Sacred Heart: He reserved it for the old age of the world, in order to rekindle thereby the expiring flame of charity."

"Oh, my God! The last times have arrived. Charity has grown cold, darkness is extending, corruption is increasing, hearts are becoming lukewarm; thoughtlessness, sensuality, covetousness and pride overspread the earth. My God! how are souls to be saved?"

"The thoughtless multitude, eager for novelty, yielding recklessly to every passing impulse, straying at random without guide or restraint, must be taught the old mysteries of faith, must be reminded of the laws of life, but these old lessons must be conveyed in a new language.

"Weak minds, helplessly wandering among the shadows of doubt, require a new sun, a fresh splendour in the heavens.



“Sad hearts, drooping earthwards and chilled by contact with the cold ground, must be re-animating by a new principle of celestial and divine life.

“Torpid souls, no longer capable of a single generous emotion, steeped in evil, and sunk almost to the corruption of the tomb, must have restored to them the life they have nearly lost, but they must receive it under the form of love, of pure and holy love.”—Mgr. Baudry.

Here then we find the evident reason for the apparition of our Lord, and of the extraordinary development of this ancient doctrine. Jesus Christ reserved this holy design in the silence of His Heart; He reserved for us, who have most need of it, this last pledge, and, as Blessed Margaret-Mary expresses herself, “this last effort of His love.”

Let us hasten to respond to it: let us learn to know intimately and to love the Divine Heart of our Lord. Let us no longer content ourselves with mere outward practices of devo-

tion, let us awaken our slumbering faith, and light up the paths of love.

Behold the Master's Heart, given to us, as it were, a second time; let us go forth to welcome it, let us unite the new form to the spirit of early times, and, since Jesus Himself offers us His Divine Heart, let us receive It, let us enter into It and learn to discover there the deep mysteries of life, the very source of supernatural life and holy love.

Such is the object of the Elevations to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. They do not undertake to describe the origin and progress of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, which has been done very admirably in many treatises already existing on the subject: they do not defend it against the attacks of impiety, nor refute the criticisms of mistaken zeal; they go straight to the Heart of our Saviour, in order to study it, to learn to know and love it in its nature, its mysteries, its life, and its love.

They embrace the whole life of our Lord, they display it in His Heart. His excellence,

His teachings, His acts, His sufferings, and the gifts He has bestowed upon us, are studied and understood in the divine suavity of His Heart, and the natural order of events has indicated that of the meditations.

Oh, Jesus! love for Thee impelled me to undertake this work, to Thy love I consecrate it. Grant to those who, desiring to love Thee better, may read it, the fruit of the blessings Thou hast promised to souls devoted to Thy Heart; and to Thy servant, for all the love he would fain feel for Thee, grant one single grace: the grace to know and love Thee, that he may be able to make Thee more known, more loved!

Amen! Amen!





ELEVATIONS  
TO  
THE HEART OF JESUS.

---

FIRST ELEVATION.

“Omnia in ipso constant.”

“In Him are all things.”

ALL things are in Jesus, and all Jesus being comprised in His Heart, we may apply to the Sacred Heart the words of the apostle and say that in It and with It we have all things.

Yes, here is my treasure, my wealth, my all, in time and for eternity: Deus cordis mei, et pars mea Deus in æternum.

2      *Elevations to the Heart of Jesus.*

Indeed, that which charms me in the Heart of Jesus, and attracts me to It is, that It is at once the Heart of God and the heart of man.

In It there is the Divine Word, eternal fruit of the bosom and the Heart of God, ex utero hodie genui te; and there is the heart of man.

The Son endowed It with the riches, the life, the love, the affections and tenderness of the Heart of God. It is God living and loving after the manner of men, and It is the heart of man animated and filled with the love of God. Everything is there; the perfect image of the substance of God, and the fullest, the noblest expression of man: omnia in ipso constant.

Thus the Heart of Jesus possesses all the secrets of God, and has experienced all that the heart of man can experience. It is at once the expression of infinite love, and the purest, the most complete form of human love. From the ineffable thrills in the fruitful bosom of the Trinity, which eternally engender the Son in an ecstasy of endless love, to the varied and often painful emotions of human life; from the in-

finite bliss of the divine Beatitude to the anxieties and poignant griefs of mortality, Jesus has known all, experienced all, tasted all in His Heart.

The Sacred Heart is the admirable and perfect fruit of heaven, It is also the most beautiful fruit ever borne by the noblest stem on earth: for the Heart of Jesus is not only the perfect work of the adorable Trinity, It is also the work of Mary, the purest of women and the most perfect of mothers. She alone furnished the Blood that formed and that animates It; she, by the power of infinite love and the tenderness of her own love, distilled It drop by drop from her virgin heart; she it was who nourished It and placed in It, as all mothers do, not only her blood and her life, but her inclinations and her virtues, her character, her tenderness, and her love.

Oh Heart of God and Heart of man, begotten before all time, and revealed here below by Mary, Thou art the centre of all things, the complete and living compendium of earth and

4      *Elevations to the Heart of Jesus.*

heaven, of God and of the world, the life, the  
perfections and the love of which are united in  
Thee; be Thou also the centre of my life, the  
God of my heart, my love, and my all.





## SECOND ELEVATION.

“Plenitudo legis est dilectio.”

“Love is the fulfilment of the law.”

YES, religion is all love. Its beginning is love, its law is love, its end is love, as the heart is its symbol and its organ. Christianity is the religion of the heart: it is above all the religion of the Heart of Jesus, and in the Heart of Jesus it finds its perfection and its plenitude.

Religion is an intimate relation between God and man, founded on Creation, manifesting itself by gratitude and adoration, and consummating itself in love. The act in which it finds its truest and complete expression is oblation or sacrifice.

Hence it is that man, instinctively religious,



has brought to the altar of God, in succession, all that he found in the world: the precious metals, earth, water, fire, plants, animals, everything in nature. Even man himself has been placed on the altar and sacrificed to God, or else, rising to the idea of a purer and more spiritual worship, man, instead of immolating human life, presented to God the bread and wine which are the nourishment of that life and its symbol, or he offered from his heart the true adoration of love.

Thus, to bring all nature to the heart of man, and there to offer it, with the heart of man, to the Heart of God, is the highest natural religion.

But how poor is such an offering, how imperfect and truly unworthy of God such a religion! God can be satisfied with nothing less than God, and the only offering worthy of Him is Himself.

Nevertheless, if God alone offer himself to God, as does the Word eternally in the bosom of the Father, religion will remain incomplete, there will always be an infinite distance be

tween the perfect religion accomplished in the bosom of the Trinity and that of which man is the priest in the midst of Creation, and it seems as if such a shadow of religion would not be acceptable to God, and that the offerings of earth would be valueless in His eyes.

But God ordained a perfect offering and an admirable sacrifice. He brought His Heart close to the heart of man, and, melting them into one Heart, united in it all the worship, all the love of His Son, and also the worship, the adoration, and love of all nature assembled in the heart of man. He made religion one love, one sacrifice, one symbol, one perfect offering, in which He delights, and which, in a single act, combines all possible worship.

Oh Heart of Jesus! living symbol and true realization of perfect religion, I adore Thee, and I offer Thee at the same time: I offer Thee, and in Thee, with Thee and by Thee, I offer to God the eternal homage of the Divine Word and the noblest created love.

Oh Jesus! in Whom heaven and earth meet

8      *Elevations to the Heart of Jesus.*

to offer themselves worthily to God, receive me, be Thou also my centre, my religion, and my life.

Heart of the eternal Word! in Thee creation and the heart of man are suspended to the Heart of God, in Thee religion and love are perfected; I desire to offer Thee continually to God. Thou art my religion, my oblation, my sacrifice, in Thee I place my heart, to unite it with Thine to the Heart of God, and to immolate it in the accomplishment of the same sacrifice and the perfection of the same love.





### THIRD ELEVATION.

*“ Dominus possedit me in initio viarum suarum.”*

*“ The Lord possessed me in the beginning of His ways.”*

GOD makes the hearts of men one by one with individual care, may we not suppose that He took singular and special pains in forming the Heart He destined for His Son ?”

The Eternal held a mysterious council within the bosom of the most Holy Trinity, to deliberate on the creation of the first man, and each of the three Divine Persons enriched him with gifts of grace and beauty. But what must have been the councils and the thoughts of God in contemplating the Heart of Jesus, and what the care and perfection of His work in forming the Sacred Heart ?

“The Lord possessed me in the beginning of His ways,” says incarnate Wisdom, “before He made anything from the beginning. I was set up from Eternity, and of old, before the earth was made. The depths were not as yet, and I was already conceived; neither had the fountains of waters as yet sprung out; the mountains, with their huge bulk, had not as yet been established: before the hills I was brought forth; He had not yet made the earth, nor the rivers, nor the poles of the world. When He prepared the heavens I was present; when, with a certain law and compass He enclosed the depths; when He established the sky above, and poised the fountains of the waters; when He encompassed the sea with its bounds, and set a law to the waters that they should not pass their limits: when He balanced the foundations of the earth; I was with Him, forming all things, and was delighted every day, playing before Him at all times, playing in the world, and my delights were to be with the children of men.”

Such is the origin and history of Jesus and the Heart of Jesus, before time and before creation. Before anything was made God conceived in His eternal mind the design of the Incarnation, and of that which is the principal part of the Incarnation, the Heart of Jesus. Thus, after the Eternal thought, which is His Son, the first thought of God was that of the Man-God, and, in the Man-God, He thought of the Heart: He planned It and formed It before all other things. When nothing as yet existed, the Heart of Jesus was already conceived in the divine mind, and, all the thoughts of God being in conformity to that first thought, everything else was designed and ordained according to it. Tertullian tells us that when God fashioned man with His divine hands, and formed his heart, God had a model, and His hand, obedient to the love excited by that divine image, rendered us in every feature the thrice holy copies of Christ, His Son.

There is therefore nothing that can be compared to Jesus Christ, there is nothing before

12      *Elevations to the Heart of Jesus.*

Him, and His Heart is the chief object that God had in view in creation. All the rest was made for Him, and, however admirable it may be, is but a copy, a likeness. The true masterpiece of God, ever present to the divine mind, even whilst creating other things, is Jesus Christ, and, in Jesus Christ, especially the Heart.

Who, then, can understand the life, dignity, and divine resemblance that were given to It by the Father, the splendour, truth, and exaltedness which the Son, Who enlightens every man coming into the world, bestowed on It, and the love with which the Holy Ghost enriched It ?

The Father was to receive It into the eternal mysteries of the Trinity, and then, uniting It to the divine fruit of His fecundity, beget It as His Son ; the Son was to unite It to Himself in the unity of His person, and by It to exercise the plenitude of life and all divine operations ; the Holy Ghost was to fashion It and make It the true temple of God, His tabernacle, and the

sanctuary of religion for God, for angels, for men, and for all creatures.

Oh! if God could exhaust Himself by His gifts, surely He would have exhausted Himself in giving all He possessed of richest and most divine to form the Heart of Jesus.

Ah! who will teach us to understand this master piece and its hidden glories? Is it not the innermost sanctuary, the secret ark in which the most Holy Trinity, full of love for man, has concealed all Its treasures, Its richest jewels, Its purest life, and the infinite overflowings of Its love?

And what care does not God bestow on preparing, through the course of ages, the flesh and Blood destined to become the wonderful organ of the Heart He has conceived from all eternity? He selects the chosen ancestors from among thousands, He watches over them, tries them, and purifies them. Through sixty generations He follows and blesses them: He elevates them by chastity, and consecrates them by virtue. Then, when at last the time has come



14      *Elevations to the Heart of Jesus.*

to realize this Divine Heart, He entrusts the task to a Virgin, the noblest, the purest, the most loving that ever existed.

Oh, Mary! declare to us the floods of love that went forth from thy heart to animate, nourish, and develop the Heart of thy Son. As if the boundless solicitude and power of God were not enough, there was needed, for the accomplishment of this work, all that is purest, most delicate, and most powerful in the heart of woman. Oh! Heart of my Sovereign Lord! I kneel before Thee, and I adore Thee: Thou art the perfection of the works of God, and the most perfect work of the heart of the Virgin Mary.

I keep silence, and I adore Thee!





#### FOURTH ELEVATION.

“In ipso complacuit omnem plenitudinem inhabitare.”

“It hath pleased the Father that in Him all fulness should dwell.”

THESE words of the apostle are perfectly true and evident; but who can thoroughly understand them? Who can explain their full meaning?

To do so we should have to be acquainted with the Heart of Jesus Itself, to penetrate Its depths and appreciate Its greatness. But how measure and appreciate that which is infinite? how penetrate the inscrutable mysteries of the life of God in a human heart? How sound the depths of absolute holiness, or dare to speak of the mysteries of the love of God, the first ele-

ments of which are unknown to us, though we know that it fills the Heart of Jesus ?

Shall I say what formed It, and of what It is composed : God and the blood of Mary ? for these are Its two elements. The heavens stooped downwards, and the earth opened her bosom ; the skies distilled dew, and the sun poured forth his purest rays, whilst the earth, fructifying, produced from her bosom her purest, her most beautiful and precious material, the blood of a virgin ; and the Virgin is stainless, immaculate, her blood is free from taint, and together with that undefiled blood, she gave to the Heart of her Son, which is also the Heart of God, all the precious qualities of her own nature.

But what can I say of the infinite perfections of the soul that animates It ?

Between that soul and the Word which enlightens and vivifies every man coming into the world, there is no interval, there is nothing intermediate, they are face to face ; the soul rejoices in the sight of the Word, she receives

from Him floods of pure and unfading light, unspeakable thrills of life, and ecstasies of endless love, all which she again returns to the fulness of the Sacred Heart.

Yes! the Heart of Jesus is perfect: perfect in Its moral life, as It is in Its nature and divine prerogatives.

Jesus, at the end of His life, could confront His enemies, and say to them: "Quis ex vobis arguet me de peccato;" which of you convinceth me of sin? Nothing ever sullied the brightness and the innocence of the life of Jesus, nothing ever tarnished the purity of His Heart.

He is perfect in His love. He loves God divinely in a human heart, and God, in Him, loves man at once with the strength of an eternal love, and the tenderness of a human affection.

Oh, Mary, His Mother! Oh, John, the beloved disciple! Oh, daughters of Bethany and of Jerusalem, who knew Him and loved Him, declare to us the irresistible force of His love,

the entrancing, pure, chaste attractions of His tenderness, at once human and divine!

But what can we say, what, after all, can we think of the plenitude of His perfections? Can there be in God any power, any perfection, any degree of being, of beauty or goodness, can there be in the heart of man any virtue, any sanctity, innocence, strength, or charm, which is not in the Heart of Jesus? It is the treasure of heaven, the object of the complacency of God, and it is the treasure of souls on earth, the centre of their love.

Let us say with God: This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; and let us say with the saints: Yes, this is the beloved of my heart, He suffices me, He satisfies me, I possess Him, I am His for all eternity.





## FIFTH ELEVATION.

“Ex corde vita procedit.”

“Life proceedeth from the Heart.”

THE Heart of Jesus is the source of all life.

The whole life of Jesus springs from His Heart ; it is essentially a life of love, and love is the Heart.

It was in His Heart that Jesus spoke when, on coming into the world for the sake of men, He addressed these words to His Father : “ Sacrifice and oblation Thou wouldst not ; a body Thou hast given Me ; then said I, Behold I come, to do Thy Will, Oh God.”

Thus, through the love of Jesus, and by His Heart, was life restored to the world.

In the very act of the Incarnation the words of the wise man are verified, it is the Heart that gives rise to life.

The whole mystery was accomplished in a moment in the bosom of Mary: the Divine Word, the soul and the entire Sacred Humanity were there together, but the focus where all united, the centre to which all flowed, was the Heart, and from it sprang forth suddenly the divine and human life. From the Heart of Jesus the life of God for the first time diffused itself in a creature; it is the secret source, the sacred fountain which received that life and distributed it to the members.

Ah! who will reveal to us the transport of joy with which the holy Humanity first received the impetus and the vigour of the divine life? Who will describe what the Sacred and ever fruitful Heart produced during the course of Its mortal life, or understand the marvels of Its fecundity and the infinite resources of Its love?

In His Heart Jesus chose the life of Nazareth :

from His Heart shone forth on His countenance and in every feature that ineffable sweetness and goodness which enraptured angels and captivated men. From the Heart irradiated that divine look with which God sometimes deigns to illuminate the faces of men in order to love them still more on account of It: from His Heart sprang the bitter tears that often rose to His eyes to give life to the world: in His Heart and with His Heart He loved Joseph, John, the little children, Magdalen and His Blessed Mother, the privileged objects of His deepest tenderness.

In His Heart He loved His own unto the end; because, having once loved them, says Saint John, He could not but love them always, to the extreme limits of love, after which there was nothing more to be done, because all was accomplished.

From His Heart He drew forth the secret of the Holy Eucharist, and, after the institution of the Eucharist, from His Heart broke out that fire of love which He could no longer



restrain, and which issued glowing from His lips in the admirable discourse of the last supper.

From His Heart, too, arose the long repressed cry: How am I straightened until the work of love be accomplished! Coarctor! And on the morrow, when the work was being slowly completed amidst the horrors of the Cross, it was in His Heart that He accepted, one by one, the humiliations and the sufferings of love. Finally, from His torn and opened Heart he poured forth, upon our souls and upon the world, His last love, with the last drop of His Blood: life came to us from His Heart.

Oh, Heart of Jesus! Thou art then my life, Thou art its source, its strength, its very life!

In Thy wound love begot me; there also I live, in suffering and blood, but there also I sleep and take my rest.

In Thy Heart, oh Jesus, I am safe, there I shelter my weakness, I restore my strength, I find new life and love.

Oh, Divine Master! I desire no other resting

place from henceforth : it is the source of eternal life, of love that satisfies and never ends. I have chosen it for my abode, that my soul may dwell with Thee for ever.





## SIXTH ELEVATION.

*“Parvulus Dominus, et amabilis nimis.”*

*“The Lord is a little infant, exceedingly lovely.”*

COME to Bethlehem, an infant is born there ;  
come to Nazareth, the Lord is there, exceed-  
ingly lovely, He is a little Child.

What is so pure, so beautiful, so innocent, so  
charming, as an infant, and the face of an infant ?

How beautiful is this little Child, beloved of  
God, and caressed by His Mother ! how capti-  
vating the innocence and love that appear in  
His smile, and on His whole countenance ! A  
gentle light irradiates His features, celestial  
purity beams from His eyes. He is a treasure,  
a joy unspeakable to Joseph, an inestimable  
jewel on the heart of His Mother !

Oh! how beautiful must Jesus have been in the arms of Mary! beautiful among all the children of men, the sweetest fruit of the noblest stem of Jesse.

But as yet we have only considered the outward appearance, let us descend into the Heart!

Oh, the mysteries that lie hidden in the infancy of the Heart of my God!

Mary alone, who formed and reared it, knows and could declare them. No glance but hers, illuminated by the light of a mother's love, penetrated into that new-born Heart: no other soul distinguished, amidst the floods of life of which her maternal heart was the source, the fruitful and divine emanations of the Son of God.

Mary will teach us in heaven the secrets of the infancy of the Heart of Jesus, and the solitudes, the holy joys of her maternity.

She will tell us how she hung over His cradle in admiration and love, when sleep closed His eyes, and veiled, without being able to conceal, His divinity and His beauty. She will tell us

the ineffable emotions, the pure, tender, deep, and holy joys of her heart when she held against it the Heart of the Infant; and His love poured into it the divine floods of celestial life.

Oh! how beautiful was the Child-God caressing His Virgin Mother! how beautiful was He to the eyes, and in the arms of Joseph!

And yet, beneath these caresses and this happiness, beneath this sweet atmosphere of childhood, if we descend deep into the Heart of Jesus Christ, if we interrogate It about the future, as savage Paganism sought to discover, in the heart of a slain child, auguries of hope or fear, we shall find blood and tears.

In the Heart of this Child there is sadness and suffering. Already, in the first dawn of His life, He knows the infirmities and the griefs of our hearts, and His own, innocent as It is, feels for all the miseries of our nature.

Oh, Heart of the Child Jesus! but now I felt attracted to Thee by Thy radiant grace and beauty; I would have dared to take Thee from

the arms of Mary, to draw Thee, Divine Child, to my breast, to press Thee against my heart and clasp Thee in the embrace of my love; but compassion has taken hold of me, and I desire rather to mingle my tears with Thine, to make Thy griefs my griefs.

Like Thee I am young in years, but my heart has grown old and my soul is sad: accept my tears, my sufferings, my fatigues, and my sorrows, and make me to the last a sharer in Thy courage and Thy love.





## SEVENTH ELECTION.

**“ Et venit Nazareth.”**

**“ He came to Nazareth.”**

NAZARETH, that is to say humility, prayer, silence, innocence, and peace. Such was the Heart of Jesus, and His life during thirty years.

Nazareth was the place where Jesus passed his every-day life, with those to whom His Heart was attached by relationship or affection. It was the place of meeting for His friends : “ What seek you ?” said Jesus, turning for the first time to John, who, secretly impelled by grace, was following Him with Andrew, the brother of Simon Peter. They replied immediately : “ Master, where dwellest Thou ?” and

Jesus answered: "Come and see." They went therefore, and remained with Him all that day.

Only friends, only the elect, inhabit Nazareth. It is the image of heaven. There one lives with Jesus, one rests with Him, close to His Heart. Oh! how amiable, how sweet is Jesus there, in the intimacy and simplicity of His daily life. At Nazareth He can only bless, He is all love, and follows freely the peaceful and gentle inclinations of His Heart.

In that humble house, which God has preserved to us, Jesus dwelt during thirty years, and He frequently returned there to rest from the fatigues of His ministry. The place is redolent of celestial perfume and full of the love of His Heart, of that Heart from which the holiest prayer that ever ascended to heaven rose daily beneath that humble roof.

Nazareth! ah, can I ever forget thee? Have I not felt my heart beat within thy sacred walls? have I not poured out my soul together with my tears there when Jesus received His friends? Yes, I have prayed where Jesus



prayed, adored and loved my God where Jesus adored and loved Him. I have spent hours that defy description there where Jesus lived with Mary by the side of Joseph, and, in the house of Nazareth I have held in my hands, pressed to my heart, and concealed in my bosom the Jesus whom I love, and His Divine Heart said to mine: "Come and see!"

Nazareth! but I have found thee again, I have thee here, where daily and at every hour of the day I possess the living Jesus and His living Heart in the house of silence and prayer, in the tabernacle of love.

My heart too is Nazareth, for Jesus dwells there, it is the abode He has chosen.

Nazareth is also the union of souls who love Thee, Lord, and among whom Thou abidest. It is the bond of friends, the union of hearts that love each other in Thee, and whom Thou drawest so sweetly into Thy Heart, to share their sorrows, to pray there with them, and pour out upon them Thy life and Thy love.

And Nazareth is the Church in whose bosom

Jesus lives, and the centre of it is the Master's Heart. It is the Christian family, where the members pray and adore together, and Jesus assembles them round His Heart and blesses them. It is the society of brothers, who form one single heart in the Heart of the Master, to love God there divinely, to love each other, and live together in silence, labour, and peace.

Conduct us, Lord, into the abode of Thy love.  
Ubi habitas ?





## EIGHTH ELEVATION.

“ Absconditus cordis homo.”

“ The man hidden in the Heart.”

IF there was ever a hidden life in this world it was surely that of Jesus; we may indeed say that it was entirely concealed in the Heart.

It was God Who lived at Nazareth, God in the workshop of an artizan, an artizan Himself, poor, unknown, despised, concealed beneath the appearance and dress of a workman. It was God Who ate, who worked, and slept! Who would have said so, looking at appearances, at that common-place life which attracted the attention of no one, and flowed on in secret?

What a lesson for the world and for me! How different are Thy judgments from those of

men! Oh, my God! Thou camest into the world to enlighten and save it, and during thirty years Thou didst remain silent, unknown. Thou didst employ the strength and the life of God in planing wood, in earning a little money for Thy livelihood. All the miracles of Thy power and love are within; they take place in the secret of Thy Heart, in which God is well pleased, *Deus intuebor cor*, and this is what Thou delightest in, and it is also that which glorifies the love of Thy Father, and the admiration of the Angels who contemplate Thee.

Teach me, Oh Jesus, the merits and the glory of that inner and hidden life which Thou didst so dearly love and so long practise. Make me understand its value, reveal to me its occupations. What wast Thou doing in that exile away from heaven, concealed, obscure, unknown to the world, detached from everything, living under obedience, submitting daily to the will of others?

Oh detached Heart! Oh love of sacrifice, Oh life of immolation! interior life, free from illu-

sions, in which Thy Heart, undivided, and free from earthly attractions, concentrated itself in God and was satisfied with Him alone.

Ah! who will calm the hurry and agitation of my soul? Who will teach her to restrain the over-eagerness of her activity, to recollect herself, and seek rest within herself? Who will recall her from the trifles that fascinate and deceive, and lead her into retirement, and in retirement to her true good?

Oh dear and holy solitude! Oh life hidden from the world and from the eyes of the flesh, the value of which is only known to God! secret life, life of the heart, life of union with the Bridegroom, true life, I long after thee with all my soul, be thou my life for ever!

My Lord, I desire to retire into my heart and to remain there, humble, abandoned, concealed; to live there in silence and love. The world will not be there; I shall no longer hear its voice; I shall listen to Thee only, and, in the depths of the solitude of my soul I shall hear

nothing but the voice of love, speaking always with words that pierce the heart.

Lord Jesus, I love solitude and silence, and I long to enjoy them, far from the eyes of men and of the world. Oh! when shall I cease to look at earthly things, no longer be seen, no longer be heard except by Thee, and live only in my heart, with Thee and for Thee?

Oh Heart of Jesus! hide me in Thee, that in Thee my life may be hid in God.





## NINTH ELEVATION.

“Manifesta teipsum mundo.”

“Manifest Thyself to the world.”

AH! how long the world had waited, ardently desiring Thy manifestation! How it expected Thee, how it sighed after Thee. Oh, Lord and King of all hearts, delay no longer, come and reveal Thyself.

Thrice happy the day when the world at last beheld Thee!

It was at Bethlehem, and to shepherds that Thou didst first show Thyself, under the charming form of an infant; afterwards to the kings.

At Nazareth Thou didst open Thy Heart to the modest carpenter, who was called Thy

father, and to the humble Virgin, Thy mother. Then Thou didst show Thyself publicly, by the waters of Jordan; on the Mount, where Thy Heart revealed Itself full of sweetness and benedictions; throughout Judea, during three years; on the high road, in the streets of towns, in the intimacy of private dwellings, in the open air and among the corn fields. To us, who were not in Judea, who could not follow Thy footsteps, Thou hast revealed Thy Heart from the Cross, opening It there a last time, to pour forth to the whole world Its secrets and Its Blood.

Such was Thy first manifestation.

We have the fruits of it, but we do not know all its sweetness. We never heard Thy voice; we have not looked upon Thy face; nor answered to Thy call, nor slept upon Thy breast. Manifest Thyself to us.

Make known and reveal Thy heart to these new disciples, who follow Thee afar off, whose steps are uncertain in the darkness of the night, whose hearts languish and faint within them.



My God! my God! manifest Thyself, delay not; make Thyself known to the lukewarm and indifferent crowd, whose frivolous and misguided souls are held captive by the allurements of earthly things. Show Thyself to the nations that wander far from God, lawless and without guide, and revive in them love and life.

Heart of Jesus, be Thou this new revelation, this fresh principle of heavenly and divine life, under the form of pure and holy love. Open, Oh sacred tabernacle, let the Divine and living prisoner of love come forth, let Jesus appear. Oh, holy and sacred breast of the Son of God, adorable Heart of Jesus, open and let us see, let us know, let us love that living Heart, which has so much loved men.

Jesus! Jesus! Thy Heart! give me Thy Heart! open Thy Heart and spread it abroad over the earth. May the fire which it contains extend everywhere and consume all hearts.

Oh, Heart of Jesus! divine light and love, make my heart daily to know Thee better and

to love Thee more and more. It knows and loves Thee already, but the desire which that love excites is insatiable. Having once tasted the delights of Thy love, is it possible to be satisfied with anything here below? My soul longs after Thee, it languishes, and I weep daily in the land of my exile.

Oh, Jesus! when wilt Thou have compassion on my longings and shorten the term of my sad banishment? I await a last manifestation, when I shall see Thee unveiled, openly, face to face, heart to heart, for all eternity.

Oh, my God! why delay so long?





## TENTH ELEVATION.

“*Beati pauperes, spiritu, quoniam ipsorum est regnum  
coelorum.*”

“Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom  
of heaven.”

JESUS CHRIST began His public life by the manifestation of His Heart, and the first word that issued from It was that of Beatitude, that is to say happiness in its highest degree, unalloyed, beyond the reach of sorrow, unchangeable.

It was worthy of the Heart of Jesus to bring us this word from heaven, and to rejoice us by the announcement of that which we all covet most.

How sweet is this manifestation! the Heart

of Jesus opens and expands in words of happiness. But it is not only happiness, there is a lesson in the happiness, revealing together with it all the laws, the duties, and the secrets of our hearts. If we had nothing but this testament of Jesus, given, in eight words, on the Mount, it ought to suffice to render us perfect.

Blessed are those who are poor in heart, as the Saints understand it, and, indeed it is the heart that attaches itself, it is by the heart that we are rich, and it is also by the heart that we are poor. Well, then, Jesus Christ has said: Blessed are the poor in spirit, the poor in heart; that is, those whose hearts are detached from earthly things. Even if we are rich, and have the goods of this world, we must nevertheless be poor, we must detach our hearts from our wealth and from all we possess, and, if we would really deserve the beatitude of Him who for our sakes became poor, how perfect must be our detachment.

Oh, Lord! Thou hast not given me riches, and I do not desire them, but my heart is held

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captivè by a thousand objects to which it is attached, and which it would be painful to me to leave or to lose. My heart treasures up a crowd of remembrances, which are its riches, and amongst which I would fain live more detached, more closely united to Thee.

Blessed are the poor in heart! Oh, Divine Master! how positive these words appear, and how they terrify my weak nature! I am ready to resign, for Thy sake, the goods of this world, material riches, even the multitude of familiar objects to which I have become so strongly attached without being aware of it; must I also give up the wealth of the soul, the riches of the affections, the treasures of friendship, and the hearts of my brethren? These affections are so holy, these friendships are so pure, they are the hidden treasures and the true riches of my heart; must I detach myself from them also, and become poor within after having embraced external poverty?

Lord, Thou hast said to be worthy of Thee we must leave father, mother, brother and

sister : we must therefore be poor by the heart and in the heart.

Oh, my God ! Oh, Divine Master ! Oh, Jesus ! to Thee only can I make the gift and the sacrifice of what I value more than all the world, of those affections which Thou Thyself formest and excitest in our hearts, to claim them afterwards as a sacrifice acceptable to Thee ; I will obey Thy voice and detach my heart according to Thy Will.

And then, Oh Lord, must I do anything else to attain that poverty which Thou lovest and beautifieth in Thy Heart ?

Yes ! after having left the world, after having given up the treasure of my heart, I must renounce myself, abandon myself, lose and forget myself, to think only of Thee and in Thee.

Ah ! how much self-deception there is even in the souls of the best of us, and how often our poverty is merely external, whilst we still live to ourselves, according to our own desires, our own ideas and caprices. I must then give up self entirely, abandon it, so as no longer to

follow its impulses; immolate it, destroy it, lose sight of it.

Oh, true and perfect detachment! Oh, blessed poverty, come into my soul and be its only ornament and its only treasure, in the absolute renunciation of everything.

It is when we have quitted all that we find God. We live in Him when we are quite naked and empty of self, and this is the kingdom of heaven, and only to those who are thus poor is the kingdom of heaven promised.

The Heart of Jesus is the model of poverty.

He is the King, and, strictly speaking, the proprietor of all things, yet He was poor, He is still poor. He suffered hunger, and, even now, He has only that which is given Him.

He was loved as never man was. His Heart, most delicate, tender, and affectionate, was sensitive to love as never heart was, and yet He gave up and left Mary His Mother, and Magdalen and John.

He was crushed and overwhelmed beneath the glance of His Father's justice, and He was

sorrowful even unto death in the agonies of dereliction! Ah! He was truly poor!

Oh, Jesus! make my heart, in every way, poor as Thine was.







## ELEVENTH ELEVATION.

“*Beati mites, quoniam ipsi possidebunt terram.*”

“Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the earth.”

How shall we learn to understand this beatitude? who will tell us what gentleness is, and how much God delights in it?

The Lord is not in commotion, and gentleness is the opposite of agitation.

The physical gentleness of the movements of the heart consists in an even, regular, lively, sustained action, without violence or interruption, extending itself through all the fibres, and causing the blood, and with it life, to circulate throughout the body. When the heart beats gently, all is well; on the contrary, hurried action or sudden pauses which interrupt the

regularity of its movements are a sign of illness and an actual evil.

It is the same with regard to the soul, or spiritual heart. Precipitation and over activity may indicate weakness or fever of the soul, just as irregular palpitations of the organic heart do that of the body ; there may be heaviness and dulness, weariness and languor in the movements of the soul because the soul is sick and under the influence of some passion.

The self-possessed soul acts vigorously but gently ; there is no impetuosity, suddenness, or irregularity : nothing is left to chance or circumstances, everything is organized, all is in harmony : the soul commands and restrains herself without effort or feverish agitation. Life is regular, gentle, and calm ; there is abundance of peace in the soul, orderly movements and freshness in the heart. And this peace and harmony display themselves outwardly, and lend to the countenance an expression of happiness, a serenity and charm which reflect the profound peace and quiet of the soul.

The aspect of a gentle soul attracts and fascinates us at first sight. And this is the happiness and beatitude of the gentle; they possess the earth, that is to say, their own hearts and the hearts of men, as Saint Gregory explains it.

But what heart was ever more harmonious, more even, more sweetly and gently animated, than the Heart of Jesus Christ?

We admire in the universe the marvellous power of God, which, ordaining every thing in number, weight and measure maintains all things with gentleness and strength. We find a still sweeter and more marvellous harmony in the Heart of Jesus, where It is the very life of God that orders everything with wisdom and love: and, under the divine influence of that strength and love, what must not be the gentleness of the Saviour's Soul? He was Himself delighted with it, and it inspired Him with a beatitude He could not conceal from us. Jesus, who rarely speaks of Himself, could not refrain from revealing to us the mysterious and sweet

harmony of His Heart, in proposing it to us as the rule and model of our life: Learn of Me, for I am gentle of heart.

Ah! would that we could have seen the radiance and beauty of the Master's face, as it borrowed from His Heart that expression of sweetness, gentleness, and peace, which won all souls and communicated to them the peace and serenity of His own. How charming must have been the sweetness of the countenance of Jesus when asleep! What delightful repose it would have been to our eyes to rest on the face of the Child-God! What noble majesty and dignified grace that sweet and grave gentleness must have given to all the actions of His life, to His voice, His look, His words, His walk, His gestures, and His whole bearing.

Oh, Divine Master! my soul is agitated, I have need of Thee to calm it. My heart is restless, sometimes impatient, sometimes languid, I would repose it in Thy Heart; and I would shelter my perturbed life, violent and sluggish by turns, in Thy equable life, always

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abounding in peace, gentleness, and goodness towards all men.

Oh, Heart of Jesus! I come to Thee, to learn the gentleness that wins souls; make my heart like to Thine.





## TWELFTH ELEVATION.

“*Beati qui lugent, quoniam ipsi consolabuntur.*”

“Blessed are those who weep, for they shall be comforted.”

WHAT new and strange words are these, and what is this mystery of tears?

Jesus Christ has wept, and His Heart blesses those who weep.

Tears come from the heart; but they may arise from one of three fountains; weakness, penitence, or desire.

Even the strongest heart is liable to strange weaknesses, and a lively compassion taking possession of it, softens it, and makes it weep. We weep at the sight of misfortune.

We weep, and our hearts tremble within us

as we weep. Jesus wept for Lazarus, He wept over Jerusalem; must he not have wept by the death-bed of Joseph; did He not weep for His Mother and His friends? The Heart of God had the tenderness to attach Itself to human hearts, to stoop towards them and weep with them. Sweet tears of friendship, of tender compassion and love of souls, how precious you are! How I should have loved to see you flow, to receive you on my lips and in my heart! Tears of divine charity, tears of self-sacrifice, you redeemed the world, and the angels carried you to the Eternal Father!

I would fain mingle my tears with you, for I feel the fervour of charity which the Heart of the Master has lighted in my soul; love constrains me, the tears mount from my heart to my eyes, and I pour them forth before God with joyfulness and tender compassion for souls.

But there is also in my heart a fountain of bitter tears that will never be exhausted so long as life lasts.

Holy tears of contrition, I chose you for my daily food. Yes, there is in my heart a deep, poignant sorrow, springing up afresh every moment, and overflowing daily in burning tears. To love God and know that we have offended Him, this is the torment, and the cause of my tears. And if only my tears could wash away my stains from before Thy eyes, Oh my God! If once in my life I had wounded the heart of my mother, I should be inconsolable, I should weep over my fault and my shame; and it is Thou, my God, my Father, whom I have so often and so grievously offended. Yes, my sin remains always as a sword in my heart, and I offer to Thee, day and night, the tears of my repentant love.

Oh, holy tears of Jesus, sacred tears shed for us, I mingle my tears with you in the Master's Heart, to expiate my faults in the same love and the same grief.

There are also in my heart strange and very happy tears. I weep often, and the world cannot understand the cause of my weeping.



How can I love God and not weep? how can I remember that God has loved me, has saved me, and not shed tears? Can I know that I shall see God, Whom I have not yet seen, and do otherwise than pour out my soul in a torrent of tears?"

And when once I have begun to weep, because I love God and do not love Him enough, when once my thoughts and my desires have left this world and carried me upwards towards God, oh then there is no end to my tears, and I pine away here below, far from the presence of my God.

Ah! would that with my tears I could weep the last drop of my heart's blood! Oh! ever increasing longing, wear out and consume my heart, that it may die of helplessness and love.

Oh, world! leave me my tears: they sustain my heart, they console my life, they are my happiness: "Beati qui lugent."



### THIRTEENTH ELEVATION.

“*Beati qui esuriunt et sitiunt justitiam, quoniam ipsi saturabuntur.*”

“Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.”

HAPPY are the souls that hunger and thirst after Jesus, who is righteousness and peace!

And yet these souls suffer, for hunger is tormenting and thirst parches.

I see the world, hungering after the things of the world, pursue them with a feverish eagerness. I see men, uneasy and restless, pining after riches, honours, and earthly joys, and these men are always unhappy, their hunger is bitter and their thirst without consolation.

But there are a hunger and thirst that render the souls that suffer from them happy.

No one can understand what I am about to say who has not some experience of it; who has not felt within him that insatiable hunger, that unquenchable thirst, which stimulate the soul, cause it to suffer, and at the same time make it happy.

The human soul is capable of a hunger that can never be appeased, and that hunger is love: ardent love, that breaks forth from the heart, and aspires upwards towards the Uncreated.

When once a soul has felt within her the touch of the Infinite, when she has received from God a secret but constraining invitation, an immense desire takes possession of her, she longs to touch and possess that which she dimly sees and loves.

It is the beginning of hunger that will never be appeased, the first torment of unquenchable thirst.

They are in the soul, they consume it and give it an ever-increasing avidity, which is stimulated by desire, but never satisfied.

The soul which has once tasted God has conceived a passion, an intense longing, that unbelievers have never been able to understand.

She seems to eat and drink in secret, within herself, and yet she is always hungry, always eager. God, Whom she dimly sees, is there, above her, she tries to draw Him towards her, she springs forward, but she can never succeed in holding and embracing Him: the creature cannot grasp the Uncreated.

God inebriates her with pure and holy delights, but in the midst of the sublime joys of divine love, the soul, excited by them, burns still more ardently, and seeks after the Giver, Whom she can never find. And therefore her desire continually increases. Contact with God inundates the soul with torrents of happiness, with bliss reaching to ecstasy, but in proportion as the soul rises and dilates itself God appears to rise and retire, at least He is higher, and the hunger increases; all these transports of love only excite it. If God were to give to this soul everything except Himself, He would not

satisfy her. Therefore she languishes in the midst of these delights, she is uneasy and agitated, nothing suffices her, she hungers for God.

It was God who excited this desire by touching the soul, and the more powerfully He touched her the more ardent is her desire, nothing in this world can extinguish it.

Such is the life of love. Ineffable life, unknown to the world; life of ever-recurring pain but also of unspeakable delight, because for the man whom God has thus touched, and whose soul hungers after Him, there is no separation from God: he shall be satisfied, his desire shall be accomplished, he shall eat continually, he shall drink eternally, and he shall taste how sweet God is to those who love Him.

Oh my God! my soul is eager as that of a beggar. The world distracts me and does not satisfy me, I will ask nothing from it. I have tasted righteousness at my Saviour's Heart, and I desire to feed on it always.

Oh that I could keep my lips at the wound of Thy Heart, to drink there the inexhaustible

blood of the Just One! But even this beverage does not satisfy me; a fire is within me and it consumes me.

When shall I, through the august Sacrament of Thy Humanity, behold the God Who attracts me, and Who is the sole object of my desire? When shall I be satisfied with the sight of Thy face? Oh my God! hide it from me no longer, and refuse me not the embrace of love in a mutual and eternal complacency.

Oh heaven! what treasures thou concealest from our view, but also what beatitude dost thou not reserve for us when the immensity of our desires shall be satisfied.

Oh Jesus! increase daily the hunger and thirst of our souls, and then come, delay not.





## FOURTEENTH ELEVATION.

“*Beati misericordes, quoniam ipsi misericordiam consequentur.*”

“Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.”

I WOULD choose this Beatitude, and make it my special favourite. Lord Jesus, teach me to understand it thoroughly.

Blessed are the merciful, that is to say, blessed are those who feel for the miseries of others. To be merciful is to incline our hearts to the sufferings of the poor, the weak, the lowly, and the infirm; or again, it is to receive into our hearts and make our own the miseries, the weaknesses, and the misfortunes of others.

The Heart of Jesus, above all others, lent itself to the unspeakable miseries of the whole

world. Was there any earthly sorrow that did not touch it, from poverty and sickness, death and the grave, to the deep and immeasurable misery of the soul, such as He found in the Samaritan woman, the woman taken in adultery, and Mary Magdalen? Was there on earth any misery that He did not compassionate, any weakness, suffering, or grief that He did not feel in His Heart?

What ineffable emotions must have arisen from this strange companionship of the Heart of God with human misery? How the sacred and compassionate Heart of Jesus overflowed with pity, tenderness, and joy as its divine contact cured its infirmities and consoled the heart of man! "Come unto Me," He said, "all you who labour and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you;" and He poured forth His Heart with boundless effusion, making it His happiness and His delight thus to lavish the fulness of His life and love.

Let us approach, then, we who are sick, unhappy, languishing, and weak, let us go to the



source of mercy, and give to Jesus the joy and happiness of touching our miseries in order to heal them.

But this is not all: He offers to share with us this divine felicity; it is to us that He says: "Blessed are the merciful;" He invites us to imitate Him, and to enjoy, in our own hearts, the beatitude of mercy.

I then, poor and weak as I am, I, too, must devote all my heart and my life to the miseries of others. I thank Thee, Oh Lord! I thank Thee; Thou hast made my heart compassionate and merciful; Thou hast implanted in it an ardent desire to expand itself, to give itself, to exhaust itself, if necessary, in order to do some good, to carry comfort to some poor suffering heart. Thou openest my heart to many miseries, Thou bringest to it the pains, the griefs, the sadness of others. I make them my own, and I offer them to Thee; it is my only joy and happiness here below.

It is also my only hope: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

Oh! my own miseries also have need of a heart to receive them, to pity, cure, or pardon them. Oh Lord! behold how great is my misery, I am filled with it, my whole life overflows with it; have pity on my necessity, which is still greater than that of those for whom I feel; suffer Thyself to be moved by the sight of it; be merciful. Incline Thy Heart, and see how weak and poor I am, more sinful than all my brethren. Oh my God! I have not closed my heart to the wants of my brothers, and the more I know their infirmities the more my heart softens and opens to them.

Heart of Jesus! Open Thyself to me, cover me with Thy divine mercy.

Henceforth I will try to be still more merciful, in order to win from Jesus a deeper compassion.





## FIFTEENTH ELEVATION.

“*Beati mundo corde, quoniam ipsi Deum videbunt.*”

“Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.”

WE should have to be angels to understand the full import of these words, or, rather, we should have to possess in our hearts the perfect innocence and purity of the Heart of the Divine Master.

The pure heart shall see, and already sees God!

To be pure is to be unalloyed, unadulterated with foreign substances, to remain in the original integrity of nature. The pure heart is stainless, free from taint of evil, it is virgin. It has never mixed with the world, nor attached

itself to anything that might enthrall it, and by enthralling it, turn aside or disturb the clearness of its vision. Being detached from everything, it is self-concentrated, it returns to its true principle, it lives within its own life, and its principle, its life, is God.

The more a heart detaches itself from creatures, and loosens the bonds of earthly affections—unless these are all transformed in God—the more it finds God and is attached to Him; and, to find God, to be attached to Him, is to know Him and to love Him.

But, in proportion as a soul is attached to this world, just so much is its vision obscured, its clouded sight weakened. The heart that is not pure is mixed up with all the things of earth, among which it loses itself, it no longer sees God.

It is easy to recognize this in the life of men. Nothing restores to the mind its energy, strength, and sublime penetration, like self-collection, retirement, detachment, and innocence of heart; whilst anything that sullies the purity of the

heart is like a cloud in a clear sky, or a flaw in a pure crystal, the transparency, limpidity, and luminous brilliancy are tarnished.

Ah! who will dissipate the shadows that attachment to the world and creatures maintains in our hearts, amidst which we painfully seek after God and the light of His countenance? Who will clear away from before us the thousand obstacles that impede the free progress of our souls and intercept the direct light of God, so that it cannot reach us in its full brightness?

Who will enclose my soul, like the garden of the Spouse, that the Beloved alone may enter and repose there? Who will strip me of the world and of myself, who will make me simple and pure, and my heart chaste and perfectly virgin, that only the ray of the Divinity may dwell within me?

Oh, Sacred Heart of Jesus! reveal Thyself to my heart, and teach me to know the treasures of Thy divine purity!

Ah! if we could but understand how pure

the Heart of Jesus was, in order to try to imitate it. Perfectly virgin and free from all earthly affection, the one will, the one love of the Father was its interior nourishment, and it conversed continually with Him. The simplicity of this affection, the singleness of this thought, the purity of this intention, gave to the life of Jesus an admirable unity, a simplicity and sincerity of purpose that caused Him always to live in the presence of God.

Oh Lord! give me a pure heart that I may see Thee always, that I may recognize Thee in everything, that, even in the most trifling circumstances of my life, I may discover Thy presence and walk constantly in Thy sight.

Oh, if my heart were perfectly pure, how close would be my union with God, and with what confidence I should encounter the trials of this life!

And yet—though the view of God that we may obtain here below gives marvellous light to the soul—it is but a shadow compared to the clear vision reserved in heaven for the pure

of heart. They will be close to the Divine Lamb, Who is all light, their glance, habitually deep and penetrating, will acquire a new and special strength and energy. All the saints shall see and be satisfied, but the pure of heart shall see nearer and more intimately the secret mysteries of life in the perfectly pure Heart of the Son of God. They will understand the ineffable activity and the eternal Beatitude of that love which created all things, and which is the happiness of the whole world; they shall see and they shall sing their joy in a song that no man can say after them: "Beati mundo corde, quoniam ipsi Deum videbunt."





## SIXTEENTH ELEVATION.

“Beati pacifici, quoniam filii Dei vocabuntur.”

“Blessed are the peaceful, for they shall be called the children of God.”

I UNDERSTAND why the peaceful are called the children of God.

In the world we find agitation and war, and men, restless and anxious, crying out for peace, and seeking it in all directions without finding it.

In God only there is no agitation or disturbance, there is quiet and peace. Therefore the Son of God is called the Prince of Peace, and He gives Peace to His people: “Jesus came and stood in the midst of them, and He said:



Peace be with you, My peace I give unto you."

But there is just the difficulty; for how am I to escape from the tumult of the world, how extinguish the fire that burns within me, and calm the agitation of my heart? How can I preserve peace and serenity in the midst of the varied and often painful events of existence?

Oh, admirable Heart of Jesus, in which all things combine in an immutable and eternal order; sacred fountain of universal peace, pour forth over our hearts that profound peace which superabounds in Thee, and which nothing can disturb. Oh, Jesus! why dost Thou not show us Thy face, that we may behold therein the sweet image and harmonious reflection of the peace that dwells in Thy Heart? Why can we not hear from Thy lips the blessed words that have calmed so many agitated hearts, so many troubled souls: "Pax vobis," peace be with you!

Ah, Sacred Heart! peace belongs to Thee, its secret and its source are Thine; Thou only

canst teach me how I may obtain peace, and enjoy the happiness of being a child of God. When the human soul attaches itself to creatures, it is carried away by them, and often crushed and bruised by the violence of their tumultuous course; it is hurried on without pause or repose, and in vain asks for peace where there is no peace. We must rise above this world, we must leave created things if we would avoid being affected by their motion and carried away by their impetuosity. We must soar above them, quite detached and out of their reach, and then, as our nature is inconstant, we must fix our hearts in those upper regions, we must fasten them on heaven, and hide them in the depths of the most Holy Trinity, that they may participate in the eternal, unalterable, and peaceful movement of life and love that takes place in the Bosom of God, ever flowing from the Father to the Son and the Holy Ghost.

Therefore it is in the Heart of the Eternal that we must fix our soul irrevocably, even in

this life, that it may repose in peace. Having thus escaped from the world, the soul takes shelter in the arms of ineffable justice and harmony, and finds its stability in God.

It is love that works this miracle, strong and undivided love. It strips men and sets them free from creatures; then the soul feels itself free: established in peace and in the bliss of divine union, lost in the abyss of God, it enjoys the beatitude of being His child. And when, from time to time, such a man appears among other men, his aspect is admirable, his life is astonishing, he almost seems to participate in the eternity and the strength of God, so different is he from other men, and so truly divine.

But what puts the crown to this beatitude is, that we know it to be without end, and that the peace of our hearts is peace eternal. In the ecstasy of love that holds us delightfully entranced, we say with ineffable and deep emotion: it is for ever and ever.

Oh, my God! is this peace that Thou bestowest on us of earth or of heaven?

Assuredly it is only in heaven that it will be perfected. Nevertheless, Thou hast brought it down to earth, and it commences here below. We find it in the Heart of Jesus, true, pure, unalterable, and deep; we find there the Son of God and the harmonious peace of the Eternal Trinity.

Oh, Jesus! in Thy Heart I establish the abode of my soul, there to taste peace and to become the child of God: "Beati pacifici, quoniam filii Dei vocabuntur."





## SEVENTEENTH ELEVATION.

“*Beati qui persecutionem patiuntur propter justitiam, quoniam ipsorum est regnum cœlorum.*”

“Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice sake ; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.”

HAPPY is the man who suffers.

Happy the sinner who suffers for his sins.

Happy the just man who suffers in the cause of justice.

Happy the just man who suffers for his brethren.

Oh, my God! how much light Thy words always carry with them, and yet what mystery there is in Thy teaching! Can it be that there is happiness, beatitude, in suffering? Though my nature shrinks and my heart rebels, never-

theless I believe Thy words, oh Lord! for they are true; there is happiness in suffering; nay, more, suffering is real happiness, true beatitude. Thou hast never said, happy are those that labour, that are active, that accomplish much, but Thou hast said: "Happy are they that suffer."

We must believe it when we reflect on Thy life; Thou didst not choose action, but suffering; Thou didst espouse it, and remain faithful to it. Thou didst act little, but Thou didst suffer long, and Thy Heart was sad, and yet Thy life was happy, and the happiest of all lives.

Oh, Jesus! I need to enter into Thy Heart, that I may learn there this heavenly lesson, and know how to rejoice in my sufferings.

Among those who surrounded Thee, or who have come after Thee, the hearts Thou hast most loved, and which are, on that account, after Thy own, the happiest, are those that suffered most. Mary, Thy Mother, who died unconsolated, Thy saints. The greater Thy love for them, the larger was the share Thou gavest

them in the sufferings that overflow from Thy Heart, and that is why they are the happiest, each one in the order of his grief.

Blessed are they that suffer to expiate sin. Since grief is superior to nature, since it is so divine, can we employ it to a better purpose than to efface our sins from before the eyes of God? It was believed, in ancient times, that the just anger of heaven could be appeased by the immolation of victims. The law is still the same, but it is better understood; it is tears, the blood of the heart, that God accepts to appease His anger and satisfy His justice. Oh, blessed is the afflicted heart, oppressed by the agonies of grief, that weeps and offers to God the divine libation of tears; they will be accepted, and will win the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed is the just man, who suffers for justice sake; these words are still truer, more sublime, and more divine. It is but justice that the sinner should suffer and weep, and it is the common law; besides, there is always something impure in the blood and the tears of

a sin-stained heart, and though God, in His mercy, loves and accepts them, one cannot help seeing them flow with a sentiment of almost inflexible justice. But, in the blood and the tears of the just there is a perfume that is not of earth, where everything is soiled in its origin; there is a something beyond expression that delights the Heart of God. God must experience a holy joy, a divine complacency, an unspeakable satisfaction, in collecting the tears of the just and receiving the blood of the innocent. It is because He so loved the Blood of the Lamb that He did not leave a single drop of it even in the most secret recesses of the Heart, but drained it all away in love.

And does not the just man experience a divine and unutterable joy in immolating himself, in giving to God the best of his blood, the tears of his heart? He would wish to give continually, and to see fresh floods of blood and new tears, ever purer, bitterer, and more abundant, spring up from the depths of his love and his heart. Jesus alone perfectly understood



this happiness. He had divined it before His Passion, and He has told us that He desired it ardently: He experienced it from the Garden to the Cross.

What adds an infinite sweetness to this divine beatitude is, that Jesus suffered for the sake of others. In the eyes of men He suffered because He loved truth and justice, and before God He suffered to restore justice and peace to His brethren. That is why there never were sufferings so much beloved by God as His; nor was there ever a just man so enamoured of the happiness of suffering. He gave to His Father all He could give, pain, tears, and Blood, and God accepted His death with ineffable complacency.

Here is our true model, the ever blessed Sufferer to whom belongs the kingdom of heaven.

Oh, Jesus! despise not Thy servant; make him to suffer always, with Thee, for justice sake.

It will be my happiness here below and my beatitude in heaven.



## EIGHTEENTH ELEVATION.

“Discite a Me, quia mitis sum et humilis Corde.”

“Learn of Me, for I am meek and humble of Heart.”

THESE are brief words: few souls take heed to them, and fewer still understand them.

Jesus spoke but once of His Divine Heart, and He expressed all Its treasures in these simple words: “Learn of Me, for I am meek and humble of Heart.”

He does not tell us of the nobility of His Heart, the sublimity of Its adoration, Its incomparable love; He does not speak of Its strength and grandeur; He means to reveal to us Its secret, Its mystery, Its intimate nature, and He mentions meekness and humility.

All the Heart of Jesus is there, Its principle, Its essence, and Its life; let us not seek It elsewhere; humility and gentleness, for they are inseparable, are the Heart of Jesus.

Humility and the Heart are one and the same thing. The heart is hidden like humility; it is unseen, but felt everywhere. It is the first principle, the strength and life of everything. The heart animates the blood, distributes it, and impels it forcibly, but with admirable gentleness, to the very extremities, itself remaining unknown, concealed from sight, doing everything but never appearing.

Humility is the soul of virtue and the source of all Christian life. God resists the proud and gives grace to the humble. "You aspire to great things," says Saint Augustine, "begin by little things; you wish to build a very lofty edifice, think first of the foundation, which is humility. All strength is in humility." Truly spiritual souls know it well; the best life, without humility, is worthless. The edifice of virtue must begin in humility, by it be

strengthened and completed : it is the principle, the support and the guarantee of all spiritual life.

Is it wonderful that Jesus, whose actions all spring from the Heart, should thus assimilate humility and His Heart, confounding them together and using them as interchangeable terms? Learn of Me, for I am humble of Heart : and how perfect was His humility and consequently His Heart.

To be humble we should have to contemplate with the ardent eyes of charity, the immensity of God, His essence, His love, and His benefits; we should then have to look at ourselves, to count our offences against God, and to turn against our own baseness with an indignation that cannot find contempt enough to satisfy itself.

Therefore, there has never been true and perfect humility, except in the Heart of Jesus ; and the Heart of Jesus is, above all others, the humble Heart, and the only really humble one.

All the ineffable mysteries of the hypostatic union took place in the Heart of Jesus; it is there that the Word of God revealed Himself substantially and clearly to humanity, and the ardent eye of the heart. The Heart of Jesus alone has known the Father, His essence, His love, and His benefits: *nemo novit Patrem, nisi Filius*. But, at the same time, by one of the miracles of the wisdom of God, the Heart of Jesus assembles in Itself the sufferings and infirmities of all creation, It contains and feels profoundly every weakness of our nature. It is as a vase in which the miseries of the whole world are collected, and to these miseries our Lord added the sins of men. He bore their guilt, He knew their number and their magnitude, and, measuring with an unutterable glance the depth of His nothingness, at the same time that He enjoyed the clear vision of the Divinity, He was seized in His Heart with such an indignation and contempt that it seemed as if He could not satisfy His self-abasement. He humiliated himself: *humiliavit se; exinanivit semetipsum*; He precipitated Himself into an

abyss of nothingness of which no one can ever know the extent or find the end : exinanivit !

What a deep and unfathomable mystery ! what unutterable abasement ! The Eternal Word descends such depths of humiliation that the human mind cannot follow Him.

And His Humanity, witnessing the humiliations of the Word, humbled itself in His Heart in every possible manner. We have beheld it in the manger, we have seen it obedient and obscure at Nazareth, and in His life among men. What modesty in His words, His learning and all His actions !

But, above all, in the last moments of His mortal life, whilst accomplishing the last mysteries of which His Heart was full, He loved humility and carried it to the extreme. He stooped to the feet of His Apostles and He washed them ! He washed the feet of Judas, and kneeling, He kissed them with an unspeakable humility and love of which the Heart of Jesus alone is capable ; He humbled Himself even to this.

And when, after this humiliation, He rose from His knees, it was to perpetuate His miracle and His love of humility in the multiplied and endless abasements of the Eucharist. He is really there: He who stooped to the feet of the traitor is there ready to descend even into my heart. Ah! He is indeed the hidden God, vere Tu es Deus absconditus, whose footsteps cannot be traced, who dwells in silence and stillness; ejus viæ silentiosæ et humiles.

Everything disappears in the mystery of the altar; there are only common appearances that deceive the eye, Jesus is concealed there; nay, more, He is even in haste to leave the altar and the fair appearance of the Host, to come upon my lips and into my heart, where the very appearances are destroyed and He loses Himself in a last ecstasy of love and in the supreme effort of His humility.

Discite a me quia. . . . humilis Corde.





## NINETEENTH ELEVATION.

“ Discite a me, quia mitis sum.”

“ Learn of me, for I am meek.”

**GENTLENESS** can only dwell in a humble heart, for humility and gentleness are inseparable.

In order to feel in our hearts the sweet emotions and tender sentiments of benignity we must first have a deep and true conviction of our own weakness and of the frailty of others. We must be humble before we can be gentle.

The world, blinded by pride, which prevents it from being conscious of its own misery on confessing its weakness, is not benignant, it is haughty, selfish and unfeeling. Saint Paul warned us of it in describing the proud and egotistical, *seipsos amantes, elati, superbi*, who



know nothing of the truest and tenderest affections of the heart, without affection, enemies of peace, without goodness or kindness : sine affectione, sine pace, inimibes, sine benignitate.

No, we must not expect to find benevolence, or hope to meet with tenderness, in hearts dried up and hardened by pride ; the world is not benignant. Thou Lord art sweetness itself and gentleness : Tu Domine, suavis et mitis : in Thy Heart the goodness and benignity of my God and Saviour have appeared to me ; apparuit benignitas et humanitas Salvatoris.

His meekness, His kindness, His compassion and His tenderness are in proportion to the immensity of His abasement, to the infinite humility of His Heart : mitis sum et humiles.

As Jesus alone understood and felt in His Heart the whole weakness, frailty and nothingness of the heart of man, so we may say that only His compassion and mercy can be equal to the misery and infirmity of our nature. He alone could feel and display to us an infinite compassion proportioned to our infinite weak-

ness, He only could say to us, showing us His Heart: behold and learn how gentle I am.

But who can understand the length and the breadth, the height and the depth of this mystery. Who can taste and then be able to express the treasures of tenderness, the oceans of sweetness, contained in the Heart of Jesus Christ? Saint John penetrated this mystery and tasted the delights that flow from the Divine Heart, but he has said nothing about it. When he wished to tell us of his intimacy with the Heart of Jesus and of the hidden sweetness that it reserved for him, he simply said that he was the disciple whom Jesus loved: *ille discipulus quem amabat.*

This is the secret of the gentleness and goodness of Jesus, we are the friends whom He loves, and our weaknesses, our infirmities, our very faults, instead of repelling Him and rendering Him severe, only draw Him towards us, soften and touch him. There is not a weakness that has not attracted Him, not a misery that has not moved Him to compassion, to all hearts

He has been tender and gentle. He bent His deep, pure look on little children and He called them to Him : *Sinihe parvulos ad me venire*, and He drew them close to His Heart. Sweetness and mercy were ever on His lips, *lex clementiæ in lingua ejus ; eloquia tua super mel et favum*. He comforted the widow who had lost her son, His Heart thrilled with tenderness and love at the thought of the death of Lazarus, whom He loved. To His angry disciples, who begged Him to take vengeance on a town that had been inhospitable to Him, He only replied with words of charity : "The Son of Man is not come to destroy." Once only the zeal for His Father's house inflamed Him and seemed to carry Him away, but gentleness restrained Him and His indulgence armed Him with a scourge when He might have hurled fire from heaven upon the desecrators. He does not destroy, He drives from the temple, and to the poorest, who sold doves, he merely commands to carry them away : *auferte ista hinc*. Even in punishing His Heart is full of wisdom and moderation.

But in general He pardons. They bring to Him a woman who was a sinner, and He receives her with such kindness as to scandalize the hard proud hearts of the Pharisees. His tenderness towards His rough and ungrateful disciples knew no bounds. What kindness did He not display night and day to these men, so little worthy of His goodness? With what care did He not watch over their wants and provide for their necessities? and when they offend Him, or misunderstand Him, when they are rebellious to His teachings or His love, He waits patiently, merely saying that they have not comprehended, and adding that as yet they cannot bear the intensity of so bright a light. When they are about to abandon Him, at the very moment that Judas consummates his crime, He kisses him, and, constrained by love, addresses him by that name, which on the lips of Jesus must have been so inexpressibly sweet and tender, My friend! With a look full of gentle compassion and love, rather than of reproach, He converted Saint Peter. Of Magdalen,

the notorious sinner, He only recollected one thing, that she had loved much, and that therefore many sins were remitted to her.

But it was towards the guiltiest that His tenderness and gentleness revealed themselves most wonderfully. Seated one day on the mountain looking towards Jerusalem, which was soon to seize Him and put Him to death, at the very time that His enemies within the guilty city were planning His destruction, Jesus wept, not for Himself, but for her, and for the misfortunes that were about to fall upon her, and addressing her in the sublime language of pity and charity, He pleaded with her, and invited her to take shelter under His wings: *Sicut gallina congregat pullos suos.*

Amidst the outrages and horrors of His Passion He was as a lamb before its shearers. Of His executioners He only spoke words of peace and pardon: *Dimitte illis, nesciunt enim quid faciunt.*

Oh my heart, let us take shelter in the sweetness and gentleness of the Heart of our beloved

Jesus! Come faithful souls, daughters of Sion, behold your King, full of benignity : taste and see how sweet He is and imitate His clemency ; be compassionate to His Heart, to your own weaknesses, and to the infirmities of others ; be gentle towards yourselves and towards all ; the gentle shall possess the hearts of men.

Remember, Oh Eternal Father, the gentleness of Jesus Thy Servant, and make my heart meek and humble as His.





## TWENTIETH ELEVATION.

“Deprecatus sum faciem tuam in toto corde meo.”

“I entreated Thy face with all my heart.”

To pray is to look upwards, to sigh from the depths of our unworthiness, from the abode of poverty, from the midst of peril, and to ask.

Prayer is the daily bread of all creatures; it is the hope, the strength, and the support of the weak, the needy, and of those who are in danger.

And who is not weak, who is not needy, who is not daily in danger?

All nature unconsciously sighs and groans continually under the weight of its weakness and the pressure of its necessities. The parched

earth cracks and opens when in want of moisture, it calls for dew and life from heaven. The flower sadly bends downwards, it asks for the rain drops. The lilies of the field and the little birds that God nourishes call to Him daily for their lustre and their food. The young lions roar and demand their prey; the hart pants, sighs, and hastens after the water courses. All nature calls for succour, all creatures pray. And God listens to the invocation of nature; He answers the beings who pray to Him.

But what prayer can ever suffice for the wants of man? Which of us has sounded the abyss of his own indigence, or knows the perils that beset his life and the dangers that lie in wait for his soul? Nature, unconscious of what she is doing, feels the need that constrains her, and her prayer ascends to God. But man will not confess his necessities, he refuses to recognize his weakness, he does not pray.

No doubt there are humble and just souls that adore and pray, but do they understand the full extent of our misery, are they ac-



acquainted with all our weakness, our helplessness, are they humble enough to pray as much as they ought ?

Saint John beheld an angel stand before the throne of God, having a golden thurible in his hand, and there was given to him much incense that he might offer up the prayers of all saints on the altar of gold that is before the throne.

The true golden altar, free from all stain, is the holy Humanity of our Saviour, the sacred Body of Jesus, which is before the face of God the Father. Jesus Himself is the Angel, the Angel of the Testament, the Messenger of the Father, and His Divine Heart is the precious vase full of prayers and love, the golden censer, in which the pure incense of prayer burns on the ardent fire of His charity. And the Angel ever stands before the face of God, and His Heart is always full of perfumes and of prayers.

Such is the secret of the life of Jesus.

We should be astonished if we were to compare the time the Divine Master consecrated to prayer with that He devoted to His active life

and to preaching; or, rather, the life of Jesus was one long prayer, for indeed His Heart never ceased from praying: "Semper vivens ad interpellandum pro nobis." He prayed, when on the bosom of Mary, as on an altar; He first offered Himself to God the Father; He prayed in the silence of the cradle and on the path of exile; He prayed in the desert, on the mountain, in His journeyings, in the midst of the fields, among the crowd, in solitude and retirement: He prayed by day, and he often passed the whole night in prayer. We know little of this part of the life of Jesus, and yet it is the most important, for it seems to be that which principally occupied the Divine Saviour throughout His mortal life: indeed He consecrated to prayer the greater part of His time, all His care and His whole Heart.

Even when only a few hours remained to Him, and He was about to pass them in the accomplishment of unspeakable mysteries, and to consecrate them by indescribable sufferings, our Lord did not cease to pray; on the con-

trary, He prayed more fervently. Even in the prostration and desolation of His agony, all that terrible night in the Garden of Olives, which may be called the Garden of Prayer, Jesus prayed still longer than usual, "factus in agonia prolixius orabat." Three times, exhausted, He interrupted His prayer, three times He resumed it, and each time with fresh fervour, notwithstanding His profound sadness and the failing of His strength. He prayed all night long, in the midst of those who were eagerly demanding His death, and all the next day; He even prayed upon the Cross: "Pater, dimitte illis, nesciunt quid faciunt."

Nay, He prays for us even now, for Saint John tells us that we have an advocate with the Father in heaven. We have Him also in the Blessed Sacrament, where His love retains Him, ever living to make intercession for us. Why does He remain in the Host? what keeps Him there, a silent prisoner? His love for men, and His love of prayer.

Oh! who will give me understanding that I

may comprehend the ineffable and mysterious accents of His prayer? Who will enable me to approach so near to the Eucharistic Heart that I may overhear Its secret petitions? Would that I might live day and night in the Tabernacle, to listen at the open door of that Heart, to catch Its incessant murmurs, and Its prayer that ascends to God!

Oh, Heart of Jesus! teach us to pray; “doce nos orare;” make us to love prayer. Give to our hearts the faith, the confidence, the reverence, the fervour, the perseverance of Thy Heart, and may our prayers, united to Thine, transformed and consumed by the ardour of Thy love, ascend to God, like the perfume of incense, “dirigatur oratio mea sicut incensum.”





## TWENTY-FIRST ELEVATION.

“Sacrificate sacrificium justitiæ.”

“Offer a sacrifice of justice.”

SACRIFICE is the solemn essential act which comprises and completes all religion. Hence, in the true religion, there is but one sacrifice, a marvellous, perpetual, and infinite one, that of the Heart of Jesus.

Sacrifice takes its origin in the heart, being at once its law and its most sublime and perfect manifestation. All sacrifices are accomplished in the Heart, which is, at the same time, the place of offering, the altar, priest, and victim. The supreme effort of the heart, the utmost limit of love, is the gift of self by sacrifice. He

who is not capable of sacrificing himself is incapable of loving.

Adam, in the innocence of his life and love, sacrificed in his heart to God, and it was his heart that he offered. His oblation was perfect, and God accepted in him the prayers, the adoration and worship of all creation, which had laid itself on the heart of man, as on an altar, there to be offered to the Most High: and this sacrifice was made without effort or violence, without pain or shedding of blood, because the heart was submissive and obedient to the law.

But a day came when, forgetting his duty and faithless to the law, man ceased to make his offering, his heart rebelled, and there was no more sacrifice.

Nevertheless, God, in His mercy, ordained to save man at any price, even against man's own will.

Then sacrifice assumed a strange character, and adopted terrible rites, unknown before; in order to be an offering, it became in the first place an expiation, and an expiation of blood.

It could not be otherwise. It was necessary to do violence to the heart of man and tear it away from all those earthly things amongst which it was entangled. How could man be raised from the degradation to which he had fallen, replaced on the true road, and brought back to God without wounding him and shedding his blood ?

Therefore the children of men, who would not sacrifice joyfully in their hearts, have sacrificed in tears and blood. Numberless victims groaned beneath the sacerdotal knife, and blood flowed everywhere upon the altars.

Who can count the groans of the victims, or measure the tears and blood shed from the time that the true sacrifice ceased in Eden ?

And yet God was not appeased, and man, conscious of it, multiplied his sacrifices and heaped up holocausts, proving thus that he was unable to find an offering pure enough, or an expiation sufficiently bloody. More love and more blood were necessary : God required from a single victim the perfect oblation of the heart,

together with the anguish of the most poignant grief and the inevitable sufferings of bloodshed.

Oh my God! where shall the victim be found? who will deliver himself up, and bear in his own person the weight of all expiation and the sanguinary bitterness of all sacrifice?

“Behold me,” exclaimed the Lamb, “behold I come; Thy law, O God, is in My Heart: ‘ecce veino, et legem tuam in medio cordis mei.’” He spoke of the law of sacrifice, for, on coming into the world, He said: “Sacrifice and oblation Thou wouldst not, a body Thou hast given Me. Holocausts and offerings for sin were not pleasing to Thee; then I said, Behold I come, in the head of the book it is written of Me, that I should do Thy Will, O God.”

He came, in His Heart He offered Himself, on entering the world in the pure bosom of Mary, because it was His Will so to do: “ob-latus est quia ipse voluit.” He gave His life with a perfection of love found in no other sacrifice. “No man taketh it from Me, but I lay it down of Myself: ‘nemo mihi tollit, sed



ego pono eam.'” “It is My will, Oh my God !  
‘Deus meus, volui.’”

Oh, how holy is this oblation, how perfect the sacrifice, how entire the offering of the heart ! Therefore God accepts it, and, when the hour shall have come, He will deliver up the Lamb, according to His pre-ordained council and fore-knowledge, “definito consilio, et præscientia Dei traditum.” God Himself will accomplish all that He has foretold by the mouth of the Prophets, concerning the sufferings and immolation of His Christ: “quæ prærumtiavit per os omnium prophetarum, pati Christum suum, sic implevit.”

It quickly came ; that hour of the power of darkness, and it was necessary that Christ should suffer. “Oportuit Christum pati.”

On the eve of the sacrifice the Heart of the Victim was seized with fear. Jesus began to feel the full weight of the sins of the world, which He had taken upon Himself. They pressed upon Him on every side ; it was as if sin had entered into all His members, to work there its accustomed ravages ; a deadly pallor overspread

His face; He was overwhelmed by an inexpressible languor and a mortal fear. "Coepit tadere. . . . pavere et mœstus esse." Alone, in the middle of the night, He sought for some one to weep with Him, and He found no one. He looked around, He called for a friend, and no one answered His lamentation. "Quæsivi qui me consolaretur, et non inveni. Circumspexi, et non erat." He turned towards heaven, and, in the bitterness of His desolation, began to pray to His Father: "Oh, Father! if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me!" But heaven was hidden from Him, and God answered not. Then an extreme desolation came upon Him, He trembled in all His limbs, and sank down as one about to die. It was the hour of His agony, of the supreme combat between life and death. His Heart no longer retained the Blood, but let it stream forth from all His body in an abundant sweat: His sacred garments were soaked with it, and it flowed even down to the ground. He must have died in that extremity and distress, at the foot of the solitary trees of

Gethsemane if God had not by a miracle sustained His soul to the last, that is, until the consummation of the last suffering, and the effusion of the last drop of blood on the Cross.

And so He continued to live; an angel came from heaven and strengthened Him. Then He arose and walked to the altar.

Let us listen to His own account of His terrible immolation. "My God, I have cried by day and by night, and Thou hast not heard Me. O God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken Me? Many calves have surrounded Me; fat bulls have besieged Me. They have opened their mouths against Me as a lion ravening and roaring. . . . They have pierced My hands and My feet: they have numbered all My bones; they have looked and stared upon Me. But I am a worm and no man, the reproach of men and the outcast of the people. I am poured out like water, and all My bones are scattered; My flesh is melted and washed away; My blood is poured out like that of victims, My heart is become like wax, melting in the midst of My

bowels. My strength is dried up, and My tongue hath cleaved to My palate. All they that saw Me have laughed Me to scorn and wagged the head. O God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

But the sacrifice was not arrested, it was necessary that one man should pay the debt of all and die for the people.

They had nailed Him to a cross : He remained there under the terrible pressure of the Justice of God, crushed for our sins. From the soles of His feet to the crown of His head no part of Him was spared. "We have seen Him," says the Prophet, "and there was no beauty in Him that we should desire Him. He seemed to us despised and the most abject of men ; a man of sorrows and acquainted with infirmity ; and we have thought Him as it were a leper, as one stricken by God and afflicted. But He was wounded for our iniquities, He was bruised for our sins ; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and by His bruises we are healed.

The Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all. He was offered because it was His own Will and He opened not His mouth ; He was led as a sheep to the slaughter, and as a lamb that is dumb before its shearers." He died in the midst of torments. He died and it was finished. 'Consummatum est.' O grief! O joy! O love! The sacrifice is accomplished, and it is the Heart that has consummated it. No, He did not die like other men, worn out and exhausted by suffering ; had it been so, He would have died at the commencement of His Passion. He died as He offered Himself, voluntarily, raising a great cry, "cum clamore valido," in the might of His Divinity and the triumph of His love.

Ah! what mysteries there are in this death, and how little men understand them! What mystery in the severity of God's justice, thus reducing His Son to extremity and delivering Him over to death! and what mystery as well as power in the love of the Heart that immolates itself!

Thus has God loved the world !

I shudder with all nature trembling at the death of the Saviour ; but my heart throbs with hope, gratitude, and love. I draw near to the Victim and I adore.





## TWENTY-SECOND ELEVATION.

“Habemus altare, de quo edere non habent facultatem.”

“ We have an altar, whereof they have no power to eat.”

THE Jews immolated the Victim, but in their folly, they cast Him out of the Temple and beyond the walls of the City. After having shed His Blood and opened His Heart, they shook their heads, and would have no more to do with Him. They did not appropriate the sacrifice, they did not consume the Victim, they did not communicate with Him, and therefore He remains for us. He remains for us, and we have an altar of which they have no power to eat.

It was not by chance that this came to pass, but by a most merciful and loving disposition

of the Heart of Jesus. Let us approach the altar and try to understand this mystery.

Under the new law there is but one Sacrifice, and Jesus Christ offers it once, as the Apostle tells us, "hoc enim fecit semel, seipsum offerens." He may manifest it in different circumstances, under various forms and with particular applications, but He does not renew it nor multiply it. He offers it once, and the offering lasts for ever: "unam offerens hostiam, in sempiternum sedet in dextera Dei."

The sacrifice of our Lord did not commence upon the Cross, to finish at the Sepulchre; it had begun before, and it will never end. The protracted and grievous sufferings of Calvary are a bloody episode, a terrible feature in it; they present its most striking signification and its most complete form, but they do not reveal its hidden secret, nor its essential character.

On the summit of Calvary Jesus is made a spectacle to the whole world; He is lifted up in the sight of heaven and earth, with a certain solemnity, as if to strike the eye and attract



the attention of the human race, in order to instruct it authoritatively, and to make formal satisfaction to the inexorable Justice of His Father. But His Heart had devised something far better for us, a spectacle still more divine : an offering where there should be less terror and more love, a new sacrifice without the horror of bloodshed, and yet real and complete, a victim immolated and yet unbloody, in the condition of death and yet living, eaten every day but always entire : perpetuating thus in the same mystery to the end of time the sublimity of His sacrifice and the infinite tenderness of His love.

On the eve of His death, before allowing His Heart to be exhausted by suffering, and the love It contained to escape from It with the last drop of Its Blood, before delivering It up to the Jews, Jesus determined to give It, full of life and love, to His disciples. In the quiet of the night, joyfully, and with floods of tenderness gushing from His Heart, Jesus prepared to realize this most perfect invention of His wisdom, the

masterpiece of His love and power. After having supped He took bread and wine, blessed them and pronounced some words over them, then, elevating them, and raising His eyes towards heaven, He prayed and offered the sacrifice His Heart had suggested; the sacrifice of His Body, which was to be given for us, and the Chalice of the Blood of the new covenant, which was to be shed for the people: "hoc est corpus meum, quod pro vobis tradetur; hic calix novum testamentum est in meo sanguine." It was a true sacrifice, a real immolation. By an incomprehensible, and altogether ineffable mystery, the Heart of the Master had immolated itself. By a few of those potent words, which are peculiar to Him, and which penetrate like a sword, even to the division of the spirit and life, Jesus Christ had pronounced the sentence, and completed the sacrifice. He had divided, before the eyes of all, so far as it was possible, His Body and Blood, holding the one in His hands, and having the other contained in a cup, as if He had already slain the Victim and sacri-

ficed the Lamb. In order that there might remain no doubt as to the reality of the sacrifice accomplished, and the meaning of this august mystery, He added: "Do this in remembrance of Me, for as often as you shall eat this bread and drink of this Chalice, you shall shew forth the death of the Lord until He come."

O Jesus! which shall we admire most, the strange mystery of Thy Cross, or the delightful invention of Thy love? That terrifies me, and this attracts me. On Calvary everything speaks to me of justice and expiation, and announces punishment: the Holy Eucharist tells me of the sweetness of pardon, of the joys of love, and invites me to Communion.

This then is the banquet so often foretold in the sacred writings; we are seated at our Lord's table, "*parasti in conspectu meo mensam.*" Ah! how delicious and pure is the flesh of the Lamb, how glorious and inebriating is the Cup that the Lord has given us: "*Calix meus inebrians, quam præclarus est! Dominus pars calicis mei;*" the Lord Himself is the portion of my chalice,

His blood and His life are poured forth into this Cup. It is the Chalice of Salvation, I will take it with love, 'calicem salutaris accipiam,' and I will sing a hymn to the Lord, who has placed in my hands this glorious and life-giving Cup: 'nomen Domini invocabo.'"

The Eucharist is also the altar of sacrifice, and Jesus is the Victim. He gives Himself there daily, even to the unworthy, as He gave Himself to Judas at the last supper, and to His executioners on Calvary. He prays there, and offers Himself as at Gethsemani and on the Cross; He suffers contempt and profanation; He is a prisoner; He is at the point of death. It is always the Lamb, "vidi agnum occisum;" His wounds are open, His Heart is pierced, His blood is shed, and, were it not for the miracle that, at the same time, immolates Him and makes Him live, preserves His life and gives it, He would die every moment.

The sacrifice is even more complete here than on the Cross; everything disappears, and is annihilated under the Eucharistic veils. It

seems as if nothing remained, and that God had entirely crushed the Victim, "Dominus voluit conterere eum." And if we penetrate into the Heart that descended to these abysses, we shall find fresh abysses, immolations and sacrifices without end.

And how long will this state of things last, and the victim continue to be immolated ?

"Ecce ego vobiscum sum, omnibus diebus, usque ad consummationem sæculi ;" I am with you all days, even unto the end of the world ; and, when the world shall be no more, when Heaven and Earth shall have passed away, the Lamb will still be eternally immolated on the altar, before the face of God, "agnum tanguam occisum ;" and we shall enjoy the love and the Heart of the Lamb for ever and ever. Amen !"





## TWENTY-THIRD ELEVATION.

“Nisi granum frumenti cadens in terram mortuum fuerit, ipsum solum manet ; si autem mortuum fuerit, multum fructum affert.”

“Unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground die, it remaineth alone ; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.”

JESUS uttered these words the day before His Passion, as if He wished to account for the ignominiousness of His death, to justify its severity, and predict its power and efficacy.

The multitude, carried away by the fame of His marvellous works, surrounded Him with acclamations, and Jews and Gentiles crowded after Him. But Jesus, suspending His miracles, and arresting the enthusiasm of the people and

of His disciples, began to speak of His Passion, and announced it to them as necessary and profitable, and as the beginning of His glory. "The hour is come," said He, "when the Son of Man must be glorified." Glorified! but what glory, oh my God, can there be in the humiliations and opprobrium of the Cross? Where will be His glory amidst the silence, the solitude, the contempt, and the endless immolations of our altars? "Amen, amen, I say to you, unless the grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, itself remaineth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

Oh! Lord! I seem to understand Thy words; Thy glory is in fruitfulness; Thy honour and Thy joys are the honour and joys of paternity. "I who cause others to bring forth, shall I not bring forth," saith the Lord: "ego qui parturire facis, non parturiam?"

This is not the least of the mysteries of the life and death of our Saviour, and it is the most useful and fruitful work of the love of His Heart.

Jesus Christ might have redeemed the world in a thousand ways. He redeemed it by prayers and tears, by watchings and weariness, by adoration and love, but He could only bring forth on the Cross and by death. Such is the law of paternity. All fruitfulness comes from the heart, and all generation proceeds from love and blood. When the heart is fruitful, when it is constrained by love, it gives itself away to multiply life : it immolates itself, forgets itself, it exhausts itself, and would willingly die in a supreme effort to give and communicate life by the gift of its own life and love. Then, when the heart has been fruitful, when in virtue of the gift it has made of itself and by the power of its love, it has caused another heart to spring from the depths of life, it is still not satisfied, and nothing can arrest or restrain its ardour. It gave itself to generate life, it multiplies itself to protect, increase, strengthen, and nourish it. It gave once a little love and blood, and now daily, and a thousand times a day, it gives itself entirely ; it lavishes itself in watchings, solici-



tude and sacrifices of all kinds, and when one would imagine it exhausted, the power of love revives it, that it may ever continue the same self-sacrifice. This is the honour and glory of paternity; a holy honour, a sublime condition, a stainless glory, which God envied in man, and which He desired for his Heart.

Let us study the mystery of the life and death of the grain of wheat and then we shall understand the mystery of all paternity, and, above all, of the paternity of the Heart of Jesus.

The grain of wheat is small and insignificant, it lies hidden in the husk and in the ear as in a shroud; it is threshed, winnowed, and then shut up in the granary as in a tomb, and yet it is precious and fruitful, it is the joy of the labourer, the treasure of his family and the hope of his children. It will soon come forth from the prison in which it has been confined, but it only appears for a moment, like a victim condemned to death. It is thrown into the furrow and buried, it decomposes and dies;

then it becomes fruitful, it multiplies itself, and rewards the labourer with a hundred-fold of pure shining grains.

Little grain of wheat, always humble and hidden, dead or dying, and yet ever fruitful, life-containing and life-bestowing, how admirable is thy destiny! How strange is thy life, how sweet and beneficent thy death!

It is the life and the death of Jesus, and, above all, it is the destiny of His Heart.

He is the pure wheat, the chosen grain. God enriched Him with all the treasures of Heaven, the divinest dews, the warmest and most vivifying rays of the sun, and the purest and most fruitful sap of a virgin earth. He brought Him up and nourished Him in secret, like the pure and virgin grain in the ear that bears it. He was the ornament of earth, and Heaven looked on Him with love, as it caresses and ripens the wheat of the furrows. But He was alone, His life bore no fruit. Presently came the harvest; the divine grain was cut and garnered, it was beaten and winnowed and laid in the grave, and His sepulchre was glorious. Life sprang from

His death, He has become the Father of ages to come, we are His descendants, for we have all received of His fulness, and now we are His sons. "Behold," exclaims the Apostle of love, "behold what charity the Father has bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God:" "videte qualem charitatem dedit nobis Pater, ut filii Dei nominemur, et simus." "How great are the riches of his mercy and the excess of his love," cries Saint Paul: "dives est in misere cordiâ, propter nimiam charitatem quâ dilexit nos." He has generated us anew, caused us to be born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God: "sed ex Deo:" and, from the depths of the life that we have received from Him, turning to His Heart in gratitude and love, we say, "Abba, Father. Thou art my Father, this day Thou hast begotten me, and I feel in my soul and in my life a something unknown before, a new life that is not mine, as the child bears in his veins the life of the father who engendered him."

Can we ever forget so many benefits and so

much love ? But also what I can never forget; Oh Jesus ! Oh my Father ! is that I am the child of Thy sorrows, and that my birth cost Thee Thy life. It could not be otherwise, and it was according to Thy own will. What a strange destiny was Thine, and why shouldst Thou love us so much that in order to satisfy Thy love Thou must shed Thy blood and give Thy very life ? Oh love, stronger than life and powerful as the Divinity ! We are born on the Cross, in the midst of bloodshed, and our Father dies in giving us life ! Oh Cross ! sacred and bloodstained birthplace, I embrace thee, and I adore the precious blood and the divine love that gave me life. Oh Christ ! who bringest forth in bloodshed, pain and tears, Thou hast engendered the Church, Thy Spouse, from Thy pierced and dying Heart, and Thou art to her a Bridegroom of blood, "Tu ille sponsus sanguinus es." It is the blood of Thy Heart that waters and purifies her, it is the blood of Thy Heart that nourishes her and renders her fruitful ; and we, who are Thy children, we are the

children of Thy sufferings, of Thy blood, of Thy death and of Thy burial : “ nisi granum frumente cadens in terram mortuum fuerit, ipsum solum manet; si autem mortuum fuerit, multum fructum affert.”

But have we not this grain of wheat, the purest and most precious that heaven and earth ever combined to produce, have we it not here, daily dying and laid in the tomb, but daily fruitful Jesus is in the bosom of the Church like a heap of wheat in the midst of lilies : “ venter tuus, sicut acervus tritici vallutus liliis.” And, therefore, the Church is fruitful, she brings forth to Him sons without number, in His blood and by the power of His Death.

What do I say? His love extends still farther, it reaches me, my heart is the last tomb in which the love of Jesus buries itself, to disappear and die there in order that I may live.

Come, oh divine grain of wheat! come, fall into my heart and germinate there. Heart of Jesus! live Thou in me, I am born of Thee, I would feed on Thee and receive, together with life, the lessons of love.

The lessons of love! Oh Lord! I have understood Thy words, and I recognize the necessity and the wonders of Thy death. Thou couldst not give me life, except by Thy death, and Thy Heart immolated itself in giving me birth. It is the law of love, a hard law, for we are like children born to their father in his last agony, and on whom he has never smiled. Our cradle is blood-stained and surrounded with grief, that it may thus be set apart, consecrated, and ennobled. Moreover, the blood and the death of the Father, whom we have never seen, are the Testament in which He has left us the secret of His love and His fruitfulness, and which reminds us perpetually that, unless the grain of wheat die, it remaineth alone, and that it is in blood that souls, churches, and nations are regenerated.

Oh, Jesus! may I always understand Thy words and imitate Thy love: "if the grain of wheat die not, it remaineth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit!" Why am I not, like Thee, a pure grain, chosen by God to give

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my love and multiply my life? Let me become the food of the wicked; I am the wheat of God; I must be ground beneath the teeth of wild beasts if I would become the spotless bread of Jesus Christ: "frumentum Christi sum, dentibus bestiarum molar, ut panis mundus inveniar." (S. Ignatius, mart.)





## TWENTY-FOURTH ELEVATION.

“Vulnerasti Cor meum, soror mea, sponsa.”

“Thou hast wounded My Heart, My sister, My spouse.”

IF these were not the words of Holy Scripture, and if we were not assured in many passages of the Gospels, and by our Lord Himself, that they refer to Him, because He is the Bridegroom, “quia sponsus est,” and that they express the divine passion of His Heart, how should we ever dare to apply them to Him?

But how are we to understand them, and who will explain them to us? What! is it possible that the Lord, perfect in holiness, and mighty in power, should have condescended to allow Himself to be moved and overcome by human



love with its weakness and agitations? Ah! who can this woman be, the sister and spouse of the Beloved, who has wounded His Heart, and what are the wounds she has inflicted on it?

The Church, in singing the mystery of the abode of Jesus in the bosom of the purest of Virgins, has ventured to praise Him, because He did not abhor the womb of Mary, "non horruisti Virginis uterum;" and He deigns to approve this poor tribute of our hearts. Far from being indignant at it, or regarding it as a profanation, He allows Himself to be touched by it, and exclaims that His Heart has been taken captive, and He is vanquished. "Thou hast wounded My Heart, My sister, My spouse," Thou hast taken it, according to the Septuagint.

Yes, He is taken captive, for love overcomes and captivates even the Heart of God. But He is also wounded, pierced to the Heart, for there is no mystery of love that is not also a mystery of suffering, tears and blood. This is the secret of His life; its inspiration and its

sovereign law was love, and the whole manifest design of Providence in the history of man tends to the same end: love, the pure and spiritual love of God and souls, and, in this love their ineffable and fruitful union, which begins in this life, but is only perfected in Heaven.

The Scriptures are full of this mystery, and indeed are nothing but the history of it. The Bible is the recital of the love of God and souls. God, or that which has been made manifest of Him, His Wisdom, His Beauty, His Word, stooped, from the very beginning, to the hearts of men, in order to love them and to be beloved by them; for "He raised the love of souls to Himself," says Saint Paul, "that they might be one life and one love with Him." A sacred love, a spiritual union, of which Holy Scripture speaks to us in every page, and which it celebrates in a sublime Canticle, the Canticle of Canticles, which we shall only fully understand in Heaven, and which none can sing but those who follow the Lamb. Everything in the past,

everything in the life of Jesus, explaining the past dispensation and the Scriptures, leads to these sacred and fruitful nuptials of God with Humanity in the Church, which is the flesh of Christ; and in souls which are the spouses of the Most High.

The Bridegroom is the Word of God; He to whom Saint John pointed when he said: "He who hath the Bride is the Bridegroom," and this is the tenderest and sweetest of all the mysteries of the Heart of Jesus: He is the Bridegroom!

"He has espoused human nature," says Bossuet, "He has made it one with Himself, and, in it, He has espoused His Holy Church, immortal Bride, who has neither spot nor wrinkle. He has espoused holy souls, whom He associates with Himself, not only in His kingdom, but in His royal couch, loading them with favours, with pure delights, rejoicing in them, giving Himself to them, giving them, not only all He possesses, but His entire Self: His Body, His Soul, His Divinity, and preparing for them, in

the life to come, a union incomparably more perfect.

Thus Jesus is the Bridegroom, and He has the Bride.

He has adopted a thousand forms, a thousand expedients, to convince souls of the ardour of His love. To captivate our hearts He employs all the charms of His Divinity, and all the seductions of His tenderness. "He is a mighty King," says Origen, "casting His arrows and triumphing in our hearts, but He is also a friend, a brother. It is He who first loved us and taught us to love Him. He brought fire upon earth; our hearts are kindled at it, and they burn; and the love and fire that came down from heaven ascend thither again, they reach Him, they penetrate and delight Him."

One day a woman touched the hem of His garment, and drew thence a healing virtue; the Church has touched His Heart and has carried it away. Oh, My sister! My spouse! thou hast wounded My Heart, thou hast taken it from Me! Yes, the Church has won it from

heaven, she has it, living and full of love, in her Tabernacles ; she folds it to her bosom, and hides it in the mystery of her love, and she will not let it go, she will keep it until the end of the world.

And, in the Church, every soul can thus possess the Heart of Jesus Christ. He is the Bridegroom of all souls : He unites each one to Himself by faith, by the Communion of His Body, by the participation of His life and love. Every one, even the lowliest of the children of men, can touch the Heart of Jesus, every one can attract It and take possession of It, and when Jesus, invited by the desires and love of a soul, inclines towards It, from the heart of the Church He goes to the heart of the believer, to become with him one spirit, one life, one only Christ. "For the soul," says Saint Thomas, "ravishes and is ravished ; she holds and she is held ; she embraces and she is embraced ; and, by the union of love, she becomes one with Him." They are two, united in one spirit and one love. The Bride to the Bridegroom, and

the Beloved to her ; she has drawn Him to her heart like a bundle of myrrh, like a bunch of ripe grapes, and she sleeps in His arms, completely transformed and rendered divine by the mystery of love ; for it is no longer she who lives, but Jesus Christ Who lives in her.

I have seen loving souls hastening after the Bridegroom and finding Him in the shadow of the Tabernacle ; I have seen them receive the kisses of His mouth at the table of love ; I have seen the children of men united to the Son of God ; their mouths become the palace of the King of Glory, their eyes motionless and bathed in tears ; I have seen them like the angels, whose King they had received ; their ears heard not, their trembling lips were closed and wore a heavenly smile ; they were no longer in this world, they were with the Bridegroom ; the heart only watched, overflowing with ineffable happiness, and pouring forth a mysterious song of gratitude and love.

It is the song of life eternal, "*Verbum vitæ.*" It issues from the Heart of the Father, but the

Heart of Jesus repeats it to the heart of the spouse, to vivify and fill it, "eructavit cor meum verbum bonum." When a soul is united to Christ, when she has wounded His Heart by love, she conceives in herself the Word of love, the Word of life, and she becomes fruitful. In the Heart of Jesus the saints have found the germ of all virtue and holiness; by the life-giving love of the Sacred Heart their hearts have burned within them, and their words and their life have communicated to other souls the same life and the same love.

Blessed are they who understand this mystery and this happiness, but still more blessed they who sing the song that celebrates the triumph of holy love! Blessed are they whose souls have wounded and ravished the Heart of the Bridegroom; "beatus qui intelligit, sed multo beatior qui canit cantica canticorum!"





## TWENTY-FIFTH ELEVATION.

“Vulnerasti Cor meum, soror mea, sponsa.”

“Thou hast wounded My Heart, My sister, My sponse.”

I HAVE found Him whom my soul loveth, the bridegroom of my heart; I hold Him fast, I will not let Him go.

But, oh my God, my Husband, my Brother, why is Thy apparel red, and why are Thy garments like those of him who treadeth in the wine-press? Whence comes these marks on Thy hand, and what is this wound in Thy Heart?

“I have been wounded,” He replies, “in the house of those who loved Me.”

What! can it be that Thou hast been thus



treated in the house of Thy people, and by the friend of Thy Heart, Thy spouse? and wherefore. What couldst Thou have done for her that Thou hast not done? in what hast Thou grieved her?

“If My enemy had loaded Me with reproaches I could have borne it; if he who hated Me had spoken contemptuously of Me, perhaps I should have hidden Myself from him; but it is thou, My intimate, My own familiar friend, who eatest of My bread and walkest in My path. It is thou, My sister, My spouse, it is thou who hast wounded My Heart: ‘vulnerasti Cor meum, soror mea, spousa.’”

Arise, oh daughter of Zion, rouse thyself from thy insensibility and thy indifference, and see to what a condition His love for thee, and thy ingratitude have reduced Him.

Think on all He did and all He endured through love for us. He loved us so much that He gave Himself entirely for our sakes. He gave His prayers, His tears, His labours, His Blood, and His life. He descended from heaven

to come among us, and we, like hard unfeeling rustics, cast Him out of His Father's vineyard and slew Him: "agricolæ autem videntes filium, ejecerunt extra vineam, et occiderunt." We wounded Him by our sins, and bruised Him by our iniquities; we placed thorns on His head, and drove nails into His hands. Come and behold Him, oh daughters of Zion, and weep for Him as one weeps for the death of an only son. Look on His wounds, listen to the cries that He mingles with His Blood and tears in order to move us to compassion, contemplate His opened side, behold the Heart that has loved us so much; it is love that has pierced It. It is also the ingratitude of men that has wounded It. "He was pierced with a lance," says St. Bernard, "in order that through this opening we might perceive the invisible wound of His Heart, and that the wound made in His flesh might reveal to us that of His soul."

Ah! who will describe to us the inner and hidden wounds of this Bridegroom of grief, Whose tender and delicate Heart was acquainted

with the bitterness of all sorrow? "Cor quod novit amaritudinem?"

We should have to understand all the difference there is between an impression experienced by the body and the deep sentiments of the soul, between material pain and the incurable wounds caused by invisible and moral grief. We should also have to comprehend all the nobility, the sanctity, the deep tenderness, the delicate and profound sensibility of the Heart of Jesus, in order to understand the mortal sadness and the unutterable sorrow that sin, the contempt of His love and the ingratitude of men inflicted on It. Would not one say, to hear Him, that His beatitude is disturbed by it, and that His impassable and glorious soul tears itself from the happiness of heaven to endure once more the outrages of sinners, and to experience here below the bitterness of the contempt and ingratitude of men? If, from time to time, He appears on earth, it is sad, disfigured, and bleeding; if He speaks it is to complain.

And has He not reason to complain? He

gave Himself for all, and the greater number of men, even at the present day, do not know Him! One chosen people believes in the mystery of love, and has received the Bridegroom, and it is from them, from those who profess to believe, in His own house and from the hands of those He loves, that the Divine Heart receives the most cruel blows and the deepest wounds.

Yes; we have Him amongst us, but we do not respond to His love, we deceive and abandon Him. Who recognizes Him in our temples? who thinks about Him or listens to His voice? Who has pity on His sadness or comes to console His solitude? What do I say? there are those among us who deny Him, who insult Him and strike Him to the Heart, even those whom He has most loved: "Others," says He, "others content themselves with striking My body, but these attack My Heart, that Heart which has never ceased to love them."

It is in the Eucharist, the Sacrament of His love, that He is most outraged; it is in the

Holy Communion, the mystery of the consummation of love, that He is wounded most painfully. He supported with a certain joy the sufferings, the opprobrium, and the wounds of the Cross, He had chosen them, and it was with love that He opened His Heart and poured forth all His Blood; but the pains, the humiliations, and the wounds of love, these He cannot endure. The gentle Lamb that remained dumb whilst it was slaughtered, cannot restrain the complaint that breaks forth from His Heart beneath the ingratitude and outrages done to His love. He opens His side, and, showing His Heart, He says: "Behold the Heart that has so much loved men, that It has shrunk from nothing, not even from exhausting and consuming Itself in order to manifest to them Its love; and in return I receive from the greater part of them only ingratitude by their sacrilegious irreverence, and by the coldness and contempt with which they treat Me in this Sacrament of love; and what I feel still more sensibly is, that these hearts have been consecrated to Me. . . . Is

there no one who will have pity on Me, who will feel for Me and take part in My grief, in the pitiable condition to which sinners, above all at the present day, have reduced Me?"

What can we say in presence of so lamentable a spectacle, and before a grief so inconsolable? The Prophet Habacuc, when it was made known to him that our Lord would be nailed to a Cross, trembled with horror: Daniel, foreseeing something of the sufferings of Christ, fell to the ground with fear and reverence, so much was he astonished and terrified. Who indeed could restrain his tears at the sight of Jesus reduced to such extremity and in such distress? Who would not love a Heart so lacerated? Who would not love so much love?

Weep, oh my eyes; melt, oh my heart, melt with the grief and compassion inspired by a Man-God so amiable, so sweet, so patient, and so afflicted! Angels of the Sanctuary, angels of the sacrifice of peace, who know His griefs and understand His wounds, weep and never cease from weeping in our temples for the men

who have wounded the Heart of the Bridegroom, and who outrage His love.

Who will give water to my head and a fountain of tears to my eyes, that I also may weep, day and night, the wounds, the contempt, the outrages done to His love. Ah! I can no longer live without weeping, seeing Him thus wounded for love of me.

Oh Heart of Jesus! Heart of the Bridegroom! crucified love! since I am united to Thee, why am I not wounded like Thee; “*si tibi sum conjunctus, quare non sum tecum pariter vulneratus?*” Strike, oh Lord! wound my heart and make it like to Thine; “*fac cor meum secundum Cor tuum.*”





## TWENTY-SIXTH ELEVATION.

“Ego sum veritas.”

“I am the truth.”

THESE are short simple words, but who here below can rightly understand and appreciate them?

Truth is the treasure and happiness of souls, it feeds those who embrace it with life and love. “The contemplation of truth,” says Plato, “is the nourishment of Gods and of pure spirits, the banquet of their felicity.”

What then is truth, and where shall we find its source?

Truth is not to be found among men, it is neither on their lips nor in their hearts.



That which is most wanting in the world is truth. It is wanting to kings, and it is wanting to nations, it is wanting to souls; indeed we may say that, at the present day, the want of truth is the great difficulty of humanity and its greater peril. If our lives are restless, if society is in agitation, if the world is in confusion and the prey to a terrible revolutionary power which continually disturbs it, it is because the world, and society and men have gone astray from the truth.

What has troubled these lives, but yesterday so honest, so calm, pure and happy? What breath has passed over these souls to raise up and agitate the nations like a tempest? It is the breath of error, the demon of falsehood, the hatred of truth. Flattering words have been sown broadcast in the world to deceive; men no longer endure sound and wholesome doctrine, they have chosen to themselves teachers according to their own caprices; susceptible and easily offended, they no longer listen to the truth, they run after the inventions of falsehood and the

artifices of flattery. Strange world where truth is so rare: rare in the ears of kings, and still rarer in the ears of nations who govern in the place of kings. His name is everywhere in men's mouths, it is talked about and praised emphatically, but it is not known. If, from time to time, men appeal to it and invoke it, they do so, like Pilate, carelessly, without really desiring to know it; employing all the time, in their daily relations, instead of the straightforward loyal inspirations of truth, false pretences, deceptive calculations and lying compromises. The simple, truthful man has almost disappeared, to make way for a man whom I know not how to qualify: "*vir duplex animo*," the Scriptures call him: a man who has two faces, two lives and as it were two souls. The world calls him a politic man, a prudent calculating man; he rules, and it is the sign of our times!

No doubt truth still exists in the world; at least, there are some fragments of it, some rays scattered here and there, but the children of

men have disarmed them: "diminutæ sunt veritates a filiis hominum." The true light enlightens every man that comes into the world, it kindles the fire of genius and maintains in the bosom of humanity that treasure of imperishable traditions which we call the wisdom of nations; but genius is, after all, only a spark, a passing flash of truth touching none but the loftiest souls, and tradition is but a pale light, a glimmering in the midst of darkness, a ray cold, scattered, lifeless, and obscure; the world is not affected by it and does not understand it. Was there ever a people that the science of philosophers or the wisdom of antiquity sufficed to govern, to render free and happy? what soul was ever changed, ennobled or satisfied by it?

I know not, but this, Oh my God! I know, the truth that men teach does not content my heart, it is not complete, it is not living; I cannot love it as a sister, and receive it as a bride.

Oh truth! truth! I have sought thee from my youth, I have pursued thee in the ardour of my belief in thee; I have often fancied I saw

thee, was on the point of attaining and being united to Thee, but when I tried to embrace Thee I only grasped a shadow : thou hast always appeared flying before me, present everywhere, but never within my reach. Oh truth ! hast thou deceived me and wilt thou always escape me ? Thy thousand broken rays only dazzle my eyes, thy cold pale light wearies me, it does not feed my heart.

Who will give me the truth, truth itself, the truth that restores peace to the world, delivers the nations, calms and sustains souls, and re-establishes order and union in every thing ? Let her appear in her living reality, in her pure, sublime, simple, complete and popular beauty, for all have need of her, the loftiest intelligences and the humblest souls want her alike. Oh Lord ! tell us where truth dwells and hides herself ; where shall we find wisdom, and what is the place of understanding ? "*sapientia ubi invenitur, et quis est locus intelligentiæ ?*"

Truth has issued from the earth and she has concealed herself in the bosom of a cloud :

“veritas de terrâ orta est; nubes latibulum ejus.”

What! the Truth which was with God before all ages; the illumination of pure spirits who dwell nearest to Him, and in whose splendour God Himself delights; truth has risen from the bosom of the earth and she has made her habitation in a cloud.

“Yes,” saith the Lord, who is Himself truth, “I have set My throne in a column of cloud, and in a cloud I will appear to speak to man:” “*thronus meus in columnâ nubis, in nube apparebo super oraculum.*”

Oh holy Humanity of our Lord Jesus, veil of the Divinity, mysterious vapour rising from earth to conceal the immensity of God, sacred cloud bearing within thee the divine sun of truth, open, rend thyself, and let truth appear, let her come forth living and ardent from the source of love, from the centre of the Heart, “*de medio ignis et nubis.*” Divine Heart of Jesus! appear, come forth: arise, oh Sun of justice; in Thee are all wisdom and all truth,

instruct our ignorant hearts : “ in corde prudentis requiescit sapientia, et indoctas erudiet.”

I will not seek truth elsewhere ; Thou hast the words of eternal life ; Thou art the open book wherein are written all the secrets of God and the mysteries of nature. All the laws of the universe, those which regulate the life of God, and those which govern the life of man, the past and the eternal future, the most sublime conceptions of the thought of the Most High and the simplest idea of human intelligence are in Thee, all truth is in Thee, Thou art Thyself the Truth, “ ego sum veritas,” and the humblest child of man, who knows and receives Thee, knows everything, he who knows Thee not knows nothing.

And thou, holy Church of Jesus Christ, mystical body of our Saviour, miraculous cloud, from which God delivers His oracles, come forward, enlarge thy borders, thou also art the truth. But yesterday thou didst issue from the ground like a slight vapour, rising from the midst of the desert ; thou wast contained in the

Heart of Jesus as in a little cloudlet, but the cloudlet has extended and become a great cloud which overshadows the earth ; the sun is in the midst of it and illuminates it, and from the bosom of the cloud, from the very Heart of Jesus, burst forth the fires of pure truth and holy love that shall never be extinguished.

Oh cloud, pure and holy cloud, cover the whole earth, and reveal to all, to souls, to societies, to families, to nations the divine sun which illuminates and warms Thee ; Oh holy Church ! the world is perishing for want of truth ; rend open the cloud, manifest the truth, reveal the Heart of Jesus. Amen !





## TWENTY-SEVENTH ELEVATION.

“Ego sum pastor bonus.”

“I am the good shepherd.”

NATIONS have various masters, but God, in His goodness, has raised up for His people one only pastor, “suscitabo super vos pastorem unum.”

Kings govern peoples; they levy taxes, impose laws and command armies; Jesus, our Lord, reigns only by gentleness and goodness: He conducts His flock and feeds it: He is a shepherd: “ego sum pastor bonus.”

What, Oh Lord! hast Thou left the eternal hills to keep and feed Thy chosen sheep here below? art Thou indeed a shepherd?

Yes, I am the good shepherd, and I am come that the sheep may have life, and that they may



have it abundantly ; I know My sheep, and My sheep know Me, and I lay down My life for My sheep.

Oh touching mystery of tenderness, adorable invention of mercy and love ! Behold the Good Shepherd !

He is in the midst of His sheep, He resembles them ; “*habitu inventus ut homo.*” His voice is sweet as an echo of heaven, when He calls us to lead us to the divine pastures. He is armed to defend us, the cross is the pastoral staff with which He protects us and gathers us together ; the fold is the Church, for there is only one fold and one shepherd ; the divine pastures slope downwards from the hill of Sion and extend in all directions, holy Sacraments water and fertilize them, a thousand virtues enamel them, and the sweet scent of their herbs, the perfume of their flowers fill the earth and ascend to heaven.

The Divine Shepherd is seated on an eminence, His glance embraces all the flock, He watches over it as a mother watches over the cradle of

her infant ; sometimes He collects Himself as if to gather fresh tenderness and love, sometimes He raises His eyes to heaven in prayer, to ask protection for His flock, to re-assure His anxious solicitude ; but in general He bends His eyes on the sheep, in order to become well acquainted with their countenances, to know them and to love them better. He did not buy them, He made them ; they are the sheep of His hands, He formed their hearts, lovingly, one by one ; “*oves manus ejus ; finxit sigillatim corda eorum.*” Therefore He knows them and they know Him ; He calls them by their name, He questions them. He instructs them ; He guides them or reproves them, warns them or threatens them, but always He watches over them and sheds over them peace, security, joy, love and abundance.

When it happens that a sheep whom He knows well, forgetting the lessons, the love and the benefits of the Shepherd, does not reply to His call, He sets out immediately in search of the faithless one, leaving the rest of

the flock in the desert. Nothing stops Him ; He traverses plains and valleys, crosses streams, climbs rocks and mountains, until He finds the lost one, alone, in the midst of the woods, soiled, torn and trembling. He is not angry, He hastens to push aside the thorns and brambles, and places the sheep gently on His shoulders and carries it home rejoicing.

Oh happy flock and Good Shepherd !

But He carries His tenderness even further.

In a certain town, says the Prophet Nathan, a poor man had one ewe lamb. He had bought it and cherished it, it had grown up among his children, eating of his bread, drinking of his cup, and sleeping in his bosom ; it was to him as a daughter.

Jesus is this poor man. He left the beatitude and splendour of heaven to live among us like a poor Shepherd ; we are His only riches, we are His people and the sheep of His hand : “ nos populus ejus et oves manus ejus.” He loves us exceedingly.

The flock is large, the sheep are numerous,

but He knows each one by name, and cherishes it as if it were the only one ; He carries it in His arms and folds it to His bosom. He has but one kind of food, a single loaf, of which both eat ; one cup, they share it together ; and the bread is the bread of love, His Heart which nourishes His own soul and life, “*meus cibus est ut faciam voluntatem ejus qui misit me,*” and which He gives in the holy Eucharist, “*caro mea vere est cibus.*” The cup, of which He drinks, and of which He gives to drink, is it not also His Heart, whence flows life eternal, and with life endless love ?

Oh ! do you understand, sheep of the Good Shepherd ? it is on His Heart that He cherishes us ; it is with His Heart that He feeds us ; this is the bread that He gives us, the cup of which He makes us to drink !

Oh Divine Pastor ! behold Thy little sheep ! Thou knowest it, Thou lovest it, too often it has forgotten Thy voice ! How many times, seeking it, hast Thou not sat down by the road-side, sad and weary ; “*quærens me, sedisti lassus,*” but

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here it is; torn, weak, miserable, worn out and guilty, but repentant. Oh! give it of Thy bread and of Thy cup, let it rest in Thy bosom, like the child of Thy Heart, “eratque illi sicut filia.” Amen! .





## TWENTY-EIGHTH ELEVATION.

! "Cor unum."

"One Heart."

THERE is such a thing as Unity: there is an absolute, essential, and living Unity existing throughout the universe and among the innumerable and various beings that form part of it.

If there were not unity, there would be neither order, beauty, nor life, and, instead of this magnificent universe, there would only be numberless elements, tossed about in the confusion of chaos. It is unity that distinguishes, classifies, and regulates all things and produces the harmony of the world. Saint Augustine calls it the foundress of nature, "conditricem

naturæ," and indeed it is the origin and centre of everything, the heart of the world.

But who can say where it resides? who can discover it among the multitude of worlds, or find out the place where all things meet in unity and repose? What is the bond of union among so many creatures, the central point of all their movements? Where shall we find the clue to unravel and understand human life, with its trials and struggles, the agitations and efforts of souls, generations and ages; to what are they all tending?

Will there ever be an end to multiplicity, a goal to which all these individual efforts shall attain? and what shall the end be? what the goal where everything finds repose in perfect union and peace?

Oh my God! I seek in the world for unity, and I only find duality and division. Everywhere I see contraries, earth and heaven, matter and soul, God and man, the strong and the weak, the rich and the poor, everything is in opposition; races and human societies like the

rest of nature. Souls contend with souls, and, even in man himself, there is the rebellion of the flesh against the spirit, there are thoughts that dispute the mastery in his heart ; everywhere I see discord and warfare.

Ah ! who will harmonize it all ? Who will harmonize my thoughts, my love, and my life ? who will establish unity between the movements of my heart and the impulses of my nature ? Oh my God ! do Thou give me peace, harmony of life, unity of heart, " *Cor unum !*"

Unite souls, draw them together, make them live in peace and in divine union of heart, " *Cor unum !*"

Unite also and pacify races, the elements, and all created things ; unite the world of matter and that of spirit, the human world of society, nations with one another, earth with heaven, man with God !

Give us the universal bond, absolute and loving unity, vast enough to embrace all things, strong enough to retain all things, united in love, in one perfectly harmonious heart, in



which all things may be one. Oh Lord! give us one heart, "Cor unum!"

Oh, Heart of Jesus! central point in which all things meet, sole focus of love and life, powerful bond uniting multiplicity and contraries, manifest Thyself: all things are in Thee, and Thou art the unity of the world, "Cor unum."

That they may be one, said our Lord, that they may be one in Us and with Us; "ut et ipsi in nobis unum sint;" it is the union of man with God, of heaven with earth, in the mystery of love, in the Eucharistic Heart. But also that they may be one among themselves, "ut omnes unum sint;" that is the union of spirits in the same love and the same heart, the union of souls with souls and with all men. The unity resides in Him, and the union is perfect, "ut sint consummati in unum."

Let us try to understand this double mystery.

The heart of man had long tried to find God in the world: it had asked him of the earth, of the sea, and of the abysses, but the call of love

had met with no response. Then man turned towards heaven; he interrogated the mighty universe, and, in its imposing harmony, the universe replied: "Ipse fecit nos, et non ipsi nos." It is He who hath made us, and not we ourselves. He created us. Yes, man experiences the want of God. In the depths of my heart I feel that I am made for God, I seek Him by day, I call for Him in the watches of the night, and my soul has no peace until it finds Him and rests in the union of His love.

Can this longing to be united to Thee be a dream, an illusion of our hearts? Oh, my God! tell me and calm the perturbation of my soul!

God has answered: He has drawn near to us; "Verbum caro factum est." He was made flesh, and He dwelt in the heart of man, in the unity of life and love: "Cor unum," one single heart! It is the heart of man, and it is the Heart of God: all the love of earth ascends into it, and the divine charity of heaven descends and meets it there, in the unity of one blood and on flesh, "Cor unum!" Then, that

nothing may be wanting to this union, in order to consummate it and carry it to the extreme "in finem," this one Heart, shall I say of man, or of God? this living and central Heart, in which heaven and earth are united, the Heart of Jesus, gives Itself to us in the Holy Eucharist: "hoc nos pascimur, huic nos unimur, et facti sumus unum Christi corpus et una caro." We feed on it, it enters into us, and we live on it, in the unity of His body, His flesh, and of His love, "Cor unum!" Oh, joy! holy joy of my soul! union! love! my God is in me, His life is my life, and His Heart is my heart.

This is the first mystery of the union of man with God, in the Divine Heart: that they may be one in Us and with Us: but our Lord added, that they may be one among themselves, that souls may live together in union.

It is in order to be united on earth that friends meet together at banquets, at which they partake of the same food, so as to have in their veins one blood and one life, that their hearts may expand in intimacy, and their souls hold communion together, and this is well.

But how imperfect is this union! It is true that the guests sit at the same table, and that the same bread, the same cup, are passed from hand to hand, from your lips to my lips, but broken and divided. Each one takes his share, and the bread and wine that will nourish my life will not nourish that of my neighbour: he will have his portion, next to mine, but distinct from it. The union therefore is in the exterior sign only; in reality the substance, the food is divided.

Here, in the Tabernacle, there are many wafers, but there is one Christ, and not two: there is division in the appearances only, in reality there is but one Heart, one Body, one only God! When therefore I approach the holy table, and receive Him on my lips, and He descends into my heart, I receive Him entire, and when the priest, passing to my neighbour, places on his lips a fresh wafer, it is not a new Christ, it is not a Christ resembling mine, it is the same, the one Christ, He is received by him, He is received by a third, He is

received by all, we all possess one and the same Christ, one and the same Life, one and the same Love. The Apostle has declared it; "unus panis, unum corpus multi sumus;" we are many, but we have only one bread; we are one body, we may say, one heart: "Cor unum!"

We are the grains of wheat, say the holy Fathers, in their poetical language: we are the grains of wheat, we are the grapes of the vine; gather together the numberless grains of pure and chosen wheat, heap up the bunches of grapes: then, a mill for the corn, a wine press for the grapes. They have been mingled together, and they have become a white and virgin paste; it is bread, and from the wine press escape purple floods that inebriate. It is Christ, they say, and we are in Christ, we are mingled with Him, and we live together: He is the bond, He is the life, He is the heart of each of us, "unus panis, unum corpus multi sumus."

Oh, profound mystery of unity in the heart of Jesus! I communicated this morning, I communicated with the Divinity, but I also com-

municated with the Church, with humanity, with its trials, its sufferings. Together with God, in the unity of the love and the Heart of Jesus, I received my brethren, my father, my mother, those near me as well as those distant from me; we are all brethren in the Heart of Jesus. Those who do not live in Him may be divided from one another by great chasms, such as birth, fortune, talents, or glory; but for us who are together in Him, the world disappears, and, for those who meet and embrace in Him, there only remains love, uniting everything.

Oh, unity! living unity! perfect unity! unity of the heart, come and reign! reign among brethren, reign over our hearts and consummate them in Thine, one in truth, one in charity; one in life, one in death, eternally one in heaven. Amen!





## TWENTY-NINTH ELEVATION.

“Consummatum est.”

“It is consummated.”

It is consummated, it is finished, it is done, as the Angel of the Apocalypse says, “factum est.”

Strange mystery! wonderful words! who will teach me to understand them?

The Evangelists Matthew and Mark mention this supreme cry of the heart, without being able to comprehend it: Jesus uttered a loud cry, they say, and expired. John alone, the disciple of love, the custodian of the secrets of the heart, heard and understood it. “Consummatum est,” it is consummated, cried Jesus, and bowing His head, He gave up the ghost.

But how is this? nothing is ever completed in this world, nothing is ever perfected or finished, all nature is in a state of perpetual transition, born afresh every day, every day commencing, "*natura a nascendo.*" How many efforts, how many vain attempts, unfinished works, abortive enterprises; how many lives that fail to realize their object! Look at the world, agitated and impelled forwards by a feverish activity, questioning everything, putting everything in motion, undertaking everything, daring everything, and completing nothing. And yet, oh my God! Thou sayest in Thy Heart that all is consummated, "*consummatum est.*"

Yes; it is consummated, it is finished; I have completed the work that was given Me to do, I have fulfilled that which was written of Me; all is accomplished.

Oh, how this expression reveals and sums up all the mysteries of the life and Heart of Jesus, His holiness, His perfection, and His love!

He came into the world to accomplish the



will of His Father : “in capite libri scriptum est de me ; ut faciam, Deus, voluntatem tuam.” He arose, in the morning of His life, like a giant, to run His course and finish His career, He hurried onwards. Arrived at the goal, having reached the summit, He reviews all His actions, the occupations of His life, His duty towards His Father, His ministry in the sight of men ; all is accomplished ; His mission is consummated, “opus consummavi quod dedisti mihi.” He has preached His doctrine, He has given glory to God, to men truth, salvation, and peace ; He has neglected nothing, He has multiplied His labours, His watchings, His prayers, His love, and His tears ; He has given His flesh and His Blood, He has given His Mother, He is about to give His life, and at that moment, calling to mind what remained to be fulfilled of the prophecies, He accomplishes it, and says at last, It is consummated.” In the cup of gall and vinegar were concentrated all the sufferings of His life ; the sacrifice is ended, heaven is reconciled, justice is satisfied, peace reigns vic-

torious, only the Heart remains, by which He completes and consummates His life, He gives It, He yields up Its Blood and Its love, all is accomplished, and He expires.

But, oh Lord! how is this? is it thus that Thou endest, and dost Thou cut short Thy life, like any other life, at the threshold of the tomb, at the gates of the grave? can it be that Thy great and incomparable work must thus end in death? Shall that which Thou hast commenced not be completed, and shall Thy dying cry be only the last cry of helpless grief? "Consummatum est." Can all be lost, or, rather, at the very moment when everything seems to perish, hast Thou in Thy Heart, the secret by which everything shall be saved, and, when death appears to triumph, shall life nevertheless gain the victory?

Oh Lord! explain Thy words to me, reveal to me this mystery, and teach me to see, in Thy Heart, the end and perfect consummation of all things.

In every consummation there is a double

operation, and as it were, a double mystery, there is the mystery and the operation of destruction, and there is the operation and the miracle of life. For- this two beings are necessary, one which is consumed and perishes, the other which consumes and nourishes itself by death. Bring inert metal or dead wood close to an ardent fire, the flame will soon seize its prey, the incandescent matter will be transformed, its nature, its power and properties will be in combustion, and the devouring fire will in a few seconds have burned and consumed everything. Let the sun appear in heaven, the air will be heated by it, the atmosphere will become luminous and warm, and the sun-beams shining over the world will envelop it in light and radiance.

Thus all life consumes itself, thus Jesus consummates everything in His Heart.

The heart is, as it were, a fire in the centre of every life. Its flame extends everywhere, penetrating to the extremities and burning down to the very roots of life. Life is concentrated

and consummated in the heart. When the heart is great, noble and holy, it influences the whole man; it consecrates and consummates him in power, greatness and sanctity, and, when God enters the heart, a terrible power of fire is kindled there, a divine glow, a conflagration which nothing can arrest, which consumes and devours to the utmost the soul and the flesh.

This is the first mystery of the divine consummation effected in the Heart of Jesus. God and man met there; all the fire of heaven, and God in the midst of the fire, descended on it, "descendit Dominus super eum in igne," and man, penetrated by it, burned through and through, was consummated in the Divinity. When the ancients sacrificed to God, they raised up their offerings towards heaven on a wooden altar, and, as they prayed, fire descended from heaven on the altar and consumed the victims; in like manner on the Cross, the substantial and living fire, God Himself, consumed the adorable victim in His bosom; "consummatum est."

But, at the same time, by the same operation, and in the same Heart, God consummated life and destroyed death.

So long as life remained hidden in the bosom of the Father, eternal and invulnerable, it was not possible for death to attack it, but, from the moment that life, manifesting itself in time, assumed a mortal body among men, from that moment death prepared for the combat.

Watching all the movements of life, death stealthily followed it, laid snares for it, and having at last led it into an ambuscade, attacked it, "*mors et vita duello confluxere mirando.*" She seized it, attacking it violently in every member, she had nearly gained the mastery, and was preparing to strike a last blow at the Heart, when from that Heart issued a loud cry, which was not that of a dying man; a cry which astonished the whole world; the cry of life in the bosom of death, "*consummatum est!*" Divine cry! cry of victory! where death thought she had seized her prey she met her conqueror, she had destroyed the mortal envelope

of life, she had killed the man, but in the heart of the man, when the limits of human life were passed, eternal life arose powerful and triumphant from the bleeding remains of death; “*dux vitæ mortuus regnat vivus.*” Death was vanquished, she had come to an end in the Heart of Jesus, “*consummatum est!*” It is the cry of joy, the cry of victory, the cry of our hope and our security, and it is the last cry: there is no more death, “*et mors ultra nonerit.*”

Yes, it is the final cry; Jesus did not accomplish this double triumph for Himself, but for us. Containing in Himself all things, all life, all human souls, we are all consummated in Him, “*consummatus, factus est omnibus obtemperantibus sibi, causa salutis æternæ;*” and this is not the least of the consummation operated in His Heart on the Cross.

What strikes me particularly among the mysteries of the Heart of Jesus is, that It is really a human Heart, but not the heart of a human person; It is a man's Heart, but not the heart of a man. All humanity, the Catholic world,

the human race, the nations of the world are in the Heart of Jesus, "coheredes et concorporales;" It embraces the past and contains the future, It comprises everything, time and eternity, It consummates them, all mysteries are accomplished, everything is completed in His Heart.

The history of the Church was to be the development, the slow and progressive manifestation of this mystery, but already on the Cross, all was accomplished and consummated in the Heart. Heaven itself will only make this mystery of consummation more brilliantly evident to all eternity, and the Angel that is to reveal its splendour will repeat the words of Calvary, "Factum est:" it is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. Then all things will be seen in the Heart of Jesus: souls will be united to Him, to be consummated in Him and with Him, to be eternally consummated in God, in the unity of the same glory, the same love and the same life, and this will be the revelation of the mystery. "Consummabitur mysterium De."

Oh, Heart of Jesus ! perfect and accomplished Heart ! I am ashamed of my weakness, and yet I would fain end my life and be consummated in Thee ! Oh my God ! when shall I give myself to thee entirely ? when shall I complete my life, losing it in Thy love and Thy Heart ? Oh Lord ! when shall I be all in Thee, all in God ? Take me, take my life, its impulses, its aspirations ; my soul, my love, take all, consummate all, keep all for ever and ever. Amen !







### THIRTIETH ELEVATION.

“ Vitam habetis æternam.”

“ You have eternal life.”

**THERE** is life everywhere ; the world is full of life.

Life works in the bosom of nature, extends throughout it, and vivifies all things. Have I not seen the earth tremble, even beneath her covering of hoar frost, and revive to new life ? Have I not heard the great trees rustle amid the gloom of the deep forests ? Everywhere I see life : I see it spring from the bosom of nature and circulate through a thousand different channels : it glides and murmurs in the stream, it bursts forth in the plant ; it bounds in the

heart of animals, it boils and thrills in the bosom of man; it rises and diffuses itself in races and societies. Humanity lives; the ages are fruitful, generations advance, the world progresses and its life increases; every day one wave follows another, and the whole universe rejoices in the sweet and powerful consciousness of its durability, in the delight of living.

And thou, Oh my heart! tell me dost thou not possess life? have I not heard in thee its gentle murmurs, its aspirations full of mystery, and its infinite longings? Answer me, hast thou not life, life for ever?

My heart has answered, and the answer is strange: we bear in us death, and the most heedless may daily hear the reply: "*ipsi in nobismetipsis responsum mortis habuimus.*"

What an illusion! what a bitter deception! I thought to find life in the heart of man as in its centre, and I discover death. I hoped to live long, and my strength begins to fail, my blood to flow more languidly, my heart grows cold, I must die! Nature herself, notwith-

standing her energy and vitality, becomes exhausted and is dying all around me; her activity, her ceaseless efforts are in vain; one would call it life, says Saint Augustine, to see the pomp and the energy she displays, but it is only a shadow of life; the bright figure of this world passes away, it is full of death, "hic abundat mori." Everything fades and perishes, everything falls into the abyss of death; we die daily, "quotidie morior."

And yet I was not intended to die! When God made man He bestowed on him immortal and imperishable life, "fecit illum inextinguibilem;" and God divided this eternity which He gave to man into two parts, and, as it were, two lives; the one short, uncertain and transitory, the other far better and more beautiful, which will endure as long as the eternity of God; "vitam habetis æternam."

Oh, Lord! give us life! not this agitated restless life, always exposed to danger, always anxious, fleeting and uncertain; not a shadow, but true life, the life that never ends, that

springs from eternity and flows into eternity: give us life everlasting. Tell us Lord, where life is, and where we shall find its source.

Jesus, one day, sat down by a well, to explain this mystery. The human race, thirsty, weary, and exhausted, met Him there. It was at the sixth hour, that is about mid-day, the hour when fatigue is most felt, when the heart is most oppressed and the breath of life feeblest. He said to the human race, in the person of the woman of Samaria, by the well of Jacob, If thou knewest the gift of God and Who it is that speaketh with thee, thou wouldst ask of Him and He would give thee living water, for the water that I give is a fountain of life, springing up unto life everlasting; and He added, "I am life;" *Ego sum vita.*

Oh, touching mystery and divine lesson! life has come down to earth and has shown itself to man, "*vita manifestata est. . . . annuntiamus vobis vitam æternam, quæ erat apud Patrem et apparuit nobis.*" It is the eternal life which was in the bosom of the Father. The

human race, the faithless spouse, the souls of men, had sought in vain for fruitfulness and life, "quinque enim viros habuisti, et nunc quem habes, non est tuus vir." They had found everywhere a fictitious life, which is not the true one, and behold! life comes to offer Himself to them: "Ego sum qui loquor tecum." Humanity, poor Humanity! Thou hast been deceived, thou hast forsaken the true life, thou hast taken to thyself strange masters, "quem habes, non est tuus vir:" parched and anxious thou seekest in vain after life, thou hopest to draw it from a thousand sources here below, "quinque enim viros habuisti," but none satisfy thee; panting and thirsty thou art, faint and near to die because thou hast not life; thou dost not even know what it is, for if thou knowest it, thou wouldst ask for it: "si scires donum Dei, et quis est qui dicit tibi: Da mihi bibere; tu forsitan petisses ab eo et dedisset tibi aquam vivam."

But, Oh Lord! art Thou greater than our fathers, who made these wells, from which flow

to us abundant streams of happiness, joy and life ?

Yes, replies the Saviour: "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again ; but he that shall drink of the water that I shall give him shall not thirst for ever : but the waters that I shall give him shall become in him a fountain of water, springing up unto everlasting life."

Oh, Lord ! give me this water, that I may no longer thirst, nor go to draw from the fountain of this world : "Domine, da mihi hanc aquam, ut non sitiam, neque veniam huc haurire."

Come, Oh Christian souls, leave all earthly fountains, here is true life, life eternal. Not a life that is measured and counted by moments, not a frail life that is born in the morning and perishes at eventide ; these sources satisfy not, and it is necessary to return to them incessantly : here is the true life, "apud me est fons vitæ ;" life deep, infinite, immutable and eternal, the very life of God, springing for ever from the

Father in the bosom of the Son, and, by the power of love returning eternally to the bosom which generated it: this is the life of God, this is its source.

But the well is deep and I have nothing to draw with, "neque in quo haurias habes, et puteus altus est." Oh, Lord! who will descend for me into the depths of life, and with what vessel can I draw this water of eternal life to bring it to my lips?

It is Thou, Oh Divine Heart of Jesus! Thou art the chosen vessel, drawing perpetually at the spring of eternal life: Thou art filled with it, and I hear in Thee the rippling of that sacred fountain which has its source in the Heart of God. I hear the murmur of the eternal waters. The fountain was sealed up from all eternity; no one was acquainted with its depths, but Thou hast opened it in the house of David, for the inhabitants of Jerusalem, "in die illa, erit fons patens domus David, et habitantibus Jerusalem."

One day Eliseus prophesied; the waters were

bad and the ground was barren, “*aquæ pessimæ, et terra sterilis* :” the prophet went forth, bearing a vessel filled with salt, which he cast upon the waters ; and God said, “ I have healed these waters, there shall no more be in them death or barrenness ;” “ *sanavi aquas has, et non erit ultra in eis mors, neque sterilitas.*”

Come, Oh Divine Prophet ! Thou Who sittest by the well of Jacob, “ *video, quia Propheta es Tu* ;” shed the love of which Thy Heart is full over our hearts ; the waters of our life are bitter, the springs of this world are poisonous, shed upon us the living waters of the eternal fountain, that there may no more be death or sterility in our hearts.

Oh, Heart of Jesus ! fountain of life, I hasten to Thee, as the hart panteth and hasteneth after the water brooks. I abandon the poisonous springs of this life, I will remain with Thee near the Tabernacle, the true well of Jacob. There I shall hear the voice of the mighty waters that spring from the Eternal in the midst of Thy Heart. I shall approach my burn-



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ing lips to the sacred borders of that mysterious vessel, I shall drink at the source of life, I shall drink abundantly, I shall drink for evermore. **Amen! Amen!**





## CONCLUSION.

“Cœpit Jesus.”

“Jesus began.”

It is the doctrine of the Holy Scripture, faithfully preserved by Catholic tradition, that our Lord Jesus Christ began, and that we are to complete, His work.

Jesus Himself teaches us this. He places Himself at our head, as our example: He calls on us to follow Him, and to do even more and greater things than He did. The whole vocation and dignity of the Christian, and the destiny of the Church, consist in accomplishing that which is wanting in the work of the Saviour.

The mighty event announced by the Prophets, the marvellous and new fact which comprises in itself all the mystery of the life of Jesus Christ, in the Incarnation of the Word, the Word made flesh ; “*Verbum caro factum ;*” the Word, the Son of God, God Himself, in the heart and the flesh of man, to live there, to labour there on earth, in order that every action, every human life, every work done in the world, in a divine manner, by Him, should be a perfect act, a consummate mystery of religion and love.

God began : He took upon Him the soul, the heart, the arms of man, to labour in His own person, to suffer and to live amongst us. It was Jesus who worked at Nazareth, and it was God who worked in Him, performing in Him, in order to sanctify them, all the actions of man. And what actions, what labour were these ! Conceived by the thought of God and willed by His love, His strength and might were in the arms of the Man-God to accomplish them. What had ever been seen before comparable to this ? God had never descended so low as to

place Himself at the service of His creature, to labour Himself in the world that He had created.

What He thus did for labour He did also for suffering and for love: God associated Himself to all the pains of man, He shared his toil and his life, in the Heart of Jesus.

But that was only the beginning, "coepit Jesus;" the Word as yet was in Jesus Christ alone, in an obscure corner of the world, leading a life of humility and retirement. It was the Will of God to complete the work begun, to communicate His Son, and with Him Life, to all men, by making him enter into them, so as to be intimately united with all the actions, the sufferings, and the holy affections of humanity. It was His Will to communicate and extend the Incarnation, that the life of God might no longer operate in only one place, but in all men and throughout the entire world. Therefore Jesus Christ is our model, and we are bound to accomplish in ourselves that which He divinely commenced in His own Person.

Oh, Jesus ! Divine Jesus ! Thy Heart is my model, my perfect and sublime example !

But how can I ever live as Thou didst ? How can I live the life of God in a mortal heart ? the life of pure light and holy love in an agitated soul and a body of clay ?

“Coepit Jesus ;” Jesus began : He has placed God within us ; He has generated us in the love of His Heart, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of the Divinity : He has made us to be born in God, and we are the sons of God. We are a new race, which belongs to man by its nature, and which lives on God ; it is called Theophorus ; born of Christ, it continues Christ, and by Him the life and actions of God in the world. It is the Incarnation and the mysteries of the life and Heart of Jesus, which are thus completed every day, which are every day consummated in individuals and peoples. It is Christianity, it is the Church which is called Catholic, and which is the Body of Jesus Christ, and the completion of His life, “*quæ est corpus ejus, et plenitudo*

ejus;" it lives on God, on His love, on His mysteries, on His power, and it completes, to all eternity, His action in the midst of humanity.

Let us, then, go to God living in the Heart of Jesus, let us go to Him and receive of His abundance. Let us all go, not only pious souls, but all of us, the poor, the labourer, little and great, let us go to the Heart of God, to gather fresh strength and courage, to receive His love and His life, to communicate with Jesus and His Divine Heart.

And, when we return to our daily occupations we shall not return alone : God will come with us, He will mingle Himself with our thoughts and affections, He will be with us in our labours, in our families, in all that interests us, in our society : the work so much desired by God will be accomplished : God will enter into His people, and the mysteries commenced in the Heart of Jesus will be completed ; " consummabitur mysterium Dei."

Oh, my God ! hasten the accomplishment of

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- Thy designs, complete the work of Thy love :  
extend more and more, make known, consummate  
the mysteries of Thy Heart; hasten to bring  
Thy work to an end, "fac conclusionem."<sup>3</sup>  
Amen!





## GENERAL PRACTICES OF DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART.

1. To be enrolled in the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart. The members of this pious association, which has been enriched by the Sovereign Pontiffs with numerous Indulgences, recite daily a Pater, an Ave and the Credo, with the following invocation—

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

2. To receive the Holy Communion in reparation, with the intention to console the Heart of Jesus. This may be done weekly or monthly. To obtain the benefit of the Indulgences, it is necessary to be inscribed on the register of the association.



3. To be enrolled in the holy League of the Apostolate of Prayer, which is, indeed, the devotion to the Heart of Jesus reduced to practice. "The only condition imposed on the associates is to appropriate to themselves all the intentions of the most holy Heart of Jesus, by offering, at least once a day, the actions and sufferings of the day, according to the intentions with which that Divine Heart prays and offers Itself continually." Statutes of the Apostolate.

4. To celebrate with solemnity the Feast of the Sacred Heart, and to prepare for it by meditation or by a novena.

5. To sanctify the first Sunday of the month by receiving the Holy Communion, and by making the acts of reparation and consecration to the Sacred Heart.

6. To consecrate the month of June to the Sacred Heart.

7. To have in one's oratory a representation of the Heart of Jesus, and to make that Divine Heart the confident of our sorrows, and the witness of our life.

8. To have much zeal for all that concerns the honour of the most Holy Eucharist, and which consequently closely affects the Heart of our Saviour living amongst us.

9. To distribute images and books calculated to promote the love of the Sacred Heart.

10. In order to respond to the wish expressed by our Lord to the Blessed Margaret Mary, and to deserve to co-operate efficaciously, according to His promise, in the salvation of souls, to consecrate ourselves, under the advice of our director, by a Vow, to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

**THE END.**



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