

HOW TO PRAY

According to the "Second Method of Prayer" of St. Ignatius of Loyola.
As exemplified in the well-known prayer of St. Ignatius

ANIMA CHRISTI

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(Translated from the French)

Soul of Christ, sanctify me.
Body of Christ, save me.
Blood of Christ, inebriate me.
Water flowing from the side of Christ, cleanse me.
Passion of Christ, strengthen me.
O good Jesus, hear me.
Within Thy sacred wounds hide me.
Never permit me to be separated from Thee.
From the malignant enemy defend me:
In the hour of my death call me,
And bid me come to Thee,
That with Thy saints
I may praise Thee for all eternity. Amen.

The beautiful prayer *Anima Christi*, which forms the subject of this book, was composed by St. Ignatius of Loyola in connection with his famous *Spiritual Exercises*, and was very frequently recited by him. The development of this prayer, given in the following pages, is the work of the well-known Jesuit preacher and theologian, Father Schouppe. In it he follows what St. Ignatius in his *Exercises* calls the "Second Method of Prayer." This consists in taking up any vocal prayer, such as the present one, and reflecting on it, phrase after phrase, as long as matter of pious thought presents itself to the mind in each phrase. Such a method may, with great fruit, be applied to the "Our Father," the "Hail Mary," the "Apostles' Creed," the "Salve Regina," and so forth. If this present little book helps its readers to apply this method to the above prayers, much good will have been done.—Editor's NOTE.

SOUL OF JESUS CHRIST, SANCTIFY ME.

MOST holy soul of Jesus Christ, model and source of our sanctification, make me holy by communicating to my soul a sanctity like your own.

Soul of Christ. The soul of the Saviour is the noblest part of His sacred humanity. The Son of God, Who from all eternity possessed the divine nature, became Man by uniting to His Divine Person a second nature, our human nature, composed, like that of other men, of a soul and a body. . . . He united Himself to this nature in the same manner as we are united to our nature it is His, it is the soul, it is the Body of the Son of God, as our souls and bodies are ours. . . . From this we may understand that the humanity of Jesus Christ has been sanctified as the humanity of a God should be. United to the very source of all holiness, it has received the plenitude of sanctity and grace: a plenitude which has no other limits than the essentially finite capacity of a created nature.... . This is what made St. John say that *God doth not give the Spirit by measure* (John iii. 34); *and of his fulness we all have received, and grace for grace* (John I. 16). It is, then, the soul of Jesus Christ which is the principal seat of this ineffable grace and sanctity.

Soul of Christ. . . . If every human soul, made to the image of God, is of an incomparable dignity and beauty, what must we think of the soul of the Son of God, the most beautiful, the most perfect which has ever been created? What must be its beauty, enriched as it is with all natural perfections and with all the treasures of grace?

Soul of Christ. The beauty of this holy soul was manifested by its aversion to sin . . . by its love for men....by its humility, its kindness, and by that ineffable charity which caused it to be immolated for us. Was there ever so

beautiful, so strong, so generous a soul?....

Soul of Christ. During the mortal life of the Man.God, this beautiful soul was hidden under the humblest exterior: all the beauty of the King of glory was in the interior.....

But His Heavenly Father saw it shining in all its splendour when He said: *This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased* . . . (Matt. iii. 17). Jesus Himself was pleased to reveal a portion of it to three of His disciples in the mystery of His Transfiguration, by allowing His Body to become suddenly resplendent like the sun.... . Now that Jesus Christ is seated at the right hand of the Father, this beauty shines with increased brilliancy before the saints in heaven.....

Soul of Christ. This soul is holy in all its faculties.... its memory is an open book, wherein are inscribed the benefits and mercies of God... . its understanding a luminous picture of all truth and knowledge, a mirror of the holiest thoughts... . its will a furnace of charity, love of God, hatred of sin: in fine, of that unspeakable charity which is the principle of every virtue.....

Soul of Christ. This holy soul has suffered for us, and to merit for us the sanctification of our souls... . It has been sorrowful unto death at the sight of our sins, at the sight of so many souls who will be lost.... . It has suffered unspeakable torments from those who were dearest to it.... . It has suffered unutterable outrages in its honour.... . It has suffered a darkness of desolation in its spiritual affections, which caused it to exclaim: *My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?*.... .

Soul of Christ, sanctify me. Jesus Christ is our Model: we ought to resemble Him, *conformes fieri imaginis Filii sui* (Rom. viii. 29), by dying to ourselves that He may live in us..... May we be able one day to say with St. Paul: *I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me!*.... . (Gal. ii. 20.) Vouchsafe, then, Lord Jesus, to sanctify my memory by the remembrance of your benefits; my understanding by the knowledge of your law, and by thoughts like your own my will by repentance for my faults, by a hatred and detestation of sin, by love of God and my neighbour, by obedience and perfect conformity to the Divine Will. . . . May I forget myself and all else, that I may think only of you, love only you, and live for you alone.

Soul of Christ, sanctify me: Yes, *me*, who ought to be so holy, and am yet so far removed from perfection....

Soul of Christ, sanctify me. Vouchsafe to sanctify me by enabling me to employ profitably the means of sanctification, the exercises and practices calculated to purify my soul from its stains . . . to enrich it, to adorn it more and more with the virtues which are its ornament.....

BODY OF CHRIST, SAVE ME.

The adorable Body of Jesus Christ has been immolated on the Cross for my Redemption, and continues to be offered in an unbloody manner on the Eucharistic Altar, to apply to my soul the fruits of that Redemption. It is by this Divine Body, the instrument of our salvation, that we ask to be saved.

Body of Christ. How holy is this Body, formed of the pure blood of a Virgin by the operation of the Holy Ghost; it is the ark, the sanctuary, the living temple of the Divinity! . . . *For in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead corporally* (Col. ii. 9).

Body of Christ. This Body, already so holy by the hypostatic union with the person of the Word, was sanctified again in an unspeakable manner by Jesus Christ, during the course of His mortal life: He made it an instrument for the exercise of every virtue. . . . What perfection in the employment of his senses!.... . He sanctified His hands by labour... . His feet by the frequentation of the Temple and by His missionary journeys. His Heart by the holiest affection.. . . His eyes by modesty, and by the compassionate looks He bestowed upon the suffering ... His ears by attention to the groans of the unfortunate..... His mouth, His lips, by prayer and holy words... and even by silence when necessary. . . . in a word, all the senses and powers of His Body, exhausting them in the service of His Father and for the salvation of men....

Body of Christ. He sanctified this Body in an especial manner by immolating it for the salvation of the world. He made it a living victim, a holocaust, offered to His Father in satisfaction for the sins of the world. *Therefore, coming into the world,* He said to His Father: *Sacrifice and oblation Thou wouldst not, but a body Thou hast fitted to me. Holocausts for sin* (offered in the Old Law) *did not please 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 (by offering my body in sacrifice for the sins of the world)... (Heb. x. 5, seq.).

Body of Christ. He sanctified His adorable Body by the sufferings of His Passion: His adorable head, His hands and feet, His side, all His flesh, all His senses... were tortured for the salvation of men and for the glory of His Father.....

Body of Christ. He sanctified His Body by giving it as food to His disciples in the adorable Sacrament of the Eucharist....

Body of Christ. This holy Body, this instrument in the exercise of every virtue, which was humbled, annihilated before His Father, for our sake, was afterwards glorified on the day of the Resurrection. . . . *He humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto death, even to the death of the cross; For which cause God also hath exalted Him, and hath given Him a name which is above all names* (Philip. ii. 9).

Save me. Ah, yes! *me*, who have so often merited hell... who am still in danger of perishing....

Save me. Yes, O Jesus! by your sanctity, by the merits of your adorable Body, by the virtues of which it was the instrument, save me. Save me, by delivering me from the snares laid by this body of death which I carry about with me. . . . Aid me to triumph over the concupiscence of the flesh, the concupiscence of the eyes, and the pride of life, by imitating your humility, your spirit of labour, your flight of the world....

Save me, by helping me to conquer my passions, and above all my predominant passion... to watch over my senses, to subjugate the flesh completely to the spirit, to acquire a perfect dominion over myself....

Save me, by assisting me to practise modesty, temperance, Christian mortification . . . *Always bearing about in our body* (after the example of the apostle), *the mortification of Jesus, that the life also of Jesus may be made manifest in our bodies* (2 Cor. iv. 10).

Save me, by helping me to make my body, my members, and all my senses, instruments of patience, penance, labour, humility, charity, . . . Alas! my eyes and my tongue, my head and my heart, my hands and my feet, have served as instruments of sin. . . . They must henceforth be consecrated to you entirely. . . . *Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal body, so as to obey the lusts thereof. Neither yield ye your members as instruments of iniquity unto sin: but present yourselves to God as those that are alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of justice unto God* (Rom. vi. 12, 13).

Body of Christ, save me, by making me communicate worthily. Your divine flesh, O Jesus, worthily received at the Holy Table, intimately united to my corruptible flesh, will communicate to me its sanctity . . . its chastity, its strength, its spirit of labour, of devotedness, of mortification, of sacrifice.... . . . and your immortal flesh will sow in my mortal body the seeds of immortality. *He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath everlasting life: and I will raise him up in the last day* (John vi. 55).

BLOOD OF CHRIST, INEBRIATE ME.

Adorable Blood, which the Man.God shed for my salvation, and which He gives me to drink in the Holy Eucharist, produce in my soul the holy inebriation of divine love.

Blood of Christ. Our Divine Master shed His Blood for us in various ways and at different times. In His Circumcision, when He shed the first libation; then in the Garden of Olives, when the bitterness of His agony caused that singular sweat which, *like drops of blood*, covered all His members and *trickled down upon the ground* (Luke XX11. 44); soon after, this Divine Blood flowed even more abundantly in the torments of His scourging, of His crowning with thorns, of His Crucifixion... . . and lastly, on the Cross, when it was poured out even to the last drop from the wounds of His hands, His feet, His side

Blood of Christ. This Blood, shed by the only Son of God, is the price of my *salvation*. *Knowing that you were not redeemed with corruptible gold or silver, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb unspotted and undefiled* (I Pet. i. 18, 19).

Blood of Christ. The Blood of a God, which has been spilt, speaks and cries out... . . . Its voice rises above that of the blood of Abel: it cries to heaven, asking mercy; it cries to earth, asking men to repent and love God....

Blood of Christ. This Divine Blood shows us what sin is, which had to be washed away by the Blood of the only

Son of God.... Unhappy the sinner who perseveres in his impenitence! This Blood which he has trampled under foot during the time of mercy will cry out for vengeance against him for all eternity....

Blood of Christ. This Divine Blood speaks to us of the great examples and virtues of the Saviour: it bears witness to His courage in the combat, His patience, His generosity... but above all, His love for us, a love which gives, which lavishes, not only its material goods, but even its blood and its life, for those it loves....

Who would not love a God Who has loved us in this manner?....

Blood of Christ. It was not enough for Him to shed His Blood for me: He has been pleased to make of it for me a potion of life and love in the Eucharistic chalice....

Ah! how delicious is this inebriating chalice! *Calix meus inebrians quam praeclarus est!* (Ps. xxii.). All the faithful drink this Divine Blood at the Holy Table....although communicating only under the species of bread: because faith teaches us that we receive as much under one species as under the two.

Blood of Christ, inebriate me. Divine Blood, fill my heart with love for Him Who shed it for me; communicate to my soul the inebriation of divine love . . . This holy exaltation which raises man above himself and makes another man of him, quite different from the earthly man.....

Inebriate me. This holy inebriation fills the heart with joy in everything relating to the service of God; in the most arduous labours, even in the midst of tribulations....*I exceedingly abound with joy in all our tribulations*

(2 Cor. vii. 4).

Inebriate me. This holy inebriation changes the weak and timid man into a powerful athlete, an invincible hero. It makes sufferings and fatigues count for nothing....it makes apostles and sustains them in their labours; it makes them triumph over every obstacle for the salvation of the souls whom Jesus Christ has redeemed at the price of His Blood . . . It makes martyrs and renders them intrepid before tyrants; it makes them despise torments and death for Jesus crucified....

Inebriate me. This holy inebriation changes all the ideas of man, and makes him prefer the poverty, sufferings and opprobriums of Jesus Christ to all that the world loves and seeks after. . . . In the eyes of worldlings such a man has lost his reason, he is mad . . . it is indeed the folly of the cross: *Pereuntibus quidem stultitia est* (1 Cor. 1. 18).

Inebriate me. Give me, O Lord, this holy exaltation, this ardent charity, which is more precious than any treasure. *Love is strong as death. Many waters cannot quench charity. If a man should give all the substance of his house for love, he shall despise it as nothing* (Cant. viii. 7).

Blood of Christ, inebriate me. To obtain this favour two conditions are requisite:—First, the remembrance of, and meditation on, the love of Jesus Christ for me....then the worthy reception of His Body and Blood in the Sacrament of His Love....

WATER FLOWING FROM THE SIDE OF CHRIST, CLEANSE ME.

After the Saviour had breathed His last sigh upon the Cross, a soldier pierced His side with a lance, and from thence flowed blood and water, which, without mingling together, formed two distinct streams. This wound of the side of Jesus Christ, and this double flood of blood and water, are explained by the Evangelist and by the Fathers of the Church as having a mystic signification. It is, they say, the Church issuing from the side of Jesus Christ, immolated for her sake; the Church, coming forth from the Heart of her Divine Spouse, with the sacraments and the waters of grace which are to purify the world. When Moses struck the rock of Cades, and the water flowed in abundance, it was a mysterious figure of what was to be afterwards accomplished in the person of Christ, the divine rock, struck in His Passion to shed on the world the waters of salvation.

Water flowing from the side of Christ, cleanse me. I ask of you, O Jesus, by your merits, by the wound of your sacred side, and by the mysterious water which flowed from it, to wash my soul from all its stains; I conjure you to give it the perfect purity of which this water is the symbol....

Water from the side of Christ. This water represents holy baptism, which effaces original sin and all actual sins committed before it, so as to give to the soul the perfect innocence of the children of God....

Water from the side of Christ. This water represents also all the graces the Saviour has merited for us, and which tend to purify our souls and adorn them with virtues. . . . making them shine with that splendour of sanctity which St. John describes to us as a garment of dazzling whiteness. *I saw, said he, a great multitude, which no man could*

number, standing before the throne of God, clothed in white robes these are they, added he, who are come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb (Apoc. Vii, .9.14).

Water from the side of Christ. This water represents all the graces of which the adorable Heart of Jesus, and devotion to this Divine Heart are the source. . . . *In that day there shall be a fountain open to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for the washing of the sinner (Zach. xiii. 1).*

Water flowing from the side of Christ, cleanse me. Ah, Lord! you see me, *me*, with all my miseries . . . you see how much I need purification, poor sinner as I am, stained with so many sins from my childhood up to the present day! . . . And if I have done some penance, I am far from being perfectly pure in your eyes. *Wash me then more and more from my iniquity and cleanse me from my sin (Ps. xi.).*

Cleanse me. I require indeed to be cleansed before participating in your holy mysteries during life . . . and for being admitted amongst your saints in the next world. . . . *Who shall ascend into the mountain of the Lord: who shall stand in his holy place? The innocent in hands and clean of heart (Ps. xxiii.)*

Cleanse me. Enable me by your grace, O Jesus, to cleanse myself piously in the sacrament of penance. Grant me, above all, a true sorrow for my sins, and a contrite and humble heart which merits pardon in your eyes. . . . Strike my hardened heart with one of your merciful glances, and torrents of penitent tears will flow from my eyes. . . .

Cleanse me. Enable me by your grace to practise penance and Christian mortification . . . to expiate my past faults, and avoid sin in future.

Cleanse me. Enable me by your grace to purify my soul by the waters of suffering and the tribulations of this life. . . . These tribulations, accepted in the spirit of penance, and in union with your Passion, O Jesus, will serve to efface my stains and discharge my debts. . . .

Cleanse me, by inflaming me more and more with divine love. The salutary water from the Saviour's side does not quench the fire of charity: it only renders its flames more ardent and more efficacious, to consume the rust which tarnishes the brightness of the soul. . . .

PASSION OF CHRIST, STRENGTHEN ME.

We ask of Jesus, by the merits of His Passion, and by the examples He has given us, to enable us to walk in His footsteps.

Passion of Christ. By the Passion of the Saviour we mean the sufferings He endured in the last days of His mortal life, and which ended by His Death on the Cross. . . . We may contemplate Jesus in the Garden of Olives, in the house of Caiphas, in the judgment hall of Pilate, in the palace of Herod, and finally on Calvary! . . .

Passion of Christ. The Passion of our Saviour included sufferings of every kind in their highest degree. . . . sadness, anguish, treasons, ingratitude, humiliations, contempt, false witness, outrages, derision, bodily sufferings. . . . all were heaped upon Jesus, Who is justly styled by the prophet a *Man of Sorrows*. He has drained the bitter chalice of every suffering. . . .

Passion of Christ. He has endured this Passion for my salvation, through love for me . . . to expiate my sins. . . . to merit for me every grace. . . . to give me an example of every virtue. . . .

Passion of Christ. O my suffering Jesus, carrying your cross to Calvary, strengthen my weakness that I may walk in your footsteps. . . . When I shall have to suffer interior trials, anguish, weariness. . . . When I shall be calumniated, unjustly accused, condemned; when I shall be afflicted with corporal sufferings, with sickness, privations. . . . then I will turn my eyes towards you, and the sight of your holy Passion will give me resignation, strength and courage to unite my well-merited crosses to the incomparable sufferings you have endured through pure love for me. . . .

Passion of Christ, strengthen me. It is I, yes, I, a weak, frail being. . . . who require, who ask to be strengthened by you, O my God.

Passion of Christ, strengthen me. When I shall have to endure painful labours, hard trials, violent temptations. . . . when I shall no longer have strength to obey, to humble myself, to conquer my repugnance; . . . it is to you, O my suffering Jesus, that I shall have recourse; you will fortify me and render me victorious.

Passion of Christ, strengthen me. In order to be strengthened by the Passion of Jesus Christ, I shall always have before my eyes His holy image, the image of the crucifix. . . . I shall make His sufferings the frequent subject of my

meditations.... . I shall practise as much as possible the salutary devotion of the Way of the Cross..... lastly, I shall assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass as at the unbloody renewal of the Death of my Saviour on the Cross.... .

GOOD JESUS, HEAR ME.

Moved by the goodness of your Divine Heart, in which I place all my confidence, I earnestly beg of you, O Jesus, to hear my humble prayers.

Jesus. Ah! this consoling Name, which signifies *Saviour*, and which you have so perfectly verified, inspires me with boundless confidence. . . . The Name of Jesus!.... how sweet it is to pronounce it, to repeat it with love and respect! Jesus! This Name alone is a prayer; it is the sweetest, the shortest, the most beautiful of prayers.....

Good Jesus. You are all goodness, O Jesus, as you are all love and charity. . . . You are the good Shepherd, giving your Life for your sheep, you are the good Samaritan, binding the wounds of the unfortunate traveller; you are the good Master, the Consoler calling to you all who suffer, all who are afflicted, to comfort them....you are the kind Father of the prodigal, receiving, folding in your arms your repentant son.... . You are the good King, inviting to your table the poor and humble.....your goodness is an inexhaustible spring, always open to us. You know not how to refuse our petitions. . . . You give life, eternal life; you even go so far as to give yourself, to make your own flesh the nourishment of your children.....

Good Jesus. Jesus, full of goodness towards all men, above all, towards poor sinners . . . I come to you with entire confidence.

Good Jesus. Your goodness alone, O Jesus, gives me a claim to be heard; I find no merit in myself. What else is there in me but your benefits and my sins?....No, I have nothing upon which to ground my confidence; I rely solely on your goodness: O Jesus, by your infinite goodness, hear me..... .

Hear me, who am so poor and needy, and whose very wretchedness ought to attract your compassionate regard.....

Hear me! ah! do not delay, my wants are too urgent. I urge and insist . . . I would importune you, do you violence by my supplications, knowing that these earnest, persevering prayers are pleasing to your paternal Heart, and that you always hear them.....

HIDE ME IN YOUR SACRED WOUNDS.

By the sacred wounds you have received for me..., O my Saviour, and by the mysterious marks you still bear in your glorified Body, protect me from all danger, from all evil, both in this life and in the next.....May I be sheltered in your sacred wounds like the dove in the holes of the rock..... .

In your wounds. The Saviour has merited for us the cure of our wounds by His own sacred wounds; and by the blows He received has merited that we should not be struck... . Hence, these wounds are called in a figurative sense sacred retreats, asylums for our souls. . . . *Jesus Christ*, as St. Paul says, *is the mysterious rock*, which Moses was commanded to strike with his rod in the desert before all the people of Israel (Num. xx. II; 1 Cor. x. 4). This rock not only gave out torrents of living waters, but opened also in its side hidden retreats, holy asylums, refuges for our souls: *Petra refugium herinaceis*, the caverns of the rock are refuges for timid creatures. *Come, O my dove, in the cliffs of the rock, in the hollow places of the wall*..... (Cant. ii. 14.)

In your wounds. How numerous were the wounds of my Saviour! . . . He was covered with bruises from head to foot. But there are five which especially attract our notice: they are the wounds of His hands, of His feet, and of His side. These the Church honours with a special worship... . They prove to us the love of our Divine Master... . but at the same time they give us an instructive lesson. They show us, on the one hand that we must atone for the sins we commit by our members and by our hearts.....and on the other hand, that we must sanctify these same organs by making them the instruments of our good works.

Hide me in these mysterious asylums, and protect *me*, who have so often provoked your anger, against the terrors of Divine Justice.... . Alas! I shall soon appear before my Judge to receive the reward or chastisement of my works.... . What are these works?.... . Have I not everything to fear as far as I am concerned?. . . Ah! my Jesus, all my confidence is in you, and in your adorable wounds.....

Hide me. Protect me against the storms of this life.... .They are my passions—pride, anger, sensuality, volup-

tuousness, with all their seductions... . . . But in your wounds, O my Jesus, provided I take refuge there in the spirit of humility and of faith, I shall be sheltered from every attack, and shall repose tranquilly..... . .

Hide me. Protect me against the devil, the world and myself. . . . Our enemies assume every shape: they are roaring lions, crafty serpents, disguised robbers who would plunder us, poison us, devour us. . . . Jesus alone can protect us; and He will protect us if we fly to His adorable wounds.....

Hide me. It is there I shall go to recollect myself and seek encouragement amidst the dissipations, troubles, fears and thousand vicissitudes of life... . . . There I can devote myself to prayer and holy meditation on the eternal truths.....

Hide me. In order more easily to gain admittance into these holy asylums, I shall make a resolution to fly the world and its vanities... . . to reserve some moments during the day for prayer, to call frequently to mind my good resolutions, to have always before my eyes the Passion of my Saviour, to follow, at least sometimes, the Stations of the Cross.....

DO NOT PERMIT ME EVER TO BE SEPARATED FROM THEE.

Who then, says the Apostle, shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or famine, or nakedness, or danger, or persecution, or the sword..... .

But in all these things we overcome, because of Him that hath loved us... . . and nothing shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. (Rom. viii. 35, & seq.).

Do not permit me ever to be separated from Thee. The Christian is united to Jesus Christ as the branch to the vine: *I am the vine, says He, you the branches* (John xv. 5).

This union, or rather this insertion, this spiritual grafting, takes place in holy baptism by the sanctifying grace conferred on the person baptised; and by the charity diffused in his soul he is incorporated with Jesus Christ, united to Him in the most intimate manner..... . If he loses grace by mortal sin he is separated from Him.....and then he incurs in this world the enmity of God, and in the next he is cast into hell, to become the prey of a fire which will never be extinguished. Our Saviour explains this by these words: *I am the vine: you the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same beareth much fruit; for without me you can do nothing. If anyone abide not in me, he shall be cast forth as a branch, and shall wither; and they shall gather him up and cast him into the fire, and he burneth* (John xv. 5).

Do not permit me ever to be separated from Thee. Besides the essential union of sanctifying grace and charity, there is a secondary union, which consists in the exercise and the works of charity. We remain united to Jesus Christ by prayer, by the sacraments, above all by the holy sacrament of the Eucharist, and generally by every exercise of faith and piety.... . Moreover, we unite ourselves to Jesus Christ by conforming our will to His and to that of His Father... . . by rendering Him obedience in the person of our superiors, by loving Him in the person of our neighbour, and of the Church, His mystic spouse.....In fine, by accepting our crosses and uniting them to His.

Do not permit me ever to be separated from Thee. Union with Jesus Christ is the supreme good, the perfection of the Christian. In this life it is peace, strength, sanctity.....in the next glory and beatitude. In Jesus Christ we possess all; out of Him there is nothing but darkness and death.

Do not permit me ever to be separated from Thee after death. What a thunderbolt is that sentence: *Depart from me..... . . ye cursed..... . .* It will never be addressed to those who shall have relieved Jesus Christ in the person of his poor.....

Do not permit me ever to be separated from Thee in this life by mortal sin, by forgetfulness of prayer, by neglect of the sacraments..... .

Do not permit me ever to be separated from Thee. May I rather be separated from the whole world, and from all that is dearest to me here below, than from you, O Jesus, my God and my all. May I suffer every misfortune rather than a separation which would be the supreme evil!.....What would become of me without you, O my Jesus? Where should I go if I forsook you? . . . *Lord, to whom shall we go?* said St. Peter; *Thou hast the words of eternal life* (John vi. 69).

Do not permit..... . . Our good Jesus will not permit it, if on my side I do not displease Him by my ingratitude, if I

do not rashly expose myself to the occasion of sin by dangerous reading or bad company. . . . if I do not forsake the society of the servants of God to join that of the impious. . . . if I do not grow remiss in my exercises of piety, which like salutary bonds keep me united to Jesus Christ.

FROM THE MALIGNANT ENEMY DEFEND ME.

This enemy, the chief enemy of man, is the devil, whose malice has no bounds, who furiously pursues souls to their destruction, and who, alas! only succeeds too well when they withdraw from Jesus Christ. . . .

From the enemy of my soul. This enemy is the spirit of lying, of error, of heresy, of impiety, of incredulity. . . .

He attacks especially the intelligence, the understanding, because if he succeeds in corrupting and making himself master thereof, he possesses the whole man. Hence the opposition of his agents to the teaching mission of the Church. . . . hence their zeal in disseminating wicked doctrines by means of the infidel press and godless education. . . .

From the enemy of my soul. The wicked spirit does not always attack the understanding directly: he often tries subtleties, and makes use of the love of riches and honours to triumph over those who are strong in faith.

From the enemy of my soul. The object of our enemy is to destroy the souls redeemed by the Blood of Jesus Christ: to ruin them, both in this world and in the next. . . . In this life he destroys souls by sin, which makes them unhappy enemies of God . . . because *there is no peace, no happiness, to the wicked* (Isai. xlviii. 22). In eternity he completes their ruin by casting them into the flames of hell. . . .

From the enemy of my soul. He does all the injury he can to souls. If he sees them fervent, he endeavours to make them tepid . . . if they are tepid, he tries to weaken them so as to make them fall into mortal sin . . . if they are already in the abyss of mortal sin, he plunges them still deeper, and chains them as fast as he can to prevent their rising. . . .

Deliver me from his violence, his seductions, and his snares. . . . They are the love of the things of this world, the allurements of pleasure, human respect, the errors and persecutions of the age. . . .

Deliver me. Without you, O my Jesus, *I*, who am so weak, could never hold out against so formidable an enemy. . . . but with your help I have nothing to fear. *The Lord is the protector of my life, of whom shall I be afraid? No, if armies in camp should stand together against me, my heart shall not fear. . . . Though I should walk in the midst of the shadow of death, I will fear no evils, for Thou art with me* (Ps. xxvi., xxii.).

Deliver me. I am sure of your powerful protection, O Lord, provided I do not expose myself to danger, and that I persevere in prayer. . . . *Watch ye, and pray, that ye enter not into temptation* (Matt. xxvi. 41).

Deliver me, O Jesus, by the virtue of your holy Name, which I shall always invoke. . . . by the Blessed Virgin Mary, your Mother, whom you have given me for a Mother and protectress. . . . by my good angel whom you have appointed to watch over me. . . .

Deliver me from the enemy of my soul during life, which is an unceasing warfare against temptation; for the devil knows neither truce nor mercy. . . .

Deliver me, above all, at the hour of death, when this wicked spirit redoubles his fury, *knowing that he hath but a short time* (Apoc. xii. 12).

AT THE HOUR OF MY DEATH CALL ME.

At the hour of my death, when all my labours will be at an end, call me, O Jesus, like a faithful servant to my reward.

At the hour of my death. This hour will come . . . It will come either suddenly. or preceded by an illness, the forerunner of my approaching dissolution. . . . This hour will come quickly, because time passes rapidly. The years already gone by teach me how those which still remain to me will pass. And perhaps very few remain. . . . *Watch ye, therefore,* says the Lord; *because you know not the day nor the hour* (Matt. xxv. 13).

At the hour of my death. This hour, so terrible for the sinner, is sweet and consoling for the just man . . . it is the end of his labours, of his tribulations: *For winter is now past, the rain is over and gone* (Cant. ii. II). It is the golden gate which admits him to paradise. . . .

At the hour of my death. In order that my death may be like that of the just, precious in the eyes of the Lord, I ought

to prepare myself for it according to the Saviour's warning... . . . and have it always before my eyes in all the actions of my life.

At the hour of my death. What a consolation in that supreme hour to have been preparing for it during a whole lifetime!.. . . What a happiness to be able to say with the Apostle, in looking back upon the past: *The time of my dissolution is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. As to the rest there is laid up for me a crown of justice* (2 Tim. iv. 6- 8).

At the hour of my death. In order to enjoy this happiness at my death, I must make haste to expiate my sins, and pay all the debts I owe to the Divine Justice. . . . I must, besides, by a life of labour and good works, lay up for myself a treasure in heaven. . . .

At the hour of my death. To sanctify perfectly my last moments, and to adorn my soul like a bride for her heavenly Bridegroom, I must prepare myself to receive the sacraments which Jesus Christ has instituted for that end. . . .

At the hour of my death call me. Call me, Lord, as a servant to receive my reward; as the father of the family in the Gospel parable called the labourers of the vineyard to pay them the wages agreed on.... . . . Ah! the reward will be great even for the least works: *For that which is at present momentary and light of our tribulation worketh for us above measure exceedingly an eternal weight of glory* (2 Cor. iv. 17).

Call me to Thee, then, like those faithful servants who were diligent in increasing their master's fortune during his absence. . . . On his return He calls them; and seeing the fruit of their labours and their fidelity, He says to each one: *Well done, good and faithful servant: because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will place thee over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord* (Matt.XXV. 21).

AND BID ME TO COME TO THEE.

Cause me to come to You in heaven, the dwelling of your glory.

Bid me to come to Thee. At the end of my earthly career, say to me those consoling words: Come, faithful servant, come from the land of your exile, from the enemy's country where you have fought for Me, but far from Me; come now to Me, that I may embrace you, that I may crown you.

Bid me to come to Thee. In the Book of Canticles, the Divine Spouse says to the holy soul, His cherished bride: *Arise, my love, and come: my dove, in the cliffs of the rock, in the hollow places of the wall, show me thy face, let thy voice sound in my ears! for thy voice is sweet, and thy face comely. Come from Libanus, my spouse, thou shalt be crowned from the top of Amanah, from the top of Sanir and Hermon, from the dens of the lions, from the mountains of the leopards* (Cant. ii. 14; iv. 8). Happy the soul which merits to be greeted by the heavenly Bridegroom with these words!

Bid me to come to Thee. Yes, to *Thee* Who are my Master, my Saviour, and my all to *Thee* Whom I love and serve now without seeing... . . but Whom I shall then behold *with an unspeakable joy* (1 Pet. .i. 8).

Bid me to come to Thee, and to see You, O my Sovereign Benefactor, to Whom I am indebted for life and every other blessing. . . . Grant me to behold You, to express to You in a more perfect manner my eternal gratitude. . .

Bid me to come to Thee, to You, the only Son of God, clothed with our nature; to You, Who are the most beautiful of the children of men . . . to You, Whose countenance I have never yet been permitted to behold, and Whom I have only seen under veils.... . . Ah! grant me at length to see You face to face! My amiable Jesus, *show me thy face, let thy voice sound in my ears: for thy voice is sweet, and thy face comely* (Cant. ii. 14).

Bid me to come to Thee, to see You more clearly than Your disciples on Thabor, or in the Cenacle after Your Resurrection. . . . *The disciples, therefore, were glad when they saw the Lord* (John xx. 20).

Bid me to come to Thee..... . to my Divine Master..... cause me to come who am the poorest, the most unworthy of your servants... . . who have no other merit than faith and boundless confidence in your Precious Blood, which effaces all the stains of repentant sinners..... .

Bid me to come to Thee, to be introduced into your Kingdom, to dwell forever with You in your heavenly mansion. . . . You yourself have said; *Where I am there also shall my minister be* (John xii. 26). Ah! sweet Jesus, say to me according to your promise these consoling words: *Come, ye blessed of my Father, possess the kingdom which is prepared for you* (Matt. XXV. 34).

Oh! what an unspeakable happiness, then, to be able to fly to the embraces of my Jesus!

THAT WITH THY SAINTS.

In the Kingdom of Heaven all will be saints. Here below tares are mixed with the good grain, and the greatest trials of the just come from the wicked who surround them. . . . It is true the Faithful have learned from their Divine Master to band together in His Name and withdraw from a perverse world; but they can only do it very imperfectly. As long as they are on this earth they must live with the enemies of God, suffer their oppressions and the sad spectacle of their crimes. . . . In the Kingdom of God all this will be changed: there will be no more sins, no more injustices, no more sinners nor ungodly. . . . It is the Kingdom of pure sanctity, of truth, of charity: *Sola regnat caritas*.

In the Society of the Saints. Oh! what a blessed society! . . . How sweet it is to converse with a friend whose affection and amiability equal his knowledge and virtue: . . . But if the society of a true friend on earth has so many charms, what will it be to be surrounded by countless friends, whose perfection infinitely surpasses that of the most accomplished mortal men? . . . If a single saint from heaven were to appear visibly to me on earth, and deign to converse with me for a short time, he would render me happy for the remainder of my life. What will it be when I shall be in the company of all the saints? . . .

In the Society of the Saints. They are the angels and their admirable hierarchies. *I saw an angel*, says St. John, *come down from heaven, and the earth was enlightened with his glory*. . . (Apoc. xviii. I). Who shall describe the beauty, the splendour of these princes of the heavenly court? . . . their countless multitude, the fires of their charity, the entrancing harmony of their concerts? . . . And yet, I, a poor human creature, but transformed in glory, shall be received by them as a fellow citizen, as a friend, a beloved brother! O God, what a happiness, what a new life!

In the Society of the Saints. My Angel Guardian, this faithful friend, who, invisible to my mortal eyes, accompanies me in all my ways on earth, and heaps upon me a thousand benefits, will be the first to greet me. . . . O heavens! with what rapture shall I behold him and express my heartfelt gratitude! . . . Oh, manifestation more delightful than that of Raphael to Tobias, and which will have no end . . .

In the Society of the Saints. After the angels, these pure spirits created to people heaven, I shall see also an immense multitude of the children of men, become children of God and associates of the angels in the Kingdom of their Father. . . . They are the *elite*, the sower of humanity: the mercy of the Lord has gathered them from countless generations and nations, like grains of gold, like precious stones scattered amidst the sands of the desert. The saints of the Old Law, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, Moses, David, Elias, all the patriarchs, all the prophets, will be there; I shall see them, I shall speak to them, I shall have the happiness of living with them. . . .

In the Society of the Saints. I shall see the saints of the New Law, the apostles, the martyrs, the doctors, whose writings we read, whose examples we admire, whose relics we venerate, whose intercession we invoke. . .

I shall see the Apostle St. Peter, the great St. Paul, the generous St. Stephen, and all the martyrs who have followed him . . . the illustrious St. Augustine, and many other lights of the Church. . . I shall see St. Benedict and the countless Religious whom he formed to holiness. . . I shall see St. Ignatius, burning with zeal for the glory of God, St. Francis Xavier, St. Aloysius Gonzaga, St. Stanislaus, Blessed John Berchmans. . . I shall see them, I shall be received among them as a colleague, a friend, a brother. . . . O God, what an ecstasy of happiness!

In the Society of the Saints. I shall see St. Joseph, the glorious spouse of the purest of Virgins. . . I shall see the Virgin Mary herself. . . I shall contemplate them, not in a passing vision, but as a child sees his father and mother whom he never leaves. . . . O happiness! O glory! O exaltation of human littleness, which would appear fabulous, if it were not the work of the mercy of God, and the fruit of His Blood which has been spilt!

I MAY PRAISE THEE FOR ALL ETERNITY.

In union with all the saints, with all the heavenly court, I shall praise Thee, O Jesus Christ, the Author of my salvation, together with the Father and the Holy Ghost, in the endless ages of eternity.

I may praise Thee. I shall praise you, O Jesus, *by singing your mercies for ever* (Ps. lviii.) I shall praise your unspeakable benefits, which I shall then see without cloud, in all their immensity, whose inestimable value I shall understand. . . . What will be my gratitude, what will be my love at the sight of your glorious wounds. . . . at the distant view of the terrible damnation from which you have snatched me! . . .

I shall praise You, O Jesus, by admiring, by celebrating your personal glory, when I shall see You, O my Sovereign

in the splendour of your Kingdom. . . .

*I shall praise You, O Jesus Christ, when I shall see unveiled the hidden treasures of your humanity and your divinity... . . . when I shall understand the mysteries You have revealed, and which I now believe in the darkness of faith. . . . Ah! what will be the transports of my soul on beholding You, O my Jesus, with all your mysteries revealed in the brightness of glory? She will burst forth in benedictions and praises!... . . . Then she will intone the canticle of the Virgin Mary: *Magnificat anima mea Dominum!* Yes, my soul will then glorify the Lord with the sentiments, with the accents of the Mother of God.*

I shall praise You, O Jesus Christ, You my Saviour, my King... . . . and by You, the Father and the Holy Ghost, with Whom you are one only God in the ages of eternity.

For all Eternity. O blessed eternity! O beatitude sacred for ever!... . . . There will be no more fears, no more deaths, no more time passing, no more days declining, no more hours gliding away... . . . The clock of paradise is motionless: it marks an eternal *ever*.....as that of hell marks an eternal *never*.....

For all Eternity. O eternal years, always beginning, always continuing their course, because their inexhaustible source is God Himself! . . . As long as God shall be God, I will bless Him in an ecstasy of love and unspeakable joy, because He is worthy of benediction. *Thou art worthy, O Lord our God, to receive glory, and honour, and power. The Lamb that was slain is worthy to receive power, and divinity, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and benediction* (Apoc. iv. ii; v. 12).

For all Eternity. O most happy mansion of the city above! O most bright day of eternity which knows no night, but is always enlightened by the Sovereign Truth!... . . a day always joyful, always secure, and never changing its state for the contrary! Oh! that this day would shine upon us, and all those temporal things were at an end (Imit. iii. 48). *And night shall be no more and they shall not need the light of the lamp, nor the light of the sun, for the glory of God hath enlightened it, and the Lamb is the lamp thereof* (Apoc. xxii. 5; xxi. 23).
