

PRAYER 10.

*A devout prayer for the forgiveness of sins,
and for resignation, and the love of Jesus.*

O MOST merciful Lord Jesus Christ, behold I, a wretched and vile sinner, cast myself, with all the humility that I can, into Your footprints, and with entire faith and full trust in Your measureless goodness, and with inward sorrow for all my sins, with deep sighs, bitter contrition, and burning tears, I confess to You all the iniquities of my past life. O gracious Jesus, by Your infinite mercy, have pity on me, I pray; open to me the depth of Your loving-kindness; turn to me, a poor sinner, and guilty worm of earth, the eyes of Your divine grace and clemency. For to whom, O sweet Jesus, laden as I am with, and buried in, numberless sins, can I fly for refuge, save to You, who are full of mercy? Therefore, all my evils, all my ingratitude, sensuality, anger, disobedience, levity, want of mortification, and lust; all these together I throw into the abyss of Your divine mercy and grace, and into the sacred and bleeding Wounds which in this horrible torment You have received for my salvation; and I pray to You, O my God, that You would wash away all these in Your precious and most pure Blood, that no remembrance of them may endure before You.

O loving Jesus, my only comfort, I come to You with the full and earnest desire of loving You fervently, and of avoiding all that may draw me away from Your love, so that I may deserve to be made one with You in affection, and will, and love. For You are all my hope; You are my consolation and my refuge. However much I may be troubled and cast down by my sins, yet am I no less gladdened and lifted up by Your measureless goodness, and the merits of Your most Sacred Passion. For whatever I have done wrong have been blotted out by Your most bitter Death. Whatever is wanting to me, is abundantly filled up in me by the merits of Your most holy Incarnation and

Passion. And although my sins are great and numberless, yet are they little when compared with Your measureless mercy. Therefore, I trust in Your infinite goodness, that You will never allow me to perish, whom You have created to Your own image and likeness. Oh! despise me not, whose flesh, and blood, and brother, You have granted to become. I hope, too, that You will never condemn me, whom You have redeemed with such labor, and bought for so dear a ransom. O gentle Jesus! in Whom my soul trusts, and Whom from the most inward marrow of my heart, I desire to love, make me now to feel Your tenderness and loving-kindness, for You are not ignorant of my frailty. Your Father in heaven judges no man, but He has given over all my sins to Your judgment. The Holy Spirit also has given all judgment to You, and whatever I have done wrong against Him, by neglecting His grace, by not obeying His instincts, by not following His attractions, by not fulfilling His requirements and vocation, and lastly, by hindering, times without number, His loving work, by my own selfishness, and restless busy-doing;—all this He has left to You, and cast it all upon You. All my salvation is in Your hand; whatever You pardoned is forgiven. So long as You will, O sweet Jesus, there will never be wanting to me the means of salvation. O pitiful Jesus, have mercy upon me, for Your Holy Name's sake! For what else is the meaning of this Your name, Jesus, sweeter than honey, and the honey-comb, except a "Saviour"? Therefore, O good Jesus, be to me Jesus. Why will You be angry with the leaf which is blown about by the wind; why will You punish the withered straw? Why will You be forgetful of me, who am but a frail vessel of clay, which Your own hands have made? Although I have offended You, yet am I a man wholly conceived in iniquity. Let Your grace come down upon me, and Your Wounds flow over me; let the healing balm of Your Precious Blood be near my soul, and I shall be safe, for I am ready to fulfill Your most gracious will. What will You have me to do, Lord? Behold! I offer my whole self to You, my body, soul, senses, memory, understanding, will, and all that I am, and I am ready to bear whatever You would have me bear in time and eternity, want and abundance, abandonment and suffering. O Jesus, my only Love, grant that I may love You from my heart, and nothing do I ask, except to love You perfectly. Allow me to be Your lover. You have commanded me, indeed, to love You with my whole heart, but give what

You have commanded, and command what You will. Pierce, I pray to You, this heart of mine, with the sweet dart of Your fiery love, that I may languish for love of You all the days of my life. Grant that I may love You from my heart, as You would Yourself have me love You. Make me see, O my God, how much You love me, that my whole life long, and with my whole strength, I may strive to return Your love, and satisfy it. O kind Jesus, so fill and inebriate my heart with Your sweet love, that all the world may be turned for me into a disgust and a cross. O loving Jesus, I long to love You, to receive You, to eat You, to embrace You with the arms of my soul, to treasure You up in my inmost heart, where no man can take You from me, where I may enjoy You alone, and where I may rest with You in peace, never more to be troubled. There You will give me richly to drink of the river of Your heavenly and divine doctrine; there You will teach me Your more secret paths, whereby I may come to You in all safety and certainty; there You will be wholly my leader, and You will hide me in Your sweet wounds, and in Your loving Heart, until the winter of sin is over and past, and the cruel storm of temptation is hushed, and the bright sun of Your divine grace shines through the whole depth of my soul, setting my heart utterly on fire, and causing it to flourish in all virtue. Amen.