

PRAYER 5.

A Prayer to the Son for Pardon, and the grace of Self-denial.

O MOST merciful Jesus, I beseech You by Your bitter sorrow and anxious grief, when You were made sorrowful even unto death at the inward contemplation of the bitter Passion and shameful death which were so close at hand, so that the strain within You made You tremble outwardly, and sweat blood and water—by that exceeding great anguish of Your Soul, when prostrate on Your Face, You prayed so earnestly to Your Father, and with simple created love and true resignation, struggled with the fear of death, not heeding the horrors of Your lower powers, but submitting and subjecting Yourself with the created love of Your Humanity, to the uncreated love of Your most high Godhead, were made obedient with Your full consent to Your Father, even unto the death of the cross;—by the struggle and mighty effort of that contest, by the intolerable pain of Your Soul and Body, by the sweat of blood itself which broke forth from all Your members, and flowed down in great drops upon the ground;—by all this sorrow and grief, I beseech You, O tender Jesus, to pour into me true contrition for my sins, and to soften my heart of stone to compunction, and to inflame it to devotion, and to give to my eyes rivers of tears, so that night and day I may weep for having wronged and insulted You, and for the numberless sins whereby I have offended You, O Lord my God!

Deal not with me, I implore You, according to my iniquities but according to Your infinite mercy; neither enter into judgment with Your servant, but set, I beseech You, this bitter Passion of Yours between Your judgment and my wretched soul with its sins. And whatever my iniquities deserve, let Your bitter Death forgive, and Your precious Blood wash away forever. Grant, O most gracious God, that I may deny my own will, and make myself of no reputation, and submit myself and all creatures to You, my Lord and Maker, for Your sake, and that I may feel also that I am the vilest and most

unworthy of all Your creatures; that thus I may be resigned in will, and as free from all choice, as if never I had any will of my own at all.

O Jesus Christ, most strong and unconquerable Lion, Who has overcome the world and its prince, do You so strengthen, I beseech You, my weakness, that I may utterly overcome my sensuality and unmortified rebel nature, and every inordinate affection towards all things in this world beneath Yourself; and that I may put a yoke upon myself, and perfectly and wholly turn away from all that can stain my heart, or come between Your love and me; in a word, that I may love You, my Lord, as purely and as fervently as it is possible for a perishable creature to love. Make, also, my heart so just, and right, and pure, and place it so close to Your Heart, that between me and You there may be found nothing distorted, nothing unjust, nothing unlike You; so that in all my conversation, and in all my works, I may seek for nothing, desire nothing, look for nothing, or intend nothing, except to please You, honor You, perform whatever is Your will, and love You with my whole heart; and that in this I may ever spend my whole being, in order, in some poor little way, at least, to repay Your love.