



A Salutation to the Sacred Heart

by Saint Margaret Mary Alcoque

Hail, Heart of Jesus, save me!
Hail, Heart of my Creator, perfect me!
Hail, Heart of my Saviour, deliver me!
Hail, Heart of my Judge, grant me pardon!
Hail, Heart of my Father, govern me!
Hail, Heart of my Spouse, grant me love!
Hail, Heart of my Master, teach me!
Hail, Heart of my King, be my crown!
Hail, Heart of my Benefactor, enrich me!
Hail, Heart of my Shepherd, guard me!
Hail, Heart of my Friend, comfort me!
Hail, Heart of my Brother, stay with me!
Hail, Heart of the Child Jesus, draw me to Thyself!
Hail, Heart of Jesus dying on the Cross, redeem me!
Hail, Heart of Jesus in all Thy states, give Thyself to me!
Hail, Heart of incomparable goodness, have mercy on me!
Hail, Heart of splendor, shine within me!
Hail, most loving Heart, inflame me!
Hail, most merciful Heart, work within me!
Hail, most humble Heart, dwell within me!
Hail, most patient Heart, support me!
Hail, most faithful Heart, be my reward!
Hail, most admirable and most worthy Heart, bless me!

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THE SUFFERING SOULS

It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead.--II Mac. xii.

In some quiet hour at the close of day,
When your work is finished and laid away,
Think of the suffering souls, and pray.

Think of that prison of anguish and pain,
Where even the souls of the just remain,
Till cleansed by fire from the slightest stain.

Think of the souls who were dear to you
When this life held them; still be true,
And pray for them now; which you can do.

Think of the souls who are lonely there,
With no one, perchance, to offer a prayer
That God may have pity on them and spare.

Think of the souls that have longest lain
In that place of exile and of pain,
Suffering still for some uncleansed stain.

Think of the souls who, perchance, may be
On the very threshold of liberty
One "Ave Maria" may set them free!

Oh, then, at the close of each passing day,
When your work is finished and folded away,
Think of the suffering souls, and pray!

Think of their prison, so dark and dim,
Think of their longing to be with Him
Whose praises are sung by the cherubim!

As you tell the beads of your Rosary,
Ask God's sweet Mother their mother to be;
Her Immaculate hands hold Heaven's key.

Oh, how many souls are suffering when
You whisper "Hail Mary" again and again,
May see God's face as you say "Amen!"

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--Ave Maria, November 24, 1883.