



Devotions  
to the  
Sacred Head  
of  
Our Blessed Lord

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Spouse of the Crucified  
Pray For Us.

# Prayer to the Sacred Head.

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○ WISDOM of the Sacred Head, guide me in all my ways.

Love of the Sacred Heart, consume me with thy fire.

Three Glorias, in honour of the Divine Will, Memory and Understanding.

O Seat of Divine Wisdom, and guiding Power, which governs all the motions and love of the Sacred Heart, may all minds know Thee, all hearts Love Thee, and all tongues praise Thee, now and for ever more.

## Let Us Pray

DEAREST Jesus, teach me to be generous, teach me to serve Thee as Thou deservest, to give and not to count the cost, to fight and not to heed the wounds, to toil and not to seek for rest, to labour and not to ask for any reward, except to know that I do Thy Will, O my God.

Prayer in Honour of the Sacred  
Head as  
The Seat of Divine Wisdom.

MY Lord and my God, humbly prostrate before Thee, I adore Thy Sacred Head as the seat of Divine Wisdom, the Shrine of the Powers of Thy most Holy Soul and Intellectual Faculties, and the centre of five Senses of Thine adorable Body.

When I gaze into the depths of this fathomless abyss of Goodness, Power, and Wisdom, which has contrived and instituted such unheard of ways and means of proving Thine infinite Love, and lavishing Thy choicest gifts upon me, Thy poor child, I am lost in astonishment and admiration.

O Light of lights, in whose glorious rays I see fresh mines of Wealth in the Sacred Heart; O Sun of Justice, in whose intense heat I feel the burning Love that consumes the Sacred Heart:

O *Will*, which was always in meek subjection to Thy Heavenly Father's, control me in all things, as Thou didst govern all the affections and motions of the Sacred Heart of the God made Man.

O *Understanding*, which knows all things, ever guide me with Thy Light.

O *Memory*, in which past, present, and future are at once reflected, which is ever mindful of me, and always seems studying some new means of giving fresh favours, force me to love Thee more and more.

Oh! by the bright shining light of Thine Eyes, teach me to see Thee in all things; and by Thine Ears, which are ever open to the prayers of the needy, grant that I may ever hear the voice of Thy Church, and listen to Thy holy inspirations. Oh, give me always a love and a relish for what is right and just. Let me taste how sweet Thou art. Let me be drawn by the odour of Thy Virtues, and feel forever the intense joy of seeing, loving, praising, blessing and glorifying Thee for all eternity. O Flood of Light! Mine of Wealth! Ocean of Goodness! Sea of Mercy! Fountain of Living Waters! Fire of Love! Source of all Good! to Thee I consecrate myself with that I am or have. O Sacred Head, Seat of Divine Wisdom, Tabernacle of God with man; in Thee I behold at once a celestial and terrestrial Paradise, a new Heaven, and a new Earth; the new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven prepared and adorned as a bride glowing with light and glory, in whose sparkling crystals I behold all the attributes of the Godhead reflected as a sea of glass. O Rainbow of Peace! O Burning Bush! O Peerless Pearl! Storehouse of the

Treasures of God! O Lamp, ever burning! Brightness unfading! Sun for ever shining! O Tree of Life! Life and Light of those who are Thine! O Seal of the Elect.

O Wisdom without beginning or end! Boundless knowledge! Love so great that we cannot understand it! To Thee I raise my prayer of love, reparation and thanksgiving from the centre of the Sacred Heart, where I safely hide; and I beg of Thee to accept, O my Jesus, all the treasures of this infinite mystery of love and riches, in atonement for my coldness, misery, and poverty. O Jesus, my beloved Jesus, I love Thee far more than I can tell; Jesus, my Spouse, and my treasure, I grieve that Thou art so little known and so much offended. Jesus, my Life and my Light, may all minds know Thee, all hearts love Thee, and all tongues praise Thee, now and for ever more, Amen. Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! O Seat of Divine Wisdom, have mercy on me, O Sacred Head and loving Heart, guide me with Thy Light, and consume me with Thy fire. Amen.

Prayer to the Soul of Jesus  
Sorrowful unto Death

REMEMBER, O most sorrowful Soul of my

Jesus, the fearful agony that Thou didst endure, when plunged into the depths of Thy Father's Justice and Wrath, Thou didst cry out, "My Father, if it be possible, let this bitter Chalice pass from me, nevertheless not My Will but Thine be done"; and when overwhelmed in deepest woe, Thou didst complain that "Thy Soul was sorrowful, even unto death"; and when agonising, dying, and deserted by all, even by Thine eternal Father, these words of wondrous mystery were wrung from Thee, "My God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken Me!"

Remember the sighs, the groans, the anguish of soul, the agony of mind, and the breaking of Thy Loving Heart. Remember the many stripes, the blows, the insults, the blasphemies, the thorns, the Blood, the Tears, the stripping of Thy garments, the shame, the prayers, the separation of Thy Holy Soul from Thine adorable Body.

Remember the Wisdom of Thy Sacred Head that contrived so much suffering, and would thus prove the Love of Thy Sacred Heart, for the souls of Thy children. Remember, too, what Mary suffered. Remember the price I have cost Thee, and when Thou beholdest all these fearful tortures, have mercy and pity on my soul, and forgive me through Thy Precious Blood. Why O my crucified, loving Jesus,

are so many souls in darkness and sin? Art Thou not the Almighty God? the God of Wisdom, of Knowledge, of Light? Art Thou not our Creator, our Redeemer, our Sanctification, our holy and strong God? Why then is our enemy and Thine so bold? O Lord, for the love Thou hast for souls, for the price we have cost Thee, for the glory of Thy name, arise and show that Thou art the Living God. Lighten up every darkness by the Light of Thy Divine Wisdom; expel all heresies by spreading the Truth of Thy doctrines, and the beauty of the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Faith throughout all nations. Consume all hearts with the burning Fire of Thy Love. Draw all souls to Thy Soul, that we may console and comfort Thee here, by weeping over sin, which is the cause of Thine intense sorrow. Hide us, dear Jesus, in Thy Wounds, bathe our souls in Thy most precious Blood. Stamp Thy sacred Head and Face deeply in our hearts and souls, that we may never forget Thee, nor the sorrow we have caused Thee. Remember us, Lord in Thy Kingdom. Grant us Pardon and peace here, and eternal happiness in the world to come. Let us keep near Thee, Jesus, in Thy Sorrow, that we may be found worthy to dwell for ever with Thee, the Father, and the Holy Spirit, One God in Three distinct Persons, in the world without end.

Amen. Jesus, Mary, Joseph. Amen



## Memorare to the divine soul

REMEMBER, O most Holy Soul of my Jesus, all Thou hast done and suffered for my soul, and let it not perish. I beseech Thee, through the anguish that forced Thy very Hearts Blood from Thy Sacred Veins, and I conjure Thee to bathe mine, and all poor sinners in that precious Stream, which ran down in ruby drops upon the ground. Remember the deep and boundless love Thou hast shown to it, and drive not away from Thee, fainting under the weight of its miseries and sorrows. O deign to feel for its weakness; behold the dangers which encompass it on all sides, the evils which cause it to sigh and groan.

Full of trust and love, it comes to Thee, O most tender and compassionate of all Souls; receive it in Thy Mercy and Goodness; cause it to feel the effects of Thy most plentiful Redemption, and the excess of Thy burning Love. Show Thyself its advocate with Thy Heavenly Father, in the name of all Thy merits, Thy humiliations, and sufferings, and grant its strength in all its struggles and grace to love and console Thee in time, that it may possess, praise, and thank Thee for all eternity. Amen

Soul of Jesus, sorrowful unto death, would that I could console Thee in Thy bitter anguish and grief.

## Complaints of the Soul of Our Blessed Lord

MY Soul is not known. My Soul is not loved. Night and day I see living lamps burning before My Altar. My Sacrament of love finds worshippers and victims; but My Soul does not meet with sympathising souls. Every day I give Myself to My creatures, and, swallowed up in this union, they praise everything in Me but My Soul and My Sacred Head crowned with thorns, the Seat of divine Wisdom... Each day My Cross is bathed with tears, and the daughters of Zion cannot be comforted, because they see me without brightness and beauty, but few there are who compassionate the anguish of My Soul, sorrowful unto death. My Heart has found thousands of hearts, but My Soul remains solitary, and My Thorn crowned Brow un-honoured . My Face besmeared, and My Eyes and Mouth filled with congealing Blood, and no one is there to wipe It away and refresh My parched Lips and swollen tongue.

“My Soul is Sorrowful even unto death, and I have looked for some one to comfort Me and there is none.”

### Prayer to Jesus in the Blessed Sacra- ment

O DIVINE Jesus, lonely to-night in so many

Tabernacles, without visitor or worshipper, I offer Thee my lonely heart, and may its beatings be a prayer of love to Thee. Thou art ever watching under Sacramental veils; in Thy Love Thou never sleepest, and art never weary in Thy vigil for sinners. O Loving Jesus, O Lovely Jesus, may my heart be a lamp, the light of which shall burn for Thee alone. Watch, Sacramental Sentinel, watch for the weary world, for the erring soul and for Thy poor lonely child. Amen.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, that I could water with my tears those places where the marks of Thy Love have been received only with contempt and indifference. In reparation for such injuries, I offer Thee the love of all just souls, the ardour of the angels, and above all, the tender sentiments of Thine Immaculate Mother. Permit me to unite with that offering the affections of my heart. Amen..

### Prayer for the Conversion of England

O LORD Jesus Christ, infinite Goodness, Who by the Divine Sacrament of Thy Body and Blood dost regenerate, strengthen, and nourish Thy Church, and daily offerest Thyself a sacrifice of praise and propitiations to Thine Eternal Father, look propitiously upon our beloved Country,

which is excluded from the Sweets of this Thy Banquet. All that in this land has been done and said through impiety or ignorance against these most Holy Mysteries, mercifully pardon — inspire the minds of all men with faith and reverence for this beloved Sacrament, so that all in this land may become Thy children, like olive plants round about Thy Table, through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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