

Come, then, come, O God of my soul, and make me entirely thine. Come and expel from within me all earthly affections, that I may love thee alone, think only of thee, speak only of thee, seek and desire only thee. And what shall I love, if I love not thee, who art infinite goodness, and who hast so loved me as to die for me? Ah, my Jesus, how couldst thou, from amongst so many of thy faithful servants, have chosen me to be one of thy Priests? I have so often turned my back upon thee, and dost thou deign every morning to come into my hands and descend into my breast? Woe to me, if, after so many favors bestowed upon me, I should forfeit thy grace. Lord, I now love thee with my whole soul, and I am grieved from the bottom of my heart for having ever disregarded thee: I will never more offend thee, but love thee with all my powers. Assist me, and do not forsake me. *Vulnera tua, merita mea.* S. Bern. Thy wounds, thy blood, thy death, and my hope. Grant me holy perseverance; grant that in all temptations I may have recourse to thee; increase thy sacred love within me, and do with me what thou pleasest. Mary, my Queen, obtain for me grace to recommend myself always to thee: he who ever flies to thee is never overcome by the enemy.