

Our Lady's Library

Convent of the Maternal Heart

A Message from the Mother-Heart of Mary.

By Mother Mary Potter

INTRODUCTION

This little work has already received the approbation and strong recommendation of His Lordship, the Bishop of Nottingham, and therefore, needs no further recommendation. It earnestly exhorts us all to do a work for our holy Mother, during this her sweet month, which will be most blessing to her Maternal Heart, and will not fail to incline her to bestow upon us many graces and blessings.

What it so strongly recommends is that we should pray earnestly for the grace of conversion for those dying in sin. That we should co-operate with Mary in that which she has most at heart, the salvation of those of her children which she is in danger of losing forever. That we should, as it were, cheat the devil of his prey and restore to Mary the child whom she so loves.

It is a work we should do well to engage in, not only during the month of May, but habitually and constantly. And if we really wish to be dear to the holy Mother of God, and to experience the happy effects of her loving care and protection, we shall not fail to do so. For there is scarcely any practice of devotion, it may safely be said, which will so touch her Heart, and cause her to regard us with the tender affection of a mother.

There has lately appeared a little work, (*Mary's Call to her Loving Children, or Devotion to the Dying* – one of these same series of *Our Lady's Library*) in which the same devotion is advocated at greater length, and which it would be well for all who wish for True Devotion to Mary to read.

It only remains for the writer of this introduction to pray that all who read this little work may imbibe its spirit. And that the ever Blessed Mother of God may be pleased to make it the humble means of inspiring many souls with a more ardent love and devotion to her. The growing devotion to Mary is indeed one of the happiest signs of the increase of true piety amongst us. We have great reason to thank God that the holy author of the *Glories of Mary*, St. Alphonsus Liguori, has been declared a Doctor of the Universal Church. His beautiful writings have, perhaps more than any others on these days, been the means of made use of by Divine Providence for rekindling in the hearts of the faithful a devotion which perhaps is more necessary now than ever it was. He tells us, as so many other doctors and saints have told us, that all graces come to us through Mary. And how striking is the melancholy proof of the necessity of devotion to Mary, which is presented to us in this unhappy country of ours. Here we see hundreds, we may say thousands, of persons, both in the Protestant Establishment and in the various sects of Dissenters, most earnest for religion, profess to have a great zeal for God, and a great love for our Blessed Lord. And we should be very far wrong if we suppose that all this religious profession is insincere. But, along with it all, what is the condition of these poor people in the sight of God? With all their piety and apparent devotion, they are buried in the deadly sins of heresy and schism, sins which when willful, certainly exclude from the kingdom of heaven, as they might learn from the Apostle St. Paul. With the greater part of them we may hope that these fearful sins are not willful or formal, but material, in consequence to their invincible ignorance. Still, how sad their state! But would it be so if they had that devotion, which every Christian who believes in the Incarnation ought to have, to the Mother of God? We may safely say that it would not and could not. If what saints and doctors of the Church teach us be true, as we know it is, that Mary is the appointed channel through whom and by whom God is pleased to bestow His graces, how can we wonder that Protestants are in the melancholy condition in which we see them, when they ignore, and even sometimes blaspheme, that Holy Mother? If our space permitted, we might give good reasons for what we say. The case of the Greek Schismatics might be alleged as an objection, but it would be easy to answer it.

The root of the evil, as regards Protestants, seems to be that they do not, in spite of all their professions, truly realize the great doctrines of the Incarnation. If they truly believed that God dwelt in Mary, that Mary wrapped up God in swaddling clothes, that Mary nursed God in her arms, that Mary fed God with her milk, such true faith would soon make short work of their Protestantism.

Hail virginal Mother,
Hail purity's cell,
Fair shrine where the Trinity
Loveth to dwell.

Thou city of God,
Thou gate of the East,
In thee is all grace,
O joy of the blest.

Kennilworth

H.M.W.

A Message from the Mother Heart
of Mary.

Dear Children of Mary,

The month of your Mother has again come around, and you are, one and all, who love her, seeking to do something extra to please her, something above the daily efforts you are already in the habit of making to honour her whom our dear Lord, the King of Kings, delights to honour. What can you do to show still more your love for God's chosen one? Most of you have already consecrated yourselves to her. You wear her scapular; you look up to her as your dear Mother and Patroness. Some of you of course are more closely united to her than others are. Some are day by day striving more and more earnestly to imitate Jesus in His dependence on, and subjection to, His Holy Mother... [They] are thereby obtaining for themselves special graces, which Mary's Own receive with a plenitude unknown to those who

have not trusted themselves to her as entirely as Jesus did, after His example, and in imitation of Him. You, who already belong to Mary, will doubtless, during her month, strive to renew whatever offering you have ever made to her, and strive if you can in any way to make it more complete. Children of Mary should meditate upon the offering our dear Lord made of Himself to her. That when they renew their consecration to their Mother, they may do it more in the spirit with which He delivered Himself Body and Soul to the Mother whom he had chosen for Himself. When from His high throne He descended, when He leaped down from that royal throne... [He] made Himself our Brother. Prayer to the Holy Spirit will obtain for those who desire it the grace to make or to renew their offering of themselves to Mary in the spirit of Jesus. But, whilst looking at and examining themselves, the children of Mary may be glad to have pointed out to them a work they may do for their Mother... After the work of perfecting the offering they have made of their own selves to her, there is the probably none other that could be more pleasing to her, none greater in the sight of God.

Let us draw near to the Heart of our Mother, and see what it is that Heart desires for her children. Let us look upon the world as our Mother is at the present moment looking upon it, and think with her thoughts. All over the world Mary sees the multitude of human beings immerse[d] in the various duties which their state of life imposes upon them: -some performing those duties because they are the Will of God, and for love of Him. Others doing them simply to do their own will for love of themselves, while others, in open rebellion against their Creator, are bidding defiance to His laws to obey the laws of the prince of this world, Satan, - the laws of a tyrannical harlot, of a corrupt nature.

Amongst all the living beings upon this fair earth, there are some upon whom the Mother's eye rests with a marvellous pity. They are those who are at the present moment living, but who in a few moments will have ceased to live, the dying. Picture yourself a stormy ocean. Fancy innumerable souls drowning upon the terribly rough waves which the winds have raised. See them throwing up their arms with a shriek of despair ere they sink forever. See the agonizing look they cast around, with a faint

hope that help may come from some quarter. You would not be able to see such a sight, and not give help if it was in your power, even if they were strangers to you. But if your own children were amongst these unfortunate human beings, what efforts would you make to bring them assistance? If an earthly mother would use superhuman efforts to save the mortal life of her children, what would not our heavenly Mother Mary do to save the immortal life of the children whom she loves with a love we cannot express in language? ...It would be well for all to pray that they might understand better. If you have been accustomed to keep in the company of Mary, to think with her thoughts, to love what her Heart loves, you must have already felt drawn to love others in no common degree. And your hearts are already prepared to set about the work of love so ardently desired by Mary, and that work of love is to earnestly endeavour to save your fellow creatures even at the last hour. Will you co-operate with Mary? Will you assist her? Yes, surely, yes, thank God there are many who possess a spark of the love of Mary, which had been first in the Heart of God, and which they have drawn from their union with Him! You will, therefore, be glad to work for Mary. You will listen to the "message" she sends you in this her own sweet month of May. And, as in the past months you have been accustomed to present her with flowers and other offerings, and many of you make little sacrifices to be able to do so, let this month be devoted by you to bringing her a far richer offering, and strive earnestly that your prayers and sacrifices may enable you to do so.

After the possession of Himself, God, even God, cannot give Mary what she more desires than souls. Therefore, then, seek for her the child she has lost, the child dying in sin, the child whom the devil exaltingly thinks is his forever. Cheat him of his prey, and restore to Mary the child whom she loves with a threefold love. She loves the immortal soul made to the likeness of the Ever Blessed Trinity. She loves that human being whose body is fashioned like to the beautiful Body of Jesus. She loves that child of the Church now dying, for she is its Mother – mother, because it is a member to the Mystical Body of Christ. And she, who brought forth Christ the Head, brought forth, that is to say, is in a very real sense, Mother of the members of that Head. Likewise is

Mary Mother of the Church, because our Lord Himself, with His dying breath, proclaimed her so. Ah! That Mary would draw you close to her dear Mother Heart, and reveal to you some of the wondrous love that fills it! The Apostles had great hearts. Their hearts were filled with such ardent love and zeal, that hunger and thirst and sufferings of all kinds seemed of little import to them, so long as they were able to fulfill their mission and save souls. Compare these apostolic hearts with the Mother Heart of Mary. Is there anything they did that Mary would not do? Have they ever had suffering like to hers? No, indeed no! Mary has left a treasure of suffering in the Church, which she desires most earnestly we should use, knowing the power of imprecation these sufferings have with God. Therefore, if you would devote yourself to this 'Mary-like work' of assisting the dying, pray in union with the suffering Heart of Mary on Calvary. Show to our dear Lord the desire, the anxious longing of His Mother's Heart to save poor sinners. Then, turning to the Eternal Father pray, in union with Mary, and pleading by the Precious Blood which her Immaculate Heart furnished, implore God's mercy – some great mercy for that dying sinner, and thus most efficaciously will you invoke the Holy Spirit. And you know that though there may not be time for that dying person to receive the sacraments. If the whisper of God's Spirit has touched its soul, and evoked an act of contrition, the transition from its fearful state of mortal sin and of enmity with God, to a state of grace, of friendship, and of union with God is instantaneous. The Blessed Trinity is then dwelling in that soul with ineffable complacency and love, and the joy of God is possessing again that soul no one but God Himself knoweth. Wondrous work, wondrous work, marvellous, exceeding marvellous power possessed by our poor weak selves, that, in answer to our prayer, this grand transformation is worked in a sinful soul. Would that we used this power as God desires we should use it, and thus induce Him oftener to do this work at which the Angels rejoice, and the "whole host of Heavenly Spirits break forth into joyous song." It is a mysterious power, this power of prayer, but it is nevertheless true that to obtain favours from God, we must ask for them. As Our lady revealed to a holy soul that even she, the Mother of God, cannot help us as she would unless we pray, it being one of the laws of God that to obtain favours for ourselves and others we must pray for them.

It is one thing to be specially noted in praying for the dying. That is we obtain a good death for them; the good work we have done forever. That is to say there can be no frustration of our prayer by a relapse. Likewise, the work is, so to speak, immediate. The soul has delighted God by its good death. It has gladdened the Maternal Heart of Mary. The sons [and daughters] of God have made a joyful melody. And the poor soul itself has tasted a happiness it had never known before. Yes, though it has gone to the place of expiation and must suffer in purgatory, it is filled with peace and tastes the joy unknown to us on earth. Ah! Happy soul, what it has escaped! You, who so love God, cannot bear to think of the fate of those that forever must be separated from Him. Ah! Then, think of those who are nearly losing Him forever. Numbers do not know, as you do, the good, good God, so lovable, so beautiful, so loving, so rich in mercy. They have gone through life ignorant of God who provided and cared for them. And yet they have hearts. They could love Him if they knew Him. They have sought to know many things, but to know the strong living God is when they live and have their being, is a knowledge they have not acquired. Many who have known Him in youth so far forget Him in after years that He is to them as one they have never known, but all must know Him in the next life. The reprobate must know Him most terrible attribute of justice, (terrible, though adorable). They must know by the experience of His justice, the purity of that God, whom they have outraged, contemned, insulted. But God would not that they should know Him thus, He would show them, ere they die, that sweet attribute of mercy, the attribute we inhabitants of a fallen world must ever love with a peculiar love. "Mercy has contrived a way by which justice may be satisfied," and the Church of God possesses a treasure by which His anger is appeased, His justice satisfied. "Mercy and truth have met together, justice and peace have kissed each other" (Ps 85:10) by means of the Precious Blood.

The Precious Blood has superabundantly satisfied the justice of God, demanding satisfaction for the multiplied sins committed in this sinful world. The Precious Blood has made reparation for the outraged purity of the all holy God. Well does Mary know this. Well does she know the power of that Precious Blood to bring

God's mercy. It is by that Blood, furnished by her Immaculate Heart, that Mary pleads. It is by that most Precious Blood she would have us likewise plead. Let us then join the prayer of that Mother Heart, and as union is strength, let us all unite together. We who love her will band ourselves round our dear Mother's Heart, and losing our own intention of hers, send up one united cry, as it were from out of her Maternal Heart. And thus show to God the desire of Mary; the longing desire she has to save her dying children.

How shall we unite? I have already said we will band ourselves around our Mother's Heart. But there is a certain way by which we may still more join together, and that is, when adoring the Precious Blood upon the altar. There we will meet together. We adore the same Precious Blood that was poured from the Sacred Heart on the cross. Though we may be in the opposite parts of the world, we may kneel together to offer the Precious Blood, having first offered reparation, in union with the suffering Heart of our Lady, that sickened at the sight of the terrible outrages offered to the Blood of Jesus, the Object of the ineffable complacency of the Eternal Father, the Mortal Life of His only Son. This we should never forget to do. Though many do not think, when hearing Mass, to perform this act of reparation to the Precious Price of our redemption, we, who by our sins caused the insults offered to the Precious Blood during the passion, should look upon it as a solemn duty.

Let us then take Mary's place on Calvary, and by the offering of the Blood there shed, invoke the Holy Spirit, and most certainly we shall induce God to show great mercy. And before the end of Mary's month we shall have done a greater work than we have ever yet done for her. We shall have rescued numbers of souls from eternal death. We shall have prevented the Precious Blood having been shed in vain for them. We shall have given great, great glory to God. We shall have honoured His Divine Attribute of Mercy, and we shall have honoured it, as He desired we should, by Mary. We know that God's attributes are infinite, and therefore, we cannot add to them, but it seems to us that we do so when we spread His Mercy. We may explain this by this comparison. We cannot increase the light of the sun, but by

presenting dark objects, such as the moon, to be brightened by its lustre, we add to its grandeur. The more we make use of its light to provide ourselves with our own lights; to paint the beautiful colours, etc. the more useful the sun appears to us. The more its light is spread throughout the universe the more it beautifies it, but its own intrinsic light and beauty remain the same. Thus, when we devote ourselves to honour God's Attribute of Mercy, when we (by labour and trouble it may be) have brought that Mercy to bear upon a soul, to brighten it, to make light and beauty shine where all was dark and void, a greater work is done than when in the beginning, from out [of] the black darkness, at the voice of God a flood of light burst upon an astonished world. When we spread the bright light of God's mercy throughout the world we seem (I only say 'we seem', for we know it cannot be so), but we seem as though we made more of Him. – Now I will briefly sum up the reasons that should engage us to this great work of mercy, devotion to the dying. We should do it, because our own perfection is concerned in it. We thereby fulfill the Will of God, by becoming like Jesus. Jesus means Saviour. If we could not save souls we should not be so well able to imitate Him. He has left us work to do like to His. Next we must think of the poor souls themselves, of the fearful peril they are in, and in such numbers, too. "I see," said Blessed Leonard, "souls dropping into hell like the leaves from the trees in autumn." And the tree near which he stood shed its leaves in confirmation of his words.

Poor people, poor people dying this moment, let us help them, O God. Do let us save them. They can be saved, for Jesus died for them. Would that the prayer conceived in heaven might be born on earth; the prayer our Mother's Heart conceived for her dying children. Let it be born in the hearts of those who love her and desire to please her. Good God, in Thy loving Providence, seeing the need that mothers have, Thou hast attached to their prayer a special power with Thee. If then we offer our Mother's Heart pleading for the children Thou hast given her, wilt Thou resist our prayer? Canst Thou refuse to listen to the cry of the suffering Mother's Heart that suffered on Calvary to save her children? Thus then, to do what Mary wishes is another reason why we should perform this work of mercy. Look again at the Sacred

Heart breaking with agony in the Garden of Gethsemane. Jesus saw these souls hurrying on their way to perdition. No mother ever longed to clasp her absent children to her breast as did Jesus long to press these souls to Himself with an everlasting embrace, but they are heedless of the Heart that so loves them, and that Heart breaks in its strong agony. Ah then, we will strive to give Thee those souls, dear Jesus, and it may be that the comfort which the Angel brought Thee, together with the sweet name of Mary, was the thought that many would imitate her, and suffer in imitation of her, to save souls you loved. "Work, suffer and pray," then generously, and thus will you contribute to the glory of the Ever Blessed Trinity and fulfill the end for which you were made.

Dear children of Mary, take this message from the Heart of your Mother and endear yourselves to her more and more by fulfilling this most earnest wish of her Maternal Heart, to save those of her children who are in the greatest need. But never forget that however much you may think you are already devoted to her, there is still much to be done in your own soul, to make the offering Jesus made of Himself to her. According to the progress of your own souls in thus imitating our dear Lord, will be the good you will be able to effect in the souls of others.

Before concluding this chapter there is one thing to be remarked. I have more than once heard it said by young girls, how much they should like to become children of Mary, but they do not know how, there being no convent where they are, and consequently no Confraternity of the Children of Mary. These young girls may be comforted to know that they can become quite as truly Children of Mary by consecrating themselves privately to her. ^[1] No Director would object to such a consecration, and indeed it is a very ancient custom in the Church for all classes, men and women, old and young, to consecrate themselves solemnly to our Lady. By doing so they draw down great blessings upon themselves, which blessings are given in proportion to the fervour with which the offering of themselves is made. There are many who make the offering once for all, and not only give her themselves, that is to say, their body and soul, but likewise deliver to her keeping all their goods, spiritual and

temporal. There are many acts, of consecration to Mary that may be used. No particular form is needed. The disposition of the heart is the principal thing. Turning to Mary, we may tell her we wish in union with the Eternal Word to belong henceforth to her sweet Mother Heart, and take our spiritual strength from it, as did the Son of God His mortal life.

The following beautiful legend shows how, after the Ascension one of the offices of the ever Blessed Virgin was to dispose the first Christians to a good death, and how she particularly exercised her maternal love towards the dying, and never quitted them until she had fitted them for heaven.

A poor girl was converted with the five thousand persons who were the first to receive baptism at Jerusalem. She afterwards lost her fervour and even her baptismal innocence, and was dying in apostasy. When one of the seventy-two disciples was informed of the danger of her soul, [he] came to her house. The dying girl did not wish to receive him, and whilst he remained speaking to her, covered her head that she might not listen to him. The apostle, St. John, who likewise came, was treated in the same manner. He informed the ever-merciful Mother of Jesus of it, who immediately prostrated herself before our Lord and asked from Him this conversion. But our Lord seemed deaf to her entreaties, and did not give her the least light upon what she asked of Him. Knowing well that silence did not dispense her from exercising her office as mother, Mary did not cease to pray and show her ardent love. In answer to her prayer an angel came to succour the sick girl and to defend her from the devils. But this was in vain. Satan would not leave his prey. The Mother of fair love and holy hope solicited still more earnestly from her Divine Son the conversion of this deceived soul, and said to Him, prostrating herself: "Lord God of mercies, behold me upon the earth. Chastise me, afflict me, but do not permit that under my eyes a soul that has received the first fruits of Your Blood be so deceived by the infernal serpent, as to serve as a trophy of his hatred and malice against your faithful servants." However, our Lord did not reply any more to this persevering prayer, in order to make the zeal of the most holy Virgin shine more brilliantly. Mary recollected then the prophet, Eliseus, who, in order to bring

to life the son of the Shunammite woman, sent ineffectually his servant and his staff, and was obliged to go himself to touch the child (cf. 2 Kings 4:8-37). Looking upon the silence of God as a tacit consent she set out from her retreat with St. John, and directed her steps towards the house of the sick girl. When she entered, the devils fled away. She approached the dying person, called her by name, took her hand, and spoke to her sweet and consoling words. The unhappy girl was altogether changed. The Queen of the Apostles disabused her mind. "You have been deceived," she said, "by the devil, your enemy. I come, on the part of the Most High, to give you eternal life. Return, then to the true faith, which you have embraced, and acknowledge with all your heart my Son for the true God, the Redeemer, who died upon the cross to save the universe. Adore Him, invoke Him and demand pardon of Him for your sins." By these words, and by the succours of grace the holy Virgin obtained for her, the poor girl was converted, shed abundance of tears, prayed to the Mother of Mercy to protect her in the peril in which she was, and promised to submit to all that was commanded her. Mary helped her make an act of faith and an act of contrition, disposed her to confess, and to receive the Sacraments, and then recalled the Apostle to administer them to her. Repeating her acts of repentance and love, invoking Jesus and His Mother who was assisting her, the happy convert expired sweetly in the arms of her Protectress, who had remained two entire hours near her bed, to hinder the devil from returning to deceive her. Her soul had received so many graces from this intervention of Mary that she departed for heaven delivered from the punishment as well as from sin.

CHAPTER 2.

There is one devotion Mary's Own will have after the example of their Mother, a beautiful one, the one very necessary for them, that is, a great love and devotion for the holy angels. Those who study Mary, those who learn the emanations of her heart, acquire in union with her, this devotion.

Let us think of the angels, the beautiful, bright spirits, in the midst of whom we live, and whom we think so little of. Ask a

little child: “where are the holy angels?” It would probably answer: “up in heaven.” Ask a grown-up person and he would answer: “we are surrounded by the angels.” They would say that, and nevertheless, the twelve hours of the day may pass, and not one thought of love be given to them by those, who nevertheless know that the beautiful creations of divine love – the angels- are ever near them watching, loving, providing. I have called the holy angels creations of Divine Love. If the faith did not teach the contrary, we might err and call them emanations of Divine Love. That they are not. They are bright, beautiful spirits of love, created by a God of Love – messengers of love, ministers of love. They greatly love us, and should be loved and honoured by us in return. But I might perhaps say truly, if I said that of all the gifts our good God bestows upon us with such lavish hand, there is not less thought of, one for which He is less thanked, than the gift He bestows upon us in giving us a guardian angel. Beautiful angel of love, my guardian, give me words to speak about you, that we, children of earth, may love our heavenly brethren, and strive to show our devotion by imitating you. Pure, unselfish, god-like, loving spirits! How beautiful you are in yourselves! How lovable in your tender solicitude for the welfare of mankind! We honour you in and through the Precious Blood. We thank God for the graces given. “I rejoice with you, my own dear angel, for the grace vouchsafed, by which you stood firm when others fell. Tell me, my good angel, one thing regarding you that is not thought of, that perhaps is not known by us.” “People do not think, my child, of the union there is between us and those we guard, the union of their souls to us. There is a tie, a link between each guardian angel and its charge; closer than brother and sister are they, closer far. Oh, Yes, it was said of old that the souls of Jonathan and David were so knit together that they seemed to have but one soul. But, my little one, we are more closely united than they were. I am ever thinking of you, ever with you. You are my sole charge. My sole earthly occupation is to guide, guard, [and] protect you. There is nought I would not do for you, only you must yourself seek my assistance, you must trust me, you must pray earnestly, perseveringly to me, not weak and wavering, but full of faith, that faith that will remove mountains. Pray, and I will move heaven and earth on your behalf.”

“What can I do for you, dear Angel? I cannot pray as you. You are so pure, so beautiful.”

“Your prayer, my child, pleases our Lord. Offer it in union with His prayer, who once walked the earth as you, who lives there now unknown, hidden to many. But there is one thing He would have from you; one thing we angels cannot do, - suffer, suffer. Pray to us in suffering. We will do all we can to strengthen you; persevere, be brave, feed constantly, hourly upon the Bread of the Strong. Remember Him, Who said: ‘I am the vine; you are the branches. As the branches cannot bear fruit of themselves, separated from the vine, neither can you do anything without me’ (Jn 15:5). Suffer, my child, suffer on, the longest time is so short. In the next world, all the years of your life, full of different acts, different works will appear as one instant of time, with one act, or rather, as many different works and thoughts pass in a dream of the night. I know, my child, it is hard. I know there are times when it seems to you, you can bear no more. You have borne to the uttermost verge of endurance, but you will have no more put upon you than you can bear, if you pray for grace. No, for we can, by the power of the Most High change even the burning furnace into a refreshing breeze, as of old to Shadrach, Meshach, Abednego (cf. Dan: 3:8-30). Suffer yet a little while, for sowing in tears, you reap in joy (Ps 126:5). We angels love mourners; we rejoice with them. We give to those who suffer well by our presence, a special peace and joy. We bless them in time, and they are blessed forever in eternity. Blessed are they who mourn, for they shall be comforted (Mt 5:5). Oh then, you who are now suffering, take heart, be brave, be courageous, offer up generously your pains, both of mind and body. Thank God on earth, but thank Him as you may, it will not be like the thanksgiving you will give Him in heaven.”

Human nature shrinks naturally from suffering. Sometimes we hardly care to pray for strength to bear our suffering. We would rather pray for the suffering to go, or yield to impatience. Now, suffering is like other good things. It very often either does great good or great harm. Now the harm it does in some people is like this. As it were to make up for the contradiction to them that suffering is, they give way to their own will by indulging in bad temper. The pressure upon their will one way makes them have

more of their own will another [way], by giving way to all kinds of sins, selfishness, passions, irritability, impatience, sloth, neglect of duty, and many other evils too numerous to enumerate. They do not like the correction of suffering. They do not like being contradicted. They do not like being crossed, so they give full vent to their will some other way. Now what a pity this is. The impatient person feels suffering more than the patient, and they also lose the merit. "Patient hath a perfect work." Oh, the beauty of the life led by the patient, constant sufferer! Unknown to the sufferer is the value of her sufferings, but known to the holy angels, known to the good God, and prized exceedingly by Him.

It is well for us sometimes to encourage ourselves when downcast, by the hope that our life is pleasing God. Certainly we must always keep in mind our utter worthlessness and sinfulness. If we truly know ourselves, we shall not think those in hell worse than ourselves. We should not indeed like to think there was anything worse than us. But still, we shall likewise, when saddened and sorrowful, encourage ourselves by the thought that the grace of God has not been void in us. We may be making sweet music to God when everything to us seems very weary, very disconsolate. In the beautiful life of St. Jane Chantal, so long tried by fearful temptations that she almost seemed to herself to be abandoned by God, St. Francis de Sales said of her, she was like a deaf musician, who composed and played beautiful music which he could not himself hear.

To think that we can so please God. To think that, poor little nothings that we are, we nevertheless can, by our lives, delight the great infinite God. That our every day common life can be made sweet music to God! Let us, then, resolve so to live that our lives shall give Him this pleasure, and then the melody we make to God finds an echo in our own hearts. Yes, we shall generally have that peace which can be understood by those alone who possess it. And though there may be times when our souls are sorrowful unto death, and we fear and grow heavy. Though there may be times of sorrow too deep to be put into words. [There are] times when our sorrow is from God as well as creatures, when we fear we are not in His grace. [There are times] when the

whole world seems a vast desert, a wilderness, when we see no place where we can find rest or comfort. And worse than this we do not seem able to look forward to it in the next. Our whole beings, body and soul, seem saturated with sorrow. We almost grow desperate, and yield to despair. But courage, faint not, sadly burdened soul. Thou art now on the rack. Thou art stretched out in anguish. Thou art not conscious to thyself of any good, but thou art to God as the apple of His eye (cf. Ps 17:8). It is for your good, though you know it not. It is for the purification of your soul. It is to refine it, to detach it from self, to rub off the rust of self-love.

How wonderful, how miraculous, we may say, are the effects of sorrow well borne! I say again and again, pray to suffer well. We must all suffer. Then what a pity we do not learn the art of suffering, so as to merit the graces bestowed upon sanctified suffering. As the loved saint spoke: "Oh that I had a voice which might resound through the whole world, and that all men might hear my voice, and I would cry, pray, pray, pray!" So, would to God I had a voice which the children of men might not only hear, but a voice of power to touch their hearts, and I would cry with that voice, suffer, suffer, suffer.

Terrible times are dawning upon us, temptation that may deceive even the elect, distress amongst the nations, troubles and deceptions even within the Church of God. God may almost seem to have forsaken his own. The Church may appear a derelict. Its members, trembling, may exclaim with their Master: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me"(Mk 15:34)? But courage! It is the passion, the crucifixion of the Spouse of Christ. It is her hour of trial, and surely as God is God, she will rise triumphant. The Church is divine. Let men do their best. Let her foes molest her; she cannot die. But though so sorrowful as this time of desolation appears to us, so grievous, we may rejoice in one thought. It will be the time when those who are faithful will be grand saints, saints who will make up to God, for the desertion of others. Saints specially loved by their crucified Master, because they have been crucified with Him.

Sweet Mother, may thy 'message' move us. May thy children

listen to thy voice, and suffer, after thy example, in union with their Lord. Jesus, Lover of crucified souls, strengthen us. May we do for Thee what Thy angels cannot do for Thee, - suffer!

Think of Mary, if you will, on earth, or think of her, if you prefer it, in heaven. And you ever see her accompanied by angels. Not one moment of her existence was she without their company, and how she loved them! What a joy their presence was to her! With what pure love likewise did the angels love Mary? Think how they rejoiced at her birth, whom they had seen in God so long! His beautiful conception of a virgin mother now realized, now really created! With fresh joy with renewed love, harped they on their golden harps a new song, an ineffably sweet hymn of thanksgiving, that their Queen was born, that the new creation had commenced that would replace the old fallen one, that would indeed supplant and far surpass it. The guardian angels on earth raised their voices to join this song, overflowed with their joy. In wondrously sweet tones they praised their God, that the dawn of His day of mercy had appeared. The just on earth, too, were in joy. They knew not why, but their angels brought their own delight to them. Heaven and earth united to praise God at the birth of Mary. Peacefully did God's chosen one make her appearance on this earth. God held her in His arms as never mother held her newborn to her breast. God looked with delight upon the work of His hands. The impress of His beauty was upon her, Mary knew her God, and praised Him. He possessed her from the beginning of her ways. The Holy Spirit dwelt ever with her, and she rejoiced in the Holy Ghost, in her Creator. And her praise, joining that of the angels, and the hymn Mary commenced with the angels never ended and never will. Mary and the angels made sweet music on earth, and the melody and harmony are still heard in heaven. And we who, entering heaven, "rush through the angels to God," will hear the sweet song still continuing, and will ourselves join in it forever and ever.

Mary was so pure, immaculate, and united to her Creator from her conception that her soul was necessarily inundated with joy from the instant of His creation. Happy was Mary because she was innocent, ecstatically happy from her union with the source of all happiness, the unspeakably blissful and Ever-Blessed

Trinity. Perhaps the angels and blessed in heaven enjoy not a happiness greater than Mary even on earth (though they of course cannot suffer), since the greatest happiness of heaven is not so much in seeing God, as in the love which follows from that sight. Entranced, indeed, we shall be enthralled forever with boundless joy at the Beatific Vision of the Most High. But it is to be laid on His breast in love, which will inebriate us with that joy of God, that supreme beatitude, which it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive, - that no tongue can utter. As the angels hovered round Mary with zealous care and solicitude at her birth, so they followed her through life, ministering to her, anxious ever to assist her. And Mary returned the love of the angels from her great Heart of love. They were dear to her at all times, but at one time especially dear. Never had Mary loved these spirits of love as at the time of the Passion of Jesus. Why was that? Because to their keeping was given the precious treasure of her own Heart had furnished, the Blood of Jesus, the Stream of Life poured forth by Love Incarnate, to give life to those who were dead. Mayhap it was left to the Mother to provide that the Blood of her Son should be thus worshipped. And that it was at the bidding of their Queen the angels gathered on this earth as they had never done since the birth of their King, to adore with deepest adoration, with tenderest love, the Blood which those for whom it was shed spurned, condemned, and desecrated. Oh, then how Mary loved the angels! How her grieved Heart blessed them. They looked upon her; they longed to help. They seemed to take their tone from her. They could not suffer, but they followed in all else the workings of her Heart. It was the Heart of Mary alone that seemed to have life on Calvary, as she stood motionless, still. When Jesus was born, she had raised Him in her hands in adoration to the Eternal Father, as the priest at Mass raises the Host. She laid him in the arms of St. Joseph, whilst she knelt to adore, and had held him towards angels and men that they might adore. She had pressed Him to her breast in union and communion of heart and soul, and whilst she gave to Him, He gave to her. But now on Calvary she moves not, but she offers sacrifice - it is with her pierced Heart. The angels see what their Queen is doing. It is not imploring that God's justice may destroy the murderers of her Son. Oh, no! It is offering the Blood of her Son for his murderers, and the angels follow her wish. They

implore not God that they may take vengeance, and exterminate those who are thus outraging His Son, their Lord and King. They, who might desire that God should show justice, desire and pray that He may show mercy.

Mary, whilst adoring is offering for the human race, with all the love and energy of her grand nature, the Blood that is shed to redeem and save them. Not weakened is Mary's spirit from her suffering, though her body may be, but her Heart is strong as ever. Or rather, it is increased in vigour, and in the hour when one not perfectly selfless as Mary would have failed God, she did not fail Him, but grew greater and grander in heart and soul, stood and pleaded for mankind by the Blood shed for them. Pleaded with the right she knew God in heaven would Himself own, that her sinless, suffering Heart gave her. Pleaded with God that now His justice was satisfied; His mercy would manifest itself. Pleaded by that Divine Attribute, pleaded for and by the Holy Spirit whom she possessed. Firmly Mary persevered. More and more earnest grew the prayer, as the Agony of Jesus, and consequently her own increased. Did she wait to indulge a little of her sorrow? Ah, no! Mary knew if ever there was a time for prayer it was now, and she prayed, and she wearied not, and to this day is that prayer before God strong and powerful. It is for us to make use of it and continue it. It is for us to stand faithfully with Mary, imploring mercy, and to persevere to the end, as she did. Mary's Own will find the devotion to the holy angels of incalculable service to them. The guardian angels will love with a great love those who are devoted to the assistance of the dying. There will be no help, which they can render that they will not. We do not see visibly the angels, as Mary did, but plainly, very plainly, are their ministries visible to those who are devout to them. It with them as with all else, - their assistance is given according to our devotion to them. How strange that we constantly forget this truth. Sometimes we almost excuse ourselves from invoking and honouring our guardian angel, saying to ourselves: "Well, he has charge of me; he is sure to help me all the same." He would, indeed, but he cannot help us as he desires to, unless we invoke and honour him. Devotion to the holy angels means to have a lively faith in their presence. Not a vague prayer, as if they were a long way off. It means to invoke

them constantly during our duties, thanking them likewise for what they do for us. We see not one half they do for us now. It may be that a little word is spoken by someone to you, reminding you of something, and you know not that it was their angel guardian had put it into their minds. Someone has sent you an unexpected assistance. You thank that person gratefully, but you should not forget to thank also their guardian angel. You may have rendered some spiritual assistance to that person, and their guardian angel was grateful to you, and made you a return.

Father Faber tells us what a beautiful virtue is gratitude. Now the angels are ever overflowing with gratitude to their Creator, and they, likewise, feel special love and gratitude to those who help them with their charges. When the hour of death approaches to one not prepared, his angel looks on, anxiously longing, desiring to bring him help and succour ere he die. What can that angel do? It cannot offer Mass. It cannot die as we can. It has no life to offer in sacrifice, as we have and which, when offered, God is sometimes pleased to accept, showing thereby that He loves us to show by act that we possess that love greater than which no man hath. That love for our brethren by which we know we have eternal life, and love abiding in us.

What can the angels do? What do they do? They can, and they do speak to the Church to use the treasures of that Church. They inspire priests to offer Mass, the faithful to offer their Communion, charitable people to visit them, to pray for them. The angels are busy everywhere inspiring good deeds. They are ever earnestly endeavouring to procure good to those under their care, but never are they so anxious as when their charges are dying. And whenever we wish to do something to please the holy angels, we have but to say an earnest prayer for the poor agonising, to pray the suffering Heart of Jesus to have pity on the dying, to beg Mary to assist them. And we have indeed given joy to those loving spirits. They rejoice, our Lord tells us, over one sinner doing penance. How then do they rejoice over that sinner undergoing in good dispositions God's instituted penance – death? How do the angels rejoice when they see one, who might have undergone that penance in bad dispositions and been eternally lost, – saved? Yes, saved at last, by the charitable prayer

of some good soul? What are we doing, of what are we thinking, that we let our fellow creatures perish, lose their immortal souls forever, and make not an effort to save them? Let this then be the message the angels bring forth from the Queen, our Mother Mary, in this her month of May.

Love her and their special work – the assistance of the dying, the saving from eternal death immortal souls made to the likeness of the Most Holy Trinity. Souls watched and tendered by angels, loved by Mary, redeemed by the Precious Blood of Jesus. These souls are all around us in extremity of need. Mary, and the holy angels, ask a prayer of us. Shall we not give it them?

We said at the commencement of this little *Message* that, after the work of perfecting the offering they had made of themselves to her, there was nothing our Lady's children could do more pleasing to her, more glorious in the sight of God, than the work of love it inculcated. Let us not pass this over lightly. It is an important thought. "After the work of perfecting the offering we have made of ourselves to our Mother." Ah! How are we trying to be perfect? How are we striving to perfect the offering we have made? Are we day by day examining ourselves, and day by day striving to purify ourselves? Are we day by day endeavouring to become more and more like Jesus? The one means of doing good to others is by becoming like our Lord. He so longs for us to be perfect. He so longs to see Himself reflected in us. Our Mother so longs to see us resemble Jesus. "Sweet Jesus! Sweet Jesus!" We cry in our hearts, "I so long to please Thee. I do love Thee, my Lord and God. Help me to become what Thou wouldst have me. Make me what my Mother wishes me." But the whisper from the guardian angel comes: "my child, it must be by thy own co-operation with grace. Thou must labour, thou must strive, thou must struggle. But the struggle would not be hard if thou didst but see the face of thy Lord lovingly, anxiously watching thee. If thou didst know His delight in pure souls, thou wouldst strive to purify, to perfect, thy own for love of Him, for love of His Mother." "Would that I could see Him Whom I love," is the child of Mary's thought. "Jesus! Jesus! Come to me!" "Come closely to Me, My little one, fear not come nearer to Me. Put your heart close to Mine." Jesus calls thus to

those who love Him. “Jesus, my heart is so worthless. Jesus, it is so selfish, so sinful.” “Put it, My child, close to Mine, and I will make it like to Mine. If your heart is close to My Heart of love, it will be filled with love. Come, see, are there any wishes in your heart that are not in Mine? Come, see if you love what I love, if you wish what I wish, if you long for what I long for. And be not ashamed when you find how little like your heart is to Mine.” Turn to your Mother; she will encourage you. “Mother Mary, lead me to Jesus. Mother, do not go, but help me to visit the Sacred Heart of my Lord, and promise with and for me, that I will really strive to make my heart like His, that I will really show I do love Jesus. Not alone by saying I love Him, but principally by making my Heart like His, by thinking and feeling in union with It.”

Jesus, Thy Heart is burning with love for Thy Heavenly Father. Is mine? Jesus! Thou dost love with unspeakable love the Holy Spirit, who fashioned Thy Sacred Humanity, the Creator of Thy Sacred Heart. Jesus! Perfect Man! Thou dost ever offer worship to the majesty of the Adorable Trinity. Thou dost offer love and adoration for the sinful race of man to Thy Father in Heaven. Thou art ever rejoicing in the Holy Spirit. Is my heart like Thine? Do I rejoice in God? Is the thought of God’s happiness a joy to me? Again, Jesus, I feel Thy Heart beating with that love which we think we understand a little of, Thy love of Mary. And yet we do not know, nor have we ever felt the least little throb of love like to the strong beatings of Thy Heart for Mary. We do not feel the reproach of our hearts being so unlike Thine, when we think of this, as when we think of the virtues of Thy Sacred Heart, Thy wonderful humility, Thy self-sacrifice. Oh, Jesus! It is there we fail. We do feel a little in union with Thee in the sensible feeling of Thy love of others. We do love those around us. We love to save souls. But do we love them as Thou hast loved them? Are we ready to lay down our lives for them, or will we live a life of sacrifice for them? Ah, it is there we fail. Jesus, make us love to sacrifice ourselves for others. Make us unselfish. Unite our wills to Thine. Let us accept all things, however painful, from the hand of God, and ever say, in union with Thy Heart: “Not my will, but Thine be done” (Mk 14:36)!

Let us then after Holy Communion, sometimes examine ourselves upon our union with Jesus, not our sensible devotion, feelings of love etc., but our real union of feeling and desire, our union of will. The way to arrive at this union is by repressing our own desires, our own wishes. This is not, however, the work of a day, but the work of many years, unless some extraordinary grace is brought to bear upon the soul, enabling it to do in a short time what is usually not attained for a length of time. This repression of our own desires, in spiritual as well as temporal matters, is the way to arrive at that union with Jesus we surely all wish to attain, and if we do not wish it, it is because we do not know what it is. Would that we knew the happiness, the peace of union with Jesus. Would that all knew it. Would that those now reading this – who know they are selfish, or if they do not know that at least that they are given to be disturbed, troubled, and impatient, and all this proceeds from self – knew the calm content of union of heart with Jesus. When self-love is dead, there is no disturbance or trouble. We can grieve, but it is a quiet, subduing sorrow. It is sorrow from our Blessed Lord, for Him. It is not the effect of wounded pride, though it may be perhaps wounded love. It is often our very love of Jesus that may make us grieve, but grief for Jesus and grief for ourselves is very different. The grief for and from Jesus being produced by love does not render us unhappy, except in some exceptional cases. Love is such a happiness, such a joy, to love and be loved. With creatures we might love and not be loved, but with loving God this cannot be. He loves us! He loves us! He loves us ever always! Why do we not love Him? Why do we not strive to return His love? He is so worthy of our love. He is so lovable. He is so beautiful. He is so good, so desirable. He is goodness itself. Let us turn to Him, and tell Him we do love Him, but not enough. We want to be all for Him. We want to be wholly His. Dear Jesus, sweet Jesus, dear Lord, My God, My Life, My Love, My All, I will live for Thee alone, love Thee alone. “Mortify in me, dear Jesus, all that displeases Thee, and make me according to Thy own Heart’s desire.” Happy soul, that daily looks into the Soul of Jesus, to see what it requires to be like to that glorious Soul. Happy heart that near to the Heart of Jesus, learns Its love, Its desires, Its wishes, Its virtues, and strives to conform itself to that noble Heart. Peaceful, happy, calm is that happy one who, dead to itself, lives

in and for Jesus, the Holy One of God, the Precious Pearl of the Blessed Trinity. He is the treasure of His Heavenly Father; He is His delight. Let us, then, strive to be as a precious pearl to Jesus. Let us be a treasure to Jesus. Let us be wholly His. Let us not contradict our dear Lord. Let us not be stubborn. Let us be a simple, humble, little child, confiding, familiar, easy to be formed. To attain this spirit of child-like simplicity, and familiar union with Jesus, we must dread ourselves; we must dread our self-will. If we find ourselves attached to anything, even good, we will strive to mortify this feeling, so that we may be easy of access to Jesus' Spirit. That He may at any moment influence us, so that, when we have no strong wishes and desires, even in things seemingly good, the wishes and desires of Jesus and Mary may be to us as our own.

This is the height of perfection. This is the spirit of Mary - to repress our own eager desires, and place her calm spirit of union with the Will of God, her sole desire of fulfilling that Holy Will, the patient acceptance of suffering, her grateful recognition of joy, the sweet simplicity with which she took both equally from the hands of God, the gentle expectancy of the various occurrences of life which she ever possessed, seeing in whatever happened the Holy Will of God. Our Lady was not indifferent to what happened, but quietly expected the various accidents and occurrences of every day manifestations of God's Will. [She] looked forward to them and accepted them as such, and therefore, was ever peaceful. Was it not the peaceful St. Francis who said at the end of his life, he had had during his life but very few desires, but if he were to live his life over again, he would have none? Our Lady had no eager desires because of her wonderful union with God. Here it may be said that she had an eager desire for God's glory and the salvation of souls. Yes, she possessed the Spirit of God with His unutterable yearnings. But how differently to us did Our Lady long for God's Kingdom to come on earth, for His reign to extend over all hearts. We, if we long to glorify God, to save souls, generally have some particular way in which we wish this to be done, some particular plan of our own, or work we are engaged in to succeed. But with Our Lady this was not so. Possessing God in her heart she desired all that He desired. She had all His interests at heart, and longed to further them in His

way, not in any particular way of her own. She was as willing to submit to apparent failure as to apparent success. I say apparent, because there really is no failure in anything done for God. Now for us, who, not having the grand union with God possessed by our Lady, or anything like it (which we might have), how shall we become like her? It was natural to Mary to thus peacefully pass through life. It is not at all natural to us; we must acquire it. We must earnestly strive for it, by repressing our desires, by mortifying our will, even when bent upon good objects, by constantly looking to God, leaning upon Him, consulting Him. This will be a more trying mortification to some than severe fasts and disciplines, as well as a far more beneficial one. The saints tell us, the most perfect disposition is, when we desire neither "life nor death, health nor sickness, riches nor poverty, sorrow nor joy," but accept equally all from the hands of God. God grant this holy spirit to us. May Mary obtain it for her children, that they may be as the children of Mary should, living in Mary's presence, breathing the sweet holy air by which she was ever surrounded, the calm of one walking with [his/her] good Creator, never absent for one instant from Him, and therefore, feeling secure, feeling happy, feeling so truly that nothing can befall [him/her], but what the good God permits. Nothing can harm [him/her]. [He/she] is guarded by Divine Love, guided, directed by the good Providence of God. Let us imitate our Mother. Let us live, as she ever did, in the holy presence of God. Let us commence this very day to live a good life, a noble life. Let us make our lives pleasing to the good God. Let us be pleasing to the sight of the angels and saints. Let us make them dearer, day by day, to the Heart of our Lord. Let us be hidden in Him, buried in Him, so firmly united that nothing may separate us. We shall really be united to Him when we have destroyed and mortified in ourselves all that is opposed to Jesus. And let us ever recollect that any strong feeling in our soul is to be suspected, any strong desire. Let us mortify ourselves, then. Generously let us allow others to mortify us. Let us bear patiently. Let us do constantly little actions for pure love of Jesus. Let us make all our actions acts of love.

What a pity we lose so many of our actions, indeed, nearly all of them. What a pity we perform our daily actions with so little zeal,

so little love, that we go through them by routine instead of in a spirit of joy, that we are allowed to do something for God. How pleased He is with our desires, even when we are not able to do great acts. How happy we should be if we spent the day in making little presents to God. If we were constantly going to our Lady with a little act for her to offer for us to God, then, in [the] course of time, the opportunity would be given us of making some great act of sacrifice for God, and the joy of the soul that can and does give cheerfully to God. How liberally He rewards, too, the little we do for Him! Do a little for God, and He will so a great deal for you! Yes, and be ever giving your little store joyfully to God, and He will give bountifully to you. Oh! He will give Himself. He will love your company. He will delight to be with you. He will commune with you at all times. He will disclose to you heavenly secrets. He will unfold to you hidden mysteries. Ah, some complain they cannot meditate. Let them be simple with Jesus; they will not need lofty meditations. They will learn how good He is, and they will love Him. They will not need instructions how to pray. The thought of how Mary prayed will help them. How she adored her God as her Creator. How she worshipped the blessed Trinity with profoundest adoration, and yet how she spoke with Jesus. How she held communion with Him during His life and how she spoke with Him in His Sacramental Presence. How she received Him in Holy Communion. To sit quietly in our Lord's presence realizing it, when we are otherwise dry, is useful to us, as long as we draw some practical resolution. We know Jesus is here. We nevertheless sometimes say we cannot pray, and the reason for this maybe that if our Lord gave us sensible feelings of devotion and attraction. We should rely upon ourselves, and think too much of our own dispositions, and rely on, whereas, Jesus wishes us, according to our profession as Mary's Own, to appear before Him with her dispositions. He wishes principally from us a constant, contrite, humble disposition of soul. And that is what we should all endeavour to attain by meditation upon sin, by remembrance of our past sins, by thought upon the sins we are capable of committing, since we are capable of all the sins that others commit. Let us then, always strive for this lowly feeling, so becoming to us, which endears us so to God. And when we find in prayer our minds wandering, an inability to fix our

thoughts upon God, let us offer our Lady's dispositions. Let us think what she would have done and said, let us draw close to her, and when specially tired and weary, let us throw ourselves into the arms of our dear Mother as a very child on its mother's breast. And [let us] forget we are grown up, forget our cares, forget all but the burning love of the Mother above all mothers, the Mother of tender pity and compassion, and the intense love she has for each of us, however unworthy. Let us trust to her, let us love her, let us show we trust her, let us work for our good Mother, let us tell her we will do all she wishes us, we will live to do her work, her work of love, her mother-work. We will not forget the *Message* she has sent us. We will animate ourselves to do all we can for her, thinking of her sweet smiling face, bent ever with untold love for us, her children on earth. And then there will one day come a blessed moment, and those who have loved Mary on earth will be lifted from that earth by her own dear hands, and laid on her bosom, and thus presented to Jesus, and our Mother will say to Him: "Behold the child I have brought forth for Thee. She was my own on earth. Accept her as Thy very own, Give her the place in heaven Thou hast prepared for those who have fought the good fight, who persevered through pain and suffering, loving Thee, longing for Thee, suffering for Thee and Thine, and mine." And that happy soul is blessed by God forever.

CONCLUSION

The last day of our Lady's month! What have we done for her during it? How have we shown our love? How have we striven to advance her honour, to make her more known? How have we striven to make our offering of ourselves more worthy? How have we mortified ourselves? How have we denied ourselves? How have we striven to make the hearts we have given her more free from sin, therefore, more pleasing, and therefore, more lovable to her?

We must all acknowledge how deficient we have been, how cold, how little we have done, how we would wish to have done more. What shall we do now? We are commencing the month of the Sacred Heart. We will honour and love, and make reparation to

the noble, loving Heart of our dear Lord, which we have upon our altars ever with us. We will ask that Sacred Heart to atone for our negligence, to love and honour Mary for us. Our mother is likewise our Lady of the sacred Heart, She has been called the key of the Sacred Heart, in that she can open It at will, and dispense Its treasures. She is Mother of the Sacred Heart. There is much in that thought. We must, during the month of the Sacred Heart, honour It in union with Mary. She was Its first adorer. The beatings of Jesus' Heart were joined to the beatings of the sweet Mother- Heart, and Mary rejoiced in the treasure she possessed. We too, should, in union with Mary, adore the Heart of Jesus. Now must we acknowledge how coldly we have spent the month of Mary. The best atonement we can make her is to spend the month of the Heart of Jesus better. Ever morning, with many of us, the Heart of Jesus will come close to our heart. We shall hold within our breast, with trembling love, this adorable treasure with Its wealth of Precious Blood. "The pulses of that strong life beats within us." How happy we are! How happy we are! How is it we can ever be sorrowful when we have Jesus? But he is kept from our hearts by ourselves. When He comes in Holy Communion to us, He cannot bestow the sweet peace He would, simply because of ourselves. We are so full of ourselves, our wills are so little in union with His that He cannot unite Himself to us as He would. He would wish to breathe into us His Holy Spirit, but there is no room. Our own spirit, with its littleness and selfishness, hinders the working of God's pure Spirit. Oh, let us in this grand harvest time of grace pray earnestly to receive all the graces that God so desires to give us. Let us all unite to help one another. Let us constantly offer the Heart of Jesus, that through It we may receive the Comforter that loving Heart so longs to give us, the Holy Spirit. Mary, Spouse of the Holy Ghost, plead for us. Mary, Mother of the Sacred Heart, intercede for us.

We strongly recommend the *Message from the Mother-Heart of Mary* for the use of our flock. The pious practices, which it inculcates, are full of spiritual profit.

Edward, Bishop of Nottingham.

[\[1\]](#) See *Path of Mary*.