

Prayers for the Salvation of Souls

What Can I Do, **O Jesus**, To Save Souls? You Answer Me With The Words You Once Told Your Disciples: *"Open Your Eyes And Look At The Fields! They Are Ripe For Harvest. The Harvest Is Plentiful, But The Workers Are Few. Ask The Lord Of The Harvest, Therefore, To Send Out Workers Into His Harvest Field."*

O Jesus, You Have So Incomprehensible A Love For Us, That You Want Us To Have A Share With You In The Salvation Of Souls, You Want To Do Nothing Without Us. You, The Creator Of The Universe, Wait For The Prayer Of A Poor Little Soul To Save Other Souls Redeemed Like It At The Price Of Your Blood.

You Call Some To The Active Life, To Go Harvesting In The Fields Of Ripe Corn; But Others You Call To The Contemplative Life. You Tell Them: *"Lift Up Your Eyes And See... You Are To Be My Moses Praying On The Mountain; Ask Me For Laborers And I Shall Send Them, I Await Only A Prayer, A Sigh From Your Heart!"*

Behold **O Lord**, The Mission You Have Entrusted To Many Of Us, To Contribute By Prayer And Sacrifice To The Formation Of Evangelical Workers Who Will Go Out To Save Millions Of Souls.

O Eternal Father, I Offer You The **Blood** Shed By Your Son With Such Deep Love And Ardent Charity For The Salvation Of Men.

O Jesus, I Offer You The **Innumerable Drops Of Blood** Which You Shed So Freely At Your Dreadful Scourging, And As You Shed It For All Your Members, So Do I Offer It To You For All The Members Of Holy Church, Whose Head You Are.

I Offer It To You So That Your "Christs," Your Priests, May Once Again Be The Light Of The World, That Your Virgins May Not Be Of The Number Of Foolish Virgins, That Infidels And Heretics May Return To Your Fold And That All Souls May Be Saved.

O Eternal Father, That Love Which Moved You To Create Men, Urges You Also To Infuse Your Light Into Men. I May Well Know That You Do Infuse It, But They Do Not Accept It. What Is The Reason For This? My Ingratitude.

I Know, O My God, My Ingratitude, But I Have Not Plumbed Its Depths. Punish Me For Their Offences; Punish Me For Their Sins. Oh! How Wretched I Am To Be The Cause Of So Much Ingratitude And Wickedness.

Lord, If I Could, I Would Take All Men And Lead Them To The Bosom Of Your Holy Church, So That She Could Cleanse Them Of All Their Infidelities, Regenerate Them Like A Mother, And Nourish Them With The Sweet Milk Of Your Holy Sacraments.

Lord, My Heart Rejoices When I Consider That You Have Deigned To Associate Me To The Great Work Of Redemption. You Have Taken Me, And You Will That I Be As Another Humanity In Which You Can Still Suffer For Your Father's Glory And For The Needs Of Your Church.

How Glad I Should Be, **My Adored Master**, If You Asked Me Also To Shed My Blood For You. But What I Ask Of You, Above All, Is That Martyrdom Of Love That Consumed The Saints. . . Since You Have Said That The Greatest Proof Of Love Is To Give One's Life For The One Loved, I Give You Mine, To Do With It As May Please You; And If I Am Not A Martyr Unto Blood, I Want To Be A Martyr By Love.

O Crucified Christ! How Necessary Suffering Is Then, If Your Work Is To Be Accomplished In Me! You Desire To Enrich Me With Your Graces, But It Is I Who Set A Limit To Your Gift, And Determine Its Measure By The Generosity With Which I Let Myself Be Immolated For You.

O Lord, You Called The Hour Of Your Passion 'Your Hour,' The Hour For Which You Had Come, The Hour You Welcomed With All Your Desires. When A Great Or Even A Very Small Sacrifice Presents Itself To Me, I Want To Think Quickly That This Is 'My Hour,' The Hour In Which I Can Give A Proof Of My Love To You, Who Has Loved Me Exceedingly'."

O My God, Please Grant That I May No Longer Think Of Whether I Am To Gain Or Lose, But Let My One Aim Be To Serve And Please You. Knowing Your Love Of Us, I Willingly Renounce All My Pleasure In Order To Please You Alone, By Serving My Neighbor And Proclaiming To Others The Truths Which Will Do Good To Their Souls.

I Shall Not Worry About Any Loss I May Suffer; I Wish To Have Only My Neighbor's Good In Mind And Nothing Further. In Order To Give You More Pleasure, My God, I Want To Forget Myself For Others, And I Am Ready, If Need Be, Even To Give Up My Life, As Did Many Martyrs.

My God, Fortunate Is He Who Has Tasted How Sweet It Is, To Work For The Salvation Of Souls! He Is Not Afraid Of Cold Or Heat, Hunger Or Thirst, Offenses Or Insults, No, Not Even Of Death.

O Lord, Give Me Crosses And Thorns, Persecutions Of All Kinds, If Only I Can Save Souls, And My Own Among Them. Give Me Souls Lord, And Take All The Rest.

Only When I Know That The Devil Has Given Up Plotting Against Souls, Shall I Cease Trying New Ways Of Saving Them From His Deceits And Snares.

O Lord, I Wish To Make A Complete Sacrifice Of My Life To You, To Work For Your Glory Until I Draw My Last Breath, Bearing Patiently All Adversities And Contradictions In My Work. Help Me To Spend All My Strength For The Salvation Of Souls. **Amen.**