

nevertheless, beseech him to descend with his grace, and heal my soul.

O holy Mary ! most sweet Virgin ! as in the hour of thy death, thy soul melted away, when thy beloved said to thy heart : " Enter into the joy of thy Son : " so intercede for me, that Jesus Christ my Redeemer may not desert me in my agony, that fighting bravely for eternal glory I may deserve to hear ; " Come, thou shalt be crowned. "

O Holy Mary, mild Queen of Heaven ! as thy Son when suspended on the Cross, commended the Mistress to the servant, the Mother to the disciple, saying : " Woman behold thy Son, " and from that hour John received her as his Mother ; so commend me in the hour of my death to thy Son, that he may receive me for His servant, and that the Angel of the Lord may guard my soul on its return to its Creator.

O holy Mary ! as the heavenly Father, when his Son being made man, was born of thee, commended Him to thy care, so in like manner I commend my body and soul to thee, when I am about to depart from this world.

O Holy Mary ! as the most Sacred Trinity received amidst the joy of the whole Court of Heaven, thy most pure spirit at its departure from the body, so by thy intercession may my God receive my soul ; the Father who created it, the Son who redeemed it, the Holy Ghost who sanctified it by baptism. O clement ! O pious ! O sweet Virgin Mary !

O Holy Mary, sweetness of my soul ! Fountain of Graces, and Well of living waters ! I commend myself, now and at the hour of my death, to the bowels of thy pity. In thy mercy I trust and hope ; and when my heart shall have left me, my strength failed

me, and my days be in groaning, bring me assistance from the holy place, and from Sion, protect me. Be thou to me a tower of strength from the face of the enemy.

O Holy Mary, most agreeable daughter of the Prince of glory, who being clad with light, as with a garment, enlightenest the whole heaven, present me to the eternal Father, reconcile me to thy Son, pray for me to the Holy Ghost. Permit me not, O Pious Mother ! to be separated from thee : defend me from the malignant enemy, and receive me in the hour of death.

O Holy Mary ! most glorious Virgin, most loving Mother of Christ ! when my tongue shall cleave to my throat, and I am about to be brought down into the dust of death, commend my body and my soul, my life and spirit, my heart and members, and all my senses and strength, to thy Son, that he may receive my last sigh, in which with a contrite heart and soul, I shall say, **JESUS, MARY, JOSEPH.** Amen.

## Spiritual Maxims for June.

1.

The imperfections of a community generally spring from the negligence of the superior ; and in like manner, the good conduct of the members depends on the regularity of their head, and on the wisdom of his government.